

*Our*  
*Pioneer Heritage*

Compiled by

**KATE B. CARTER**



**Daughters of Utah Pioneers**

Salt Lake City, Utah

1959

VOLUME TWO

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Genealogy  
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## Foreword

Surging up within the souls of mankind is an ever increasing desire to know more of the past—to learn of the joys and sorrows of their ancestors, their way of living, and their accomplishments, thus to better enrich their lives today. This desire has created a need for additional material wherein can be found this enlightening data. Questions are being asked, "Where can I find the diary of my great grandfather?" or "Where is there a collection of papers and letters of a Pioneer?" or "Where can I find material on this or that problem of pioneer life?"

As the pioneers built they looked to the future. They desired that their beliefs, their way of life, their buildings, and their writings should live on for the guidance and benefit of those who came after them. There were many diaries, letters and documents which they wrote. Although a great store of such material is currently available in libraries and archives, there is still much can be brought to light. Scattered in various out of way places, in dark closets, in dusty attics, and in old trunks may be many documents, papers, diaries, and manuscripts which are needed to answer the questions of today. They need to be found and made available.

To Mrs. Kate B. Carter and her devoted co-workers in the Daughters of Utah Pioneers we are indebted for the tremendous part they are playing in locating and presenting this material to the public. The many volumes of pioneer activities which have been issued—Heart Throbs, Treasures of Pioneer History, and now Our Pioneer Heritage—contain a wealth of material which answers many of the questions being asked. The index to each volume increases its value greatly to the researcher.

Volume 2 of Our Pioneer Heritage furthers this valuable contribution. The account of the army troubles in 1858; the story of medicine and medical services rendered by valiant pioneer women; the description of Utah lakes; the account of the Mississippi Saints, and the extensive biographical data on members of the original pioneer company of 1847 add to a greater understanding and appreciation of the past, and create a desire to leave a more worthwhile record for the future.

EARL E. OLSON

Librarian-Archivist, Historian's Office  
Library, Church of Jesus Christ of  
Latter-day Saints



## Introduction

This is the second volume of *Our Pioneer Heritage* series. Probably no book ever published by the Daughter of Utah Pioneers contains so many records of the early settlers of Utah as does this book. Biographies, diaries, special stories pertaining to pioneer living and other documents have been used in its compilation. Some manuscripts have come from the Daughters in their various camps and counties; help has been received from the Latter-day Saint Church historian's office, and we have done considerable research in order to bring forth a complete analysis of the subjects. This volume, as in preceding editions, contains at least two thousand records of pioneers. Our goal is to perpetuate the ideals of our pioneer heritage.

One year has passed since Volume I of *Our Pioneer Heritage* was published and already a second edition has been printed. Today our books are far reaching, libraries, seminaries and individuals have added these books to their collection. Each Daughter who has made a contribution has not only told the story of her forefathers, but she has added factual data to the history of Utah which otherwise might never have been brought to light. Grateful appreciation is given to each Daughter and to all who have given notable service toward the completion of this book.

We hold the contributor of each signed article responsible for the authenticity of names, dates and facts.

KATE B. CARTER



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HEBER CHARLES COX — 1866  
Last surviving male immigrant pioneer



## *They Came in 1858*

*Great peace have they which love thy  
law; and nothing shall offend them.*

*—Psalms 119:165*



ALL WAS quiet in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake at the beginning of the year 1858. The festivities of the New Year were celebrated throughout the towns and settlements. Somehow, the Saints felt that this would be the year when peace again would be restored in the valley of the mountains. The members of the Mormon Militia had returned to their homes, snow had closed the mountain passes. Houses of worship were filled and while the speakers oftentimes made reference to the unjust treatment the Mormons had received at the hands of the government in sending an army to Utah, yet the people continued to seek earnestly a way in which peace could come without the shedding of blood.

The soldiers of the United States Army stationed at Camp Scott, a few miles beyond Fort Bridger, were living in tents while some of the civil officers were housed in holes dug in the ground over which were built log dwellings. Some items of food and clothing were scarce and the officers were forced at times to ration these necessities.

Meanwhile, Governor Alfred Cumming had arrived at Camp Scott and declared that the Mormons were in a state of rebellion, but at the same time the press throughout the nation was bitter in its criticism of those who had instigated the sending of U. S. troops to Utah, which action soon became known as Buchanan's Blunder. Then, in February, 1858, a messenger arrived in Salt Lake City by way

of Los Angeles, introducing himself as Doctor Osborne and asked for an interview with Governor Young. It was Colonel Thomas L. Kane, staunch friend of the Mormons. A council was summoned and Col. Kane addressed them 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 the territory, and relative to the army of the United States now upon your borders.

"After giving you the most satisfactory evidence in relation to matters concerning you now pending, I shall then call your attention, and wish to enlist your sympathies in behalf of the poor soldiers who are now suffering in the cold and snow of the mountains. I shall request you to render them aid and comfort, and to assist them to come here, and bid them a hearty welcome to your hospitable valley. Governor Young, may I be permitted to ask a private interview for a few moments with you?" What transpired at this interview has never been reported, but at its close Brigham Young remarked: "Friend, Thomas, you have done a good work, and you will do a greater work still."

According to Bancroft, on the 12th of March the Colonel arrived at Camp Scott, and was entertained as a guest of Governor Cumming. Being presented to Judge Eckels, he displayed credentials from the president and letters from Governor Young authorizing him to act as negotiator. He came as a peace-maker, but here he was received almost as a spy. An invitation to dinner from Colonel Johnston was construed by the sergeant who delivered it—whether in malice or mischief does not appear—as an order of arrest. The blunder, of course, was rectified; but Kane, who was now classed as a Mormon, challenged the commander-in-chief, and a duel was only prevented by the intervention of the chief justice. Nevertheless, he received a fair hearing from the governor. His mission was to induce him to proceed to Salt Lake City under a Mormon escort, and at once assume his functions.

Governor Cumming, anxious that matters should be adjusted as soon as possible, resolved to accompany Colonel Kane to the Mormon stronghold in spite of warnings by the army officers that he might suffer personal injury. Accordingly, they set out from Camp Scott on April 5th with two attendants, a carriage, and a wagon. At Quaking Asp Hill they were met by a small company of Mormon soldiers who accompanied them to the military encampment at the head of Echo Canyon, which had been ribbed with trenches, large boulders loosened, and other preparations carried out in the event of invasion. The entourage passed through the canyon at night. Bon-

fires were lighted along the route and small companies of men, stationed here and there, gave the appearance of a formidable army. Because of deep snows in the canyon the party came through Weber Canyon to Farmington, and everywhere along the route Mr. Cumming was acknowledged as the new governor of Utah.

Upon his arrival in Salt Lake City several interviews were held with Brigham Young, during which the new governor was assured that every facility would be afforded him. Upon investigation he found the territorial seal, records of the supreme and district courts, and other public property to be intact. On the second Sunday after his arrival he addressed a large congregation in the Tabernacle, having been introduced by President Young, in which he stated, "That it was not his intention to station the army in close contact with any of the settlements and that the military would not be used in making arrests until other means had failed."

Governor Cumming was much disturbed when he found the Saints had vacated their homes and were moving south. He pled with President Young to stop the movement. The answer came, "If the troops were withdrawn from the Territory the people would return to their homes, but that they would rather live out their lives in the mountains than endure the oppressions the federal government was heaping upon them." It was on the 4th day of May that Governor Cumming informed President Young that he intended to return to Camp Scott to bring Mrs. Cumming to Utah.

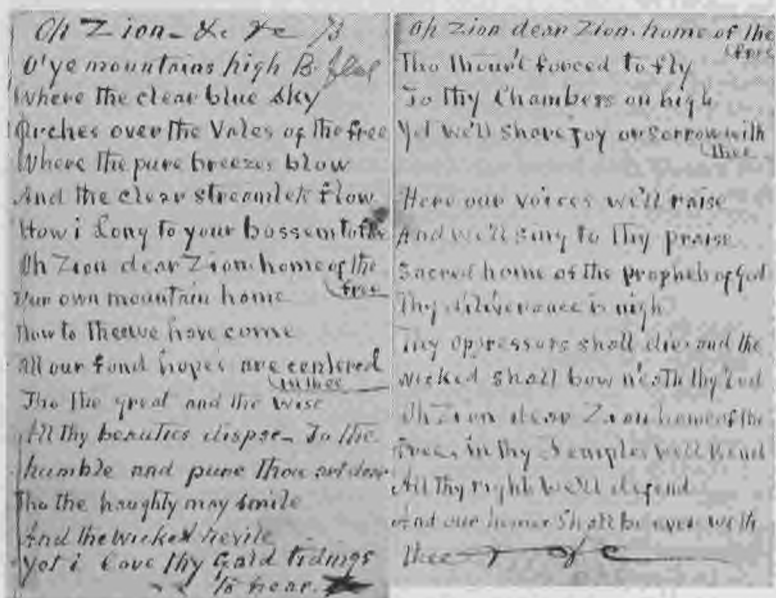
Colonel Kane returned to Washington to make his report. The following December in his message to congress President Buchanan complimented Colonel Kane, saying, "I cannot refrain from mentioning the valuable services of Colonel Thomas L. Kane, who, from motives of pure benevolence, and without any official character or pecuniary compensation, visited Utah during the last inclement winter for the purpose of contributing to the pacification of the territory."

At Fort Leavenworth three thousand additional troops had been assembled to augment the number already in Utah and it was intended that the entire force should be concentrated on the Mormons. Money had been voted for the subsistence of the forces for a period of twenty months. All was in readiness and orders were given that the army of Utah should advance.

### THE PEACE COMMISSION

In the meantime, events occurred which promised a peaceful solution of the difficulties. President Buchanan found his administration severely criticized for he had virtually made war upon a territory before any declaration of war had been issued; he had sent an army forward before the causes of their offenses had been thoroughly investigated. Because of this pressure the President of the United States appointed

a Peace Commission composed of L. W. Powell, former governor of Kentucky, and Benjamin McCulloch, of Texas, who were to journey to Utah, bringing with them a signed proclamation of pardon stating his version of the offenses of the Mormons and their leaders and declaring them to be in a state of rebellion and treason. "But," President Buchanan wrote, "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, I offer a free pardon to all those who will submit themselves to the authority of the federal government." When this action was taken news had not yet reached them



"Oh Zion"—From the Dunbar Original Song Book

that Colonel Kane had succeeded in bringing Governor Cumming into Salt Lake City, and that everywhere he had been duly recognized as the Governor of Utah.

The Peace Commissioners arrived in Salt Lake City June 7, 1858, where they found the city almost completely evacuated. Word was sent to Brigham Young in Provo, whence he had gone, and he with several of his associates including Daniel H. Wells, Heber C. Kimball, and George A. Smith, returned to the city. On the evening of the 11th of June an important meeting was held in the Council House. The question discussed, "Could the army come in through the city and pass through to their new quarters without molesting or burning?"

The next day they reconvened at 10:15 a.m., and again they discussed the problem. After addressing a public meeting and holding further consultations, Powell and McCulloch wrote the Secretary of War saying they had settled the difficulties, although no formal action had been taken on accepting President Buchanan's Proclamation of Pardon. In the report to the War Department the Peace Commissioners said that the Mormons had denied all the wrongdoings they had been accused of, save the burning of the army supply trains and the driving off of government stock. On the 24th of August they filed the official minutes of the Peace Conference with the Secretary of War in Washington, D.C.

At the close of the conference a dispatch was sent to Col. Johnston stating the result of the negotiations and suggesting that he issue a proclamation of intent to the people of Utah, and to march into the valley at the earliest date possible. An answer was immediately received in the form of a proclamation to the people of Utah.

It was during these negotiations that President Young asked David Dunbar, noted pioneer musician, to sing "Zion," which is found on page 73 in the original song book of Mr. Dunbar on file in the Pioneer Memorial Museum. It is probably better known to us as "Oh, Ye Mountains High."

#### OFFICIAL DISPATCH FROM THE PEACE COMMISSIONERS TO THE SECRETARY OF WAR

Great Salt Lake City.  
Utah Territory, June 12, 1858.

Dear Sir:

We have the honor to report that we reached this city on the 7th instant. We lost no time in placing ourselves in communication with the chief men of the Mormon people. After the fullest and freest conference with them, we are pleased to state that we have settled the unfortunate difficulties existing between the Government of the United States and the people of Utah. We are informed by the people and chief men of the Territory that they will cheerfully yield obedience to the Constitution and laws of the United States. They cheerfully consent that the civil officers of the Territory shall enter upon the discharge of their respective duties. They will make no resistance to the army of the United States in its march to the Valley of Salt Lake or elsewhere. We have their assurance that no resistance will be made to the officers, civil or military, of the United States, in the exercise of their various functions in the Territory of Utah.

The people have abandoned all the settlements north of this, and all the families have left the city, only about fifteen hundred persons remaining here to take charge of the property, and to burn it if the difficulties had not been settled. The people from this city

and north of it have gone south to Provo, fifty miles south of this, and to points beyond. We will visit Provo and the settlements south in a day or two and see and confer with the people and inform them that the difficulties have been settled, and thus induce them to return to their homes.

We have written General Johnston by the messenger that will bear this, informing him of what had been done, and that he could march his army to the Valley whenever he desired to do so. We intend to remain and visit the people, and converse with them until General Johnston's army arrives. We think it is important that we remain until the army is located in the Valley. We have but a moment to write, as the express will start in a few moments. We will, in a few days, forward a detailed report.

We have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servants.

L. W. Powell

Ben McCulloch,

Commissioners of Utah

Hon. John B. Floyd, Secretary of War, Washington, D.C.

(*New York Herald*, July 15, 1858)



General Albert Sydney Johnston

## GEN. JOHNSTON'S PROCLAMATION TO THE PEOPLE OF UTAH

The Commissioners of the United States deputed by the President to urge upon the people of this Territory the necessity of obedience to the Constitution and laws, as enjoined by his proclamation, have this day informed me that there will be no obstruction to the administration and execution of the laws of the Federal Government nor any opposition on the part of the people of this Territory to the military force of the Government in the execution of their orders. I, there-



fore, feel it incumbent on me, and have great satisfaction in doing so, to assure those citizens of the Territory who, I learn, apprehend from the army ill treatment, that no person whatever will be in anywise interfered with or molested in his person or rights, or in the peaceful pursuit of his avocation; and, should protection be needed, that they will find that army always faithful to the obligations of duty, as ready now to assist and protect them as it was to oppose them while it was believed they were resisting the laws of their government.

A. S. Johnston

Colonel Second Cavalry and Brev. Brig. Gen.

### PROCLAMATION OF THE NEW GOVERNOR

To the Inhabitants of Utah and others whom it may concern:

WHEREAS, James Buchanan, President of the United States, at the city of Washington, the sixth day of April, eighteen hundred and fifty-eight, did, by his Proclamation, offer to the inhabitants of Utah who submitted to the laws, a free and full pardon for all treasons and seditions heretofore committed; and

WHEREAS, the proffered pardon was accepted with the prescribed terms of the citizens of Utah:

Now, therefore, I, Alfred Cumming, Governor of Utah Territory, in the name of James Buchanan, President of the United States, do proclaim that all persons, who submit themselves to the laws, and to the authority of the Federal Government are by him freely and full pardoned for all treasons and seditions heretofore committed. All criminal offenses associated



Governor Alfred Cumming

with, or growing out of, the overt acts of sedition and treason are merged in them, and are embraced in the "free and full pardon" of the President. And I exhort all persons to persevere in a faithful submission to the laws, and patriotic devotion to the Constitution and Government of our common country.

Peace is restored to our Territory.

All civil officers, both Federal and Territorial, will resume the performance of the duties of their respective offices without delay, and will be diligent and faithful in the execution of the laws. All citizens of the United States in this Territory will aid and assist the officers in the performance of their duties.

Fellow citizens, I offer to you my congratulations for the peaceful and honorable adjustment of recent difficulties.

Those citizens, who have left their homes I invite to return, as soon as they can do so with propriety and convenience.

To all I announce my determination to enforce obedience to the laws, both Federal and Territorial.

Trespass upon property, whether real or personal, must be scrupulously avoided.

Gaming and other vices are punished by Territorial statutes with peculiar severity, and I command the perusal of these statutes to those persons who may not have had an opportunity of doing so previously.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set (L.S.) my hand and caused the seal of the Territory to be affixed at Great Salt Lake City, in the Territory of Utah, this fourteenth day of June, one thousand eight hundred and fifty eight and of the Independence of the United States the eighty-second.

A. Cumming

By the Governor

John Hartnett,

Secretary of Territory.

### THE MOVE SOUTH—1858

An important meeting, presided over by the First Presidency, was held March 18, 1858 in the Historian's office at which were present eight of the Twelve Apostles, and some thirty military officers of the Territory to discuss the impending crisis in Utah. Several sections of the country had been considered as probable locations for the Saints but President Young emphatically declared, "We are here and here we will stay in this Territory!" However, it was unanimously agreed by all those present at this conference to abandon their homes and farms and move south leaving only enough men to set them afire should the army come into their midst. The words which their great leader had spoken echoed throughout the valley and there were but few who would not abide by his decision.

The bishops of the various wards were instructed to notify their members of the intended move and to make all necessary arrangements for the exodus. Within a few days preparations were being made, wagons, carts, etc., were repaired and by May 10, 1858, it was reported that the roads were lined from Boxelder County to Provo

with horses, mules or ox-teams carrying needed provisions. The large wheat bin, located at the Church farm in Salt Lake City, was taken down and sent to Provo, along with its contents. The Saints in the different towns received the people with open arms, some were taken into homes, but the great majority lived in their wagons, tents, dugouts or any other kind of shelter that might be erected quickly.

The following are some of the reports on the move south:

Thirty thousand brought their high-piled wagons south into Utah Valley. Accommodations of the crudest kind were all that Provo could offer. All were crowded into the settlers' homes who could be, and every assistance given those forced to camp out. Temporary houses were built by the Church on the public square. The north side was full while on the west the buildings ran half-way down. They were built close together like a fort, some of them to store grain in. Brigham occupied several of them. In the center of the block was a large marquee tent for a storehouse. As summer ripened the weather became unbearably hot. The water was bad, as we had to dig holes to get water, and the people began to complain of sickness. The feed had also been eaten off by the cattle, our cows dried up, flies were very bad tormenting our cattle, and it was with great difficulty that we controlled our stock from running off. History of Lorin Farr.

*New York Herald:* Squatted through the town of Provo, and for miles along its northern and western borders, are families from the north, in every conceivable quality, form and material of habitations. Many live in the bodies of the heavy covered wagons so frequently used in this country, by merely taking them off the wheels and placing them on the ground. A cooking-stove, deposited in the open air, prepares the food of the family. A few families have canvas tents; more live in tents built a la Indian but thatched with straw; others live in a hole dug in the ground, with brush piled up on either side slanting till it connects at the top and forms a sort of roof, other brush is placed at either end to suit the necessities of the weather. Some families have erected board shanties. All the temporary habitations of emigrants are very open and much exposed to the weather. This does not matter much at this season of the year, but if the weather was cold the people would suffer severely. In the wretched little cabins, tents, and sheds, I have noticed the women busily engaged in carrying on all the duties that ordinarily pertain to country matrons, such as making butter, cheese, raising stock, poultry, spinning etc.

*An Old Letter:*

Great Salt Lake City,  
May, 1858

My dear Father and Mother:

I feel that I must write you another letter before I leave my home, as I do not know when or where I may get another opportunity of writing to you. I suppose that you have heard, by this time, through

your prayers, that we are leaving our beautiful valley—to go, we know not whither.

When first my beloved announced to me that it was decided that we should leave, I felt a pang in my heart. I looked out at my little flower garden, the work of our own hands, and then around me, inside my little cottage, on the few little comforts which we had accumulated through hard labour; then I sauntered into the little room which I had prepared for your reception this season. I must abandon them all and the hope of meeting father and mother and the rest of the family. And last, but not least, I look upon our little ones and my grief knew no bounds. In my rebellious heart, I felt to say, "I cannot expose my little ones to the trials of a wandering life and ah, horror! perhaps the scalping knife of the Indians; for we know that the soldiers are bribing them." I fancy I can hear you both say, "Is not 'Mormonism' worth all these sacrifices, and even our lives?" Yes, my dear father and mother, it is. But you also know how very fond of home I am; and my love for my husband and children knows no bounds; and I felt that to see those dear ones suffering again, as I did before we had a home, was more than my strength could bear; but all this was the struggle of a few hours only! When I began to reflect upon my conduct, I felt truly ashamed of my weakness. How often had I, in bearing my testimony, said that I was willing to make sacrifices for the work of the Lord; and when He was going to put me to the test should I turn like a coward and say "I cannot do it." And then my rebellious heart would turn again and say, "Is it not your own house and land? Did you not toil hard enough to get it? Did you not sell your trinkets, clothing, everything, in fact that you possessed to get the adobes to build it. And why should you give it up to a band of robbers, or, in other terms, to President Buchanan's troops, which are the same?"

But still I struggled and conquered. I then made up my mind that, if I had to die, it should be in the path of duty; and when my husband returned in the evening, I could talk calmly to him of preparations for our departure. I next thought that, as I was now so strong, it was my duty to go and see Ellen and James; but what was my surprise on reaching their house, to find them all ready to start; and when I asked Ellen if she did not feel bad at leaving her home (for you know that she had one of the most comfortable in the valley), she said with a smile, "These things are not ours; they are the Lord's; and if He requires me to leave them, I am ready." I am sure you will think her a most noble woman as I do. . . . Where we are going, I know not; but this I do know—that if it were not for our own ultimate good, we should not be permitted to leave this valley.

Go where you will, you will see the Saints making cheerful preparations for their departure, and a word of comfort on their lips for their neighbors; notwithstanding which, a keen observer might perceive a tear glistening in the eye of some of the stoutest among us.

We have enough to eat, and for that we are thankful. Our clothing is nearly all worn out, and it is not possible to buy any more here. If we had heeded the counsel of Brother Brigham a little sooner, we should now have an abundance of clothing; but we are like children—we have to learn by experience. I think sometimes that if you could see me, you might enjoy a hearty laugh at my expense, but, fortunately for me, I have now no mirror, and, therefore, my own appearance does not annoy me much. I still have in my possession an article for daily wear, which once bore the appellation of a dress, but so transformed is it, that it would be difficult for a casual observer to decide which was the original dress piece. My husband also wears a coat of many colors. As for buying shoes and stockings, they are quite out of the question. We should have been out of this unpleasant state, if our enemies would only have left us alone; for we all began to see the necessity of manufacturing our own goods. We have already made some very good flannel here. We have twelve sheep of our own, two cows and three horses; two of which were working on the farm; the other was my own private property, made a present to me by my husband.

(A postscript, dated at an encampment thirty-five miles from Salt Lake City adds:)

We are now thirty-five miles from the city and living under our tents. I have nothing particular to add, save that my little Joseph is sick; but I have faith that he will get well. We do not trouble about him nor ourselves; we will all get through our troubles some day. It is good to feel that the Lord is for us, though men be against us. I am resigned to my fate. It is all for the best.

Your affectionate daughter

G. ————— R. —————

—*Millennial Star*

### PATTY SESSIONS (PARRY) MOVES SOUTH

FEBRUARY 28, 1858: Colonel Thomas L. Kane is in town.

MARCH 12th: Sold \$11.00 worth of fruit trees. I have had a man to work in the garden all this week. Sent 80 peach trees to the Tithing Office, \$20.00, and a bunch of peach blossoms to the editor, the first we have seen.

20th: Sent ten plum trees to the Tithing Office. \$1.00.

21st: Went to meeting. The word was for all of us to go south as soon as we could; that the United States troops were determined to come in and kill us. 22nd: Business all stopped as to spring work.

23rd: All preparing to move. P. G. was down yesterday.

24th: P. G. had a talk with the Bishop and Mr. Parry concluded I should go with P. G. and the rest of my children.

25th: I commenced preparing to pack my things.

30th: P. G. came down and told me he would take all the flour that I could get sacked by 9 o'clock next morning.

31st: He came. I sent 1850 lbs. by him.

APRIL 1st: I commenced packing. Friday P. G. came back, he had hired a storeroom and left it at American Fork.

3rd: I sacked the rest of my flour. Went to meeting.

5th: I feel first rate, cheerful and happy. I think I can take the spoiling of my things with joy. Oh Lord, help me so to do. P. G., David and Lucina came down, took a load of wheat for me.

8th: Empty my straw tick and wash it.

9th: Take up my carpet.

10th: Finish packing.

12th: Take up my other carpet. I sent 30 bushels more wheat and a very large flour box and 500 lbs. of flour.

14th: David and Carlos got back from American Fork. Been to carry two loads. Mr. Parry came with them.

21st: John Parry came from Echo Canyon.

22nd: I have finished planting my garden. John Parry helped me.

23rd: I went up to P. G.'s, mended up their tinware. He loaded up a load of goods. I came home with them.

25th: Went to meeting. Governor Cumming was there. We had all sorts of a meeting.

MAY 1st: Bought 25 lbs. of flour this week. Paid in pieplant.

6th: David and Ed gone with another two loads. Think Sylvia and I will go next time. P. G.'s family are mostly gone.

8th: We are packing up to go away tomorrow. Go up to P. G.'s and get a load and they do not take us until the next time.

9th: Go to meeting. Brother Brigham talked to us to do good; my heart rejoiced and I felt to praise God.

11th: We baked and packed Sylvia's things.

12th: She starts. They carry 25 bu. wheat for me. I am left alone. I cleaned up the house. John Parry came back from Summit where his wife is. He takes care of my garden. He is one of the guards that stays here.

13th: I braided straw and put in some beets and carrots.

17th: I watered my garden.

18th: P. G. and Ed came down and took the last of my wheat and a box to put it in.

21st: John Parry released from guard to go to Summit with a young man that started to go to the States. John told him he was here and he had better stay here. He concluded to stay and has gone south with John. I have boarded John since he came back and fitted him and the boys with provisions to go three days. Brother Eldredge starts south with the last of his family. His child has gotten well fast. I dressed its wounds twice a day since it got scalded yesterday.

23rd: William Smoot came down here.

24th: He went over my garden and orchard and said he never saw such a beautiful sight in his life, so many trees of fruit—so says everyone that has seen it. I made some canker medicine and packed my things once more to go south. I think I shall go this time.

25th: We start and go to the Point of the Mountain. Stopped to eat. Got to American Fork at half past 4 p.m. I found them all well. I helped unload my things.

#### FROM THE DIARY OF LUMAN ANDROS SHURTLIFF

*Luman Andros Shurtliff* was born March 13th, 1805 in Montgomery, Hamden County, Massachusetts, the son of Noah and Lydia Brown Shurtliff. He was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Kirtland, Ohio. His wives were Eunice Bagg Gaylord, Altamira Gaylord, Cynthia Noble Shurtliff, Melissa Adeline Shurtliff Bent and Mary Eliza Adams. He came to Utah September 23, 1851 with his family.

Mr. Shurtliff's later years were spent providing for his large family of thirty-three children, eight of whom died in infancy and two in early youth, and his wives. He was prominent in civic and Church duties holding many important positions. He was ordained a Patriarch May 17, 1873 by Brigham Young, D. H. Wells, John Taylor, W. Woodruff and F. D. Richards. He passed away at his home in Harrisville at the age of seventy-seven years and was buried in the North Ogden cemetery. The following is taken from his diary:

March, 1858 came with all its cares and sorrows, sickness and disease. Many of my family are sick and feeble, but we are all preparing to leave all we have but our families, and be driven once more from our possessions again, and go south with little prospect of ever returning to enjoy our possessions. We, with all the other Saints, are preparing to obey President Young to leave our lands barren, if the army approaches. On March 9, 1858, my wife Altamira, was confined with a son that soon died.

March 13th: My birthday. I am fifty-one years old, that is, I have lived fifty-one years in this body and I am very thankful to God that He has preserved me through such a variety of hardships as I have been called upon to pass through—in doing which I have obtained a useful experience. I have had plenty and been in want. I have been in war and peace. I have been mobbed many times, have been a free man and a prisoner, have been sick at home and sick among strangers. I have preached much among the Gentiles and to the Saints. I have had peace in my family, also contentions. Had no wife, had one wife, and five wives. The father of eighteen children, six sons and twelve daughters, and notwithstanding the dark clouds which now surrounds me, yet by the eye of faith, I see my way through the storms of

life, back into the presence of my Father. Oh, what a consolation this is to me.

April 5th: I started with a part of my family for the south. My wife, Altamira, was not able to travel and I was obliged to leave her and four of her children and my daughter, Elizabeth, to take care of her. The journey was a stormy one and not knowing where to go to find shelter from the storm until I could go and get the rest of my family. I felt a little let down and thought of many things, and when I came in sight of Salt Lake City, I felt that I needed help and I called upon my Father and asked Him to hear my prayers. . . . where could I find a comfortable place for my poor sick family to rest a day or two. I drove on south of the tabernacle a few blocks and came to an empty house of three rooms and in the front of it a pile of wood and near the door a well of water. On inquiring, I learned the owner had gone south and left his home for others to occupy for the present, so I took possession. The next day I started back to Ogden and got there on the 12th and found Altamira gaining. Green Taylor and my daughter Jane, got in from the North Mission. The next day Elcemina and Haskill came and the next day Lewis and wife, Louise, got home; thus all my children had now returned from the North Indian Mission all safe.

On the 14th, I started to Salt Lake City with the rest of my family, also Green Taylor, Haskill, and Lewis and their families. On the 16th, we got to the city. The next day I got some medicine for Altamira. The next few days I took care of my wife, until Sunday the 26th when I, and my wife, Melissa, went to the Tabernacle to meeting where President Young introduced Mr. Cumming, who had been sent by the President of the United States to be our Governor.

May 1st: I started from Salt Lake City to go south and took with me Melissa and Mary, and their children. . . . The next day we traveled to the Point of the Mountain and had to camp. The next day we traveled to Provo Bench and camped without water. On the 4th we got to Spanish Fork and camped. Then we went to Brother Jolly's to see Melissa's sister. The next day I left Melissa and her children and our goods at Brother Jolly's and Mary and her children, Noah and Francis, in camp at Stephen Markham's.

The next day, though very rainy, at 12 o'clock, I started back to Salt Lake City and camped near Battle Creek. The next night I camped in an old house east of Vincent's and at 9 the next morning got to Salt Lake and found Altamira unable to travel and had been very sick since I left her. Sunday I started back with a load and camped at Battle Creek and on the next day got to Spanish Fork. Brother Markham offered me all the land I wished to put in a crop. I planted three bushels of potatoes and planted some garden on Brother Simon's land.

On the 15th, I started back to Salt Lake with Noah and the next day I looked south with my loaded wagon and Altamira and



camped at Vincent's. He started the next morning with his family and stock with us for the south. We traveled to Provo Bench together. I took my wife to Brother Butler's, who was the acting Bishop, and on Sunday I employed the best woman doctor in the place and when she ordered medicine, I walked to Provo, got the medicine and walked back in the night. On the 24th, I moved my wife from Brother Butler's to a room underground. On the 28th, Brother Phineas Richards came in and by our request opened Altamira's breast, and discharged the most matter I ever saw come from one swelling.

On June 5, Melissa and I went to Payson and returned to Pondtown. On the 8th, I received orders from General Wells, I carried them out the best I could and immediately went to preparing to move my family north. I had been in Spanish Fork thirty-eight days.

On July 4, 1858, I started north with my wife, Melissa, and her children, Noah and Lucy, and camped near Battle Creek. The next day we traveled sixteen miles and soon after we passed the Point of the Mountain, one of my wagon wheels broke and I left my family in a cold house and went on, seventeen miles, to my cousin Vincent's. I stayed all night and then borrowed his wagon and returned to my family. As I came in sight of the house where I had left my family the day before, I saw the United States Army marching past the house and between me and the house. The front of the column was past the point of the mountain marching south, the rear of the army was marching up the river Jordan, yet the extreme left was not yet in sight and even marching in columns of platoons. I traveled one or two miles along the line on the left, seeking a place between the platoons and then I could drive my team through the line to the right where my wife and children were.

When opposite the house I turned my team as if to go through, when one platoon slacked their march a little, while I passed through the line and found my family shut up in the house all right. At the spring in front of the house many of the officers stepped up to drink. This affords me an opportunity of spending a couple of hours in agreeable conversation with the officers who behaved as civil as I could expect.

I loaded my goods and family and traveled seventeen miles and stayed at Vincent's, and the next morning I got Brother Franklin and Brother Richards, Samuel, and his brother, to carry my wagon wheel where I had left my wagon. I put my wagon together and after sunset, I started and traveled seventeen miles toward Provo. The wind blew a gale from the south and the air was full of dust and sand and no moon to light my way. I think I was never out with my team in a worse night. My team would leave the road and go out into the sage brush, and on one occasion they went nearly half a mile before I could decide whether they were in the road or not. When I got out and examined the road, I found no dust except what was traveling north;

so I turned my team another way and had to travel a long way before I got back into the right road.

About daylight the wind ceased blowing so hard and I stopped near Battle Creek and lay down and slept until nearly noon. Then I hitched up and drove to Spanish Fork and found all comfortable, except my wife, and she was improving.

On the 18th, I started for Ogden with my wives, Altamira, Mary and their children. The following night I camped near Battle Creek. On the 21st, we stayed at Vincent's overnight. They were pleased to see us and made us as comfortable as they possibly could and, when we left, gave Mary some presents which she much needed. On the 23rd we got home in Ogden.

I soon visited my farm and found my wheat ready to cut. The cattle were destroying much of it. My wife, Mary, and sons, Noah and Francis, came to the farm with me and lived in a wagon until August 22nd, and helped me with the wheat and to haul it to Ogden. . . . —*Oneata Owen Preston*



U. S. Army camp near Jordan Narrows—Courtesy Annie Gerber Anderson

#### THE DESERET NEWS — 1858

While Kane and Governor Cumming, with two attendants, carriage and wagon, rode toward Great Salt Lake City, President Young advised that the move south continue. He directed that a *News* press and type be moved to Fillmore, about 150 miles to the south. After Cumming arrived, the Mormon leader counseled Albert Carrington to publish but two more numbers of the *Deseret News* in Great Salt Lake City, and then to issue the paper from Fillmore.

After about a month there, the *News* was to go to Parowan, about one hundred more miles south. The paper had already been reduced from eight to four pages. The *Deseret News* was not going to meet the same fate as the first Church periodical, *The Evening and Morning Star*, at Independence, Missouri. A mob had rushed into its shop, and that had been the end of the "*Star*" in Missouri.

The *News*, it will be recalled, had come into possession of several printing presses, and with the move south some of the equipment was taken to Fillmore, and some to Parowan. Brigham Young gave the assignment of taking the equipment to Fillmore to George Q. Cannon, who as an orphan boy had worked in the Church printing shop in Nauvoo, and who had recently returned to Salt Lake Valley from San Francisco, where he had published *The Western Standard* for the Church.

Cannon, only 31 at the time, must have had mixed feelings about his new call. The previous Sunday his eyes had stopped on a rather short, slender girl with sparkling gray-blue eyes and dark, luxuriant hair. She was a beauty. He had met her that day and had received the impression that she was a girl for him to marry. During the week George Q. Cannon went to his wife, Elizabeth, and told her his feelings about this 18 year-old girl from Canada whose name was Sarah Jane Jenne. She was a bright self-effacing girl with a quick sense of humor besides being pleasing to the eye. Elizabeth's reply was what George wanted. It went something like this, "If you must take a plural wife, there is no one I would sooner have you marry than Sarah Jane Jenne." On Sunday, April 11, a week after they met, George Q. Cannon and Sarah Jane Jenne were married by President Brigham Young.

Immediately after the ceremony, the newly weds set out for Fillmore with the *Deseret News* equipment. Elizabeth and her baby went along; also, George Q's younger brother, David, and Albert Carrington. The Parowan portion of the press equipment was taken south in the care of Henry McEwan and two others.

The first copy of the *News* carrying Fillmore City in the mast-head was dated May 5, 1858. Some of the type was different. The paper's name was presented in much larger type, and the beehive cut was missing from the tops of the editorial column. There was not a single commercial advertisement in the newspaper in the first Fillmore edition. A few dribbled in later.

The *News*, while in the South, published columns of comments on Utah conditions from other newspapers, along with their fiction, features, and news. Few sermons were presented by the *News* during its southern sojourn. Front pages, however, were devoted almost entirely to short biographical sketches of apostles of the Church.

Some of the press reactions to the Utah War, as reprinted by the *News* were:

"... That economy which the President recommends to Congress he can most effectually practice by ordering the return of the major portion of the Utah army from the plains. . ." *The New York Evening Post*, June 17, 1858.

"... There, no doubt, have been many lies told about the Mormons by Yankee bookmakers, who have gone there, and with a keen eye to profit, wrote books concerning them, to sell, without strict regard to truth. . . Then, too, how often has the story rung in our ears that there were hundreds in Utah who would gladly escape from the tyranny of Brigham Young if they had the power, and yet only 56 men and 30 women with 71 children presented themselves to Governor Cumming and stated their desire to leave the Territory. And it does not seem that even these were restrained of their liberty, but wished to return to the States because they could better their conditions." *New York Day-Book*, June 19, 1858.

In Fillmore, also, the *News* continued to publish the monthly weather summary by William W. Phelps, the versatile man who had obtained its first press, although at least once his report was for Utah County rather than for Great Salt Lake City. The newspaper at Fillmore also continued to give its readers heaps of verse from poets like John Greenleaf Whittier and from local writers such as Sarah E. Carmichael, a pretty, big-eyed, retiring girl who had come to the mountains six years before from the East, and whose verse was beginning to win her wide acclaim.

If some editions of the *News* were printed in Parowan, the newspapers did not show it. All the weekly appearances of the *News* from May 5 through August 25, 1958 used "Fillmore City" in the masthead. *The Deseret News* of July 14 carried a momentous notice:

*Returning to their homes:* The First Presidency and a few others left Provo on June 30.

Two weeks later the paper published Governor Cumming's official account of his reception at Salt Lake City, from the *New York Evening Star*. The crisis was over. . . . The task of returning the printing equipment to Great Salt Lake City fell to George Q. Cannon who had taken it south. Cannon set out with the press and its accompanying paraphernalia on Sept. 9. With him were his two wives, Elizabeth, and Sarah Jane, Baby John and his brother David. After traveling four days they reached Payson, slightly more than half-way to the city. There, a messenger from President Young met them. He had traveled all night and the next morning to reach them. The letter he handed George Q. explained that Brigham Young wanted him to leave on a mission to the East. The company

with which he was to make the journey was waiting for him in Great Salt Lake City. George Q. bundled his effects in a carpet bag, and grabbed his gun. In less than an hour he was ready to leave for the city. But he had a problem. There was room for only one of his wives in the carriage that was to take him racing back. Both wives were with child. Sarah Jane told him that Elizabeth should go. She was the first wife, and besides she had the baby, John. So Elizabeth, the baby, and George Q. left. Frail, selfless Sarah Jane, who had become 19 just two days before, was left on the roadside with young David and the *Deseret News* equipment.

In the city, George Q's mission was explained more fully. He was to visit editors and other prominent men in the East in an effort to allay some of the bitter prejudice against the misunderstood people of Utah. There, at Great Salt Lake City, he bade Elizabeth and her baby farewell, and started on a mission that was to keep him away for two years.

In time Sarah Jane and the printing equipment reached the city. The press was returned to the Council House, which, besides being the home of the *News*, had also served for religious meetings, a one time home of the University of Deseret, for sessions of the Utah territorial legislature, and for the recent peace conference.

The first number of the *News* after the return to the city described a picnic excursion given by President Young for Church leaders, Governor Cumming, and other citizens, and their ladies and children "at a romantic, shady location" in Big Cottonwood Canyon. In the next column was a dispatch from the *Syracuse Journal* suggesting a National Demonstration of gratitude to Colonel Kane, and another from the *Cincinnati Commercial* hailing him as the nation's "Peace Maker." Peace had returned to the mountains and the *News* was no longer a wayfarer on wheels. Inf. Wendell Ashton.

### JOHN POWELL GOES TO FILLMORE

*John Powell*, a pioneer of 1855, was born October 31, 1822 at St. Sepulcher's Parish, London, England to John and Ann Belfield Powell. He served as a soldier in the Echo Canyon episode. In his journal he gives the following account of the move south with his family.

Bishop Edward Hunter sent a wagon and two yoke of oxen to move my family to Springville. I tried to get work but failed. I started in company with Peter Huntsman for Fillmore. We walked all the way. Got there safe but tired. I got the loan of a wagon and a yoke of oxen to fetch my family to Fillmore. We arrived safe at Fillmore on Sunday, June the sixth, 1858.

President Buchanan's proclamation was read by George Q. Cannon on the stand in the Fillmore meetinghouse, Sunday, June 14th. I

worked at Brother Croft's mill with two brothers, making a flax wheel. I sold one wheel to Bro. Davies for —— bushels of wheat, one to Allen Russell for a calf and three dollars in produce. The children and I went gleaning. I put up my tent in the Old Field. We got eight bushels of wheat.

I got a city lot off the surveyor, Chandler Holbrook. I paid one dollar and a quarter for the surveying. I dug a cellar three feet deep and made adobes of the earth I threw out of the cellar. I then built a dugout. Anthony Martin loaned me lumber with which I covered it. My wife ((Fanny Chamberlin Powell) whitewashed and fixed the dugout very comfortable. I made wooden steps to the entrance. We moved into the dugout about the middle of August. We bought some chickens from Springville. I bought a little pig off Albert Scholes for \$3.00. From the time of our arrival in Fillmore to the time of entering the dugout we lived with Brother and Sister Ellett.

October 6th I was appointed High Priest meeting clerk of the High Priest Quorum. On October 29th, at a meeting of the City Council of Fillmore City, I was elected clerk of that body and city recorder.

#### JOHN LOWE BUTLER TELLS HIS STORY

The following was taken from the autobiography of *John Lowe Butler* who was born April 8, 1808 in Simpson County, Kentucky and who came to Utah as a convert of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in 1852. He was called by Brigham Young to help with the settlement of Spanish Fork where he lived until he passed away April 10, 1861.

And the people did move south and Brother Brigham moved his family south as far as Provo. There was but one woman left north of the point of the mountains, and she was doing writing for the Church. The city did look a desolate place for the folks were all gone south, except a few men left to guard the city, and teams were scattered from the city to Sanpete. It was like one train. The folks put straw and shavings in their houses ready to burn them up when the word came from Brigham, but they did not have the job to burn them up for the soldiers came to terms, and they were to come in and go on to the west side of the Jordan River; but they were to march right through and not molest anything at all. Well, they came in, and went and camped at the crossing of the river and then went about seven miles above up in the cedars, and Brother Brigham gave orders for the folks to move back again if they wanted to. A great many moved back and a great many stayed. There was a great many came to Spanish Fork City and they covered the bottoms and made dugouts under the side of the benches, and the cattle ranged on the benches and they ate all the feed off so that our own cattle fared very slim that fall. The folks came to me to give them places to build and I had so much to do that I did not know hardly which to begin

first. I did not have time to eat meals I was so busy.

I had partly put up a saw mill and Archy Gardner came down here and moved his family here and put a house up for them. He then came to me and told me that he would take a share in the sawmill if I was willing, but he said it was not in a good place and would have to be built up higher; so we had it moved and finished it. He then said that he thought it was a good place to put up a grist mill and that he thought that he would get a grant for to put up one. He did so, and when the sawmill run he went to work and put up one of the best gristmills in the Territory. He made the race larger and put the gristmill just below the sawmill on the city main water sect, and it was a good thing for Spanish Fork for they had to go to Springville mill to get their grinding done; so it was a great benefit to the ward.

Brother John Murray came down here in the move south and he had put up mills for Archy Gardner down north and Archy got them to put up his gristmill, him and Brother Reed. They both of them bought land here and calculated to make their home here.

The soldiers went over into Cedar Valley and camped there and named the camp, Floyd, and they built their barracks and took up their quarters there. There was a great many apostates went out there to live and there was a great many went to trade there. It made money stir around very brisk for awhile. They hired men to make adobes for them and give them one dollar per hundred and there was lots of men that would make six and eight hundred per day, so they made a good deal of money. They also hired men to chop cord wood in the mountains and gave three dollars per cord, cedar wood. The people would go over there with whisky and trade it to the soldiers for clothes, pistols, and one thing and another and get them for nothing, almost; they would get a good overcoat for about \$2.00 worth of whisky, and they could get a revolver for about the same. There was a great many deserted and they would send an officer and about a dozen men after them, and perhaps about four or five would return out of the thirteen, and so it went on till their army was not near so strong as it had been. They had a great sale over at Camp Floyd; they advertised the sale of mules and wagons, harness, saddles, and they were to be sold at auction and were to be knocked down to the highest bidder and people got some splendid mules for sixty dollars a span. The wagons were priced at thirty dollars each and anyone could get one for that amount. The wagons cost in the States eighty-five dollars each at wholesale price; so they did not make much on that speculation. The mules would cost at least one hundred dollars a head and their harness was almost given away, for you could get them for three dollars a set. They were good harness but had but one line, and if any would purchase a whole team they would throw in the harness, stretchers, double trees, fifth chains, so that you could

get a wagon, three span of mules, harness and everything for two hundred and ten dollars, about the worth of one span of mules; but they were short of money and had to have it to pay the soldiers. They made quite a fine place over there, but it was like going into hell, for the murder and profane language was fearful. I never troubled them myself but there were several went from this ward which I was very sorry to see; for when they were here they seemed to be pretty good Saints, but when they went over there they drank in the spirit that was there and they soon went by the board.

Now there was a call from the United States for some of the army to go this way and some of them to go that way, and one part went to Mexico and they came up Spanish Fork Canyon and went up the Spanish Trail. Now, they had to make a road all the way after they got up to the forks of the canyon. They made a road so they could pass over, but not a road to stand. By making a road about seven or eight miles it would take you to Sanpete in half the time that it would take the other way. There is a creek that runs down into the righthand fork and by making a road up there it will save the folks one day's drive from Sanpete. I think that the road will be put through some time or other. There was only enough soldiers left to take care of the barracks and to be on hand if the Indians went to making any fuss.

—*Copy on file in Daughters of Utah Pioneers.*

### MAKE WORK PROJECT

*John Cook*, pioneer of 1856, states, "In the year 1858 the troops passed along and settled in Cedar Valley. During the move many men being idle Brigham Young proposed to build a road through Provo Canyon to Provo Valley so called and a plat of land  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles square was surveyed in said valley in the month of July by J. C. Snow. I was lead chain man and received 25 acres and \$10.00 in cash for my work. Water froze nearly solid in a pint cup in the night, so parties said, while camping on a creek close by the land which was mostly meadow. The intention was to make ranches for cattle for it was too cold for grain. Along through the winter of 1858-59, several meetings were held and they discussed the feasibility of settling in the valley the following summer. Some said they thought it was too cold for agricultural purposes. Others said they thought small grain and potatoes might be raised. Quite a few had their minds set on having the valley as a large cattle range and so they argued against raising crops or cereals. Along toward spring an organization was effected. William Meeks was appointed to take charge of affairs. About the 20th of April, Thomas Rasband and myself left off working on the canal spoken of and went home to fix up wagons and supplies to start as soon as possible to Provo Valley.



We could not hear anything definite about a company starting, so a few of us got together and made a start on the 29th of April."

*Chapman Duncan*, pioneer of 1848, records: "In February, I purchased from Robert Wimmer one-half claim in the fishery in Utah county. Caught 20,000 barrels of fish. Raised some wheat, corn, potatoes and other vegetables and fattened my own pork and have tarried time enough to use the same, it being the first time since I have been a married man. I have been much blessed this season."

### THE ARMY ARRIVES IN UTAH

The following description of the march of Johnston's army through Salt Lake City, after the move south, is vividly portrayed by Captain Albert Tracy, commanding officer of Company H., 10th Infantry; U. S. Army, in his journal.

June 26, 1858

As early as three in the morning, the wild peaks and canyons of the Wasatch chain, rang, and echoed to the notes of our bugles and reveille. The men are in due time upon their feet, and breakfast is had, and tents struck, and with the filing out of our wagons, we are again ready for the road. "Little Mountain" it was, in chief, that lay within our pathway today. We had, however, overcome in our course so many that were larger, that, with perseverance, we reach at last the top of this one—a little blown it is true, but the top. Descending now the farther slope, which is rapid, and tries the muscles of your legs in an opposite way, by the extensors—we enter at a few miles from camp, Emigration Canyon. A very defensible place is this Canyon, and at a given abrupt angle of the road, a fort, well fortified, might have stood against thousands. It is likely, however, the place could be turned, rendering it thus of less value. Opening out from the last rough gorge, we entered upon a broad plateau, or bench, and Salt Lake City lay at our feet. We are surprised and refreshed with its general appearance of neatness and order. The buildings are almost entirely of adobe, giving them the appearance of gray cut-stone. They were well set apart, nearly each by itself, and within the enclosures about them one saw that which one so longs to see from long familiarity with these deserts—perfectly bright green and luxuriant trees and shrubbery. The streets, as we viewed them from our height, are straight and wide, crossing each other generally at right angles. Beyond the city Jordan River, running north and south. Beyond this the gray of the eternal desert, hemmed remotely by picturesque peaks and mountains. But soon, colors flying again, the regiment falls in, and with the Band at the front of the whole column of companies, we enter, after a short descent, the City of the Saints of our Latter-day. And now came a spectacle not common. With the exception of a few of his "destroyers" of decidedly rough and sinister aspect, left

as a police, and with orders to fire the city in case we offered to occupy it, every man, woman, and child, had, under the direction of the prophet, departed—fled! In place of the usual crowd to gather and gaze at, or hang upon the heels of the troops, no single living soul, beyond the lounging vagabonds named, appeared—and these only by two's and three's, at corners, or from behind fences, glowering from beneath their hat brims, with clubs in their hands, and pistols ready slung at their belts. It was substantially a city of the dead, and might have been depopulated by a pest or famine. The rich strains of our Band, then were wasted somewhat except to our own ears, upon these echoing, empty streets and tenements. The buildings of Brigham appear constituted mainly of a series of gables within the enclosure of a wall of adobe, having a wide gateway and a beehive above it. There are also images of lions, grim of aspect at the right and left. Why so many gables should appear, is explained upon the ground of the abundance of wives of our modern Turk of the Valley, together with their reputed steadily increasing families. It was when too, we arrived abreast of these buildings, that the adjutant, to break the monotony of more regular marches, directed the Band to strike up that most inspiring, if less reputable air y'clept "One-Eyed Riley." The men, not unfamiliar with the notes now given to the breeze, kept step as they had rarely done before, and a general sense of "the humor of the thing" came to prevail. Our delights, however, were of comparatively short duration, for in place of halting soon, and beside the city, we were marched out westward miles away wholly without its limits, across the bridge of the Jordan, and thence southward along the banks of that river, for at least three miles, before reaching ground for camp. There came again, too, the dust of the bottoms, rising thick and yellow about us, 'till we halted in a cloud, scarcely knowing one from another, or being able to discern a place before us. It is nearly a year since we started, but we have reached, and even passed the grand goal of all our marchings—Salt Lake City. My faithful old hickory arm chair, brought all the way from Leavenworth, was wrecked today, in an upset of the officer's wagon at the rear, and being condemned to fuel, is used to bid the kettle boil withal, and make our tea! Sic transit, etc.

#### THE ESTABLISHMENT OF CAMP FLOYD

Camp Floyd was situated in Fairfield, Cedar Valley, Utah County, about five miles south of Cedar Fort, a small Mormon community. When the Church sent out men to look for suitable locations in which to make new settlements, Amos Fielding, accompanied by a few other men, was given the task of finding such a place. As they traveled across the broad valley they came upon an oasis in the desert from which flowed a spring of life-giving water. Before the coming of the whiteman this spot had been a rendezvous for numerous bands of

Indians. Mr. Fielding immediately made a survey of forty building lots and forty five-acre plots for farming purposes. He did not bring his family.

In 1855, the first settlers came from the northeast bringing with them their sheep and cattle. The covered wagons in which the women and children rode contained their bedding, what little household furniture they owned, and crude farm implements. They proceeded to build a stone fort four rods square with walls ten feet high and three feet thick. Among these first settlers were five Carson brothers and their families. They soon established homes and farms intending to make this place their permanent homes.

The following account of the establishment of Camp Floyd by Johnston's army was taken from the *Deseret News* of February, 1935:

And then toward the tiny village in the desert, there came a yet stranger expedition. Long lines of marching men stretched slowly across the desert floor. Wagon trains loaded with supplies and pulled by oxen moved in a cloud of dust. Artillery caissons rumbled alongside. Twenty-five hundred men, the cream of the United States army, moved forward beneath a desert sun. In the distance, distorted by mirages, was their goal—the trees of Fairfield. Like the coyote, the Indian, and the early settler, the army, too, sought this spring in the desert. They passed through the town and pitched their camp just southeast of the stone fort that had been erected by the citizens.

And then a great transformation occurred. Building stone was quarried and hauled from the Oquirrh mountains. Adobes were made and presently a permanent military camp was constructed, from a great stone arsenal with three-foot walls, to rows and rows of low, adobe barracks. Beyond the camp, breastworks were thrown up at intervals. These outposts were for protection against the Indians—and against anticipated attacks by the so-called Mormon "rebels." A long line of officers' quarters extended from the spring southward. At the north end of the officers' row was the ice-house or rather cellar, where the army stored ice for summer use. A massive stone arsenal was erected about two hundred yards west of the ice-house.

The sudden influx of so many soldiers produced great changes in the little farming community. Some of the original settlers were alarmed about this host of men—this military camp that had been thrust upon them—and they hastily moved away to other towns in Utah and Idaho. A few, particularly the Carsons, remained, and to this few were added a great host of camp followers: tradesmen, gamblers, racketeers, model 1858, and others of worse character. Hotels, gambling houses and saloons sprang up. Old timers say that such buildings made a solid row for three blocks extending eastward from where the present Camp Floyd now stands. Here was carried on all the night life of the soldiers and camp-following civilians.

An irrigation ditch at the south of the town marked the boundary between the military camp and the civilian part of the town.

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 cheap. One farmer who had delivered considerable produce stood at the 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!"

On April 7, 1860 there was more excitement in Camp Floyd. People were gathered on the walls of the fort and other buildings looking southwest toward the Five Mile Pass. Presently a shout went up, for in the distance was seen a dark object, which rapidly grew and took shape. It was a horseman riding on the run. On his saddle were two leather pouches—the first mail from California by the Pony Express! . . . .

So the camp flourished for three years and then came the Civil War and as suddenly as the camp sprang up it vanished. General Johnston left Camp Floyd in March 1860, leaving Colonel Philip St. George Cooke in command. Most of the troops were withdrawn in May of the same year, and those remaining in July 1861. Before leaving the Territory, Colonel Cooke and some of his officers, called on Brigham Young and had a friendly visit with him. They presented him with the flagstaff that had been in use at Camp Floyd. For many years it stood near President Young's residence where it continued to fly the flag of the United States.

When the time came for evacuating the troops wagons were loaded with necessary provisions and the great stores of supplies left on hand were sold to the highest bidders. . . . As the supplies of munitions could not be moved quickly enough by the soldiers, and it was not considered good policy to leave them to the Mormons, they were destroyed by dumping them into the sloughs below the springs. After the soldiers had gone many of the guns and pistols were salvaged and the lead from other equipment melted and made into bullets by the civilians. . . .

The Commissary was sold to a local farmer. Nothing remains of Camp Floyd, sometimes called Fort Crittenden, but this building, the foundation of the arsenal, a few mounds that mark the location of the barrack and breastworks, and the little cemetery surrounded

by a high iron fence in the center of which stands a large monument of Vermont granite erected by the War Department. Upon it is a bronze plaque dedicating it to the memory of the officers, soldiers and civilian employees who died there during the three years' occupation.

*Walker Brothers:* The four Walker Brothers, Samuel S., Joseph R., David R., and Matthew H., soon became known to all in the valley and in the surrounding settlements, traveling about for a time selling notions from house to house. By this time the Civil War was commencing and Johnston's army received orders to leave Utah and return east. This gave the Walker brothers opportunity for their first bold stroke, so as the first mercantile enterprise of consequence they purchased quantities of army supplies through General Johnston. With these they stocked the general merchandise store which they opened under the firm name that was long to be an important commercial enterprise in the West—Walker Brothers. A large iron safe was part of the store's fixtures. It served as a depository for the gold dust, coin, and other valuables of the settlers. A big iron key was turned in the lock, and the valuables were left in safe-keeping for a day or a year, with no security other than the name of Walker Brothers.

### RETURNING TO THEIR HOMES

The First Presidency and a few other left Provo at 6 p.m. of June 30, and arrived at their homes on G.S.L. at 3 a.m. of July 1. All who wish to return are at liberty to do so.

—*Deseret News*, July 14, 1858—

Great Salt Lake City, U. T.  
July 2, 1858

Last night, from dusk to dawn, a string of wagons rolled into the city from the south. The whole First Presidency of the Church arrived. More than thirty wagons, I am told by those who were stirring early in the morning, discharged their contents—furniture, provisions and women—at Brigham's alone. From the airy lodgings which I occupy, I could hear, beside the rattle of wheels, the incessant tapping of hammers all night long. The windows of Brigham's offices, and of the front of his Lion House, appeared entirely disencumbered of their board barricades this morning. I took a stroll around some of the principal squares today, and through open doors and windows I could see that the female population of the city had been considerably augmented within twenty-four hours. Tonight, I presume, we shall have a similar immigration.

The Indians south of Provo have become very troublesome during the last fortnight and committed many depredations and some murders. It is believed that their unruly disposition is attributable in part to the circulation among them of a rumor that Dr. Forney, the

Superintendent of Indian Affairs, intends to abandon the farm at Spanish Fork, established and conducted formerly by Dr. Hurt. It is due to the inhabitants in their neighborhood that they should be promptly checked and the offenders arrested. Dr. Forney started for the farm from Salt Lake City last Tuesday . . . —*New York Tribune*

### JOHN AND ELVIRA EGBERT CARSON

According to the history of Elvira Egbert Carson, wife of Bishop John Carson, written by her granddaughter, Minnie Healy Gibson, the family did not leave their home in Fairfield during the time of the occupation by Johnston's army.

Johnston's army arrived in 1858 to settle in Fairfield, and my grandparents were getting ready to move south with the people who had decided to leave Utah if they could not make peace with the army officials. They were in the act of moving when the army vanguard met them out in the valley northeast of Fairfield and asked them why they were leaving and promised them protection if they would return. They were glad they did for the officers became real friends to them. They had a large house which was used as a hotel or inn for many years. During these years it housed many of the notables of the nation on their way to California, it being on the road to the gold fields of California. At this time Fairfield was given the name of Camp Floyd, having been given this name for John Floyd of Virginia who was Secretary of War. It was one of the stations on the Pony Express route and later used for the stage lines that followed. One room in the "Carson House," as it was known, was called the Greeley Room, so named for Louis Greeley, brother of Horace Greeley, who occupied it for a long time.

Grandfather was considered as a friend by the Indians, who often came to visit him, but two of his brothers were killed by Indians below Fairfield when the officers tried to arrest an Indian and take him forcibly from camp. He was made bishop of Fairfield and kept this position for forty years. When the Relief Society was organized in 1864, Grandmother was set apart as first counselor and as such she remained until she moved from Fairfield. Elvira Egbert Carson lived to be eighty-seven years of age. They were pioneers of 1851.

### THE MORMON WAR SPECULATION

\$1,500,000 Made by One Firm.

The Leavenworth Ledger, of December 20, 1858, makes the following statement concerning the profits realized by a single firm, engaged by the government in transporting supplies for the "Expedition Against Utah" last year; the correctness of which is well authenticated, having been obtained from Mr. Byer, "the gentlemanly

and efficient bookkeeper" of the firm of Messrs. Russell, Majors & Waddell, contractors, and Mr. Miller, his assistant. Probably the net profits of other smaller firms, sub-contractors and speculators would swell the bonus cleared, to the enormous sum of three millions, or upwards:—

They transported twenty-four million pounds of freight, and disbursed four million three hundred and four thousand nine hundred and sixty dollars.

## STATEMENT

Total number of trains.....	146
Total number of wagons.....	4,796
Total number of oxen.....	46,720
Total number of chains.....	38,680
Total number of yokes.....	24,090
Total number of mules.....	1,500
Total number of men (with trains).....	4,380

Total number of men employed as bookkeepers, salesmen, mechanics, agents, herders, etc., exclusive of those with trains, 300, who receive from \$300 to \$500 per annum.

—*Deseret News*, Mar. 30, 1859

## JOHN WOODHOUSE, AMMUNITION MAKER

When Johnston's army was enroute to Utah and it was decided to arrest their progress, many questions forced themselves for consideration, among others the necessary supplies of food, clothes, ammunition, etc. One speaker remarked that if they wanted to fight us, they would need to furnish us the needful supplies. This in a measure proved to be the fact, as our scouting boys found but little difficulty in entering their supply trains at night, and helping themselves to whatever was on hand. But this was not deemed sufficient and our own natural resources must needs be explored and worked to their utmost extent. One import supply considered was ammunition. This was taken up by *Eleazer Edwards* and myself. Our knowledge of the component parts of powder and in what shape to look for them, being learned, on my part, from a volume of Comstock's Chemistry, bought from an Iron county store. A cave had been discovered at Peter's Leap, located on a new road to Washington county, as explored by *Pater Shirts*. The cave contained nitrate of lime in the dust, which doubtless for centuries had blown in the cave. Nitrate of lime cannot be used in making powder, but by converting it into nitrate of potash (saltpetre), it is the chief ingredient of gun powder. This is accomplished through the principle of chemical affinity, i.e. there are substances in nature that have more affinity or liking for some substances than others, with which they may, in nature, be found combined.

In our cave this was accomplished by leaching the nitrate of lime and also leaching wood ashes, which contains potash, separately, and then combining them in proper proportions when the nitrate would leave the lime and combine with the potash, the lime settling to the bottom of the vessel. By boiling down the resulting liquid to the point of crystalization, nitrate of potash (saltpetre) was the result.

Brother Edwards made the first experiment in a laboratory, assayers' style, producing one pound of saltpetre, obtaining his nitrate of lime from the cave, and his potash by burning sage brush. He then proposed to me that if I would see to making the saltpetre he would make it into powder, the Church, through the Tithing Office to furnish such supplies that were obtainable. A small party was organized, and as far as I can learn, myself, and John Jacobs of Lehi, are the only survivors of that party. With a supply of leaching vats, cooling vats and kettles, we went to Peter's Leap and established our works. To obtain the ashes we cut down and burned up a nice grove of cottonwood trees on Quail Creek, Washington county. This was in the month of January, 1858. We made three barrels full of saltpetre at about a cost of 25 cents a barrel. I will mention one little incident in our enterprise.

The road to our Dixie, over the Black Ridge, was considered so bad that Brother Peter Shirts had been appointed to explore a better one. He explored one nearer the foot of the mountains, and as he expressed it, it had one bad place in it, namely the so-called Peter's Leap. When the Texas Company came along and saw it, some proposed to kill Peter, for the only way to pass down the Leap was to chain several wagons together, and thus let the hind one hold back the front ones.

One occasion, myself and Brother William Moore arrived there with one yoke of oxen and a wagon. I offered Brother Moore his choice to drive the cattle or hold on behind. He chose to hold on behind. I think at the critical time he must have let loose, as the wagon ended over frontwards, and turning on the king bolt, went over the precipice scattering our load of kettles, leaches, provisions, bedding, etc., one wagon wheel struck a rock and broke the axle from the upper side down. To get the wagon up again we had to take it all apart. I had a milk pan of beans and meat cooked. They were thrown quite a distance and alighted on a point of rock, high up, a bed quilt under the pan, the pan right side up and none of the beans spilled. We had an iron kettle broken to pieces and afterwards put together again by Richard Palmer of Cedar City.

When the cave was worked out, it was decided to move our work down to Salt Lake City, it being believed that materials were more plentiful there than in Iron county. But none of the supposed material proved to be of the proper kind. A very good article of rifle powder was made from our saltpetre, I had some of it in my possession for many years.



Note: The cave was situated in the face of a perpendicular cliff. It was hard to reach and nothing but a bucket could be used to remove material. It seemed to have been inhabited at some time, as we found it in sandals braided from cactus fibre, flint spear heads and arrow heads. It was about 20 feet square. The rocks around the pass had many hieroglyphic sketches of large animals, something like elephants, all cut in the hard black rock.—*History of John Woodhouse*

### MAKING A LIVING IN 1858

George W. Brimhall, in his booklet, "The Workers of Utah," gives a graphic account of conditions in the territory in 1858. He was born in Trenton, New York November 14, 1814. He married Lucretia Metcalf July 4, 1845 and they came to Utah in 1850.

April 1st: Some hunters and trappers came in and informed us that the army was on the march and would quarter in Salt Lake City. This the committee of safety objected to as well as the people, therefore, mass meetings were held, whose conclusions were, that we leave our homes and subject them to the devouring element of fire, rather than to meet the consequences of an uninvited soldiery. The people started south with all they had, leaving only a few tried young men to do effectual work if necessary, and taking our teams, cows, sheep, pigs, chickens and provisions. All were as merry as the circumstances would justify going they knew not where. I, with my young family, had two yoke of milch cows with an Indian pony for the leader, all unbroke to travel. It was a ludicrous sight indeed, a complete exodus beyond human conception. The mother with her groups of little ones, and the more matured young folks were walking, helping, shoving, driving, going somewhere but where nobody knew. Nearly two thousand intelligent human beings without organization, order or leader, were traveling on one road. In all this travel I did not hear the voice of a scolding woman, nor a quarrelsome man. All were in good health and fine spirits, no room for highwaymen, drunkards, thieves or debauchees. About this time the committee of safety had moved south as far as Provo, Utah county, and made a halt. The Cedar Valley colony had moved down to the Jordan River, the outlet of Utah Lake. This river runs in a northerly direction and empties into Salt Lake. Whether this country is subject to such migration of its inhabitants from the torrid to the frigid zone, I am at loss to say. One thing is certain, it was done by us in perfect peace and harmony. . . .

Being acquainted with the facilities of the country, I took in the situation and camped on the east side of Utah lake, where I found a good deal of feed for my four cows and Indian pony. It was a very pleasant spot indeed for a camp-ground, plenty of sage brush for fuel and a good spring of water. About five or six hundred people

also made their camp there. All were without employment, and I knew that sooner or later our supplies would be consumed, and to see a famine was more than I desired. What, I asked myself, can I do here for myself and others to avert this probable evil? I did not know, but I knew that I had a friend who had never failed me yet, I, therefore, went aside and asked my Heavenly Father what I should do. I crept out of the brush with the information that I should give myself no further trouble, as the Lord would take care of both me and the people, but that I should watch and pray and be diligent. I caught my pony and mounted him. He seemed to catch the inspiration, and I was soon among the campers enquiring for one Harding, who had made a net to catch fish in Bear Lake, but the committee of safety thought it not best, as we might disturb the Indians to catch their fish. Some three years previous, however, I had the privilege from an old stubborn Indian ruler of the Provo river waters to take 'panquitch,' or fish, out of it and eat as much as I wanted to eat in one day. And on the strength of this license, I was now going to operate. The Indians' methods of catching fish are numerous, they, however, mostly catch them with their hands under the water in an eddy where they stop to rest. The ends of the fingers touch the belly of the fish, which is magnetized and caught.

July 2nd: Our peddlers came in, we made settlement with them, and I took the net home and divided the profits in our company in provisions and dried fish, which are first dressed, then salted as much as when going into the fry-pan, packed into heaps for about six hours, then laid flesh side up on the grass, in about two hours turned over, and so repeated for three or four days, when they are dried.

On the morning of the 5th of July we heard that the committee of safety was going back to the north and everybody was invited to return if they wished to. What's up now? Where are the soldiers? Many men were hauling straw and hay, others making adobes and helping the army make houses at a big spring in Cedar Valley, called Camp Floyd, and getting money for it. Well, as I had not seen money for a long time, I thought I, too, would go, for our clothes were wearing out. In fact, the people were almost entirely destitute of clothing. Next morning I said to my wife, "Suppose we go over the Jordan to Cedar Fort with the Glines and the Thomases." She said, "Very well, but what about the wheat you put in on the farm last fall in Ogden?" I answered, "I can get a young man to attend to it. He is going home there." He raised the wheat and gave me sixty bushels for my share. My family were healthy; we had nice fresh fish fried in butter, and we bathed in the clear fresh water of the lake. I never felt better. We were as happy as mortals could ever be in this world. Hundreds and thousands of humanity toil incessantly for money and get it and spend it, but never enjoy themselves

as we did without it. Thanks to their mother's care, for my two little boys and girls, little brilliants, as I looked upon them, coming powers to take leading positions in the ranks of human advancement, now in 1889.

We went to Cedar Valley in quest of money and clothing, meeting with my old partner, Glines. "What shall we do now, Major?" Well, he did not know, but looking around the fort he found many with milk to spare, also dried squash, and, therefore, proposed to peddle pies, cakes and buttermilk to the soldiers, if he could get a permit from the officers, which he did. In a day or two we were ready, the woman at sunrise with their butter, and everything in churns and cans. We loaded up, not forgetting fish—dried fish. We sold squash pies to the officers, buttermilk and dried fish to the privates, doing a splendid thing for ourselves and patrons, until we had replenished our clothing.

Sometime in August we returned home to Ogden. We began to make preparations for another hard winter. There was no squash or fruit, no beets for molasses or sweets of any kind, no potatoes or corn, and but little wheat. Sometime in the fall Mr. Nathaniel Leavitt, a prominent citizen, received a request to circulate a petition for the removal from office of Judge Cradlebaugh, for quartering Johnston's Army in Provo, Utah county, against the constitutional laws of the land on that subject. Leavitt came to me saying that he wished to circulate the petition among the people north, as far as I could that day. My pony was on the rage, but he thought he could furnish me something to ride. I looked at the petition and saw at once that it covered important business. He brought me a large mule, which, on examination, I found to have on it the U.S. brand and a dragoon saddle. I mounted him and started on my mission, but my riding engine would not submit to a canter without making leaps about a rod apart. On dismounting I procured a good war club and worked my passage on the walk at the rate of six miles an hour, the mule being a rear wheel propeller, higher speed would have been dangerous. He had been faithful, however, in pulling a battery a thousand miles across the plains, to kill the people, so I thought I would make good use of him now to pull them away again. I was successful. Every voter I met signed the petition, and in due time Judge Cradlebaugh was removed, but Governor Cumming was retained in office.

### FREIGHTING IN 1858

Richard John Moxey Bee was born the 6th day of February, 1835 to George and Janet Atchinson Bee. He left his native land of Scotland as a convert to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints arriving in the valley of the Great Salt Lake in the Henry W. Miller

company of 1852. The following is his story of freighting experiences during the early days:

In the spring of 1858 that remarkable exodus of the Mormons from the city and all the settlements north took place. I took an active part as I was living in Lehi and all those living south of the city were called upon to assist those of northern settlements unable to move themselves, to move south. I made several trips to Farmington, 16 miles north of Salt Lake, and to other places, and to all spectators, they might have seen a motley crowd of people and all kinds of conveyances, on the road continually night and day till the country was depopulated. Most of the exiles settled temporarily on what was known as Provo Bench, on the shores of Utah Lake, awaiting the decision of the "treaty." Peace was finally restored and in due time all returned to their former homes.

In the fall of 1858 I got a job freighting from a man who had the contract to furnish supplies for a company of soldiers, and provender for 500 mules the army was wintering in Sanpete valley, at Fort Ephraim. I sold him my teams of horses to be paid for the following February, and then hired him to drive the horses all winter freighting between Salt Lake and Fort Ephraim one hundred and twenty-five miles from the city.

I made regular trips during the winter till the latter part of January, 1859. When, on my last trip I reached Nephi at the mouth of Salt Creek Canyon, I was advised to stop a few days, as a family traveling up the canyon had been murdered by marauding Indians two days previous. I remained at Nephi three days and then I determined to make a start for Fort Ephraim thirty miles further as it had commenced snowing and I was afraid of being blockaded. The people remonstrated but being three or four days later than usual, I knew those in Sanpete would be uneasy regarding me. I started alone during a severe snowstorm with a heavy load and reached the last hill in the canyon before reaching the divide; had to shovel my way up to the top, then proceed over a seven mile divide. It snowed two feet while traveling that distance. It was then dark. I had a tired team and about given out myself. I could not travel any further having the road to break. I unhitched and tied the team to the wagon and fed them, then crawled into the wagon and sat up, being unable to have a fire, till the moon rose about midnight. I had still about 20 miles to travel with the Sanpete river between me and my destination. It was rather an uninviting and lonesome trip, being in the night during below zero weather and no one near provided I might need help.

I kept traveling as best I could, snow nearly to the wagon hubs. Finally I reached the river, which I had to ford. The ice extended 6 or 7 feet from the banks on either side and the water up to the horses' bellies. I made the attempt to cross after breaking the ice to allow the team and wagon to enter the water. My team was so

jaded and thirsty, being without water all day before and to the present time, that when I got in the stream I could not urge them forward. They drank to excess, and when they got through, I started a few feet then struck the ice on the opposite bank. The team plunged so trying to climb the ice but could not make it. I then walked to the tongue, axe in hand, got off as best I could and chopped away for the horses and wagon. The horses, not being shod, they could not climb out. I then walked back to the tongue of the wagon, unhitched them, calculating to go on to Fort Ephraim for help. It was just dawning day and yet nine or ten miles before I could reach the Fort, and I would have to keep on the move to keep from freezing, being wet nearly all over. While looking anxiously toward the settlement I perceived a dark object moving toward me. It proved to be a searching party sent to ascertain if anything had befallen me as I was about a week overdue. At last there approached six men, including my employer, with four horses and a sled. They saw me stalled in the river, the horses stiff with water, foundering, and myself nearly frozen. However, we were all thankful that things were no worse, and the lost one found. All hands started to unload, having some plank with them, we constructed a gangway between the shore and the wagon, and soon had the goods transferred to the sled. Then the wagon was pulled out and my team hitched. The four horses were hitched to the loaded sled, and then we were ready for the return trip.

Mr. Leslie, my employer, kept a store in Fort Ephraim and beside furnishing forage and supplies for the soldiers and their mules did a flourishing business with the settlers all winter. During the intermediate times between trips, I assisted him in the store and kept books for him, for which he allowed me extra to pay my wage engagement, which was to be \$40.00 a month and furnishings from October to February following. When February came we were all blocked in with snow and no outlet to Salt Lake Valley only by traveling 100 miles to the south and west of us out of our direct way. I was very anxious to get home, and after settling up our affairs all satisfactory, I began to make arrangement to start for home. It happened there was another man whose home was in Goshen, located at the southwest of Utah Lake, he, also, was anxious to get home to his family, so we agreed to both make a break and endeavor to get through by the old road if we could follow it. I sold my wagon I had been freighting with, bought a pony and saddle, and after all debts were paid I had a pretty good stake to start home with \$475.00 in gold. At last we started and traveled down the valley, snow being only 10 or 12 inches deep, till we struck the divide, where we encountered snow to the depth of 3 to 5 feet. We then traveled single file, taking turns in going ahead. Our horses being stout and fresh we plunged through the snow very well; sometimes we got into hollows going nearly out of sight; but knowing the direction we wished to go, we

kept at it till we finally reached the summit, having traveled from Fort Ephraim 26 miles, then dark, and still had 4 or 5 miles to travel before reaching Nephi in Juab valley about 10 o'clock. . . . After being lodged and cared for royally we were ready when morning came to proceed on our journey. My road led northward by Provo, but the other brother's led northwest.

The Civil War was being agitated and rumors of its breaking out was keeping the troops stationed at Camp Floyd all in a frenzy, and preparations were going on to vacate the place, as General Johnston and his men, being Southerners, were expected to take part in the Confederate army if war took place. Camp Floyd was being broken up and sold together with all the army equipment. The buildings were sold mostly to Salt Lake parties; their animals, harnesses, and wagons were to be sold at auction in the course of a few days from then. The brother invited me to go home with him to Goshen that being on the direct road to Camp Floyd. I accepted his kind invitation, arriving at his house in the afternoon. I was hospitality entertained till the following morning. Goshen at that time was settled entirely by Danes, their houses being built of sod and adobes, or mud being placed in layers, and built on day by day as the mud dried. I started out the following morning intending to go by way of Camp Floyd, 15 miles, and attend the sale of their animals. I stayed overnight and attended the sale the next day. I bought a fine pair of well broken mules and their harness, with other equipment for a 4-mule outfit, for \$150.00. I then loaded the whole outfit on the mules and put out for home twenty miles, reaching there about dark, took my folks by surprise, and proud of my mules and outfit.

—DUP Files

#### CURRENCY ASSOCIATION—1858

Great Salt Lake City, U. T.

April 5, 1858

Elder T. B. H. Stenhouse,

Dear Brother:

Governor Young recently seeing the necessity of a circulating medium throughout the territory, established a *Currency Association* based upon livestock capital; and the matter of beneficial effects are already realized, and trade is more brisk than usual at this season of the year. Specie being very scarce, on account of no exportations, and the importations of the country having drained the country dry, and Uncle Sam refusing to pay the ex-officials' drafts, something was necessary to keep trade alive; and this Association was instituted in time to spread faith and confidence among the men of business

who experience its salutary results. Some thousands of dollars are in circulation.

Yours in the gospel of Christ,

G. W. Mills

—*L.D.S. Millennial Star*, July 17, 58

#### NOTICE

PERSONS having *Deseret News* Currency and not wishing to pay it in on indebtedness or tithing, nor to place it on deposit, are requested to at once make a list of the numbers and values of the several notes in their possession and furnish those lists to their respective bishops, who will forward copies to H. B. Clawson, Secretary of the Association, that it may be known where the bills are for which the holders would like to receive in exchange the *Engraved* bills, which are now nearly finished. The above specified holders of Currency who fail to comply with the requisite and safe request herein contained, are hereby duly notified that, for good and sufficient reasons which they can learn hereafter, they risk the barring of the redemption or exchange of such bills by the Deseret Currency Association.

—*Brigham Young*

Deseret News  
Sept. 1, 1858

#### CHRONOLOGY OF 1858

Awaiting the arrival of the Federal Army from the East, the Saints in Utah abandoned G.S.L. City and all their northern settlements and moved south, but most of them returned after peace was restored. Nearly all the Elders who had been on foreign missions returned home. Joshua T. Willes settled at Toquerville, and in the fall Nephi Johnson and six others located Virgin City, Washington County. San Bernardino, California was vacated by the Saints, who removed to Utah. Most of them settled at Parowan and Beaver. An edition of the Book of Mormon was published by James O. Wright and Co., 337 Broadway, New York, for speculative purposes and unauthorized by the Church.

JANUARY. Wed. 6—A memorial from the members and officers of the Utah legislature to the President and Congress of the United States praying for constitutional rights, etc., was signed in G.S.L. City.

Sat. 16—A large mass meeting of the citizens was held in the Tabernacle, G.S.L. City. A petition and resolution, setting forth the true state of affairs in Utah, were adopted, and, on motion, sent to the U.S. government at Washington.

Tues. 19—Apostles Orson Pratt and Ezra T. Benson, and Elders John Scott and John M. Kay arrived in G.S.L. City from missions to Europe, and Geo. Q. Cannon, Joseph Bull and three other Elders from California.

Fri. 22—The Utah legislature adjourned, without the occurrence of a negative vote on any question or action during the session.

FEBRUARY. Sat. 6—Thorit Peck, formerly a member of the Mormon Battalion, died at Pleasant Grove, Utah County, Utah.

Fri. 19—Sixty-four Saints, mostly returning Elders, under the direction of Jesse Hobson, sailed from Liverpool, England, on the ship *Empire*, which arrived in New York March 20th.

Wed. 24—Col. Thomas L. Kane arrived in G.S.L. City by way of Southern California. He came voluntarily for the purpose of bringing about a peaceful solution of the existing difficulties between the United States and Utah. After conferring with Governor Brigham Young, and other leading citizens, he went out to the army which was encamped at Fort Scott (near Fort Bridger). There he had an interview with the new governor, Alfred Cumming, who concluded to accompany him to G.S.L. City.

Thurs. 25—George McBride and James Miller were killed and five other brethren wounded by a large party of Bannock and Shoshone Indians near Fort Lemhi, Oregon (now Idaho).

MARCH. Asa Calkin succeeded Samuel W. Richards as president of the European Mission.

Sun. 21—The citizens of G.S.L. City and the settlements north of it agreed to abandon their homes and go south, all the information derived from Eastern papers being to the effect that the approaching formidable army was sent to destroy them. Their destination, when starting, was by some supposed to be Sonora.

Mon. 22—The ship *John Bright* sailed from Liverpool, England, mostly Scandinavian Saints, about ninety in number, under the direction of Iver N. Iverson. The company arrived at New York April 23rd and at Iowa City May 1st.

Wed. 31—Lyman Wight, once a member of the Council of Twelve Apostles, died in Texas.

—Bailey Lake, one of a small party from Salmon river, traveling south, was killed by Indians on Bannock Creek. The Indians also robbed the company of eleven horses.

APRIL. Mon. 5—Gov. Alfred Cumming and Col. Thos. L. Kane, with a servant each, left the army at Ft. Scott for the Valley. They arrived in G.S.L. City on the 12th. The new governor was kindly received by Pres. Brigham Young and other leading citizens and treated everywhere with "respectful attention."



Sat. 10—The Saints who were settling on Ash Creek, southern Utah, were organized into a branch of the Church, called Toquerville, with Joshua T. Willes as president.

Mon. 19—Governor Alfred Cumming and Col. Thomas L. Kane examined the Utah library, where James W. Cummings showed them the records and seal of the U.S. District Court, alleged to have been destroyed by the Mormons. This accusation was one of the reasons why the army was ordered to Utah. A few days later the governor sent a truthful report to the government in relation to the affairs in the Territory.

Tues. 20—Joseph Adair, one of the first settlers of Utah "Dixie" died at Washington, Washington Co., Utah.

Sat. 24—Henry Jones was killed at Salem, Utah Co., Utah.

MAY. The citizens of Utah, living north of Utah County, abandoned their homes and moved southward, leaving only a few men in each town and settlement to burn everything, in case the approaching army, on their arrival in the Valley, should prove hostile.

Wed. 5—The Deseret News having been removed from G.S.L. City to Fillmore, Millard Co., the first number of the paper published at that place was issued.

Thurs. 13—Governor Cumming left G.S.L. City for Camp Scott for the purpose of removing his wife to the city. When he returned June 8th, he found the city deserted by its inhabitants.

—Elder Samuel Francis Neslen, of G.S.L. City, Utah, died of consumption, in Williamsburg, N.Y., returning from a mission to England. He was buried in the Cypress Hill Cemetery.

Tues. 18—John Whittaker Taylor was born at Provo, Utah.

JUNE. Fri. 4—Jens Jorgensen and wife, Jens Terkelson and Christian E. Kjerluf were murdered by Indians in Salt Creek Canyon, while traveling unarmed on their way to Sanpete Valley.

Mon. 7—Ex. Gov. L. W. Powell, of Kentucky, and Major Ben McCulloch of Texas, sent as peace commissioners by the Federal government, arrived at G.S.L. City.

Fri. 11—The peace commissioners met with Pres. Brigham Young and others in the Council House, G.S.L. City, and the difficulties between the United States and Utah were peaceably adjusted.

Tues. 15—Commissioners Powell and McCulloch visited Provo. The next day Mr. Powell addressed an audience of about four thousand persons in the Bowery at Provo, Utah Co.

Sat. 19—Col. Thomas L. Kane arrived in Washington, D.C. Soon afterwards he reported the situation in Utah to President Buchanan.

Mon. 21—A company of Elders returned to G.S.L. City from their missions in Europe, Canada and the States. A number of these had sailed from Liverpool on the ship *Underwriter*, Jan. 21st and others on the ship *Empire*, Feb. 19th.

Sat. 26—The army, under Col. Albert Sidney Johnston, passed through G.S.L. City and camped on the west side of the Jordan River. It subsequently marched to Cedar Valley, and there located Camp Floyd, about forty miles from the city.

JULY. Thurs. 1—The First Presidency and a few others returned to their homes in G.S.L. City, from Provo. They were followed by most of the people, who likewise returned to their deserted city and settlements in the north, and resumed their accustomed labors.

Sat. 3—Commissioners Powell and McCulloch left G.S.L. City en route for Washington, D.C.

Friday 9.—A party of Elders, accompanied by a few immigrating brethren, arrived in G.S.L. City, under the leadership of Horace S. Eldredge.

AUGUST. Thurs. 12—Eli Harvey Pierce, one of the Utah Pioneers of 1847, died in G.S.L. City.

Mon. 16—Wm. Evans was killed by lightning near Beaver, Utah.

SEPTEMBER. Mon. 20—Iver N. Iverson's company of immigrating Saints arrived in G.S.L. City.

Wed. 22—The *Deseret News* resumed its publication in G.S.L. City, after publishing 20 numbers at Fillmore.

OCTOBER. Tues. 12—Policeman Wm. Cooke was shot and mortally wounded in G.S.L. City, by a ruffian named McDonald. He died on the 18th. The murderer escaped.

Fri. 15—The remains of Josiah Call and Samuel Brown, of Fillmore, Millard County, were found in a state of decomposition, near Chicken Creek bridge, Juab Co. They had been murdered by Indians, Oct. 7th.

Thurs. 28—Jacob Hamblin, with eleven men, left the settlement of Santa Clara in southern Utah, to visit the Moquis or Hopi Indians, on the east side of the Colorado River. This was the beginning of the intercourse with the Indians on that side of the Colorado and of the exploration of the country, which opened the way for colonization by the Saints.

NOVEMBER. Notwithstanding President Buchanan's "Proclamation of Pardon," Judge Chas. E. Sinclair, in the Third District Court, urged the prosecution of the leading "Mormons" for alleged treason.

Thurs. 4—Associate Justice John Cradlebaugh arrived in G.S.L. City, and U.S. District Attorney A. Wilson the following day.

Mon. 22—The police of G.S.L. City were attacked and fired upon by a party of rowdies. Disturbances of the peace, robberies and stealing occurred frequently in the city at that time.

DECEMBER. Thurs. 2—A violent wind storm visited G.S.L. Valley and did much damage to property. Samuel Leaver and Wm. Redman froze to death.

Mon. 13—The Utah legislature convened in G.S.L. City and adjourned to meet at Fillmore.

Sat. 18—The Utah legislature convened at Fillmore, and organized by appointing Wilford Woodruff president of the Council pro tem, and Aaron Johnson speaker of the house pro tem. It then passed a resolution to adjourn the assembly to G.S.L. City.

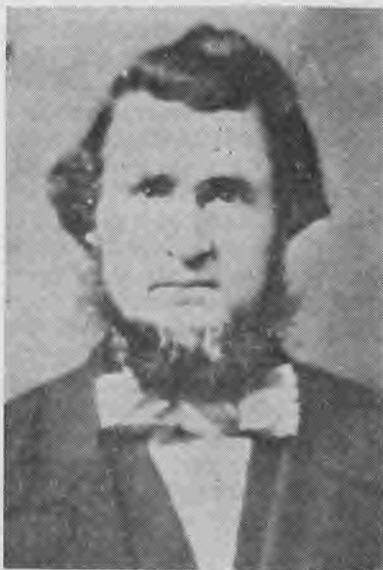
Mon. 27—The Utah legislature convened in G.S.L. City and organized by electing Daniel H. Wells president of the Council and John Taylor, speaker of the House.

#### PIONEER SHIPS, 1858

Date of Sailing	Port of Sailing	Name of Ship	Leader of Company	Total No. of Souls	Place of Landing
Miscellaneous	Liverpool	Miscellaneous		50	New York
Jan. 21, 1858	Liverpool	Underwriter	Henry Harriman	25	New York
Feb. 17, 1858	Liverpool	Empire	Jesse Hobson	64	New York
Mar. 22, 1858	Liverpool	John Bright	Iver N. Iverson	90	

#### JESSE HOBSON, SHIP EMPIRE

Jesse Hobson was born the 26th of January, 1812, in Randolph County, North Carolina. He was the third child of Nathan Harvey



Jesse Hobson

and Rebecca Freeman Hobson. It is not known when Jesse left his father's home but, in 1835, he was living in Cook County, Illinois, and here on the 6th of April of that year it is recorded that he married Catherine Daugherty. By 1843 Jesse had moved his family to Hancock County and later they lived for a short time at Camp Creek about fourteen miles from Nauvoo to be with the body of the Mormon Church of which they had become members. After the exodus of the Saints from that city they moved across the river into Pottawattamie County, Iowa, where they resided for the next five years. In 1852 they came to Utah in the Benjamin Gardner company and settled first in Farmington, Davis County.

In the spring of 1856, Jesse was called by President Young to go on a mission to England. His wife had died and it was a great trial to think of leaving his motherless children. However, he considered it his duty and accordingly journeyed to New York where he set sail for Liverpool, England arriving there August 6, 1856. His first field of labor was in Norwich.

On September 27, 1857 the missionaries were called home. They sailed from Liverpool on the ship *Empire* and Jesse Hobson was placed in charge of the Saints. They docked in New York harbor March 20, 1858.

When the company arrived at the Utah mountains they found Johnston's Army stationed there but he, with several others, carefully picked his way through the canyon and reached his home in Farmington. Shortly after he married Nancy Henderson. They moved to Richmond where they were comfortably situated. In 1863 Nancy died leaving six children. In 1865 he married Sarah Dowell who gave birth to three children. She died in 1883.

Jesse then went to Arizona to be with his son and daughter, but became ill and returned to Utah, where he died June 18, 1883. He was buried in Richmond, Utah.—*Mary E. Russell Hamblin*

#### ON THE WAY TO ZION—THE COOK

February 16, 1858, I bade goodbye to my native land and boarded the ship *Empire* bound for America. The grief of my parents, brothers, and sisters was very touching at my determination to not only adhere to the doctrine of Mormonism, but to leave my home and native land. But I felt it my duty to do the will of the Father and assist in the great work of redemption, hoping the time would come when my loved ones would do likewise.

On the ship we were organized in companies with officers in charge. I was appointed cook, but my labors were very light for several days, as most of the passengers were seasick. The kettles were continually upsetting and like their owners rolling about the cabins. Several persons were thrown out of their beds. The water gushed into our cabins wetting our luggage, which was hard to get dried.

The headway made by the vessel depended on the way the wind happened to be blowing. However, the spirits of the Elders were kept good by singing the songs of Zion. After tossing twenty-seven days on the sea we came in sight of land, America "The Land of Zion," which caused the hearts of all to leap with joy. A few hours later the ship was safe in the port of New York.

My experiences on the plains are similar to others. I took my turn at night guarding animals from the Indians, also walked most of the way. On June 21, I reached the Valley of Salt Lake, which looked beautiful, though the Saints were gone except those left to

protect her. My company went on to Provo and I had the pleasure of shaking hands with Brigham Young.

In April, 1870, I was called by President Young to take my family and locate in Kanab and assist in colonizing that country. When the militia was organized I was appointed captain.

—*From the Diary of Lovett Bunting*

### "JOHN BRIGHT"

*Iver Nicholes Iverson* was born March 10, 1821 in Schleswig-Holstein, Denmark, the son of Nicholes and Mary Catherine Iverson. He came to Utah September 27, 1853 in the Moses Dailey company. Iver married Catherine Williams, daughter of Christopher Williams and Millicent Van Nostran of Upper Canada, pioneer of 1848, Brigham Young company. She was born June 6, 1836. They were the parents of four children. The Iversons made their home in Pleasant Grove, Utah County.

On March 22, 1858 Elder Iverson was put in charge of a company of 90 Saints from Denmark on board the ship *John Bright*. The small emigration of the year 1858 is attributed to the confusion in Utah brought about by its troubles with the government during the years 1857-58.

Iver N. Iverson died August 19, 1860 in Pleasant Grove at the age of 39 years.

*Peter Gottfredson* was born in Jutland, Denmark near the coast of the North Sea the 17th of April, 1846. His parents were Jens and Karen Pederson Gottfredson who became converts to the Mormon Church when two missionaries visited their home in 1851. Soon after the family moved to Aalborg, Denmark, and early in December, 1855, left that city on the first part of their journey to America. They were listed among the five hundred and eight passengers aboard the ship *John J. Boyd*, under the leadership of Knud Peterson, who had filled a mission to Norway and Denmark, which sailed from Liverpool December 12, 1855.

After their arrival in New York harbor many of the passengers did not have the means to take them through to Utah, consequently they had to remain in the States. Some stopped in Illinois, some in Missouri and others in Iowa. The Gottfredson family stayed in Alton, Illinois where the father worked in a brick kiln until June. From the journal of Peter Gottfredson we quote the following:

Mother was afflicted with consumption and died on the 4th of July, 1856. It was called Weaver's consumption. She had woven on a handloom most of her life and lint from the material used was breathed into her lungs and caused irritation. Before leaving Denmark, Mother dreamed of the journey to America. She told the dream and the

journey was much as she told it. She did not give the names of the different places. She described crossing the ocean and getting to where she died. She did not dream of getting to Utah.

Shortly after Mother's death we went to St. Louis and stayed about a year. There father married Karen Marie Pederson Neilhode on the 12th day of August, 1856. She came to America when we did. She had stayed at Keokuk, Iowa.

In the spring of 1857 we sailed up the Missouri river to Florence, Nebraska. We stayed there a short time until we started for Utah with the Christian Christiansen handcart company. When we had traveled about one hundred and twenty miles to the Loup Fork river we crossed over and camped in a cottonwood grove. If we stopped in the river the handcarts began to sink and were hard to pull loose. That night step-mother gave premature birth to a baby girl. The baby was blessed and named Platine, for the Platte river of which the Loup Fork was a tributary. The baby died and was buried there.

The company went on and left us. We placed mother in the handcart and pulled her back over the river and up north to a small settlement called Genoa. It was located near Beaver Creek where it empties into the Loup Fork. Genoa had been settled that spring by a few Mormon families. There father staked off a quarter section of land adjoining the settlement. It was prairie land covered with buffalo grass about a foot high with a hard stiff stem. In a side hill, father built a dugout and covered it. He left us there and went back to Omaha to get work. He had no chance to send us food. The people raised a little frosted corn and some buckwheat which ripened. We got a little of that which we ground in a coffee mill and mixed it with wild plums and sour grapes that grew abundantly along the Beaver Creek and Loup Fork river. We did not see bread for more than a month. Later father sent us a sack of flour and some bacon which tided us over. In November, Mother hired a man with a yoke of oxen to take us to Omaha. There we heard of Johnston's army going to Utah.

In the spring of 1858 a few emigrants from Denmark came to Omaha on their way to Utah. With this company was a man by the name of Rasmus Olson and stepmother's sister, Maren Pederson Neilhode, and their brother Peder Pederson Neilhode and wife. Olson and stepmother's sister were engaged to be married when they got to Salt Lake. Olson was quite well-to-do. He bought four yoke of oxen and a new Schutler wagon and took us with them to Salt Lake City.

The company consisted of eight wagons with emigrants under the leadership of Iver N. Iverson, a returning missionary from Pleasant Grove, Utah, and two Americans by the name of Chord and Clara. Chord was an oldish man and had a pair of mules and a light wagon. They were loaded with merchandise which they were taking to their

homes in Utah. They were probably returning missionaries. Before we reached Fort Laramie we fell in with a company of soldiers going to Utah. They were a part of Johnston's army. We traveled with them until we reached Devil's Gate on the Sweetwater. They often gave us groceries and they night-herded our oxen with their own stock that they were driving loose. They had big mule teams.

Some of our oxen died with alkali which made the load too heavy for those left. The people had to leave some of their heavy loading, such as could be spared. Some new stoves were buried by the roadside and the places marked. I believe they were never recovered by the owners. After losing the oxen all who could had to walk. I was twelve years old, the biggest boy in the company. The soldiers let me ride and help drive the loose stock. When we got to the Sweetwater the troops pushed on to Fort Bridger faster than the ox teams could travel. Father permitted me to go with them. They offered to board and take care of me until our company got there. While there I heard many of their stories about the Mormons. How they had kept them at Fort Bridger the winter before and about Lot Smith, with a small company, burning a number of the government wagons and supplies back on the Big Sandy. Some of the soldiers said they didn't blame the Mormons, others did. One soldier said he would take me back to the States if I wished and give me a home.

We arrived in Salt Lake City the 20th day of September, 1858. When we got there many of the people had moved away. Some had decided to remain in Utah Valley and further south which made homes in Salt Lake for sale very cheap. Father bought a house and lot containing an acre and a quarter in the Ninth Ward in the southeast corner of the ward for sixty dollars and paid for it with a plush overcoat rated at thirty dollars, and a Colt revolver that my brother had found on the plains, rated at thirty dollars. The house had one big room built of adobe with a slab and dirt roof. That was in the spring of 1859. That summer he raised thirty-five bushels of volunteer wheat on the lot worth two dollars a bushel. It had been in wheat the summer before. Father worked at his trade, making cooper ware. He got two first premiums at the fair, one in 1858, and the other in 1859. He understood the cooper's trade thoroughly.

The fall of 1858 I was hired to John Dalton on the Church farm, about a mile south of the city at six dollars a month. I milked twenty-two cows twice a day and chopped wood for his three wives and tended the churn. It was a large barrel concern with a dash and worked by water power. I also worked on a threshing machine. It was similar to the ordinary thresher with cylinder and concave that the grain was fed into and a long straw carrier that the grain and chaff shook through in a large pile. After threshing, the grain was separated from the chaff with a fanning mill worked by two men, one to turn, the other to feed. That fall, 1858, there was a very large bright

comet in the western sky in the evening. I remember some said it was an ill omen, a sign of war, or some calamity. It was shortly before the war between the North and South, called the Civil War.

When winter set in I went home and attended school the rest of the winter in the Second ward in Salt Lake City.

Peter Gottfredson became a prominent man in Sanpete County. He took part, as a member of the Utah Militia, in the Black Hawk war and wrote the book "Indian Depredations in Utah." He died in Richfield February 20, 1934 at the age of 87 years.

—*Serena Sorenson Gottfredson*

### LDS CHURCH EMIGRATION—1858

#### Organized Companies Overland

Outfitting Station	Date of Departure	Captain of Company	Total Souls	Wagons	Arrival in Salt Lake City
Iowa City, Iowa	June 8, 1858	Horace S. Eldredge	39	13	July 9
Iowa City, Iowa	June 9, 1858	Russell K. Homer	60		Oct. 6
Florence, Nebraska	July 1858	Iver N. Iverson	90	8	Sept. 20

### RUSSELL KING HOMER

On July 15, 1815 a son was born to Benjamin Cobb and Anna Warner Homer in Oneida, Onondaga County, New York. He was named Russell King. When Russell was fifteen years of age his father took the family to Crawford County, Pennsylvania, where he secured a homestead. At the age of twenty-one Russell returned to New York and married his childhood sweetheart, Eliza Williamson. They returned soon after to Pennsylvania where they took up farming as a means of livelihood.

The young couple became interested in the Mormon religion and moved to Kirtland, Ohio. On March 21, 1845 Russell was baptized in the temple in Nauvoo, Illinois. When the pioneers were preparing to come to Utah in 1847, Russell took his team, wagon and supplies for himself and family and also for a neighbor, A. Williams, and joined them. However, they were longer getting ready to start than was expected and after waiting two weeks Heber C. Kimball came to Russell and said, "Brother Homer, you are just the man we need to stay here and inspect all the horses and cattle that start across the plains and see that none start that may not be able to make the trip. We also want someone to look after the Church cattle and as your family are sick and need you, you had better stay and attend to that business and let Brother Williams drive your team across the plains to Utah." This plan was followed and Mr. Williams returned the outfit the next year.



For the next two years Mr. Homer carried on his responsibilities. In the spring of 1849 he signed a contract to deliver to Salt Lake City merchandise for Livingston and Kincaid. With his brother, Benjamin, and seven others, he loaded seven large wagons and came to Utah for the first time. The return journey was made in the late fall. Orson Hyde was one of the company starting on his mission to Palestine. Orson Pratt was also one of the company going to New York on Church business. While on the homeward journey Russell contracted pneumonia from which he never fully recovered. After a long illness he moved west again to a small village called Bethlehem on the east bank of the Missouri River and went into the mercantile business.

For two years Mr. Homer carried on in this line of work, then upon learning of the death of his father in Pennsylvania he sold out and moved back to his old home. After the estate was settled he took his family to Pottawattamie County, Iowa where they farmed until 1856, when they moved to Crescent City, Iowa and opened a hotel called the Homer House. During the winter of 1857-58 he and his wife made a home for all returning Elders who had been recalled to Utah on account of the Johnston Army episode. As many as forty missionaries sat down to their table at one time, fifteen stayed all winter. They were John Wakely, Henry Yates, Milo and James Andrus, Benjamin Cluff, Samuel Atkins, John Gleason, Ephraim Hanks, George Goddard, Felshaw Brooks, Charles and Andrew Shumway, Abraham O. Smoot, Sam Riter and a Mr. Lee. He furnished supplies for all these Elders when they left for Utah.

On the 3rd of July, 1858, a company of immigrants and returning missionaries started from Florence, Nebraska to Salt Lake City. Russell Homer was appointed captain and Christian Fjelsted chaplain and president of the Saints. Russell was general director and he had a light wagon for his family and also three additional wagons loaded with merchandise. The company, most of them from Denmark, was well equipped and they made good time all the way. At times they met hostile Indians and many wagons hauling provisions to Utah to supply Johnston's army which had passed along that route the fall before. They entered Salt Lake Valley October 6, 1858 without the loss of a single life, either human or livestock.

The following spring he, with his son Edward, again crossed the plains to dispose of the remainder of his property. After his arrival in Utah for the third time he moved to Peoria on the Weber River and was the first justice of the peace in that part of the country. He helped to pioneer and develop many communities in Utah. His last years were spent in Clarkston, Cache County, where he engaged in farming and cattle raising. He passed away in that city, February 12, 1890 at the age of 75 years. Eliza died in Blackfoot, Idaho, June 11, 1912.—*Files DUP*

## CACHE COUNTY IN 1858

*Seth Millington Blair* was born in Rolls County, Missouri on the 13th day of March, 1819, the son of James and Christiana or Catherine Jordan Blair. He married Cornelia Jane Espey December 7, 1837. They accepted the principles of the Mormon religion and came to Utah in September, 1850 with two sons, Seth M. and Preston, and a daughter, Cornelia Ellen.

The following excerpts were taken from his diary dealing with the year 1858:

January 11th: Yesterday returned from the north settlement having been sent to preach to the people. Bro. Dilla accompanied me. . . . we preached in Franklin, Richmond and Smithfield and we shall continue our mission to the settlements in the south end of the valley next week. The spirit and signs of the times are truly prosperous of good times for the Saints—the states are breaking in pieces, the union is no more. South Carolina seceded Dec. 17th and we now look for the fulfillment of the revelation given to Joseph the Prophet December 25, 1832. Our prospects as a state seems favorable, yet I feel to know we will not be admitted. The progress of the work seems to be rapid and soon we shall have the privilege of declaring the independence of the Kingdom of God. Man should not or could not appreciate the gift of eternal lives or life. . . . The inhabitants of this town (Logan) numbers about 650 souls, the valley some 3000.

January 20th: We had proposed to preach today at Mendon, but cannot face the cold wind. Since the 14th we have preached at Providence and Millville. . . . I feel that a better spirit will be manifested in those places where we have preached. Last evening assisted in organizing a lesson in this place.

News from the East confirms the report that the Union is fast approaching an irresistible desolation. Amen. I feel from the spirit that is upon me that a crisis is fast approaching the borders of Zion for which we are now called upon to prepare as we were in '57.

January 29th: Since the 20th preached at Millville, had a good Sunday. The choir from Richmond was present and discoursed sweetly the songs of Zion. Bro. E. T. Benson returned from the city on the 27th bringing the news that other states had followed South Carolina in her rebellion, anarchy seems to be fast approaching the people of our own mighty republic of the United States of America.

February 1st: Yesterday, January 31st, I finished the 11th year of my probation in the Church and Kingdom of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, in full faith and fellowship for which I feel to record my gratitude to my Heavenly Father. . . . Preached last night at Providence returning home about 1 P.M., closing for the present my missionary labors in which God has abundantly blessed me.

February 2nd: Attended a council meeting. . . . Four missionaries were appointed to take the place of Bro. Dilla and myself. An

Agriculture and Manufacturing Society was organized and I was duly elected and appointed president of the society. The five directors were also chosen. I am again elected by the legislature, Attorney-General for Utah Territory.

February 10th: This day has been one which gave me joy for that portion of the spirit of God made manifest among the people. This stake of Zion has been called to contribute to the gathering of the Saints and they have contributed every year more than they have been called on to do by the Prophet, with which the Lord seems much pleased and His spirit was present to bless and comfort the Saints. On the night of the 9th, we called the High Priests together, 24 in number, and obtained as many trains as was called for in this town. From them I preached this morning on the subject and the result was the people contributed three times as many more wagons and trains as the High Priests did. News from the states up to January 22nd. Five states have seceded and the spirit of disunion was ripe throughout the land.

May 30th: Since penning the above I have visited the city and attended the last United States court that I hope may ever sit in the midst of this people—was remarkably successful and the court returned home and up to this date I have been busy attending to farming, merchandising. Myself and family have been quite well. The war in the states between the North and South is yet threatening. Ten states have seceded, both parties preparing for the conflict. I dreamed last night of seeing a naked sword coming point forward from the north going south—it was a broad one.

July 20th: At this time we have probably 1500 Shoshone Indians in our settlement who claim our fields and want many presents to appease their cup. It seems hard that the people of God have not a place to build or plant that they can call their own, yet a little reason will give the people the land of Zion. We have 30 Minute Men on duty. My son is with them. I had the privilege of sitting in council with the chiefs Bear Hunter, Sagwitch and others, to council on general matters. We agreed to give the tribe 15 beefs, nearly 60 sacks of flour, etc., and they agreed to leave us to follow our business.

July 24th: We had a celebration. I spoke as the people desired me to be the orator of the day.

August 10th: . . . Our crops are harvesting to the satisfaction of the people. The news states that the south has gained a great victory over the north at the Battle of Bull Run. The old negro worshipping government of Uncle Sam alias (Devil) seems to have received the chastisement rather with bad grace. Probably the measure meted out by the same government under Jim Buchanan to the Latter-day Saints will be granted them with full measure under Jeff Davis, the president of the southern confederacy. God grant it, I pray.

October 18th: From the 10th of August until this time we have enjoyed life as a family in good degree. Yet we have to mourn the loss of our little half-breed, Hector, the child left by the Dilute squaw, Phebe, who died in childbirth. He was buried in the grave yard at this place.

A mission of some 300 families, embracing two of the Twelve, and others are sent to the Rio Virgin in the southern part of the territory to raise cotton, also to reinstate the areas of iron works at Cedar City, Iron County. We learned also that a mission of several hundred families will be sent north probably to the head of the Yellowstone or Missouri River. . . . At present our prospects are good in all things except we are hard pushed to get through our threshing. I noted the pace that telegraphic communications has within the last few days been completed through Salt Lake City to the cities on the Pacific coast, thus connecting the Atlantic and Pacific coast. What next?

December 17th: . . . Our threshing is much behind and we fear spring will find many with their grain in the straw. On the 15th Logan School was opened under the charge of Bro. Savage and Reed.

December 29th: Christmas Day passed unusually quiet. The past year has not been so with the nation as war continues to spread, desolating nations on both sea and land, threatening ere long the entire obligation of all national, political and domestic ties known to its unfortunate inhabitants in the fulfillment of the word of the Lord through Joseph the Prophet.

Seth Millington Blair died in Logan, Utah, March 17, 1875

—*Daughters of Utah Pioneers Files*

## REMISSION OF SINS

*Svend Larsen* was born on the 26th day of January, 1816, in the town of Oster (East) Riisoer, Norway, the son of Trine Marie and Lars Svendsen. He followed a seafaring life for many years and while on a voyage to Denmark came in contact with Mormon Elders proselyting in that country. He became deeply interested in their teachings and was converted and baptized into the faith. In his history he states:

Of my family which consisted of seven members, we were three living who came to Zion on the 5th of October 1854.

It was in the fall of 1858 that the Saints in Spanish Fork were catechized by Bishop Butler and their sins forgiven, with the exception of the sin against the Holy Ghost. I was appointed to catechize the Scandinavian Saints, because the Bishop could not make himself understandable to them, and was given authority to forgive them of their sins. All of us were thereupon baptized for the remission of our sins and embraced the gift of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of

hands, which was in truth given to the Saints in rich measure. Satan was not remiss, either, in trying out the weak points of the Saints. I had in the course of the spring of 1858 fenced in two city lots and planted a number of fruit trees thereon, the same because we were told to continue to build and to cultivate as if there were no danger, although everything was to be burned at a signal from President Young if necessity should so demand, however praise to the Lord, everything remained in the best of order, because notwithstanding two commissioners had arrived at Salt Lake City to negotiate peace terms and had promised absolutely that no soldier should break ranks upon their march through the city, one could not be quite sure of their integrity.

In April, 1859, I left Spanish Fork because my soil had been ruined by saleratus, and moved with my family to Mount Pleasant, which was just being settled. We arrived at the place on the 5th of May and have ever since lived here, as well as supported myself almost entirely by farming.—*Files of D.U.P.*

#### INDIAN MASSACRES

On October 15, 1858 the remains of *Josiah Call* and *Samuel Brown*, of Fillmore, Millard County, were found in a state of decomposition near Chicken bridge, Juab county. They had been murdered by Indians on October 7th.

The following details of the murder are culled from *The Deseret News* of Nov. 3, 1858.

On Friday last some fifteen men started again to renew the search. They met Brother Shepherd at Cedar Springs, who had just come in from the north. He told them that he saw a dead body about two miles south of Chicken Creek; accordingly they proceeded forthwith to the place and found both bodies within two hundred yards of each other. Brother Brown was shot through the heart, scalped and his throat cut. Birds had eaten the flesh from Brother Call's bones, with the exception of the left leg below the knee and his left arm; but it was evident that he had been shot three times; once through the right breast, the ball lodging in the back bone; once through the left ankle and once through the head, the ball entering the back part of the skull near the seam and coming out at the left side of the nose. It is supposed his throat was also cut, as the blood had run from where the neck lay and his right arm was entirely gone and was not found. They were both stripped of their clothing, except their under clothing, shoes, and stockings. The remains were this day interred in the cemetery of this place, the occasion being one of the most solemn I ever witnessed.

June 4, 1858: *Jens Jorgensen* and his wife, *Jens Terklesen* and *Christian E. Kjerluf* were massacred by Indians in Salt Creek Canyon while traveling unarmed on their way to Sanpete Valley. They had

camped at the head waters in the canyon. After traveling about a mile after dinner, and having reached a point about a mile and a half from the head of the canyon, some Indians came from their hiding place and attacked them; two of the men were killed in the wagon, and burned with it. One man was killed about fifty yards from the wagon, and the woman was found dead close by the wagon, making four killed. John Erickson, the only one who escaped, made his way to Ephraim where he arrived about dark. An ox hitched onto a hand-cart was driven by one of the men, got frightened, and ran back to Nephi.

The bodies were brought to Ephraim for burial. These people were on their way to Ephraim where they intended to settle.

*Gottfredson Indian Depredations*

#### INDIAN MISSION—1858

In the year 1858 President Young wrote Jacob Hamblin, who, in August, 1857, had been appointed president of the Santa Clara mission, giving him instructions to take a picked group and go among the Moquis Indians on the east side of the Colorado River. Jacob was to head the expedition. His companions would be Dudley Leavitt, Thomas Leavitt, Frederick Hamblin, William Hamblin, Samuel Knight, Ira Hatch, Andrew Gibbons, Benjamin Knell, Ammon M. Tenney as Spanish interpreter, and James Davis, a Welshman who had been sent from Salt Lake City to explore the possibility of the Moquis being the lost descendants of Madoc and speaking an ancient form of the Welsh tongue. Maraguts, an Indian who had crossed the Colorado several times, offered himself as a guide to the party. Their hope was to establish the gospel among the Moquis nation.

The little company left the Santa Clara settlement on October 28th, traveling south and east. After crossing the Rio Virgin and Cedar Ridge, they came to a clear spring flowing out of the red buttes and it was here Mr. Hamblin quickly sized up the place as a strategic spot for a fort to guard the historic east-west trails from the Colorado's rim to the Rio Virgin.

The journey across the lower reaches of the Kaibab over the stupendous buttes, cliffs, and fissures, taxed to a limit the endurance of both men and animals. It was a land of weird beauty, but the men soon began to realize that preaching the gospel among the Indians would also exact a price. On the tenth day out from Santa Clara they followed the narrow and dangerous trail down to the bottom of the canyon and, at the "Crossing of the Fathers," they sent their frightened animals into the treacherous Colorado River. After a terrible experience they reached the eastern bank. The trail beyond was rough and dangerous and it was necessary to keep a lookout for the Navajo war parties. Three days later they came to a place where sheep had been herded, then to a garden under a cliff of rocks. It was watered

from a small spring and occupied fine terraces, walled up on three sides. As they passed they saw that vegetables such as were grown in their own gardens at home had been grown here, and on the summit of the cliff was one of the three great mesas upon which the Hopi nation had situated itself to discourage assault from other tribes. The Moquis insisted upon being known as Hopi, their true name. The name of their town was Oraibi, and as the men stood in the ancient town square they could see not a single door to the flat topped dwellings which served this interesting people. To gain entrance it was necessary to climb a ladder and drop down into the interiors of the houses through a hole in the roof.

Soon they were approached by a young chief who said, "I am Tuba, chief of the water and corn clan." Jacob informed him that they were Mormon missionaries and had come to make friends with the Hopi people. They were graciously received and in the days following Jacob and the other brethren paid a visit to Hotevilla, Shipoloir, Mishongnovi, Walpi, Sichomoir and Polacca, the other villages of the Hopi nation, escorted by Chief Tuba. Word had spread that Jacob's company were the white men of their tribal prophecy.

In the name of the great white chief, Brigham Young, Mr. Hamblin thanked Tuba for all the kindness showered upon them. He suggested that the Hopi people trade and visit freely with the Mormon people and that the entire nation move itself across the river and establish themselves on more fertile land. In the ceremonial courts of each village the brethren sang a few hymns and asked God's blessings on their people. Jacob preached sermons in the Piute language; Ammon Tenney spoke in Spanish, and James Davis in the vernacular of his native Wales. The other missionaries were selected to visit among the Hopi villages, learn their language, study their ways of life, and preach the gospel so that all might understand and profit by it.

When the time came for departure it was decided to leave Samuel Knight, Benjamin Knell and Andrew Gibbons to labor among the Navajo Indians, a few of whom had come to the Hopi village to hear the Mormon Elders. Tuba emphatically advised against it, saying, "You'll find only their scalps when you return." Although the Hopi's had given them food while they were there, they refused to give them supplies to help them back to Fort Santa Clara. After a perilous journey of two weeks the gaunt men reached Pipe Springs and it took them another day to cover the eight miles to Cedar Ridge. They were forced to kill one of their horses to sustain life until they finally reached the fort. Thus ended Jacob Hamblin's first mission to the Moquis (Hopi) Indians in the year 1858. Before the winter was out William Hamblin, Andrew Gibbons, Thomas Leavitt and Benjamin Knell had also returned to the fort, the mission not proving successful after the departure of Jacob Hamblin and those Elders who returned with him.—*Files of D.U.P.*

## SCHOOLS—1858

The schools, which had been closed for some time due to the coming of the army and the move south, began in late October and early November, 1858 to again insert adds in the *Deseret News* for the return of young people to continue their education.

## GIRL'S SCHOOL

MRS. COOKE will open a school for girls at her residence 14th Ward, on Monday the 8th of November, 1858.

## TERMS PER QUARTER

For Instructions in the usual English branches advanced class	\$ 5.00
Primary Class .....	4.00
Hour Lessons on Melodeon.....	12.00
Use of Books and Instrument.....	3.00

Attendance from 9 o'clock a.m. until 3 p.m.

Payment required half in advance.

## GRAMMMAR CLASS

I propose to commence a course of tuition by lectures in the science of English Grammar in the Social Hall, on Tuesday evening, December 14, at 6 o'clock.

Fifteen weeks—Two evenings in every week, Tuesday and Thursdays from 6 to 9 o'clock.

Six dollars for the term payable in advance. Gentlemen and Ladies wishing to become members of the class must furnish themselves with lights, and each one with a copy of Kirkham's Grammar. No extra charge for fuel or rent.

Those desirous of availing themselves of this opportunity, will please meet me at the Social Hall, Dec. 11, at 6 o'clock to enter into preliminary arrangements.

No spectators admitted except by special invitation of the Instructor.

Respectfully,

ORSON HYDE

## MATHEMATICAL SCHOOL

The undersigned proposes to open a Mathematical School at his residence in G.S.L. City, in which he will teach both the Elementary and Higher Mathematics. The various branches pertaining to the two departments will be taught.



## THE SNAKE OR SHOSHONE DIALECT

Will be taught during the coming winter to those who may wish to become acquainted therewith, commencing about the 1st of December.

Apply at the Eldorado House  
Terms \$3.00 per quarter.

JOSEPH A. GEBOW

## GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE TO LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY

December 13, 1858.

Gentlemen of the Council and House of Representatives:—

The events which have transpired here within the last two years have excited great solicitude throughout the country, and attracted public attention to the Territory.

The President of the United States, in the exercise of his constitutional authority, determined, in the early part of last year, to reorganize the Territory by the appointment of new civil officers; and, at the same time, he ordered a detachment of the army to this point to perform ordinary military duties, and to act as a military posse, upon the requisition of the proper civil officer. The General in command of this detachment received written orders, designating his duties, and forbidding him, his officers, or men "to attack any body of citizens whatsoever, except upon requisition, or in sheer self-defense."

The President was induced to pursue this course of action, in consequence of reiterated statements made by men who had lived in your midst, and the seditious language used by some of your influential writers and public speakers.

In this connection, it is proper I should announce my opinion, that a large number of the inhabitants of Utah, participated subsequently in positive acts of rebellion against the Federal government. Under these circumstances I entered Great Salt Lake City on the 12th day of April, 1858, and availed myself of every suitable occasion to notify the inhabitants that I required unconditional submission to the laws; that I would sustain the civil officers in the proper performance of their duties and maintain the public peace.

After a residence of some weeks among you, I announced to the Government at Washington that the disaffected portion of the community had returned to their duty, and would receive and obey the newly appointed civil officers. Subsequently, the President's proclamation of the 6th of April last was promulgated. It offered a full and free pardon to all, who would submit to the authority of the Federal Government. . . .

Soon after my arrival in this Territory I communicated to the Secretary of War my views in regard to the supposed practicality of navigating the waters of the Yellowstone including its tributary, the

Bighorn. By the adoption of this route, navigation might be established from the Missouri River, to a point not exceeding four hundred miles from Salt Lake City. I also requested him to order a detachment from Fort Scott with instructions to make a reconnaissance between Wind River and the confluence of the Yellowstone with the Missouri.

The acts of kindness extended by this people to the Indians who inhabit these valleys, are creditable to their own generosity and forbearance; but they seem to have confirmed the Indians in slothful and vicious habits—and fostered a spirit of insubordination which prompts them occasionally to commit acts of violence against their benefactors.

The government has established Indian farms in this country, which, if considered as a means of inducing Indians to labor, and produce the articles necessary for their subsistence, seem to have been unsuccessful in accomplishing those objects—and unless they can be conducted differently in the future, it would be well for the Indian department to purchase food for them, rather than induce them to cultivate the soil. The Indians must be fed. The supply of game is already insufficient, and they cannot subsist much longer upon the precarious aid received from the hand of charity.

I will call your attention to certain recent occurrences. A brutal assault was committed by some Indians, in the vicinity of Spanish Fork, upon the persons of a woman and her child. To enable the agent to make arrests of the offenders, it became necessary to resort to a military force—and an Indian, not one of those charged with the offense, was unfortunately killed. The culprits were arrested and are now in confinement awaiting trial before the Second United States District Court. The dead bodies of the two respectable citizens of Millard County, were found recently near the road to Chicken Creek, supposed to have been killed by Indians. Superintendent Forney is now in the neighborhood of Manti, to investigate the affair, and will endeavor to secure the persons of the murderers. The verdict of the coroner's jury in this case, is now in the hands of the United States District Attorney, who will prosecute the murderers when arrested.

I cannot too strongly urge upon you the necessity of extending the benefit of common schools to every child in the Territory—and would recommend the levying of a general tax for the support of such schools. On the proper education of its youth, depends the prosperity and happiness of a community. The statistical reports of the prisons in this and other countries, show that the proportion of crime is in an inverse ratio to the amount of proper education received.

A. CUMMING

—*Deseret News*, Dec. 22, 1858



## *And They Were Healed*

*Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits; Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all they diseases. Psalms 103:1-3*



FOLLOWING the advice of their leader Brigham Young, who declared, "you should administer to your children by the laying on of hands, and anointing with oil and giving them mild foods and herbs and medicines you understand," the pioneer fathers and mothers planted in their gardens herbs to be used for medicinal purposes, and kept the consecrated oil close by. They made the most of their opportunities to learn by seeking information from those who had either been "called" or had studied the various medical properties found in the herbs, roots and other natural elements around them. Many brought from their native lands knowledge concerning the benefits derived from the various homemade remedies and how to compound them. They willingly helped each other, realizing that their temporal happiness and prosperity depended to a great extent upon the condition of their health.

It seems that there were in every pioneer home simple remedies which would relieve pain and ofttimes cure. In my own childhood home my mother, Mary Jenson Bearson, kept a tin box containing the essential materials for the making of her well-known canker medicine, copperas, alum, sulphur, golden seal and other ingredients. In the old wall clock was a bottle of laudanum to relieve extreme pain, and in her garden grew many herbs which were carefully dried and stored. I have a memory of the harmless home remedies she used,

peppermint, ginger, hop and sage tea, onions and mustard poultices, and the ever-present horehound candy for the common cold. These she gave with a big measure of faith as she skillfully nursed us back to health. Possibly much of her learning was due to the teachings of our aunt, Vigdus Holt, a pioneer doctor in whose home mother lived for a number of years.

This chapter will give in part a story of the early men and women who gave much of their time ministering to the sick and teaching others to utilize the simple remedies available in pioneer days.

### "MOTHER SESSIONS"

*Patty Bartlett Sessions* was born in Bethel, Maine, February 4, 1795. She was married to David Sessions at the age of seventeen, and it was at this time that she commenced the practice of midwifery. Twenty-two years later she joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. In 1836, she, and her husband, who had also been baptized a Mormon, left their home in Maine to join the gathering of the Church in Ohio. From there they moved to Missouri, where they lost all they possessed when the Saints were driven from that state in 1838. Leaving the farm in the middle of winter, they stayed at one place along the road for fourteen days with nothing to eat but parched corn. Upon their arrival in Nauvoo they made a comfortable home.

Patty was called Mother Sessions. She should be called the mother of Mormon midwifery. She had three children: David, Sylvia, and Perrigrene, mentioned as P.S. in this record. Patty was fifty-two years of age when she and her husband, David, left Winter Quarters for the trek west. He was lame and had to ride a good deal of the way. Their first home in Salt Lake City was on the present site of the Union Pacific R.R. station. Perrigrene and his family went north of the Old Fort in Salt Lake where they founded the city of Bountiful, then called Sessions Settlement.

On August 11, 1850 her husband passed away. She later became the wife of John Parry, but all during the years of her medical career was known as Patty Sessions. Although this great humanitarian work kept her exceedingly busy she found time to attend to the needs of her home and family. She spun and wove cloth for clothing, made quilts, braided and made hats, made soap and wove carpets. Sometime later she moved into a new home on the banks of City Creek at North Temple and Fourth West where she lived until she moved to Bountiful.

It is recorded that Patty delivered 3,977 babies. Her son Perrigrene had seven wives and fifty-five children; David had ten children and Sylvia four living children. Patty traveled to Bountiful to deliver most of her grandchildren, and she was also in attendance at the birth of some of her great-grandchildren.

When she was seventy-one years old, and after the Utah Central R.R. Company bought her property in Salt Lake, she moved to Bountiful, December 1872. There she built a fine brick home and later a schoolhouse called the Patty Sessions Academy where her grandchildren and the poor children of the locality were admitted without cost.



Patty Sessions — Mother of Utah Midwifery

She entered many accounts in her day book which show that she made good money on her farm and orchards and they reveal interesting lights on the way in which she paid her tithes. Several times she gave money for the purchase of oxen to bring the poor to Zion and help them when they came. She developed the Sessions plum, which is sold on the Utah market today. Her life span covered almost a century, for had she lived 53 more days she would have been 99 years old. She died in Bountiful, December 14, 1893. From her diary: January 4th 1846: Put Erastus Snow's wife to bed. 5th: I have been out all night, had no sleep. Put Sister Alexander to bed. Came home

and wrote a letter to mother. Sent both to St. Louis by Brother Scott. P. G. has started off to go to the marsh bottoms. Broke down the wagon. Ellsworth came back and got another. 6th: Called on Sister Cynthia, wife of P. G. Dykes. Put her to bed with her 20th child. I have visited the sick. 8th: Put Louisa Malin and Melissa to bed.

April 13th: . . . Brother Brigham and wife came in, he said he was sick. I made him some tea. He drank it and said he felt better.

14th: Brother Canada came in and said Brother Thomas was sick and had been for sometime. I inquired the cause. He said he wanted nursing, wished me to go and see him. I went, found him on the ground in the tent, wind blowing in the tent on to him. I fixed the bed clothes around him, went back and got some porridge, carried it to him and ordered some other things, washed him and went home. Someone said, "Mother Sessions, you are always doing good." I said I wish I could do good. She said I had done her a great deal of good. She never had anything do her so much good as the medicine I gave her yesterday. She was very sick then but is quite well today. Charles Decker has returned from Nauvoo. He has brought me some letters from P. G., Sylvia, and Rosella, stating that David will not come with the rest. My heart is pained and filled with grief. Where shall I go to get relief. I will go to God and pray to Him that my heart will be comforted. Sarah Lawrence came to the wagon. It comforted my heart to see her and hear her words. Wrote some more in my letter. Was sent to go back 2 miles to a sick woman, Sister Steward. I asked for no pay.

22nd: I have slept but little, got my breakfast, went and put Hosea Stout's wife to bed with a little daughter. Finished my letter, sent it by Porter Rockwood. Prepared food and drink for Brother Thomas, packed up my things and ready to start at half past 9 a.m. Let Dr. Richards have some brandy to wash his wife with, traveled 10 miles. I went afoot 7 miles, rode 2 with William Young. Saw many snakes.

May 1st: Brother Benson came after me last night again. I went and found Adeline sick. I came home and got medicine, went back and stayed all night. 4 o'clock a.m. she had a son.

12th: This morning Brother Phineas Dustin came and got my clothes. The wives washed them for me. Said I was welcome to what they had done. I was very glad as I was not able to wash myself. 7 o'clock—I visited Sister Horne. She was sick and sent for me. Also visited Sister Taylor. She was lame.

21st: I was called to see Sister Tibbetts. She was very sick. Came home and went to the creek and washed. A few weeks ago I sent a book out with Brother Rockwood's things. It was the Taylor's Guide, worth 50 cents as he appraised it. His things, and that, he appraised at \$9. He got a rifle worth \$10 for them all. He would

not give me but 10 lbs. of cornmeal and there was but 7 lbs. 6 oz. of it. Mr. S. would not let me say anything more to him.

31st: Was called to P. P. Pratt's at 1 o'clock this morning, delivered Mary Pratt of a son at 5 a.m. Went to meeting, it was conference. Came up a thunder shower and it rained very hard. We got wet some.

June 2nd: We are now ready to take up our line of March and leave this place. We have been here ever since the 18th of May. It is a pretty place. The Saints call it Mt. Pisgah. Here we leave many brethren, also Sisters Horne, Eliza Snow, Zina, Emily and many more. Perrigrene is on the road and we think he will soon overtake us. We travel on 4 miles and camp. We cross a branch of the Grand River and another small branch, both bridged.

10th: Put Black Jane to bed with a son. Paid me 27 lbs. of flour. Brother Dykes asks me 4c a lb. Others ask but 2c. Jane and Isaac live with him.

12th: Mr. S. is better. Stopped to build another bridge when Brother Sherwood came to the wagon on horseback, gave me the name of the waters we had just passed. Said it was 20 miles to the Bluffs and he was going on. 12 o'clock, stopped to bait. Our cow calved. We stopped an hour after the rest and moved on. Then took the calf in the wagon and overtook the camp. Traveled 10 miles.

13th: Built a bridge and traveled 8 miles. Got to Council Bluffs. Plenty of strawberries, but I, not being well, could not pick any.

15th: Let Brigham have \$9.50. I have washed, got so tired I am truly sick. Can neither eat nor sleep.

16th: Picked up my ironware that was lent out. Sold the tea-kettle for 75 cents. Let Jacob Hutchinson have the pot and spider to carry on for the use of them. If I want them, to return them again when called for—if not returned, to be paid for. 2 o'clock moved 6 miles on to the Bluff and camped. At 10 o'clock Sister Caroline Tibbetts sent for me. Put her to bed with a son. She paid me 50 cents.

July 1st: Brigham's tent moved down to the river last night. The boat is done, ready to cross. The word is for us to be ready to go to the river at 10 o'clock. When 10 o'clock came the word was, put the teams to the wagons and start in 10 minutes. Before that time was up the men were called to a public council. One of the troops have come in to enlist men for one year to go to California. The Twelve had a private council after and Brigham is going back to Mt. Pisgah and sent word to us to stay where we were if we chose.

2nd: Brother Brigham came and took dinner with us. Told us to go to the river. We packed our load ready to start. Brother Freeman came after me. I went back 3 miles where Brother Parley was camped. Put Sister Freeman to bed with a daughter.

14th: I have put Eliza, wife of Amasa Lyman, to bed with a son; also Sophia, wife of J. Dame to bed with a daughter.

30th: The girls go and pick some grapes . . . I made some wine out of them.

August 3rd: We got word from Brigham to go up the Missouri River instead of going to Grand Island.

September 2nd: I have been very sick. Did not have my clothes on for 20 days. I vomited 4 days and nights all the time. Got to the camp on Tuesday. Brother Brigham and Heber laid hands on me. Sister Young gave me some tonic on Wednesday that seemed to ease my disease. The doctor said I had inflammation in my stomach and it would be a miracle if I got well. When they told me I was almost gone, I felt calm and composed. Told them where my garments were and all things necessary for my burial and requested to have the latitude and longitude taken where I was lain. Also to have cedar posts put down in my grave with my name cut on them so that I could be found when called for. Many thought I was dying and the news went out that I was dead, but the Saints held on to me by faith and prayers and through their faith and the power of the Priesthood, I was raised. I got so low that a teaspoon full of cold water or rice water at a time was all I could take for two days. Brigham said they must all hang on to me as long as I breathed and for five minutes after I had done breathing. I had the best care taken of me, friends came from almost every part of the camp to visit me and to sit up with me. I feel thankful to God that I got in that camp for I think I must have died had I been anywhere else but with the main body of the Church.

24th: Called to B. Y.'s wife. Packed up to move but did not. Many have gone. We leave Cutter's park and move to the Missouri River.

October 9th: I put Sister Cook to bed with a daughter. Went horseback five miles. Baked some pies and visited Sister Kimball.

16th: Put Bro. Ed. Hunter's wife to bed. Very cold. 18th: Put Abigail, Sam Russell's wife to bed. 19th: Put Sister Fulmer, Clark, Pickett and Sister Pitt to bed.

November 16th: Put Jonathan C. Wright's wife to bed. 18th: Made some canker medicine. 19th: Put Sisters Brown, Bliss, and Haight to bed. Lydia Cook washed. Let her have a petticoat.

24th: I went and put Sister Sanders to bed.

December 4th: Baked some pies. Put George Grant's wife to bed.

8th: Put Sister Woodruff to bed, and run candles.

January 19, 1847: Visited the sick. We were close to Brother Heber's company.

26th: Called to Hannah Jones to talk to her about her bad conduct. Then I went to the Bishop's to have a bedstead fixed up



for her and to make her comfortable although I thought she was a bad woman, yet she lay on the ground and was about to be confined and I pitied her.

8th: Put William Hick's wife to bed. Called on for council by Sabre Gribble. Called on all the sick again.

February 2nd: Out all night. Put Alvin Clement's wife to bed.

4th: My birthday—52 years old February 4, 1847. In the Camp of Israel, Winter Quarters. Desiring and wishing the blessings of God to be with us all that we might live and do all that we came here into this world to do. Eliza Snow came after me to go to a little party that evening. I was glad to see her. Told her it was my birthday and she must bless me. She said that if I would go to the party they would all bless me. I then went and put James Bullock's wife to bed, then went to the party. Had a good time singing, praying, and speaking in tongues before we broke up. I was called away to Sister Morse's then to Sister Whitney, then back to Sister Morse's and put her to bed at 2 o'clock.

5th: This a.m. I went to Sister Whitney. She is better. I then went to Joanna Rounds. She said it was the last time I would see her in this world. She was going to see my children. I sent word by her to them. I then went to the Silver Gray's party. Eliza Snow went with me . . . Joanna died this evening.

10th: Visited the sick, did me up some caps and called to see Sister Lamb. Put her to bed. Came home, ate breakfast, then went to get someone to take care of Sister Knight. Eliza Mitchell said she would take care of her. I came home very tired. Brother Kimball said he would say for himself and, in behalf of Joseph, that I have done my part.

12th: Called to see Sister Dunn. Child born before I got there. I then visited the sick. Brother John Young and wife visited us.

15th: I have been out all night. Have had no sleep. Visited the sick all day at Sister Holman's. Sister Young died.

25th: Called to see Sister Mary Ann Nobles. She was sick all day.

March 15th: Put Sister Stillman to bed. Visited the sick. Sister Eliza R. Snow came here last night. She has done me up a cap and written me some poetry which she composed.

16th: I visited sick also Mary Pierce. She died today. 17th: She was buried. I went to the funeral. Brigham Young preached. I visited sick. Mr. Sessions and I went and laid hands on the widow Holman's stepdaughter. She was healed.

April 1st: Put Sarah, wife of Parley Pratt to bed. Visited with Sister Knight at Sister Buell's. Mr. Sessions and I then visited the sick, anointed and laid hands on heads in blessings.

7th: The pioneers mostly started.

12th: Visited sick. Sister Horne gave me 75c for doctoring her.

16th: I have been a number of places to collect pay that was due me, but got  $\frac{1}{2}$  bushel of meal. Mary Ellen Kimball is here cutting Carlos some clothes. In the evening visited Sister Pitt's child. I knit me a pair of mittens.

30th: We visited the girls at Brigham's. Eliza R. Snow and myself made arrangements to have the mothers in travail meet in prayer meeting.

May 11th: Sister Leonard and Buell were here on a visit. Sister Buell had the toothache. We laid hands on her.

19th: Visited the sick. Put Jedediah Grant's wife to bed, then went to Sister Leonard's to meeting. Eighteen sisters met me.

29th: Packed 186 lbs. of pork for mountains. I then went to collect some debts. Got nothing. Then went to meeting to Eliza Beamans with many of the sisters. Sister Young and Whitney laid their hands upon my head and predicted many things that I shall be blessed with; that I should live to stand in a temple yet to be built and Joseph would be there. I should see him. I should officiate for my labors should then be done. I should be blessed by many and there I should bless many and many should be brought into me, saying your hands were the first that handled me, bless me, and after I had blessed them their mothers would rise up and bless me for they would be brought to me by Joseph himself for he would bring my little ones to me and my heart was filled with joy and rejoicing.

June 5th: We start for the mountains and leave Winter Quarters. Ten years today since we left our home and friends in Maine. We are now leaving many good friends here and I hope they will soon follow on to us. I drive one four-ox team and go four miles to camp.

27th: Cloudy weather. I feel bad. My face swelled badly. It is quite hard for me to drive a team all the way but the Lord will give me strength according to my day. 11:00 a.m. I felt impressed to go and see Sister Snow. Found her sick. She and I were both healed by the power of God. I then went to visit Sister Allbridge. She was lame.

July 30th: Go twenty miles passed the Chimney Rock. Many places that looked like ancient buildings. Camp on the river, find good feed, kill a rattlesnake, save the gall and grease. (Medicine).

August 1st: I was called to Sister Carrington. I went back five miles. She came back with me. Put her to bed this evening with a daughter. P. G. Mary, and Martha Ann went over the bluffs. Got six quarts of black currants. Two cattle died today by eating of a white substance on the ground. We are at Scotts Bluff.

5th: Pass Fort Laramie. See many Indians. I fix my wagon cover.

22nd: Camped on a small stream that runs into the Sweetwater.

23rd: We stopped to recruit our teams. I put Sister VanCott to bed with a son. It has been a good day to dry our things that got wet when the wagon turned over. We have got them all dry. Up till late. Giving the cattle new milk. They had eat and drank so much it made them sick. Two died.

September 11th: Camp on Black's Fork. Spread our berries. Pass rock very high on the left close to the road. Looked like some old monument, clay color.

13th: Camp at Fort Bridger.

21st: Brother Shelton passed with 2 yoke of oxen. Stayed here until noon (Weber River) to mend Parley's wagon. Made a new bow. Brother Lawson did not get up last night. Start at 1 p.m. go 8 miles. John Smith turned his wagon over down hill. Sister Hunter's axle broke. We put a pole under and drove into camp. I was called to Delila Beach in the night.

24th: Got into the valley. It is a beautiful place. My heart flows with gratitude to God that we got home all safe, lost nothing, have been blessed in life and health. I rejoice all the time.

25th: P. G. went back to help the rear of his company. They are all safe here. Some broken wagons but no broken bones. I drove my wagon all the way but part of the last two nights. P. G. drove a little.

26th: Go to meeting, hear an Epistle read from the Twelve, then went and put Lorenzo Snow's wife, Harriet, to bed with a son. The first male born in the valley. It was said to me more than five months ago that my hands should be the first to handle the first born son in the place of rest for the Saints even in the City of our God. I have come more than 1000 miles to do it since it was spoken.

October 1st: I visited Sister Taft and Sister Hamilton. Brother Leach's wives both sick and Brother Pratt's wife, Belinda.

18th: We went and got some timber. I was called to anoint and lay hands on Eliza Stewart. I have been mending one of the soldier's clothes (Mormon Battalion) Brother Brownell. I have given Brother Laughlin a comforter and some mittens. Brother Straters gave him two lbs. and 6 oz. of flour. Sister Whitney gave him 2 lbs. crackers. That was all I could get for him although I tried many. I gave them 22 lbs. of dried beef and 23 lbs. of crackers and a pint of butter and some ginger. They started for Winter Quarters after dark.

November 4th: Put Sister Brinkerhoff to bed with a son. 6th: Put Sister Huffacker to bed with a son; then put Sister Thomas to bed with a daughter at 7 a.m.

18th: We move into our house. The men start to California.

26th: I was re-baptized.

December 15th: Elvira Stewart died. I have her shroud to lay her

out. Her mother is a widow. Visited with E. R. Snow and others at Sister Hickenloopers to a prayer meeting in the evening.

January 14th, 1848: Called to Charles Deckers. Stayed all day and night. 15th: Put her to bed at 2 a.m. Went to Brother Hickenloopers, dined there. 16th: I am quite unwell. Do not go to meeting. Put Sister Secrist to bed with a daughter born 5:30 p.m.

17th: Put Sister Russell to bed with a son born 1 a.m.

February 4th: My birthday — 53 years old.

8th: Put Sister Snow to bed with a pair of twins, daughters born 2:30 and 3:00 a.m.

18th: Mr. Sessions and I and Sister Snow prepared dinner and carried it to Father Smith. We ate and he and his family ate with us. He blessed us with a Patriarchal blessing. I gave him \$2.00 in money for Mr. Sessions and mine. He gave E. R. Snow's to her. She came home with us. In the night I was called to Sister Allen's. She was dead and her babe also.

March 31st: We had a wet, bad time. We sat up most of the night. It rained down through the house so I dipped up the water in the house and carried it out. We have no floor and it was very muddy and our things all got wet. Not a house in the Fort but what leaked, but we feel to thank the Lord for the rain and snow for the land needed it so much.

April 21st: I helped Mr. Sessions lay down a floor, the first floor that I could set my foot on as my own for more than two years. I have lived on the ground all the time and have been moving. In the evening I went to a feast and the blessing of Brother Cain's babe.

29th: Visited them that I have put to bed. Found them all doing well. Then I went to the Warm Springs with Sister Kimball and Higby and bathed in it.

January 11, 1849: I was called to Willard Snows. Susan was sick. I stayed all day and all night. She was crippled so that her child could not be born without instruments. The doctor came Friday morning and delivered her with instruments. The child alive but she died in a few minutes. A case of this kind I had never witnessed before although I have practiced midwifery for 37 years and put thousands to bed. I never saw a woman die in that situation before.

May 3, 1851: Went and washed and anointed Brother Coltrin's baby; then went and paid tithing then to a medical meeting. I have a sore throat.

4th: Did not go to meeting. Go and give Sister Brunson an emetic.

17th: We all went to medical meeting.

19th: I was taken very violently sick for three hours. I was not thought to live. Doubt remained for 24 hours.

July 14th: I was called to Caroline Mitchell. 15th: Took her through a course of medicine.

17th: Put on a quilt. Went and took Sister Clarry through a course of medicine, then went and put Sister Houtz to bed with a son born 11 p.m.

February 25, 1852: I have settled up my tithing in full and got receipts, then went to the council of health at Brother Thomas'. We have got fourteen qts. of beet molasses for Mr. Parry, beets and carrots.

March 20th: Went to meeting in the forenoon. Then P. G. and Mary came from Smoots. They (Smoots) came with them. Martha was sick. She had three spasms after she got here. I gave her Lobelia till she vomited. She had no more of them but got better.

24th: I went to the female meeting. 53 gave their names to join the Council of Health. We had a good meeting. Spoke much on the subject of taking care of our health—to avoid tight lacing, cold or wet feet, to take care of our infants, and how to train our children, that they may be prepared to be Saints and fill the measure of their creation in righteousness.

April 17th: We met at the schoolhouse to devise a fashion for female clothing for health and beauty. Went to Isaac Hill's wife.

24th: I went to Sister Smith to help form a fashion for the female that will be more conducive to health than the long tight-waisted dress filled with whale bone and hickory that they wear now.

May 24th: I have cut a sack. Last Friday Mr. Parry and myself visited at old Sister Taylor's with Brother Rich and wife; Chase and wife, Sister E. R. Snow and had a good visit.

August 25th: Bought medicine and other things from Dr. Pearson. They left for the gold mines.

September 27th: I went with Sister Angell, Susannah and Sister Bradock, to wash and anoint Sister Hickenlooper and Fox.

October 13th: Went with Sisters Munford and Angell to carry some things to Sister Abbott that was donated by the Council of Health for her relief. Found her helpless, but neat and clean, possessing a good spirit.

November 6th: The wagons came in . . . Mr. Parry had some things and seeds sent him. I took care of them, then worked digging carrots, etc. very hard all day. Visited the sick boy last night, again tonight all alone, the Heavens gave light over the bad places. It was very dark as my candle went out when I first started home.

December 3rd: Dr. P. Richards came after me to go and see a woman he had been tending. We called as we went along at Sister Forsythe's and girl (who had been very sick) and found them much better. He thought they would get well if they took no cold. Said

I had given them all he could think of. We then went to see the woman. I told him I thought she was dying and told her husband the same. She died that night. Her name was Clemens.

6th: I went to Forsythe's again. Still better. Sent for again to go up north. I found the woman, Sister Walton, very sick. Stayed with her all night. Took her through a course of medicine. Left her better. Came home on Tuesday 7th.

8th: I rode in a carriage with Ann Barratt to Forsythe's. Found them much better but it was very cold, stormy, snowy day. The floor was wet. I told them I was afraid they would take cold, for I was very cold. Could not keep my feet warm. I soon began to feel sick and wished for the carriage to bring me home, but it did not come. I got so bad that Brother Forsythe got an ox wagon and brought me home. I was very sick. I was administered to, took cayenne and Lobelia.

12th: Some better. Brother Forsythe came here to know what to do with his wife. Says Genette is much better. I sent her some composition and Lobelia. Told him to get Sister Judd to make an injection and give it to his wife, as she said she had not had a thing pass her since Thursday and her cough was worse and she had a good deal of fever. I told him she had taken cold and to give her the tincture of Lobelia for her cough and to pay strict attention to her, for if she had taken cold I was afraid we would lose her for she was consumptive.

May 8, 1853: Went and put Sister Keeler through a course of medicine.

July 25th: Washed and anointed Franklin Richards' wife. Quite a fuss with the Indians.

November 4th: I was sent to go thirteen miles north to Harry Walter's wife. She is sick. Called from there to another sick man, then came home. Then went to see another sick man. 8th: Been to see if I could get him into a house. He's poor and in a poor place.

(During the years of 1854 and 1855 Patty Sessions carried on her nursing activities, also bringing into the world many new lives. We resume her journal in the spring of 1856).

March 20th: Have been to see Mary Shurtliff's baby. Gave it an emetic.

May 22nd: Have two men here half a day. I go to town. Gave \$20.00 to the Perpetual Emigration Fund, then went to the Mid-wives meeting.

October 11th: Called to see Sister Kaighans babe. Gave it an emetic. 15th: Went to see the babe again. Found it better, then cleaned my house. David came here to get a scab to vaccinate with.

November 17th: Called to Sister Williams. Her child had a breach,

30th: The last handcart company came in. We had no meeting.

February 6th 1857: Put my granddaughter, Martha Ann Smoot, to bed with her third child born 11:35 a.m. I stayed with her.

13th: This a.m. before daylight I was called to Brother Banks. They thought it (baby) would choke to death with phlegm. I gave it an emetic and it soon got better. 14th: I was again called to Brother Banks. His boy had cut his toe nearly off.

September 11th: Raked the hay and got it together. Spun 18 knots of yarn and finished the fourth comforter for Eldredge. It is good days. I feel well in body and mind and the Lord prospers me in all I do. I am trying to live my religion and I am happy.

For the next ten years the diary of Pioneer Sessions (Parry) tells of the part she played as a mid-wife, doctor, nurse and benefactress. She took care of a large orchard and garden and assumed the responsibility of her family. The last item of which we have a record was written by her in October, 1866:

I have slipped and fell and hurt my ankle and foot. I could scarcely get up. 20th: It pained me much last night, I cannot walk on it but I can put it on a chair and feel quite well. 22nd: Mr. Parry said this morning it would be well before night. I began to feel better and grew stronger from that moment. I laid up my crutches and walked with ease. 27th: I have worked all the time while taking care of my foot, suffer no inconvenience at all from lameness. Thank the Lord for the faith and power of the Priesthood. (End of Diary).

### "THY WILL BE DONE"

The following excerpts were taken from the journal of *Martha Spence Heywood*, wife of Joseph L. Heywood, who was commissioned by President Brigham Young to lead a company of Saints in the founding of Salt Creek, later called Nephi, in the year 1851.

September 23rd: We arrived here on Monday evening at half-past six o'clock . . . Mr. Heywood called a meeting to commence the organization of the people . . . We all enjoyed ourselves as new settlers remarkably well and the more the brethren explored the ground the better pleased they were. In the afternoon I walked about one-half mile up creek to see where we would have our lot. That portion of the creek that we desire is beautifully adorned with trees according to my heart's desire . . . Brigham sent word to Mr. Heywood to do the best he could in laying out the city.

January 1st, 1852: It is more than two months since making any record, in which time my darling boy was born on the 18th of November, about half-past nine forenoon in the wagon. Was first taken sick on the night of the 15th, suffered much unnecessary pain and

distress from taking a wrong position as, also, from the smallness of the wagon and its openness. Sister Anna Gifford was all the assistance I had and after my sweet one was born left pretty much to myself, having taken all the care of my babe from the time he was first dressed.

January 4th: It has been two weeks since my husband left for the city, having stopped overnight on his way to and from Sanpete and since then I have suffered much with bowel complaint, but feel better the last few days. Mary Anne has been to Summit Creek since the day after Christmas and in consequence I have to see much to the cooking which prevents me as yet seeing much to the cap trade. I have about 25 orders to fill and it worries me to think I have not been able to do some of them. But my dear little boy is in good health, and very hardy, and to this day has not had an hour's sickness, and now being over six weeks old he can laugh and appears to enjoy himself, which makes him much company for me.

Our settlement here progressed very well . . . There are 18 houses, most of them logs, 3 adobes. I am more and more satisfied with the location I have chosen and hope in due time to occupy my lot with a good log house on it.

I enjoy, day by day, my sweet babe and find that in possessing him, my cup is full, such as it has not been before and I am willing to bear some little difficulties in the possession of him. Have not heard from Mr. Heywood for a long time, but when I last heard he was very well and also all the family. There is general health in this place and peace and unity as far as I can learn.

May: Have returned from the city after spending three weeks there; not as pleasant as I could have wished, which I attribute in a great measure to my health being miserable and all the children having the whooping cough. Truly, I feel this little settlement my home, although I have no house as yet nor the first appearance of one; but, the place and the people are near and dear to me.

July 12: Commenced school this day with seventeen scholars. My health being some better than it has been for a long time.

August: My baby is recovering from the whooping cough but is some troubled with teething. He is now eight months and a half and none through yet. My health is mending gradually and thus far I have been able to keep the school without any serious inconvenience.

16th: Was not able to attend meeting at Sabbath School on account of my baby being sick. He has the canker together with teething — seems to keep him down very much.

August 8, 1854: My little daughter, Sarepta Marie, was born August 8th, a very healthy child. Mr. Heywood was not here at the time, but arrived two days after birth. I did not suffer quite so much as I did with my boy. From taking cold in changing me 24 hours after



her birth, I had quite an ill turn the third night and it might have proved serious had it not been for the unwearied attention of Sister Gifford; and another great advantage I devised was having my breasts drawn by a little girl named Josephine Sperry. Mr. Heywood left me when the baby was about three weeks old. I felt very bad that morning; it seemed I could not bear to be left alone and, also, what might happen to him on the way. That Sunday after he left the Sanpete brethren arrived here on their way to the city to attend conference and brought with them the bodies of three murdered brethren by the Indians, out of four, who started for Sanpete the day before the company did. They had not obeyed counsel in camping where they did that night.

The winter has passed and brought and left several changes. One year ago three families stood here on the fort ground and now we are all brought together on this very fort ground to the amount of 125 houses, or at least that number of families.

July 30, 1855: Commenced to wean my girl without enough reflection. She took the weaning very well till about the fourth day, when she was taken with diarrhea, which I checked, but she continued growing worse in a most astonishing manner. She was progressing in the cutting of a tooth which she brought through, when I realized how hard it was going with her. I put her to the breast again at which time she suffered herself so much that she would not touch it for two days.

August 8th: The first return of her natural day I was very much concerned for her as she was very low indeed, and when I wrote on Thursday 10th, I had no encouragement for myself or her father. About two hours after the letter had gone I perceived a change for the better, slowly, but steadily.

January 3, 1856: This morning Sister Wright came to borrow the lounge for the convenience of Bro. Wright who cut his foot on the morning of New Year's day while chopping wood. As Susan had slept on it, I felt much hesitancy in loaning it, but Sister Wright so overruled this objection by arranging with Susan to sleep with her, that I was obliged to refer the matter to Susan and, of course, the lounge was taken for Bro. Wright's accommodation. I could not regret it as he suffered keenly, though I was afterwards censored by Mr. Heywood for letting it go; he considering that Susan might take advantage of my doing so for leaving the house, which she did that day.

Brother Bigler's wife, Amy, had been very sick indeed but after taking an emetic she recovered very fast and during her state of convalescence I had an opportunity of showing my good feelings towards her.

About this time I was much tried on the subject of breaking up housekeeping in Nephi, and taking my furniture to the city to keep

house there. Mary Gustin called in on her return from the city giving me a verbal message from Mr. Heywood that if my children were taken with the measles to give them saffron tea or bran water. February 22nd: Nealy was taken sick in the morning, complained of a sore mouth, headache, had several diarrhea passages during the day and threw up phlegm twice or thrice, breath smelled very bad of canker. Doctored at once for the canker and also gave him some saffron and sage tea. Next day continued very sick and showed some rash, fever very high. Towards night I bathed him all over with saleratus water and the rash or measles came out very full, so I continued to give him saffron tea and sage. He was very sick but took a turn on Tuesday 26th for the better and that evening my dear little Sarepta came down with the same rash but appeared to have no canker. Having had four nights watching Nealy, and he on the gain, I relaxed my efforts in sitting up at night, not thinking there was any particular danger in my dear little girl's case, until she was sick one week, March 4th, then I began to realize her real state was dangerous to say the least. I called Bro. Bryan to see her and he gave the opinion that canker was in her stomach and the rash had turned in. He desired me to give her the canker medicine and to try to get the rash out. He would not allow that it was measles. I did my best by bathing her in saleratus water, gave her saffron tea to drink, but it seemed to strike it in the more. She seemed to be some better, which made my heart glad, but, in two days, she relapsed again, and with the change sorrow again filled my heart. I went to Sister Bentley's for lobelia as I realized the chief difficulty lay in her breathing and not in the canker; but, having given her canker medicine that had blue vitriol in it, it was not wise to give her the lobelia. I gave her castor oil and anointed her plentifully with consecrated oil and gave her some inwardly.

On Wednesday the 12th of March I first gave her the lobelia in doses of tincture. It was several hours in her system without operating. I gave her rhubarb to work it off, which she did, and passed some phlegm and at this time I discovered the hard phlegm stuck to her mouth and was more convinced that the difficulty lay in her chest. She again took a turn for the better after this first administered lobelia and my spirit again revived. She seemed easier Thursday night when I went to bed and being very much exhausted, I fell into a heavy slumber and woke up by her calling me. When I had come to myself, I found her in very great distress with her breathing. I had some onions and I put them under her arms and oiled her well. Mrs. Bigler assisted me in putting her feet in water. It was two o'clock when she came in and we bathed her feet, which seemed to ease her breathing a little, but until daylight she appeared to be dying. Between six and seven she revived again which comforted me much. As I had had a night of keen anguish, my hopes revived much during the day, although she was quite feeble and low. Louisa Barber watched that

night and encouraged my hope which continued till the next night, when I had again to weep over her as dying. She was so restless and suffering, I determined that if she lived till I could give her a regular lobelia emetic I would try it—knowing that she could not live without having the phlegm removed. About twelve o'clock I gave her the emetic which operated well in her system, but about four o'clock she had the appearance of dying and I again gave her up. Oh, my poor heart, how it was wrung with anguish but again she revived and called "Mamma," which word once more made me crazy with joy which continued 'till she was really bad and the only thing to desire or hope for was to have her father come in time to see her once again. He did arrive on Thursday, 18th, about six o'clock in the evening. She had been dying all day and the night before and when he came she stretched her little arms to him and called him "Papa" and all that night would call to sit on papa's lap. She died next morning about eight o'clock, being sensible to the last breath she could draw and ceased to breathe and the bad smell ceased. I washed her little body myself on my lap and dressed her in her own clothes. The last sewing I did for her was to make her a pair of shoes of white cloth.

Oh, my dear little Sarepta Marie, my joy and my comfort day and night. Your precious voice that so often cheered my heart to its utmost recesses by its singing and interesting prattle, had gone from my hearing. I fully realized the goodness of the Lord by His providence in permitting her father to see her before she ceased to live in this present state of existence and that I was permitted to have his company during the funeral rites.

After retiring that night with my husband and my little boy, I felt dreadfully lonesome and anticipating how much worse it would be after I would lose sight of the little that remained of her, I asked my husband if it were possible to accompany him on his journey to the city as he was obliged to start after the burial. He thought he could work it so that I could; so I put a few things together in a hurry in the morning and started, leaving the house and all belongings in the care of Sister Vickers and then started with our dear little girl's remains, to bury her out of sight. It was the first time I had ever been to the burial ground at Nephi.—*D.U.P. Files*

### A THOMPSONIAN DOCTOR

*Margaret Cooper* was born the 9th of December, 1804, in Montgomery County, Tennessee, the daughter of Esther Fletcher and John Cooper. From her earliest childhood she seemed destined to nurse, to care for the afflictions of others. Opportunities were always present to care for wounded pets or birds for her childhood and young womanhood were spent on the thousand-acre tract of land which her uncle, Robert Fletcher, had willed to her orphaned mother. Mar-

garet was a young woman when her father died. Throughout his entire illness, he would call for Margaret. Her touch was always soothing to him, and her words of happy assurance gave him peace.

Five years later Margaret met the man of her choice, Samuel Walker West, and they were married January 29, 1829. They settled near her family and the neighborhood seemed to rejoice when they knew that Margaret was going to have a home near by; for already she was known far and near as the nurse they could call day or night. And Margaret seemed to know that this was the part she was meant to play. She never felt a stranger in any home and was never in a room many moments before it took on a changed appearance. The bed was soon made comfortable, the warm suffering patient was bathed gently, things were picked up and placed in order and Margaret was ready to work.

When anything went wrong at home, they always sent for Margaret, and her young husband soon began to realize that he must share his wife with all suffering humanity. There was great admiration in the heart of Samuel for his dark-eyed, vivacious bride. Her spirit of love and usefulness was felt in every corner of their own little home. Her first child, a little daughter, was born in 1829, and they named her for Margaret's mother, Esther Fletcher. Margaret seemed to sense the care that she should have during the months of waiting, so that when the time came, the baby was delivered safely, strong, and well.

Margaret still a young wife and mother instead of seeking help — was sought. For miles around when a child was born, people would send for Margaret. Her second child, John Anderson West, came in December of 1830, and on the fourth day she became seriously ill. She knew it was caused from something she had eaten; but no one seemed to know the treatment she should have, so Margaret prescribed for herself. But she was thrown into such severe pain that it seemed impossible for her to think. She had been reared by religious parents and had been taught to pray, so now she earnestly prayed for herself. And such great faith was given to her that when her husband and those about her seemed to despair of her life, she looked at them sternly and said, "I shall not die, I shall live, and we shall live together to a good old age in the Lord." Everyone in the room looked at her in amazement. They followed her instructions, and after several weeks of painful illness, she was made perfectly well. As she was restored to health, she told them of the amazing dreams she had had. She felt certain something wondrous in the sight of God had either already taken place on the earth or was about to transpire.

'Twas in 1833 that a man came to their door bringing a book which he had for sale. It was only a small book, but as she took it in her hand and read "Thompson's Guide to Health" she felt impressed that this surely was, at least, part of the thing she had been

expecting. She knew she must prepare herself to take better care of the sick all about her. She felt keenly her responsibility.

Margaret turned the pages casually: "Fevers — Their Dangers and Their Medication, Steaming, Colic, Rheumatism, Poison as Medicine and their Danger, Herbs to be Used Plentifully." She must have this book, it would help her to save the sick. She did not ask the price — that was of little consequence at that moment.

"It is a very small book, but I am sure it is valuable. I guess it measures 5 x 7½ inches. Now, I must ask the price?" "Twenty dollars," the salesman answered. "Twenty dollars! Are you sure! Are there any lectures or something more to come?" When the man answered in the negative, she replied, "I suppose if I could help to save someone's life it *would* pay for itself."

Margaret paid the \$20.00 out of her own money and could hardly wait until her work was finished to start reading. How interested she became. If she had only known this or that when Mrs. Peters was so ill, or Jonathan Shrug — how much more she could have done. Later she told Samuel she felt that she had received full value for the money spent. "You see," she said, "we always have fevers of one kind or another. I've witnessed much suffering and sometimes death. The doctors I have known seem almost helpless to restrain its course or to give more relief than I have done. I have been reading right here that if a patient is given the proper care at the commencement of the fever it can easily and speedily be overcome. If this book can help me to learn more about sickness and how to alleviate pain, how well paid we both will be." Margaret and Samuel always understood the value of each other's labor.

Not long after this something else unusual happened to the West family. This time, two men visited their home. They, too, had a book, much larger than the "Guide." They said it was "The Book of Mormon." Again Margaret fondled a book, which she knew from the moment she touched it to be sacred. Margaret and Samuel were soon baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and their faith was never to be shaken.

As their family increased, another little son, Iles Marion, Susan, then Emma, Margaret needed only her husband's assistance with prayer, and Doctor Thompson's "Guide" to get her through safely.

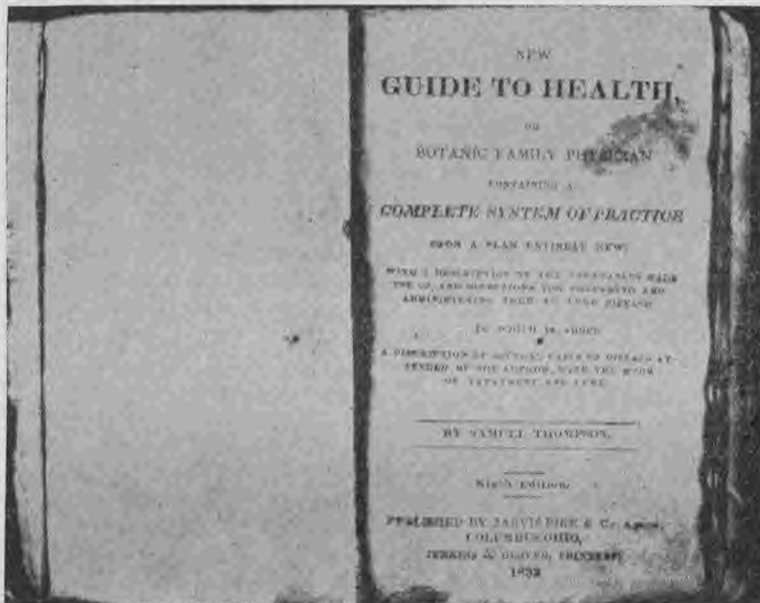
Many wonderful cures were accomplished through Margaret's studious and prayerful administrations. Everyday she was led to believe more firmly that God intended His children to study, to learn from all good books that they might prove more helpful so long as they lived.

"And here is something every family should have on hand according to this book," Margaret told Samuel. "He plans a stock of medicine for a family that would cure disease and prevent disease. He speaks of the emetic herb, lobelia. Let me read you the recipe:

1 oz. of lobelia, 2 oz. cayenne,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. bayberry root, powdered, 1 lb. poplar bark, powdered, 1 pt. rheumatic drops.

Recipe for rheumatic drops:

One gal. brandy or high wine, 1 lb. gum myrrh pounded fine, 1 oz. cayenne. Put all into a stone jug and boil a few minutes in a kettle of water, leaving jug unstopped. These drops are to remove pain and prevent mortification. To be taken or applied externally or to be put in injections. Excellent for rheumatism by taking a dose or bathing affected parts.



Thompson's New Guide to Health

During the weeks that followed Margaret had many cases of canker; little children affected with such sore mouths and bleeding gums they could not eat, but by following the instructions in Thompson's Guide, she cured many cases. The recipes were:

Equal parts bayberry root bark, white pondlily root, inner bark of hemlock. Pound and mix well. Steep 1 oz. of the powder in a pint of boiling water. Dose a wine glass full sweetened.

$\frac{1}{2}$  tsp. powdered alum, 1 tsp. golden seal, 1 tsp. bayberry bark,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup honey, 1 pint water. Boil together until syrupy. Take 1 teaspoonful two or three times a day.

"I do not believe in following one recipe too long at a time," Dr. Thompson wrote, "because it will lose its potency. By changing off with these two, I think we'll cure every child of canker."

In spite of the work she loved, Margaret's heart was troubled. They all felt it — how could they help but feel it. They had always had so many friends, but since they had become members of the unpopular sect, Mormonism, there was an aloofness, raising of the eyebrows, shrugging of the shoulders which was fast changing to bitter persecution. Men were warning their wives against Margaret Cooper West and her nursing, not because she was inefficient, but only because she was a Mormon. Margaret knew it would be the women and the little children who would suffer most.

Since the Saints literally were being driven from their loved state of Tennessee, the West family decided to move of their own accord to Samuel's people in Kentucky. As soon as Samuel finished harvesting the crops, they would go. As their preparations became more apparent, many of the neighboring women sought her out, saying, "Mrs. West, what will we do? We're afraid. You have always helped us, but what will we do now?"

Margaret took the time and loving patience to explain carefully many of her medicines as they laboriously wrote them. She told them how to mix the powdered barks and herbs, how to administer them, and how to give the sweats, breaking a fever. So many instructions she tried to leave these people she loved even though they persecuted her. And when at last they were packed and ready to leave many loving notes and tokens of gratitude were carried to them by barefoot children.

In Kentucky, their own relatives soon felt the strength of the religion they had embraced, and many joined the Church. Besides the religious influence they carried, Margaret's nursing seemed not even to have been interrupted. They came day and night asking for help, and never did Margaret ask for any remuneration. All she wanted was the knowledge that she had helped someone in need. They remained three years in Kentucky, taking Samuel's mother, his brother, and family, with them as they moved on to Nauvoo.

Almost the same scene was enacted again as when they left Tennessee. People wondered how they could manage without the help of such an experienced nurse. Margaret was now more than a nurse for she took care of sprains and broken bones, setting them correctly. Here, also, Margaret left a memory. She left prescriptions, and instructions, and had even tried to train some of the women so that they might carry on. As Samuel sprang into the seat beside her, he touched his wife's arm, "I'm so proud of you Margaret. They can fight us all they will because of our religion, but many a tear will be shed this night because Margaret Cooper West has gone away."

When the family reached Nauvoo, Illinois in 1842, they were filled with wonderment at what they found. They were not disappointed with the power and majesty of its leaders but they also found poverty, for many of these people were exiles, having been driven from

homes of plenty to want and distress. Margaret knew from the very first day that she would be needed here — fevers of many types, shaking ague, caused from over-exposure, overwork, and oftentimes improper diet. How many days and nights Margaret found herself making the familiar sweat tent with sheets and blankets, a raw-hide bottom chair, if possible, covered with a blanket for the patient so that the steam could better reach him. Then the cans or small tubs filled with water into which heated rocks were lowered carefully until a sizzling sound could be heard. Hot drinks such as cayenne tea to retain the vital inner heat.

The nurse and her helpers would be perspiring quite as freely as the patient, and when sweat began to pour from every part of the body, he was carefully rubbed until cool with clean clothes dampened in either vinegar or alcohol. The patient was then put to bed and closely watched for the perspiring might continue. Many such cases by the aid of steaming, emetics and close care of elimination was cured during these trying days.

The West family remained in Nauvoo through all its trials and tribulations. Such a little time they were allowed to view the finished temple, and then in sickness and want they were driven away. The West's left in the summer of 1846. Reaching Mt. Pisgah it was decided that a large number of Saints should go into Kanesville, Iowa, where they could get employment. The West family was among this number, this being the fourth state where Margaret became well known as a competent and reliable nurse. Samuel soon obtained employment and the children were soon enrolled in school. Margaret continued as before, attending to her own family's needs and helping neighbors in distress.

Realizing that they would not remain in Kanesville long, she encouraged the women, who seemed to have a knack for nursing, with the idea of studying with her, learning to take care of their own sick. Before she realized it, Margaret was almost teaching a school. The knowledge she had gained from the little book and from her own rich fund of experience, she gave to all who wished to learn. They remained almost five years in Kanesville, made many good friends, and were quite prosperous; but, they felt the time had come for them to dispose of their property and prepare for the journey into the mountains of the west.

Margaret was especially busy these days, having all the children help as much as they could. They gathered herbs and barks which they pounded into powder. They filled bottles and cans with these powders and dried hops and parsley. She was thinking more of her medicines than the casual everyday needs. She gathered vast stores of cherry stone meats and peach stone meats and pounded them fine. She made the following syrup in large quantities to take with them. 1 lb. each of poplar bark and the bark of bayberry root, boiled in 2 gallons of water and strained, add 7 lbs. of sugar. Scald and skim,



then add 1 lb. peach stone meats or the same quantity cherry stone meats, pounded fine. This syrup was used to strengthen the stomach and bowels and give strength to weak patients, also used in cases of dysentery.

Her medicines were plainly labeled and carefully wrapped and stored in the wagon where they were easily accessible for she realized in the hundreds of miles they would travel, that sickness or accidents might overtake them.

In June of 1851, with good outfits, they joined the Garden Grove company and set out on their journey to Salt Lake City, Utah. The trip was made in a good time of the year and there were but few cases of sickness. They reached their destination in late September and camped on the banks of the Jordan River. During the October conference the West family were asked to go to Parowan, Iron county.

The people of this pioneering out-post, 250 miles from Salt Lake City, were grateful for a competent nurse. Even before their house was ready for occupancy, Margaret was on her accustomed route. Night or day made no difference, she went whenever the call came. She loved the fine things of life, but only a few came her way.

In 1870, Margaret began showing signs of weariness and her daughters tried to curtail her activities, encouraging people to seek other help. Parowan was growing, and more help was to be had. But those whom Margaret had pulled through contagious diphtheria, typhoid, difficult child birth, could not easily change their faith in Grandmother West for someone untried. Margaret loved these people and to her family she said: "Do not make them feel uncomfortable. So long as I live, I want to help those in need. I want to die in the harness."

George A. Smith, her son-in-law, had a cough which remained with him such a long time that Margaret feared tuberculosis. He finally listened to her warning and the method already reviewed was used—the emetic, steaming, hot herb teas, followed up with the syrupy herbs, and as he went about his work during the winter, the chest protector, she used so much. He emerged from this illness a well man. Sometimes the people at Red Creek, Beaver, and Greenville, and even as far south as Washington, would send for her with good results.

In 1879, five of Margaret's children were called to go to Arizona to settle. Two of Emma's married daughters were in delicate condition. Would Grandmother Margaret go with them? They would be so grateful if she would. Margaret dreaded another long trip, but Samuel was gone now, and without him she felt alone. Only two daughters would be left in Utah, Esther, in Beaver, and Susan, in Salt Lake City. And so she decided to go. Arizona would need her more than Parowan.

With John, her only living son, her daughter Emma, Margaret's children, whom she so dearly loved, Lydia and her little Nancy, Margaret pioneered another state. She saw the first homes raised, the first dams built and the first reservoirs made. People were again enduring sickness and dangers that the boundaries of the church could be broadened. The winter of 1879, and 1880, brought much sickness. Because of the scarcity of food, cattle and sheep were dying by the hundreds. People who had brought their herds with them were again made poor. Still the people had much to be grateful for, for with the giving of emetics, composition teas, etc., and the sunshine of spring, many were made well again.

One night in June, 1882, Margaret, then critically ill, smiled wanly, "Nancy, you'll have to go and take care of this dear sister tonight. Be careful of your steaming. I think you are quite qualified to carry on and to do lots of good." But how could they carry on without her? Margaret was never alone for her children and grandchildren loved her dearly. As they watched the smiling face wreathed in complete happiness, how could they grieve? Margaret passed away June 19th — "in the harness" as she had wished to do, but her work still carries on.

Nancy Marie Babbitt Riggs was one of those noble pioneer women who knew of Grandmother West's remedies, and although she studied in later schools, still many of Margaret's methods were used by her. With her little case of instruments and medicines, she rode countless miles to the scattered ranches of both Mexican and white people to render assistance. Other self-sacrificing women who carried on this vital work were Belle Gardner Hansen, Mary Ann Ramsay, Jeanette Smith, Sister Hancock and Sister Yens Peter Hansen. Yes, Margaret's remedies are still remembered.

—*Mary Riggs West*

#### PRIDDY MEEKS — PIONEER DOCTOR

*Priddy Meeks* was born August 29, 1795, in Greenville, South Carolina, the son of Athe and Margaret Snead Meeks. He received the Gospel in 1840, as did most of his family, and it was his paramount desire to gather with the other Saints in Zion. Soon after, accompanied by his wife, Sarah Mahurin, he journeyed across the plains in the Jediah M. Grant company, reaching Salt Lake City the first of October, 1847. The Meeks family remained in Salt Lake until 1851, when they moved to Parowan to help strengthen that settlement. In 1861, by permission of George A. Smith, they moved to Harrisburg, Washington County where they lived until 1876. From this place they went to Orderville, Kane county, where they became identified with the United Order in that place.

In 1879, Priddy Meeks, then in his eighty-fifth year, compiled the journal from which these excerpts, dealing principally with his

medical career, were taken. They give an insight into the character of the man who for many years was the best known doctor in any of the communities in which he made his home and, also, the surrounding settlements.

Perhaps the first incident that occurred which might have had a bearing on his determination to become a doctor of medicine was the death of a little daughter while they were living near the Illinois River five or six miles above Meridocia, a little town situated on the banks of the river. Taken from his journal, verbatim:

A sicklier place I never want to see. Here I bought a little farm and established a woodyard. Here I lost Huldah with the whooping cough, or in other words she was killed by the doctors who I was opposed to having anything to do with her, only the folks overpersuaded me and I am convinced that this medicine killed her. Here, when the sickly season of the year come on, I visited many of the sick and was very successful in relieving them with roots and herbs. So much so that the community insisted that I quit work and go to doctoring. Such an idea had never entered my mind. I said to them I knew nothing about doctoring. They said, "You beat all the doctors." That expression brought me to my studies and I saw that it was a fact and I could not deny it. I studied much to know what was my duty to God and to mankind and myself and family. I saw my weakness and want of education, being raised in the backwoods without much learning, only what I learned in the backwoods with my gun on my shoulder, having no correspondence with the bulk of the community and knew nothing of the ways of the world. Here was a trial you may be shure, for me to come in contact with the learned doctors, I could not know what to say and would appear as a dunce. About this time I had a letter from my brother-in-law, stating that he had important business and wanted to see me and I must come immediately. He lived about 100 miles off in Macon County. I went and left my wife, sick, who had been so for 2 years; her case was so complicated that I did not know what to do, neither did the doctors that had exhausted their skill without benefit, know what to do next.

When I saw my brother-in-law, whose name was Priddy Mahurin, he said he only wanted to visit with me, that was all, but the Lord was in the whole affair, for I met a man there by the name of James Miller whom I previously knew in Kentucky. He had got to be a Thompsonian doctor. He told me I could cure my wife, myself, if I had a Thompsonian New Guide to Health. I traveled 50 miles with him going home. I learned more from him that day than I ever knew before about doctoring. Arriving at home, I told my wife of the interview I had with Miller and was going to buy the book that he recommended. She replied, "You had better keep your money to raise the children with, for if the skill that has been exhausted by experienced doctors could not cure me, it is not reason-

able to think that you could do any better." But I could not rest satisfied until I got the book, and just two weeks to the day from the day I got the book, I put out into the woods to collect the medicine, and by following the directions in the book I made a sound woman of her. This gave such an impetus to the anxiety of the people about my success, that it seemed like going against wind and tide to withstand their influence for me to go into doctoring, and from that time henceforth my labors began with the sick . . .

After a trip to Kentucky to her (my wife's) folks we returned to Versailles, in Brown County, Illinois, where our home now was. We found considerable sickness among the people. One a widow woman, who had the dyspepsia was so bad she was given up to die by the doctor who had attended her for near a year and said she could not be cured. She sent for me to come to see her which I did. She told me to try to cure her if possible—to do my best, anyway, and if I killed her it would only be death anyhow for she knew she could not live long if she did not get help. So I went to prepare for doctoring her and Doctor Vandeventer who had given her up, and hearing that I was going to undertake her case, come to see me. "Mr. Meeks," says he, "You had better not undertake that woman's case, that complaint cannot be cured and you will fail and you will lose practice by it; the remedy for the complaint is not known, search has been made for it as far as ships have sailed on the ocean, and human feet have trod the soil and the remedy is not found yet."

I paid the woman five visits and made a sound woman of her, nothing more or less than gave her a thorough course of Thompsonian medicines to take each time. I knew no other way of doctoring at that time but to follow the letter of directions. I had nothing but cayenne pepper and ginger for my composition powder and lobelia, and as I went along, gathered green sumac leaves off the bush which answered well for kanker medicine and to make a tea to put the medicine in for her to drink. I mention this to show that we can get along without so many kinds of medicine as some would suppose. This circumstance being noised abroad, brought me as much business with the sick as I could attend to, there being several young ladies in the vicinity, that the doctor had given up, which was now ready for me, and with the thorough course of Thompsonian medicine they were cured.

One case I will mention for the novelty of it. A Mrs. Perry had a daughter with the green sickness who the doctor had spent nine months on without benefit. Her mother, being very anxious about her daughter's condition, and having heard of Doctor Meeks living at Versailles, who cured everything he tried, she thought he must be one of the greatest men in the world. He was so far ahead of Doctor Vandeventer, she did not know whether she would know how to talk to him or not but resolved to try. So she rode up one day to my gate and inquired if Doctor Meeks lived there, I said,

"Yes, Ma'am alight and come in." I had been at work in the garden — it being hot weather I was sitting between the two doors where I might be cool, being in my shirt sleeves, bare-headed and bare-footed. She finally came in and took a chair. She says, "Is Doctor Meeks at home?" "Yes, Ma'am," I replied, and she says, "Where is he, I would like to see him. He is not far off, I presume." I said, "What would you like of Doctor Meeks?" She then gave a history of her daughter's case. By this time I thought I ought to let her know that I was the man she was after. I said to her, "I am Doctor Meeks." It struck her dumb for awhile. She came near jumping out of the chair into the fire. She turned red in the face and it was quite a time before she could speak. I was truly sorry for her, but when she recovered so she could speak she said, "Well, I don't care how a man looks just so he can cure the sick." And with five regular courses in Thompsonian medicine her daughter was made a sound woman to the joy of her friends. This shows what courses of medicine can do without anything else.

From that time on I became conspicuous among the sick, something like half of the sickness fell to my charge and I was so successful to what Doctor Vandeventer was that if I had stopped there the next year, I should have probably had more than I could attend to; but the time had come for me to gather with the Saints in Nauvoo, so I left. In April, 1842, I moved to Nauvoo and lived there till 1846, and then moved across the plains in 1847 in the great exodus of the Saints to the Rocky Mountains . . .

Now my little old wooden wagon that I came in from Nauvoo would not stand the trip across the plains. I started off to trade it for a good wagon . . . I found a man named Richardson who offered me the very trade I wanted, but a momentary impulse struck me with such force, I could not accept the offer, why I could not tell . . . But I went out and wheeled among the people till I found Jesse Harmon, a good Saint, who I believe was counseled to wait until the next season. He let me have a wagon that was fitted up in Nauvoo on purpose for crossing the plains . . . When Brother Clark learned that I lacked an ox he says to me, "Brother Meeks, I will give you an ox." . . . Now our hearts swelled with glorious expectation of leaving our persecutors behind. We started not knowing where we were going or what was ahead of us, trusting in the living God, and started like Abraham, not knowing whither we went. We did have a good time, notwithstanding the hardships and trials and troubles and sickness many had to endure. The Lord did pour out his blessings upon us abundantly. The plains furnished an abundance of meat and the prairie grass abundance of milk. Now the incidents that took place crossing the plains are so complicated I will only mention a few in this connection. One case of Sister Ewinds — the first I heard of her she was about dying of what they called the Black Kanker in her mouth and throat. She died in a few hours and we

halted to bury her. Her daughter Rachel was found to have the same complaint and deep-seated. I told them I thought I could cure her. My daughter, Elizabeth, waited on her while I doctored her and she was not long in getting well. The palate of the old lady's mouth was eaten up. All was in mortified state. I am convinced that it was diphtheria they both had. The next case was Gillroid Summe's wife, he being with the pioneers. She was in the company two miles distant from me but they sent for me, and when I got there I found her very low with fever. And with all the faith and courage I could raise, I broke the fever, and she soon got well again. Another case was as I was standing guard one night close to Brother Noble's wagon. I heard some person groan like they were nearly dead. In the morning I enquired of Brother Noble who it was, and he said it was Richard Norwood, the man who drove his team. Upon examination found it to be the Black Kanker, as we called it, but it was undoubtedly diphtheria in its worst form for his whole palate appeared to be in one solid mass of putrefaction. I told Brother Noble if he would look among the crowd and get such medicine as I would name, I would try and do something for him, for without help he could not live but a very few days. I will recollect one medicine I used — it was the rough elm bark, taken off a tree that stood close by. It is one of the best anticeptives in the compass of medicine.

In the first settling of Kentucky and Indiana, we used to put our hog-lard and bear-oil in large troughs. We would sometimes have fifty gallons at a time. It would sometimes turn green going into a state of putrefaction. We would take the red or rough Elm bark in long strips and lay it lengthwise in the troughs and it would take up all the smell and color and taste of putrefaction out of it and render it as sweet as any other oil . . . Now, for Brother Norwood again, I will just say that he was cured in a much shorter time than I could expect. So we all moved on in order again.

I arrived in the Valley the 1st day of October, 1847. I have already mentioned some incidents that took place on the plains, I may mention some more hereafter. Now, we felt good and happy with the idea of leaving our persecutors a thousand miles behind. The Salt Lake Valley had a beautiful rich soil and was well supplied with good water. We went to work under the wise counsel of President Young and the twelve apostles, although they had returned to the states for their families. I believe we did our best, generally speaking. Finally the crickets came so thick it made the earth black. . . . Now, this was another trial although my faith did not fail one particle, but felt very solom on the occasion of our provisions beginning to give out. I went sometimes up the Jordan to a patch of wild roses to get the berries to eat, which I would eat as rapid as a hog, stems and all . . . We had to exert ourselves to get something to eat. (Priddy Meeks and his companions made several trips to the mountains killing wild animals to supply meat for the people).

When I got home from my fourth trip, John D. Lee had just arrived in the valley and the Twelve and their company had just arrived. He had heard of my success in hunting and wanted me to go hunting with him. He said he would take a wagon and team and haul me and all that I could kill if I would go. I refused, saying I could not leave the sick for I had neglected them too much already. So when I heard that Phineas Richards would arrive in the valley with his family that day, I met him before he stopped and said to him, "Brother Richards, I wish you would stop your wagon in some suitable place for your family and turn right in with me and tend the sick. There is more than I can possibly do justice by." Like a faithful Saint he did so.

We attended the sick both night and day and our success was marvelous, because the Lord blessed the medicine we used; it being such as He had ordained for the benefit of His Saints, using no poison, no bleeding, nor starving of our patients, but everything we used was in harmony with their food. At one time there was so much sickness it was five days and nights that I never entered my own door. We worked hard against the power of death, who fooled me out of two patients through my ignorance. Hyrum Perkins, and his wife, was very sick when I first visited them. I attended them with a good prospect of their recovery. They got quite smart. I visited them one morning as usual, and they were so smart they thought they were going to get well. The woman says to me, "I ain't going to take any more medicine." "Why?" said I. "Because I had a vision last night," said she, "and was told that we both will get well now without the medicine." I believed it as well as they did and left off, and they both died in a short time. I told Brother Richards the circumstance and he gave me a very brotherly rebuke, and said, "don't you ever believe in the visions or revelations of a woman to govern her husband. It is contrary to the order of God." I have ever since been cautious on that subject. A woman may counsel her husband but not control him.

Apostle Willard Richards had one of his wives die in childbed with symptoms they did not understand. She seemed to have smothering, suffocating, sinking spells. He requested us to make an examination by dissection and we found it to be dropsy or water around the heart. Dandelion is a good remedy for it, but not so sure as a thorough course of Thompsonian medicine as repeated until a cure is effected. One main object I have in view is to turn the hearts of the Saints to the word of wisdom that the wisdom may be sanctified in the hearts of the Saints to the exclusion of the popular physicians and their poison medicines of the present day. Also to simplify the practice of midwifery down to its natural wants: And what are its natural wants? Nothing but to have the obstructions removed, and you cannot prevent delivery only at the expense of life because it's the law of nature which is the law of life, which is the

law of God, which is immutable. Then away with your pretended science of midwifery. There is more harm done by it than good. When the pain flats out and stops, just remove the obstructions, and the pain will return, and come as a natural consequence, being a natural call the same as any other call of nature. Precisely there is no difference in the principle, and the Lord has ordained means among those anti-poison herbs adapted to that very purpose. When the foregoing conditions are reached, we then can raise all the medicines needful in our gardens which are well adapted to human culture; but, as yet, cannot furnish them all on account of climatic difference. Then will be the time when there is no danger of poisoning our families and bringing them to a premature grave. We then shall be delivered from the greatest curse that ever visited the human family since Adam first set foot upon this earth. May God help to speed on the time when the Saints may enjoy the blessings of such times, and Israel gathered, and Zion built up, and Him on the throne where right is to reign. When the foregoing condition takes place among the community there will be no more schools of midwifery.

Now I will inform the reader that I have promiscuously picked up several chips and recorded them in this book and will continue to do so all through this book as they occur to mind. Having no dates to base my thoughts upon, I shall call them chips although of different kinds — some historical, some religious, and some medical chips.

In the first settling of Salt Lake Valley, Lorenzo D. Young's wife had the phthisic (consumption) for twelve or fifteen years. She could not live in the crowded fort and had a house built some rods outside on higher ground. I gave her nothing but bitter root or Indian hemp root, and it cured her entirely. I think she had it no more. The worst case of inflammatory rheumatism I think I ever saw was cured in one week by taking a little chew of Indian root and half that amount of yellow dock three times a day, swallowing it down every time. Jennette Clark was the woman cured. Mary Smith, a young girl, had a bunch growing on her upper lip close to her nose protruding above her nose, which was entirely stopped. She could not breathe through it. All she took was equal quantities of burdock, yellow dock, and dandelion in powders, and a snuf of yellow dock for her nose, and the tumor gradually vanished away and left her a smooth face. Some said it was a canker sore, while others said it was a cancer sore. Howbeit, it got well under the above treatment.

Now, in 1848, the valley from a human standpoint presented nothing better than extreme suffering if not starvation. The Saints were scattering hither and thither. Some went back to the states, and some to California, while the mass of people were eating anything they could get. Some eating the hides off cattle, some eating wolf, hawk and crow; some eating the flesh of cattle that had been dead for sometime. And while all this was going on it looked like there



was a splendid chance of going naked. The spirit came on Heber C. Kimball and he prophesied that goods would be had as cheap in the valley in a short time as they were in New York. Now, in the spring of 1848, I bought four potatoes of old Brother Woodbury near the size of hen eggs. I think I gave him a bit apiece for them. He brought seed enough with him to raise about three bushels. He says to me, "Are you the man that cured my son, John, of the toothache and charged him nothing?" "Yes," I said. "Well," said he, "I will make you a present of some about the size of bird eggs, just one hand full" I put one eye in a hill and had forty seven hills with a handful of sprouts left. I put them in one hill. In the fall I measured up fifteen bushels of large potatoes and very delicious. Also the hill I put the sprouts in, turned out a patent bucket full, very large, nice potatoes. The next spring I put in an early patch for forward use, and in due time I planted my fall crop . . . And just about the time that they was in the best condition for grabbling, the gold diggers came in nearly perished for vegetables, they said, and they having plenty of groceries they did not care about the price, but I tried to deal gentlemanly with them . . . so I laid in goods, bacon, tea, coffee, and sugar, beside many other articles that I needed. Now my family was not only rich but well to live as regards to groceries. Now sickness was desperate bad among the gold diggers, so they had to stop here and make other arrangements and take a new start. They could take their wagons no further and could pack but little but what they must take with them to get there. Now, there was enough of every necessary of life in the valley that could not be packed away which was a sovern remedy for the blues. So they pitched their tents all along City Creek in a row like so many geese. Now, I had more calls to the sick than I could attend to and when I could not attend them in a case of fever, the Mountain Fever was very prevalent, I would tell them to jump in all over in City Creek and crawl back into their tent and cover up warm; and they seemed to recover under that treatment as fast as any other. By my services among them and interest in their behalf, I picked up considerable money, besides other articles they would let me have for almost no price, as they could not take them away and had to pack the balance . . . I kept a clear conscience and had their well wishes when they left.

Among the emigrants I made money enough to buy a stable horse and the best wagon I thought I ever saw, paying sixty dollars for both . . . Now I am the leading disciple in the practice of medicine. It seemed they would not make a move without me. Brother Noble's wife, within about one month of her expected sickness, had the dropsy so bad he thought she could not live until the month was out, so that she could be doctored without injury to her offspring. The doctors in the valley held a consultation over her case, and President Young with them, and they could devise no means to save the woman without destroying the infant and she could not live but a few days

without help; but they would not make a move until they sent for me. When I come they told me they could not see how the woman could be saved without destroying the child. I told them there would be no difficulty in bringing about that object. They wanted to know if I could take the water out of that woman and save them both. I said yes, I certainly can, and lobelia is the thing that will do it. I just gave her the Thompsonian course of medicine and soon had the water all out; and in due time she had a fine boy to the joy of all who was watching to see what the results would be. I do not think the medicine is yet found and probably never will be that will act in accordance with the laws of life and the intentions of nature like lobelia. No difference what the matter is nor where the obstructions are, lobelia will find it and remove the obstructions and create a healthy action. Oh wonderful medicine that will act so much like intelligence, but kayenne pepper and sweating ought always to accompany a course of medicine and also an injection.

Now, in the year 1851, I left Salt Lake to go to Parowan to live; to help strengthen the place against Indians, for they were very doubtful neighbors . . . An Indian man, Dick, came to live with me and continued with me about fifteen years, and I never was acquainted with a more honest man in my life. Him and me was digging potatoes one evening and it was not time to quit work yet. An impulse struck me to look towards Cedar City. We could see the road four or five miles distant, and when I looked I saw the dust arising on the road. The impulse struck me again with force as much as to say—that is someone from Cedar wanting you to go there to doctor someone, and now cover up your potatoes with vines to keep the frost off. "Come, Dick," I said, "let us cover up our potatoes." We had just finished and met the messenger at the field gate, some two or three hundred yards from the house, saying there was a woman at Cedar that would die before morning without assistance, so I went. The woman had a rising in her breast which was expected to break inside every minute which would prove fatal; but by making an incision with a lance two inches deep it reached the corruption and she was instantly relieved and was soon well.

While living in Parowan, a man by the name of Bishop was brought to me from Buttermilk Fort, Millard County, Utah, in a bad fix with his back half bent; could not straighten up. His kidneys and urinary organs were all affected, so that he could not walk a step. I gave him nothing but burdock seeds and dandelion tea, and in twelve days he was well enough to go home rejoicing. Another incident took place in Parowan, Iron County, the same winter that Colonel Johnston came against Salt Lake City with the United States Army. There was a teamster from their army by the name of James McCann, a young man who started to go back to the states by way of California. He reached Parowan with both feet frozen above his ankles. He was left with me to have both feet amputated, as it was

thought there was no possible chance to save his life without amputation. I was at my wits end to know what to do. I saw no possible chance but amputation. An impulse seemed to strike my mind as though by inspiration, that I would give him kayenne pepper inwardly, and see what effect that would have on his frozen feet. I commenced giving him rather small doses at first, about 3 times a day. It increased the warmth and power of action in the blood to such a degree that it give him such pain and misery in his legs he could not bear it. He lay down on his back and elevated his feet up against the wall for 3 or 4 days, and then he could set up in a chair. The frozen flesh would rot and drop down from his foot when it would be on his knee, clear down to the floor, just like buckwheat batter and the new flesh would form just as fast as the dead flesh would get off the way. In fact the new flesh would seem to crowd the dead flesh out of the way to make room for the new flesh. That was all the medical treatment he had and to my astonishment, and everyone that knew of the circumstance, the sixteenth day after I give him the first dose of pepper he walked nine miles, or from Parowan to Red Creek and back, and he said he could have walked as far again. He lost but five toe nails all told. Now the healing power of nature is in the blood and to accelerate the blood is to accelerate the healing power of nature, and I am convinced there is nothing will do this like kayenne pepper, you will find it applicable in all cases of sickness.

I remained in Parowan until 1862, then I moved to Harrisburg, and while there I saw more trouble than I ever saw in all my life before. I went there well off and left there miserably broke up and all through the rascality of some of the people.

In the summer of 1884, in Kane county, in Orderville, U.T., I was called to a young lady with her first child. She had been in labor 2 or 3 days and was give up by the midwives for a surgeon who they wanted to send for right off; saying she was malformed and never could be delivered only by taking a bit at a time. They were much opposed to me and my medicine, but by the influence of friends they said I might try what I could do. I gave her the same course with the same kind of medicines as in other cases and in due time the child came.

Composition powder: Thompson's Bayberry bark 2 lbs.; hemlock bark 1 lb.; ginger root 1 lb.; cayenne pepper 2 ozs.; cloves 2 ozs.; all finely pulverized and well mixed. Dose: One half of a teaspoon and a spoonful of sugar; put them into a tea cup and pour it half full of boiling water; let it stand a few minutes. Fill the cup with milk, and drink freely. If no milk is to be obtained, fill up the cup with hot water.

This, in the first stages and less violent attacks of the disease, is a valuable medicine, and may be safely employed in all cases. It is good to relax pain in the stomach and bowels and to remove all

obstructions caused by cold. A few doses, the patient being in bed with a steaming stone at the feet, or having soaked the feet fifteen or twenty minutes in hot water, drinking freely of the tea at the same time, will cure a bad cold, and often throw off the disease in its first stages. The following are some of the herbs he used:

<i>Stimulant</i>	<i>Astringent</i>	<i>Emmenagogue</i>	<i>Bitters</i>
lobelia	bayberry bark	Pennyroyal	golden seal
cayenne pepper	sumac	Tansy	mt. grape
black pepper	raspberry	Queen of meadow	balmony
ginger	cranesbill	silkweed root	columbo root
horseradish	red dock root	asafetida	bitter root
cinnamon	tan bark	catnip	bayberry bark
catnip	swamp dogwood	blue cohosh	hops
horehound	larb or urva ursa	black cohosh	gum myrrh
tea	cinquefoil	Indian root	quaking asp
coffee	chokecherry		tansy

**White Oil Ointment:** Take equal parts of sweet oil and spirits of turpentine and saltpetre, a tablespoonful each, and one hen's egg. Put it into 1 pint of best vinegar, shake it well together several times. Good for rheumatism, sprains, aches and pains of any kind.

**Stone in the Bladder:** Take the size of a pea concentrated lye, put it in a teacup of water, when the scum rises, skim it off, pour the balance into a bottle with a glass stopper to it, except the dregs, throw that away. A half teaspoonful is a dose to dissolve the stone in the bladder, taken several times a day (communicated to me.)

Doctor Priddy Meeks also made his famous Female Relief Pills which were widely used during the early days.

### LEAH JANE SHAW KEELER'S SECOND CAREER

*Leah Jane Shaw*, daughter of Abraham Shaw and Margaret Thorner, of Lancashire, England, was born on the prairie in Mills county, Iowa, 17 Sept. 1851. She arrived in Utah with her parents in 1852 and was soon located in Provo City. At a tender age she was left as sole support of her invalid mother, which duty she carried on to the end of her mother's life. She managed to attend school and by dint of continuous self-help became proficient in the art of homemaking, sewing, and millinery work.

On the 28th of May, 1869, she was married to Abner Eldredge Keeler in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City. Because of her husband's poor health, aggravated by too much indoor confinement while teaching in the academy, a move was made to a homestead four miles north of Kamas, Summit county, Utah. Here he was cured of his lung trouble by outdoor exercise, but the strenuous dairy work proved too much for Leah Jane whose spine had been injured by lifting and carrying heavy wooden tubs of water in an effort.

in earlier years, to support her mother and herself. Little was known by the medical practitioners in those early days of scientific analysis of cause to effect and she was treated for stomach trouble until that abused organ almost gave up the effort to resist. At this time, at least her doctor had a conspicuous lack of knowledge of the danger of debilitating narcotics; since they relieved pain they should be used. His advice to mother ran something like this: "Now, Janey, when the pain is bad and nerves kicking up trouble just have a bottle of laudanum handy and take a swallow." She carried a bottle in her apron pocket and followed his advice. The day came when even that did not suffice. Her native strength was fast wearing away, the neglected spine often brought on severe spasms. The farm was sold and the family moved to Park City, where mother could be directly under a doctor's care.

We had been in Park City some months when, one day, she was writhing in the clutch of a spasm. Marianne, the older sister, called to the children playing in the yard to run for a doctor. A man passing by said he would bring one out and soon returned with Dr. Gregor, a young physician lately from training in New York hospitals. He realized right away the trouble was coming from the spine. Now began a long fight for mother's life, made doubly difficult by a stomach much weakened by years of improper dosage. But Janey came from a long line of hardy folk who had lived a score or more beyond the allotted span of life; this heritage was now drawn upon to the limit.

Three years of constant care and nursing, punctured over and over by hours when life seemed slipping away, finally gave mother strength to be up again. Dr. Gregor advised that mother be taken away from the smoke and fumes and the ever present climbing of stairs which characterized Park City, a mining town built on the mountain sides of a gulch.

The family was moved to Woodland some eighteen miles away on the Provo River where she could draw strength from the clear air and the earth which, under her green thumb, brought forth flowers, fruits and vegetables for the family. Mother decided to study medicine that she might save her family from such experiences as she had endured. At first she was permitted to study only a little each day, or a diagram, but as her health improved, she studied more and more, hours found between caring for a family of nine children and active church and community work.

Mother's life was miraculously saved many times. I remember when Abner was born, 16 Sept. 1888, Mother had milk leg and was critically ill. Aunt Zina Young was visiting at Kamas when she learned of mother's condition. She came immediately with other faithful sisters. They washed and anointed mother and then Aunt Zina spoke in tongues. We children had been sent out to gather seeds pods from the poppy patch only a few feet from mother's room.

We were shocked into silence as Aunt Zina's strange words reached us, but we were made most happy to hear Aunt Laura Pack say that the Holy Spirit promised mother she would live and rear her own family, and be a blessing to many yet unborn.

In the early 1890's, Mother passed her examination before the medical board of the State of Utah and got her certificate. Her whole idea was to use it only for the use of her family. Mother's last pregnancy was in 1896, a tenth child. Dr. Gregor warned her she would not likely live through this ordeal so we moved again to Park City where she could be under constant medical observation. Little Veva was born August 10, 1896. Eight days passed peacefully. Then again the grim reaper struck and hovered over Mother for weeks. On the ninth day, the baby was really ill and Mother was restless. On the morning of the 10th, Mother's fever was 104 and the leg, which had given her so much trouble when Abner was born, was black from toes to hip. Mother's milk had poisoned the baby and she, too, hovered between life and death.

Dr. Gregor made plain to us what was likely taking place. In those days doctors had no rubber gloves, at least in far out places. On the evening of the tenth day he performed an operation where gangrene had set in. Although he had soaked his hands and scraped his nails under strong antiseptic, he thought there still could have been one spore missed, which somehow must have found its way to Mother when he examined her. It is no wonder that in her later medical work, she became very radical on sanitation.

Father was suffering from arthritis and it was thought wise to move to a warmer climate and the colonies in Northern Mexico seemed to offer the best situation so, with neighbors, the family moved south by wagon train in the autumn of 1897.

Through this move Mother came into a situation that changed the course of her life. The colonies were without medical help. She began to sense that here, at least, was part of the call Aunt Zina had foretold in her blessing. As soon as she could make suitable arrangements she went to El Paso hospitals for a refresher course in medical practitioner internship. Here she met the leading physicians and surgeons, became acquainted with hospital services offered and obtained a certificate to practice medicine under the laws of the State of Texas.

Conditions found in the colonies were much like those in the early day desert withdrawal of the pioneers. There was, however, the remote possibility of obtaining skilled help more than 150 miles away at El Paso, on a very slow irregular railroad, or a pony-express-like dash if the patient could survive. Grandma Keeler, as she was now known, subscribed for the best medical journals to keep abreast of the advances of the times; but, it was most often impossible to get anything like many of the remedies called for. There was no drug store in these isolated colonies and she lacked the

means to keep many of the expensive remedies on hand. Here pioneer knowledge and training came to full fruition.

It was her *physician's mentor* (as doctors call the necessary sixth sense) and her faith grounded intuition that prompted her to use simple remedies and means hitherto unheard of. When facing a crisis she instinctively uttered a prayer emerging from the very depths of her being "God help us," a prayer that acknowledges human helplessness and complete reliance on our Maker. The answer was almost always instant revelation; every necessary detail of the course to be followed was made plain.

She invariably sensed when the result of some accident was being brought to the house; as the day she came in from working in her garden, began to scrub her hands, asked that kettles of boiling water be gotten ready and was all prepared, when a young boy was carried in. This child's forehead had been split wide open by the shoe of a kicking horse. In minutes, the wound was cleansed. Mother's attention was caught by a can of boric acid — she filled the cavity with that, bound up the wound and urged the men to rush the boy to El Paso. Later, the surgeon in charge, reported that when the boy reached El Paso, the wound was as if fresh cut, then asked, "Dr. Keeler, whence comes this uncanny skill in the use of simple things?"

Dr. Keeler worked in Colonia Juarez and in Dublan but most of her time in Colonia Diaz and environs. The Keelers had established a permanent home in Colonia Diaz. Mother's sense of service to mankind was unusually broad. She had little patience with the neighbor who came into the sick room saying she wished there was something she could do, and then with eyes closed to the many needs around her, would pass piously on. Several of her patients have told me that if Mother sensed that a well scrubbed floor, shining window panes, and clean dishes in orderly array in the cupboard, would add to the patient's peace of mind, she would fold away her ever-present white apron, pin up her skirt, and become again Janey the housemaid.

When she passed away a neighbor said to one of her children, "Do you recognize her true greatness?" As one child, I doubt it, but it is measured in the hearts of hundreds of friends who were the recipients of her skill, her sympathy for human strength and weakness and never failing friendliness.—*Philinda Keeler Naegle.*

## DOCTOR JOHN

*Dr. John L. Dunyon* was born November 9, 1810, in the little fishing town of Newburyport, Massachusetts. He was the son of John and Mary Kendall Dunyon. When he was two and one-half years old his mother died and his father remarried. Owing to the cruelty of his stepmother, he was forced to leave home at the age of

seventeen and went to work on a fishing vessel. After a few years at sea he decided to become a doctor. From then on he saved his earnings toward that end. Upon receiving his degree as a doctor of medicine he practiced in Springfield, Illinois, and through the states of Massachusetts and Connecticut.

When he was twenty-four years old he married Sarah Ann Reeves in New Lynn, Ohio. To them were born seven children; Chester Reeves and Edwin were drowned at the ages of five and seven, respectively, on the 16th of May, 1847 in the Mississippi River; another child died as a result of burns, and a fourth child was taken from them before she was three years of age. The other three children, Newton A. and the twins, Darwin Lewis and Dora Ann lived to maturity.

During the years of 1835-1849 Dr. Dunyon continued his practice in the east. When news of the gold rush of 1849 in California became known he decided to go west. He arrived in Salt Lake City in the fall of 1849 or early spring of 1850. Here he became interested in Mormonism and was converted to the faith. About the year 1852, he returned to Ohio for his wife and children, but Sarah was so strongly prejudiced against Mormonism that she refused to go with him. Leaving her in Ohio, he took the three children and started for Utah. He brought with him Abby C. Calwalader Brown and her daughter, Ann Kempton Brown, whom he married in Salt Lake City, October 14, 1853.



Dr. John Dunyon

From 1853 to 1865 he made his home in Salt Lake City and Pleasant Grove, Utah where he practiced his profession. He served as medical advisor and practicing physician for President Brigham Young and many other leading families of the Church. In 1856 President Young called him to go to the aid of the ill-fated Martin and Willie handcart companies, and, as a doctor, aided in their entrance into the valley. When Johnston's army attempted to enter the valley, Dr. Dunyon was made an officer of the Utah Militia and went as a doctor to help in the defense of the Saints. He was a member of the first City Council of Salt Lake and it was at this time that a close friendship developed between him and Daniel H. Wells.



To John and Ann were born ten children including twin boys who died at birth, and three other children who died in infancy.

From the leaves of an old family Bible in the handwriting of Dr. Dunyon is penned the following interesting record:

Sacred to the memory of:

Elizabeth Charlotte Liddiard. Born April 20, 1833, Eastwoodie, Hampshire, England. The daughter of Levi Aaron Liddiard and Ann Hanson. She was baptized February 22, 1848 in England by Thomas Squires. She emigrated to the City of the Saints in the fall of 1863 in very feeble health and immediately took worse and died Oct. 21, 1863 at the residence of Dr. Dunyon and was buried in the Great Salt Lake City cemetery. Previous to her death she requested to be sealed to me and hence will bear my name and be registered among my family.

Dr. Dunyon owned two city blocks with homes on each. One was located on First South and Third West, but because of general prejudice by the Saints against doctors, he decided to change his occupation. About twenty miles south of the city was the Porter Rockwell Ranch, or Halfway Station, where stages stopped on their way through the territory or on to Southern California. This ranch was held by Mr. Rockwell by virtue of squatter's rights and consisted of an eight-room adobe building where travelers could be housed and fed, and two large frame barns for teams and wagons. The water for the house came from a natural spring in the hillside where an old brewery stood. It was for this property that Dr. Dunyon traded one of his Salt Lake homes. There were approximately fifteen hundred poles on the place, which he agreed to buy at the rate of three poles for a dollar. After the Dunyons moved to the ranch it was discovered that a mistake had been made in making out the papers and they read \$3.00 a pole. Mr. Rockwell held Dr. Dunyon to this part of the contract and as a result the family lost the other home in the city.

Dr. Dunyon, with the aid of his wife, children and mother-in-law ran the Half-Way Station as an inn. A large sign hung near the house on which was printed "Our Mountain Home — Meals at all hours by J. L. Dunyon." Besides running the inn the Dunyons homesteaded enough land to total 640 acres. Upon this land was located hot springs which Dr. Dunyon discovered contained medical properties and which he hoped would bring in additional revenue when he would be permitted to resume his medical career. In the meantime ranching was carried on and he devoted considerable time and money to mining, all of which was to no avail. The railroad went through to Provo in 1877 and it took away much trade from the inn. Ann became seriously ill and was confined to her bed for eleven months. On June 22, 1877, she died of typhoid fever and, on that hot June day, a sorrow stricken family brought her remains

for twenty miles over a dusty road in a white-top light spring wagon to the city cemetery.

The following story is told by Lewis Dunyon, a grandson: John Ennis of Draper constantly flaunted grandfather with the fact that he had no faith or he would not be a doctor. Grandfather did not want to retaliate but rather win the good favor of Brother Ennis. He was the possessor of an army coat which was very precious to him. He knew that Brother Ennis admired the coat, so one night Grandfather went to the Ennis home and without seeing or telling anyone, left the coat. This developed into a lasting friendship between the two men.

Dr. John Dunyon died April 18, 1879 at the age of 68 years, in Salt Lake City. At the time of his death, according to his records, "the family property consisted of land near the Point of the Mountain (part of which is now occupied by the State Prison), a gray mare, one cow, and a bay stallion." His policy as a doctor was: "If I make you well you pay for my services — if I don't you pay only for the medicine."

During his lifetime Dr. Dunyon wrote hundreds of prescriptions or recipes, as they were called in pioneer days, which he copied in two large books. They are now in the possession of his grandson, Joy W. Dunyon, who furnished this data. The following are taken from his writings:

Elixir of Life: 1 lb. gum myrrh,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. aloes,  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. saffron,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. hops,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. rhubarb,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. camomile, 2 oz. cayenne, 4 oz. cinnamon, 4 oz. cloves, 1 lb. anise seed. Add water to cover well, strain, boil and add water so that there will be 5 or 6 gallons in all. Take lb. each of the following either poplar, boneset, jimson or balmory. Boil in water, strain and boil down so as to make in all 8 gallons, then add sugar, boil it with the bitter decoction and skim, then add it to the former mixture, flavor with essence of wintergreen and bottle. Dose 1 tbs. six times a day.

Hive Syrup: Senega snakeroot 1 oz., Virginia snakeroot, 1 oz., saffron 1 oz., Queen of the meadow 1 oz., bloodroot, 1 oz., lobelia 1 oz. Add 1 quart whiskey, boil the dregs, obtain 1 quart. Add one quart of molasses, 4 oz. essence of hemlock and 4 oz. essence of sassafras. Dose 1 tps. to a tbs. every one or two hours in proportion to age.

Cherry Cordial: 1 lb. black cherry bark, 4 oz. red raspberry leaves, 4 oz. columbo, 4 oz. peach leaves; 1 lb. grape vine, 4 oz. sumac bark. Add sugar, then add one gallon myrrh cordial. Beautiful tonic.

Liver and Dyspepsia Bitters: 1 oz. bloodroot, 1 oz. May apple, 1 oz. rhubarb, 2 oz. senna, 2 oz. bitterroot, 1 oz. jalap. Make 4 quarts tincture. Now take ragweed, 4 oz., peach leaves, 8 oz., 8 oz. rei root, 4 oz. columbo. Make 2 gallons. Add essence of wintergreen, sugar and spices.

## FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MARTHA COX

The Saints in Council Bluffs suffered much from ague. They employed as medicine the herbs that grew in their vicinity. My father *James Cragun*, brought from Missouri four gallons of whiskey to be distributed among the afflicted families to preserve their herb bitters — to keep them from souring. He had given out three gallons, the rest remained in the five-gallon keg behind the door, a source of worry to my mother, *Eleanor Lane Cragun*; who feared it might become known to the Indians nearby and make trouble for the people. But father said, "Don't cross the bridge 'till you come to it," and he did not bury the keg as she had asked. Now mother always planned in advance the crossing of her bridges, notwithstanding my father's frequent injunction to note waste worry. The result was that she was seldom caught unaware — a saving thing in those perilous times.

There was split log lying in the yard, one left from the building of the cabin — rejected probably for its thinness. This she carried in and placed behind her bed which she had drawn away from the wall. On looking under the bed this hewn log gave all the appearance of the wall behind. She meant to bottle the gallon of whiskey and store it in the cavity between the board and the wall. Father bought the liquor on his own responsibility, and if trouble came, she felt there were none to depend on for support or justification.

A half-breed Indian and his squaw wife lived near the Mormon settlement and were very sick of ague. My father gave the mother a gill of whiskey and charged them to put it in their medicine, but the husband got the whiskey and drank it, then told his wife to cook the bottle with her bitters. A family row ensued and the wife took her trouble to her tribe or people, who forced her to tell them who gave her the whiskey, notwithstanding her promise not to tell.

Mother had scarcely gotten her rendezvous prepared when eleven Indians came to her door and demanded whiskey. She told them she had none, but the leader of the gang stepped up to the keg behind the door, gave it a shake, and smelling of the cork, said, "That's whiskey, give me some." She told him it belonged to her husband at work two miles away in the field. The Indian took her little boy on a horse to show him the way and he went to bring my father. The rest of the Indians, she gave dinner under some trees away from the house. While they ate she emptied the whiskey out of the keg and stored it away in her prepared receptacle, leaving about a pint in the jug. To that she added water sufficient to make up a quantity that would shake well.

Father rode home with the Indian. He was pale and trembling for he knew what the consequences would be for making the Indians drunk. Mother was calm, reassuring, and when she quietly said, "It's so weak I don't believe they will have it," he knew that all was well. He told the Indians that it was mighty poor whiskey — that he

had been cheated. But they would go in and try it. They each took a drink and generously left some in the keg, then went away satisfied.

### A PIONEER MIRACLE

*Gottlieb Berger* was born in Switzerland. When only three years old, he came to Utah with his parents, arriving in 1860. Being such a small child he had to ride in a wagon across the plains. One day he was looking over the sides of the moving vehicle, when he lost his balance and fell to the ground, partly under the wheel, which crushed his head quite badly. Everyone thought he would die, excepting his mother who had faith that he would recover if the brethren would bless him. They gladly performed this service, anointing the wound with consecrated oil.

Everyday the mother dressed the injury and bathed it with oil. It healed quickly, leaving not even a scar, and to the surprise of all, his mind was not injured; in fact, it was unusually keen and he always had a remarkable memory. His brothers often remarked that he had an advantage over them as his brain was "oiled" when he was young.

—*Lillie B. Baker*

### "WARTS"

*Jacob Terry* was born July 4, 1805, in Palmyra, Ontario County, New York. In 1828, he married Catherine Hannah Brown. She died September 28, 1838, leaving five small children. Jacob then married Mary Maria Riley Burns, a young widow who had come to Canada from Bermuda. The family lived in Canada until 1840, when they moved to Pike County, Illinois, and later to Nauvoo, Illinois. Jacob was baptized a member of the Latter-day Saint Church in 1842 by the Prophet Joseph Smith. In 1852 the family came across the plains settling in Willow Creek, later called Draper, where the rest of the Terry family were already established.

Ten years after Jacob moved his family to the Dixie Cotton Mission, where they were called to settle the little town of Rockville forty or fifty miles east of St. George. The sight that greeted them was not too inviting. Through this narrow valley ran the Virgin River, placid and peaceful in dry weather, but a roaring torrent, sweeping everything in its reach during high water and flood time. The mountains on both sides were rather beautiful of themselves, but the towering, majestic, highly colored sentinels to the east, known as the Zion Ledges, were beautiful beyond description.

But to Jacob Terry and the other settlers, their attention was centered upon the soil, rather than the surrounding scenic beauties, and the job of dividing the land agreeably for farming purposes, laying out a townsite so that homes could be built, etc. Dams had to be built in the unpredictable river, ditches dug so the land could be watered, and the ground made ready for spring planting. The first

settlers made dugouts and little log houses with willows and dirt roofs. On one occasion the "Old River" went on the rampage in flood time, just as a child was being born in the dugout of Ammon Tenney. It looked as if the mother would be swept away, like everything else that was being taken in the raging torrent; but Mr. Tenney was able to get help in time to move his sick wife, bed and all, to higher ground. However, the baby that made his appearance into the world at this unfortunate time would never be able to forget the lucky escape at his birth. He was given the name of "Marvelous Flood Tenney." This incident happened at Lower Rockville, or Adventure.

The lot that Jacob Terry built his home on in this rock-bound village, was one of the choice ones of the town, being almost in the center, close to the public buildings. Here the family worked hard to make a livelihood. Jacob, being a well educated man, assisted in teaching the school for the village youngsters. Many stories were told about his teaching career and many more on other interesting subjects.

It is said that he was a source of great joy and comfort to those who were afflicted with warts. It seems he was the possessor of a small store in which he had all kinds of trinkets, such as cheap breast pins, tie pins, pins for the hair, etc. He would trade or sell a little pin for each wart a child had. After the "trade" was made the wart was supposed to disappear.

Dan Crawford, a nephew, recalls that when he was a youngster he had quite a few warts on his hands. His father took him to Uncle Jacob's to trade them in, or sell them, and he was given a pin for each wart. On the way back home to Springdale, Dan happened to remember one wart he had forgotten to tell Uncle Jacob about. He looked and sure enough it was still there but all the others were gone.

Mary Marie, daughter of Nate Terry, tells about Jacob taking off her warts. "I remember selling my warts to Grandpa Terry. He gave me a little pin in exchange for the wart. Another way he had of curing warts was to get a small smooth stone and rub it on the wart; he then would carry the pebble with him until he came to a large stream of water, throw it in, and if he didn't hear a splash, the wart would go away."

After twenty years in Rockville, Jacob sold his home and made his way to Mesa, Arizona. He was then 78 years of age. He opened a little store in the home of his son, Nathan, where he sold notions, and candy. After living there some years he had a desire to return to Draper, Utah. In Draper, Jacob was cared for by his good neighbors and the Relief Society Sisters. This grand old man passed to the Great Beyond in 1898, at the age of 93 years, and was buried in the cemetery at Draper.—*Nora Lund*

## VALUED RECIPE

My great-grandmother, *Amanda Bradley Henrie*, was eighteen years of age the winter of 1847, in Winter Quarters, Nebraska, when she, with many others, became a victim of the dreaded black canker. She lay desperately ill in the bottom of a wagon — her only shelter. Her mother, *Betsy Kroll Bradley*, and step-father, *George W. Bradley*, were desperate not knowing what to do to relieve her suffering. One day an elderly lady came to their camp and upon learning of their daughter's condition said, "Sister Bradley, I think I can help your girl." She gave the mother a bottle containing some sweet syrupy medicine of a brownish-red color with instructions that it be given Amanda in one-teaspoonful doses three times a day. This kindly woman then proceeded to tell Mrs. Bradley how to prepare the medicine. She told her how to burn the copperas on a fire shovel over live coals; how to add the golden seal, and other ingredients. After completing her instructions, she left and was never seen again.

Betsy made more of the medicine and Amanda continued to take it as directed. Within a few days the sores began to disappear and soon she had fully recovered. This recipe was handed down in the family from mother to daughter. Betsy made and sold it in Nephi and Moroni, Utah. Amanda made and sold it in Manti; and Myra Henrie Olson, Amanda's second daughter, made and sold it for many years to the people of Moroni and surrounding communities of Fountain Green, Mt. Pleasant, Chester and Wales after the death of Grandmother Betsy.

This recipe is still cherished in the Olson family and still made and sold by some of its members to people who remember its curative values.—*Callie Olson Morley*

## INDIAN TEACHINGS

*Rosetta Annie Chapman* was born September 5, 1834, in Hubbardville, New York, the first child of Welcome and Amelia Riseley Chapman. Her parents joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints when she was an infant. They came to the Valley of the Great Salt Lake when Rosetta was fourteen years of age in the fall of 1848.

On September 20, 1850, when Rosetta was sixteen, she married Jerome B. Kempton, thirty years of age. He had been a member of the Nauvoo Legion and a captain of one of the companies who crossed the plains. When their fourth child was born they moved up Big Cottonwood Canyon, where Jerome built a blacksmith shop for the accommodation of teamsters hauling logs and timber for the Bingham mines. Because Jerome could understand and speak the Indian language and had proved that he was an able mediator between the Indians and white people, he was offered the position of Indian agent at Fort Bridger. He moved his family there in 1859, and stayed

for two or three years. Here Rosetta learned much from the Indians about the use of herbs and plants for the treatment of various diseases and ailments. She became very adept in the use of all kinds of herbs, plants, clay, roots and other natural remedies. While at Fort Bridger, Jerome was kept busy at his work of blacksmithing and gunsmithing for emigrants who passed through on their way to Utah and California. Once he received a barrel of sugar in exchange for work. He let the children eat all they wanted, not realizing the danger of making them ill. Hattie, then four years of age, became very ill, and in spite of all her parents could do, grew steadily worse. James prevailed upon the Indian medicine man to come and see the little girl. Within a short time the child recovered.

Rosetta and Jerome were the parents of thirteen children. After her husband's death in 1899, she went to Idaho to live with her sons, where she passed away in 1914, at the age of eighty years.

—*Crystal Potter Lewis*

## EMILY

*Emily Stewart Barnes* was born May 3, 1846, in Colmworth, Bedfordshire, England, to William Stewart and Mary Ann Marriott. The family set sail from England, after having become members of the Mormon Church October 2, 1850, on the *James Pennell* to gather with the body of the church in Zion. Emily could not remember much concerning her trip across the plains in 1851, since she was then just five years of age; but, she could recall many of the hardships endured by her family during the first months spent in their wagon-box home.

By the winter of 1851-52, the family moved into a small log cabin and conditions began to improve. When Emily grew to young womanhood she became acquainted with John R. Barnes and several years later married him as his plural wife. Emily became the mother of eight children.

Since there were neither doctors nor apothecaries in early Kaysville, the inhabitants, to obtain medicines were constrained to rely upon the folklore of their native lands and to utilize the new plants of the botanical families to which they were accustomed in their old homes. They became extremely resourceful, self-reliant, and intelligent in the application of remedies for all ailments. The following were taken from Emily's notes which she compiled through the years:

Gathered Breast: Boil washing soap in milk. Cut a center hole in a cloth, spread the mixture over the cloth and apply it to the breast.

Fever: Drink plenty of garden sage; bathe in wild sage, and sometimes drink wild sage, but be careful as it is very powerful.

Canker: Drink raspberry leaf tea and suck a little upon a lump of alum.

**Colds:** When any of the family had a cold we would take an old shawl, put around the shoulders, and eat a large bowl of onion gruel. We put mutton tallow on a piece of brown paper, applied it to the chest, then went to bed, warmed with the woollen shawl. Next morning we would take a cup of horehound tea and then another. Within a few days we would be well.

**Earache:** Roast a large onion until it cracks; take out the inside of the onion, put it in a thin cloth and put it in the aching ear. Place a big cloth around the head to keep it in place. Another cure was putting three drops of consecrated oil into the ear, then apply a flannel bag filled with warm ashes.

**Tonsilitis:** Roast a big potato, cut it in half, then put a half on each side of the throat. Keep repeating until well.

**Toothache:** Slap a plantain leaf until wilted then put it on the face. It was also treated by scraping carrots and putting some in the tooth inside and out. Then, if not relieved, put a hot pancake on the face with a flannel around the head to keep it in place.

### SET APART

*Elizabeth Burns Ramsay* was born March 21, 1823, in Walton, Durham county, England, a daughter of John and Jane Emerson Burns. She later became the wife of Ralph Ramsay who carved the eagle on that famous gate. They were Latter-day Saint converts and left England for America March 18, 1856, coming to Utah with the handcart company of Daniel McArthur which arrived in Salt Lake City September 26th of that year.

Elizabeth Ramsay had no medical training — just an assignment and a blessing from President Young in which she was set apart as a nurse, midwife, and doctor. With confidence, faith, and the will to do, she successfully operated, amputated, set broken bones and cured the common ailments of that period. She delivered over three hundred and fifty babes without losing a case, President Heber J. Grant being one.

After several years of practice in Salt Lake City, the family was called to settle in Richfield, Sevier county, Utah, and still later they were called to colonize St. Johns, Arizona. Here the cowboys and Mexicans gave the Saints much trouble. With the help of her son John, she removed bullets, and when one found its mark they would carry the body into the back room of the saloon, hold an autopsy and declare the person dead of bullet wounds. She even helped cut down the bodies after lynchings to declare them dead of broken necks. This treatment was extended cattle rustlers and cheating gamblers.

In Richfield, the office of Grandma Ramsay, as she was lovingly called, was in her home which still stands just east of the Sevier County



Courthouse. It had a table, a few chairs, several shelves filled with pills, powders, ointments, liniments, salves, cough and worm remedies, and many other items too numerous to mention. Her instruments consisted of a few scalpels, needles, scissors, tweezers, sawblades, a small hammer, a spool of heavy thread or twine, and a few obstetrical instruments with a package of scorched cloths—oven sterilized.

Transportation was by horseback or team and wagon. Once when a man in Joseph, Utah had been seriously gored by a bull, men raced for help with only the running gear of the wagon a distance of more than twenty miles, changing horses for fresh ones along the way. They put Elizabeth by the rear wheels and the cotter-pin came out, causing the gear to separate and spilling her onto the ground. Fortunately she was not hurt. When they arrived in Joseph she soon had the injured man comfortable and he lived many years to tell about it.

Ofttimes the simple remedies used by these first doctors, mixed with a generous amount of faith and prayers, were as potent as the wonder drugs of today. Some of these common cures were:

Ox-pile pills made from the bile found in the gall bladder of a slaughtered beef. The bile was mixed with browned flour and rolled into pills.

Quinine was mixed with moistened bread crumbs and made into pills for the treatment of common colds.

—*Melissa Ramsay Cluff*

## DOCTOR OF HERBS

My grandfather, *Henry Hughes*, was a doctor of herbs. At the annual fair held at Logan City, Cache county in September, 1880, he was awarded a diploma for the best collection of medicinal plants by the Cache County Agricultural and Manufacturing Society. He went among the sick taking various herbs with him which he steeped into a tea or made plasters from them. My Grandmother went with him as a nurse. They received very little remuneration for their services and gave it willingly to all in need.

During the summer and fall months they went along the ditch banks, in the meadows, on the hills, and mountains and gathered every useful kind of herb. There were other varieties growing around their homes. I remember a patch of Tansy which grew on both sides of the walk. I walked through it many times admiring its beauty, though not realizing its usefulness for medicine. Among the medicine used by my grandparents were:

Wild sage simmered in water and strained with a little whiskey to preserve it. It was used as a tonic and also for hot packs in cases of bruises and abscesses. Tame Sage steeped slowly for a tea is used for upset stomach; also when mashed up in a tsp. of olive oil was used for worms. Verbine tea was used to induce perspiration.

Lobelia was used for nearly everything that ailed you. When you had taken it you were afraid you were going to die; then later you wish you would die because it made you so ill.

Brookline tea, for the blood, was taken in the spring. Worm-wood in large amounts of water, simmered down to a small amount, and some brandy added was considered a sure cure for Mountain Fever. Rabbit Brush and Tea Weed was used for rheumatism. Marsh-mallow Weed was used for poultices and hot packs in cases of infection.

Clover Blossom tea was used to build up the blood. Elm Bark combined with yeast was used as a poultice for ulcers when there was a tendency to gangrene; also used as an antiseptic. Peach Tree Leaves simmered in water was used as a sedative, controls nausea and vomiting.

Cough Syrup, my mother, Sarah Hughes made. One pint of best vinegar. Break into it one egg. Shell and all should be left overnight. In the morning it will all be eaten except the white skin which must be taken out. Add 1 pound of loaf sugar. For an adult take one tsp, three times a day.

Disinfectant: In case of smallpox or any other contagious disease cut up an onion and put it in the sick room. Replace it every hour with a fresh one.—*Mary A. Bird*

### "DID YOU?"

I remember when children wore asafetida bags as a deterrent to contagious disease germs. Many, too young to have shared in this odd bit of home doctoring or "cure all" have escaped the worst smell known to "preventive medicine." To make an asafetida bag you sewed several lumps of the evil smelling stuff into a small sack with stout stitches. There it swung from frost until corn planting time, when germs presumably went away for the summer. Once in place, the asafetida bag was never changed, never removed. By winter's end, it had taken on quite a patina. And if the passing of time thinned or diluted the richness of its aroma, memory denies it. Mercifully, not all the kids were obliged to wear these germ repellants. But even a contaminated minority created a fearsome stench in a one-room school housing a hot stove and fifteen or twenty children. Did the asafetida bag safeguard the wearer? Well, yes, but only because no germ with any other alternative would approach him for any reason, good or bad. Neither anybody else. Isolated as he was, what disease could he get? He breezed through the winter sleek and healthy, while the unprotected exchanged germs freely, and "came down" with everything.—Newspaper clipping.

It is said by many of the pioneers that when the asafetida bag lost its strength it was "recharged" by dipping it in alcohol. I do remember a good pioneer medicine recipe which follows:

Canker Medicine: One tbs. golden seal,  $\frac{1}{2}$  tbs. bayberry, one lump alum, 2 tbs. honey, 1 cup horehound tea. Steep the horehound one hour, and pour off one cup of tea. Put a lump of alum the size of a large marble in the skillet and heat it until it turns to a white powder. Mash this cooled powder with a knife blade until it is fine. Then mix the golden seal, bayberry, and alum powder with the honey. Pour into a saucepan containing the horehound tea. Let simmer two hours, cool and pour into a bottle with a cork, or screw top. Dose, one teaspoonful every four hours.—*Natalia S. Farr*

### "A BLACK CAT"

*Lyman Lafayette Wood*, son of Levi and Roxana Creston Wood, was born in Fredonia, Chautauqua county, New York. He came to Utah in 1848. In 1869, he, with his wife, Maribah Ann Bird, was called to go to the Muddy Mission in southern Nevada. They later went to Panaca where they made their home for sometime.

In 1917, while Lyman was visiting with his daughter, Mrs. George Edwards at Panaca, an aged Indian came to their home and asked to see Lyman. After the two friends had chatted for awhile the Indian turned to Lyman's granddaughter and said, "Your grandpa was all same papa to me. He fed me and was heap good to me, but he know when I not do right." He then related how he was the leader of some Indians who had done wrong and had received just punishment.

Lyman Wood was a good Latter-day Saint and active in Church work. His firm belief was to act a sermon as well as to preach one. He was the presiding Elder of Hebron Ward in Washington county, and his home was open to everyone. His eldest daughter, Maribah Woods Edwards, remembers when two strangers came to their home during a severe storm. Both of the men's feet were frozen. With water from a well near the house, Lyman saved the feet of one of the men, but the toes of the other, Charles Riggs, had to be amputated. Lyman was a splendid nurse using mostly nature's remedies. He cured blood poisoning with poultices made from the gum of pine trees. He cured croup and pneumonia with cold water packs.

At one time when a case of pneumonia would not react to the cold water treatment, he, with the help of an old Welsh lady cured one of his own children, Roxa, with the skin of a black cat. Perhaps the skin of another colored cat would have done the work as well, but "Grandma Jones," as all lovingly called her, said: "The darker the cat, the surer the cure." Before the cat was hardly dead they had its skin off and on the sick child. The electricity in the skin seemed to draw out all the poison from the body of the sick girl. He always kept rattlesnake oil on hand from snakes he had killed, never using what anyone else had, for fear the snake had bitten itself and

therefore would be poison. It was considered very good for rheumatism.—*Charlotte Malinda Woods Terry*

### BRIGHAM YOUNG'S STEAM BATH

During pioneer times and while the Lion House was occupied by members of Brigham Young's family, there existed in the basement a tall, wooden structure used as a steam bath. It was three feet square by seven feet high and had a six foot door which opened outward and which was caught on the outside by a small wooden latch. About the height of the latch in the door was a narrow vertical slot in which was fitted a six-inch panel. This could be raised by the occupant for ventilation or to pass his hand through to release the latch.

Inside, the structure was equipped with a bench across the back made of heavy wooden lathes and a wooden lathe floor. Beneath the floor was a metal tray about six inches deep with a small round aperture near the top and covered with a perforated tray. Boiling water was poured into the tray from which steam arose to fill the bath. A round hole in the ceiling about ten inches in diameter suggests that a steam compressor was also used by adults to augment the amount and temperature of the steam.

A granddaughter of the Church president once related her experience in this steam bath. To cure a heavy cold, her mother wrapped her in a quilt, which had been wrung out of boiling water, placed her on the seat in the bath, and left her here ten or fifteen minutes to steam. When she came out, she was given a hot toddy and put to bed. By morning her cold was much improved. Today, the treatment is not much different: a vaporizer has replaced the steam bath and aspirin, the toddy.—*Ivy C. Towler*



Brigham Young's Steam Bath

### FAITH AND WORKS

While living in Spanish Fork Great-grandmother, *Caroline Butler*, had an old Scotch lady for a neighbor who had lost her hus-

band while coming across the plains. In his later life Great-grandfather, John Lowe Butler, suffered a great deal from rheumatism and this dear, old Scotch lady gave him her husband's beautiful broad-cloth cloak which was lined with Scotch plaid. Its warmth seemed to add a healing touch to his aching limbs. He used to sit for hours wrapped up in this great cloak where he could catch the sunshine early and late. After his death the old Scotch cloak still held its spell over the little Butlers.

One day the baby girl, the youngest of twelve children, had a terrible earache and the cloak was warmed and put around her, completely enveloping her in its magic spell as off to sleep she drifted. Years later the old Scotch cloak was made into much needed clothing for some of the littlest Butler children.—*Louella Dalton*

*Annella Hunt* was born February 15, 1862, in the little Mormon Settlement of San Bernardino, California. A year later the family moved to Beaver, Utah, and, in young womanhood, she married Orin Kartchner who was born in that city, February 20, 1864. Later they moved to Snowflake, Arizona. Thalia, their daughter, remembers many of the pioneer remedies used by her mother in their own home, such as the bread and milk poultice which was good for any kind of swelling, including bee-stings, thorns or slivers. A thick plaster of the mixture was put in a cloth, or small bag, then several thicknesses of clean cloth were wrapped around the affected part and left on overnight.

A flax-seed poultice was used to relieve the pain of erysipelas. It was also used on the chest for bad colds, or to relieve congestion of the lungs. In the latter case, a change to a hot poultice was made every hour.

A thick, old-fashioned, oatmeal mush was the basis for a mustard plaster. In cases of croup, or pneumonia, where there was congestion, oil, lard, or sweet cream was rubbed on the skin to keep it from blistering. One level tablespoonful of mustard was stirred into the mush, then it was put in a bag and flattened into a plaster. A layer or two of cloth was put on first, such as a piece of old sheeting, then the hot plaster was laid on, and covered with another layer of cloth. This was left on for two hours and when it was taken off, great care was used to keep the patient from being fanned with cold air. Layers of warm cloth were left on all night, or until the sick one was to be sponged off, to remove the perspiration, which was usually profuse.

At other times soft, sticky pine gum was gathered and placed in a container with a lid. In cases of sore lungs, a thick cloth was spread with the melted gum and put on the skin as hot as the patient could stand it. Usually it was left on until the soreness was gone. To "peel" such a plaster off, one would kneel in front of the fireplace to soften the plaster; then a little coal-oil was put at the edges

as the peeling took place. Some skins were too sensitive for this plaster and there would be a fine red rash where the plaster had been — but it did the work. Another use of pine gum was to melt equal portions of the gum with beeswax and mutton tallow, to make a salve. This was very healing for cuts and sores of any kind. Sage was commonly used for bruises, the stocks were put into a cloth and bound on the spot, and it took the soreness out.

"Brigham's tea" was a good spring tonic, but one had to know this bush, with its jointed stocks. It had a bitter taste. A handful of stock was washed and boiled until a brown tea was made, then it was strained, kept in a cool place and used for drinking water. This was also used to relieve the pain of rheumatism. Another spring medicine was molasses and sulphur. The sulphur was stirred into the molasses until it was quite thick. A heaping teaspoonful was quite a laxative, one must not overdo the dosage.

A soap and sugar salve was used to draw out the core of a boil. Laundry soap was warmed and worked in the palm of the hand with a case knife until it was softened, then as much sugar as could be absorbed into it was worked into the soap. It was bandaged overnight, and when it was taken off the next morning, more than likely the core would be with the plaster.

The following was taken from the diary of my grandfather, *William Decator Kartchner*, a member of the Mississippi Saints:

On the 6th day of June, 1879, I took sick with a pain in the bowels and dropsy developed. On June 28th, I attended conference and got worse. Kept to my bed for sometime. On September 4th, I was able to sit up a little. My neighbors and acquaintances proposed several remedies and every one applied seemed to help me, among which was bitter aloes in whiskey for a purgative and the wild milkweed root in whiskey — large tablespoonful every six hours for a few days, then every morning until I was well; also grapevine bark ashes, a teaspoonful in a little wine every morning. In five days seven gallons of water ran from me through the natural channel. Up until January, 1880, I continued to take the milkweed root, which is the best of all the remedies.

My father's youngest half-sister, *Sarah Emma Kartchner Miller*, gave us two remedies which she said were excellent for congestion of the lungs. One was a mush made of cornmeal stirred into boiling vinegar. Sprinkle cayenne pepper into the mush, then proceed as with other packs. The other was to wring towels out of hot water with a tablespoonful of turpentine in it. Keep it as hot as you can handle it; put a dry towel next to the skin of the patient. Keep a rotation of hot towels on the lungs for an hour, then dry the skin by patting it instead of rubbing. Put camphorated olive oil on the lungs, then a plaster made of metholatum and lobelia seed, which can be purchased at any

drug store. This may not be as old fashioned as some of the other remedies, but she claims it is most effective.

My father used to point out a flowering weed, or plant, with soft gray colored stocks and leaves. The flower was small and bright red. When his mother had erysipelas on her face, she had the children gather some of these weeds which she called "slippery elm plant," and cooked them into a soft mass. Then a poultice was made, with a clean cloth, and applied to the swollen parts. It took the swelling down and must have been effective in relieving, or killing the germs that caused the infection. My mother had one attack of erysipelas on her hands. They were red and swollen, and very painful. A dear lady from Mississippi came to see her, and told me to go to the general store, which had one section of drugs and medicines and buy a small bottle of iodine and one of laudanum. These were mixed in equal parts and I was to paint mother's hands. This was very effective in taking the swelling down and relieved the pain immediately. A cure followed rapidly and mother never had erysipelas again.

*Mary Fowler*, wife of Pioneer *Henry Fowler*, made an herb powder which her daughter, *Laura Roper*, says was used by many of the early residents: 2 tsp. golden seal, 2 tsp bayberry, 1 tsp. powdered egg shells, 1 tsp. gizzard peeling, 1 tsp. ginger. Mix with equal parts of sugar. Take  $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp. 2 or 3 times daily for stomach trouble. Three or four times a day for diarrhea.

*Irene Harrison* said that a sure cure for gall bladder trouble is to drink apple juice for three days. Take no other food. A sage brush solution was used in cases of piles. Wild sage brush was gathered and steeped. The patient sat in a pan full of the warm solution to relieve the pain.

*Janet Marshall* writes that her father *Chris Ottesen* obtained the following recipes for a salve from *Dr. Oldroyd* when they were both residents of *Fountain Green*. Beeswax cut fine; mutton tallow cut fine; powdered rosin and a piece of old shoe leather cut fine. Mix all together and apply to wounds.

*William Howard*, pioneer dentist, always used a pinch of salt in the cavity after pulling a tooth to take out the soreness and help in the healing process, according to his granddaughter *Flora Jensen*. Egg yolks and sugar were mixed together and used as a poultice in their home. It was found that a paste of cream and flour taken in tablespoonful doses was an effective cure for diarrhea.

*Irene Gardner* says her pioneers used a thin salves made of powdered rhubarb and lard for minor injuries.

*Sariab Pulsipher*, early pioner, had her own recipe for inflammation and the prevention of lock-jaw says Margaret Young who sent in this original recipe: First cleanse the wound by bathing it in a warm soap solution or salt and water. Mix 1 tsp. salt with saliva and bind on the wound with clean cloths. It usually took two applications.

*Alice Nicholls Foxley Hughes* was one of the early pioneers of Kaysville, Utah. In common with other first settlers she became acquainted with the curative values of many of the herbs that grew in gardens and in the immediate vicinity of her home. Among the medicines she used was the cactus root, peeled and pounded into a pulp to be applied as a poultice for blood poisoning; Sweet Minnie weed made into a poultice or as a tea bath for milk leg. She found that tea made from Sweet Mary plant leaves or blackberry leaves was useful during the menopause. Matab weed made into a tea was an effective cure for dysentery.—*Cora Foxley Danielson*

*Elizabeth Carter Thomas* was born in Worcestershire, England, March 28, 1811. She came to Utah in 1852 with her husband, Charles Thomas, and their four small children. Two more children were born in Illinois; two in Iowa, and two in Salt Lake City. Their home was a large two-story building in the Seventh Ward in Salt Lake City.

"Grandma Thomas" spent much of her time ministering to the sick. During the summer and fall months she would gather herbs and roots which she carefully dried and stored. When sickness came to her family and neighbors, she was often called upon to aid them. She was seventy-eight years of age at the time of her death, loved by all who knew her.—*Eliza Beach Johnson*

*Emma Billings Holt*, my grandmother, came across the plains in 1864 when she was fifteen years of age with her grandmother, her own parents having died when she was very small. Grandmother Holt told us of the medicines used by the pioneers when they first came to the valley and consequently we children were frequently given catnip tea to purify our blood, especially in the spring. It was also administered for baby's colic. A favorite remedy for all stomach ailments was peppermint tea. During the fall months we children gathered a supply of herbs and tied them to the rafters in the attic to dry. They were then used as needed.

Years later I was healed of a gall bladder attack by the use of yarrow. Grandmother told me of the many people who were cured of similar diseases by drinking tea made from this plant. Everything we tried had failed to help me, so we went to the farm and gathered some yarrow. Tea was made of it and I took it regularly for two days. On the third day I had the worst attack I had ever had. The Elders were called in and gave me a blessing. The next day I finished the yarrow



tea and since that time I have never had another attack. Even now I take yarrow to cleanse the liver twice each year.—*Amy O. Warner*

*La Preal B. McKnight*, daughter of pioneer *Lilly Cluff Hardman*, relates that when her eldest son, *Lynn Bell* was about four years of age he was in the habit of chewing his shirt front, and after he was in bed persisted in chewing the pillow cases. Her mother-in-law, *Nettie Bell* told her the child had worms and advised her how to make a medicine that would cure him. She was to gather cedar branches and put them into the oven to dry until they could be powdered. Then a little sugar was to be added and this mixture given to the boy. After a few doses he was cured of the worms and the chewing.

*Polly Derby Mecham*, my grandmother, it is claimed was cured of an unknown malady in the following manner: She had been a practical nurse and home doctor in many families, but neither she, nor anyone else, seemed to be able to find a cure for her sickness. She became very weak and was unable to move any part of her body, except to wiggle one big toe. The family stood mournfully about the room and she knew they expected death to claim her at any moment.

One day a man came to her bedside and taking the wasted hand said, "Madam, you are a very sick woman, but you are not going to die. If you could see your liver it would scare you. It has ulcers on it as big as my thumb. Have watercress brought and eat as much of it as you can every day and you will get well." Watercress was brought from the spring close by and the simple directions followed. *Polly* became a well woman. As "Doctor woman" she helped five hundred women through confinements and was known and loved throughout Wasatch county for her services to mankind.

—*Celestia B. Rasmussen*

*Kezia DeGrey Hall*, pioneer of 1857, was a woman of great faith and high ideals. Her thoughts and actions were always in behalf of those who were sick and in need, for her special gift lay in the realm of nursing. From her patriarchal blessing received when she was first married, she found her calling. Among other things she was told she would go among the Saints in Zion, nursing the sick and afflicted.

The Saints in Southern Utah were more or less isolated because of the slow method of travel throughout the territory during those first years, and medical assistance from a qualified doctor was scarcely known. Consequently those who had any inclination for doctoring or nursing helped in any way they could in times of sickness, and *Kezia DeGrey Hall* was just such a woman. She spent long hours studying medical books, books on obstetrics, and all known diseases, that is to say — any books available to her.

At one time Kezia was the most sought after woman doctor in the nearby towns of Springdale, Shonesburg, Grafton and Virgin, because of her willingness and her knowledge. Regardless of weather or the condition of the roads she was ever ready to serve.

Since it was almost impossible to secure medicines, Kezia made her own remedies. Some of them were unique in their contents such as charcoal poultices, vinegar, bran and catnip, cooked together and put in a small sack and applied hot as a poultice; cough medicines made of sweet balsam; "bitters," as she called it, made from grape wine and certain portions of mountain grape root, quaking aspen bark and choke-cherry bark.

Kezia died at Rockville, Washington county, Utah, on July 25, 1905. The memory of her good life will long be remembered in the communities in which she served so faithfully.—*M. S. Wood*

*Martha Ann Tuttle*, pioneer of 1848, handed down the following recipes: People suffering from carache were often relieved by placing the core of an onion, which had been thoroughly warmed in the oven, in the ear. A cloth was then bound around the head to keep the onion in place. Axle grease and pieces of salt bacon were used to draw boils to a head. Sore throats were healed by gargling with salt and vinegar in water.

Baby's colic was soothed by making catnip tea to which a little sugar had been added to make it more palatable. Another cure was an article called a spice jacket. This was a double sleeveless shirt to cover the chest and back. A thick coating of spice was sprinkled between the two layers of cloth, then it was stitched together. This jacket could be left on the baby for sometime without fear of burning tender skin.

A good pioneer remedy for ring worms was to burn paper on an ax. The resulting material was then rubbed on the ring worms and it is said people afflicted with them were cured within a short time.—*Hazel Gasser*

*Ruth Peterson Lyman* writes that her family settled in a remote section of Garfield county, in a little village called Boulder, many miles from any kind of medical help. In case the children suddenly contracted croup they were given olive oil on sugar, in more severe cases coal oil on sugar which, with the help of a mustard plaster, most always loosened the tightness in the chest.

Inflammatory rheumatism was alleviated with cloths wrung out of hot sage tea. A salve that served as the family cure-all was made from the sticky sap of pinion pine, mutton tallow, beeswax, castor oil, and any other healing agent available. When there was a broken arm or leg, small splints were whittled out of board, the bone pulled into place, and bandaged tightly on the splints with yards of white cloth. A doctor was seldom contacted and there was little sickness and few deaths.

*Rosalia Washburn Lewis* remembers grated raw potatoes made into packs and when applied to sore eyes was very effective in drawing out the inflammation.

The pioneer women tried to keep their hands as smooth as they could in spite of their strenuous labors. They often made a lotion from one part glycerine, four parts witch hazel, and four parts rose water. As a rule rose water was made by pouring boiling water over dried rose petals. Mutton tallow was also used for chapped hands.

*Ellen Breakel and Alexander Neibaur*, pioneers of 1848, gave these recipes to their daughter *Ellen O'Driscoll*:

The crowsbill, a geranium-like plant, with white or pink blossoms was dug up for the roots and after they were cleaned and steeped, the resulting tea was given to babies for summer complaint. In pioneer days it was often believed that an infant must be given some herb to bring out a rash which was supposed to cleanse the system of its impurities. This was usually accomplished by using saffron, a bulbous plant of the crocus family—the dried stigma of which yields a deep yellow dye. The baby not only had a rash after drinking the tea made from this herb, but its skin also turned a yellow color. But, nevertheless, it does appear that the babies benefitted from this treatment.

Wild sage was gathered in the spring and tea made for a tonic. It was used on the animals if they became sick, and also applied on sores and bruises for both man and beast. Salt was usually added to the hot sage tea for soaking sprains. Hops were used in much the same manner.

A much used canker medicine which was also good for sore throats consisted of a mixture of alum, saltpetre, golden seal, bitter aloes and sage tea. Little bags of camphor were hung around the neck and served much the same purpose as the well known asafetida bags used so commonly in pioneer days.

*Eliza Barton*, while living in Paragoonah, Utah had a small herb garden. She was the daughter of Miles and Nancy Pace Anderson, and was born near Murfreesboro, Tennessee, March 1, 1835. Her parents joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in 1841, and gathered with the Saints in Nauvoo, Illinois. The family shared in the trials during the days of the Nauvoo expulsion, crossing the plains to Utah in the year 1851 with oxtteams. After a short stay in Salt Lake City the family went on to Parowan.

Eliza married Joseph Penn Barton in Parowan, May 21, 1854, and shortly after the young people moved to Paragoonah where she assisted in numerous ways to help build up the community. When the Relief Society was organized in Paragoonah, she was chosen president and served in that capacity for more than twenty-five years.

"Aunt Lisa," as she was lovingly called by both young and old, was a successful practitioner in obstetrics since 1876. She carried on

this work until almost the time of her death. Besides this she served as family physician and nurse in nearly every household in that community. In her garden she raised various herbs with curative properties such as garden sage, saffron, wormwood, peppermint, red clover, rhubarb, rosemint, arrowroot and many others. She made mild drinks out of barley, ginger root, and sassafras bark which we called tea. Uncle Joseph was a carpenter, and I remember once when I was visiting them, a baby belonging to one of the other families, died. He made a little wooden casket, then brought it in the house and placed it on the table. He painstakingly covered the coffin with white outing flannel. Aunt Eliza made a tiny pillow and trimmed the inside of the casket with lace.

Her life, rich in experience, ended January 15, 1912.

—*Eliza Anderson Gunn*

*Emma Helene (Lena) Colton Davis* sold to the people of Minersville and surrounding communities, a canker medicine said to be exceptionally good: 2 tbs. lump borax, 2 tbs. alum, 1 tbs. copperas. Burn each separately on an iron griddle. Steep one handful of garden sage in  $1\frac{1}{2}$  qts. boiling water, strain and add the above ingredients, plus 1 tps. nutmeg. Boil about 10 min. or until dissolved. Set aside overnight. In the morning pour off clear liquid and add  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups of honey,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar and 2 tps. golden seal to the liquid. Boil 10 min., strain through clean cloth, then heat again. After it has cooled a little while, bottle. Use for sore throats and all mouth and throat irritations.

*Mary Ellen Eyre Mathews*, 88 years of age, says that people having pneumonia in early days used a wagon grease poultice on the chest and back. Another cure for this disease was cloths wrung out of a hot solution of lard and turpentine placed on the chest and then covered with a wool jacket.

*Alveretta Robinson* recalls that when she was a child of six or seven years she suffered intensely from an ingrown toenail. Her mother, Hannah Cornford Corbridge, had tried several treatments but to no avail. Her father then decided that he would try his old remedy. He collected some fresh droppings from a cow which was placed on the sore toe while still warm. She says, "I thought it was a funny thing to do, but it did heal my toe. One other use for this remedy was when father had some broken ribs and was in a great deal of pain. The same kind of poultice was applied to the painful area. It eased the pain and apparently helped to heal the broken ribs. It was a proven remedy of a Utah pioneer, my father, William Corbridge, who came to Utah in 1852 at the age of fourteen years. If he was still with us he could tell many incidents concerning pioneer home remedies and their successful results, but this one I will never forget."

*Mary Ann Coridbge Hamblin*, who came to Utah in 1851 used this recipe:

1 tps. paregoric, 2 tps. honey, 2 tps. castor oil, 1 tps. spirits of nitre, 1 tps. syrup of squills, not quite a tps. lobelia, not quite a tps. ipecac (small trailing tropical plant.) Mix all the ingredients and give  $\frac{1}{2}$  tps. as necessary.

An effective cure for breaking fever was one drop of aconite (common monkshood) in one tablespoonful of water administered in teaspoonful doses every hour.

*Amelia Christensen* writes that her grandmother made the following salve which was used for burns and other abrasions. It is still used in their home and is considered as good or better than many commercial salves. 10 tbs. melted rosin, 10 tbs. melted beeswax, 10 tbs. melted mutton tallow, 1 tbs. carbolic acid,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  tbs. turpentine, 1 tbs. camphor. Thin with olive oil or chicken fat.

*Ann Campbell Sinclair*, one of the first midwives to arrive in the Session's Settlement (Bountiful), lent her assistance to the women residing in the south end of Davis county from July, 1848, the date of her arrival to June 30, 1857, the time of her death. Her daughter Ann Sinclair Scott Marshall, who assisted her mother, took over when her mother passed away and served the public faithfully from that date until her death on September 3, 1903.

The transportation of the midwife or doctor was sometimes rather unique. A man, whose wife was about to give birth to her first child, came for Mrs. Marshall. The couple lived some distance away and he told Mrs. Marshall that he had borrowed a cart in which she was to ride. When she stepped outside of her home there stood a cart with no horse between the shafts. Not stopping for explanations, she was helped into the cart; he placed himself between the shafts and started off down the road as fast as he could go. When his speed slackened she playfully tapped him with a whip and thus they arrived in plenty of time for the "birthday party."

Early in the 1870's Richard Duerden and his wife Sarah A. Starkey Duerden, were the owners of a community store. In this store they had a section for the distribution of drugs. Some aids for the sick sold by them were: Senna leaves, laudanum, saffron, syrup squills, camphor, Grafenberg pills, asafetida — purchased in pills or blocks — quinine, castor oil, bought in quart containers and then measured in ounces for sale, golden seal, etc.— *Edith H. Terry*

*Maggie Haslam*, early Utah pioneer, kept a scrapbook from which the following recipes were taken:

**Caked Breast:** Bake large potatoes, put two or more in a woolen stocking; crush them soft and apply to the breast as hot as can be borne; repeat until relieved.

**Tape Worms:** Refrain from supper and breakfast. At 8 a.m. take one-third part of two hundred minced pumpkin seeds, the shells of which have been removed by hot water; at 9 take another third and at 10 the remainder. Follow at 11 with a strong dose of castor oil.

**Burns:** One teacup of lard and the whites of two eggs; mix well, then spread on cloths and apply, changing as often as necessary.

**Nosebleed:** A key suddenly dropped down the back between the skin and clothing, will often immediately arrest a copious bleeding.—*Hilda Morgan*

*Jonathan Clegg* and his wife *Ellen Clegg*, early pioneers, were known for their medical services among the settlers of Provo Valley. While crossing the plains many times they offered their help to the weary travelers, putting poultices of stale bread and water on swollen feet too inflamed to go on. Sometimes, when water was not available they gave a fever victim a piece of linen cloth dipped in vinegar to put in his mouth. They used quinine in many ways, this being the most ancient medicine known to man. It was especially useful in cases of scurvy and cholera.—*Ethel D. Johnson*

*LaPreal Veater* contributed the following pioneer remedies: An effective liniment was made of one cup of vinegar (white), 1 tps. turpentine, 1 egg white. Put in bottle and shake well. Rub on painful spots.

For a nosebleed, place a cold cloth on the back of the head and put a piece of brown paper between the teeth.

A good blood purifier was made of horehound made into tea, also hops and dandelion tea.

Warts were removed by rubbing them with kerosene morning and night.

Scorched flour was used for baby powder.

#### PLANTS COMMONLY USED BY THE PIONEERS

Decoctions are solutions procured from the various parts of herbs by boiling them in water.

Infusions are solutions of vegetable principles in water, effected without boiling.

Tinctures are preparations obtained by subjecting medicinal herbs to the action of alcohol.

**Aloes:** Native of South Africa. Grows four feet high. Leaves are thick and fleshy, with a few white spots. Spike a foot long, flowers scarlet and filled with purplish honey. Medicinal part, juice of the leaves.

**Bayberry.** Wax Myrtle. Native of Canada and United States. Varies in height from 2 to 12 ft. Flowers in May followed by small

globular berries. The medicinal part is the bark but the wax is also used.

**Bitter Root:** Dog's bane, Milkweed, etc. Indigenous to United States, five or six feet in height. Every part of the plant is milky. The officinal part of the plant is the bark.

**Blue Flag:** grows in moist places in the United States, two or three feet in height, bears blue or purple flowers in May and June. Medicinal part the rhizome.

**Blue Vervain:** An erect tall elegant plant with small purplish blue flowers. Native of England and United States. Widely used as an herb and also the root parts, for medicinal purposes. Called Wild Hyssop or Simpler's joy.

**Boneset:** Thoroughwort grows on the borders of swamps throughout United States, flowering in August and September. Called boneset because it was formerly supposed to cause rapid union of broken bones. Medicinal parts tops and leaves. Flowers white and very numerous.

**Bloodroot:** Red Puccoon. Medicinal parts root. Grows in woods and thickets of United States. The fresh root is fleshy, round and from 1 to 4 inches in length. Readily reduced to a powder. Flowers from March to June.

**Columbo:** Is a climbing plant. The medicinal part is the root which is covered with a thin brown skin, marked with transverse warts. It is a native of the southeastern coast of Africa. The flowers are small.

**Golden Seal:** This indigenous plant has perennial root or rhizome which is knotty and creeping, internally of bright yellow color. The flower is small white or rose colored and the fruit resembles a raspberry. The root is the medicinal part of the plant.

**Horehound:** This well known herb has a white or hoary appearance. Is a native of Europe but has been naturalized in the United States. Grows on dry sandy fields flowering June to September. The whole herb is medicinal.

**Jalap:** Medicinal part, the root, which is tuberous and fleshy. Grows in high altitude principally in Mexico.

**Myrrh:** Medicinal part, the resinous exudation. This plant has a pale gray bark and yellowish-white wood. The myrrh tree grows in Arabia. The juice flows naturally, like cherry tree gum, upon the bark which is soft at first then hardens to form gum myrrh. It is readily powdered.

**Plantain:** Grows in various parts of the United States. The leaves are ovate and dark green. The flowers are white. It grows in the woods and under evergreens. The leaves are the parts employed and yield their virtues to boiling water.

**Queen of the Meadow:** Gravel root, Trumpet weed. This is a herbaceous plant with perennial woody roots with many long dark

brown fibres. Grows five or 6 feet in height with purple flowers. Grows in low dry places in northern, western and middle states. Flowers in August and September and has a smell resembling old hay.

**Saffron:** Safflower. Grows about two feet high, flowers numerous and orange colored. This plant is cultivated in England and America, although it is a native of Egypt. The orange-red florets are the officinal parts.

**Senega:** Snake Root. This indigenous plant has a hard, branching root with a thick bark. Grows from eight to fourteen inches and has white flowers. Found in various parts of the United States on hillsides, flowering in July. More abundant in the West and South. The root is the medicinal part of the plant.

**Valerian:** Native of Europe and America. Has a tuberous root which is the medicinal part used. Besides the valerianic acid, the root contains starch, albumen, resin, mucilage, etc.

**Wormwood:** This is a perennial plant with a woody root. The whole plant is covered with a silky hoariness. Grows about two feet in height. Flowers from June to September. The tops and leaves are the parts used, found in most parts of the world.

**Yarrow:** Common name Milfoil, Thousand Seal, Nose-bleed. Grows from ten to twenty inches high. The flowers are white or rose colored. Yarrow inhabits Europe and North America and is found in pastures and meadows, flowering from May to October. Has a faint peculiar fragrance.

Lobelia is an annual or biennial indigenous plant, with a fibrous root, and an erect, angular, very hairy stem, from six inches to three feet in height. The leaves are alternate, ovate-lanceolate, serrate, veiny, and hairy; flowers small, numerous, pale blue; fruit, a two-celled ovoid capsule, containing numerous small brown seeds.

Lobelia flowers from July to November and grows in nearly all parts of the United States, in fields, woods, and meadows. The whole plant is active and the stalks are used indiscriminately with the leaves by those who are best acquainted with their properties. The root is supposed to be more energetic, medicinally, than any other part of the plant. The proper time for gathering is from the last of July to the middle of October. The plant should be dried in the shade and then be preserved in packages or covered vessels, more especially if it be reduced to a powder. It was used in domestic practice by the people of New England long before the time of Samuel Thompson, its assumed discoverer.

Administered internally it is emetic, nauseant, expectorant, relaxant, sedative, anti-spasmodic, and secondarily, cathartic, diaphoretic and astringent. It is extensively used to subdue spasms, and will give relief in epilepsy, tetanus, cramps, hysteria, cholera and convulsions; but it is merely of temporary relief when administered internally, and if not used with great skill and caution in that way, may do as



much harm as good. Applied externally, in the form of an ointment, combined with healing and soothing barks and roots, it is decidedly the best counter-irritant known to mankind. In this shape its equal has never been discovered, and probably never will be. In other shapes it may be useful; but it is also dangerous unless given with care.—*Dr. O. Phelps Brown Complete Herbalist*

**Infusions:** Compound Infusion of Geranium: Take geranium root, sweet bugle leaves, golden seal root, witch-hazel bark, each, in coarse powder, one ounce; boiling water, four pints. Mix and allow to stand in covered vessel, two hours, applying gentle heat; then strain. Two drams of alum may or may not be added. Used in chronic diarrhea and dysentery, in one or two tablespoonful doses, every two or three hours. Also used as a gargle in ulcerations of the mouth and throat.

**Compound Infusion of Trailing Arbutus:** Take a "queen of the meadow" root, dwarf elder bark, marshmallow root, and trailing arbutus, each, coarsely bruised, half an ounce; add to them one pint of boiling water, and one pint of Holland gin and steep by the fire four hours, in a closely covered vessel. Strain, and sweeten with honey. Excellent for gravel, suppression of urine, scalding of urine, and various other disorders of the urinary organs. Dose, from an ounce to a wineglassful, with more or less frequency, according to the urgency of the case.

**Hedge Mustard:** Stimulus to the stomach and to relieve coughing. Also used in the form of an infusion (tea) to clean ulcers and wounds. Boil an ounce of seeds, or a quantity of leaves in a quart of water and wash sore parts twice a day.

**Hedge Nettle:** Made into a tea and drank freely is excellent for hemorrhages of the lungs and stomach. In doses of one-half wine-glassful four times a day, it relieves neuralgia. A poultice of the leaves also relieves neuralgic pains and aids in the cure of wounds. Used at times as a tea to promote menstruation and kill worms.

**Asparagus:** Used as a table dish stimulates the kidneys. In the form of a tea drunk at three or four hour intervals, it promotes the flow of urine.

**Red Pepper:** The pioneers used this as a gargle for scarlet fever. It was prepared by taking one-half teaspoonful of the pepper and one tablespoonful of table salt to a pint of boiling water. Thoroughly mix and strain and then add about a half teacupful of vinegar. Used frequently as a throat gargle. Give internally one-half teaspoonful every hour to a child, doubling the amount for adults. Red Pepper is also recommended as a cure for grippe, in the form of tea of the pods or the ground pepper. One tps. to a half pint of water. Place a teaspoonful of the tea in a glass of hot water and drink slowly every three or four hours. In confinement, in hemorrhage cases, it should be taken cold. Taken hot it was used to begin labor.

**Blue Flag Root:** Wash and clean. Pound it, add a little water, and strain out the milky juice. Add sufficient red pepper to make it a little hot to the taste. This is an excellent remedy for dyspepsia. Dose one tbs. three time daily. Benefits the action of the liver and the pepper also stimulates the stomach.

**Barks:** Barks should be gathered as soon as they will peel easily in the spring. Leaves and herbs should be collected just before they begin to fade in the autumn. Flowers, when they first begin to blossom. Seeds, just before they are ripe. Roots may be dug at any time, thoroughly washed, cleaned and dried.

**American Poplar** is a good tonic and is a good remedy for chronic rheumatism, dyspepsia and general debility. Use only the inner part, dried and powdered.

**Oak Bark** may be given with advantage in fever and ague, diarrhea and bleeding of the lungs. It is also good as an external application. The acorns, when roasted, are believed to be a remedy for scrofula and other skin diseases. A strong tea of the bark has also been recommended as a wash for old sores and foul ulcers. A poultice made of powdered bark will relieve pain, and is also considered a good remedy for sores and ulcers. Dose: Make a tea of the bark and take in such quantities as may be deemed necessary.

**Peach Bark** is a sedative and will control nausea and vomiting. It also possesses mild tonic properties. Dose: Make a strong tea of the bark and drink a wineglassful three times a day.

**Crab Apple Bark** has been known to cure chronic rheumatism. The bark is powdered then put into a sufficient amount of whiskey to make a strong tonic. Take a wineglassful three times daily until a gallon is consumed.

## PIONEER OINTMENTS

**Ointments — Burns, Frost-bites, etc.:** Equal parts of turpentine, sweet oil, and beeswax. Melt the oil and wax together, and when a little cool add the turpentine and stir until cold, which keeps them evenly mixed.

Apply by spreading upon thin cloth, linen is the best. I used this salve upon one of own children, only a year and half old, who had pulled a cup of hot coffee upon itself beginning on the eyelid and extending down the face, neck and breast, also over the shoulder, and in two places across the arms, the skin coming off with the clothes. In fifteen minutes from the application of the salve, the child was asleep, and it never cried again from the burn, and not a particle of scar left. It is good for chaps on hands or lips, or for any other sore. If put on burns before blistering has taken place, they will not blister.

**Garden and Kitchen Salve** for burns and frost-bites: Live-for-ever and sweet clover leaves, camomile and sweet elder, the inner

bark, a handful of each; simmer them in fresh butter and mutton tallow, of each  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb.; when crisp strain out and add 2 to 8 oz. of beeswax. Spread very thin on thin cloth.

The white of an egg beat up, then beat for a long time with a tablespoon of lard, until a very little water separates from them. I have found this good for burns.

Felons: A poultice of clay from an old house, made and kept wet with spirits of camphor. Also a salve made by burning one tablespoon of copperas, then pulverizing it and mixing with the yolk of an egg, is said to relieve the pain and cure the felon, in twenty-four hours; then heal with cream two parts, and soft soap one part. Apply the healing salve daily after soaking the part in warm water.

Salve for common purposes: Bitter sweet and sweet elder roots, of each  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lbs.; tobacco three-cent plug. Boil all in rain water to get out the strength; then put the herbs in a thick cloth and press out the juice, and boil down carefully to  $\frac{1}{2}$  pt., then add unsalted butter 1 lb.; beeswax and rosin, of each 1 oz. and simmer over a slow fire until the water is all out.—*From an Old Doctor Book*

### PIONEER POULTICES

Poultices: Bread and Milk: Break up bread into small pieces, pour on boiling milk and stir well until the mass is brought to the thickness of mush. Spread upon a cloth and apply to the surface intended to be poulticed.

Flaxseed Meal: Place the ground flaxseed in a basin and pour on boiling water, mixing it thoroughly, so there will be no lumps. Spread it a quarter of an inch thick on folded cloth and lay over it a piece of cheese cloth. Apply as needed.

Slippery Elm: Moisten the powdered slippery elm bark with hot water, spread and apply as directed for flax seed meal poultice.

Yeast: Take about one pound of oatmeal and add to it one-half pint of yeast and heat the mixture until it swells. Apply on cloth as in other poultices.

Charcoal: Powder fresh charcoal and mix it with bread. Pour on warm water and stir it thoroughly and apply in such quantities as may be deemed necessary.

Onion, Turnip, or Carrot: Boil the onions, turnips, or carrots, and stir in sufficient cornmeal to make a thick paste. Apply warm to the surface.

Mustard: Mix ground mustard with warm water and apply next to the skin, or for milder effects place a thin cheesecloth between the skin and the poultice.

Bran: Place the quantity of bran required, according to the size of the poultice, upon the top of boiling water, and when the heat

has penetrated the bran, stir it gently in. Pour off the surplus water, and apply the poultice as hot as can be borne.

**Ginger:** This is made like a mustard poultice, using ginger instead of mustard. A little vinegar is sometimes added to each of these poultices.

**Hops:** Boil one handful of dried hops in a half pint of water until the half pint is reduced to a gill, then stir into it enough Indian meal to thicken it.

**Stramonium:** Stir one tablespoonful of Indian meal into a gill of boiling water and add one tablespoonful of Stramonium seeds. (Thorn apple or Jimson weed).

**Eye Preparations:** Burn alum, and mix with the white of eggs and put between two cloths and lay it upon the eyes; taking salts and cream of tartar, equal parts, to cleanse the blood.

Garden rhubarb, the juice of the root applied to the eye has cured bad cases of inflammation.

Raw potato poultice for inflamed eyes, is one of the best application in recent cases, scraping fine and applying frequently.

**Tooth Powder:** Take a quantity of finely pulverized chalk, and twice as much finely pulverized charcoal; make very fine; then add a very little suds made from Castile soap, and sufficient spirits of camphor to wet all to a thick paste. Apply with the fingers, rubbing thoroughly, and it will whiten the teeth better than any tooth powder you can buy.

### SALT AS A PIONEER CURE

Common salt possesses great curative properties and it is an excellent household remedy and always at hand. Heated and dry and applied to outer surfaces over the seat of the inflammation or congestion, it will give almost instant relief. Applications of hot solutions, of salt and water or vinegar will act like magic upon toothache, neuralgia, headache, and other similar diseases.

For catarrh and sore throat a spray of warm water and salt applied often, will cure almost every case if taken in time. For hay fever and those other slight forms of nasal diseases which produce constant sneezing, there is no remedy more quickly effective, and often curative, than the vapor of heated salt and alcohol. Heat it and breathe in the vapors for 10 minutes at a time, four or five times a day.

For sensitive and bleeding gums, apply salt and cold water once or twice a day. A sure cure. Slight bleeding can be easily checked by the use of salt and water. Tender feet may be cured in a very short time by a daily brisk rubbing with cold water and salt. A pinch of salt in hot water, taken just before or just after eating, greatly aids digestion, and has cured many cases of dyspepsia.

A cup of hot water and salt will sometimes quiet the severest vomiting when nothing else will.

Caution: Salt eaten with the food in too great quantities is very injurious. Too much salt dries up the blood, and gives the skin a yellow appearance.—*From an Old Doctor Book*

### PATENT MEDICINES

The pioneers had come a long way from the time when barbers were surgeons and medicines were dispensed from door to door in huge pots, from which comes our word "apothecary" — a pot he carried. But their medicines were still crude and some of their cures filled with superstition. These superstitions gave way to a faith in a personal God who heard and answered prayers. However, faith without works was not good and each home had remedies for various ailments. In Manti, where I was born, I remember many simple, but effective remedies, among them the poultices made of many things: soap and sugar, bread and milk, flaxseed, and for deep wounds, like nail punctures, salt pork saturated with turpentine which was applied to my leg after running a barbed wire into it. My mother used white of an egg on her face to draw out a growth. From the diary of my father, *Moses Franklin Farnsworth*, pioneer of 1853, comes this excerpt: "I had an eruption, or gathering on my right breast when I was a small boy. It was supposed to be cancerous. After much nursing and using cream and fresh peeled elder bark, beaten, or whipped, on a pewter plate, it was finally healed."

Patent medicines, which meant that they were protected by a trade mark, were available to all and used by many. The following advertisements were taken from an old copy of the Manti Messenger:

Bismark's Iron Nerve was the result of his splendid health. Indomitable will and tremendous energy are not found where Stomach, Liver, Kidney and Bowels are out of order. If you want these qualities and the success they bring, use Dr. King's New Life Pills. They develop every power of brain and body. Only 25¢ at W. W. C's.

A Narrow Escape: Thankful words by Mrs. A. E. Hart of S. D. "Was taken with a bad cold which settled on my lungs; cough set in and finally terminated in consumption. Four Drs. gave me up saying I would live but a short time. I gave myself up to my Savior, determined if I could not stay with my friends on earth, I would meet my absent ones above. My husband was advised to get Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. I gave it a trial, took in all eight bottles. It has cured me, and thank God, I am saved and now a well and healthy woman. Trial bottles free at W. W. C's Drug Store. Reg. price 50¢-\$1.00.

Robbed the Grave: A startling incident, of which J. O. of Philadelphia was the subject, is narrated by him as follows: "I was in a most dreadful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken,

tongue coated, pain continually in the back and sides, no appetite, gradually growing weaker by the day. Three physicians had given me up. Fortunately a friend advised trying Electric Bitters; and to my great joy and surprise, the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued to use it for three weeks and I am now a well man." Only 50¢ at W. W. C. Druggist.

Many a Lover has turned with disgust from an otherwise lovable girl with an offensive breath. Karl's Clover Root Tea purifies the breath by its action on the bowels, etc., as nothing else does. Price only 50¢ at W. W. C's.

Nerves and Heart are what do the work of life for the human body. Except by your sensations you know little of them, but they are untiring servants, sentinels and supporters. If they are strained you falter; if they are hurt you suffer; if they get weak you fail. Are you aware that Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier is the most precious agency known for stimulating the heart and nervous system. It cures Malaria, Debility, Dyspepsia, Low Spirits, Insomnia, Poor Appetite, Malnutrition, and Stomach troubles and builds up the run down or exhausted system. Try it. All druggists keep it at 50¢ and \$1.00.

Although times change it seems many of these ads have a familiar ring with our present day advertisements.—*Roxanna F. Hase*

*Martha Jane Knowlton* was born in Kentucky in 1821. Her parents had come from the New England states to try to better their financial condition. When she was eight years of age, they moved to Illinois and here she joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints when she was seventeen. The next year she married Howard Coray. They lived in Nauvoo until they, with other Saints, left for the west, arriving with their family in Salt Lake City in 1851. In 1855 they moved to Tooele county, and, in 1857, went to Provo, Utah to make their home.

Martha Jane was a very progressive person. She studied chemistry and related subjects, often using the herbs and other plants around her home for medicinal purposes. In 1875-76 she discovered how to make a liniment from the oils in sage. This she called "Lightning Oil" and applied for a patent to protect her discovery. The exact process used in extracting the oil is not known, but in her diary she mentions pounding the sage and then distilling the oil. This was sold in 1 oz. and 5 oz. bottles and was delivered to merchants in Ogden, Salt Lake City, Provo and the towns in the southern part of the state.

One entry from her diary tells that on Monday the 25th of June, 1876, she saw Captain Hooper in Salt Lake City and he wrote to the commissioner of the patent office for her. She then purchased a model still for \$5.00, and arranged with Robert Cleghorn, of the Z.C.M.I. Drug Store, to sell her Lightning Oil, homemade soap and hair wash, and returned to Provo the next day.—*Jennie N. Weeks*



## Utah Lakes

*The heavens declare the glory of God;  
and the firmament sheweth his handywork.  
Psalms 19:1*



NUMEROUS people from all over the world have wondered why the Mormon pioneers chose the Valley of the Great Salt Lake as a permanent home, realizing that the Great Salt Lake and its salty marshes covered a large area which seemingly would make the land unproductive. But theirs was an inspired choice for in the high mountains and surrounding country were thousands of fresh water lakes which would bring life-giving water to make their lands yield abundant harvests.

The Great Salt Lake is only a remnant of its predecessor, Lake Bonneville, which in ancient times covered an area ten times as great as the present lake. At its highest level Lake Bonneville spread over 12,640,000 acres, which included many of the most fertile valleys in Utah. It was 346 miles long, 140 miles wide and reached a depth of 1050 feet.

The shoreline of Lake Bonneville formed a pattern of bays, peninsulas and estuaries. Most of the present islands of the lake were submerged and many of the mountains were surrounded by water. The main body of the lake was in the present Salt Lake Valley, Tooele and Rush valleys and the Great Salt Desert. To the south extended Utah Bay which is now Utah Lake. Other bays extended west and south, the most important of which is the site of the now dry Sevier Lake. Escalante Bay extended within fifty miles of the Utah-Arizona line and, in the northeast, Cache Bay extended itself into the present day Cache Valley. It was through this bay that Lake Bonneville found its outlet through Red Rock Pass into the Snake River, thence into the Columbia, and on to the Pacific Ocean.

It is said that James Bridger, famous Rocky Mountain trapper, was the first man to have actually seen the waters of Great Salt Lake.

This was in the year 1824 when a group of William Henry Ashley's men, while descending the Bear River, placed wagers concerning the course of that stream and its point of discharge. When the fur brigade arrived in Cache Valley young Bridger was dispatched to float down the Bear River in a bull-boat to determine its ultimate destination. (Bull boats were constructed by stretching buffalo hides over a framework of sticks.) Bridger came into the lake at the present site of the Bear River Migratory Bird Refuge west of Brigham City. Because of the salty-tasting water he believed it to be an arm of the Pacific Ocean. This fallacious belief was soon disproved when the Rocky Mountain trappers plied their trade along the base of the Wasatch range. Among others who first viewed the lake were Etienne Provost, Jedediah Smith and Peter Skene Ogden.

Captain John C. Fremont, while en route to Oregon in 1843, made a trip into the Great Salt Lake Valley. Fremont imagined himself to be the first man to venture on the salt waters. On his return trip in the spring of 1844, he came through Utah as far as Utah Lake, returning east by way of Spanish Fork Canyon. In 1845, he again came west, passing around the southern shore of the Great Salt Lake and striking out across the desert to California. The trail Kit Carson found for Fremont across the salt desert contributed to one of the most tragic chapters in American history.

In 1845, the Donner-Reed company, consisting of eighty people with wagons, made their famous trek over Hastings Cutoff. They crossed the Jordan River and followed the south shore of the lake to the edge of the Great Salt Lake Desert west of the present site of Grantsville, enduring many hardships. It was the long delay in the Wasatch mountains and on the Salt Desert that spelled disaster for the ill-fated company in the high Sierras. Thirty-four of their members perished from cold and starvation. The trail of the wagons is still visible over the salt flats more than a century later.

Great Salt Lake is the largest body of water in western United States and occupies the bottom of the largest closed basin in North America—the Great Basin. It is the largest salty body of water in America, a vast sheet of water 75 miles long and 50 miles wide, the surface of which is approximately 4,200 feet above the level of the sea. The length and width varies with the seasons. Since the lake is almost completely surrounded by flat plains barely higher than its water surface, a slight rise in the water level extends its area considerably. The lake is fed by numerous rivers and small creeks, the principal streams being the Bear River, heading in the Uinta Mountains, which flows from its source in a northwesterly direction as far as Soda Springs in Idaho, where it takes a sudden turn west and southwest and finally enters Great Salt Lake a few miles southwest of Brigham City. The Jordan River which flows into it from Utah Lake and the Weber River.





Great Basin Lakes

The depth of the lake has not varied as radically as has its area. When Captain Stansbury sounded the lake during his survey in 1850 he found no place deeper than 35 feet. Since the lake is now so shallow, having a mean depth of 13 to 15 feet, an appreciable drop in the water level exposes sand bars and makes peninsulas out of islands. Hence, some of the islands have changed their status several times during the past century. The salt content of the lake is about the same as that of the Dead Sea in Palestine which contains 23 to 25 per cent salt. This dense water has a peculiar effect upon floating bodies. Captain Stansbury described his first swim in the lake as follows:

"The stillness of the grave seemed to pervade the air and water; and, excepting here and there a solitary wild duck floating motionless on the bosom of the lake, not a living thing was to be seen . . . A man may float, stretched at full length upon his back, having his head and neck, both his legs to the knee and both arms to the elbow, entirely out of the water. If a sitting position is assumed, with the arms extended to preserve the equilibrium, the shoulders will remain above the surface. The water is nevertheless difficult to swim in, on account of the constant tendency of the lower extremities to rise above it. The brine, too, is so strong that the least particle of it getting into the eyes produces the most acute pain; and if accidentally swallowed, rapid strangulation must ensue. After bathing it is necessary to wash the skin with fresh water to prevent the deposit of salt arising from evaporation of the brine. Yet a bath in this water is delightfully refreshing and invigorating."

It was on the 28th of August, 1849, that Captain Howard Stansbury arrived in Salt Lake City at the head of an expedition having as its object the exploration and survey of the Valley of the Great Salt Lake. Captain Stansbury was accompanied by Lt. J. W. Gunnison, like himself a member of the topographical corps of the U.S. Army; also by Lt. G. W. Howland, of the mounted rifles. These with fifteen others, comprised the surveying party. A few emigrants from California had traveled with them from the frontier. Rumors of the coming of the expedition, but not its real purpose had previously reached the valley, and considerable anxiety was felt and much speculation indulged in by the Mormon people as to the design of the government in sending it. The impression prevailed that the object was to survey and take possession of the lands upon which the Saints had settled, with a view of breaking up and destroying their colony. This fear had been enhanced by the arrival in the valley a few days before, of General Wilson, the newly-appointed Indian agent for California, previously named in the political letter of the Mormon leaders to their conferee Amasa M. Lyman. One of Wilson's men had boasted that the General held authority from the President of the United States, Zachary Taylor, to drive the Mormons from the land, and that he would do so if he thought proper. Evidently General Wilson did not think it proper, or his boastful attache spoke without authority,

for nothing came of it. It was supposed, however, until Stansbury explained that his coming was in no way connected with the malicious boast of General Wilson's subordinate.

Stansbury states that before reaching Salt Lake City he had heard of the uneasiness felt by the Mormon community over his coming and had been told that they would not permit a survey of the lake to be made, and that his life would scarcely be safe if he attempted it. "Giving not the least credence to these insinuations, I at once called on Brigham Young, the president of the Mormon Church and the governor of the commonwealth, stated to him what I had heard, explained to him the views of the government in directing an exploration and survey of the lake and assuring him that these were the sole objects of the expedition. He replied that he did not hesitate to say that both he and the people, over whom he presided, had been very much disturbed and surprised, that the government should send out a party into their country so soon after they made their first settlement . . . . The impression was that a survey was to be made of their country in the same manner that other public lands are surveyed, for the purpose of dividing it into townships and sections, and of thus establishing and recording the claims of the government to it, and thereby anticipating any claim the Mormons might set up from their previous occupation . . . . So soon, however, as the true object of the expedition was fully understood, the president laid the subject matter before the council called for the purpose, and I was informed, as a result of their deliberations, that the authorities were much pleased that the exploration was to be made, but did not yet feel able to incur the expense; but that any assistance they could render to facilitate our operations, would be most cheerfully furnished to the extent of their ability. This pledge, thus heartily given, was as faithfully redeemed!"

Captain Stansbury's company was the first party of white men who succeeded in making the entire circuit of the lake by land. He was assisted on his survey of Great Salt Lake by Albert Carrington, a Mormon. Mr. Carrington was a college graduate, well qualified to assist in this very scientific labor. Stansbury's party also surveyed Utah Lake and its vicinity, and explored a new route from Salt Lake Valley to Fort Hall. They remained a year in this region, spending the winter of 1849-50 in Salt Lake City. Stansbury wrote:

"The winter of 1849, a large boat was built for the survey of the Salt Lake. This was an achievement of no little difficulty, as almost every stick of lumber used in the construction had to be procured from the canyons piece by piece, and the planking, although the best material the country afforded, was so liable to split and crack that it was totally unfit for the purpose. Had time permitted, it had been my purpose to procure, before setting out, a couple of Francis's metallic lifeboats for this service, which would have saved much time and labor. The experience of the exploring expedition to the Dead Sea has fully proved the entire fitness of these boats for service

of this nature; and the ease with which they can be transported in sections, and be put together for instant use, will doubtless render them hereafter an indispensable part of the equipment for every exploration of a similar character. Where the use of wagons is practicable, these boats can readily be mounted on wheels and made to answer the purpose of a wagon box, and where this is not the case, their arrangement into sections will allow for their being packed and transported on the backs of mules with but little inconvenience.

"On our return to camp, we spread our sails merrily to the breeze; and although our boat was heavy and by no means a clipper yet we moved along in all the dignity and complaisance of a first-rate craft, persuaded that no other of equal pretensions had ever floated on the bosom of these solitary waters. After no little consultation, she was finally called the *Salicornia* or *Flower of the Lake*, which euphonious appellation the men very soon dispensed with for the more homely but more convenient one of *The Sally*. A small skiff had been procured as a consort to our frigate and after being fitted up and caulked, proved a very valuable addition to our marine."

#### ANTELOPE ISLAND

Antelope Island, the largest of the islands of the Great Salt Lake, is situated in the southwestern part. It is 15½ miles long and 5½ miles wide covering an area of 23,175 acres. On its western shore it rises abruptly from the lake but its eastern shore slopes gently toward the water. This island was named by Captain John C. Fremont when he visited the lake for the second time: "There is at this southern end of the lake a large peninsular island which the Indians informed me could at this low stage of the water be reached on horseback. Accordingly . . . I took with me (Kit) Carson and a few men and rode across the shallows. On the island we found grass and water and several bands of antelope. Some of these were killed, and in memory of the grateful supply of food they furnished, I gave their name to the island."

When Captain Stansbury made his survey he used Antelope Island as the base from which he did much of his work. "Like all other islands in the lake, and, indeed, all the prominences observed west of the Wasatch range and within its valley, it consists of long rocky prominences, ranging from north to south, rising abruptly from the water, and attaining an elevation of about three thousand feet above the level of the lake. A party was sent to the mountain to erect a triangulation station upon its highest peak. The officer charged with that duty describes the view from this elevation as grand and magnificent, embracing the whole lake, the islands, and the encircling mountains covered with snow—a superb picture set in a framework of silver.

"The southern part of the island is connected with the main shore by an extensive sand-flat, which, in the summer, is for the most part dry, but is frequently flooded to the depth of eighteen inches, the water of the lake being driven over it by every gale from the north. Upon cessation of the wind, the water recedes and then the depressions of the beach are filled with pools of shallow water, which, evaporating under the influence of the sun, leave extensive deposits of salt upon the sand. The beach is at all times sufficiently hard to allow the passage of wagons from the main shore to the island, which is constantly resorted to on account of its affording on the whole of its eastern slope one of the finest ranges for horses and cattle to be found in the whole valley. Being insulated from the main shore, it affords comparative security from the depredations of the Indians. On account of these advantages, and of its being accessible by water, I directed the herd which had been wintered in Tuilla Valley to be driven to this island. They were placed under the charge of the herdsman licensed by the Mormon authorities to receive all the cattle which may be committed to his care, he giving bond and security for their safe return, and being held responsible for any loss that may occur. The herd remained there until our departure from the country."

The central part of Antelope Island is due west of the courthouse at Farmington and is just fifteen miles distant. As early as 1848 the Mormon pioneers took charge of the Island and used it as a herd ground for their horses and cattle. For a time it was called Church Island.

Early in the spring of that year *William A. Potter*, *Albert Carvington*, *Jedediah M. Grant*, and others, mounted their horses and set out to make a survey of the country. Following down the east side of the Jordan River, they soon came to its mouth where it spreads out over many acres of land. Here they crossed to the west side and on to the south point of the Island. As they rode through the shallow water at the mouth of the river they saw numerous large fish, with their backs sticking up, nosing around in the mud. Brother Kimball said he thought they were porpoises, and thinking the lake would be full of them, called the Island "Porpoise Island." The fish, of course, as we know now, were nothing more or less than the big lumbering carp so prevalent in the Jordan River and Utah Lake.

The Island is connected with the mainland on the east by a bar made by the delta or alluvial deposits from the Jordan River. Following this raise in the lake's bottom through the shallow water they soon came to the Island. Resting their horses here, they sat and gazed in wonderment at the beauties of their surroundings.

We do not know in just what direction or what course they pursued when they again took up their journey, but it is safe to say that since they said farewell to their homes in Nauvoo and crossed the Missouri River, they had not seen anything quite so picturesque or so beautiful. Although only two and one-half miles to the sum-

mit of the Island, there is quite an elevation; on reaching the top one suddenly comes face to face with the crystal-like waters on the western slope. This little group of horsemen, after riding over the Island all day, camped for the night on the east shore by the spring. The next day they rode back to Salt Lake City and reported their findings.

Late in the fall of 1838 while riding at the north end of the Island, *Lot Smith*, *Fielding Garr* and *Heber C. Kimball* came unexpectedly upon a herd of antelope. From the time on it was also called Antelope Island by the Mormons. The first white man to live on the island was an old mountaineer called "Daddy Stump."

In the year 1849 the Church took possession of the Island and used it as a herd ground. In that year *Fielding Garr*, under the direction of *Brigham Young*, built the old church house. It contained five rooms. Nearby may be seen the place where they moulded the adobes from which it was built. The house is still in a good state of preservation. It is the center around which many thrilling episodes have been woven.

President Young and *Kimball* moved their horses and sheep there several years later, placing them in charge of *Joseph Toronto* and *Peter O. Hanson*. Several times they visited the Island themselves. Here in the summer of 1856 they, in company with several of their families, spent two or three days. The lake was quite high at the time, and both *Toronto* and *Hanson* met them at the lake shore with a boat and rowed them over, while the teams forded it. The time was pleasantly spent in driving over the Island and in visiting places of interest — bathing, boating and inspecting their horses and sheep. Old *Daddy Stump's* mountain home was visited. They drove their carriage as near to it as possible and walked the remainder of the way. Everything was found just as the old man had left it. It was located at the head of a small, open canyon against a steep mountain. The house was made of cedar posts set upright and covered with a dirt roof. Close to it was a good spring of water. The house and barn formed a part of the corral, and just below was his orchard and garden. The peach trees were loaded with fruit no larger than walnuts. (The old man, feeling that civilization was encroaching upon his rights, had picked up his belongings and driven his horses and cattle to a secluded spot in Cache Valley and the last heard of him was that a Ute squaw crept up behind him and cut his throat.) The party returned to the church ranch that evening and drove home the next day. *Fielding Garr* died in 1855, and a year or two later *Briant Stringham* took charge of the stock.

It was about 1860 that President Young, at the head of a party of prominent men, again visited Antelope Island. He took all of his clerks with him, the majority of whom were good musicians. They formed a splendid string band led by *Horace K. Whitney*, and many

pleasant hours were spent in listening to their sweet music. The party remained there three days.

Another important feature connected with this pleasure trip was the display of horsemanship. There were upwards of one thousand horses on the Island, the majority of them being almost as wild as deer. Briant Stringham, who was in charge, made it a point to corral every horse on the Island at least once a year and at such times they were branded, handled and looked after in a general way. President Young invited some of the most noted horsemen in the territory to be present on this occasion. Among them were such men as *Lot Smith, Judson Stoddard, Brigham Young, Jr., Len Rice, Stephen Taylor, Ezra Clark, Heber C. Kimball* and the *Ashby* and *Garr* boys and others.

On the morning of the fourth day, President Young and party returned home, and those who composed the company declared without hesitation that they had had "the time of their lives" and would always look back to this excursion on Antelope Island with the greatest of pleasure.

The wild horses that once roamed over it possessed characteristics peculiar to themselves, and in many ways seemed to be as intelligent as human beings. There were two reasons for this. In the first place they came from good stock. The Mormon Church, under the direction of Fielding Garr and Briant Stringham, invested thousands of dollars in valuable stallions and brood mares which were turned loose on the Island. In the second place, they became nimble, wiry and sure-footed by continually traveling over the rough trails of the Island from the time they were foaled until they were grown. . . . But with all their perfections, they had a weakness that made many a man's face turn red with anger — they loved their Island home, and it was hard to wean them from it. When a favorable opportunity presented itself during the summer months, they would take the nearest cut to the island, swimming the lake until they reached their destination. Lot Smith's favorite saddle horse played this trick on him several times, even taking the saddle with him on one occasion.

One of the most beautiful little nooks on the Island is on the top of the mountain about five miles from the north end. It covers nearly one square mile of ground and slopes to the west. It is made of low hills and shallow hollows, dotted here and there with cedar and other evergreen trees. Half a mile below is a small pool of living water, the only place within five miles where one can get a good drink. This was the home of the wildest horses.

In 1870, an antelope was seen galloping over the hills with a band of wild horses. It was probably the only one left to represent its once numerous kind. . . . Briant Stringham died in 1871, and, after that there was no interest taken in the island horses. There were then about five hundred and they were allowed to run wild. During the previous fourteen years the island was transformed from veritable wasteland into a prosperous farm. Many acres of land were plowed and planted, some

to grain and some to alfalfa. An orchard was started, a garden planted where almost all kinds of vegetables were raised. Soon after Mr. Stringham's death, his family moved away from the Island, some going to Salt Lake City and others to Bountiful to live. The Church authorities were anxious to get the wild horses off the Island and, in 1875, contracted Chambers, White & Company, agreeing to let them have one half of all they could deliver in Salt Lake City, and when this contract was completed it put an end to the horses which for some twenty years had been the joy and pride of the men who were prominently connected with the Island.

Antelope Island was affected by the government land grant to the railroad company. The Church, although in possession of and utilizing the entire Island, in reality could lay claim to only one section. The Homestead Act provides that a house shall be built and a home established for a certain period of time. This the Church had failed to do with one exception, the old Church House which had been erected in section ten. This new and unexpected turn of events practically brought to an end the activities of the Church so far as the Island was concerned.

White & Sons Company is credited with putting the first buffalo on the Island. It happened in rather an unusual way. *William Glassman* of Ogden was visiting with some friends in Texas. While riding along one day he saw a large herd of buffalo grazing in the fields. Thrilled by the sight of this herd he became interested and upon inquiry learned that they belonged to a man nick-named "Buffalo Jones." It is said that *William F. Cody* was nick-named "Buffalo Bill" because he loved to kill, but with Buffalo Jones it was just the opposite. His ambition was to own and preserve the buffalo. On his ranch in Texas he had over one thousand of them. Mr. Glassman purchased a carload, twelve in all, and billed them out to Ogden, but for some unknown reason they were side-tracked and unloaded at a place called E. T., a little railroad town southwest of Garfield in Tooele County. This was in the year 1891. They were herded and grazed there for some two years when they were purchased by White & Sons and transferred to Antelope Island.

In the year 1894, White & Sons Company bought ten head of elk and put them on the Island. Beautiful large ones they were. Unlike the wild antelope that once graced the island with their beauty and cunningness, they were more domesticated and liked to play close to the ranch where they were petted and fed from the hands of the women as well as the men. Unfortunately they were killed by workers at Salt-air beach who had spotted the little herd as they played on the opposite shore.—*Benjamin Brown, East of Antelope Island*

*P. E. F. Grants:* As a means of supplementing the Perpetual Emigrating funds the members of the High Council in one of its last legislative action in November, 1849, passed an ordinance providing that cattle left in the estray pound one month should be sold for the



benefit of the P.E.F. In consequence of this action, and because of the fact that many donations were in the form of livestock rather than cash, the Perpetual Emigrating Company very soon began to require a herd ground for its property. The islands in the Great Salt Lake were reserved for that purpose, and on September 14, 1850, the legislature of the State of Deseret, in formally incorporating the Perpetual Emigrating Company, validated this action by providing that the "Islands of the Great Salt Lake, known as Stansbury Island and Antelope Island, are hereby reserved and appropriated for the exclusive use and benefit of said Company, for the keeping of stock, etc."

During the winter of 1854-55 a series of grants or rights to herd grounds were issued by the territorial legislature. Stansbury and Antelope islands were granted to Brigham Young in behalf of the Perpetual Emigrating Company. Fremont Island was granted to Phineas H. Young, Albert P. Rockwood and Jesse Hobson. Promontory was granted to Lorenzo Snow. Over a three year period thirty-two grants were made, including four along the lake shore between Tooele Valley and the mouth of the Jordan. Until they were repealed in 1860, these grazing grants controlled by far the greatest proportion of the territory's desirable herd grounds.

*Joseph Seal* married *Mary E. Hinman* of Farmington in 1888. In 1891, they went over to Antelope Island with William Walker to cook for the men who were harvesting the crops and to help tend the stock. When they were not busy they would take their lunch and explore the islands. One day they came to an abandoned camp of the Mormon colony which the Church had sent to the Island each summer to care for the cattle and to make cheese and butter. They found three homes built of rock, doors sagging on buckskin hinges, small openings for windows, the fireplace where food was prepared was partly destroyed, broken utensils and dishes scattered around. An old black cooking pot was all that remained intact. At that time there were a dozen or so buffalo on the island. When they and the white-faced Herefords went on a stampede, every one ran for cover.

One day the Farmington Sunday School sponsored an outing to the island. Just before they arrived something went wrong with the steamboat, so they returned to Farmington pier which was just a little north of Lake Park, their summer resort.—*Lima Hunsaker*

*The Frary Family.* Among those who homesteaded lands on Antelope Island were *George Frary*, his wife, *Alice Phillips*, and their four little children, two girls and two boys. It was about the year 1890 that silver and copper had been discovered and there was some excitement caused by the discovery. A number of people located claims and also took up homesteads. Some of these were *David Leach*, *Wm. Frew*, *George H. Payne*, *Daniel C. Adams*, *Fred S. Luff*, *E. W. Senior*, *George I. Frary* and others.

Mr. Frary, full of ambition and hopes that some day fortune would smile upon him and his family, worked day by day on his homestead or at his mining claims while his wife, Alice, took care of their three-roomed hut and watched over their little flock. It was a happy little family that gathered around the hearth each evening when the father came in from work. The Frarys, for a very good reason, forsook their home on the Island for a time and moved to Syracuse, Davis County, where they could be among friends. In due time their expectations were realized, a child was born, and with her came all the joys and sometimes the sorrows that accompany such occasions.

Time passed, and Mrs. Frary was apparently well and went with her family back to their home on the Island. But shortly after a large fire was seen by their friends from this side glaring up close to their home. It was a signal for help. Mrs. Frary, whose health had not been so good since their return, was taken worse and her husband realizing her condition sent out the S.O.S. It was a very pathetic scene that greeted those who answered the call. Before their arrival Mrs. Frary had passed away. Under the direction of Bishop David Cook, services were held at the home on the Island. Many relatives, friends and neighbors crossed the lake to be in attendance. All that remains to be seen now, if perchance someone passes that way, is the foundation, a few boards scattered around, the spring of water, and the one-time well beaten path that leads to it, two or three shade trees, and close by—the lonely grave.—*East Antelope Island*

### SLATE QUARRIES

Rev. Ballard S. Dunn,  
Proprietor Antelope Island

Dear Sir: I have the honor to make the following report on the "Visscher" and "Matilda" slate quarries, situated on Antelope Island in the Great Salt Lake. The Visscher: That is an immense deposit or vein of the best slate roofing material that I have yet seen in an experience of over 30 years working and examining slate quarries and slate roofing. The actual expense in removing the superincumbent mass of coarse ——— and rocks that overlay the vein has been about \$12, and with an additional expenditure of \$500 there should be laid bare 20,000 squares of ——— roofing slate after allowing for an unusually great loss in the breakage of slate by blasting, etc. And I estimate that at this rate of expenditure for uncovering the vein, there could be exposed sufficient of block slate to make 200,000 squares of slate roofing equal in texture and strength, while it is superior in color, to the very best Welsh slate. The quarries would be considered a valuable property in any country where slate roofing is used, but situated as it is so near the great trans-continental railway, midway between Missouri Valley and the coast of California, I regard its value, when properly developed, as simply

immense—Practically these quarries will have a monopoly of the slate trade throughout the Great West, from the Missouri River to the coast of California, for as yet no splitting slate of good quality has been discovered. The product of these quarries could be laid down at Omaha and San Francisco and all intermediate points, with a margin of profits, that would make the stock a most desirable investment where these two quarries alone—the Visscher and the Matilda—incorporated with a capital stock of \$500,000 while the working capital need not exceed \$15,000.

The Matilda: This quarry is identical in quality and color with the Visscher. Judging from the limited excavations that have been made on the Matilda, I estimate that this vein could be worked with even less cost than the Visscher—at any rate if you propose to work the quarries in such wise as to get the greatest profit from them with the smallest outlay, I should recommend at least two openings on the Matilda near the western boundary of the claim and another opening on the south end of the Visscher. All of which I respectfully submit.

(Signed) J. B. Jardine.

After a thorough personal examination of the property described in the foregoing report, I have no hesitation in fully endorsing Mr. J. B. Jardine's opinion of the same. (Oct. 28-1874).

(Signed) Elias Morris  
of the firm of Morris and Evans  
Marble & Slate Masons.

### FREMONT ISLAND

Fremont Island, north of Antelope, is five miles long and two miles wide with an area of approximately 2,945 acres. Captain Stansbury reported "that from the highest table of the island rises an oblong rocky eminence, resembling, from some points of view, ruins of an ancient castle, whence it had received from the Mormons its name of Castle Island. Fremont called it Disappointment Island. I deem it but due, however, to the first adventurous explorer of this distant region to name it after him who first set foot upon its shore, and have therefore called it Fremont Island."

Captain Stansbury further reports "that in approaching the island from the water, it presented the appearance of a regular beach, bounded by what seemed to have been well-defined and perfectly horizontal water lines at intervals to a lower level, leaving the marks of its former elevation distinctly traced upon the hillside. This continued nearly to the summit and was most apparent on the northeastern side of the island. The deepest water was about twelve feet. Doubling the northern cape of the island, we landed on a narrow beach, west of a

little reef. From the driftwood on its shore three long poles were selected and a station was built with them. This was work of severe labour as the island was at least eight or nine hundred feet high, and the ascent in some places very steep. The island is fourteen miles in circumference, has neither timber or water upon it, but its sides are covered with luxuriant grass."

My grandfather, *Henry William Miller* and his brother *Daniel Henry Miller* were the first men to occupy Fremont Island. They had formed a partnership and after having explored the island decided that it would make an excellent range for sheep, so they made arrangements to take their flocks there. These brothers had been partners in many enterprises before they came to Utah. At Quincy, Illinois they married sisters who were instrumental in bringing their husbands into the Latter-day Saint Church.

In 1848, soon after his arrival in Salt Lake Valley, Daniel Miller settled in Farmington. In 1852, Henry William Miller came to Utah and also settled in Farmington. The two families owned much of the land that is now the city of Farmington, including much of the present site of Lagoon.

When Henry and Daniel decided to stock Fremont Island with sheep, their sons, naturally, played a vital part in the project. The son of Henry William was William Henry. Father's sons, William, Lyman and I, and Jacob's sons, Frank and Dan, took an active part.

The first time I visited Fremont Island was in the spring of 1877, when I went with father and spent the whole day riding over the island on a horse. I do not know the exact date that sheep were placed on the island, but when I visited it for the first time we had had sheep there long enough for the island to become over grazed. One herd was taken off in 1876. One of the big problems of the sheep project was that of a satisfactory boat. Jacob Miller had made a trip around the world and had conducted quite a study of sail boats. He designed the boat, *Lady of the Lake*, and helped build it. Father and he took the most active part in the building. It was my job to keep the tar barrel hot for caulking the boat. Lumber for the craft was obtained from Blacksmith Fork Canyon near Logan and the timbers were taken from the nearby hills.

The *Lady of the Lake* was about 50 feet long and 12 feet wide. She carried two main masts, the largest one being 50 feet high. She flew four sails, two main sails and two jibs. She was a double-deck craft with three and a half or four feet clearance between the decks. This was plenty of clearance for sheep, and 300 head could be carried at one time. The cabin was at the rear of the boat. It contained a stove and other equipment and could accommodate eight men. A four-foot square box of sand was kept on deck where fires for cooking and signalling could be kindled. Although two or three men could easily manage the boat, four or five usually went along when a load of sheep was being hauled. The extra men were used to round

up the herd. On some occasions the women accompanied their husbands. The boat was built near the mouth of Big Cottonwood Creek (Farmington Creek). When she was finished we launched her sideways down some greased planks. The morning after the launching we found our boat resting on the bottom with about three feet of water in her hold. However, the lumber had soaked and sealed the seams and after we had bailed her out we never had any more trouble with leaks. She was a shallow-water boat. We used two other small boats before we built the Lady of the Lake, but she was our main craft.

Fremont Island was ideal for sheep. There were some springs along the east side and, although the water was slightly brackish, it was satisfactory for sheep. There was enough vegetation on the island to accommodate a herd of 2,000 sheep. We always tried to keep our herd down to that number. The sheep lambled in the late Fall and early winter so that by April many were ready for market. The meat of this flock tasted more like venison than mutton and would always bring a fancy price on the market, even when ordinary mutton could hardly be sold. We made trips to the island mainly between early April and June for the purpose of taking animals for market and for shearing. We sheared in June. Of course, whenever we wished to sell a load we had merely to take the boat and go after them.

Since the sheep could not stray away from the island, no herder was necessary and the sheep became as wild as deer. It became quite a problem to corral them for shearing or marketing. We found it necessary to build a fence across the island toward the south end. There was a gate in the middle with drift fences to direct the sheep into the corrals. Even then we once made several sweeps around the island, two men on horses, and three on foot, without getting a single sheep through the gate. One time we had cornered some on a peninsula at the south end. Rather than be caught, several of them took off into the lake. The last I saw of them they were still going.

Father and the other men built a cabin on the island near the east shore where the fence and corrals were located. The house was 12 x 14 feet and built partly of lumber salvaged from a boat that wrecked on the north end of the island and from lumber shipped to the island. We used the cabin as temporary quarters on our visits to the island. There is probably no trace of either cabin or corrals or the fence we built since a fire swept the island about thirty years ago. I should say that part of the shearing platform was made of the bottom of the above mentioned boat that had wrecked on the island. This platform could accommodate about a dozen shearers.

When we occupied the island we found sagebrush as big around as a man's waist and taller than a man on horseback. The largest sage was found on the north side. There was an abundance of grass, wild daisies, and some prickly pears. The main type of wild life on the island was snakes, mice and lizards. It was asserted that there was a snake in every bush. Two types were very common, the blow snake

and the whip snake. Neither is poisonous, but they caused us a lot of unpleasant experiences. On one occasion a large blow snake crawled up on the bed where father, Dan, and I were sleeping. When father awoke in the morning he found this snake, as large around as a man's arm and five or six feet long, stretched out on top of the blanket. He crawled out and calmly told us that we were sleeping with a snake. I got out at once, but Dan considered it a joke and merely opened one sleepy eye. There he was within two inches of the reptile. He was soon wide awake. With one sweep of his arm he threw the bedding into the corner and ran out of the door. He didn't stop to dress and refused to even return to the cabin for his pants. I took them out to him but he refused to put them on until I ran an arm through each leg and put a hand into each pocket. He declared that he had had enough of the cabin and refused to sleep in it again. He and I made our beds on the boat after that.

The whip snakes annoyed me more than the blow snakes. They weren't as large but were very fast and not afraid of man. They traveled with their heads in the air and could go faster than a man could run. We would just jump out of the way when we saw one coming down the trail. There were a lot of mice on the island. How they got there, I don't know; but it was a common sight to see snakes chasing mice under the floor of the cabin. Other than the snakes, mice and lizards, and a few birds, there was no other wild life on the island.

We communicated with the mainland by means of signal fires. The east slope of the island was clearly visible from home. In case the folks at home wanted to communicate with us they went up on the foothills east of Farmington and kindled their fires. Three fires was the distress signal. Mother used that signal to summon Will from the island when my baby brother, Arnold, was very sick and not expected to live. Mrs. Wenner used the same signal to summon her boatman when Judge Wenner died on the island several years later. We saw her fires burning three nights in a row.

We usually sailed the lake at night because the wind was better at night. Ordinarily it was just a matter of a few hours trip from Farmington to Fremont Island. However, sometimes things didn't go so smoothly. On one occasion we spent eight days in a calm just west of Hooper with a load of sheep we were bringing from the island. Our provisions ran out, although we had plenty of mutton. We sent a man ashore in a rowboat for supplies, and he returned with some soda crackers instead of bread. When the wind finally came up some of the sheep had died and the rest were in bad condition. So we sailed back to the island, unloaded them and rounded up another load.

At times storms came up and blew us off our course. On one occasion, the same trip on which we had been becalmed, we were just northwest of the north point of Church Island when we saw a

storm coming up. Since we had already spent so many days on the lake, our captain decided to run full sail and try to make port. However, when the wind struck, the fore-sail snapped and hit the water with a smack as loud as a cannon shot. The boat went up on its side and almost tipped over. We spent considerable time clearing up the wreckage and finally made port safely. The oldest man on board always acted as "skipper" and we all took orders from him. Each took his turn at manning the sails or steering. We steered by the stars and by using canyons and mountain peaks as landmarks. We always carried barrels of fresh water with us.

The first time Judge Wenner visited Fremont Island he went as our guest. We gave him free transportation and food for the trip as we did on later trips he made with us. I was present on one of these trips. We were very much surprised and put out when he announced, a few years later, that he had bought a section of the island and that we would have to move the sheep off within a year and pay him 100 head of sheep as rental fee during that year.

A large part of Fremont Island was railroad land, having been granted as a subsidy to promote the construction of the transcontinental railroad. Father and Uncle Daniel had obtained from the U. P. Railroad the right to use the island and an option to buy it should it be put up for sale. That is why we were so completely surprised when Judge Wenner announced that he had bought it and that we would have to get off. We wrote the U. P. office at Omaha to inquire about Judge Wenner's claim but the reply letter was delayed. When it finally arrived in September, 1884, we had already moved most of the sheep from the island. The letter denied Wenner's claim to the island. I was home when the letter arrived, it being my job to receive the sheep as they were unloaded from the boat. When father read the letter he expressed the desire to take legal action and try to regain the island. However, since Jacob Miller was a polygamist and in "hiding" at the time, he did not wish to go to court. As a result nothing was done to regain possession of the island to which we had prior rights.

It was quite a task to bring all the sheep off the island. We used the *Lady of the Lake* and a cattle boat which we had built for another company for the purpose of shipping cattle to Church Island. This was a flat boat about 50 feet long and 18 feet wide. It would carry 25 head of cattle and about 200 head of sheep. At that time the lake was high and we landed sheep in various places along the east shore.

We rented the sheep out to sheepmen who placed them in the custody of regular herders. However, the animals were so wild they could not be treated and herded like ordinary sheep. One flock was counted and placed in the custody of a herder who knew all about ordinary sheep, he left them long enough to cook breakfast, and the sheep got away in the meantime. I went into his wagon and told

him that he would lose the sheep if he didn't look after them. He replied, "Don't try to tell me how to herd sheep," and finished his meal. When he came out the sheep were gone. Although he hired us to help him, most of the animals escaped. We found some as far as ten miles from the camp. This is typical of the way we lost sheep. They were just too wild to handle. Some were lost in an extra severe winter; others strayed away. At any rate, we never got a dollar out of them. At one time we took a boat load to Carrington Island hoping that, with the aid of winter snow, we would develop enough water for them. However, we were unsuccessful, and many of the sheep died before we removed the herd.

Our boating on the lake was not limited to the shipping of sheep. We used our boat to haul ore, salt and cedar posts. Ore was obtained from mines located in various places around the lake. One rather rich deposit of silver-lead ore was located at the west side of the lake. We hauled much of this to a spot between Farmington and Centerville where the railroad had been built to the lake. Under good conditions we would cover this distance during one night. Salt from various salt works around the lake are also hauled to this railroad connection. We built a 75 foot boat with three holds to use in this salt business.

One of our most important enterprises was that of obtaining cedar posts. These we cut on the west side of Promontory and shipped to Farmington. We cut and hauled most of the cedar posts used in Davis county. The Lady of the Lake was used for this hauling. We would load between 2,000 and 3,000 posts on the top deck high enough so that the boom would just clear them. In a bad storm the Lady of the Lake was finally blown upon the beach west of Farmington where she stood for years. Judge Wenner finally bought her and overhauled her for his use in going to and from Fremont Island. I understand that the boat was finally wrecked on the rocks at Promontory Point.

On one of the early expeditions of the Millers to Fremont Island, some of them climbed to the summit, a peak which they called "Court-house Rock" because it reminded them of the courthouse in Farmington. Here Jacob Miller found a monument of rocks probably erected by either John C. Fremont or Howard Stansbury when these men visited the islands many years previously. In the middle of this stack of rocks Jacob Miller found a folded piece of paper left there by the builder of the monument. Just off the top of this peak he also found the brass cap of Fremont's spy glass had been accidentally left there on the summit when Fremont visited the island. I have seen and handled these two articles many times at the home of Jacob Miller in Farmington. The paper was old and yellow with age when it was found. I do not remember exactly what was written on it. Jacob scratched Fremont's name on the spy glass cap which he had found



and kept it as a souvenir. I do not know what became of it since Jacob's death.

I am now the only living person who took part in the enterprises described in this statement. Because of this, and in order that these facts might not be lost to history, I have recorded them here exactly as I saw them happen.—*Seymour Miller, May 1944, Files D.U.P.*

*Judge Wenner*—Judge U. J. Wenner and his young bride moved from the East to Salt Lake City when he was appointed probate Judge in 1882. He was a victim of tuberculosis and since he was getting weaker all the time the doctors advised him to retire from active life. He had become acquainted with *Fremont Island* during the time of his residence in Salt Lake City, and believing that the pure lake air would benefit his condition and probably result in a cure, he sold his home and moved with his wife, Kate, and two small children to the island.

As time went on the climate seemed to agree with Judge Wenner and as rock was plentiful for the building of a house, they decided to make this spot their permanent home. With the aid of a hired man Judge Wenner succeeded in building a two-story house which they furnished with articles shipped from their former home in Salt Lake. His boat, the *Argo*, was used to contact the mainland and supplies and mail were brought regularly to their island home.

Looking forward to the birth of another child in 1888, Mrs. Wenner took the children and returned to her former home in Illinois for a visit. As soon as she was able to travel after the birth of the baby, she and her little family returned to Fremont Island. The family lived there nearly five years and Judge Wenner seemed to be improving in health. They had just completed plans to spend a vacation in California when he had a sudden relapse and passed away September 19, 1891. The hired man, Charles Rollins, had gone to the mainland to purchase supplies, and Mrs. Wenner and the children were alone. Bravely she climbed the hill behind their home and lighted signal fires, summoning the boatman to return immediately. In the meantime a heavy storm arose and the boatman was unable to cross the treacherous lake. People on the mainland saw the fire for two or three nights but they were powerless to help. When the storm finally subsided and Mr. Rollins reached the Island he learned the sad news.

With the help of the hired man Mrs. Wenner fashioned a coffin of rough boards and lined it with a shawl. They then carried the coffin to the brow of the hill behind the house and there laid his mortal remains to rest. Shortly after Mrs. Wenner and the children left their island home, but until the end of her life she held a loving remembrance of the spot where they had spent so many happy years. After her death in 1942, her daughter, Blanche H. Wenner, made arrangements for the ashes of her mother to be taken to Fremont Island and placed beside her former husband's grave. Mrs. Wenner

had remarried. The burial plot is marked with a monument built of rocks from the old home and a bronze plaque thereon is inscribed with their names and other vital statistics.

**The Grave Robber:** One of the best known stories to come down through the years concerning *Fremont Island* is that which dealt with the grave robber, Jean Baptiste, who was banished to that island after having robbed numerous graves while employed as a grave digger, in and around Salt Lake City. His crime was first brought to light when the body of Moroni Clawson had been exhumed preparatory to having it removed to Willow Creek and it was found stripped of all clothing. Henry Heath, of the police force, immediately placed the matter before Judge Elias Smith who told him to take three or four men and go into the matter immediately. Sexton J. C. Little was contacted but could offer no solution as to how such a thing could have happened. The men then went to the home of Jean Baptiste on Third Avenue. He was not at home but his wife bade them enter and upon inspecting several boxes in the room they were horrified to find them filled with burial clothing. The men hurried to the cemetery where they found Mr. Baptiste at work. No one knew much about the man, obviously a Frenchman, who had come to Salt Lake seeking work and who had been given the job of preparing graves for burial. A confession was forced from him, and he was marched to the city jail.

Judge Elias Smith made the following notation in his journal that "the populace would have torn him to pieces, such was the excitement produced by the unheard of occurrence." He admitted robbing about a dozen graves, the names of which the police made note of, "but it was very evident that he had wilfully lied, as about 60 pairs of children's shoes and small clothes were found in his home, about a dozen men's shoes and garments and many parts of suits of females." It was reported that he had robbed approximately 300 graves.

President Young, because of the intense feeling against this man, found it necessary to discuss it in one of his talks to his people thus:

"I answer, I am unable to think so low as to get at such a mean, contemptible, damnable trick. I have three sisters in the grave yard in this city, and two wives and several children, besides other connections and near relatives. I have not been to open any of their graves to see whether they have been robbed, and I do not mean to do so. I gave them as good a burial as I could; and in burying our dead we have made everything as agreeable and comfortable as we could to the eye and taste of the people in their various capacities, according to the best of our judgments; we have done our duty in this particular, and I for one am satisfied. I will defy any thief there is on the earth or in hell to rob a Saint of one blessing. . . . when the resurrection takes place, the Saints will come forth with all the glory, beauty and excellence of resurrected Saints, clothed as they were when they were laid away."

As to the people exhuming their dead he said: "If I should undertake to do anything of the kind, I should clothe them completely and then lay them away again. And if you are afraid of their being robbed again, put them in your gardens, where you can watch them by day and night until you are pretty sure that the clothing is rotted, and then lay them away in the burying ground. I would let my friends lie and sleep in peace."

What to do with Jean Baptiste then became the question. In February, President Young again brought up the matter of his punishment. "To hang a man for such a deed would not satisfy my feelings. What shall we do with him. Shoot him? No, that would do no good to anybody but himself. Would you imprison him during life. That would do nobody any good. What I would do to him came to me quickly after I heard of the circumstance. . . I would make him a fugitive and a vagabond upon the earth. This would be my sentence, but probably the people will not want this done."

After being kept in jail for sometime Jean Baptiste was then taken to Fremont Island and there left to survive as best he could. Some reports say that his ears were cut off and that he was branded "Grave Robber"; others that the tattooing was done with nothing but indelible ink and that he was shackled with a ball and chain. But in early August, 1862 it was learned that he had subsisted for a time on a heifer he had killed and probably some provisions from the Miller cabin. It is presumed that he built some kind of a raft and escaped from the island never to be heard from again; others say he was drowned.

## OTHER ISLANDS

*Gunnison Island*, lies in the northwestern portion. It is less than a mile long and contains approximately 163 acres. Captain Stansbury named it for his chief assistant, Lieutenant John W. Gunnison who later met such a tragic death while making a survey in the Sevier Lake area. The island is the largest of four having bird rookeries. It is estimated that 80,000 gulls, 10,000 pelicans, 100 herons and 100 cormorants nest on the islands of the Great Salt Lake. Gulls and pelicans are most numerous on Gunnison Island but a few herons also claim this as their natural habitat.

Alfred Lambourne, prominent Utah artist and writer, preempted a homestead on Gunnison Island and lived there a little over fourteen months. During this time some of his finest paintings were done and he also wrote a beautifully illustrated book called, "Our Inland Sea."

*Stansbury Island*, west of Antelope, in the southwestern part of the lake, is approximately 11½ miles long and 5½ miles wide with an area of 22,314 acres. It was named for Captain Howard Stansbury by

officers of his surveying party in 1850. At low water periods it is connected with the mainland. It has not actually been an island since 1870, when Great Salt Lake was at its highest water level, but is more actually a peninsula. Stansbury Island is considered the most rugged of the islands in the lake with mountains rising some three thousand feet above the level of the lake. It has been used as a cattle range for privately owned stock as has Antelope and Fremont Islands.

*Hat Island* five miles north of Carrington Island in the southwestern part of the lake is less than a fourth mile in diameter and has an area of 22 acres. It was so named because of its resemblance to a Quaker hat. The island is also known as Bird Island. It evidently did not contain birdlife at the time of the Stansbury survey but later the safety of its isolation evidently prompted thousands of birds to nest there. There is no food on the island so the birds fly great distances to secure food for subsistence.

*Strongs Knob* is geographically a part of Strongsknob mountains from which it takes its name. It is situated in the west central part of the lake, and covers an area of 703 acres. When the water level is high the island is completely severed from the mountain.

*Carrington Island*, north of Stansbury in the southwestern part of the lake is a circular island, having a diameter of slightly more than two miles with an area of 1,767 acres. It was named by Captain Stansbury for Albert Carrington, the unsung hero of the Stansbury expedition. As Stansbury was the only man in the survey party who had any knowledge of sailing boats, he took it upon himself to bring in all the supplies. This was exhausting labor but it did not compare with the work done by Albert Carrington who was put in charge of superintending the chain line. His health was very much impaired in later years due to his strenuous labors during the time of the survey of Great Salt Lake. It is said in early days that a good grade of roofing slate was found on Carrington Island. It was not used for grazing purposes until homesteaded in 1927.

*Mud Island* is a 600-acre sandbar eight miles northeast of Fremont Island and is visible when the water level of the lake is low. At the time of the Stansbury survey he found "a belt of soft, black mud, more than knee deep . . . between the water and the hard, rocky beach which seemed to be impregnated with all the villainous smells which nature's laboratory was capable of producing." Badger Island between Stansbury and Carrington Island is also another such sandbar.

*Dolphin and Cub Island* are the two islands situated in the northern part of the lake. Both islands have a very small acreage and do not sustain life. When the water level of the lake is low, Dolphin is connected with the mainland, while Cub is a part of Gunnison.

*Egg Island* and *White Rock* are tiny islets lying off the west coast of Antelope Island also harboring bird rookeries. Like *Dolphin* and *Cub Islands* in the northwestern part of the lake they are still public domain. Stansbury states that his men made off with seventy-six heron eggs from this island and that it was henceforth called *Egg Island*. The Stansbury expedition paid its last respects to the birds on these various islands when, in winding up their survey, they once more visited *Egg Island*. Concerning this visit Lt. Gunnison wrote in his journal: "With Gulls, Pelicans, Cormorants — the Pelicans are breeding; there being several young ones just out of the shells, and we found some eggs also. This appears to be a second brood. While taking the observation the young of these birds crowded the shores and immense flocks of gulls hovered in the air — while the stately and aged Pelicans navigated the water at a respectful distance and the old Herons eyed us closely from the *Rock Bluff* point on Antelope Island and the black cormorants played back and forth fearful either to leave their young to our inquisitive care or approach themselves to protect them."

#### GREAT SALT LAKE BEACH RESORTS



Black Rock in Early Days

*Black Rock* is an isolated rock about 90 feet long and 40 feet wide, standing some forty feet above the water near the shore of the Great Salt Lake, nearly 21 miles west of Salt Lake City. It was for a time a favorite resort for pleasure seekers and was reached by the Utah and Nevada Railroad from Salt Lake City.

On July 27, 1847, three days after the arrival of President Brigham Young in Great Salt Lake Valley, he, accompanied by the Apostles and Sam Brannan, and others, traveled westward to the lake. The cavalcade consisted of one carriage, several horses and mules and they carried some provisions and blankets. The company enjoyed a bath in the lake and continued the journey as far as Tooele Valley, passing *Black Rock* en route.

Records show that in 1849 three or four herders camped in the vicinity of *Black Rock* with government stock belonging to Captain

Howard Stansbury, who was making a survey of the Great Salt Lake and vicinity. In 1851 Indians drove off a considerable number of stock owned by a Mr. Charles White who located in the district after the Stansbury party had vacated.

The first recorded celebration of Independence day by the Utah Pioneers was on July 4, 1851, when a procession of 150 carriages left Salt Lake City at 8 a.m., and arrived at Black Rock four hours later. The company included the First Presidency and other Church officials, prominent citizens and friends led by the Nauvoo Legion and a brass band. A new flag, made for the occasion, had been raised on the flag pole at Black Rock and a program of bathing, dancing, speeches, singing, etc., was enjoyed, picnic partaken of and a night encampment made, the return journey not being made until the following morning. Many more excursions of ward and other organizations are mentioned as having been made to Black Rock.

About 1860, Heber C. Kimball built a house near Black Rock, known as the Rock House, which was used as a ranch house, where visitors to the lake were often entertained.

In the spring of 1880, Alonzo Hyde and David John Taylor secured a lease on the property in the vicinity of Black Rock with a view of converting it into a fashionable bathing resort. About one hundred bath houses were erected, a roofed bowery for picnickers built, boardwalks to the water's edge constructed, and swings and other amusements provided, and the old ranch house converted into a hotel. The following year William G. Davis is mentioned as joint proprietor with Alonzo Hyde, and he, being a shipbuilder by trade, constructed some steamboats which were an added attraction to the resort.—*Andrew Jensen*

*Lake Point Beach Resort* was built in the late 1860's, and was the second bathing resort to be erected on the shores of Great Salt Lake. It is situated about one and one-half miles north from the settlement of Lake Point in Tooele County, then known as E. T., so called for Ezra T. Benson, pioneer Mormon apostle.

A pier was built at this resort leading to the water's edge. The posts that supported this pier are still visible. Bathhouses and other attractions were built. Dr. Jeter Clinton built a large three story hotel here in 1874, known as the Clinton House, which became one of Utah's best known hostleries. The Overland Stage stopped at this hotel bringing the isolated settlements news from the neighboring states.

The hotel bustled with activity and the Lake Point Beach Resort enjoyed a period of wide popularity, particularly when the Utah Nevada Railroad established a station in the vicinity and tourists from all over the country came to bathe in the exhilarating waters of Great Salt Lake and to partake of the fine food and hospitality offered at

the Clinton House. The rock house built by Dr. Clinton still stands directly south of the present Lake Point Service station and the rock foundation of the hotel is still in evidence.

When Saltair was opened in 1893, the smaller bathing resorts, unable to stand the competition, were forced to close. Water surrounding this resort receded and the hotel soon afterwards fell into a state of disrepair. Time has erased from view this once famous Tooele county pleasure resort.

At one time there was a buffalo ranch in this vicinity. William Glassman herded a number of buffalo in the Lake Point area, built a few cabins, and conducted a show place with the buffalo as the main attraction. The herd was later transported to Antelope Island.

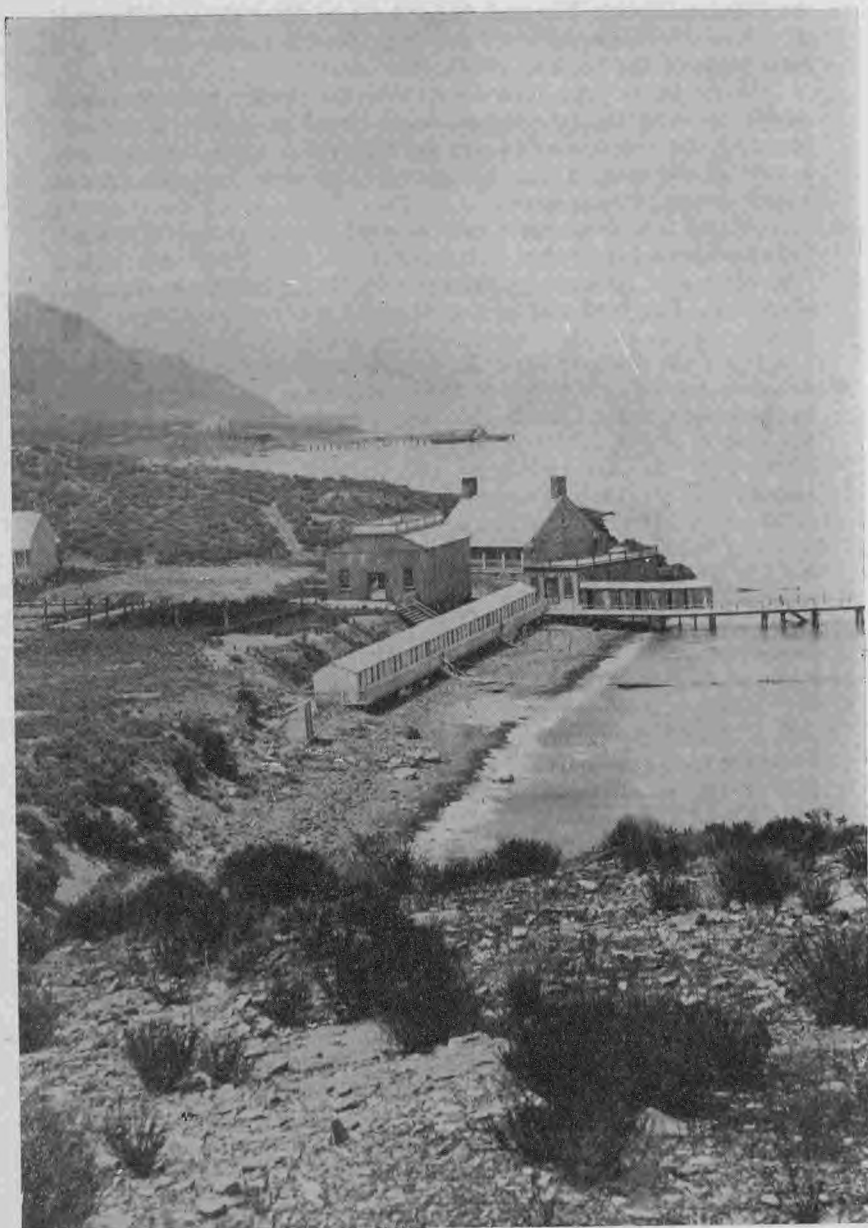
*The Old Folks Party*—Charles R. Savage conceived the idea of a free excursion for the aged people to the Lake. It was readily agreed upon by the leaders of the Church, therefore, that on Friday, May 14, 1875 the first of these annual excursions should be held. Early in the morning of the day mentioned the veterans and their attendants assembled at the Utah Western Railway depot in Salt Lake City, and as the train left exactly at 8 a.m., there was considerable waving of hats and handkerchiefs from the groups of people along the street on the line of the railroad. The train consisted of a baggage car, seven regular passenger or box cars, and three flats, filled to capacity. On arriving at Clinton's Hotel, they partook of refreshments and then adjourned to the large dancing hall and other rooms on the second floor, where an excellent and appropriate program was rendered.

Among the numbers given were an address of welcome by Dr. Jeter Clinton, the proprietor of the hotel; a song entitled, "How Sweet the Union of Souls" by Doctor Ezekiel Lee, eighty one years old. Most of the company then adjourned to the steamer "*City of Corinne*" and enjoyed a pleasant sail of a couple of hours on Utah's salt sea, a gentle and pleasant breeze prevailing. The company returned to the hotel, where refreshments were again in order after which music, dancing and singing finished up the program for the day.

—*Deseret News*

*Garfield Beach* was another of Utah's famous pleasure resorts which enjoyed great popularity from 1875 to 1893. It was located on the east shore of Great Salt Lake, near its southern limits and was named for General James A. Garfield who visited the location in 1875. About this time the Utah and Nevada Railroad line was extended and ran near the shore where the bathing resorts of Black Rock, Garfield and Lake Point were established, bringing many local people and tourists to these famous amusement places.

Garfield Beach boasted a magnificent pavilion, 165 x 62 feet, built entirely over the water about 400 feet from here. A pier 300 feet long was built from the pavilion, the posts that supported the pier can still



Garfield Beach Resort in Early Days



be seen. A lookout tower was also constructed from which the picturesque mountains and lake could be viewed. An orchestra played for dances and concerts, the Magnus Olsen orchestra being the most popular. Well-known artists came to appear on the programs. A saloon, restaurant, lunch stand and picnic bowery were there to give the excursionists every convenience. A hotel and bathhouses were erected. During the 1880's the resort was partially destroyed by fire but was later rebuilt at a cost of \$70,000. On June 28, 1887, a celebration was held there, attended by some twenty-five hundred people. For many years the beach was a famous picnic and bathing spot and early in the morning wagons loaded with boys and girls, and older people could be seen wending their way to the beach to enjoy a swim in the unique waters of the lake. En route the caravans would stop at the cave along the road which was located near the present site of Garfield. Hundreds of graceful gulls and other water fowl inhabited these areas.

When Garfield Beach was at the height of its glory the famous boat "City of Corinne," which had been built in 1869, was rechristened the General Garfield and was anchored to the pier. It became very popular as a restaurant and hotel. The huge anchor for this boat was made by two Tooele County blacksmiths, Philip DeLaMare and Samuel Lee. During the late 1880's, the boat caught fire and burned its moorings and the proud City of Corinne was no more.

Garfield Beach continued to hold the limelight until Saltair opened and the waters of the lake continued to recede. Then it, with other smaller beach resorts, was forced to close.

*Lake Shore Resort.* In 1878 my grandfather, George O. Chase, and Ephraim Garn built one of the first resorts on Great Salt Lake. It was called "Lake Shore" and was located between Centerville and Farmington, straight west on the lane which is now called Lund Lane. Here they built a large pier for bathers, bathhouses, a dance hall, and a bowery covered with willows for picnickers, where they had access to tables and benches. They brought young round-leaf poplar trees from Weber Canyon and planted a grove, built a house where they cooked and served meals, and made and sold sandwiches and soft drinks. Here, too, was built a large dirt bicycle track where races were held which afforded much sport, as the bicycles of that day were the type that had a very large wheel in front and a small one behind.

Every one, of course, took his own bathing suit if he was fortunate enough to own one, but for the most part they were improvised, as they were a very scarce article at that time.

The resort became so popular that the Utah Central Railroad built a spur track to it and people from Salt Lake City and Ogden, as well as Davis County residents, all became patrons of the resort. Excursion boats plied between the resort and the nearby islands. Lake Shore enjoyed both prosperity and popularity for five or six years. About

this time the owners found that the property on which the resort was located and on which they had located under a squatter's right had previously been taken by another man, under the same sort of right, for grazing purposes. Council moved that Chase and Garn had no rights to the said property.—*Marjorie Chase Mathews Ward*

*Lake Side*, near Farmington, was opened as a resort in 1870 by John W. Young, third son of President Brigham Young and for several years it was one of the best known resorts on the lake front. The City of Corinne was based there for a time and took passengers out on the lake from this point. Until the Great Western Railroad, which later became the Utah Nevada, was completed, Lake Side was the scene of many ward parties, reunions, Sunday School excursions and a spot where the public in general could spend many pleasant hours. After the completion of the railroad to Black Rock the south shore beaches again came into prominence. The City of Corinne, now renamed the General Garfield, left her port at Lake Side to sail from the landing owned by Dr. Jeter Clinton and from there took passengers around the lake on scenic tours.

*Lake Park*, a little north of Lake Side, was another resort opened by the Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad. It had the advantage of being located on the main railroad line between Salt Lake City and Ogden. However, the east shore was usually too muddy to enter the lake for bathing. For a brief time it flourished, but, by 1880, all efforts to make it a first class recreational spot failed, and it was abandoned.

*Saltair Beach* and pavilion were built by the citizens of Salt Lake City at a cost of \$250,000. It was commenced February 1, 1893 and completed June 1, 1893. From an architectural standpoint the pavilion for many years had no peer in America and for the purposes intended no detail had been omitted to make it a delightful pleasure resort. A train was run on a pile-supported track 4,000 feet out into the lake to reach the pile-supported platform of crescent shape. The 2,500 ten-inch pilings were driven into the lake bottom through salt dissolved by steam.

The total length of the pavilion from east to west is 1,115 feet. It is crescent-shaped in outline, the architecture being of Moorish design, with the convex side nearest the shore. The greatest width is 335 feet and the height from the water to the main tower, 1152 feet. The lunch pavilion is 151 x 253, size of dancing floor above it is 140 x 250 feet, without a pillar or other obstruction. The dancing pavilion is constructed after the style of roofing adopted in the Tabernacle but the framework is of iron. There were, in earlier years, 620 bath houses. Bathers could descend into the water at any depth desired before the waters of the lake began to recede in 1934. At

night the pavilion was lighted with 1,250 incandescent and forty arc lights, giving the place a fairylike appearance as they were reflected in the placid waters of the lake on a calm summer night.



Bathing in the Great Salt Lake

Early in 1925 a disastrous fire swept Saltair practically destroying all the buildings but it was soon rebuilt.

### BOATS ON GREAT SALT LAKE

*Mud Hen.* The first skiff or boat constructed in Great Salt Lake Valley by the Pioneers of Utah was a skiff made of a pine log secured from the mountains by a company of brethren appointed by President Young. The log measured 20 inches in diameter. The brethren prepared a saw pit in which to saw the log. It was finished on August 11, 1847 and was launched in City Creek to soak.

On April 24, 1848, Albert Carrington and others returned from a two weeks exploring trip on the Great Salt Lake and its islands. Their skiff on wheels was named the "Mud Hen" because they had killed a mud hen en route. They boarded their craft on the Jordan River, drawing their boat in places where the water was not sufficiently deep to float it. They then crossed the lake to Fremont Island (then called Castle Island), also Dome Island (Stansbury Island).

On July 27, 1847, three days after the arrival of the original pioneer company, Orson Pratt lead an exploring party southward to the Oquirrh Mountains, and obtained a view of Utah Valley. On the same day, L. B. Myers returned from "Eutah Lake." He reports that on the east side of it was plenty of timber, which might easily be floated down the Jordan River to Great Salt Lake City. (Notes from Journal History).

The following letter concerning the building of the boat "*Mud Hen*" was written by Hulda C. Thurston Smith in 1932:

I take pleasure in forwarding to you the information you ask for regarding the names of the men who built the boat which they christened the "*Mud Hen*." They were Thomas Jefferson Thurston, William W. Potter, Stephen Spaulding and Joseph Mount.

Those who went with them to explore the Great Salt Lake were Prest. Jedediah M. Grant and Apostle Parley P. Pratt. Their object in building the boat to explore the lake and islands beyond was to see if therein or on existed anything which could be made available for the sustenance of our poor and almost famishing people. It was rumored that many had seen a big fish, sea animals, etc., in the lake. Bro. Sweeten, though much over ninety years of age, can well remember many of the stories told and the excitement caused by them amongst the people . . . Our exploring party found nothing in the lake and only wild fowls on the islands.

They had gone prepared to stop one night and the next day started home as per schedule, but had gone only a short distance when they encountered a very severe storm of wind and rain, which came near wrecking their boat which soon filled with water and the salt spray almost blinded the men. None but William Potter had had any experience with lake navigation and under his directions they finally got back to the island, which they dared not leave until the third day, when they returned home.

My father, T. J. Thurston bought out the interests of the other three men in the "*Mud Hen*" and made a small pond near our home where he kept it. We children had much pleasure playing in it until 1849, when the California gold seekers passing through Salt Lake City, saw it. Those going north, when they arrived at the Bear River, found it a muddy turbulent stream which they couldn't cross. Two men were drowned trying to locate a ford. They then remembered the boat they had seen in Salt Lake and two men came back and hired my father and brothers to take their boat out there and ferry them over the river, which they did without accident.

Thus the *Mud Hen* made another old land or pioneer landmark. When father and sons came home they left the boat

ropes, etc., then thinking to return the next year and ferry travelers as before, but, in 1850, we had become a territory and had a legislature from which Bro. William Empey received a grant to establish a ferry on Bear River and he there, I suppose, found the Mud Hen. We never heard about it again.

*The Timely Gull.* Early in 1854, Captain Daniel Jones commenced navigating the Great Salt Lake in the *Timely Gull*, a small boat built by Captain Jones and owned by Brigham Young. From the Journal of Brigham Young, January 30, 1854: "With a small party of friends I witnessed the launching of my boat just below the city bridge from the west bank of the Jordan. I christened her *The Timely Gull*. She is forty five feet long and designed for a stern wheel to be propelled by horses working a treadmill, and to be used mainly to transport stock between the city and Antelope Island."

The little vessel was anchored at Black Rock Harbor February 13, 1854 with a general cargo, mainly composed of cedar wood, fine salt and flagging for sidewalks, cellar floors and etc., which articles were offered for sale. The *Timely Gull* was the first vessel of any consequence ever launched on the waters of Great Salt Lake. Later it was suggested that stove coal which had been discovered in Wales, Sanpete Valley, should be hauled from that place to the head of Utah Lake, from which Captain Jones would boat it across the lake to supply the citizens of Salt Lake City. However, this enterprise did not prove to be successful. The *Timely Gull* was destroyed four years later during a heavy gale on Great Salt Lake.

*City of Corinne.* Among the hopes of the ambitious founders of Corinne was the dream of beginning navigation on the Great Salt Lake, via the Bear River. At least four sizeable boats were constructed for the purpose of carrying on commerce with the south end of the lake. Situated where the newly built transcontinental railroad crosses the river, the town was the trading center of the vast territory stretching northward into Idaho and Montana. Huge freighting wagons, loaded with supplies, wended their way northward and returned laden with rich ores, some of which were refined at the smelter, which had just been built on the west bank of the river at Corinne by General P. A. Connor. Discovery of gold at the south end of the lake made the water route to Salt Lake City and vicinity seem the most practical means of transportation at that time from Corinne, as boats could serve to haul the ore while also carrying passengers.

As the plan took shape the enthusiastic citizens, fired perhaps by the zeal of some early day soap-box orator, donated \$4000.00 to build a steamboat of the Mississippi type, which was to help build a brilliant future for their own. It was the year 1869. The Golden Spike had just been driven at Promontory Point and transportation history was being made. General Connor, who some six years before had quelled

the last Indian uprising at the battle of Bear River, and to whom Utah owes much for his interest and development of the mining industry, was interested in building a smelter on the west bank of the river a short distance south of the railroad bridge. Other men of Corinne who were prominent in business enterprises in California before they came here with the railroad, were also interested in the project of building a boat. No one seems to know just who was responsible for starting the plans, but once started they gained momentum rapidly. One man stands out from among the maze of rumor and mystery surrounding the building of the *City of Corinne*. Captain C. A. Dahl, of whom even his family knows little concerning his early life, was in charge of the building. It was he who went to San Francisco to order the engines for the boat. They had been built in Chicago by marine engine makers serving the Great Lakes trade, and shipped by water around Cape Horn to the Pacific Coast, being brought to Corinne on the railroad. From California also came the redwood for hull and beams, considered the finest wood for boat building.

Practically the whole valley turned out to watch the launching when the boat was completed. A boat landing had been constructed close by where the railroad skirted a bend of the river. The boat was about 150 feet long and three decks high and, at its stern, a huge paddle wheel. It was christened the *City of Corinne* by General J. A. Williamson, who had been the mayor of the town. His daughter was named Corinne. There are rumors that the first launching was unsuccessful, but shortly the boat churned its way down the river. It was hoped that it could make its way up the Jordan River to Salt Lake City, but it is doubtful if it ever made the complete trip. It did, however, touch at Black Rock, where ore from the Oquirrh mountains was loaded and carried back to the smelter at Corinne.

Then the waters of the river sank lower, sand bars began to appear in the channel, and after a few trips the *City of Corinne* could no longer navigate the river with its heavy load of ore. It was stranded out in the lake away from its home port. Still in charge of Captain Dahl, it was anchored at Black Rock and turned into a pleasure boat to take visitors on cruises over the lake.

Early settlers along the east shore of the lake between Salt Lake City and Ogden often saw the boat, ablaze with lights, and heard music from the orchestra on board. In the daytime the American flag proudly preceded the boat's two smoke stacks. Lower decks served a more practical purpose, transporting herds of cattle and sheep to the islands in the lake where they were pastured during part of the year.

Sometime during the next few years, the proud *City of Corinne* lost its identity, and was christened the *Garfield*, after General Garfield, later president of the United States. And also during this period it was raffled off by Captain Dahl, who appears to have finally become the owner of the boat. Chances were sold at \$25 each. Black

Rock's beaches were becoming famous for bathing and a resort was constructed on the lake shore for bathing. The boat was moored to the end of a long pier of bath houses and became the hotel and restaurant of the project, and, more important, giving the resort its name, Garfield. The paddle wheel and smokestacks disappeared and the flag no longer fluttered above it. Then, when water transportation to Corinne had proved impractical, a smelter was built on the south shore of the lake near the resort to handle the ores from the Oquirrh mountains. Both the smelter and the town which grew up around it appropriated the name of Garfield.

Sometime in the 1880's, the resort boat caught fire and was destroyed. It was burned to the water line. As the waters of the lake receded, the remains of the boat were left high and dry on the beach. Meanwhile the smelter at Corinne, which had handled ore hauled from Montana and Idaho after the water experiment failed, found operations unprofitable and closed down. Long after its closing mining men bought up its slag piles and resmelted them by improved processes, securing \$20.00 a ton in gold, which indicated the richness of the original ore.

*Kate Connor:* Gammon Hayward, a convert from England, was the builder of one of the first boats that was run on Great Salt Lake. He was born in the County of Kent January 7, 1828, the son of John and Mary Clement. His father was a boat builder and he worked with him until he left for America. He was married June 1, 1850, to Sarah Ann Cripps. They joined the Church in 1850 and left England three years later with their two children, Elizabeth, and Henry John, on the ship *International* arriving in Salt Lake City in September 1853. For a time he engaged in carpentry work on buildings and mills. The first boat built by him was the "Kate Connor," built for General Connor and named in honor of his daughter. It was used to carry ties across the lake to Promontory at the time of the building of the railroad from California in 1868. It is said that this boat finally sank, loaded with ore, in a deep part of the channel close to the smelter. For years parts of it could be seen when the river was low, but gradually the smokestacks rusted away and sand covered its rotting wooden hulk until now no trace of it remains.—*Mrs. C. H. Hayward*

*The Pluribustab* of which there is little known was also built for General Connor. It was not as large as the first two boats constructed at Corinne. Somewhere out in the Bear River marshes lies a rotting hull, stumbled on occasionally by duck hunters, which might be the remains of this boat.

The *Rosie Brown* was built by Thomas Brown and named for his daughter. This boat was a barge and was used to transport salt from the beds down the river to Corinne. Finally it, too, disappeared somewhere along the winding channel of Bear River and adjacent bay.

The river still serves as a waterway for numerous small craft such as motor boats and launches plying between Corinne and the duck clubs situated in the marshes and the Bear River Migratory Bird Refuge, but it is doubtful if the smallest of them could navigate the channel through the marshes where the City of Corinne once proudly forged her way, carrying with her the high hopes of the citizens of the town for which she was named.

Other boats that sailed the waters of the Great Salt Lake in early days were a fifty foot schooner *Star of the West*, *Pioneer*, and the *Argo* which was the property of Judge J. U. Wenner who lived on Fremont Island. Alfred Lambourne cruised on the lake in the *Maud* which was owned by A. S. Patterson. Mr. Garfield, a wealthy mining man from California, built a small steamboat which he too, christened the *Garfield*. It was used exclusively as a pleasure boat. Other boats of less importance were George Payne's *Lilly of the Lake*, the Miller cattle boat "*Old Bob*" and the *Old Salt Lake* owned by Charles and John Bachman.

#### CAPTAIN DAVID L. DAVIS

*Captain David Lazarus Davis* was born January 31, 1841, in the parish of Llanwenog, Cardiganshire, South Wales, the son of Titus and Mary Bowen Davis. In November, 1857, he was baptized a member of the Mormon Church, being then sixteen years of age. After being ordained an Elder he subsequently presided over the Carmarthen conference, occupying that position until he emigrated to Utah.

He crossed the Atlantic in the ship *General McClellan* and drove a twelve-ox-team over the plains in a freight train which arrived in Salt Lake City in October, 1864. He became identified with the mercantile business and later became a member of the firm of Barnes and Davis. He was active in Church work, serving as a home missionary for many years, and also served two years in the city council of Salt Lake City. In November, 1865, he married Hannah Jeremy, and, in 1866, he married Esther Jeremy, sister of his first wife. He was the father of eleven children.

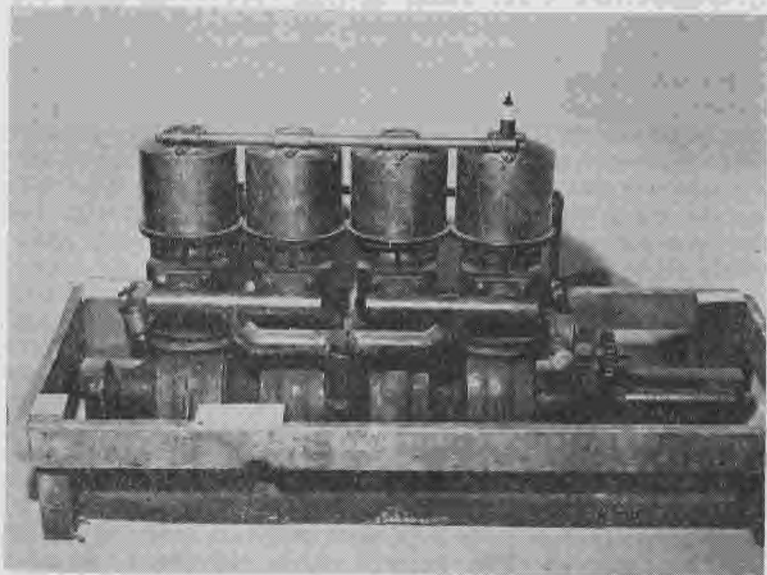
Captain Davis was known as a cruiser and navigator of Great Salt Lake. He was the owner of the *Cambria I*, *Cambria II*, *Cambria III* and the *Esther* which carried many notables in their day over the lake. He was considered one of the best informed men of his time on the navigable waters of Utah's inland sea having sailed it continuously for many years.

It was stated in newspapers that the *Cambria I*, was the first of its class to be built in America and gave the following description of this boat:

"Take a boat of ordinary shape and divide it lengthwise, make the two halves water-tight, place them four or five feet apart, build a deck from side to side and steer astern, step the mast in the ordinary



way and rig up two rudders, worked by a single tiller, attach a bowsprit, and use a mainsail, topsail and foresail, and you have a boat of the Cambria class."



First Gasoline Motor Used on Great Salt Lake

Among the relics in the Pioneer Memorial Building are the motor and anchor of the Cambria II. This 6 horse-power naphtha engine was the first gasoline engine brought to Utah and was purchased by Captain Davis for that boat. The boat, a catamaran style with two keels, had a breadth of beam 14 feet, length 42 feet, and drew 18 inches of water. The craft, yawl-rigged with a main and mizzen mast, was built of oak and Oregon fir. Every nail in the hull was galvanized and the propeller blades and shafts were of bronze. The ship was built by Captain Davis and his sons Dewey and Douris. The anchor was a patent shankless anchor and was part of the equipment of the boat. The Cambria II was used as a pleasure boat to sail the Great Salt Lake. Many prominent people were the guests of Captain Davis on some of these cruises.—*Hazel Davis*

## UTAH LAKE

Utah Lake, largest body of fresh water in Utah, is located fifty miles southeast of Salt Lake City. It has been likened unto the Sea of Galilee for it has its Jordan River which empties into the Great

Salt Lake, the "Dead Sea of America." Utah Lake covers approximately 1300 square miles being some thirty-six miles long and fifteen miles wide.

History records that Father Silvestre Velez de Escalante and Father Francisco Anatasio Dominguez left Santa Fe, New Mexico on July 20, 1776 in search of a direct route to Monterey, California. They were accompanied by a small party of Spaniards and a few Indians. The party entered Utah via Spanish Fork Canyon and spent three days with the Yutah Indians in the vicinity of Utah Lake who claimed its waters and the surrounding lands as their own. They told the explorers that the lake was connected with another one covering many leagues whose waters were very harmful and salty, but they were not sufficiently curious and continued their journey southward.

Utah Lake was sometimes called Ashley Lake but the name may have been first suggested by Jedediah Strong Smith, a partner of William Henry Ashley. In a letter written to General William Clark, superintendent of Indian affairs in Washington, giving an account of the exploring expedition from Great Salt Lake to the Pacific Ocean, he states that he started about the 22nd of August, 1826, with a party of fifteen men and that he passed "Little Uta Lake."

The first group of Mormon colonizers left Salt Lake City, April 1, 1849 and located on the south side of Provo River and east of Utah Lake. They were the first white people to make use of the lake which provided them with food, and its waters were soon used for irrigation.

Shortly after the arrival of the pioneers President Young sent an exploring party into the southern part of the territory to look over possible sites for new settlements. Parley P. Pratt, accompanied by John S. Higbee and others, set out in the direction of Utah Lake. In Mr. Pratt's biography he states:

"Sometime in December, having finished sowing wheat and rye, I started, in company with Brother Higbee and others, for Utah Lake with a boat and fish net. We traveled some thirty miles with our boat, etc., on an ox wagon, while some of us rode on horseback. The distance brought us to the foot of Utah Lake, a beautiful sheet of fresh water, some thirty-six miles long and fifteen broad. Here we launched our boat and tried the net, being probably the first boat and net ever used on this sheet of water in modern times. We sailed up and down the lake shore on its western side for many miles, but had only poor success in fishing. We, however, caught a few samples of mountain trout and other fish. After exploring the lake and the valley for a day or two, the company returned home and Brother Summers and myself struck westward from the foot of the lake on horseback on an exploring tour."

President Young paid one of his characteristic visits to the southern colony to reassure himself that the site was suitable. With

a large entourage, he left Salt Lake City on September 14, 1849 and the next day entered Utah Valley. From that time on the settlement of this valley began in earnest.

Many built homes and took up land along the eastern shore of Utah Lake. Among them were the families of *John K. Allen*, *Hyrum Gillies*, *Harry Gammon*, *Charles Handley*, *John and Ellis Maxfield* and *William Hooper*. Fishing and trapping helped to supplement the livelihood of many of those firsts. Another means of making the lake profitable was the cutting of huge blocks of ice during the winter months which were then hauled to dairy farms and stored in sawdust to be used during the summer months for cooling milk. *Joseph S. Johnson*, *Louis Olsen* and *William Maxfield* worked together for many weeks gathering a huge harvest of ice. Winter also provided many pleasurable hours as innumerable skaters glided over the surface of the lake on shining skates. Both tragedy and comedy were enacted on its broad expanse.

The dance pavilion, hotel and bath houses are all gone now. The homes of *Ralph Handley*, *Joseph S. Johnson*, *Chris Hebertson*, *Hyrum Gillies*, *Joseph Gillies*, *Chris Barbacus*, *William Maxfield*, *Louis Olsen* and *Henry Muzzell* have been torn down or moved to make way for the railroad yards and massive buildings of the Geneva Steel Company.—*Blanche J. Nielson*

*James Jens Mickelsen* was born April 2, 1808 in Denmark. He came to Utah in the handcart company of Captain Willie, arriving in Salt Lake City November 9, 1856. The wife of Mr. Mickelsen was among those who died during this tragic trek to Utah and was buried in Echo Canyon.

In the late fall of 1857 Jens married Karen Larsen Nielsen. They lived for a short time in Provo, where Jens was engaged in the fishing business with the Madsen brothers. Later they moved to Spanish Fork and settled near the mouth of Spanish Fork River on the shores of Utah Lake. Their first home was built of cane which grew abundantly on the shores of the lake. The roof and walls were made of cane then plastered inside and out to keep out the wind and rain. Later he erected a comfortable frame home in which they lived during the remaining years of their lives. It was here Jens established quite an industry, that of selling fish by the wagon loads. Not only men but women bought fish in large quantities to take away and sell. Johanna Ottesen did some of this work. Jens also manufactured fish oil which was used to oil harnesses, other leather materials and machinery.—*Josephine L. Anderson*

*The Knutesons*. Among the first settlers of Lake Shore who secured a livelihood from the waters of Utah Lake, was the family of *Halvor and Elsie Marie Sorenson Knuteson*. They were Latter-day Saint converts from Norway who made their first home in Santaquin. After

a trip to Utah Lake, they became impressed with its beauty which reminded them so much of the fiords of their native land and they immediately made preparations to establish a home on its shores. Halvor homesteaded 160 acres of land and built a home as near to the shoreline of the lake as he could with safety. A broad boardwalk was made from the doorstep to the water's edge.

Mr. Knuteson, with the help of his son, Abraham, planted hay and other crops and also spent much time on the lake hunting and fishing. From the fish they extracted a good grade of oil which had many uses and was sold at profitable prices. Another son, Knute, was a first class carpenter. He married Emma King and established a home in Spanish Fork where he carried on his trade.

The father, mother, and Abraham died in the little house on the shores of the lake they loved so well. All were interred in the Spanish Fork cemetery.—*Josephine Lewis Anderson*

*David Tulley LeBaron*, son of David and Lydia Batchelder LeBaron, was born in Genessee County, New York. He married *Esther Maleta Johnson* at Macedonia, Hancock County, Illinois on March 28, 1844. He, and his family, were among the Saints who came west in 1852. In 1856, they helped settled Summit Creek, later called Santaquin, then moved to Salt Lake City where they built a home in the 15th Ward. They were the parents of twelve children, eight of whom reached maturity.

In 1865, *David LeBaron* had the opportunity of homesteading 160 acres of land on the south side of Utah Lake. He proved upon it in 1870, and was granted a deed to this land by the government on July 19th, 1870, signed by President Ulysses S. Grant. He began at once to make improvements on the land, building a small log house, and later a larger one of adobes which he and his sons had made. The father and sons put much of the land in dry-land wheat, but they also planted a garden near the house and irrigated it from a spring which furnished them their culinary water. Shade trees were planted around the house. A few head of cattle were purchased and wild hay was put up from the meadows near the lake.

To supplement their livelihood the men engaged in hunting, fishing and trapping. They built some fine row boats and spent much of their time on the lake. Some of the boats were for rent to pleasure seekers who came to the lake on outings. Much fun was had fishing for catfish from the boats or spearing carp. Wild ducks and geese were plentiful in this area and they procured a fine market for these birds in season in Salt Lake City. Each week during the fall and winter months they would ship as many as they could kill and dress for market.

In the early spring they trapped muskrats and again they rowed their boats from place to place attending to their traps. Mr. LeBaron purchased heavy twine from the Cotton Mills and they made a seine

50 x 12 feet for catching fish. During the winter months peddlers came and bought fish from them at reasonable prices. The men fished under the ice with the seine and sometimes could bring in nearly a ton of various kinds.

When Mr. LeBaron's health began to fail, he turned the old homestead over to my father, *George W. LeBaron*, who had remained with him through the years, his other sons having gone to Arizona to make their homes. Some of my fondest memories as a child were the visits to the "Old Lake Place" from our home in Santaquin. My father passed away last March, 1958 at the age of 95 years. His three sons are the owners of this old homestead and it is being managed by some of their sons at the present time.—*Vera LeBaron Finch*

*Resorts.* The oldest inhabitants of this community down to those of recent years, cherish the memory of the old *Geneva resort*, built on the eastern shore of Utah Lake. To the first settlers this spot was nothing more than sagebrush and alkali where several families often went together on swimming parties in the lake, using their wagon boxes for dressing rooms. When the government offered the land cheap to the homesteaders, *J. A. Hooper* was the first man to lay claim to this sagebrush covered area. Unable to comply with the laws, his claim was jumped a short time later by *Thomas Smart* of Salt Lake City, who believed that a fishing business might prove profitable in this area. Soon realizing that his dream could not materialize without much time and labor, he sold his tract of land to *Thomas Pierpont* for a small sum per acre.

In the late sixties the greatest attraction was still the beautiful lake in which was an abundance of several varieties of fish, and the sandy beaches on which were numerous beautiful white shells to be gathered by the white settlers as well as the Indians who laid claim to its spacious shores and water. *William Baker* fell heir to this ground as well as several acres eastward. A small log house was built a quarter of a mile east of the lake. Mr. Baker's idea was to clear the ground for farming, but he passed away before much was done. The property was left to his wife, *Fanny Hillman Baker*, who, a short time later, married *Henry Hill*. She became known as Aunt Fannie Hill.

On the Utah county records it states that on March 26, 1888, *John Dallin* of Springville bought ten acres of this land along the shores of Utah Lake for the sum of \$200.00. His objective was to build a pleasure resort. A rough frame house was soon erected, an artesian well dug, and a few poplar trees planted; but money was scarce and Dallin was faced with many obstacles. In 1890, a brother-in-law, *William Shaffer* of Ogden, consented to go in partnership. On June 20, 1890, the property was mortgaged for \$450.00, to be paid in ninety days. Three months later, September 19th, this property was remortgaged for \$500.00 to be paid in one year.

It was not until 1893 that the above property began to take on the shape of a pleasure resort. The Eccles Lumber company of Ogden, now holding the mortgage, furnished \$600.00 worth of lumber for its construction, which was hauled by team and wagon by Shaffer and Dallin to the building site. A two and one-half story hotel, and a small open air pavilion were erected. Bath houses were built in the bank of the lake, Scott's Hardware store in Salt Lake City furnishing the merchandise for the buildings, valued at \$1020.59.

In front of the hotel was a saloon, a store and confectionery. On the west side was a large dining room, on the north the kitchen, and on the east a public dining room which could be hired for parties and family reunions. The second story provided guest rooms and a veranda. Sailboats and rowboats were anchored along the pier which could be hired for nominal sums. Open air dancing became very popular to the music of the Fort Douglas Band, they having a summer camp near the resort, and other local bands. The moon often furnished more light for the dancers than the dim kerosene lanterns used for illumination purposes. Sagebrush was grubbed and Hiram Wright, a nurseryman from Lindon, planted row after row of poplar trees, which in time grew to great heights.

Joining the Geneva resort, as it had been christened, on the east was the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, whose trains brought pleasure seekers twice a week to what had now become the greatest attraction in Utah county. Excursions, one day from the north, and one day from the south, brought hundreds of pleasure seekers to the resort each week. Often two or three passenger cars were sidetracked to carry the crowds home in the evening. Barbecues became popular and, as time went on, other concessions were added for the enjoyment of adults and children alike. Indians, with their fastest ponies, were usually there to join in the horse racing and other sports. The Walker Brothers from Salt Lake City maintained a large steamboat for a time, taking passengers on a cruise around the lake.

Then came the days of less activity and, in 1907, Captain John Dallin signed a quit claim deed and retired from the scene. The resort fell into the hands of the Utah Lake Fishing and Hunting Club, composed of business men of Provo. *William Wilson* became the new manager of this ten-acre amusement center. More space was added to the pavilion; gas fixtures, lighted with torches, were installed; boating increased in popularity, a large gasoline launch with a dance hall on the top deck provided a beautiful setting for those interested in dancing and for others who enjoyed a trip across the lake and back. But, before long, came a period of high water and the dashing waves against the shoreline submerged the bathhouses as well as the pier.

Discouraged, William Wilson left the resort in the care of his brother-in-law, Jake Westphal. Cabins were built to accommodate those wishing to spend a vacation there, as the hotel now served as

the dwelling place of the Westphal family, with the store and the dining room still downstairs. In 1916, the resort was acquired by the Knight Savings and Trust company in Provo, and a year later was brought from them by Charles Rasmussen of Salt Lake City. In 1920, he, with Bobby Baine, and Sid Harris, secured a clear title and began anew the activities of the old resort.

A dynamo was installed making their own electricity. The lake water now replaced with mud and slime, again was far out from the shore, so new and better bath houses were built. Roller skating became an added attraction. It was about this time that the *Hobertson brothers, Leonard, Thorit and Wallace*, took over the management of the resort. Dancing by the music of a Provo Band was still in great demand and fishing, boating and swimming continued profitable enterprises.

Three years later, in 1923, *Frank Eastman*, of Salt Lake City, and *Walter Taylor*, of Provo, became the new owners of the Geneva resort and again it came to the front. A cement pool filled with heated water was added and a new dance floor replaced the old one. Later Walter Taylor left Geneva but Frank Eastman remained. Although business was not as good as in the past, still the Saturday night dances attracted crowds of people, and no street was more brightly lighted than the old Geneva road.

Little by little the ground claimed by Geneva was utilized as farming land. In 1935, the resort fell into the hands of the Utah Power & Light company as a site for a steam power plant, but the water was low and the idea was soon abandoned. In 1939, the hotel as well as the dance pavilion, with its many happy memories, was torn down and the lumber sold. The life of the old Geneva resort is closely interwoven into the life of almost every individual in Utah County. *George Clark* and his sons of Pleasant Grove were always on hand with their high spirited steeds to take part in the horse racing on the large racetrack that had been made east of the Denver & Rio Grande tracks. There were also competitive events such as baseball, wrestling, horse-shoe pitching and other sports. Then, what a great affair was the three-day Black Hawk War Veterans' encampment. Many arrived the day before and the ground soon took on the appearance of a real Indian village. Sham battles and pow-wows by the light of campfires were among the other exciting events held there.

—*Blanche J. Nielson*

*Lincoln Beach:* *John Hallett* lost the sight of his eyes and had both hands blown off in a mine explosion about 1889. Before this accident he had spent much time along the shores of Utah Lake to the warm springs and had seen its possibilities. Apparently the mine owners gave him a sizeable sum of money, for he invested it in building a dance hall and a rock home on the south side of the lake. Andrew Jenson states, under date of August 6, 1892, in the Church Chronology,

that: "Lincoln Beach, 10 miles northwest of Payson, Utah County, was opened as a pleasure resort."

Mr. Hallett and a young boy lived in the one-room rock home and tried to run the resort for two or three years, but because of his great handicap, he was unable to make a go of the project.

*Hyrum Argyle* then bought the resort and built a six or seven room house which served the purpose of a hotel. He built a swimming pool and bath houses, situated midway between the rock house and the site where Henry Fernstein later built a small resort. The pool had a roof over it and swim suits could be rented. He also built a store and a saloon. Since there were several springs of warm water there which were piped into the pool, it became quite popular. A pier of boards was built out to the lake and those desiring to swim found the water deep enough at the end of the pier, which extended some one hundred feet out into the water. People could fish from both sides of the pier and boats for hire were fastened to it.

Various other amusements were enjoyed including dances every Friday night. *Eric Neilson* and orchestra furnished the music. The dance hall had one of the very best floors obtainable at that time; it was boarded up four feet on the sides and with a roof over all, thus making it an open-air pavilion. The only mode of transportation to the resort was by buggy, wagon or carts drawn by a horse or horses, and it usually took several hours to make the trip.

Mr. Argyle ran the resort for four or five years, but when business dropped off, he tore down all the buildings and moved them to his home in Lake Shore. The old dance hall became a barn. All that is left of Lincoln Beach is the four walls of the old rock house.

—*Rhea Coombs Hone.*

*Saratoga*, so named because of its similarity to the mineralized springs found at the famous spa in New York, is known as the oldest swimming establishment in western America. It is said that *Brigham Young* often went swimming there. One of the first Indian uprisings in Utah took place at the Hot Springs in 1848. Two men were murdered by an Indian renegade, Tintic, at this spot.

The warm springs west of Utah Lake had attracted the attention of the pioneers of Lehi; but it was a number of years after the founding of the city that *John C. Nagle* moved from the cold springs south to the warm springs. Later he took up title to the land. Seeing what he considered great potential possibilities in the springs, *John Beck* purchased the ranch from Mr. Nagle, and after several unsuccessful attempts to utilize it as a chicken ranch and fruit farm, he opened it as a public resort, naming it *Saratoga*. He built a swimming pool for the hot water, later following this with a larger one. As such it was used until it was purchased by the Utah Sugar Company. Many improvements were made and every measure taken to make it one of the best resorts in the west. Its location near the



lake, its medicinal waters and its beautiful surroundings all contribute to the enjoyment of the people who visit Saratoga.

*Provo Lake:* About the year 1888, *Don H. Corry* and *R. H. Dodd* of Salt Lake City realized the possibilities of a pleasure resort on the shores of Utah Lake and so went about financing such a project. The buildings at the resort consisted of a large dance pavilion, dining room, saloon, restaurant, bath houses and two piers. Early transportation to the lake was made by a street car system. A man named Rudolph was the engineer and was much admired for his mechanical abilities. William Perry Bennett, a kindly, jovial man, was the conductor. The system was owned by *William Probert* and continued in business for six years. Presumption is that it failed to pay off and was abandoned.

During the years from 1890 to the early 1900's the resort was the center of summer social life in Utah County. The state militia had their maneuvers there, and at times the Black Hawk Indian War Veterans held their encampments at this place. Many ward groups and family outings found this an ideal spot for a day's recreation. The chief amusements at this time were swimming, boating, dancing, baseball and a whirligig for the children. Music for the dances was furnished by the *Dorton Brothers* and *Joseph W. Clark* called for the various dances. *Joseph Thompson* was the bartender and also rented the boats. Bathing suits were modest in those days and they covered the wearer from neck to ankles, with stockings preferred, all for twenty-five cents.

One of Provo's pioneer jewelers, *Julius Jensen*, having been a sailor in his native country, fitted up a sailboat and, with his father-in-law, *Mr. Thuesen*, availed themselves of the opportunity of sailing on the lake. They sponsored several boat regattas. Boat racing was at that time confined to rowing by hand.

In the early 1900's, frigid weather and hard winds demolished the piers and bath houses. *Graham L. Daley* and *David S. Kling*, two carpenters, were hired to rebuild them. Soon after a race track was built somewhat north and east of the resort. Opinions differ as to who built and owned the race track. Some say it was erected and owned by Martin and Drake interests, while others claim it was built by *H. H. Barton* who was an authority on and owner of fine horses. Be that as it may, horse racing became very popular and the sons of *Woodville Wilson*, *George William* and *John* owned a number of the fastest horses in that area. *Dick Watkins* and *Al. Cluff*, a barber, Mr. Barton and *Graham Daley*, the owners of "Pomp," the ugliest, raw-boned, but fastest sorrel of his time, matched against their horse, other race horses of by-gone days who achieved fame or disaster for their owners during this era.

In the spring of 1906, after another exceptionally hard winter and heavy snowfall, the lake raised and covered the resort and the surrounding land for more than a mile eastward, which forced the

abandonment of this popular resort. It is believed that its owners or lessees to this time were, *Ike Fredonski, Joe Thompson, S. S. Jones, Thomas H. Vincent* and *Col. C. E. Loose*, who hired *Milt Jaques* as manager. The famous old resort was partially submerged for a number of years.

In 1913 the water receded and *George T. Peay, Jr., Edward Farrer* and *Lew Carpenter* leased the resort from *C. E. Loose* and partly reclaimed and operated the same for four years but the buildings had been undermined with water for so long that the entire resort was in a state of disrepair and it proved too expensive to rebuild it.

The area east of the resort and south of the road leading to the resort was swampy and covered with tall rushes, because the old Dry Creek emptied into Mud Lake at this place. In 1917, *George Peay, Sr.,* and *George Peay, Jr.,* opened a canal that diverted Dry Creek into Utah Lake and farmed the ground east of the resort. Members of the Peay family continued to farm the ground, which produced bounteous crops, until Provo City built the Municipal Airport on the place where once stood the romantic old Provo Lake Resort of yesteryear.—*Joyce K. Harmon*

*Boats:* Early in 1891, a boat company was organized and a boat was built with the view of making Utah Lake a highway of commerce. According to the plans of the company, connections were to be made with the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad and the Provo City Railway on one side of the lake, and a Tintic stage on the other side, whereby continuous passage from Salt Lake or Provo to Tintic, or in the opposite direction, could be secured, the lake being a pleasant relaxation from the land trip by its passengers. Freight was also to be carried. Work began on the boat in January, and the craft was completed in early May.

Much enthusiasm was manifest at the beginning of the trial trip, which was made on May 7th at Provo. A christening speech was made by *Hon. A. O. Smoot*, the pennant was run up, the crowd gave three cheers for the *Florence*. The Enterprise band played, "Gee Whiz," and, at 9:45 a.m. the *Florence* under the command of Captain *Charles De Moisey*, left her moorings at the Provo Lake Resort with some fifty passengers aboard to make her maiden trip. The trip across the lake was successful; but through some misunderstanding the delegation from Eureka, which was expected, was not present to meet them. After some trouble, the freight, consisting of a farm wagon, etc., was unloaded, and the *Florence* began her homeward voyage. The wind came up and the water became a little rough, causing some seasickness, but otherwise the return trip was made without incident. The boat provided a number of pleasant excursions, but before arrangements could be made for regular trips on the lake, adverse financial conditions came and the *Florence* was taken elsewhere.

*History of Provo—J. M. Jensen*

*The Sho-Boat* owned and operated by *Hewitt M. Strong* and *Elmer J. Smith* a few years back made almost daily trips across Utah Lake during the summer months. She was by far the largest passenger boat ever to ply the waters of the lake. It was designed and built by Mr. Hewitt and Mr. Strong, with the hired help of several carpenters, being two years under construction from 1930-1932. Two carloads of lumber shipped in from Oregon went into her construction along with 12,000 bolts. She was powered by two large motors and had every accommodation necessary for the comfort and pleasure of her passengers. There was a modern kitchen, a dining room and orchestra pit and a large dance floor in the lower deck, illuminated with a first class lighting system. Except for two years when the lake was very low, thousands of passengers including members of civic organizations, social units, religious and private parties spent many pleasurable hours on her decks. Flocks of seagulls followed her path across the lake and the patrons derived much joy from feeding these beautiful birds. The *Sho-Boat* cruised over every Sunday to Bird Island, nine miles out in the lake. Here she stopped while the passengers, who so desired, were permitted to walk along the narrow trail to see the thousands of birds nesting there.

Hewitt M. Strong and Elmer J. Smith are both sons of early pioneers families. They built several small boats before attempting the *Sho-Boat*. In 1938, the owners invited all civic and municipal leaders in Utah County, together with Congressman J. W. Robinson, on a cruise to show them the feasibility of spending money for a harbor and other improvements. The result was the starting of Utah Lake Recreation Park by the National Parks Service.

The *Sho-Boat*, her years of service over, rests quietly anchored in the Provo River.—*Sarah Passey*

*Lake Tragedies*: The first boat wreck on the lake in which Lehi people figured, occurred in the latter part of May, 1851, and is related by *William Fotheringham*.

"*Canute Peterson* and myself, with *Simeon Howd* and *Seth M. Dodge* of Salt Lake City, went on a fishing expedition to the mouth of Provo River, and succeeded in making a good haul of trout and suckers. We left Provo in the evening and arrived at the mouth of American Fork Creek in the morning, where we intended to make another haul with the seine, but a gale came up from the south and prevented it, so we pulled out for home. The lake became very rough and on being struck by a heavy wave, the boat was completely capsized. Being a good swimmer, I struck out for the shore, a quarter of a mile distant, while two of the men clung to the boat, and the third was washed ashore with the oars under his breast. I now remember vividly the whole incident; the sun was rising over the Wasatch Mountains as I was battling with the waves to reach the shore, wondering if this was the last time I would ever see it come up. We all finally reached

shore and got home safely, and the next day recovered the boat and seine. Through a dream of his wife, Elmira, *John R. Murdock* was prevailed upon not to join us in the fishing trip, and as he could not swim, no doubt he would have lost his life in the wreck.

—*History of Lehi*

*Jeremiah Price* was born in Kellegory, Radnorshire, Wales, August 13, 1804. He was a mine foreman and considered quite well off in his native land. He married *Jane Morgan* and they were the parents of eleven children. Jeremiah and Jane became converts of the Mormon faith and came to Utah in the year 1847, with ten of the children, the eldest having married and established a home in Wales. Before leaving their native land Jeremiah had contributed money so that other Saints might gather with the body of the Church in Zion, but because of adverse condition these people were unable to repay the money they had borrowed. Therefore, when the Price family arrived in Utah, they found themselves in dire financial circumstances.

Mr. Price was sent to help colonize Payson, where he soon established a home for his family and there they resided for a period of thirteen years. He apparently went into the poultry business. On March 19, 1860, Jeremiah and his son, John, were making a delivery of chickens to a settlement across the lake and decided to walk over on the ice instead of making the long trip around. A short distance out the ice broke and both fell into the icy water. The father was able to help his son out, but when he attempted to get back to safety the ice broke under his weight. John, seeing that he could not rescue his father, ran for help but when assistance came they found Jeremiah frozen to death. His tragic death was a great shock to the family.

—*Irene Strang and LaVerna Ackroyd*

Utah Lake was the scene of a terrible tragedy when four young girls lost their lives in its water July 19, 1898. *John Keele*, of Payson, with his wife and five children, *Edward*, *Lucy*, *Emma*, *Susan* and *William* and their friend, *Ernestina Bauer*, daughter of Eberhart and Fredericka Spieth Bauer, went to Utah Lake on that day for an outing. The picnic ground was about ten miles from home. Mr. Keele and Edward fished nearby along the lake shore in the forenoon while the girls prepared the picnic lunch. After eating the men decided to go around the lake where fish might be more plentiful.

William, then ten years of age, and the youngest of the group, stayed with the girls who were going for a dip in the lake. For some reason he decided not to go in the water. The girls were all clinging to a plank and enjoying themselves immensely when suddenly they drifted into deeper water where they could not reach the bottom of the lake with their feet. They evidently became very frightened and let loose of the plank, quickly sinking out of sight.

William was terrified and ran as fast as possible to find his father and brother. The men upon learning the news ran to camp, hitched the horses to the wagon and Edward left on the long ride back

to Payson to summon help. *George Stabeli* says he well remembers that day. He was the owner of a horse and buggy and upon hearing what had happened he prepared to go to the scene of the accident accompanied by *Bert Wade*, a young man who worked for him.

Down by the Union Pacific depot, west of town, they overtook Edward. One of his horses had given out and was unable to go on. George left his buggy there and replaced the exhausted horse with his own. When they arrived at the lake a large crowd had already gathered. Three of the bodies had been recovered but the fourth could not be found until Fred Peterson, a fisherman by trade, arrived with his large net and succeeded in bringing the other body to the surface. They worked frantically over the girls but they had been in the water too long.

Funeral services, attended by hundreds of people from all over the state, were held in the Payson Tabernacle. The girls were all dressed in white, and white bleached muslin, loaned for the occasion by Will Douglas who ran a store there, draped the pulpit. Twelve girls dressed in white stood behind the caskets during the services. Carriages with pall bearers walking beside them carried the girls to their final resting place.—*Hazel Gasser*

The boats and equipment which our pioneer fisherman used were very crude but safe and practical for their time and no lives were lost during this period of trial and need, despite the fact that Utah Lake with its great area of nearly 150 square miles and its extremely shallow depth, is a treacherous and vicious body of water and many lives have been lost since the days of pioneer fishermen. This extremely shallow depth causes a breaker condition over the entire surface of the lake during high winds, and the sudden squalls which occur during the summer and fall strike without warning and from any direction, sometimes changing direction almost instantly, and thus creates a very dangerous condition.

In 1909 a retired sea captain who had sailed many times across the Atlantic Ocean, moved his family to Salt Lake City and brought from the Pacific Coast a fine boat which he launched on Utah Lake. This boat was seaworthy, but the captain was not convinced of the true character of Utah Lake, and on June 9th of that year while on a pleasure cruise, tragedy in the form of a sudden squall struck and the boat capsized. Six lives were lost, three of them being his children. The tragedy was known as the "Brown Party."

—*David H. and C. Elmer Madsen*

*The Toll Bridge.* The first bridge to span the Jordan River near Lehi was built this spring under the supervision of *Thomas Ashton*. It was the result of a commercial enterprise, a stock company having been organized for the purpose. For this company, Charles Hopkins obtained a charter from the Legislative Assembly, which empowered the holders, both to construct the bridge and to collect toll for crossing it. The act follows:

An act granting unto *Charles Hopkins* and others the right to build a bridge across the river Jordan.

Section 1. Be it enacted by the Governor and Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Utah: That *Charles Hopkins*, *Ezekiel Hopkins*, and *Alonzo D. Rhodes*, citizens of *Lehi City*, *Utah County*, are hereby authorized and empowered to form a company for the purpose of building a toll bridge across the *Jordan River* at any point within ten miles north of *Utah Lake*, that the city may determine.

Section 2. The within named *Charles Hopkins*, and *Alonzo D. Rhodes*, are hereby authorized to take, and sell stock at \$25.00 each share, until a sufficient amount of stock shall have been taken to defray the cost of building said bridge.

Section 3. There shall be a committee of three chosen from among, and by the stockholders, whose duty it shall be to keep an accurate account of all expenditures, also to superintend the building, and to do such other business for the company as the majority of the stockholders may deem expedient for the general good.

Section 4. Every stockholder shall be entitled to one vote for each share he may have taken.

Section 5. The bridge shall be built to the acceptance of the Territorial Commissioner.

Section 6. The City Council of *Lehi City* are hereby authorized to regulate the rates of toll for crossing said bridge.

Section 7. The company thus formed may have the right to hold claim on the bridge, until they have realized one hundred percent over and above all expenditures; after which said bridge shall be turned over to the Territorial Commissioner in good repair, as the property of the Territory.

Approved, January 21, 1853.

From the first, the bridge proved to be a reasonable success and rewarded the promoters with a substantial rate of interest for their investment.

*George Zimmerman* was among the first toll keepers for the bridge company. For several years also, a man named *Nathaniel Jenkins*, and later *William Ball* and his family, lived at the bridge and collected the fees due for crossing. The last collector was *Joseph T. H. Colledge*, who resided at the bridge for many years.

### FIRST CITY ORDINANCE

As provided in the charter, the regulation of tolls for this bridge was to be under the direction of the City Council and their first ordinance had to deal with this matter. It is given in full below:

An ordinance defining the amount of toll in *Lehi Jordan Bridge*.

Section 1. Be it ordained by the City Council of the City of *Lehi*, that the toll of the above named bridge shall be as follows:

For crossing a vehicle of any kind drawn by two animals.....	20¢
Or six tickets for.....	\$1.00
For each and every vehicle drawn by one animal.....	15¢
For each animal and rider or each pack animal.....	10¢
For loose horses, mules, jacks, jinnies, and cattle each.....	5¢
For sheep and hogs.....	1¢
For each foot passenger.....	5¢

Section 2. Be it further ordained that any person crossing the above named bridge on a single animal faster than a walk, shall pay a fine of five dollars.

Any person driving a loose team faster than a walk, shall pay a fine of ten dollars.

Also, any person driving a team and wagon faster than a walk, shall pay a fine of fifteen dollars.

Section 3. This ordinance shall be in full force from and after its passage.

Passed July 8, 1853.

The Jordan Bridge Company closed its career in 1871. From the beginning it had been financially profitable, so that when the Territorial Commissioner demanded that it be turned over to him as public property, the company was extremely dissatisfied. Nevertheless, the charter was repealed in 1866 by the following act of the Legislature:

An act repealing an act granting unto Charles Hopkins and others the right to build a bridge across the River Jordan.

Be it enacted by the Governor and Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Utah: That an act granting to Charles Hopkins and others the right to build a bridge across the River Jordan, approved January 23, 1853, is hereby repealed.

Approved January 12, 1866.

The company continued to charge toll at the bridge, however, until the new bridge, built in 1871 by Utah County, was opened for general use, when the old one was torn down and its timbers distributed among the stockholders.

The following was taken from the history of *Joseph J. H. Colledge* who was the last tollkeeper:

The house constructed to house the tollkeeper and family was built of native lumber, consisting of four rooms, two large ones in front and two lean-to's. It did not have a foundation but the boards were put together vertically, the ends resting on the ground. This building stood about where the cattle corral is now. This corral is situated about one hundred yards east of the present bridge, and is used to corral cattle coming in from the summer range in West Canyon, until they are claimed by their owners.

At the time my father, *Thomas Colledge*, was there, there were two permanent camps of Indians near Lehi, one south of the Saratoga

road, about a mile west of Main Street in Lehi, on Fifth West, and one just below Camp Williams. Father said one day two Indians came to the bridge to borrow a shovel to bury two of their children who had died of some contagious disease. They buried them in the hills west of Lehi at a place they called Zion's Hill, because that is where they got the rock for the foundation of the first Ward Church.

Indians are quite superstitious and when catastrophies of this kind occur they immediately select another campsite to get away from the evil spirit. Father said he watched them move on several occasions and that their vehicle for moving consisted of two poles, one on each side of the horse, like a shaft, and extending several feet behind the animal and connected by two or three short poles to form a seat. On this they would pile children, dogs, blankets, anything they had to move. I have learned since that this home-made vehicle is called a "Travois", coming from the word travel.

The Toll Bridge always afforded excitement for young as well as old, as toll was collected for animals as well as people. The arrival of the first train of the Utah Southern Railroad, on 23 September, 1872, affected travel greatly. For a year the terminus of the railroad was in Lehi, and this made the city the distributing center for goods shipped to towns of the south. Many of the citizens of Lehi obtained employment in freighting and, in addition, much money was spent in the city by freighting from other districts. Ore from Eastern Nevada and Western Utah was freighted over the bridge and father said he became well acquainted with some of the teamsters and used to watch with eagerness for them to come. All passengers on the Simpson route of the overland stage, going to and coming from all points west that were not reached by the railroad, came over the bridge. Many times there were people of distinction among the passengers, who would stop to tell the happenings of the outside world.

The bridge itself was a very picturesque, well-made piece of engineering for that period, considering the lack of timber and nails. Huge cedars were used as piling, jointed together with long pine poles. The top of the bridge was made by putting long pine timbers lengthwise, fastening them to the framework by large wooden pegs. Over these logs hewn to uniform thickness, comprised the floor. The approaches were made from the clay along the river, to which large boulders and rocks were added.—*Eunice Colledge Hutchings*

*Nathaniel Jenkins* was born in London, England, 19 July 1801, the son of George Jenkins and Frances Lattimer. After the death of his mother, he was sent to live with an aunt who treated him unkindly and robbed him of the inheritance left him by his mother. As a child he lived close to the cemetery and his only schooling was learning to read the epitaphs on the tombstones.



Nathaniel married *Sarah Holt* and they reared a large family, Caroline Geneva, Sarah, Emily, Eliza, Nathaniel, James, George and Rebecca. The opportunities in America seemed promising to the family, so about 1844 they left their home and emigrated to the New World. The baby, Rebecca, was buried at sea. Other members of the family met tragic deaths while living in St. Louis, Missouri. Nathaniel was killed in a ship explosion; George was accidentally shot, and James, who had gone to Australia, was robbed and killed during the time of the gold rush.

Nathaniel and his daughter, *Caroline Geneva*, joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints much against the wishes of the rest of the family. In 1857, Caroline emigrated to Utah, and shortly after Nathaniel married his second wife, *Sarah Mathews*. About 1860 they, too, emigrated to the valley of the mountains.

Nathaniel obtained employment keeping the toll bridge at Utah Lake, a short distance north from where the lake empties into the Jordan River. At the lake in a log house built up above the water, Nathaniel lived with his wife and four children. In the spring of 1865, when the Indians were causing a great deal of trouble, Sarah and three of the children became very ill with fever. Nathaniel sent for his daughter Caroline to come from Deseret to assist in the care of the family. When Caroline arrived, with her small baby, to give the necessary assistance, Nathaniel walked to Lehi to obtain medical aid. While he was gone Indians gathered around the home demanding food. When Nathaniel returned the Indians were still there. That night his wife, Sarah, died and in the week following three of the children. All during this time of great sorrow the Indians continued their chanting and dancing. He could hardly get out of the house to bury his loved ones.

Following this tragic experience, Nathaniel moved to Lehi where he purchased property. He owned several houses which he rented. He also owned some property in St. Louis and made a trip to that city to dispose of his holdings. Although he took considerable money with him, it slipped through his fingers to various members of the family who had mistreated him so greatly when he joined the Church. He also lost his eyesight. Although he wished to return to Lehi where he had left his daughter, Elizabeth, the only surviving child of Sarah Mathews, his blindness forced him to remain in St. Louis where he passed away.—*Dora Dutson Flack*

#### PETER MADSEN, VETERAN FISHERMAN OF UTAH LAKE

For time unknown the Indians had wintered around Utah Lake and the streams which feed it, living on the fish and fowl they provided, and they, too, are linked with the story of the Mormon pioneers and their battle for survival during the early years of the settlement. By sharing the fish which were taken from the lake with the Indians

friendly relations were maintained and peace kept during the lean years when the pioneers were discouraged and vulnerable to attacks. Taking fish from Utah Lake in large quantities to meet the needs of the people was not as simple as it may seem. Long seines were the only methods of getting them in large quantities and such seines or nets were not readily available.

*Peter Madsen*, known as the veteran fisherman of Utah Lake, who first settled in Sanpete valley, moved a year later to Utah valley where he established a home at the mouth of the Provo River, had such a short seine he had brought with him from his native country of Denmark. While living in Sanpete he planted a field of flax which he harvested and brought with him to his new home. From this flax the family spun a twine called hemp and, in turn, this was knitted into a web, from which a long seine was fashioned. This seine proved to be the means of saving a great many families from severe hunger, if not actual starvation. Livestock among the settlers was very limited and had to be saved for breeding purposes. There was considerable game in the mountains and ducks and geese on the lake at seasonal times, but the kill was limited because of the lack of guns and ammunition and the necessity of holding them in reserve in case of Indian troubles. From Peter Madsen's own story we quote:

"I arrived in Salt Lake City on October 4, 1854, and came to Provo the same year where I have since made my home. It was in the year 1855, as I remember, when the grasshoppers made their descent upon the small fields of the pioneers. The crops had been planted in the rich soil along the Provo River and gave promise of a fair crop equal to the demands of the small population and the incoming immigrants who would be too late to plant crops during the summer. We all felt that all would be well with us, and, lo!, about July 24th the grasshoppers came upon us, so thick did they descend that they fairly darkened the sun. They destroyed most of the crops as they made their way to the shores of Utah Lake which they attempted to cross and were drowned by the wagon loads. Many of them were eaten by the fish. The great wall floated upon the shores of Utah Lake.

"It was a little later than this that the people came to the lake. From Sevier on the south to Salt Lake on the north, they came with wagons and barrels and salt prepared to take fish home with them for food during the winter months. Their crops were destroyed and they were weak from hunger. They brought with them two short pieces of seine, which I secured for them and joined to the end of a short seine I had knit during my first winter in Utah; therefore, making a fairly good net.

"They all camped along the river near where it empties into the lake and we made preparations to supply them with mullet and trout which were quite plentiful at that time. Having been accustomed to fishing in Denmark when a boy, I was prepared for this

important duty of furnishing food for starving people, and I will always remember the scene along the river bank after the first day's catch had been distributed. The campers were in little groups around the campfires where they were broiling fish on hot coals and eating them with relish that only those who have been through an experience of this kind can appreciate.

"The bishop of Provo sent men to help and all day and all night the fishing went on. The Saints came and remained on the river until they had enough fish salted to last them during the winter; then they left for their homes to give others room who were equally needy. For weeks the work went on. Nobody ever asked who did the work or who received the fish. We were all comparatively equal in those days and all we asked was enough to eat until we could raise crops to supply us food. I have always regarded this as one of my greatest opportunities for doing good."

There were no rubber boots or oil skin clothing to keep them dry, and they worked even with the water ice cold and throughout the night, wearing what clothes they had, or almost nude to save their meager supply of clothing. No charge was made for the fish, for the very good reason that few of the recipients had anything with which to pay. A few who had harvested a small crop of grain, brought along a little flour which was exchanged for fish. From this limited transaction there came from the mind of some Danishman from Sanpete, now long forgotten, a saying, that was to live for many years and be repeated (always with the Danish accent) thousands of times among the fisher-folk around Utah Lake. "Fish for flour, pound for pound and darn good fish, too, fresh from the seine yesterday night."

Indians also came in large numbers to accept the largess of Peter Madsen's seine. They stayed for weeks and always dried their fish, after splitting them down the back. They never used the salt-brine method of preserving them. This annual pilgrimage of the Indians continued to some extent to the turn of the century, and they came from as far as the Uintah Basin. Members of the Peter Madsen family continued in the fish business for one hundred years.

As the years passed, one or two other men came to operate seines in the lake but only for a short period of time. One of the first of these was a man named Petit, he stayed only a season or two then sold his outfit to Peter Madsen. His name was only spoken of when some fisherman referred to a certain place still known as Petit's Point, which was his favorite fishing spot.

The Indians were not so easy to deal with and while they received their fish free, they preferred the trout, which were the choice fish but never abundant, to the bony suckers and chubs which constituted ninety percent or more of the total catch. Peter Madsen was a shrewd Indian trader and by bribing the chiefs with a few trout for their tepees, he won favor with them, and the other braves and squaws

had no choice but to accept what they received. Other fishermen were not so clever in their dealings with the redmen and were not in their favor.

A story originating at that time and coming down through the years, places strong emphasis on how *not* to deal with Indians. It seems that two or three pioneer fishermen had salted down and left standing under the black willows, on the river bank, a number of barrels of the highly favored trout, for which a good market had developed. One of the chiefs of the tribe, while palavering with the fisherman for more and better fish, very cleverly found out who owned each barrel of trout. When the fishermen awoke next morning they discovered that the Indians had vanished and to their dismay, so had their barrels of fish, all but the barrels of Peter Madsen.

Peter Madsen was born in Veile, Denmark, April 6, 1824. He joined the Mormon Church June 12, 1853, being baptized by *Rasmus Neilson*. In 1870-72 Mr. Madsen returned as a missionary to his native land and from 1886 to 1888 labored as a missionary in the Hawaiian Islands. He died August 11, 1911 and was buried in the Provo City Cemetery.

*Orson Pratt Boat.* One of my earliest and most cherished memories is of riding down to the mouth of Provo River with my father, Peter Madsen, Jr., and there in a rowboat sat two old gentlemen. One was a short rather small man with thick snow-white hair. He had a large white silk muffler tied about his neck. He appeared to be enjoying the afternoon just sitting there in the warm sunshine fishing while the boat drifted slowly into deep water. The other was my grandfather, Peter Madsen, Sr., who was rather a large man and had a long white beard. He, too, was enjoying the afternoon with his distinguished guest, Wilford Woodruff, at that time President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

I asked my father what was the first boat he could remember. He answered that it was a boat made from the trunk of a large tree. It was made in two pieces which had been hewn out and fastened together without the use of nails. There was small grooves cut in the side of both pieces and then fitted together so neatly that the boat was perfectly watertight. It was about 14 feet long and 3½ feet in the center tapering off to 2 feet on the ends. There were small holes bored in the top of the sides, so that rushes could be placed in the holes to hide the men and their guns while they were hunting ducks or geese on the lake. Father said the boat was owned by Orson Pratt who used to come down to the old Madsen home frequently to go hunting and fishing. He said the old boat lay around the shore of the river for many years after it was discarded by its owner.

Grandfather Madsen built a pleasure boat that would accommodate approximately one hundred people. It was a sailboat, and large crowds of people would come from miles around to have a sail on the lake.

Sometimes they would bring their musical instruments and play while the boat was out on the water. Lars Jacobsen, another early settler, was the sailor, he having had experience with boats before coming to Utah.

The boat was also used to carry lime from the other side of the lake to Provo for various uses. One day while on the return trip, a storm came up and water was thrown into the lime, causing it to slake. Imagine the commotion — a large load of lime starting to slake in the middle of the lake and only a few hands to throw it overboard! Cottonwood trees for building purposes, were brought from across the lake in this same boat.

One day my father with his brothers John, James and Andrew, went on a goose hunt. They towed their boat out into the big channel and, since it was rather rough on the lake, they made a sail out of a wagon cover. A sudden squall came up after they had been out quite a while, and the force of the wind became so strong that it tipped over the boat. The men with their day's bag of geese, guns and other equipment, were catapulted into the water. This loss was keenly felt by the hunters.

Another experience encountered by them was when they made a trip to Mud Hen Gap late in the season. During the evening hours a storm threatened and the men decided to head for shore, but the boat was covered with ice and they could not move it. They got to shore safely and walked home with their clothing frozen to their bodies.

—Clara Madsen Taylor

## WASATCH LAKES

In telling of the naming of the Wasatch Lakes we refer not to many of the crystal bodies of water that gem our beautiful and noble range of mountains, but in particular to those lakes or lakelets which lie in the glacial hollows in the regions at the head of Big and Little Cottonwood canyons. So many times, however, have we been asked concerning the naming of the Cottonwood lakes, that perhaps a few words on the matter may not be out of place at the present time. It may be said that there is no more beautiful scenery in the entire Wasatch range than that which surrounds those high mountain reservoirs of which we write. At the time the lakes were given their names the upper Wasatch was a place of primitive appearance and solitude, but the progress of civilization has made a change; where once the silence was broken by the screech of the wild cat, the harsh voice of the mountain lion, or where the savage grizzly climbed the ledges or lolled in the tall moist grass by the streams or on the lake margins, may be found the nomadic cow; the voices of women and children — summer pleasure seekers — are echoed through the pine-woods, or by the cliffs at the lakes which are turned into reservoirs of crystal waters, subject to the uses of humankind.

Brighton Lake, sometimes called Silver Lake, was named for William A. Brighton, the pioneer settler of the Big Cottonwood Lake basin, some time in the early seventies. Lake Catherine, the highest lake in the group was named after his wife. Lake Phoebe, sometimes known as Fairy Pool, was named after the wife of George M. Ottinger, one of the earliest artists of Utah and one of the very first to sketch in the scenery of the Wasatch where its lakes are situated.

Lake Mary, first called Granite Lake, was re-christened in honor of Mary Borneman, wife of Hartwig Borneman, an artist from New York City. Lake Martha, directly above Lake Mary, was named at the same time for Mrs. Martha Lambourne, wife of William Lambourne, and although there was no relationship between the two ladies for whom the lakes were named, there was perhaps in the minds of the names a scriptural thought—the sisters of Bethany. On a high granite shelf beyond Brigham Lake, and near Phoebe Lake, is a tiny lakelet, most secluded and hidden. Annette, the pool was named in 1875, after the then Miss Annette Wells.

Lake Lackawaxen, or Glacier Lake, on the northern side of Mount Majestic, was so named in the early days of the Park City Mining camps, but by whom we were never able to ascertain.

Dog Lake, in the hollow east of Phoebe, was so named because at least at one time it was the home of the electric dog-fish; and the Twin Lakes, in the basin between Brighton and the Alta Ridge was named in the pioneer days at the time of the big annual summer picnic in the celebration of the 24th of July. Lake Minnie, or Flora, bears the name of a mother and daughter—in the first place of Minnie Williamson and second Minnie Shanks, of Rigby, Idaho.

The Sister Lakes in Hidden Valley. These three wonderfully beautiful high lakes on the south side of the tremendous ridge between the Big and Little Cottonwood canyons midway along its length were named as follows (1886) Lake Lillian, lowest of the group, for the lady who is now Mrs. Andy Walker. Lake Florence, after the daughters of H. L. A. Culmer, and Blanche for Miss Blanche Cutler.

The names of all these lakes have been officially recognized in government surveys.—*From the Writings of Alfred Lambourne*

## RICH COUNTY

*Bear Lake* is a fresh water lake situated at an elevation of 6,000 feet above the level of the sea. It is thirty miles long and seven miles wide, partly in Utah and partly in Idaho. It has white sand beaches and, because of its great depth, a wide range of marine colors. It is said to have been named Bear Lake because D. Mackenzie, an explorer, saw many black bear in the vicinity of the lake in 1819. The lake abounds in fish of many species and was a favorite fishing grounds of the Indians. Fish Haven, Lanark, Liberty, Ovid, Paris, St. Charles and Sharon in Idaho and Lake Town and Garden City in Utah are the principal cities close by.

In the fall of 1863, Apostle *Charles C. Rich* and others were called by President Brigham Young to explore the Bear Lake Valley as a possible site for new settlements. The first company of pioneers entered the valley from the north, crossing the mountains which separates Bear Lake Valley from Cache Valley. Leaving the head waters of Mink Creek, they crossed over to the head waters of Emigration Creek which they followed down to the open valley. Looking around for a place to locate their first settlement, they decided on the creek on which Paris now stands.

The first or advanced company of these Bear Lake Valley pioneers arrived on the site Saturday 25, 1863. The company consisted of nine wagons and among the settlers were *Thomas Slight*, *James Poulson*, *Robert H. Williams* and *Landon Wriston*. The first encampment was made on the north side of the creek. President Charles C. Rich with a company on horseback had been in the valley before and selected the site for a town. The day after the arrival of the first nine wagons other settlers entered the valley.

The Indians frequented Bear Lake Valley during the summer on their seasonal camping and hunting trips. The area south of the lake in particular, had long been claimed by the Shoshones and Bannocks as their camping grounds. There, they came from their expeditions to the buffalo country to dress their hides and pelts and trade with the Utes, who were not buffalo hunters.

In the fall of 1863, Charles C. Rich had entered into an agreement with two of the leading chieftains, Washakie, of the Shoshones, and Tighi, of the Utes. Explaining that President Brigham Young had asked him to colonize the valley with their own people, he requested the cooperation and permission of the Indian Chiefs. To this, they readily agreed, with the understanding that the lands south of the lake would not be disturbed, and that the settlers, when they began raising crops, would contribute what they could spare to the Indians when they visited. On the other hand, the Indians were not to molest the whites.

Washakie, who was the personal friend of Brigham Young, taught his people to respect the white settlers and their property; and on several occasions, required his young warriors to return property stolen from the settlers. He also insisted that the white men keep their part of the bargain. When some of the settlers, against the advice of their leader, insisted on going into Round Valley, south of the lake, which had been reserved for the Indians, and fencing the area and planting crops, Washakie, when he returned with his followers, ordered his braves to tear down fences and turn their horses into the grain. "If you won't listen to General Rich," he said "maybe you'll listen to me." After this experience, the unwise settlers were glad to go back to the other settlement until this land was later acquired by treaty. Thus, through the influence of Washakie, and

the fair dealings of the Mormon leaders and their people, Indian troubles in this area were held to a minimum.

*Chris Anderson* had a small sailboat on Bear Lake in 1873. He was an avid fisherman and often took passengers around the lake. Very often quick squalls came up, and it took longer to make the trips than he had counted on, so they were not too successful. About 1890, *J. J. Myers* built a boat for *Joseph Rich* to be operated with a gasoline engine. It cost about \$1200 and had an upper and lower deck which could comfortably accommodate twenty-four people. When it was launched at Warm Springs approximately 1500 people gathered at the resort and were very disappointed when the motor failed to start. Later rides were enjoyed on this boat for several years.

The next owner of the boat was *Charles Stock* of Fish Haven. Trips were made from the resort. Since fish were plentiful in Bear Lake there were numerous fishermen engaged in that pastime in small rowboats. Nets were used and each man's catch was put into a pile to be counted later and to see which man had caught the largest fish.—*Jane L. Robinson*

*Lake Monsters.* During the years 1860-1870 and even later reports were circulated concerning the existence of a strange animal in the waters of Bear Lake which became known as the Bear Lake Monster. It was supposed to be very large with ears or bunches on the side of its head about the size of a pint cup, and was said to be capable of spouting water from its nose or mouth. Some said it remained stationary in the water while others asserted it could swim with incredible speed.

A party of ten young people returning to Paris from Fish Haven reported that they were suddenly attracted by the peculiar motion of the waves in Bear Lake quite a distance out. *Thomas Slight*, one of the group, says he distinctly saw the animal which was of brownish color, and he supposed it to be about forty feet in length. It was going south and all agreed that it was moving very fast.

Around 1892, it was reported that an English tourist had seen a monster in Utah Lake resembling a sea serpent. At other times the animal or other animals of like shape and characteristics were reported to have been seen even in Great Salt Lake, where no life could possibly exist. All these reports are a matter of conjecture since none had ever been washed ashore or even seen at a close enough range to give the stories verification.

#### LAKES IN TOOELE COUNTY

*Rush Lake*, now a dry lake bed, was situated near Stockton, Tooele County, on the east and St. John and Clover Creek on the southwest. It was for many years a beautiful lake approximately four or five miles long and one mile wide with a depth of ten feet, more or less,



especially along the north end where the lake was dammed off by the previous formation of a great gravel spit which was settled by the waves coming together during the time of the full Bonneville Lake. This spit formulated many centuries ago, has and is supplying miles of gravel beds for southern and western railroads.

Rush Lake so formed from high spring waters depended upon heavy rainfall as a source of water supply. During the years when this lake was at a high level it was the scene of many recreational activities such as swimming and boating during the summer months, and ice skating parties during the wintertime, and it also supplied much needed food such as fish, ducks and geese in season. During the fishing season my father, John Mangus Isgreen, mostly sustained his family, as did many others, fishing from a boat with a seine. The catch was usually abundant and much of it was sold at low prices to people living in Tooele and surrounding areas.

I made a trip in August, 1958, to the south beyond the town of Stockton, as far as Clover beyond St. John, hence along the east now dry shore of what was sometimes called Stockton Lake, but it is really Rush Lake, for the purpose of measuring the length of the lake bed. There were four ranches to the west of the lake, two of which belonged to the Holt and Slater families for many years and are now operated by the Hogan Brothers, who, through well water and sprinkling systems, are making a fine success of production.

Along the east shore are the old Wilson and Denton ranches not far from where was established Lt. Colonel E. J. Steptoe's military camp. Colonel Steptoe arrived in Salt Lake City from Fort Leavenworth August 31, 1854, under orders from California. The expedition marched to this "reservation for military purposes" on September 14th, forty-five miles southwest in an uninhabited region known as Rush Valley on the east shore of Shambip, (Rush Lake). Colonel Steptoe with his troops returned to Salt Lake City and the quartermaster's force remained at this place. Col. Steptoe's command consisted of two companies of artillery, eighty-five dragoon recruits, one hundred and thirty teamsters, herders and other employees. Soldiers and laymen approximated three hundred men. They erected quarters, stables, and corrals, cut 200 cords of wood and stored two hundred tons of hay for their 450 mules and 300 horses. The detachment was scheduled to go through California that season, but prior to leaving Fort Leavenworth Col. Steptoe received instructions to assist in capturing the murderers of Captain Gunnison, necessitating spending the winter in Utah. The detachment left for Benicia, California in April, 1855.

William S. Godbe's Chicago Ore Smelter was erected here in 1871 and operated until 1880. The place was known as Slagtown. From this vantage point can be seen Tabernacle Hill at the north edge of Stockton, so called because of its resemblance to the tabernacle on Temple Square in Salt Lake City. It is well to note that over the

spit—gravel of great height and of long extension at the north of the old Stockton Rush Lake—is established the U.S. Ordnance Depot, covering 36 square miles. South of Rush Lake is located the Deseret Chemical Depot, and west of Rush Lake over the range of mountains, is the Dugway Proving Grounds.—*Wilford Leo Isgreen*

*Timpie Lake*, or better known as the Big Spring, is located at the north end of the Stansbury range of mountains. For many years it was just a stream emptying into Great Salt Lake, but, in 1952, the State Fish and Game Department and the Tooele Wild Life Association put a dam across it, making a lake about 300 feet wide and 2000 feet long. There are eight second feet of water going through it at the present time. Bass were seined out of the Salt Springs near Wendover and used to stock the lake. Later the Fish and Game Department planted Bluegills in its water.

There are two lakes in the Stansbury Mountains, one located in the head of North Willow Canyon and one located in the head of Mining Fork or South Willow Canyon. Both of these lakes are small and spring-fed lakes with constant flowing outlets. They are very high in elevation, approximately 9,800 feet. Attempts have been made in the past to plant both lakes with fish but the plan proved unsuccessful due to the lack of oxygen in the water during the winter months.

*South Willow Lake* is located at the head of Mining Fork of South Willow Canyon at the foot of the talus slopes beneath the vertical cliffs at the head of the canyon. The lake is approximately 75 yards across and is an estimated 30 feet deep. It is accessible by good foot trails from the Loop-Forest Camp in South Willow canyon or the end of road in Mining Fork. Overflow from this lake is carried by ditch to South Willow Canyon and is used for irrigating in the city of Grantsville.

*North Willow Lake* is located in the head of the South Fork of North Willow Canyon at the foot of the talus slopes beneath the vertical cliffs. The lake is approximately 50 yards across and is an estimated 10 feet deep. It is accessible by foot trail from the Loop Forest Camp in South Willow Canyon, the end of the road in Mining Fork or the end of road in North Willow Creek. Overflow from this lake is carried by pipeline to main North Willow Creek and is used in the city of Grantsville for irrigating and culinary purposes.—*Janet H. Anderson*

*The Blue Lakes* are located about three miles northwest of Grantsville. It is assumed that they were formed by erosion and heavy wind-storms which blew the sand and deposited it a short distance away, creating a depression with high banks or knolls on the sides. There are three knolls extending about one fourth of a mile long and three hundred feet wide. Between these knolls and in the depression, lie

two small lakes. There is a small stream flowing near called Fishing Creek. The early settlers used the waters of the creek to irrigate their meadows, but when the water was not in use, especially during the winter months, the stream was turned into the depressions where it remained the year around, varying in depth from two feet to eighteen inches. Fishing Creek is used in the same manner at the present time. When the lakes are viewed from the benchlands south and west of Grantsville, they appear as spots of intense blue, possibly from the sun's reflection on the slightly brackish water; therefore, the settlers called them the Blue Lakes which name has continued through the years. They are favorite spots for the young people of Grantsville and are also popular during duck hunting season.—*Paul E. Wrathall*

*Kanaka Lake* is located about one and one-half miles north of the Deseret Livestock ranch on the east side of Skull Valley, approximately one mile west of the highway running north and south between Timpie and Dugway. The lake measures some 1,500 feet long and 250 feet wide. Its depth varies from 10 to 24 feet. At the time Joseph F. Smith was president of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, he brought a group of Hawaiian converts from the islands and made a village for them on what was then known as the Church Ranch. They were called Kanakas and lived there for a few years, but the change of climate did not agree with them so, finally, the Church officials gave them a choice of remaining in Utah or returning to their former homes. Most of the older ones returned to Hawaii, while a few of the younger ones chose to remain in Utah and are still living there. The Church Ranch was later sold to the Deseret Livestock Company. While living on this ranch the Hawaiians used the lake for a swimming pool.

*Clear Lake* is located in Skull Valley about two miles due north of Kanaka Lake and three miles west of the Timpie and Dugway highway. This lake is also spring fed. The naming of the lake speaks for itself. Clear Lake has an outlet into the valley and irrigates pasture land. Bass and Bluegill fish were plentiful here until about six years ago. (1952).

—*Janet H. Anderson*

*The Mill Pond* is located about eight and one-half miles north of Tooele city and about ten miles east of Grantsville and one-half mile from Mills Junction (Handy Corner). It is fed continually by many springs, making a flow of approximately eight second feet of water or 3,600 gallons per minute. The flow does not vary the year round. During the first years the settlers paid little attention to this source of water and the springs just flowed out onto the land toward the Great Salt Lake. Later as the people began to realize its value they made a canal or given channel for the water to flow into. Since

then power from it has been used to run a flour mill, a wool pullery and part for irrigation purposes.

Many years ago the smelter at Garfield purchased shares of this stream and piped it to their holdings. Since then it has been utilized as power in their plants. The main channel is one mile long, the pond widens out to a coverage of about 30 acres and the depth varies from thirty feet to four inches. In the winter the west end freezes over enough for ice skating but the east end never has ice on it. The pond is sufficiently large for boating, water-skiing, swimming and fishing. It should be called a lake but to everyone it is known as "The Mill Pond."—*Ada Clark*

### WASATCH COUNTY

John McKee Fausett was born December 24, 1804 in Sumner County, Tennessee. He married Margaret Smith and she, with their two children, Amanda and William, accompanied him across the plains arriving in Utah in 1851 with other Latter-day Saint converts. They lived in Provo for a time and here Margaret died. John then married Mary Ann Shelton, and soon after they moved to Midway, Wasatch County. Farming was taken up as a means of livelihood along with sheep raising. The Indians in that vicinity often came and stole the sheep, so John decided to take them into the hills near a small lake where the white pines grew. The Indians were rather superstitious and would not go near the lake for they claimed that a big serpent lived in its waters. The lake is now called Brimhall Lake.

John Fausett later served as Bishop of Midway. He died in 1873.

—*Julia Elizabeth Zufelt*

### FUNK'S LAKE — SANPETE COUNTY

Daniel Buckley Funk, son of Abraham and Susannah Stoner Funk, was born February 22, 1820, in Montgomery County, Pennsylvania. His progenitors were known as Pennsylvania Dutch and were pioneers in the settlement of that state. It was a large family and reached out in various parts of the country; the parents of Daniel having chosen the westward trend, moving first into Ohio where Daniel's boyhood was spent. From Ohio they moved to Illinois, settling on a large farm near the city of Quincy. Here Daniel married Maria, daughter of Anna Knight and Freeborn Demill on April 22, 1841. She was born in Coleville, Broome county, New York. The following is a brief account of their early married life in Illinois.

"We were married at Father Demill's house about two miles northeast of Quincy. The next day we moved into the city where Daniel was working by the month. In August we went onto Father Funk's farm twenty-two miles northeast of Quincy. In January, 1842, a fine little daughter was born to us whom we named Sarah Ann. The following December she died. In February, 1843, Daniel joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, being baptized and

confirmed by Newell Knight, myself having been a member of the church since the year 1832. In November 1844, a son, William D. Funk was added to our family and the next spring we bought a lot and built our first little home in Quincy. Here our son, Ezra Knight Funk was born June 1, 1846. This same summer we sold out and bought another house in another part of the city. The next February we again sold our home, and casting our lot with the Saints, were driven from the state of Illinois. We arrived at Mt. Pisgah April 21, 1847 and at this place Daniel was ordained an Elder by Lorenzo Snow. Here we bought a house and raised a good crop that served us well. The following April in company with others we started for the valley of the Great Salt Lake. In organizing our company for travel Daniel was named to assist Captain Stoker. We were delayed many times in our journey west for the purpose of building bridges, rafts, etc., to help others who had left at a later date. We arrived in Salt Lake Valley, September 21, 1848 and settled eleven miles north of the city. During the fall and winter, we built a house and a shop and in the spring we moved these onto a lot in the city. Here another son was born to us, Daniel B. Funk, Jr. After getting a few acres of wheat and a garden planted, Daniel, in company with George W. Bradley, went back to the Green River, built a ferryboat and helped the California gold seekers across the river. In August they returned home, having made \$500.00 each. One tenth of this was paid for tithing as was also one-tenth of the wheat we raised."

In the spring of 1849, a delegation of Ute Indians under Chief Walker, came to Salt Lake requesting that some of the pioneers come to San Pitch Valley to teach them how to till the soil and build houses. In the early fall Daniel B. Funk and other families, fifty in number, were called on a mission to San Pitch Valley arriving in November. They camped at Shumway Springs between the present towns of Ephraim and Manti. Soon a terrible storm came up leaving three feet of snow.

A company, leaving Salt Lake Valley with provision for the Manti colony, had two Indian guides to help them on their way. On finding the snow so deep it seemed impossible to get through, Augustus Dodge, and one of the Indian guides, Tabinaw, undertook the journey up the canyon and over the divide on top of several feet of frozen snow, occasionally breaking through. Mr. Dodge became so exhausted that he had to give up, but the Indian continued to the Manti settlement, informing them of the difficulties encountered in trying to get the supplies through. Daniel Funk made a large hand sled and some snowshoes and a party of men soon set out to relieve the situation. Some rescued Mr. Dodge, while others went on to the supply wagons and before long they were all safely brought to camp.

The company then moved the camp south of the present site of the temple near a hill of stone, which offered some protection from the weather. When spring came they discovered they were situated near a den of rattlesnakes. The entire camp was roused to action and

with the aid of clubs, pine branch torches, or anything at hand, they succeeded in killing many of the snakes. For some days they occasionally saw one or two more but they were not long in getting rid of this danger, and strangely enough, not one of the colony was bitten.

In the year of 1850, the settlers built a bowery using it for church, school and entertainment. On July 3rd, President Brigham Young named the settlement Manti and the county San Pete. Daniel threw himself wholeheartedly into the establishment of the settlement. He helped to build the fort and houses for the families. Chief Walker and his band, being friendly at this time, gave him an opportunity to turn his attention to matters of industry. He built a water-powered mill which he used for chopping grain and also the building of furniture. Among the articles he manufactured were drums which were made of native wood and dressed deer skin. He also built a water-powered shingle mill at the mouth of the canyon. This he soon sold and built another mill which turned out both shingles and lath.

Being often called upon by President Young to render services in other parts of the territory, Daniel found it necessary to sell a half-interest in his last mill to his brother-in-law, Samuel Gifford. He gave his services in defense of the territory at the time of the Johnston army episode, as well as the ever present source of danger from within, the Indians. The almost constant scout work took him into the mountains a great deal and he became interested in prospecting. He also experimented with colored clays until he could make yellow ochre and vermilion paints. He took the raw saleratus from the beds southwest of Manti, refined it and made a good grade of baking soda. These products brought 25 cents per pound in the markets of Salt Lake City. He also put up a silica powder for cleaning and worked the alum beds in Six-Mile Canyon. This line of industry was carried on until the railroad came in and made it unprofitable to compete with factory-made products.

During all this time he owned and operated a large farm one and one-half miles west of Manti, and maintained two homes in the central part of the city; but being of an exceedingly ambitious nature, he felt there were other fields to conquer. He had long realized the need of a pleasure resort for the hard working people of southern Utah and had talked about his plans to President Young. His mind pictured a resort built around a body of water. Again he sought the counsel of President Young on the advisability of building a resort in this dry valley among the hills six miles south of the new settlement of Manti. The valley was then owned by Chief Arapene and his tribe. President Young approved the project and used his influence with the Indians to obtain a deed to the valley for Daniel, signed by Chief Arapene.

The Indians, upon learning of the project, said it was impossible for Daniel to make the water go up hill but he paid no attention to their scoffings or the doubts of his own people. With what implements he could improvise he marked out a ditch which extended

from Dry Valley eastward along the south side of Six-Mile Canyon to the point of diversion. About midway between Arapene Valley and the point from which the water was to be taken from the creek, was a large ledge of solid rock. Here was difficulty, for his survey showed that the ditch must pass through the center of his huge rock, or along its side midway up. After careful study Daniel overcame this problem by fastening iron hooks in the face of the ledge to which he hung a wooden flume. A few years later when the flume collapsed, he dug a ditch through the solid rock.

It was in 1873 that Daniel Funk succeeded in diverting water from Six-Mile Creek into Arapene Valley. At first it appeared that his efforts to make a lake would be a failure, for the dry ground drank up the water as fast as it ran through the ditch. Slowly, as the parched earth became saturated, the lake began to form. It grew until it covered seventy-five acres of the Indian Valley to a depth of twenty feet.

Leaving his farm in charge of his son Ezra, he sold his homes in Manti and moved his two families to the lake, built them homes, and planted a large grove of trees, thus beginning the beautification of the grounds around the lake. He planted six thousand fruit and shade trees. He turned the sunny slopes around the lake into fertile fields and gardens, raising all kinds of vegetables and melons successfully. He raised sugar cane from which he made a good grade of molasses.

Daniel then stocked the lake with fish and made several row boats. Dancing pavilions were built on the shore and on the water. Refreshments were obtainable, thus making a clean, orderly resort to which people came from many miles around. Occasionally twisting winds distorted the little lake, making it a turbulent body of water. At such times boats were not for hire but because unfavorable conditions often developed suddenly, some patrons were caught on the lake without warning. If the occupants were skilled in handling boats, all went well, if not, disaster threatened.

In the fall of 1878, the people of southern Utah were shocked by a tragic event, which discredited boating on Funk's Lake. A boat carrying eleven people capsized during a windstorm. On the day of the accident Daniel advised all visitors not to go on the lake because the weather was threatening. Some, contrary to his advice, went out anyway. When they were quite a distance from shore a sudden, violent wind came up. Panic seized the occupants. They huddled together as the boat sank out of sight. All efforts to rescue them were futile.

The death of these excursionists caused a sharp decline in boating at Funk's Lake, a condition which threatened failure at this once flourishing resort. To help remedy this situation Daniel built a steamboat to cruise around the lake. Business soon picked up and became better than ever. In fact, the ingenious Daniel found it necessary to build a large tow-boat to accommodate his patrons. The price of the

ride around the lake was ten cents and the toot-toot of the little steam launch was a siren call that none could resist.

Boating was not the only entertainment provided by Mr. Funk. He built a larger dance hall on the shore of the lake where young and old joined in the dances. He created a sandy beach near the poplar grove where he built bath houses, and space was provided by the lake for various contests.

On December 30, 1888, Daniel Buckley Funk died, at the age of sixty-seven, while taking a load of lumber from Manti to his resort to be used in making further improvements. After his death the resort passed into the hands of others and was known recently as Palisades Park, but the touch of the master was gone. It is no longer the center of outdoor attractions in southern Utah, but it still gives pleasure to its many visitors. Trees, planted by Daniel Funk, provide shade for the tourists. The lake, created as a thing of beauty, has now become a thing of utility. The dam has been enlarged and a canal has been dug to carry water from the lake to three thousand acres of farmland in the vicinity of Manti. The utility purpose for which Funk Lake is now used, drains its yearly of most of the water, and especially in the late summer and fall little remains of its original beauty.

—*Ingrid Jolley Stringham Hardy*

#### SEVIER AND WAYNE COUNTIES

*Fish Lake* forest is located upon two plateaus separated by sunken valley and adjoins the Wasatch plateau. It is more broken and mountainous in appearance on account of diverse faulting and displacement of rocks. These mountains are covered with a zone of piñon pine and juniper in the hot, dry rocky foothills and lower canyons, but rise to such elevations that their main bulk is in the zone of the aspen, fir and spruce. They lack great rugged peaks, their grandeur consisting in the deep canyons that bite into the plateaus.

In a depression among these mountains lies Fish Lake, 8,750 feet above the level of the sea. It is the only mountain lake of any size in Utah, being five miles long and one and one-half miles wide. There are many clear cold springs of water that feed the lake along with the streams of Twin Creek, Doctor Creek, Anderson Creek and Jorgenson Creek. The southern part of Fish Lake National Reserve, created in 1903, contains 761,765 acres in Sevier County belonging to the Fish Lake Forest. The southern part of this forest extends into Wayne county, including Thousand Lake Mountain and adjacent lands.

In June of 1873 Brigham Young sent a group of men on horseback with *George W. Bean*, *Albert K. Thurber* and *William B. Pace* as their leaders into a long fertile valley now known as Grass Valley. They were provided with a guide and interpreter, a Uintah sub-chief, *Tabiuna*, meaning Sun-Dog. *Tabiuna* had visited Washington, D.C.



with Dr. Dodge, the Indian agent, and was an intelligent and friendly redman. The object of this expedition was to bring about amicable relations with the Indians after eight years of war. The men were to talk peace, forgive all their misdeeds and carefully to note the country and its facilities. They found an abandoned Indian village near where Koosharem now stands and proceeded over the mountains eastward. At their crest they looked down on the Indian paradise. On June 23rd at 3 p.m. they reached the lake.

Interpreter Bean had obtained from the government two pack-horse loads of blankets, shawls, beds, butcher knives, calicos in order to obtain Indian good will. "When we saw our first Indian he was after fish; but as soon as he saw us, he jumped onto his pony and rode up the creek through the quaking asp timber. Tabiona called for him to stop, but he kept going. I ran over to where he had been fishing and there were about forty fish lying on the bank of the creek and thousands more in the water. I started to throw out fish with both hands. We took over two hundred to camp and cleaned and salted them.

"As we set camp, we sent Tabiona off to bring in some Indians we had seen disappearing in the distance. About dusk when we were at supper, he brought into camp a dozen common fellows with Old Chief Poganeab at their head. He was the Fish Captain and was one of the hardest looking creatures that we had ever met. He very ceremoniously rode three times around our little camp shouting and gesticulating in rather a threatening manner. We remained calm. When this performance was over he settled down and seemed friendly. After supper we all sat in a circle. I stated as best I could, President Young's instructions to make friends. Tabiona rose and translated. We made an appointment to meet all Indians in Cedar Grove in Grass Valley ten days hence. On July 1st the truce was carried out and they never broke their pledge."

Soon after the first settlers moved into Grass Valley and upon learning of Fish Lake they began to locate near the lake during the summer months. They built log cabins and the meadow land was soon dotted with cows and calves. These first settlers made quantities of cheese and sold it in the valley.

The first house built at Fish Lake was built for Dr. John St. John on the creek now known as Doctor Creek. George Cloward built a home down on Johnson's Flat. The second summer his family lived there the roof caved in, killing the mother and two children. The Russell and Robinson families of Loa, Wayne county, went down to Seven Mile Creek and the Jorgenson's of Koosharem located on the creek now named for them. Frands and John Peterson built a three room house each on the Frying Pan where they spent six summers making cheese and getting out railroad ties. John Hatch and family located on Johnson's Flat and Shadrach Niceunger moved on Windy Hill.

Fish Lake soon became a playground for the surrounding villages and ranches. A bowery was built for dancing and meetings. The Indians held their ceremonial dances there. Boats soon began to appear on the lake. In 1886, brought in over roads which were not much more than a trail, a large steam-propelled boat took passengers around the lake.

Today, this lake which once offered a perfect refuge for the Indians in case of trouble because of its inaccessibility and its splendid look-out over the valleys from east to west, is one of the most beautiful pleasure resorts in Utah. There are three large resorts, hundreds of boats for fishing and riding and several government maintained picnic grounds. — *Josephine S. Pace*

Among the first white men to locate at Fish Lake were *Jack Allred* and his sons who came there with the intention of taking fish to Salt Lake City and bringing back beads, calico, ammunition and other articles to trade with the Indians for fish and deer. However, the means of transportation was too slow for the fish to arrive in edible condition, so they tried taking them in barrels of salt brine. That method, too, was unsuccessful and they abandoned the idea.

*William Wilson Morrell* built the hospital for Dr. John St. John. The logs used for the building were brought down the mountain on the east side of the lake. In order to get a horse over the river to drag the logs down to the lake, they swam the horse behind a row boat to the other side, which is a mile wide; then when they had the logs ready they tied them together raft-fashion and floated them across the lake. The building was two stories with a basement and contained nine or more rooms. The hospital was later burned to the ground.

After the people began pioneering the valley below they put a dam and gate in the lake to save the water for irrigation. It is still there and being used for the same purpose. *John Jorgenson* and *Bob Thompson* built dairies at Fish Lake on the large meadows for the purpose of making cheese and butter. In later years ice was cut from the lake in blocks, wagon-box size, and hauled to Loa, stored in sawdust, and sold during the summer months.

Thousand Lake Mountain, so named because of its many lakes, lies east of Loa. *Taylor Dunn*, pioneer of Wayne County, now deceased, once remarked that while herding sheep on the mountain he could stand in one place and count fifty lakes.—*William Jensen*

When the early settlers came to Rabbit Valley, *Poganeab* was the chief of the Indians who lived around Fish Lake and in the upper part of the valley. He was also Fish Captain, apportioning the fish from the lake to various Indian groups.

While *A. J. Allred* was living in Fremont, *Poganeab* married a very young squaw named *Sally*. He had previously married *Sally's* older sister. According to Indian custom if he married the oldest girl of the family and she died, he had the right to go back

to the same family and get the next oldest, unmarried daughter. Poganeab's wife died when they were both old; hence he went to her family and claimed Sally, the only unmarried daughter left, and she was very young.

Poganeab had suffered a stroke which affected his mouth and eyes. His mouth twitched continually and his eyesight was very poor. He had to lift his eyelids with his fingers to see anything at all.

A young Indian named Bob Walker fell in love with Poganeab's young wife Sally. She returned his love and he began courting her. Poganeab complained to Mr. Allred, and the interested parties were called in for a conference. Mr. Allred had a good talk with the old chief, explaining to him that he was old and could not see and was unable to care for his young squaw. He further persuaded him that it would be best to let Bob have her if Bob would care for Poganeab and his dogs for the rest of his life. The chief agreed to this proposition so the dispute was settled.—*Rainbow Views*

On January 13, 1889 the water users of Fish Lake and Fremont River met together and appointed a board of directors to manage the affairs of the newly formed Fremont Irrigation Company the purpose of which was "to promote good feelings among the water users of Fish Lake and Fremont River and its tributaries, and to secure system and economy in the management of the waters of Fish Lake and Fremont River with all their tributaries and springs from the source to Thurber inclusive (excepting Road Creek) and did associate themselves together as a body incorporate for a period of twenty-five years unless sooner dissolved according to law."

On March 1st of the same year an agreement was reached between Poganeab and Bob Walker, representing the Indian tribe inhabiting the vicinity of Fish Lake, and the Fremont Irrigation company, wherein the Indians relinquished all rights and assigns to said irrigation company. The agreement (verbatim) reads as follows:

Loa, Piute Co., Utah  
March 1, 1889

#### Artickel of Agreement

Between the Indian Poganeab, Bob and other owners by decent of the Out Let of Fish Lake and the Fremont Eragation Company — That we the above named Indians Do This Day Sell all our rights and title also all our airs and assigns to the said Fremont Eragation Company to Fish in said Out Let of said Lake for ever, for an in consideration of:

Low Route to Utah  
March 15 1889

Articles of agreement  
Between the Indians Pogonah  
Bob and others owners by Deed of  
the Out Let of Fish Lake - and the  
Fremont Irrigation Company that  
we the above named Indians do  
this Day Sell all our Right and title  
also all our acres and assigns to the  
said Fremont Irrigation Company  
to be had in said Out Let of said  
Lake for ever, for the consideration  
of

9 nine horses  
500 lbs of flour  
1 hog & half steer  
1 part of cow

By us this Day Record of said  
company - of our own free will  
and accord witnesses are

James in front of  
M. M. Walker  
Seth J. ...

James in front of  
M. M. Walker  
Seth J. ...

Pogonah <sup>(his mark)</sup>  
Bob <sup>(his mark)</sup>  
Joanah <sup>(his mark)</sup>  
quartet out <sup>(his mark)</sup>  
Tom <sup>(his mark)</sup>  
Jol <sup>(his mark)</sup>  
Gray Head <sup>(his mark)</sup>  
Jimac out <sup>(his mark)</sup>

9 nine horses, 5 v v lbs of flour, 1 good beef steer, 1 suit of close

By us this day received of said company — of our own free will and accord — witness our hand or mark.

The agreement was duly signed by the Board of Directors of the Fremont Irrigation company and the Indians under Chief Pogancab.

About one mile southwest of Redmond, Sevier County, is located *Redmond Lake*. The water for this lake is supplied by natural springs. To the north of the springs are the Grey Hills; to the west and south are green fields and meadows.

In 1875, a group of Scandinavian immigrants, then living in Ephraim, Utah, came south to find a place to build their homes. As water was the most important thing, they were delighted to find this natural spring. At this time the land was claimed by George Gates of Salina, who operated a small dairy. There was a small committee, consisting of *John Johnson, Niels P. Bastholm, James S. Jensen, Andreas Hansen* and *Charles Jensen* appointed to buy the land. *James S. Jensen* and *Charles Jensen*, a brother, filed a claim to a quarter section of land with the right to the spring.

The land was surveyed and the town laid out. It was thought that the spring could only supply water for ten families, so that settlers made a survey for the canal, known as the Spring Ditch. This canal took water to the land known as the north fields. There was a stream of water winding from the spring to the river, called the old creek, across which a dam was built to save all the water. This lake was known as the Red Butte Springs, later called Redmond Lake.

The water company was first known as Red Butte Springs Canal. Later it was incorporated and took the name of the Redmond Irrigation Company. This company owns 11,000 shares of water, which irrigates 1500 acres of land. The springs which feed the lake also supplies the water for culinary purposes.

On the north banks of Redmond Lake six wells were drilled, 1000 feet to the northwest of the main spring that feeds the lake. The wells vary in depth from forty-five to sixty-five feet. This water is classified among the purest in the state.

The lake furnishes various kinds of recreational activities, fishing, boat riding and water skiing, also skating during the winter months. On the shores of Redmond Lake was built a dance hall known as Red-mon-to, which at one time enjoyed state-wide popularity. Red-mon-to has since been abandoned.

—*Rebecca M. Hales.*

## GARFIELD COUNTY

*Panguitch Lake* is situated eighteen miles south of Panguitch City on the road to Cedar Breaks, Duck Creek and Mammoth Creek. These

roads lead on down and connect with Highway 91, Cedar City and Highway 89 at Sevier Summit. The first white settlers to see Panguitch Lake were *J. C. L. Smith, John Steele, and John D. Lee*. Early in June 1852, Chief Quinnarah, for whom the town of Kanarra was named, requested the Parowan leaders to go over to Panguitch Lake and visit the Indians who had gathered there. These three men, with three others, made the trip of eighteen miles up Parowan Canyon to the top of the mountains and descended nine miles on the east side of the lake. They met the Indians, numbering one hundred, and explored the region around the lake where they gathered much valuable information.

Soon after the settlement of Panguitch the people found they could make good ranches at Panguitch Lake. The land was cleared and large meadows and pastures were laid out and ranching became a thriving business. Much of the area around the lake was settled in 1873-74. *Nels P. Ipson* traded with the Indians for a place on the north shore of the lake and built a cabin or dugout there, which has been stated as being the first place built at the lake. He also owned a small sailboat, and he, and his wife, spent some forty summers there. She was noted for cooking the wonderful trout in which the lake abounds.

In the spring of 1874, *William Prince* homesteaded a ranch at Panguitch Lake, *John Imlay, James Montague, Samuel Wortben, Joseph Woods, Alma Lee, Joseph Imlay, Cyrus Reynolds, Sid Littlefield, Enoch Reynolds, William Slade, Brig Knight, Sequine Cooper, George W. Sevy, James Pace, Samuel Henrie, Albert Haycock, Bert Lamoreaux, the Pitts, Waters, and Bagsbaw* families all built homes and ranches around the lake. The dairy and ranch business became very profitable, thousands of pounds of butter and cheese were taken by these ranchers to the Silver Reef mines near St. George and traded for gold pieces. Lumber and shingles were also sold to the mines, made in the mills around the lake.

During the late 1870's, Panguitch Lake became a recreation center for surrounding towns and the workers at Silver Reef mines. At one time there was a camp near the spring in the Montague pastures that was known as Little Silver Reef. A Mr. Fennemore, from Beaver, built a small resort with a straight race track on the south shore near the Montague house and racing and other sports were indulged in. *Rube Dotson* of Minersville ran a store there for a short time.

About this time *Samuel Henrie, Allen Miller* and *Warren Sevy* took up ranches in the Blue Spring Valley. A crude dam was built by all these pioneer ranchers, and others, across the outlet of the lake, which is a natural reservoir, and a small amount of water was stored during the spring runoff. During the 1880's a dam was built and since that time this dam has been raised from a few feet to more than twenty feet of solid masonry, and impounds all the water that is

used on the west and south fields, and the town of Panguitch. This water is supervised by the West Panguitch Irrigation and Reservoir company, who raise the dam at intervals when heavy snows fill the lake to capacity. There is one steady source of supply for the lake, the Blue Spring, four miles above or southwest of the lake. This spring is the spawning ground for the lake fish. The water is so clear it looks blue and it is very deep. It is 70 feet long and 50 feet wide with beautiful trees growing around it. Just above the Blue Spring are *Twin Lakes*, also noted for their beauty.

The water in Blue Spring is owned by the West Panguitch Irrigation company, although a ranch and many acres of valuable meadowland around it are owned by Kuman Leigh of Cedar City, who operates a large cattle ranch. Other streams flow into the lake but none are so reliable, although the runoff from what is known as Castle Valley is one of the main water supplies of the lake.

By 1892 Panguitch Lake had become one of the most popular summer resorts in the state. *John F. Chidester*, *William T. Owens* and *George E. Hanks* erected the largest dance pavilion south of Salt Lake City at this place. They formed a race track company with other prominent Panguitch men, built a circle racetrack and grandstand in the Montague pastures and also a row of stables for the horses. Some of the fastest horses in Utah and Nevada competed on this track. Other sports were engaged in with theatres and dances every night. Chidester, Owens and Hanks, and several other musicians from Panguitch, furnished the music, and James A. Worthen was the manager. People came from far and near in covered wagons with provisions enough to last for at least a week. They camped in wagons and tents and cooked over campfires. Later some cabins were built. There was a restaurant, saloon and concessions. Samuel Gould built a small dance hall on a boat and some dancing was done while sailing around the lake. Since there were no game laws, people could catch as many fish as they wanted.

Mr. and Mrs. *Jamies S. Montague* operated a hotel known as The Montague Place. It was a log building with several rooms. Mrs. Montague cooked and served trout from the lake and it became very popular.

Around 1894 the Panguitch Stake Mutual held a July celebration and Susa Young Gates of Salt Lake City was one of the General Board who attended. While there, one of her children was accidentally shot and killed in Salt Lake City. During an engagement of the Stutz Theatre company one of the actresses, *Mable Rico*, tried to drown herself. *James Ipson*, who lived on the north shore of the lake, while rowing home, came upon the young woman hanging onto the side of her capsized boat. He succeeded in pulling her into his boat and taking her to safety.

In July, 1895, another incident of note took place during a 24th of July celebration. During these festivities many Piutes from the

surrounding country came in to participate. They camped on a small hill back of the stables away from the white camp. One day a Texan by the name of Frank Haglestead came upon a young Indian standing in a saloon. He called out to him, "Wint, hold still, I'm going to shoot your hat off." He pulled the trigger and the bullet entered the young Indian's head, killing him instantly. Of course, there was an uprising and hundreds of Indians arrived at the lake and demanded revenge. *Tony Ivins*, an Indian interpreter, was brought from St. George, and it was thought for a time the State Militia would have to be called in to quell the riot. Finally Haglestead was brought to the jail in Panguitch and later removed to the Beaver jail where he was held for some time. He was tried in the District Court at St. George and sentenced to sixteen years in the State Prison, with the stipulation that he leave the state forever when his time was up. The morning before he killed the Indian boy, he made *James S. Montague* walk to the shore of the lake backwards by firing a gun at his feet if he tried to turn around. Another tragedy at the lake occurred when *Charles McArthur* was burned to death at the Enoch Reynolds ranch.

When Utah was made a state in 1896, a law was passed by the first assembly prohibiting racing and the selling of pools. This had been a big drawing card for the celebrations as horse racing was the main attraction. Also a fish and game commission was appointed by this legislature and two of the members filled the lake with chubs. For several years trout fishing was ruined. A fish hatchery was built at Blue Spring about this time and the lake was stocked with rainbow and eastern brook trout. During this time a company of men from Panguitch built a dam in the Blue Spring Creek and made a reservoir that covered the meadowlands below the springs. While this reservoir was there, a forest ranger, *Bill Dodds*, of Panguitch, with headquarters at Parowan, was drowned in it. After this the dam at the outlet of the lake was raised and the reservoir project abandoned.

All these things tended to kill the old resort at the lake and for several years it was practically non-existent. The old dance hall was torn down, the racetrack and grandstand ruined. Finally *William T. Owens, Jr.*, decided to start a tourist camp for fishermen and for several years there were just a few cabins. Then *Otto McIlff*, from Panguitch, and *Mike Gilborn* of Marysville, started a camp on the east shore. These two camps operated for a few years when two Salt Lake City men bought the land and built two nice summer homes.

The altitude of Panguitch Lake is 8,500 feet; the lake in high water season is about three miles long and one-half mile wide. No one knows its depth. The early settlers of Panguitch Lake had some trouble with the Indians over water rights. *William Prince* bought the Prince Spring for a horse from an Indian; *Bishop George Sevy* paid a sheep for Parowan and Scott Creek; *Nels P. Ipson* traded a steer for a creek which later became Ipson Creek, and *Samuel Worthen* gave



them a horse in exchange for a water-right. After two years the Indians came back and wanted more. Henry Darrow had a fight with them and ran them off the land with his shovel, but they kept coming back turning their horses in the Prince meadows. When he told them they must keep their horses off his land they shot at him and his son, John, but fortunately the bullets went over their heads. As they were leaving William Prince took one of the Indians off his horse and kicked him. For a time they were afraid this would bring on more troubles, but later the Indian whom he had punished, came back to Mr. Prince and offered his hand in peace. The Indians would not let the settlers fish in the creeks, but they would catch and sell the fish to the white men.

—*Ida Chidester, Garfield Co. History*

### AN OLD LETTER

St. George Temple, Aug. 17, 1874

Wilford Woodruff,  
Salt Lake City.

My Dear Son: Once again returned to St. George and to the Temple after a month's absence. I had been traveling a month with E. Snow organizing Millard, Beaver and Iron counties into Stakes of Zion and it kept me very busy. When I was at Fillmore I felt as though I would like to continue north as far as Salt Lake if my labors lay in that direction, but we began at Fillmore and worked south with meetings a good deal of the time, continued from 9 o'clock a.m. to 10 p.m. We closed our organization at Parowan. David H. Cannon went with me and when we got through our work at Parowan, Jesse N. Smith accompanied me over the mountains to Panguitch Lake, 40 miles in a day. It was the first time I had ever seen it. It is a very romantic spot. It is about 5,000 feet higher than Salt Lake. The lake is two miles long and one wide, very shallow and muddy. On the south side grass grows for 200 yards fine there, but on the north side bluffs come to the water and the water is from 10 to 150 feet deep, north side and middle of the lake. Large pine forest near the lake. The lake abounds in fine mountain trout; there are but few caught over 3 lbs. weight—but few over 2 lbs. They fish with nothing but boats and bait, with nothing but grub worms got out of the roots of old rotten pine trees. I got about a quart out of two trees going over the mountains. If I had not had them I would not have had any fishing, for we cannot get any near the pond.

I went out in the morning in one boat with a Danishman who gets his living fishing, the best fisherman in the county,

and Jesse N. and Br. Cannon in another boat. We fished in 50 feet of water, 30 foot lines. I fished about 3 hours in the morning and evening and 3 hours next morning. Caught 110 trout, average 1 lb. each, some weighed 2 lbs., some half-pound. Brothers David and Jesse N. caught between them, I should think, 90. It gave us quite a treat of fish. We then visited Panguitch town which is beautifully situated in a valley, but about as cold as Bear Lake. We held a meeting with them and then returned to Parowan. Then Silas Smith came with me to St. George and we arrived on the evening of the 15th.

I have spent every day in the Temple since until today. We buried Sister John M. Moody yesterday. I spent one night with Brother and Sister Bennett at Meadow Creek. They said you called there. I got a package and a letter from your mother by Br. Bennett while at Fillmore. I would be pleased to hear from you to know how you got along. I got a letter from Brother Morgan. He said you had cut several acres of wheat the day before you wrote. I am expecting to start for Salt Lake about the 20th of September if nothing happens. The people here have a good harvest Sister McArthur had wheat enough to last them about 2 years for bread. They all want to send much love to your mother and you . . . .

Your affectionate father,  
 (Signed) W. Woodruff  
 (Sub. by Ellice W. Smith)

### MILLARD COUNTY

Picture in your minds a country of magnificent distance — a vastness of land covered with greasewood, rabbit brush, sagebrush and marshlands — the Sevier River winding like a silver ribbon through the desert; its banks lined with willows, wild rose bushes, and patches of bulberry bushes. The first settlers found the lowlands surrounding the lakes of the Sevier River a good place for the running of cattle. There were numberless small lakes and miles of lowlands that made fine pastures for they were flooded every spring with high water. The river in its westward course, formed *Blue Lake*, *Swan Lake*, *Black Lake*, *Craft's Lake* and then emptied into *Sevier Lake*. It was a hunter's paradise, for great flocks of ducks, geese, and all kinds of water fowls made it their home. Fish were plentiful. Coyotes, lizards, many snakes, wild horses and antelopes were found in this vicinity.

The first historical account of Deseret, Millard County, was the visit of Father Sylvestre Velez de Escalante who, in September 1776, went down the Sevier River, which he christened Santa Isabel. Father Escalante and his party preached the gospel to the Indians on the eastern shore of Sevier Lake and crossed the Beaver River and the adjacent mountain, and on down through southern Utah.

The second account of Deseret was the visit of Lt. J. W. Gunnison, who came to Utah under the command of Captain Howard Stansbury, in 1853, on a government expedition detailed to make a survey of one of the proposed routes for a trans-continental railroad to the Pacific Ocean. Arriving in Utah, by way of Green River, the explorer went on to the Sevier River and located his command while surveying not far from Deseret. It was here that he, and his party were attacked and killed by Indians, "The Gunnison Massacre" as it was later called, was one of the great tragedies of early Utah history.

The following story was written in 1894 by Josiah F. Gibbs, editor of the Millard County "Blade."

The attention of the traveler on the road from Deseret, Millard County, to Nevada, will likely be drawn toward a cedar post that occupies an unusual position a few rods north of the Sevier River, and a hundred feet from the east side of a shallow body of water called Sevier Lake which covers ten acres. The place is about six miles west of Deseret, with no habitation within several miles. The rough bark has been removed from the post, otherwise there is nothing in its appearance to attract attention except its isolated position. Yet, the spot over which that solitary post now stands sentinel is historic and tragic — it is the burial place of a small party of employees of the United States who fell easy victim to a band of vengeful Indians. The memorable spot is situated near midway in the Pahvant Valley which stretches out in an almost unbroken plain to the Great Salt Lake, one hundred and fifty miles distant to the north.

About two miles to the south, the monotony of the desert-like plain is relieved by a basaltic mesa, a dark volcanic mass which rises abruptly from the level country to a height of perhaps two hundred feet, the surface of which was swept by waves of the ancient Lake Bonneville, until it is nearly as smooth as the surrounding plains. Dotted the valley in the vicinity are numerous shallow lakes, formed by the overflow of the Sevier River whose sinuous trail across the valley is indicated by patches of scrub willows.

At the time of the massacre the present lake was marshy ground covered with flags, rushes and a rank growth of grass which extended well out towards the higher ground, thus forming an inviting, but dangerous nook. The scene of the tragedy has been described to more clearly understand why the Captain, whose reputation for courage had never been questioned, and his little band of brave companions failed to make even a semblance of resistance.

The story of the actual attack was told to Mr. Gibbs by old Mareer, one of the surviving reds who lived in a wickup southwest of Deseret. Other information was furnished by Byron Warner of Oasis.

In October, 1853, a company of Missouri emigrants, enroute to California, passed through Fillmore and camped on Meadow Creek. Anson V. Call, bishop of Fillmore, told the emigrants some reds were

also camped on Meadow Creek, but that they were friendly. The train had hardly gone into camp when Moshuquop, the Pahvant chief; his father, Mareer, and several others of the band arrived at the camp of the strangers and offered to swap buckskins for tobacco and other articles.

The emigrants were suspicious of the bows and arrows carried by the Indians, so they surrounded the reds and attempted to disarm them. The Indians resisted what they regarded as an unwarranted intrusion on their rights. One of them jabbed an arrow in the breast of one of the emigrants, which so enraged them that, whipping out their revolvers, they opened fire on the Indians. In the melee, the father of Moshuquop was shot in the side and died the next day. Two other Indians were wounded, but all the white men escaped injury except the one who received the slight wound from the arrow thrust. A few days after this Moshuquop and a band of twenty Indians left Meadow Creek, with threats of revenge on the whites and a quarrel with Chief Kanosh, and moved to the vicinity of the lakes near Deseret for the purpose, as Mareer said, of hunting ducks. They camped six miles west of the place where Gunnison and his party were afterward killed. Among them were many Indians whose names were familiar to the old residents of Millard county.

During the year of 1853, Captain Gunnison with a small military escort under the command of Captain R. M. Morris, who had been exploring for a railroad route through the Rocky Mountains, went into Fillmore for supplies and was warned by Mr. Call of probable danger with the Indians. Being so near Sevier Lake, the dead sea of Millard County, Gunnison resolved to explore it, and then go on to Salt Lake City and establish winter quarters. He had always been friendly with the Indians and had no fear of them. On the morning of October 25th, Captain Gunnison and his eleven men started on their last and fatal mission of exploration.

When the party reached the upper vicinity of the lakes, some of the men started shooting at the wild fowl which fairly swarmed in that vicinity. The firing was most unfortunate, as the reports of the firearms reached the ears of Sam and Toady, two of Moshuquop's dusky band, who were hunting ducks along the river and sloughs. On receiving the news of the white men, Moshuquop determined to avenge the death of his father. He called his warriors together and planned the attack. About midnight they began their line of march and before the faintest streak of dawn appeared, the doomed explorers were nearly surrounded by the red men, who occupied the east, north and south sides of the camp, while the marsh cut off escape to the west.

The sun had just risen behind the distant canyon range when "Pants," a brother of Moshuquop, stealthily rose from his place of concealment near the edge of the swamp, a sharp report rang out on the crisp air, and the cook fell dead beside the campfire. The signal

gun was followed by rapid firing of nearly a dozen guns intermingled by the piercing warwhoop of the savages. Gunnison, who was washing down by the river, sprang to his feet and pulling his six-shooter opened fire on his assailants, who dodged and ducked to escape. Mareer said no Indians were killed.

The surprise was so complete that the dazed officers and men thought only of escape. Amid the shower of whizzing arrows, which followed the emptying of guns, the men ran toward open ground to the north and, in the desperate race for life, threw aside their arms and divested themselves of coats and everything that might impede their flight. Two of the men escaped on horseback, a third one was thrown from his horse a short distance east of the camp, but he had the good sense to remain quiet for several hours while the reds were passing to and fro, sheltered only by the stunted greasewood.

The fourth man who escaped plunged into the river, swam to the south bank, where, within the friendly shadows of the willows, he continued his flight to the camp of Captain R. M. Morris (near Holden) and told the story of the attack. While he was talking the others who had escaped came into camp. About twelve days later a burial party from Fillmore consisting of six white men, Chief Kanosh and Narrient of the Pahvant tribe went to the scene of the massacre. The coyotes had so mutilated the dead that nothing remained of the small exploring party but glistening skeletons. Captain Gunnison was recognized by the iron-grey hair which clung to his temples.

Immediately after the arrival of the Fillmore party, Kanosh sent Narrient down the river in search of Moshokuop and his band, and gave orders for them to come in if they could be found. In those days not a member of the Pahvant tribe dared to disobey the intrepid chief, and as Mr. Call and his party were rounding up the top of the common grave, Moshokuop and his band came in sight across the swamp on their ponies. Moshokuop then told a partial story of the massacre, and endeavored to exonerate himself by relating the circumstances of his father's death at the hands of the white men. Mr. Warner asserted that during the recital tears streamed down Moshokuop's face and that his appearance was a mixture of fiend incarnate and savage affection.

The remains of Captain Gunnison and William Potter were wrapped in blankets and taken to Fillmore where the Captain was buried; those of Potter were sent to Manti for interment. The others were buried at the scene of the massacre.

While Moshokuop's part in the tragedy cannot be justified by revenge for the death of his father, it is somewhat palliated by reflecting that his nature, like that of other Indians, was the result of generations of transmission of ideas and customs incident to the environment of the red men.

On the 22nd day of August, 1888, Andrew Jenson, Dr. John R. Park and David R. Allen of Salt Lake City, Bishop Joseph S. Black of

Deseret, and one or two small boys left Deseret in the afternoon to locate the place where Captain Gunnison and his party were massacred near Sevier Lake thirty-five years before. "We took with us the late Byron Warner as guide, he being the only man in Millard County at that time, who took part in the burial of the murdered men in 1853. We took with us a large cedar post which we put in the ground on the identical spot where the bodies were buried. Strangely enough this cedar post was the first monument of any kind that was ever raised by friendly hands to mark the last resting place of these unfortunate men." In May 1922 Mr. Jenson again made the trip to Deseret, organized a party of sixty-four persons and visited the spot. "We found the cedar post still intact. We carried rocks and made a temporary cairn around the stump of the post which was only protruding a few inches above the ground."

Later a suitable monument was placed on the spot through the efforts of the American Legion Post 89, Daughters of Utah Pioneers, and scouts.

The tragic incident of the Gunnison massacre was still vivid in the memory of the early settlers of Fillmore when in the late autumn of 1859 Jacob Croft, Alexander Melville and Alexander F. Barron were appointed to investigate the feasibility of establishing a settlement on the Sevier River near Sevier Lake in Pahvant Valley. These men, like the Puritans of New England who traveled with a Bible in one hand and a rifle in the other, were very devout. They had previously joined the Latter-day Saint Church in Texas and had left their home to come to Utah. They drove their cattle, approximately a thousand head, through a wild and unbroken country to Utah and the idea of locating in a favorable cattle country appealed to them. The following is Jacob Croft's own story:

"Before anyone thought it possible to subsist on this desert I obeyed a call from Brigham Young, through Anson Call, who was then the presiding Elder at Fillmore, to explore this great valley with the idea of locating a new townsite. This was in the year 1859. Alexander F. Barron, William Powell, Byron Warner, Alexander Melville and I spent several days looking over its possibilities. The team and wagon with our supplies was driven by Thomas Cropper, then a young man. We rode horseback from point to point examining the country. We selected the site north and east of Black Rock Ridge because the land was level, rich in silt and was close to the river.

"After discussing the situation at some length we decided to ask God's blessing on the location of our choice so I asked Alexander F. Barron to offer the prayer. He responded, at first reluctantly, but soon with great power and fluent speech was blessing the land for the welfare of those who would come here to dwell."

—*Milestones of Millard*

## LAKES OF BEAVER COUNTY, UTAH

James Montoe Puffer was the first white man to discover the beautiful glacial lake which bears his name. *Puffer Lake* is located twenty miles east of Beaver City in the Tushar Mountains at an elevation of 8,000 feet. Most of the west slope of the Tushar range is in Beaver County. The lake is surrounded by pine clad mountains and is a favorite camping place for people in the vicinity and tourists alike. Mr. Puffer was one of the first men to build a road to the lake and he also planned and helped to build the first boat ever to be put on its waters. It was called the Maid of Peaks.

*Otter Lake* one mile from Puffer Lake is another beautiful lake in the Tushar range where good fishing can be had.

*Deer Lake* is situated one-half mile east over the mountain from Otter Lake and was named for the numerous deer that feed around its shore. Some distance down the canyon on the south side of the highway a road leads to *Kent's Lake*. This location was secured through squatter's rights by Kent Farnsworth, son of Philo T. Farnsworth. He built a dam on the stream to store water for future use. Later a company was formed known as the Kent's Lake company. It is now a good sized lake, where there are nice camping grounds and good fishing.

*Blue Lake* is located at the foot of Mt. Baldy. The water is a very deep and is as blue as the sky from which reflection it gets its color. The attraction here, beside the lake, is the beautiful mountain scenery and the thrill of climbing Mt. Baldy.—*Martha Beaumont*

## IRON COUNTY

Between Paragoonah and Parowan lives a virtually dry lake bed known as *Little Salt Lake*. It was called by the Indians evil waters. The reflection from this lake bed in the bright sunlight from a distance gives the appearance of a fairly large sized body of water.

During the years of 1860 to 1870, the Indians grew more and more troublesome to the settlers of southern Utah. Some bands of the Navaho Indians were moving into the surrounding areas and they were a powerful and cunning tribe. The livestock of the settlers were guarded by teen-age boys during daytime and by the owners of the herds at night.

In the late spring of 1860 a company of settlers were moving from southern Utah to the north part of the territory. They had some fine horses and mules in their outfit and were camped on the outskirts of Kanarra where the animals could find plenty of grass.

After the company had visited with the townsfolk, they returned to their wagons, and before retiring decided to hobble the mules to prevent them from wandering off during the night. The hobbles of that day were key hobbles and could not be taken off unless unlocked.

At daybreak the men went for their animals preparatory to hitching them to the wagons and found to their horror that the throats of all the mules had been cut and the hindquarters of most of them removed. Many of the Kanarra horses were also gone. Quickly they spread the alarm. Scouting the fields and hills nearby they discovered that the vandals had gone north. The wagons were brought into town for safety and soon a number of the younger men and boys of Kanarra had joined the group in pursuit of those who had committed the crime. When they arrived at Cedar City they met the herd boys, who for that day were *David Bullock*, *August Mackelprang* and *Martin Chatterly*. They offered to get their companions to take their places so that they could join in the hunt. Other boys took over and were instructed to have another group follow as quickly as possible with food, guns and ammunition.

The trail was soon picked up and followed into the Summit Mountains. It was evident that the stock had been stolen soon after midnight because of the distance the Indians had traveled. The horsemen went as fast as they could up the mountain trail, often looking back to see if the other company was in sight.

The second group, after getting the necessary supplies, started up the Cedar mountains. As they rounded a curve in the trail they saw a number of men resting under some trees in council. They soon caught up with the advance company and, hurriedly refreshing themselves with food, the combined groups traveled on. Not long after they could smell the smoke from a campfire and in the distance saw the Indians near a beautiful body of water preparing a meal. The men were ordered to flank the lake on three sides and, at a given signal to all fire at once. The startled Indians quickly mounted their horses and fled to the east.

As these tired, but happy men and boys rounded up the horses they discovered that most of the stolen animals had been left behind. Changing their animals for fresher ones, they decided before leaving the canyon to once more view this beautiful body of water and give it a name. The decision was quickly made that it should be called *Navaho Lake* because of their experience there, and the lake is still known by that name. It is surrounded by pink cliffs, black lava flows and forests of pine, spruce and aspen and is considered one of the most beautiful of the mountain lakes in that area.—*Margaret M. Urie*



## EMERY COUNTY

*Desert Lake*, as the name implies, is a veritable lake, forming an oasis in the desert. It is situated six miles east of Cleveland, Utah, at the base of the Cedar mountains, and covers an area of one-half mile square. In 1885 a party of men consisting of *W. J. Powell* and sons, *John Thayne*, *S. Winder* and a few others began the work of filling a mountain pass to reservoir the waste waters from the Cleveland farms. By continuous labor and determination to conquer, the people have succeeded in creating an independent lake, from which water is obtained for domestic and irrigation purposes. The settlement has some nice farms, surrounded by beautiful shade trees, and producing an abundance of cereals and alfalfa. A store and post-office are operated by *S. Winder*, and a good schoolhouse furnishes ample accommodations for forty-five pupils, the present school population (1898).

—*History of Sanpete and Emery counties, W. H. Lever*

## LAKES IN THE HIGH UINTAHS

All of the forested upper Duchesne County area lying on the south slopes of the Uinta mountains is known as a "Primitive Wonderland." Practically untouched by roads or trails, this great forested fishing and camping area is as primeval as it was when early trappers roamed its areas. As part of the Wasatch National Forest, it will always be kept that way. The High Uintas were set aside by Act of Congress as a permanent Primitive Area, during the Administration of President of the United States, Theodore Roosevelt, and is accessible only by foot or horseback. The area contains 244,000 acres of mountains, timber, lakes and streams.

Within this great Wilderness Wonderland, are thousands of lakes of various sizes, all of which are fresh-water lakes fed by melting snow and abounding with trout.

The better-known lakes are Mirror and Moon Lakes, Granddaddy lakes, Mohawk, Governor Dern, Pine Island, Palisade, Clement, Kidney, Island Lake, Brown Duck Lake, Give Point Lake, Drift Lake, Bluebell Lake, Superior Lake, Miller Lake, Deer Lake, Farmers Lake, Twin Potts Reservoir, Lake Atwood, Upper Chain Lake, Fox Lake and others. These high lakes are all at an altitude of 10,000 feet and higher. Several dude ranches offer guided tours into this rich wilderness for the hardy vacationer who enjoys the grandeur of unspoiled mountain beauty and snow-capped peaks, and bald mountains which are above the timber line, onyx blue lakes, frothy white streams and emerald green forests.

These lakes are known as Fisherman's Paradise, and Duchesne County is the gateway to the High Uinta Mountains, the only major range of mountains in the Western Hemisphere which run east and

west, and one of the few remaining primitive areas in the United States. Within these mountains is located King's Peak (13,500 feet), the highest point in Utah.

The dependable flow from the rivers which contribute water for irrigation purposes is not sufficient for the lands which need irrigation in Duchesne County, so there have been many storage projects along the Lake Fork and Uinta River developed. Under the Moon Lake Water User's Association about eleven of these natural lakes have been reservoired to hold back the early spring run-off of the mountain streams. As early as 1917, the farmers and ranch men of the County took horse-drawn equipment into this vast area and built dams which today still stand and are serving to hold the water to take care of the irrigation problems. Moon Lake, which is about the most popular lake in the county, constitutes a huge irrigation project, the work being done by heavy equipment. It was started in April 1935, and finished some two or three years later.

The great story of the Lost Rhoades Mine has its setting in the the Moon Lake area and according to legend should be located a little west from the northern end of the lake.

There are two natural lakes in Lake Canyon just a short distance off the Strawberry River road. They have in their time been very popular spots for fishing and hunting.—*Maxine Burdick*

*Mirror Lake*, located 32 miles easterly of Kamas in Section 34, T 4 N, R 7 W, Uinta Special Meridian; 65 acres in extent; maximum depth 45 feet. Mirror is a common name applied to many lakes because of the reflection seen therein.

*Granddaddy Lake*. There is an interesting story told about this, the largest of these lakes in this area. Many years ago when the area was being surveyed by the United States Geological Survey, a group of surveyors met George Beard of Coalville who was a painter and an explorer. They asked him about the various lakes in that area and he replied substantially as follows: "Over there you will find the granddaddy of them all" and from this remark, the name "Granddaddy" was applied to this 140 acre lake. It is located in Section 4, T 2 N, R 8 W, USM.

*Rainbow, 4. Governor's, 5. Pinto*. Located in Sections 16 and 21, T 3 N, R 8 W, were all named at the time Governor George H. Dern and party made the trip into the area in 1930. At that time Pinto Lake was named for a horse which was part of their pack string. Governor's Lake was named in honor of former Governor George Dern and Rainbow Lake was named because of a reflection of a rainbow in the lake.

*Pine Island Lake.* Located in Section 20, T 3 N, R 8 W, USM, is named because of the five islands within the lake, all of which are covered with pine trees.

*Washington Lake.* Located in Section 6, T 2 S, R 9 E, Salt Lake Meridian; named after the Father of our Country. This is a reservoir lake.

*Trial Lake.* Located in Section 5 of the T 2 S, R 9 E. This lake has been erroneously spelled Tyrol and Tryol but the spelling is "Trial." It is named for the fact that it was the first lake that was reservoired in this area and it was conducted as a trial method of holding water in the high country.

*Wall Lake.* Located in T 1 S, R 9 E, Sections 30 and 31, SLM. This is probably the deepest lake in the area, having a measured depth of 90 feet. It is named for the fact that it rests against high ledges or "walls." This is a reservoir lake.

The lakes in the "Naturalist Basin" located in T 4 N, R 8 W, USM, are generally named after well-known naturalists, including David Starr Jordan, Walcott, LeConte, Faxon, Shaler, Hyatt, Everman, Morat; other lakes named after scientists would include Scudder, Milder, Wyman, Packard.

There are three lakes located in T 3 N, R 9 W, USM, Sections 2 and 11, called the Hoover Lakes. Hoover Lake was named after former President Herbert Hoover and Shepherd Lake and Marshall Lake were named after former Forest Supervisors.

*Allen Lake.* Located in Section 14, T 3 N, R 8 W, was named after Floyd L. Allen, a former District Ranger who was killed by lightning while on duty in August, 1938.

*Powell Lake.* Located in Section 27, T 3 N, R 8 W, USM, was named after Major John Wesley Powell, of the U. S. Colorado River Exploration Survey. Inf. Wasatch National Forest Ranger District.

*Five Point Lake* is located near the headwaters of the west fork of Yellowstone River. It covers an area of fifty-five acres lying at about timber line and at an elevation of 11,000 feet. This lake is surrounded by high meadows and rough, rocky canyon walls in the distance. Smith Fork lies to the northeast and Porcupine Pass to the northwest. Kings Peak lies to the east with an elevation of 13,498, but is not visible from the lake because of a low divide running north and south dividing the east and west forks of the Yellowstone. From this lake it is possible to look east at Kings Peak and within a few minutes anyone so desiring can be climbing its heights. The lake is surrounded by small clumps of spruce and with grassy meadows in between this site is an excellent camping location.

About twenty years ago the lake was stocked with fish and has been stocked regularly ever since. This was done by carrying them in on pack horse from the canyon forks at Swift Creek and Yellowstone. Recently some stocking was done by plane. About fifteen years ago the lake was reservoired to store water to be used for irrigation purposes in the valley below the forest boundary. Approximately half the water from the lake is drawn off in the late season. This beautiful body of water can be reached from the road end at the junction of the Yellowstone and Swift Creek by pack horse or on foot.

—*Clyde Lambert*

Most of the lakes in the high Uintas occur west of Ashley Canyon and originated as a result of glaciation of the western or high half of the range. They were formed largely in two ways: By scouring of the bedrock by the advancing ice to the bottom and sides of which were frozen masses of boulders and sand collected as the ice moved along. This scouring action produced depressions in the rock over which the ice passed. Water accumulated in these depressions forming lakes. In many places there are large concentrations of lakes (tarns) where the snow and ice accumulations are called catchment basins or cirques, and as the ice began moving from these basins into the valleys along the slopes of the Uintas, the greatest number of tarns were formed. They often outline or nearly cover these areas.

As the ice streams moved down the valleys, particularly small side valleys in the main ones, masses of sand and boulder debris dropped by the melting ice dammed portions of the valley floors here and there. Water accumulated behind these morainal deposits forming a second type of lake.

Some peculiar feature of the lake apparently determined many of their names, for example Fish Lake, Mirror Lake, Deadman, Hoop, Brown Duck, Twin, Red, Lamb, Crescent, Squaw, etc. Others were named for individuals such as Reader, Hacking, Workman, Kabell, Atwood. The latter was undoubtedly named for W. W. Atwood, the geologist who made a study of the glaciation of the Uintas. Green Lake was named for a Doctor Green who built a resort there about 1915.—*Hilda Morgan*

*Spirit Lake* was so named according to "Our Strip of Land," a history of Daggett county written by Dick and Vivian Dunham, because of the following Indian legend as told by Jim Lamb.

A group of Shoshone bucks went off on a little hunting party up in the Ballies. One of them was following an elk trail, and along toward dusk, he came to a big lake surrounded by pines. He decided he'd better spend the night there, and go on hunting in the morning. He wrapped up in his blanket at the foot of a pine and went to sleep.

All of a sudden, a noise woke him up. It sounded like a bell ringing, deep and sort of muffled. The moon had just come up, and

was slipping along behind some clouds, and the lake was all sort of misty. He got up and looked out at the water where the sound seemed to come from. There, down under the black surface of the lake, he saw a herd of white elk moving along. The leader was wearing the bell that gave off that solemn, muffled note.

Terrified, the Indian plunged off through the woods, not looking or caring where he was going. Two or three days later the rest of his party found him. He was still pretty much out of his mind from fear of what he'd seen. After he'd been fed and rested a bit, he managed to tell his companions what he'd seen. The poor chap was never quite right in his mind after that. The other Indians recognized the lake from his description, and named it Spirit Lake. The Shoshones always gave it a wide berth, especially at night time.

Nobody else has ever seen those white elk, as far as we know; but if you listen on a still summer night, you can sometimes hear that muffled bell ringing, way down under the surface of the lake.

There are numerous lakes in the Uintah Mountains. Daggett county has 15 large lakes and 90 miles of fishing streams from which fishermen take 125,000 cutthroat, Montana grayling, eastern brook, rainbow, white fish and catfish annually.—*Gene L. Kuhns*

## SOUTHEASTERN IDAHO

The lakes and streams of southeastern Idaho are not so large and impressive as those in the northern part, but they are lovely withal. Some of their excellence may be attributed to the majesty imparted by the surrounding terrain. In the southeast corner, Idaho shares the beautiful blue of Bear Lake with Utah. Its name was suggested by its shape which has dimensions of eight by twenty-two miles. There are excellent beaches and recreational facilities along the eastern shore.

Eighteen miles northeast in Bloomington Canyon lies lovely *Bloomington Lake*, sheltered by huge cliffs. The lake covers twelve acres and is sustained by deep springs of clear cold water.

*Grays Lake* is a sheet of water of enchanting beauty which nestles among the peaks of the Caribou Range. Here the mountain wilderness prevails amidst a fullness of nature's beauty and freshness. In the extreme northeastern corner, near the Montana boundary, lies *Henry's Lake*. This is a magnificent body of water two miles wide and five miles long. It washes low, grassy shores, and yet lies within a thousand feet of the Rocky Mountain summit. The lake is dotted with islands and "indented by graceful tongues of land rich in foliage." Twelve miles away intriguing Mt. Sawtelle rises in its majestic resemblance of a sleeping Indian chieftain.

Ten miles northwest of Henrys Lake is *Cliff Lake*, a remarkably pleasant lake three by one-half miles in size. The depth is said to be phenomenal, and vertical basaltic cliffs practically surround the lake. This locality is one of surpassing beauty, a fitting approach to the world's wonderland, Yellowstone National Park.

—*History of Southeastern Idaho*

### A MOUNTAIN LAKE AT DAWN

It is hard to describe—this lake in the Wasatch. Its beauty works a spell upon the beholder. It is a sort of romance told by Nature in water and granite—lovely as the lake of a dream. With ledge upon ledge, tier above tier, the mountain encircles the water, bearing aloft the cloud-like groves of pine and aspen; until far above they fail for nourishment among the wilderness of the violet-gray crags—the last great waves of granite leaping upward to the skies. Over the ledges a stream from the heights comes falling, its plaintive voice half smothered on cushions of moss. From the clear deep lake a rocky island emerges and from its every fissure fantastic spruce and cedars grow and fling their arms abroad. Sheltered by an overhanging wall of granite and strewn with wreckage from the pines above lies a pallid snow bank, fading in the summer's heated glow, weeping drop by drop into the lake's translucent depths.

Over the riven peaks the wandering clouds have passed, and in the darkness of night poured down their stored floods. Now Nature wears a peaceful smile; in tranced quiet within its mighty basin sleeps the lake seeming at rest forever. No rude breath of wind to mar the pictured image of the shore. Among the trees the light of the pearly dawn begins to steal, inlaying the grassy forest floor with delicate mosaic and checkering the thick-crowded pillars with alternate light and shade. Graceful on slender stems the stately columbines press their satin flowers close to the rough-barked trunks and scented branches of the pines.

"Here silence reigns, and naught there is to mock  
The far-off murmur of the mountain rill,  
As if a voice in solemn accents breathed  
O'er the lone lake, and scathed rock, Be still!"

*Alfred Lambourne*



## Down Memory Lane

*Thy testimonies are wonderful: therefore doth  
my soul keep them. Psalms 119:129.*



THE pioneers came from many lands bringing their Bibles with them. Originally these people belonged to many different Christian faiths; but while a few held to their former beliefs the vast majority accepted the ideals of Mormonism and came to Zion to be identified with the main body of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The principles of their newly accepted church were based to a great extent upon the teachings of the Bible. In their Articles of Faith they declared:

"We believe the Bible to be the word of God."

The reading of the Bible was a regular practice in most Mormon homes and many of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers remember the story of the birth of Jesus, His life and crucifixion as told and retold especially at Christmas time by their pioneer parents.

We are extremely proud of our Bible collection on exhibit in the Pioneer Memorial Museum, which students of theology acknowledge to be one of the most famous in western United States. The sizes of the Bibles vary from pocket editions to large family Bibles which usually include family records, genealogy and happenings of the time. The coverings, mostly in black or brown, are made of leather, cloth and paper and the majority of these books are in good condition having been handled with care through the years.

Among these precious books is a Lutheran Bible published in the early sixteenth century which contains a sketch of the life of

Martin Luther, the Augsburg Confession of 1530, the Old and New Testaments, some books of the Apocrypha and many woodcut illustrations. Its original cover was heavy brown leather.

Another Bible printed in London in 1613 by Robert Barker, printer for the king of England, contains the Old and New Testaments and the genealogies of man from Adam to the time of Jesus Christ.

Amy Sholes Wightman, who was born in 1776, so desired a copy of the Bible that she purchased it with money received from the sale of her cherished gold beads. This book also contains her family record.

A Bible printed in London in 1831 was brought across the plains by William and Susannah Webley Hurst as they came from St. Louis in an independent company with Captain Jeppson.

A Hebrew Bible published in Leipsic, Germany in 1834 was used as a text book by George W. Johnson in the School of Prophets conducted in Nauvoo, Illinois.

Mary Ann B. Smithson Harmon, a Mississippi Saint who came to Utah in 1847, brought with her a Bible printed in 1843, by Case, Tiffany & Burnham in Hartford, Connecticut.

A Boston raised-line Bible, the first book for the blind to be brought to Utah, was carried across the plains in 1848 by Laura Beal Price. Although blind she rode from Missouri to Utah on horseback. This unusual edition was presented to the Daughters of Utah Pioneers by Murray B. Allen who did such outstanding work among the blind in Utah.

Ofttimes Bibles were presented to children as a reward for good behavior and regular attendance at Sunday School. Such a Bible, printed in Oxford, England in 1857, was given to Mary Ann Cannell September 25, 1858 by the Cold Clay Sabbath School. This treasured book was brought by her to Utah.

One of the most valuable editions in our collection is a copy of the Bible which was given to each of the Pony Express riders on their journey from St. Joseph, Missouri to Sacramento, California. Upon its black cardboard cover are engraved these words in gold lettering: "Presented by Russell, Majors and Waddell, 1858." The riders of this organization were respected throughout the west for their integrity and enterprise.

Another volume in the exhibit is a calendar Bible which contains verses for each day of the year. There are large and small Bibles printed in many languages such as Danish, Norwegian, Italian, German, Icelandic and Spanish.

An exhibit in our manuscript room which never fails to draw attention is a collection of large and beautifully illustrated Bibles, also thirty-seven framed original leaves from famous Bibles published during nine centuries from 1121-1935 A.D. This outstanding collection was presented to the Daughters of Utah Pioneers by Nicholas G. Morgan, Sr.





Pages from famous Bibles

### THE WAYS OF THE LORD

The following was written by a Confederate soldier almost a century ago.

I asked God for strength, that I might achieve. I was made weak that I might learn humbly to obey.

I asked for help, that I might do greater things. I was given infirmity, that I might do better things.

I asked for riches, that I might be happy. I was given poverty that I might be wise.

I asked for all things, that I might enjoy life. I was given life, that I might enjoy all things.

I got nothing that I asked for—but everything I had hoped for.

Despite myself, my prayers were answered. I am, among all men, most richly blessed!

## A PIONEER MOTHER

My mother, Amelia Slade, and my father, William Slade, lived in the little factory town of Crewkerne, in Somersetshire, England. They were very poor, because they were weavers, and in those days weavers received a very small wage, fifteen shillings a week at most. So with rent to pay, food and clothing to provide, each member of the family who was old enough was obliged to obtain work in the factories and mills to help provide just the bare necessities of life. There was nothing left over for books, or to pay for schooling, and there were no free schools in England at that time.

Into this household I came on the 10th day of October, 1854, during the reign of Queen Victoria, and named Amelia Eliza. I remember the stone floors and the open fireplace where mother did all her cooking and the hob where the kettles were placed. There were no stoves and we had no ovens, so all our bread and meats were baked at the public bakery. As soon as I was old enough I was sent to a children's school, for which mother paid a penny each week. This school was similar to the kindergarten, but its main purpose was to care for the little ones so that the mothers and older ones in the family would be free to find work. I remember that we were taught to knit and to sew.

Father and mother were both members of the Mormon Church at the time of their marriage, and at this time he had become president of the branch. From the first they planned on emigrating to Utah, but as the children came and expenses grew, they found it impossible to save even the small amount for their passage money. There was only one course open for us ever to realize our dreams. Father borrowed enough money to take him alone to America. He went as far west as Philadelphia where he found work on the fine estate of an old Quaker gentleman, Mr. William Sellars. It took him over three long years to pay off his debt and to save enough money to pay the passage of his loved ones. Meanwhile, in England, Mother worked and hoped and prayed, saving what she could of her small earnings.

Then, one wonderful day, the postman came with a letter containing money which was to take us to Father in America. How impatient I was to go. So much to be done; so many little things for older heads to worry about, that it seemed to my childish mind that we never, never would begin our journey. But finally one day we found ourselves, bag and baggage, on the docks and ready to embark. Even then there was a last errand that Mother had to run, and thinking that she would be back in a few moments, she left us huddled among the trunks and bundles. The minutes lengthened into an anxious hour and then in spite of tears and protests we were bundled into a small boat and carried to the big ship, *William Tapscott*, which rode at anchor in the bay, ready to set sail for America. Sailing time and no mother! As the shadows lengthened, our fears and anxiety increased. Then just a few minutes before the anchor was raised, a boat drew up

alongside and a number of people were hurried on board. There was Mother, her dear face white with worry and anxiety. Soon we were safe in each other's arms, too happy for anything but tears.

There were not beds enough to go around, so I was assigned to sleep with a fat woman. I undressed and climbed into the berth. There was not any too much room for me, and when Mrs. Avouirdupois decided to come to bed she stuck a hard roll of her belongings under my head, squeezed me tight against the wall and was soon sleeping. She woke up long enough to say, "Can't ye shut up? I want me sleep." To this day I hate to sleep next to the wall. The roll of the ship, the strange squeaks and gratings and other noises and the smothered feeling and the discomfort of the hard roll I was obliged to use for a pillow, made too deep an impression to be easily overcome. My recollection of the boat consists of long passageways, row upon row of berths, and a railing where I could stand and watch those on the decks below us. One day I saw them eating pancakes, and after the ship's hard biscuits, which we ate in lieu of bread, how good they looked. Mother prepared all our meals, but I missed the bread. After watching the feast on the lower deck the ship-biscuits seemed harder and drier than ever.

One day in mid-ocean the ship sprang a leak. The anchor was lowered while the pumps were set to work. I heard a sailor report that the trunk room was being flooded. Happy childhood! Little sensed I of the real danger that threatened us. It was barely noon. I went by myself, knelt down with full childish faith and prayed: "Our Father in Heaven, please don't let my new dress get wet." And I finished up with "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep; if I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take. Amen." I think the listening angels must have smiled at that prayer; but in spite of the fact that my dress was in the very bottom of the trunk it was not damaged in the least. We found so many interesting things to do that the voyage of six weeks did not seem nearly so irksome to us as it did to some of the older ones; but when someone shouted, "Land, I see land!" I believe Columbus himself could not have been much happier than we were. Many were crying, though, of course, I couldn't then understand why. What a bustle, packing up our things we had used on the voyage, running errands and watching the sailors at their work. We were landed at a place called Castle Gardens. I remember we stayed there overnight. Father came here to meet us. For three years I had dreamed of seeing him again; but now I could not see what there was to cry about.

When we got off the train at Philadelphia, I saw for the first time street cars drawn by horses. As Mr. Sellar's estate was some miles from the city, we boarded one of those funny-looking little cars and away we went. For the first time I saw green fields and rolling meadows were a rolling carpet of green and gold. It seemed

as though all the kinds of birds in the world were singing a welcome to us. Gone were the grimy factory days. Now Mother could stay at home, and we had Father with us once more. How we reveled in the beauties of the country; the birds, the flowers and the blackberry hedges. I heard the frogs singing in the swamps, and owls and whippoorwills. My bedroom window overlooked the woods, and on a still moonlit night I could hear the water in the mill race, singing over the stones.

We children joined a Sunday School class, and were allowed to take home books from the library. I remember one of these especially, "Little Jane." Little Jane was a very, very good little girl, who lived with a very, very sinful family. Besides being imposed upon in fifty different ways, she was never allowed to go to church. All day Sunday she baked and brewed and stewed enough food to last that family the rest of the week. I felt sorry for her, "I'll not do that when I have a home," I promised myself. "I won't do any cooking on Sunday." It is a rule that I have since followed, though it had its source in the impossible "Little Jane."

One of the most beautiful memories that I have is of the Sabbath peace that blessed our dear home. Our family group would gather around the grate fire and listen to the wonderful stories that Mother would tell us. The songs we sang: Old English ballads, "Lord Bateman" and "The Mistletoe Bough," "I Think When I Read that Sweet Story of Old," "Happy Day," and other good old hymns. The stories of Jesus as Mother told them, made us feel that God was a loving Father who loved little children more than anyone else. The preachers of those days were of the fire and brimstone order, and I used to sit in church with every hair standing on end from sheer terror of the awful pictures they drew of hell and judgment day. Soon after listening to one such terrorizer, a violent storm broke over the country. As one peal of thunder topping another boomed across the heavens, I fled to my room and prayed wildly, "Oh Lord, if it's the end of the world, please don't burn me up in everlasting hell fire. I won't grumble when I have to do the dishes any more, and I won't ask for two pieces of cake. I know I'm awful wicked but I'll try so hard to be good." I'm glad for the sake of little children that Christian views have changed, and that this type of sermon isn't heard nowadays.

In the fall my sisters and I were sent to school. Quite a different school from the school which the children attend now. Our teacher was very tall, very severe looking, and very conscientious. She neither spared the rod nor spoiled the child. Small chance there was of shirking under her eagle eye, and though we were whipped for many things one would not dream of whipping a child for today, we learned a wholesome lesson while in her charge. There being no school on Saturdays, we spent many wonderful, golden days out in the woods gathering hickory nuts, walnuts and chestnuts, to store for the

winter fireside. One Saturday, while on one of these expeditions, we wandered out of the woods into a place known as the Meadows. But how unfamiliar was the scene which met our childish eyes. Instead of the carpet of green we had been wont to see, was an army of white tents and in an open space, companies of soldiers all in blue uniforms were marching and countermarching and being drilled in all the maneuvers of war. We watched with fascinated eyes, until a bugle call and lowering of the Stars and Stripes finished the drill for the day. When we told Mother about it she said there was a war between the North and the South and that these were President Lincoln's soldiers preparing to go out and fight for the union. Mother glanced at Father's picture and looked anxious and worried.

Mother spent much of her time these days sewing, making dainty little white garments, lace trimmed and tucked, and as often as she sewed, she would tell us wonderful stories. These days her smile was very tender and sweet, but I often saw a look of pain flit across her face as she looked towards the meadows where the men other mothers had borne, were marching away in the glory of their young manhood, many of them to die for their country. Oh, it is hard for mothers to feel the thrill, or to appreciate the glory of war! Too well they know the bitter sacrifices.

Spring came and with it the last day of school. What excitement there was. This was the day on which we were to put on a show before our family and friends. We were put through our paces by the school committee. Awards of merit and prizes were given to lucky ones. I was to "speak a piece," so I must look extra nice for the occasion. These were the days of the pinafores and pantalets and for this event my pinafore was new. My pantalets, as an added touch, had some lace, intended for quite another purpose, basted to the bottoms for trimming. Away I went, proud as a peacock, and took my place among the other children who sat like little ramrods of propriety, hands neatly folded, faces to the front, wearing for this day alone, expressions that would have graced the faces of an angel choir. When my name was called I arose, gave a satisfied glance of pride at my new dress and the lace that ruffled so daintily on the pantalets beneath it; walked primly to the front, made my best bow and then began: "England's son. . . ." I had not gone very far when something slipped around my ankle. A stolen glance showed a dangling end of lace. Then I saw Tom Shore grin. Up went my head. Not for worlds would I quit! So I finished my lines in a round of hearty applause, though the lace slipped farther and farther. "That was fine," someone whispered. Then Tom Shore, with a voice that sounded like gleeful satisfaction, made me feel like fighting by saying, "Ya, but you nearly lost yer pants." Then came the speeches and awards. Balm to sore mortification and hurt pride. I was awarded a Bible for being the "best student in the school!" Its leaves are worn and yellow with age, but I still have it among

my most treasured possessions. Soon after school closed my brother, Willie, was born. My elder sister, Rhoda, did her best to take the place of Mother in the housework, and then when Mother was strong again there was the new baby to tend, so Martha and I were left pretty much to our own devices.

It was early summer and haying time, and we fairly reveled in the joys of the great outdoors. I can still smell the sweet warm fragrance of the freshly cut hay, as it lay drying in the summer sunshine. How thrilled we were when we were allowed to ride atop the great wobbly loads as they were hauled to the stack yard! The hay was unloaded and pitched into great carefully rounded stacks. The temptation to climb a ladder against one of the very tallest stacks was not to be resisted, so up we went like Jack and the Beanstalk. Then after a few breath-taking, frightened moments, we found ourselves on top of the stacks; again, like Jack, in a wonderful fairyland of forests and castle, broad fields, and meadows, stretching away as far as the delighted eye could see. We played in blissful contentment for some time, catching the different colored grasshoppers or lying on our backs finding cloud pictures. When we grew tired and were ready to get down, somehow the green sloping sides of the stack looked much more inviting than did the ladder. It goes without saying that we slid down. The thrill was perfect and we carried down with us enough loose hay to make a perfect landing. Of course, every day, especially when you are little, just must come to an end. Ours came in the shape of an entirely unsympathetic grownup in the person of Father. "Will you youngsters keep off that hay!" he cried, picking up the pitchfork and disappearing around the neighboring stack. Why do grownups make it so hard for children anyhow. Half in rebellion, half in reluctance to abandon immediately the thing that had given us so much fun, up the ladder we climbed again and came sliding down. Somehow the zest was gone and this time the landing was anything but pleasant, nor was the spanking we promptly received. I think Father gave it to us more in sheer relief that our backs or necks weren't broken than as a punishment for ruining the haystack. We went to bed in disgrace without our supper. It was stern justice, but we deserved it. We cried and compared our marks the sting of the willow had left on our bodies. I had the most because I was older than Martha and was expected to set her a good example. As it grew dark Mother brought us up some bread and milk. We ate and were comforted. Truly repentant and at peace with the whole world, we soon fell asleep. We had learned a lesson. When Father said a thing he meant it and never again did we wilfully disobey him.

One day soon after this we were playing in the meadows when we saw some fishermen with rods over their shoulders on their way to the mill pond to fish; this promptly suggested a new idea. "Let's go fishing," I cried. "Let's," cried Martha joyously, so in

just a few minutes, proudly carrying green willow poles, some string and bent pins, we were marching down to the millrace. We sat down in the middle of a narrow foot-board which spanned the race and promptly threw in our lines. We did not even get a nibble, but we were having real fun in pretending when, in some way, Martha lost her balance and fell into the water below. I tried to reach her, but failing this I ran frantically along the bank calling, "Martha, oh Martha!" Sensing that I couldn't get her, I ran screaming for Mother. She heard me and came running toward me. Into the stream she rushed, only to mire helplessly in the soft mud bottom. Some one pulled her back and when she saw Martha come up to the surface of the water only to sink out of sight, she fainted. Someone had gone for father. Meanwhile the Irish gardener, having heard the excited cries, hurried over, with the rake still in his hand. He waded in and reached with his rake until he caught Martha's clothes. Father came just in time to take her apparently lifeless body in his arms. He carried her swiftly to the carriage house and worked frantically over her. Soon she gave a weak moan. "Where's your Mother?" he said to me. "Dead down by the willows," I sobbed. Father, working desperately with Martha, cried, "Run, child, run and stay with her until I can come." When I reached the willows Mother had regained consciousness, and I cried, "Mother, oh Mother, come quick, Martha is alive!" But poor Mother only shook her head and moaned. "No, she isn't, no, she isn't—I saw her go down and she won't come up anymore." Even now I can see her hanging on to the fence, too weak to stand alone, pulling herself along back to the house. It was a long time before she recovered from the shock. Sometimes at night she would steal out of the house and we would find her walking the banks of the stream, wringing her hands and moaning and crying for Martha. Father would lead her back to the house and put Martha in her arms. Then she would be comforted. She gradually grew better.

The months that followed were fairly happy and prosperous ones and it began to look as though our dreams of gathering with the Saints in Utah might find an early fulfillment. Mother's sister had already emigrated, Father's brother had reached America and was living in Philadelphia. Then my brother Eddie was born. Welcome as his coming was, of course, it meant extra expense and a little harder struggle to put by even a small amount. Then Father was kicked by a horse and his leg severely injured—an injury which was followed by an attack of rheumatism. He found it very painful and difficult to attend to even a small part of his work. One day a friend, seeing the difficulty, said, "Mr. Slade, I know what will cure your rheumatism. You get hartshorn, camphor, laudanum and sweet oil and rub it on your leg and it will cure it." I was standing by his side and he turned to me and said, "Eliza, run to the drug store and get it for me." I write this incident, trivial in itself, to illustrate how vividly

children receive impressions. I never forgot a single ingredient of that liniment in all these years. Mother would rub Father's limbs with the liniment and he did get well for a short time at least. But a swim in the creek at the close of a hard day's work gave him a heavy chill. In spite of all Mother could do he grew rapidly worse. His rheumatism came back, more severe this time, afflicting his heart and kidneys. Three doctors, under Mr. Sellars's instructions, held a consultation and on the morning of my ninth birthday, they took him away to the hospital in Philadelphia.

Mother was nearing another confinement and under the circumstances she was denied the solace and comfort of being able to be near him. Not more than twice a week was she able to go into Philadelphia to visit him and take clean clothing. One day at the hospital Father asked for his brother. As soon as the message reached Uncle Alfred, he hurried to the hospital, only to be refused admittance as it was past visiting hours. "But he's my brother, he sent for me and needs me," and brushing past the attendant he hurried to Father's bedside. "William, shall I send for Amelia?" he asked. "No, Alfred, I'm going, there isn't time." For some minutes they talked. A woman, whose duty was to administer comfort to the dying, came to his room, and true to her faith and her duty, said, "My good man, I hope you will make your peace with Jesus. I hope you have not left it till this late hour." Father smiled faintly and whispered, "Oh, no."

When I saw Uncle Alfred coming through our gate, childlike, I ran to meet him, "How is Father?" I cried. "Your father is dead," was his answer. Not sensing the terrible significance of this news, I ran to Mother, and cried out in unthinking innocence, "Mother, Father is dead." Then I saw her face whiten in agony as she slipped from her chair in a dead faint.

People were very kind to us. We were almost entirely without means. After the funeral, Mr. Sellars held a conference with Mother and Uncle Alfred. He told her as gently as he could that another man was to take Father's place and that she would have to find quarters elsewhere; but he made arrangements for her to go to the hospital for her confinement. Rhoda made her home with the Sellars' family. Martha went to some of his friends by the name of Leisering, the boys were placed in an orphan's home and I was sent to Philadelphia to Mrs. Bancroft, a married daughter of Mr. Sellars.

How well I remember that parting. Mother laying her dear hands on my head in wordless blessing—the sudden wild grief that took possession of me. "Oh, Mother! Mother! I don't want to go," I sobbed. I don't care if we don't have anything to eat but bread, I want to stay. Please, Mother, let me stay with you." "My poor child," she gently answered, "but I haven't even bread for you." As we both cried, I began to sense that my grief distressed Mother.



and that I must be brave and do my bit to help, so wiping my eyes and trying to smile, I went off to Philadelphia.

Mrs. Bancroft lived in a beautiful house on Vine Street. She had me sleep with the cook, and gave me as a household duty the task of helping in the kitchen. Somehow the cook resented this very much, and was anything but agreeable with me. In fact, she made my life so unpleasant that kind Mrs. Bancroft moved me from the cook's room and gave me a trundle bed to sleep in and changed my work from the kitchen to the dining room and nursery. In spite of the kindness of this splendid Quaker family, I had many bitter hours, and many nights when my pillow was wet with homesick tears. I went to school part of the time, a girls' school, as then the girls and boys met in different buildings. I made friends with a girl whose brother was an officer in the Union Army. She was very proud of him and we had many pleasant talks together. Then for the first time I heard the muffled drum as it beat its tattoo to the slow measured tread of the feet that carried some patriot to his last resting place. As the war went on the sound of the drums became more frequent, and soon not a day passed that its mournful roll failed to be heard in the streets of Philadelphia. My young friend's brother was among those who laid down their lives for their country. We went to see him as he lay in state in his uniform of blue, under the flag he had given his young life to defend.

Living in Philadelphia, and working for her living, was an elder half-sister, Harriet, a daughter of Father's first wife who had died when Harriet was two. She used to come to see me. Her visits were very welcome, you may be sure. She never failed to bring an orange or a bit of candy or some little gift that she knew would gladden my childish heart. Uncle Alfred lived there, and though I heard him describe his home, I had never seen it. One day I decided to go visit my Uncle's family, so off I set after I had prayed earnestly to be shown the way. It was a very astonished uncle and aunt that I saw as I walked up to their door, for find it I did, though other than my prayers I asked no directions.

After baby Charles was born, Mother rented a small room in Philadelphia. Then came the yearning for her children. What was she to do? Mr. Sellars offered the only solution that he saw possible. Feeling sure that Mother would see the wisdom of his decision, he had had papers made out "binding out" the older children of the family until they should become of age, and brought the papers to Mother to sign. Poor Mother! Mr. Sellars had been kind. She begged time to consider his offer, so he left, promising to call the next day for the signed paper. Her dreams of going to Utah seemed utterly impossible. She sought Divine help in her great need. "The dead do come back when there is a real need for it," said Mother in telling her experiences in the years that followed. "Three times

that night your father appeared in my room and each time he said, 'Don't bind the children.' I was not asleep. I actually saw him."

Mr. Sellars tried to get her to change her mind, and became almost exasperated when she steadily refused. "What *are* you going to do?" Mother thought of Utah and all it meant to her, and raising her head with a certain conviction she answered him, "I'm going home." He said no more.

There was a branch of the Mormon Church in Philadelphia at this time, to which Father and Mother had been able to go occasionally as it had meant a long ride on the cars for them. The children, rather than receive no religious training, had attended a Presbyterian Sunday School. Mother had said with firm conviction, "I'm going home." But as far as human eye could see "going home" meant unsurmountable difficulties. Once more "man's extremity proved God's opportunity." While Mother sat in the Sunday meeting the president of the branch arose and announced that on the following Wednesday a company of immigrants were leaving for Utah and that means had been provided for Sister Slade and her children to go with them. Mother's prayer had received its answer. Orson Pratt and Hyrum Clawson were the speakers, and after the meeting was over they both came to Mother. Orson Pratt placed \$2.50 in her hand saying, "I'm on my way to England. I have enough money to get me there, and I am sure you need this worse than I do." Brother Clawson gave her \$5.00. They shook hands with her and spoke words of encouragement and cheer. Some of the sisters, Sister Ware and Sister Fenton, especially, were willing and anxious to help.

There was much hurried preparation to be ready in time. Mrs. Bancroft cried when Mother came for me. "She is so dependable," she told Mother, "that I can trust her implicitly in all things." This was a splendid compliment to live up to. Then I came in contact with some bitterness that existed against the Church in those days. When Mr. Sellars saw our arrangements for leaving, and came to tell Mother good-bye, he said, "Well, I'm glad you are going back to England instead of with those Mormons; had you decided to go with them, I certainly would have taken steps to have these children taken away from you." Mother did not tell him that home meant Utah. She was soon on her way to New York. We each had a bundle to look after. Mother found it quite difficult to keep track of all of us—Rhoda, Martha, Willie, Eliza, Eddie and baby Charlie—to say nothing of the bundles. Here we took the train for the little town of Wyoming, on the banks of the muddy Missouri River, where we were to wait until a company of emigrants from England joined us before proceeding west by ox-teams.

How vividly I remember the little town of Wyoming on the Missouri just one thousand miles from Utah. What a change from the green woods and meadows of Pennsylvania. So desolate and wild. The Missouri, just one big river of mud, flowing out of somewhere,

sluggishly past, and on to nowhere. "How ever can we wash our clothing in this?" was my uppermost thought and I was greatly relieved when I found that all the washing was to be done at a spring pleasantly located in a group of trees near the camp.

Here, also, we had our first experience at sleeping in the great out-of-doors, a rather terrifying one till we got used to it. Every single night, it seemed to me, it stormed. The inky darkness would be broken by sudden, blinding flashes of lightning, and the steady howl of the storm by roars of rolling thunder. The seven of us huddled even closer together, but not even tent walls and bed clothes could shut out the blinding flashes of lightning, nor deaden, but very little, the terrific claps of thunder. Then one awful night, the tent blew down, the pole falling across Mother's neck in such a way that she was left utterly powerless, either to call for help or to assist herself. She must have soon died had not Rhoda, sensing her peril, managed to move the heavy pole in such a way that her neck was freed. Supplies were issued from a storehouse centrally located. We did our cooking over bonfires. We lived like this about a month or six weeks; then we were joined by a company of Saints who were emigrating from England.

One day came the glad shout, "The ox-teams are coming!" "The ox-teams are coming!" Everybody turned out to give them welcome as they lumbered slowly into camp, a long train of covered wagons, each drawn by yokes of oxen. This was the train that was to take us to Utah, each outfit being furnished by the men who had been called on a mission by President Young to meet the emigrants and bring them to Utah. We were all anxious to get started on our way, little sensing, any of us, what a long, tedious journey it was to be, and little sensing the trials and hardships we were to encounter, but bravely ready for whatever fate held in store for us. The train was in charge of Brother Warren Snow. Our outfit was in charge of Brother Frank Cundick. Besides our seven, there was a feeble old lady, sick and ailing, who was assigned to ride with us. Baby Charlie was assigned to Rhoda's care, and little Eddie to mine. They were both beautiful children, rosy and healthy, giving every promise of growing to strong and sturdy manhood.

After what seemed many days in August 1864, we bade Wyoming good-bye and turned our faces westward. Conditions were too crowded for us all to ride at the same time, so those who were able, took turns walking. We would fill our aprons with dry buffalo chips as we walked, or with anything that would burn and could be used to make our campfires. Then, one day, Mother discovered that the bundle containing Rhoda's clothing and shoes had been left behind, with other luggage belonging to the train. Poor Rhoda, her feet grew sore and blistered and cracked. One day I heard her scream, and running to her, found that she had stepped upon a prickly pear. The blood was falling in drops from her wounded foot, but she would

not let me pull the thorns out. I helped her all I could and finally we hobbled into camp. Her foot was growing more painful. "That cactus must come out," I thought, and then aloud, I cried, "Oh, look, Rhoda, Indians, quick!" and as she turned her head to look, I jerked the cactus out of her foot, before she had even time to say "ouch." My fingers were filled with thorns, but we soon got them out, then found Mother. We cooked our meals over the campfire and went to bed. In spite of the strange night cries of prowling beasts and birds, we slept soundly through the cool, sweet night. The next morning we were up at sunrise, fresh and ready for the long day's march. Rhoda's foot was still somewhat sore. "Do you know," said Mother, "I dreamed last night that your shoes were coming and that they will be here today. I am sure they will." To our great joy they did come, along with the rest of the missing luggage, save some that had been stolen. Mother's dreams often came true. Our money, fifty or sixty dollars, all we had in the world, was missing. Then one night Mother dreamed that she saw it sewed up in a feather bed. When she awoke she arose and looked for it, and found it just as her dream had told her.

One day the old lady with us died, the first of our band who didn't finish the journey through. They made her a grave at the side of the trail. Then watering places grew scarce and we were obliged to buy our drinking water at twenty-five cents per keg. It was not always good water at that, for dysentery broke out among us. The woman in the wagon ahead of us died. Mother was very ill and so were two of the children. Brother John Kay, a young man returning from a mission, was stricken and died. A side was taken from a wagon to make him a coffin. For little *Charlie* there was not a thing that could be utilized to make him even a rude coffin. Mother tore a shawl in half, and we left him sleeping by the long trail. Later, the other half was used for little *Eddie*. Sick, disheartened, and weary, we had to carry on.

I remember one cold wet day in particular. We kept huddled up for warmth in the wagon all day long, while the rain beat its monotonous tattoo on our canvas roof. When we stopped for the night, fires were out of the question. We were hungry and went to bed crying for something to eat. Next morning Mother climbed out of the wagon. Through the drizzling rain and mist she saw a little old shack with smoke pushing its way out of the chimney. She made her way to it and as the door opened to her knock, there greeted her a rush of warm air, fragrant with the odor of frying meat. "Will you sell me some bread?" she asked of the woman who answered the door. "We haven't any to spare," replied the woman, but seeing how sick and weak Mother looked, she said, "We are just going to have a bite, come in and eat with us." "I cannot eat, my children are hungry." "You shall eat," she insisted, "and you shall have bread for your little ones even if we have to go without." When

Mother came back, we were all out on the wagon tongue. She broke the bread in chunks and handed each of us a piece.

Eddie died as we were nearing Green River. This final stroke proved too much for Mother, and she became very, very ill. One day as Rhoda and I came near the wagon, we heard voices. "Yes, Sister Slade, your children will be cared for." The wild fears that arose in my breast seemed to smother me. Baby Charles and Eddie, and now Mother! Taking my sister by the hand we ran off some distance into the sagebrush and kneeling down we prayed in all our childish anguish, "Please, Heavenly Father, don't let Mother die. Please make her better, in the name of Jesus, Amen." We felt sure then she would get well. Next morning she was much better, and after some days she was trying again to take her share of the burdens.

One day we passed large, white saleratus beds. Mother had read of saleratus biscuits, and, as we were nearing our journey's end, food supplies were running low. Mother decided we were going to have hot biscuits, so with a zeal not backed up by knowledge, she made them. We ate them, for the bitter flavor was entirely outdone by their delectable rich orange coloring.

The last day of our journey our food gave out and we became really hungry. Towards evening we entered Emigration Canyon. As we came into the valley, we could see in the distance the glow of a big bonfire that had been lighted to welcome us. About ten o'clock we stopped at the square where the City and County building now stands. Such laughing and crying, such hugs and kisses! Soon we were seated around the big fire, while willing hands, backed by warm hearts, served us with everything that the little settlement could afford in the way of delicious hot food. There were mashed potatoes and gravy, chicken and vegetables, pie and cake. Then, when we just couldn't cram another delicious morsel, I noticed by the light of the fire, a tempting green slope. "Come on," I said to the girls, "let's roll down here," and roll we did, to our hearts content, entirely unreprieved by the older folk. They were "Home" at last and too happy to notice it.

—*Amelia Eliza Slade Bennion*

#### CAROLINE JENKINS DUTSON

On board a large sailing vessel en route from London to St. Louis, Missouri, the Jenkins family hovered anxiously over their whimpering baby, Rebecca. All manner of food had been offered to the wasting child, but nothing agreed with her. There was no milk on board ship. Finally the crying ceased and little Rebecca was at rest. The grief-stricken parents were Nathaniel Jenkins and Sarah Holt. Seven other children joined them in their sorrow: Caroline Geneva, Sarah, Emily, Eliza, Nathaniel, James and George. The family had lived in London, where all the children were born, until they left to make a new life in America.

One day Caroline, four years of age at the time, was playing on the walk. A larger girl stood nearby anxious also to play. She grasped Caroline's hands and swung her around in a wide circle. In doing so Caroline's foot stuck an iron lamppost. The force of the blow broke the bones in her foot. Unfortunately the bones were improperly set and as a result Caroline limped badly throughout her life. As she grew, always the heel of one shoe had to be cut off so that it would be more comfortable.

The parents felt that opportunities beckoned in America and consequently they left their native land. After six weeks journey by sailing vessel, the exact year of the journey is not known, they arrived in St. Louis where the family made a home. Caroline's eldest brother, Nathaniel, obtained work on a steamship which blew up at sea, and he was drowned; James, the next brother, went to Australia to seek his fortune during the gold rush, and after obtaining considerable wealth, he was found dead by his friends, a victim of thieves; George, the third brother, who became a dentist in St. Louis, was accidentally shot on New Year's Day by his nephew who was showing his uncle an old revolver he had found.

In 1844, Caroline, together with her father, heard and accepted the gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and were baptized. But bitterness against the new religion was so strong in the hearts of the other members of the family that Caroline and her father were forced to leave home and find quarters in another section of the city. Since a brother-in-law had even threatened violence to Caroline if she joined the Church, it was necessary that they not reveal their whereabouts.

On April 22, 1856, in St. Louis, the mother of the family Sarah Holt Jenkins died. The father made arrangements for Caroline to emigrate to Utah with a group of Saints under the leadership of John William Dutson. On June 10, 1857 they boarded the steamer *Silver Heels* bound for Florence, Nebraska. On the eighth day they landed at their destination, where the group waited for the Delaware company. The journey then continued westward. Caroline traveled with John William Dutson's wife and children. Due to the fact that space in the wagons for the elderly people and small children was at a premium, Caroline walked most of the way from Florence to Utah. Although her crippled foot undoubtedly made walking difficult, Caroline was not one to complain.

She remained in Salt Lake City for only a short time, then moved to Fillmore. At Fillmore, Caroline worked in the house of John William Dutson. His first wife, Elizabeth, had grown to love Caroline like a sister, and since polygamy was being practiced, Elizabeth asked her husband to propose to Caroline. They were married September 7, 1858 by Apostle Amasa Lyman.

In Fillmore, Caroline and Elizabeth shared the same home and lived in harmony and understanding. In the meantime Caroline's

father, Nathaniel Jenkins, had married Sarah Matthews, and they had emigrated to Utah in 1862, settling in Utah county where he had obtained work keeping the toll bridge at Utah Lake. In the spring of 1863, Caroline accompanied her husband to Deseret to assist in the settlement there. The Indians were giving the settlers considerable trouble throughout the Territory and at Deseret a fort was constructed to protect the people from the marauders.

Caroline's first two children were born in Fillmore; George Lyman, born July 1, 1859, and Joseph Willard, born January 9, 1862. Then at Deseret, Eleanor was born, October 27, 1864.

The following spring the Indians became increasingly troublesome. Her father sent word to Caroline to come immediately to help care for his sick wife and children, three of whom were ill with fever. Caroline went as quickly as possible and there she found the Indians were really on the warpath. Nathaniel walked to Lehi for help. That night his wife died and before the week was out all the stricken children were dead. The Indians continued their savagery during the whole time, making it almost impossible for him to bury his dead. Again he walked to Lehi for help.

As he left, a neighbor boy stealthily crawled unnoticed onto the roof with a rifle so that he could protect the inmates of the log house. As the Indians swarmed into the house Caroline cut up a batch of bread to feed them. Her baby lay screaming on the bed and her fright greatly amused the Indians. After devouring the bread they still were not satisfied, so Caroline cut up a ham that was hanging from the ceiling. After being fed the Indians left the house. As soon as wisdom dictated leaving her bereaved father, Caroline returned to Deseret.

The Dutsons remained at Deseret for several discouraging years. Each year a dam was built to keep back the flood waters, and each year the dam was washed out, resulting in crop failures. Three more children were born to Caroline at Fillmore: Christopher Columbus, James Nathaniel and Samuel Clement. In 1871, Caroline moved with her husband to Oak Creek where her last child, Sarah Ann, was born.

Caroline possessed a beautiful soprano voice. Wherever she lived she entertained with her singing. Both she and her husband delighted audiences with their comic duets and character portrayals. She assisted her husband in his work with the choir both in Fillmore and at Oak Creek.

Indians continued to be somewhat of a problem even in Oak Creek. Around 1875 they were camped just outside of town and frequented the homes begging food. With such a large family there was never much food or money to spare. Caroline was a resourceful mother and was always happy doing the little extra things to bring her children happiness. The valentines she helped her children to make were something to be remembered. She carefully cut out paper and

taught the children how to weave the paper into artistic masterpieces. Her fingers fairly flew at knitting.

One Christmas Eve her son, Samuel, couldn't find a sock to hang so Caroline said, "If you will help me fix a tree, I'll soon have a sock for you." After the tree was decorated, she knitted a complete sock which Sam hung up for Santa Claus.

The children were taught how to card batts for quilts and make rolls to card the yarn on the spinning wheel. She stressed care in the work so that they would not get lumps in the yarn. She knitted gloves and faced them with buckskin. Loops were knitted on the outside of the gloves and then the loops were cut. These gloves were sold. Mac Webb was especially anxious to have her gloves. He had only one arm. One day he met a man whose hands were freezing. The man said to Mac, "I wish I had gloves like that." "What will you give me for the extra glove? I have use for only one," Mac replied. "I'll give you \$10.00 for that one glove," the man offered. Following this incident Mac always ordered gloves made for only one hand. Many of the town girls were indebted to Caroline who taught them the intricacies of all kinds of fancy work and even lacemaking.

Her skilled fingers were most adept at making beautiful straw hats and straw flowers, as well as hair flowers, which were sold all over the country. She was widely known for this art. The wheat was gleaned from the fields and then prepared for hat-making. For the finer work straw had to be split. After the braiding and weaving process the hats were placed on wooden hat blocks to be shaped. Some of the straw was even colored to trim the hats. She made a straw hat for Sam which he always remembered. It was such a good hat that his companions teased him by saying that he wore the hat all summer, then lost it, and the cows fed on it all winter. Then he found it and wore it again the next summer.

Caroline was a wonderful, understanding mother. She always welcomed the young people in her home, and was known as Aunt Caroline by them. Often she turned a misfortune into an advantage. On one occasion, the 4th of July, Sam had no money to spend. Chris Christensen, his friend, had only five cents. Chris said to Sam, "I'll stay home with you." Caroline remarked that she had a plan, "I'll give you a few eggs; go to the store and buy sugar and I'll make you some candy. Chris, you buy peanuts with your nickel and we'll put them in the candy, then you boys can treat your girls and have as good a time as anyone else." Chris went home and got a dozen eggs. Eggs sold for 6 cents a dozen then. The candy was made and no one at the celebration had a better time than Chris and Sam.

Caroline was sealed to her husband in the Endowment House on June 6, 1870. As her family grew and married she availed herself of the opportunities of doing temple work in St. George,



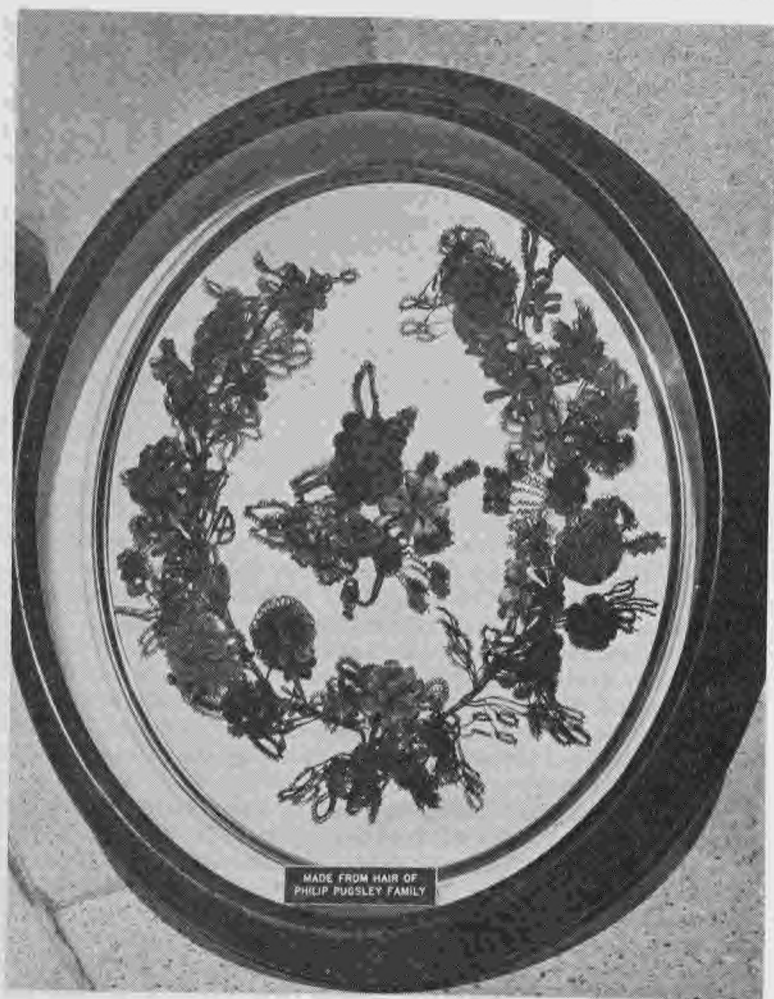
Manti, and Salt Lake City. On April 14, 1873, John William Dutson married Fannie Emeline Nixon Carling as his third wife. The three families lived side by side in Oak City. The children of all the families were raised as brothers and sisters, and all the children were treated the same in each home.

On May 6, 1887, the devoted husband and father died after a long illness. Later Caroline moved to Aurora where she spent the remaining years of her life. Caroline had not seen her sister, Sarah, for over forty years. One day she received a letter from her saying that she was coming to Utah to be with her sister for the remainder of her life. She was with Caroline when she died April 13, 1900. The sweet spirit of Caroline Dutson will live long in the memories of those who knew her. Her faith and devotion to her family and Church can well be an ideal worthy of emulation by all her numerous posterity.—*Dora Flack*

### HAIR WREATHS

Many of the pioneer women made hair wreaths to adorn the walls of their unpretentious homes. Some were purely decorative while others had a sentimental value, such as the wreath presented to President Brigham Young by his daughters on the occasion of his seventy-third birthday. The wreath was made by them of hair taken from the tresses of a number of his daughters. He treasured it very highly. Since the women of pioneer days wore their hair long, it required only a few strands from each head to supply the amount needed for this special handicraft. Sometimes the wreaths contained flowers made from blonde, brunette, white or red hair, the result being a most artistic design. White net flowers and buds were oftentimes added as a finishing touch.

The following instructions for making hair wreaths were taken from the journal of Emily B. Spencer, pioneer of 1851: Take a piece of wire twenty inches long and double it, then take a fine bunch of long hair. Wrap the hair once over a knitting needle and hold the hair tight against the needle with the thumb or forefinger. Slip the wire under the needle so as to cross the hair, both the short and the long end. Bring the end of the wire on top of the other, then cross the other end under, forming a tight twist to prevent the hair from slipping. Now wrap the long end of the hair over the needle and proceed as before until all the hair is used and all the wire except enough for the stem. When finished twist the two ends of the wire together. To make the centers of the flowers take a piece of wire and wrap around a small sewing needle a few times, slip off in a coil leaving one end straight for a stem. Use as many as needed for the flower and form the flower around these centers, then wind the stems with brown or green zephyr or silk. Sometimes a few little beads are used for the centers. For the buds take a bunch of short hair, double the two ends together and wrap with



Pioneer Handicraft

silk or zephyr to hold in place. Short hair that cannot be used otherwise is used for buds. White horse hair is sometimes used to make the white flowers. The woven hair is then formed into flowers and leaves. Oak rose, sycamore and grapes are easy to shape. For spangles wrap woven hair around and around the needle. Push up tightly together and slip off, then straighten out as desired. Work these into the wreath short or long. For a rose, form woven wire around a dozen coiled centers. Each petal can be made in a separate piece.

## THEIR COURTSHIP

Sarah Rogers Driggs, daughter of Chandler and Amanda Hollister Rogers, was born March 19, 1833 at Palmyra, Ohio, the next youngest child in a family of nine. She was sixteen years of age when she reached Salt Lake City in 1849, completing the trip across the plains with her sister-in-law and small daughter, as her father, mother two brothers and an uncle died en route from the effects of cholera, and were buried in shallow graves along the trail. Her brother, Samuel, was a member of the Mormon Battalion. Previous to her father's death he had asked Brigham Young to be Sarah's guardian, at least until she could be reunited with her brother.

Sarah's romance or courtship, if you can call it such, was rather unusual. It began in Nauvoo when she, with a crowd of girls, was sitting on a hayrack just before sundown. Looking down the street they saw a young man coming toward them. She remarked that this young man was going to be her future husband and warned them to leave him strictly alone as she had already set her cap for him. Prior to her departure from Nauvoo, Sarah did not see the young man again, but she encountered him quite frequently on their trek across the plains. He tried on several occasions to be attentive to her but she seemed to give him no encouragement.

After Sarah and her brother had been reunited in Salt Lake City, he still left her in the care of Brigham Young while he went in search of work. In the meantime Starling Driggs, the young man of the trek, was summoned to the office of President Brigham Young for the purpose of receiving instructions prior to answering a call to help in the settlement of San Bernardino, California. During the conversation President Young said, "Young man, why are you not married? You are a likeable chap. Isn't there some girl you could get to marry you and go with you to California?" Starling answered, "there is one I like well enough but she doesn't seem to care for me." "Who is that—Sarah Rogers?" "Yes," was the answer. "She's my ward," replied the President. "You go and tell her to come up to my office." Starling did as he was bade. He found her raking the yard. "President Young told me to tell you he wants you to come to his office." "You tell President Young he's got as much shoe leather to wear out as I have. He can come down here if he wants to see me," she replied. Starling, greatly taken down, started back. He had gone quite a distance when she called, "I just wanted to see how far you had gone." As he started to turn away, she said, "Don't tell President Young what I said, I'll go as soon as I get cleaned up."

When she entered the office there sat President Young, Starling Driggs and two other men. "Sarah," said the President, "Starling Driggs has been called to go help settle San Bernardino and you are called to go help him as his wife. Will you go?" "Yes, President Young, if I am called." He then performed the marriage ceremony, May 29, 1855. They left immediately for San Bernardino, and it was

there their first child was born, Starling Graves, Jr. They lived in California for about four years then they were called back to Utah, settling in Parowan. Here her husband Starling Driggs, died February 17, 1859, leaving the mother and daughter, Olivia, the only remaining members of the family. She never remarried and in order to support herself and daughter, kept a boarding house. It is said that President Young advised her to purchase a gun and carry it at all times for protection. Both she and her daughter learned to use it.

Sarah and Olivia went to Snowflake, Arizona in the spring of 1865 and again kept a boarding house. Her hospitality was usually larger than her house. Later granddaughters came to help her with the work. She was appointed postmistress of Snowflake December 23, 1887 and served in that position until 1901. She promised the Lord that if He would help her to make her own way she would never complain, and she was never afraid of hard work. Sarah passed away June 20, 1911 at the age of 78 years, having been a self-supporting widow for over fifty-one years.—*Jane R. Porter*

## MARIA

Maria Jackson Normington Parker was born on Christmas Day to Robert and Jane Thornton Jackson, at Jags Gate, Lancashire, England. Little is known of Maria's early life except that she went to work in a factory at a very early age winding bobbins. She married Thomas Normington, of Burnley, England, and they were the parents of eight children: Joseph, Matthew, Heber, Jane Ann, Lovenia, Mary Ellen, Hannah and Robert Ephraim. Three of these children, Joseph, Jane Ann, and Matthew died in England. Thomas and Maria embraced the Gospel and they worked together in a cotton factory to obtain means for their passage to America. On May 25, 1856, they crossed the ocean in the sailing vessel *Horizon*. On July 8th of that year they arrived in Iowa. Two brothers of Maria, Robert and William Jackson, made the journey with them.

On August 25, 1856, they set their faces westward in the handcart company of Edward Martin. The trek as far as Fort Laramie was made without too much difficulty but after leaving that place the members of the company were forced to cut down their rations. Soon after going through the Black Hills country Maria's little son, Robert Ephraim, one and one-half years old, died and was buried by the trail. Then another baby, Daniel, was born to her but also died. Mercifully, she was allowed to ride in a wagon half a day with the dead baby in her arms until they could make camp and the tiny body could be laid to rest.

They were camped on the Platte River on October 19th and from then on the weather became bitterly cold. This starving, suffering camp was stricken with cholera and one night Maria's husband died



Precious Bibles

and was buried in a grave with fifteen others who had passed away the same night. She went on until her feet were so frozen she could use them no longer so she crawled on her knees. Years later, at the time of her death, she still bore great scars on her knees and elbows. Maria was so completely exhausted she became unconscious and remembered nothing of the last part of the journey for she, and her three little girls, were loaded into a wagon belonging to John Parker who was sent to help bring in this belated handcart company. On November 30th the weary survivors reached Salt Lake City. It was six weeks before she could walk.

When Maria was able to work she went to John Parker's home near Taylorsville. In 1857, she married Mr. Parker. They were the parents of two children, Richard and Maria. In 1863, John

Parker and his families were called on a mission to Dixie to raise cotton. They located at Virgin City. Maria lived in a dug-out at first and later in a log house. Several of her teachings about house-keeping have become maxims in her family: "Sweep the corners and the middle of the floor will sweep itself." "Keep the dooryards clean—more people pass by than come in." "Bottom is good," meaning to wash up well all the dirt loosened in scrubbing the floor.

Maria died in Virgin City, Washington County, Utah, March 19th, 1881.—*Annie Hilton Bishop*

### COLONEL LOVELAND

Chester Loveland was born December 30, 1817 at Madison, Ohio, the son of Chauncey and Nancy Graham Loveland. He was reared on a farm and received the usual educational advantages in the schools of that day. While a student he became acquainted with Fanny Call whom he married in 1838. Chester became a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in June, 1837. He came to Utah in 1850 with his wife; they buried their little son, Levi, along the trail. The Lovelands went immediately to Bountiful to make their home. A log house was erected and in order to procure means for food, Chester burned charcoal along the banks of the Weber River and sold it in Salt Lake City to blacksmiths.

In 1853, he was appointed Lieutenant Colonel of the Nauvoo Legion with instructions to organize a regiment in the northern part of the Territory. In that same year he went to Carson Valley to assist in locating a colony of Latter-day Saints. During one of the explorations at Walker's Lake, they were overcome with thirst, and so intense was their suffering that it seemed they could not go on. Providentially, some Indians gave them some fresh water which saved their lives and the Indians were presented with new clothing for their act of kindness. Returning home in the fall, Mr. Loveland removed his family the following spring to Carson Valley where he succeeded Orson Hyde in the presidency of that mission. He was called again to Utah in 1857 at the time of the arrival of Johnston's army.

In 1860, the family moved to Call's Fort where they resided on a farm. He kept a hotel for transient miners and immigrants. Late in the fall of 1862, about forty-five immigrants, known as Captain Smith's company, were en route to California. On Raft River they were attacked by Indians who killed four of the party and wounded nine others. All their teams and provisions were stolen and the company was left destitute. By almost superhuman strength and fortitude three of the immigrants made good their escape and called upon Colonel Loveland to rescue the remaining members of the company. The Colonel and three others started for the scene of the trouble and upon their arrival found thirty men, women and children on the verge of starvation. All they had to eat for nine days

was wild berries. Although the teams and provisions were lost, the remaining members of the company were rescued and shared the hospitality of Colonel Loveland.

Early in the year 1868, he was appointed captain of a company to go to the terminus of the Union Pacific Railroad on the Platte River after an emigration of Latter-day Saints who were on their way to Utah. They were attacked by Indians on the Sweetwater who stole their teams. However, the animals were recovered, but not without a hard struggle in which four Indians were killed. The company arrived safely under the judicious management of the leader.

On March 5, 1866 Colonel Loveland passed away at Call's Fort, Utah where he is buried. He played an important part in subduing the desert and making it safe for future settlements.

—*Ivalue Loveland Ruger*

### TO HIS SON AND DAUGHTERS

Arnold Stevens was born in Bastard, Leeds County, Canada the 24th of August, 1802. His father was Jonathan Stevens and his mother Lucy Adams. On November 5, 1828, he married Lois Coon who was born in South Crosby, Leeds County, Canada. In March, 1837, Arnold, accompanied by his wife and his mother, left Canada for the United States, they having become members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints the previous year. When the call came for the Mormon Battalion Arnold enlisted in company "B" and while en route to New Mexico he wrote the following letter to his children at Christmas time.

December 27th, 1846.

To Ransom Abram;

My Dear Little Son: I take pleasure in writing a few lines to you and to present you with a Christmas gift. This little cap will look nice on your head; but not as nice as the crown you shall wear. This leather is an antelope skin for your Ma to make you a pair of pants. If she thinks best she can color them yellow with hickory bark and alum.

You must be a good boy and mind your Ma and I will bring you a nice little mule when I come home. Well, my son, may the Lord bless you is the prayers of your affectionate father.

To Lois and Rachel: My dear girls, you don't know how much I want to see you. I should be happy to send you some presents, but I have nothing but a linsey dress which I cannot send and I do not think of anything I can get to send but a piece or lump of spruce gum I got on a mountain in Mexico. Give Bub a piece of it and your Ma, too, if she wants. Now be good girls to your Ma and do all you can to favor her. Remember your Creator. Don't be wild and giddy, but remember you have been

baptized; and when your Ma prays with you night and morning, pray for Pa and remember that I am far from you, among strangers, but I hope I shall see you in the spring.

Lois Ann, write a few lines to Pa. Let me know how you are situated, if you have enough to eat and what it is; how the oxen and cows are doing. If you have any milk and meat and flour and sugar, and all about it. I have flour, pork, venison, beans, coffee and sugar and I get some milk. I am at work almost night and day dressing deer skins. I dressed the one I sent Bub. They are worth about \$2.00 apiece.

Farewell, my dear children for the present. I remain your affectionate father.

(Signed) Arnold Stevens

To Mr. Ransom A. Stevens  
Cutters Park-Camp of the Saints

Arnold's son did not receive the mule for John Steele recorded in his journal under date of March 28, 1847 at Pueblo, Colorado the following: "This day I am to record the death of another of our comrades namely, Arnold Stevens, First Corporal. He was handling a wild mule when he was dragged over some logs and hurt internally. He lingered from the 21st to the 26th of March when a blood vessel burst and suffocated him. He was dressed in his robes and neatly laid in a coffin made of what is called puncheons of cottonwood. These are slabs split off like staves."

Lois Stevens stayed at the camp with the Saints and on the 27th of November, 1847, in Pottawattamie County, Iowa, she married Nathaniel Jordan and with him came to the valley in 1850. Arnold Stevens and Lois Coon were the parents of seven children. Only two, however, were alive to come to the valley with their mother. She died in Fairview, Sanpete county, Utah, May 29, 1897, at the age of 86 years.—*Ruth Pixton*

### "GRANDMA'S TREASURE"

My great-grandmother, Sophronia Watkins Bateman, related his story to me shortly before her death, July 25, 1944. She was nearing her 92nd birthday, having been born in a covered wagon, September 5, 1852, on the banks of the Bear River, just five days' journey from the valley. The wagon train halted during the night of her birth and came in the next day. The wagon in which she was born was drawn by a cow and an ox, and she told me the first cow she ever learned to milk was the one that pulled her across the plains.

Sophronia, like most pioneer children, helped with the family chores. As a reward for her faithful work at home, her father would sometimes let her go with him on his trips on Saturday to take grain to Neff's flour mill. Each trip meant a six mile ride in the loaded wagon on top of the grain sacks, a chance to see many of her friends



as they passed the neighbor's houses, and best of all, an opportunity to visit Mrs. Neff and her lovely home by the mill. The little girl had never seen anything as beautiful as the Neff home, for Mrs. Neff had just come from Pennsylvania, to join her husband and had brought all kinds of pretty things with her from the East. There was a new carpet on the floor, lace curtains at the windows, and in the corner of the room a small melodeon which had been hauled across the plains in the back of a covered wagon. Sometimes Mrs. Neff would even play the organ for her as she sat in a state of ecstasy close by.

On one of these wonderful mornings, Mrs. Neff left Great-grandmother alone in the house for a few minutes to watch the baby. While Sophronia was playing on the floor amusing the infant, she suddenly discovered a gleaming, metal object. She picked it up to examine it more closely for she had never seen anything like it before. Surely, it must be a lovely breast pin! She was so entranced by the beautiful pin that her hands seemed glued to it, and she just couldn't put it down. Instead, she slipped it into her apron pocket and held it tightly with her little fist.

When her father turned their wagon into the home farmyard that afternoon, Sophronia jumped down and ran quickly to the hayloft, where she could be alone, even forgetting about her evening chores, for she had to have another look at her precious treasure. She lay on the soft hay for a long time turning the pin over and over in her hands, and dreaming how lovely it must have looked on one of Mrs. Neff's several Sunday dresses, or how it might look on her own mother's only Sunday dress.

That night the little girl fell asleep with her treasure hidden safely under her pillow. However, the night wasn't as pleasant as the day had been, for her conscience immediately began to plague her. First of all, in her dreams she heard these words over and over. "Sophronia Watkins, you're a thief. Sophronia Watkins, you stole someone else's property." . . . Then she saw an accusing finger pointing at her, and there was Mrs. Neff looking all over the house for her beautiful breast pin and crying because she couldn't find it. The cries grew until Sophronia suddenly awakened. She looked at the shiny pin under her pillow, but somehow it no longer looked enchanting and wonderful.

There was no more sleep for the child that night. She kept worrying about her sinful actions and trying to work out a scheme to get it back unnoticed to its owner. Finally she thought of a plan: if she could only slip the pin back into the house the next time they went to the mill, no one would even know she had taken it. Sophronia thought Saturday would never come. Every day seemed to be at least a month long, and every time she looked at the stolen pin her cheeks burned with shame and her sin assumed greater proportions. As she said her prayer at night, her closing words were always: . . . "and please, dear God, forgive me for stealing Mrs.

Neff's beautiful breast pin; but please, please, don't let Mother find it out before I get it back."

Sophronia's prayers seemed to be answered, for Saturday morning came at last, and no one had mentioned anything about the stolen pin. Sophronia was the first one up that day and had her chores done in record time, for she frantically thought that nothing must stop her from going to the mill. At last their journey did begin; however, this trip was far different than the weeks before. The miles to the mill no longer seemed six, but sixty-six. The sunshine which usually seemed so fresh and invigorating now was hot and uncomfortable; the wagon had never seemed so bumpy and hard; and Sophronia didn't see any of her little friends as they called to her.

At last the long ride was ended and they were at the mill. Somehow Great-grandmother's knees held her up long enough to climb from the wagon and she made her way into the miller's home. As Mrs. Neff cheerfully greeted her, Sophronia breathed a sigh of relief: "Maybe she hasn't discovered the pin is gone yet. Now if I can only get it back." For awhile she thought the opportunity would never come but at last the little girl was left alone for a minute. She slipped quietly into the parlor and dropped the pin back in the very spot where she had found it. Then she ran from the house as quickly as she could.

That Saturday Sophronia went about her chores with a gay and relieved manner, little realizing that later she was to find that the treasure with which she had tortured her soul for so long was just a safety pin.—*Royslance Spratling*

### FOR THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM

Burning sands underfoot, metallic sky overhead; a desolate country which even the sparse sagebrush growth seemed to make more forlorn. Glowing sands stretched far ahead; yet to the winding caravan of ox teams, horses and wagons it was a golden road leading to the promised land which was to flower upon this desert and bear as its fruit a sanctuary for religious freedom.

In this company rode the Cottle family: Grandfather William Cottle, grandmother Ann Adams, father Henry Cottle, mother Elizabeth Brittle, children, George, William and Annie. A day's travel away was the Laramie River, shallow, but wide and refreshing in the wasteland. To cross this river the toll on each wagon was \$2.00, a great deal to these pioneers whose medium of exchange was the product of their own labors: vegetables, grain, wool and such raw products. The leader of the band therefore, ordered that they ford the river which would cost only six hours of time in that slow moving trek. In the swaying wagon of the Cottle family the older members sat talking of the rumors of the Indians, with now and then a cautious glance at the children trudging at the side of the slow

moving oxen. Many a fearful glance was cast in the direction of the soldier's camp in the far distance, which, it was whispered, had been attacked, or toward the river which was now a half-day's travel ahead. The Cottle family had decided to save time by paying the toll and had, therefore, become separated from the rest of the party. What happened next is quoted in the words of Ann, ten years of age at the time, to her grandchildren in 1936. Her brother William was fourteen.

"My father, Henry Cottle, was sick at the time and let my brother, William drive the team so he could rest a while. He warned him not to drive too far ahead of the rest of the train of wagons. As he was driving slowly along we came upon a hill. Thinking that the rest of the wagon train was right behind, father raised up and told my brother to stop and wait. So we waited and finally saw the others approaching. But, to our sorrow, instead of the moving train, it was Indians! Father tried to treaty with them but his prayers for mercy had no effect on them. They whirled around and started to shout and shot my father. He fell, and we thought he was dead. Their shouts caused the teams to run away. One terrible looking Indian picked up my mother, Elizabeth Brittle, as I was holding to her skirt and lifted her on a horse and rode away with her. We never saw her again. The Indians mocked me and shot me and I fell senseless as I saw them ride off with my mother. When I came to, my brother William took me by the hand and said, 'Let us run.' As we looked around we saw that father was not dead but he was bleeding terribly. They killed my grandmother, Ann Adams, outright, but Grandfather William Cottle, died the next day from wounds as they were taking him on the stagecoach to Denver. My little brother, Joseph, was not killed by the Indians, he had died two weeks before with a disease and was buried at Willow Springs. Brother Thomas Edward Cottle wasn't with us at the time as he drove a team in a freight outfit. My brother, William, and I ran on and on and finally we came back to the wagon train. They picked us up and took father, William and me back to Big Laramie where the doctor treated us and took me home to his wife. My wounds were only flesh wounds and were not poisoned. I guess the reason that the Indians did not capture me was because I was dressed like a boy with my hair cut short. The next year father went to the Indian's treaty to find mother as they fetched a lot of captives in, but poor mother was not there. I think she must have died from shock."

Of the seven souls in that wagon, over half had been sacrificed, grandparents, mother and son. This occurred on July 24, 1866.

—Annie Jane Cottle Stock

## AN ANSWERED PRAYER

Sometime during the 1930's, my father, Henry A. Fowler, related this true story to me. He was not a licensed doctor.

Recently when I was down in Kanab, Utah, visiting my son who was teaching Seminary there, he took me to see some of his friends at their home. I was telling them about the time forty years before when I lived in that part of the state, as a pioneer, at Orderville, Utah.

A man came from a town twenty miles away and asked if anyone there could set the broken leg of a little boy who had fallen from a horse. Someone directed him to me, so I tucked my harmonica in my pocket, saddled my horse and rode the twenty miles to the home of the little boy. By this time his leg was badly swollen and I could see that it would hurt when I set his leg. I let him play with my harmonica while I measured and whittled the splints. Then I told him to blow as hard as he could while I stretched the bones. Then I told him to blow again as hard as he could while I finished matching the bones and put on the splints and wrapped them with some soft strips of cloth.

When the leg was set the boy's parents deeply thanked me for my trip and services. I have wondered many times since then if my prayers had been answered and if that little boy's leg ever grew straight and strong again. Imagine the thrill I experienced when the man of the house spoke up and said, "Yes, Brother Fowler, I was that little boy."—*Laura Fowler Roper*

## THEIR TESTIMONY?

During the early spring of 1860, six families left Provo, Utah on a journey northward in search of some favorable spot to build future homes. This little band belonged to the Mormon faith and were traveling under the direction of the Church authorities. They arrived at Wellsville, Cache county, Utah, early in April. Here they stayed three days while orders came for them to proceed to the present site of Franklin, Idaho. En route, at Camp Cove, seventeen more families joined the company.

The Indians in the vicinity of Franklin at the time of its settlement, were under Chief Kitemare who welcomed the whites to the land, water and timber. Kitemare, and his band, were great beggars and exacted beef, flour, grain, potatoes and other provisions from the settlers quite often. Their requests were complied with, but at times became very burdensome. By fall there were sixty families in Franklin.

During the fall and early winter of 1862, large bands of Indians under Chiefs Bear Hunter, Sagwitch, and Pocatello, had collected at the mouth of Battle Creek, about 12 miles northwest of Franklin, on the west bank of the Bear River. Events occurred between the

settlers and the Indians, climaxed by the killing of a white man and the wounding of several others while they were returning to their homes from Leesburg with needed supplies, which brought about the battle of Battle Creek. Many Indians were killed, and a number of soldiers under Colonel Edward Connor from Fort Douglas, who had been sent there to subdue the Indians, were also killed and wounded. While this battle had but little effect on the northern part of the state, it was everything to southern Idaho as it has been said, "it put the quietus" on the Indians in this section of the state. But two more incidents occurred with the Indians a Franklin before a peace treaty was finally made between the settlers and the redmen. The first, which we record here, deals with the healing of a wounded man through faith. It happened on May 1, 1863. While in the canyon three miles northeast of town, *Andrew Morrison* and *William Howell*, gathering firewood, were attacked by three buck Indians. Just as the men were getting ready to leave with their loads, an Indian arrived on the scene and began arguing with them. After discovering that Morrison and Howell were unarmed, he called to his comrades a short distance away on a hill. Morrison, being able to speak the Indian language, tried to reason with the Indian; but, he said that the white men had killed many Indians at Battle Creek and that they were going to kill every white man they could find. Morrison offered him their horses if he would let them go unharmed, but he fully realized it was scalps they were after. Howell urged Morrison to run while there was only one Indian. He refused to leave.

When the other two bucks arrived at the scene the men invited the Indians to get on their loads and ride into town with them, which invitation the redmen accepted. They had not proceeded far when Howell's team got stuck in the creek crossing. While the two men were busy getting the stalled team liberated, the Indians caught them off guard and shot at them with arrows. Howell was missed, but Morrison received an arrow just below the left collar bone. As he fell he called to Howell to run, saying, "There is no need for both of us to be killed if you can get away." Just then Morrison received another arrow below the heart. He pulled out both the arrows, but the spike came loose from the lower one and remained in his body. Howell, in the meantime, made good his escape and ran all the way to town to summon help. A posse was sent at once for Morrison's body but when they found him he was still alive.

He was brought to Franklin, and S. R. Parkinson was sent to Salt Lake City for medical aid, making the trip of 220 miles with a span of mules and the front wheels of a wagon in forty-eight hours. When Dr. Anderson arrived and made an examination he found the arrow head so close to the heart that he dared not remove it. The doctor said Morrison could not possibly live but he packed the wound with cotton and went back to Salt Lake City.

By now the pain had become excruciating so Morrison asked his wife, Mary Ann Smart Morrison, to go among the settlers and see if she could find some consecrated oil, which, he felt if applied to the open wound, would relieve the pain and help to heal it. She went from cabin to cabin but was unable to find that which she was seeking. When she returned to her husband's side with the news of her failure to procure even a little of the precious oil, she was amazed, upon examining the wound, to see that it had the appearance of having been saturated with oil. From that time on her husband regained strength, and, in time, fully recovered from his terrifying experience. He lived some twenty-seven years after this remarkable healing, but carried the arrowhead to his grave.— *Celia Morrison*

### THE LEGEND OF THE GREEN GATES

Whosoever has traveled through the towns of Southern Utah must remember the historic and interesting city of St. George. It was founded by a group of outstanding men and women whom the great pioneer leader, Brigham Young, called to settle the Dixie country. As a result of the perseverance and industry amidst extreme hardships endured by these people, St. George thrived and became one of the outstanding settlements of Utah's early pioneer colonies.

Although it required weeks of travel over roads that were scarcely more than trails, many leaders of the Church built beautiful winter homes in this city near the borderline of the territory and thus enjoyed the delightful climate of this area. The homes of President Young, Orson Pratt, Erastus Snow and others remain as interesting landmarks of the early "sixties." One of the rather unique features of St. George was the large number of gates of uniform color. This is accounted for by some of the older residents as follows:

President Young had designated this city as the place in which a temple should be erected. Although this building was commenced several years after the foundation of the Salt Lake Temple was laid, yet, through the enthusiastic efforts of the people of St. George, assisted by willing volunteers from all parts of Utah, it became the first temple west of the Mississippi River to be dedicated. As the building progressed, various materials were sent from Salt Lake City and other places to be used in its construction. After weeks of weary travel over muddy, slippery roads a wagon-load of paint and other necessary items arrived in St. George. The workers had been anxiously awaiting this event, for they had been delayed in the building because of the needed materials.

Eagerly they watched the unloading of the goods and how happy they were to behold the large kegs of paint—the final touch to their beautiful edifice. After impatiently waiting for what seemed an interminable period of time the containers were opened. White paint had been ordered but *someone had blundered* for instead of that



The Pony Express Bible

color, the workers gazed on paint of a brilliant green hue. A wail of disappointment rent the air and looks of deep despair could not be repressed from the countenances of the gathered throng. Women wept and the men were loud in their protests at this unexpected turn of affairs. News traveled slowly in those days but after weeks of delay another consignment of paint of the right color was received, this time accompanied by demonstrations of joy and thanksgiving.

When asked what should become of the green paint, President Young offered the solution by saying that any man who would put

his fence in good condition and build a suitable gate should be given enough to paint the gate. The numerous green gates still remaining in St. George are conclusive evidence that many people took advantage of their leader's offer.—*Edith Y. Booth*

### THEIR CHRISTMAS

I, Maria Peterson Thompson, was born in Ephraim, Utah, April 9, 1866. My parents were Niels Peterson and Mary Jenson Schow, pioneers from Denmark. I was born in adobe house of three room and a lean-to room which was used for chores, such as washing, meat curing, and soap making. This room had a dirt floor and a fireplace. When I was six years old my family moved into a large rock house. The woodwork was hand-tooled and the walls were white-washed.

I was married to Peter Thompson October 4, 1892, in Ephraim, at the home of Mr. McFarland. We went on a wedding trip to Salt Lake City by train and attended the October conference. We were the parents of five children, Effie, Marie, who died of whooping cough when she was nine months old, Sena Marian, Gladys Anna and Wesley Peter Thompson. When my eldest child was ten years of age and the youngest one and a half, my husband died suddenly of a heart attack while at a sheep camp in Manti Canyon.

We observed many holidays. At Christmas we children would get but one present. As Scandinavians, we observed the custom of our holiday dinner on Christmas Eve. All the animals were given an extra supply of food. A special food served on New Year's was rice mush. For Easter we had eggs and a trip; on the 4th of July we had a patriotic parade and meeting. The main holiday was Pioneer Day on the 24th of July. In later years we observed Thanksgiving, and Election evening when the returns came in. Street bonfires were in order for this occasion.

One of the first trips to Salt Lake City I made with my father. We camped near Nephi, Provo and other places and visited with the family and friends at night. In Salt Lake we camped in the Tithing Yard. I remember a trip when I took my children to Castilla Springs. The railroad sponsored these excursions. One summer we went to the canyon and cooked for the sheep-shearers. We slept in a sheep wagon and ate under a bowery.

Mrs. Thompson is now 92 years of age. She recently lost (1958) her daughter, Effie, and only son, Wesley Peter. Before her marriage she was a counselor in the Mutual Improvement Association and in later years she served as a Relief Society teacher in the Ephraim North Ward.—*Gladys A. Thompson*

### THEIR JOURNEY

Annie, daughter of Lord Hans Anderson and Maren Knudsen, was born April 3, 1920 in Risbye, Herstevesati, Denmark. When



she was a few weeks old her mother died and a short time later Lord Anderson married a young girl of his parents' choice. Annie lived in her father's household until she was nine years of age, but with the birth of her own children the stepmother became less and less interested in her. Jealousy and friction arose in the home much to the distress of Lord Anderson. Finally feeling that his first-born deserved certain rights and privileges of which she was being denied, he consented to let some friends take Annie. Jens Pederson and Karen Holgerson, having four boys, were happy to welcome the little girl into their home and hearts. She, in turn, loved and respected them.

Annie's childhood days were filled with pleasant memories of various experiences. She was given the best education available in those days by her father. Her courting days began at the age of eighteen when she met Johan Peder Johnson and after two years they were united in marriage in the Lutheran Chapel in Copenhagen, February 14, 1840. As a wedding gift Lord Anderson gave Annie a ten-acre farm at Margli, three miles from Copenhagen. One year later their son, Johan, was born, and in the three succeeding years two more sons were added to the family. Jens, the second child, died when he was two years of age. On July 26, 1847, a daughter was born. She was named Emma, and just before her third birthday, a second daughter Annie Sophia arrived only to be snatched away by death shortly after her birth. Soon after word came that Mother Pederson was very ill and for two years Annie was her constant companion until her death.

Lonely days followed but Annie found plenty to do caring for her family and preparing for the arrival of Annie Margaret, who was born May 15, 1852. A year later Johan came home bringing a book which greatly interested him and which he hoped would interest Annie. She refused to listen to him tell about the Prophet Joseph Smith and the new Gospel being taught in Copenhagen by Elder Erastus Snow and Elder O. P. Peterson. In spite of her feelings Johan embraced the Mormon faith and was baptized. Two years later Annie consented to join the Church and was baptized August 6, 1855, with the promise that her husband would never marry another woman as long as she lived. Four more children, three boys and a girl, came to bless the Johnson home. Annie was never very well after little Jacob was born.

For years the Johnson family had lived near Copenhagen, never dreaming that they would ever part from loved ones; but now the day was fast approaching when even family ties would be broken. It was early in May, 1866, before Johan and his family were ready to leave for Utah. The old home and farm they loved so well were sold to help pay expenses. The money had been given to the Elders to get tickets for this long voyage across the ocean for Johan, Annie, and their six youngest children. By May 21st all was readiness. How

well the other children remembered that day for the three older children were to remain in Denmark, but even greater was the mother's sorrow when arriving in Copenhagen harbor, she found that through some misunderstanding only five instead of six children could accompany them to Zion. Annie Margaret, fourteen years of age, must also be left behind with her sister Emma and two brothers. This shock proved too much for Annie and she became very ill. She was unable to leave her berth only a few times during the voyage.

Arriving at Castle Garden in New York they heard that Elder Taylor had made arrangements for this company to go over a new route to Canada, thence back into the states. It was 700 miles longer but much cheaper. On July 29, 1866 they arrived at Wyoming, Nebraska, where they were assigned to the Joseph S. Rawlins company. Each wagon carried two families and for two long months Annie's tired and aching body rocked back and forth on the long journey across the plains to Utah. On October 1, 1866 they arrived in Salt Lake City where the Myer's family was waiting with open arms to welcome them into their humble home.

As soon as possible Johan located on a ten-acre plot of land in the Big Field and made a dugout. This first home was 20 feet square with one little window, a door and a fireplace. Johan was very handy and soon had the household furniture made which consisted of two beds, table, cupboard, a bench and stools. How disappointed Annie was to move into such a place, saying, "She never expected to live underground before she passed away." Still there were many luxuries Annie had that other settlers did not possess, such as a very fine washboard which Johan made by braiding willows together. Being a wonderful seamstress in her native land her father had given her a small hand sewing machine. Many times the load must be lightened by discarding treasured possessions, but not her sewing machine. Now in Utah she again spent much of her time making garments for her children as well as for other children.

After spending four years in the dugout Johan built one room upstairs and one large room 20 x 30 feet downstairs. Often Annie stood in the doorway gazing down the road, now able to see the scattered pioneer homes in the distance. Never a new baby arrived for miles around that Annie did not make a generous supply of Danish sweet soup and wend her way to the home of the newcomer, where this favorite dish was enjoyed by the new mother.

Annie was especially known for her cheese recipe. It was made by straining clabber milk, as for cottage cheese, then adding one teaspoon of soda to each quart of curd which had been rubbed very fine. To this was added salt and cheese coloring and then allowed to stand until the curds had cleared. One pound of butter was added and all cooked together in a double boiler for twenty minutes after which the mixture was put into a mold and pressed until cold.

How Annie's heart rejoiced in 1872 when her son James, his wife, and little daughter, Ann, and her own daughter, Annie Margaret, now twenty years old, arrived in Utah. Four years later she learned that John's wife had passed away leaving him with three small children. How Annie yearned to be near enough to care for his little family. After a separation of nine long years her daughter, Emma, joined the family home in South Cottonwood. When John and his family arrived in Utah in 1883 how happy Annie was to share her home with them. Straw ticks on the floor made no difference to her as long as they were comfortable.

Johan and Annie felt they had surely been blessed by being privileged to enjoy each other's companionship for fifty-one years. On Easter Sunday, one year after celebrating their golden wedding anniversary, they had their picture taken. John was holding the cook book and Annie was holding the Bible. On June 30, 1891 Annie passed away. Her funeral services were held in the little adobe church next door to her old home and interment was in the Murray City cemetery.—*Blanche J. Nielson*

### MEMORIES OF HER PIONEERS

Sometime the daughters of the second, third and fourth generations are much like those of the first. I am one of the third generation. Nothing gives me greater satisfaction than to wash, card and make into batts a fleece of fine long staple wool. What is more, my efforts would win instant approval from my dear Danish grandmother and her companions whom I remember so vividly. There were my aunts, Dorothea Bayliss, Hanner Mortenson, Mary Jensen, Stena Hansen, Sena Jensen, Mary Ann Rasmussen and Caroline Durham, then Grandma Nettie Rasmussen, Sister Mickelson and Emeline Durham. These ladies knew the value of association. Instead of working alone they moved their spinning wheels, reels and cards to one and then another home. I was allowed to sit on a stool at the feet of one of the workers and pull the wool apart so it would be easier for the women to spread it evenly and card it out more satisfactorily. Working the wool was saved for the winter months but rag-bees were held any time. This allowed bigger groups to participate and it served as a party besides accomplishing necessary work. Refreshments in the Danish group always included coffee. One could refuse and no offense taken. It smelled so good I often wondered why I was never offered any, but malt beer and cookies were always served. The cousins of the four Mortensen sisters were always included in the work of their mothers.

My grandmother, Mettie, often told me of her experience. She said: "I was eleven years old when we left Denmark. My oldest brother Martin stayed to do missionary work and after he was released he joined us at Parowan . . . It was my birthday, May 2nd, when we

sailed on the ship *Thornton* from England. At Florence, Nebraska, father and my three brothers sewed tents, made handcars, secured provisions and discarded many of our finest things. We traded six cups and saucers of the finest china for a little milk; shared our hand-woven linens with those in need, then rather than see our enemies abuse our treasures we weighted them and rolled them into the Mississippi River. As we walked along we gathered the bits of wool that clung to the bushes. Father, baby Caroline, and Stena had to be hauled much of the way. Father was a cripple. My three teen-age brothers had assumed the task of getting us to Zion. Had we not been promised by a Prophet of God that if we would share our means to help those less fortunate none of us would be lost?

"The company rested at Laramie where they secured some food to go on. While there we children gathered from the ant beds a half cup or so of tiny colored beads such as the Indians use for decorating buckskin. The last of mother's hand-loomed linen sheets covered sixteen bodies of people who had frozen to death. I have always severely censured myself for taking from the pocket of one of the dead women a crust that I knew she was saving. May the Lord forgive a child so desperate for food. We came on to Parowan after arriving in Salt Lake City. I was taken into the home of James Martineau for the winter. There I spent my first Christmas in America. A tiny service-berry pie was the gift that the Martineau children and I received. With food came strength. Work soon provided a home, furniture, and other necessities. Father made shoes for us out of the tops that were thrown away. The old handcart hauled Father to church as long as he lived. My brothers filled an enviable place in the community of Parowan. They were fine singers, violinists and dance masters.

"At eighteen I married Christen Rasmussen who was twenty years older. We soon had a comfortable home, for he was ambitious. We reared nine children of our own and Annie Skougaard, an orphan child, besides giving several countrymen a part-time home. I have always had plenty, worked hard and been very content and happy."

Grandpa Rasmussen was very sparing of words but at the time of their Golden Wedding he told me that he was in the Prussian army around Germany and Denmark when he should have been thinking of marriage. Then the gospel found him and he emigrated at the same time as his cousin Jorgen Hansen. Jorgen's wife died and was buried at sea. Upon their arrival in Salt Lake George Wood and Christopher Arthur were waiting for the new immigrants to come in so that they could recruit men for the iron works at Cedar City. He continued his story thus: "We bought the home of John D. Lee in Cedar Fort and the Peter Mackelprang family lived with us. When the old fort was abandoned in 1859, Jorgen traded his lot in the new city for a pair of shoe soles. My lot, which was in the new city plot, I traded off, but said 'no,' my field land was my first possession in

this new country, and I shall not give it away for it is my inheritance. The Mortenson family were people of my type. I did not speak English very well so visited in their home often. Jorgen married Stena. I wanted Mettie but she was too young so I was willing to wait for her to grow up. Jorgen and I built a four-room house together. He and Stena moved into two rooms and then, when I married, we had a place of our own. We have been happy and content. Mettie made an excellent wife and companion. She has never wasted anything and she made a lovely home out of what I provided."

The memories of my grandparents are of their thrift, cleanliness, wholesome well-cooked food, Danish conversation between themselves, neat appearance and always something on hand for a treat for whoever might drop in.—*Rhoda Wood*

#### IN TIME OF NEED

William Lee, prominent pioneer of Tooele county, was the recipient of an early day miracle. One day while going from Grantsville to North Willow Canyon for wood in company with some Indians, he suddenly received the ability to converse freely with the Indians and from then on was able to talk and interpret their language. This gift enabled him to be of great assistance in bringing peace between the pioneers and the redmen. His ability to speak their language made him indispensable to the missionaries of Deep Creek.

The pioneers of Tooele Valley had as difficult a time as any pioneer settlers to eke out a living from the semi-desert soil. Water was always scarce and some years, during extreme drought, the streams would almost dry up, threatening the people with famine. It was during the early fall of 1860—that year being known as the year of famine—that this strange phenomenon took place. Nothing like it had happened before or has happened since. Every morning for several weeks during the late summer when famine was upon the land a heavy dew fell on the willows and tall tule grasses which grew along the creek near the mouth of Settlement Canyon. This "honey dew," as the pioneers called it, would crystalize in small hard chunks on the willows and grasses. The people, men, women, and children, would arise before sun-up and, with pails, journey the two miles to gather the honey dew. It had to be gathered before sunrise or it would melt. For several weeks this honey dew fell to help sustain a hungry people.

John A. Bevan, then a young boy, tells of gathering the honey dew and says that it was the sweetest thing he ever tasted. He said he gathered so much of it that his fingers became so sore they festered. There may be a logical explanation for this miracle, but to those hungry Saints it was "manna from Heaven."

The Cedars, a lonely uninhabited area lying about two and one half miles west of the present business center of Tooele, was in early days a favorite herding ground. It was down in the Cedars

that John Heggie, pioneer of 1853, was herding a small band of sheep alone. He noticed a cloud of dust in the distance to the west. Being alone and somewhat glad to see company approaching he started walking toward the object. He had gone only a short distance when he was prompted to stand still. So clear was the prompting that he stopped, and soon he was able to define the approaching objects as a donkey being pursued by two wolves. John was unarmed but stood motionless. As the donkey drew nearer he could tell the wolves had already injured it. Within thirty or forty feet of John the donkey dropped, and the wolves pounced upon their prey. They did not notice John who was able to take refuge back of a cedar tree a short distance away. Had he disobeyed the still, small voice and continued to meet the animals, he would have drawn the attention of the wolves to himself and he, no doubt, would have been killed—*From Tooele County*

### PRECIOUS BUTTER

In the fall of 1867 my grandmother, Harriet Maria Young Brown, left her comfortable home in Draper and went with her husband and children to help settle the Muddy, located near the Utah-Nevada line, and which was then a part of Utah Territory. Sand and heat were its outstanding characteristics. In spite of all their hardships the Pioneers never lost their courage nor their appreciation for the finer things of life and this included good things to eat. "I just couldn't get along without butter," said Harriet, so she dug a hole in the sand large enough to hold a milk pan, wet the sand, put a pan of milk in the hole and covered it with another. She then spread a canvas over it and kept the cloth wet. As soon as the cream came to the top she skimmed it off and churned it into butter. It took time but time was their chief asset.

In 1870, the Muddy Mission was abandoned because of the dispute over taxes, etc. Grandfather took his family and settled in Kanab, Kane county. In town the summers were very hot and dry but in the nearby canyons were places of cool retreat. It was while in the canyon that grandmother made butter and packed it into wooden barrels for winter use. The output of one churning was pounded into the barrel with a wooden potato masher, then covered with a layer of salt. Thus, layer by layer, the barrel was filled. It was then placed in the cool sand of the creek bank, a tub turned upside down over the barrel and big rocks placed on top for safety. That was considered a very good arrangement until one night the oxen escaped from their pasture and wandered down to the creek, smelled the salt, and did not give up until the rocks, and tub were pushed off and they had consumed or ruined three fourths of the barrel of butter.—*Bessie Spencer Bateman*

## THE DORIUS FAMILY

I, Carl Christian Nicoli Dorius, was born April 5, 1830 in the beautiful city of Copenhagen. My father was also born in Copenhagen, September 21, 1804. His parents died when he was very young. In 1825, he met my mother, Ane Sophie Christopherson. She was the only child of Andres and Gertrude Stine Bentzen Christopherson, and was born the 17th of March, 1811, in a small town called Gjentoff. After a courtship of three years they were married in Trinity Church in 1828. Father followed his trade of shoemaker in the Royal Vare Depot. A son was born to them who died before I was born. He was named Carl Christian Nicoli; hence I was given the same name and was the oldest living child of the family. Next came my brother John Fredrick Ferdinand, born the 15th of June 1832. We were almost like twins, and, we being the only sons, were devoted to each other throughout life. The rest of our family consisted of six daughters, Emma Rosalie, born April 13, 1835; Rasmine Augusta, born October 29, 1837; Carline Amelia, born October 21, 1840; Rebecca Dortha, born November 3, 1843; and Nicoline born February 10, 1849.

Father was very diligent and a splendid manager. My parents were very happy together and love and union existed in our home. Mother was real artistic and enjoyed the beautiful things of life. She was gifted with a fine voice, although she sang only for her children. When I was five years of age I started at a private school where I learned the alphabet. After that I attended several different schools but I wasn't very interested. My father was very anxious for his children to get a good education, as he had been deprived of a chance to learn, the lack of which he felt keenly. My brother was taken out of school when he was twelve years of age to learn the shoemaker trade, but he studied at night and when he was fourteen years of age he graduated from the same school.

We had an accident in our family in 1839. My brother and I had some gun caps which we set off, and a splinter of a cap hit my sister in the eye and cut the pupil. She was but two years of age. After she had been in the hospital for months, she lost the sight of one eye. We were much the same as other boys and did not realize the terrible trouble we had caused our sister and the family.

After my father had been working for a number of years, in the Royal Vare Depot shop, he thought it might be to advantage to open a shop of his own. He found a place in Christianhaven, a suburb of Copenhagen, and there he opened a shop downstairs while mother opened a small delicatessen shop upstairs. Mother was very successful in her business. She was engaged at times at the King's palace to assist in parties, which was considered a great honor and privilege in those days. Her many engagements took her away from home a great deal of the time. Contentions arose in a once happy and united family. Father pleaded with her to give up her shop

but his pleadings were not enough for her to give up her social life and business. Their differences, first on account of financial affairs, and secondly because of religion, resulted in separation. After living together for more than twenty years, a divorce finally ended it all. It was on my birthday, the 5th of April, 1851, that my mother decided to leave home and give up all family ties. She did not seem happy as she parted from the youngest daughter, then only five years of age.

As soon as I was out of school, I was placed in a tailor shop as an apprentice in Copenhagen where many were working. I had to serve as errand boy for all of them. Among them were some wicked men and their actions did not lead to love and respect for our Father in Heaven. I loved the tailor trade and decided to follow it, but later changed my mind. The master was also the landlord and used me for a roustabout, which did not suit me. We had a quarrel and he slapped me. I left his service and found another master. I had been with the first tailor two and one-half years and had learned some of the tailor trade, and I thought now I would be able to get a small salary from tailor Roen, my new master. He was a good man but after three months the trade became so slow that he had to discontinue business. After that I served under two or three other masters but finally gave it up. I then became an apprentice to a cabinet maker and worked for a time at this trade with two different masters.

My father encouraged me to complete my trade as a cabinet maker. But I had no master again and I felt like getting away from Copenhagen. I had a friend living in Slagelese about sixty miles away. I went to visit this friend in the spring of 1848, and after giving him a sample of my work, I was given a three-year contract. My mother came to see me while she was visiting friends at Slagelese. I enjoyed her visit but was very much disappointed that she had lost some of her love for father and the children. Father did well at his trade, but heavy clouds seemed to be hanging over him. He commenced to turn his thoughts to God for comfort in his great sorrow, but he found no comfort in the Lutheran Church. He then turned to the Baptist Church. I received a letter from him telling of his great joy in serving God, and that he wanted his children to be baptized in this church. Yet, he did not seem satisfied with what he had done. Was it any wonder that when Erastus Snow and three other missionaries came to Copenhagen and opened a mission of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, that father really became interested, he being of such a religious mind?

It was in August, the year 1850, while I was trying to complete my apprenticeship that I had a visit from a man named Sorenson from Copenhagen. He was in the military service and on his way to Sleswig with other soldiers. He knew my father and family. He was the first who spoke to me about the Latter-day Saints and the wonderful work God had commenced on the earth and told me of four mis-



sionaries who had arrived in Copenhagen from Utah. He also told me that God had revealed Himself and sent angels to prepare the way for the second coming of Christ, and that three men claimed authority from God to preach the everlasting Gospel. One of these three men was Apostle Erastus Snow.

The first meeting was held in Christianhaven. My friend Sorenson also told me that fifteen had been baptized, he being one of them, and that he had been entirely cured of tuberculosis because of his faith in God and repentance. He said my father and brother Ferdinand and sister Augusta were among the first to be baptized in Denmark. They sent their love and hoped that I would study the Scriptures. This man, Sorenson, had a great influence in my life. Meetings were filled to overflowing and many were joining the Church. Mobs broke in the doors of the meeting place and tried to get Erastus Snow and persecute him, but the Lord had a protecting hand over him.

While in Slagelese I received many visits from Mormon missionaries among whom were Elders Ole Swendson and A. Amundson, who made a great impression on me. I fell upon my knees and called upon the Lord in prayer and I felt a wonderful influence come over me, although my life remained somewhat the same except for what I had heard from missionaries. My contract with my master was nearing the end. I had worked almost three years to learn the tailor trade and now almost four years to become a cabinet maker, which in all was seven years of my young life, learning all the hard way. I had to exhibit my workmanship which consisted of a mahogany dresser. A board of experts headed by the mayor of the city passed favorably upon my work, so I became a first class cabinet maker at that time. That very same evening my brother Ferdinand came to visit me. I was so happy to see him. He was then a full fledged shoemaker, and he had been made a Deacon in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

I still enjoyed the companionship of my friends in the same old way. My brother disapproved of this very much, as he had a higher understanding of God and his service to Him and he tried to get me to see these things. Although impressed, I thought there was plenty of time for me to take such a step. He came to see me several times, but it yet was a puzzle to me how he, being so young, eighteen, could be so religious and see life as he did. He insisted that we should see each other at Christmas time. After he left I worked a half year for my old master, the tailor, for a new suit of clothes. Then I worked until Christmas as a cabinet maker.

When Christmas came I was so happy in the thought that my brother would be with me. I rose early that morning and attended the Lutheran Church with my friends, but I seemed to hear little of what was said. I began to reflect on the imperfect Christianity we were living, and tried to find some comfort in my hymn book, but without

results. When my brother arrived he invited me to go with him about a mile out of town where a small congregation of Mormons were gathered. These people received my brother with great joy. We were both warmly greeted at this humble farm home. The meeting was opened by singing and prayer was offered. All bowed down on their knees, but I thought it hardly proper for me to do likewise, so I kept my seat. For the first time I heard my brother speak. What he said I do not remember, but I felt a wonderful influence come over me. It was on Christmas Day in 1851, at Jens Christenson's home, where this meeting was held. He was a very sick man, and after the meeting he asked to be baptized. He was helped to a nearby pond. After being baptized he walked to the house and sang praises to the Lord for His goodness to him. This added greatly to my faith. After the meeting brother and I went to Copenhagen and surprised our father and we did enjoy ourselves once more.

The hall at Christianhaven became too small. A larger hall was necessary for the second year. The meetings were held in Little Kongs Gaden, where I first attended a meeting over which Apostle Erastus Snow presided, and where I first saw the sacrament administered. I was made acquainted with many of the Saints and found them friendly. Between Christmas and the New Year's I attended all the meetings, and searched the Scriptures to prove myself. What I heard was the truth, I was satisfied. I was baptized by my brother Ferdinand, January 2, 1852. The next day I went back to Slagelese feeling like a new person with all my sincerity of heart to try and walk in a new and holy life before my Father in Heaven. In that year, 1852, my brother was called on a mission to Sjælland. From there, he often visited me, which gave me great courage and comfort. When he returned to Copenhagen he was sent to Jylland as a missionary.

I continued my trade in Slagelese and enjoyed many happy hours searching the Scriptures to my soul's satisfaction and thanking the Lord for His goodness to me. God gave me grace to pray and to admonish others. I suffered much scoffing and derision, but never forgot the burning love of God that filled my soul with joy. I felt that I had been born anew and that my sins had been forgiven. In Slagelese I tried to get my friends interested in this new faith. Christian Paulson, a companion of mine, did show some interest, and together we spent many happy hours studying the Scriptures. He was soon baptized, and he became a strong defender of the truth.

In 1852, I made a tour through Fyen to Fredericia to attend conference with Amundson. We met many missionaries on this trip whom I had never seen before. Many of the Scandinavian presidency attended this conference. The Saints of Denmark loved Erastus Snow because he brought the Gospel to them. They knew they would miss this great and wonderful man when he left to go back to Zion. The first emigration of Mormons left Copenhagen on March 4, 1852

in charge of Apostle Snow. There were twenty-eight persons in the company from Scandinavia. My sister, Augusta, was one of that number. She was fifteen years of age, traveling without parents, brothers or sisters.

In May 1852, Willard Snow succeeded Erastus Snow as president of the Scandinavian mission. Elder Forsgren had charge of the office. I worked under three masters that summer and was ridiculed much on account of my religion. On August 12, 1852, eight months after being baptized, I was ordained a teacher by Samuel Hanson and blessed by Elder Snow and was appointed to take charge of the Christianhaven district and also to act as secretary. The Gospel was spreading with much success not only in Copenhagen but in all the Scandinavian countries and the need for more missionaries was keenly felt. God gave me the grace to make use of the talents given. I could speak in our meetings with great force and freedom, and I longed to become a missionary. My father worked at his trade and continued to support my two youngest sisters, Rebecca and Nicoline. Father and I had much joy together. He was at that time an entirely new man, and ordained a teacher in the priesthood. I am sorry to say my mother took little interest in religion and isolated herself more and more from us all. Several times I took my two younger sisters to see her, but she had lost the love a mother should have for her children.

The first of May, 1853, there came two Elders from Utah, namely Knute Peterson and Erick Hogan. I traveled in company with them to Norway and remained there three weeks. From there I went to Brevig where I met my brother Ferdinand. He was overjoyed because I had come to Norway, now Oslo, and then was sent to Slavange. I stayed there one year and worked as a cabinet-maker in my spare time.

Our home was broken and it became necessary for us to find a place for our youngest sisters, Nicoline five and Rebecca somewhat older. On April 15, 1854, Ferdinand went to Copenhagen with the intention of taking our sisters to some of his converts. It was very hard on father to part with the small children. He was very serious at this time and thought much about going to America. In November of that year, 300 Saints were expected to leave. Augusta had been in America two years and father was very anxious to go to Zion, although it was a trying ordeal to leave mother. As she refused to join the Church, father's great faith in the Gospel was his salvation. The ship they sailed on was called the *Cimbria*. It was Christmas Day when they were able to start. These Danish emigrants, while lying at anchor for a month under the protection of the high cliffs of Norway, witnessed the most terrific storms and later endured the severest trip known to the emigrants. It was ten months before they arrived in Utah. When they arrived at St. Louis, which so far had taken three months, they had stood the journey fairly well, but soon cholera

broke out and twelve died in one day and seven in another. Our little Nicoline was among the nineteen who died.

Father and Rebecca came to Utah in a covered wagon company, Rebecca was then fifteen years of age. Father stayed in Salt Lake two years, but Rebecca was anxious to go to Fort Ephraim where Augusta was living, she having married Henry Stevens. It was a happy meeting. When Rebecca was seventeen years old she married Caleb Edwards, the bishop of Ephraim, as his second wife. One son, Charles, was born to her, but Rebecca died shortly after her confinement and the child died three months later. I received one letter from Father, for which we had waited so anxiously, to learn of their safe arrival in Utah. He was well and happy in Zion but he felt keenly the loss of his little daughter Nicoline. My brother and I were still missionaries in Norway. Mother stayed in Copenhagen.

On January 10, 1857, I received a letter from C. C. A. Christensen stating that our next conference would be held February 4, 1857 in Christiania, and he urged that I, as district president, be present and that all missionaries would give a report of their districts. At the conference he announced that C. C. N. Dorius, John F. F. Dorius, and he, were going to be released to go to Zion. He called attention to the long and splendid service of these missionaries which was six years in Norway and Denmark. We were given two months leave to visit the different branches in Norway and Denmark before we should leave for America.

Our company was in charge of Elder Hector Haight as far as Liverpool. From there Matthias Cowley was made president of the company, with Henry Lund and Ole Liljenquist as counselors. The Saints were divided into four companies under Elder Cowley. I had charge of one of the divisions, and every night and morning all were called for prayer. On the 11th of April, 1857, we were happy as we made ready to start on our ocean voyage and life's voyage, for I had also found my heart's desire. While a missionary I became acquainted with Ellen Gurinda Rolfson, and the Rolfson family, who were my converts. They were a large and fine family.

Ellen, her mother, and sister, Marie, were making preparations to go with the same emigration as we to America. We visited my mother in Copenhagen before we set sail. She was still very bitter against Mormonism. Just as we were to leave Liverpool on the ship *Westmoreland*, the captain noticed five young couples devoted to each other; namely, Carl Christian Nicoli Dorius and Ellen Gurinda Rolfson, John Frederick Ferdinand Dorius and Karen Frandson, Carl Christian Anton Christensen and Eliza Hearby, Laurite Larson and Anna M. Thompson, Jacob Bastian and Gertrude Peterson. He said if we five couples would get married before we set sail, he would give a feast in our honor, which he did. What could be more romantic! We five couples were married by Elder John Kay, one of the leading missionaries returning to Zion.

It took us thirty-six days to cross the ocean. Oh, what joy when we first sighted the shores of Philadelphia and we knew we were on American soil! We left Philadelphia and traveled 1500 miles by rail to Iowa City. We were at once shown to our camping ground. We pitched our tents in a circle, eighteen persons to be accommodated in each tent. We stayed about one month to get our handcarts and provisions in order and to make everything ready. The handcarts were in poor condition and they soon became worse as we went over ditches and rough hills and hollows. This was the beginning of our trip across the plains, our goal being Salt Lake City, Utah. It was something to tackle, as the two previous handcart companies the year before had almost perished; so we were warned to start as soon as possible on account of weather conditions. Our first captain was Elder James R. Park, whom the Scandinavians did not understand, and as he did not understand them, a new captain was named. There were 300 souls, 68 handcarts, and 10 mules. Christian Christiansen, the man the Saints loved so much and who baptized three of my father's family, became our captain from Florence to Salt Lake City. We were so thankful for this man to take charge. He divided the company into four divisions under four other captains. I was made captain of one division with sixteen handcarts. The other captains also had sixteen handcarts to oversee. This helped make our traveling more unique.

We traveled on one side of the Platte River, while Johnston's army was traveling toward Salt Lake City. Little we knew who they were and what were their aims, but the army stayed at Fort Bridger that winter and did not come into the city. Our shoes were entirely worn out, and the women had to use burlap around their feet. We five couples walked almost all the way. Being young, we soon forgot the hardships we endured. We pulled and pushed our handcarts, side by side, with our wives as true partners on this hectic journey, but no one complained. We tried to be pioneers true blue. Even Johnston's army came to our rescue just when we were almost out of food. One of the captains approached our company and said one of his oxen had crushed its foot and if we could use it we could have it. This came as a blessing and kept the company from starving, as they had been without meat for weeks.

We landed in Salt Lake City the 13th of September, 1857. There we were met by our dear father and the wife whom he had married after his arrival in Salt Lake City. "Grandma by the Creek" is the name she was lovingly called, that name because they had built their first home by a creek which ran through the main street of Ephraim. They walked with us to the campgrounds where we placed our carts in order. We then went with them to where they were living in the south part of the city. Father was doing well but he had just sold his small house and shoe shop and was making preparations to move to Fort Ephraim.

One of our greatest sorrows was that we had to discard so many of our belongings and personal keepsakes along the way, which we now so sorely needed. We were told someone would come along and gather up the precious things but we never got them. We stayed in Salt Lake City until April, 1858, when I was called to stand guard in Echo Canyon during the Johnston army episode. When I, and my brother, were released from service, to our surprise our wives had gone to Fort Ephraim and were living with father and his wife. They had built a long adobe house with a mud roof and rock floor. This was a great joy to meet all our loved ones again and to stay with them until we could get located and try to make Fort Ephraim the home of our dreams. We were anxious to get a shelter over our heads but all looked like a field of sagebrush and I, and my brother, knew nothing about farming. We ploughed and planted grain, but the grasshoppers devoured what we raised the first year. The second year we did fairly well. My wife and her mother did weaving, carding, and spinning, gathering the wool off fences where sheep had passed, as we were almost destitute of clothing. All the thread they had was raveled from linen pieces they had brought with them. I sold what little I owned in Salt Lake. I had a building lot which I sold for a yoke of oxen, a running gear, a ham and some pants. A son was born to us on the 10th of July, 1858 and we gave him the name of Charles Rolfson Dorius . . . The Indians were new to us, although we had seen some on the plains.

The emigrants had all learned some profession or trade in the old country which meant a great deal in our new home. Our struggles were many but by diligence we overcame much. The mothers and wives were determined to conquer the desert along with the fathers and husbands.

In March, 1860, just two years after we arrived in Fort Ephraim, I received a call from President Young to prepare myself for a mission to Scandinavia. My brother, Ferdinand, was also called, and together we were to go back to our native land in Europe. The second year I raised some grain of which I took 116 bushels and bought two mules to get to Salt Lake. My wife, Ellen, and my father went with us as far as Salt Lake City. The 13th of April, my wife and I had our endowments, and Ellen was sealed to me for time and eternity by President Brigham Young. We had a pleasant time together before we had to part again, Ellen to go back to our home in Ephraim and to try to make a living for herself and our son where there was so little to be made.

The 27th of April, forty-seven missionaries met at the campgrounds of the tithing office in Salt Lake City where President Young, Daniel H. Wells, and others of the Church leaders met us and gave us needful counsel and instructions, and we were set apart for our missions. There were twenty-nine wagons pulled by two and three yokes of oxen. Joseph A. Young was our captain. We sailed from

New York the 3rd of August on the ship *Middlemas*. It took us four months to get to Europe. When I arrived in Copenhagen again I visited my mother. She did not at first recognize me. I told her I had come from America and was bringing her news from her family. She was so excited and happy she cried for joy and the next day she went with me to a meeting at Englehaven. The hall was filled. Many there recognized me from my first mission and came to shake hands with me after the meeting. The next day I visited Liljenquist at the office. I felt rather shabby as I had on the same suit I had left Denmark in about three years ago. Mother helped me to buy a new suit of clothes. I visited many of my old friends and mother went with me. She became interested as she never had been before. I met Ellen's sister, Ingeborg, and Ole Larson and her brother, Jacob Rolfson, and his wife, Margreta, who had just joined the Church and were leaving for America. I was happy to see them and to know they were going to Zion. I had \$5.00 which I wanted to send home to my wife, Ellen, as a surprise. On Christmas morning my thoughts were of my loved ones in Zion, although the Saints in Norway entertained the missionaries with special dinners and it made it seem more like Christmas at home.

I was very happy in my calling as President of the Norwegian Mission with my brother, Ferdinand, as first counselor and Elder Gudmundson as second counselor. We traveled on foot from town to town and we were exceedingly blessed, as many were joining the Church. Sometime later when we were in Christiania, we decided to have mother come from Copenhagen and stay with us. She was very proud of her sons. During this time she was baptized and became a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. This was in September 1862. Plans were arranged for her to go to Zion with brother and me in the spring of 1863.

During my previous mission I had become acquainted with Kunds Ane. I visited her home again. She was a widow with seven children and made her living by baking bread and crackers for ship's crews plying between Norway and different parts of the world. She had a comfortable home built on the arm of the North Sea. This mother and her four daughters became my converts. The mother and the three youngest daughters were making preparations to go to Zion when I was to return from my second mission.

On January 13, 1863, I was honorably released from my mission of three and one-half years by Jesse M. Smith. I stayed a couple of months in Christiania and then went to Copenhagen where I stayed one month until our emigrant company arrived from Norway. John Needham was president of the company, Phillip de La Mare and

Samuel B. Smith, counselors. My brother and I were to take charge of the Norwegians. On April 28th, there arrived in Copenhagen two hundred emigrants from Christiania, Holland and Bernholm, which I had charge of, and the next day my brother arrived with one hundred converts from Christiania in his charge.

When we left Copenhagen the weather was fine. Many came to see us and wish us God speed on our journey. Ferdinand and I were waiting for mother to come as we had all arrangements made for her to go with us to America. We expected her to come alone. Instead, she brought her husband. This cast a gloom over us, and I shall never forget the keen disappointment we felt. We could not understand her—to think mother could do such a thing. The next day I went to see her and to get my clothes and belongings. She said, "I will go now if you have money enough." I said we would arrange that and she and I knelt down and thanked the Lord for His kindness to us and we were both so happy. But the next day when we were ready to leave she came again with her husband to bid us farewell. I was heartsick. She had been baptized, and I felt all we had done for her had been in vain.

It was a long trip to America in those days but we landed in New York the 10th of July. At Florence, Nebraska, the Scandinavians were separated from the rest of the company. Needham went ahead of us with half of the company and with fifty wagons.

I had to take charge of the provisions for our part of the company and to make ready for our trip across the plains. This time we came with oxen and wagon over the same route we had traveled six years before with handcarts. The Civil War was raging and everything was in confusion. My brother and I bought a yoke of oxen for our transportation to Salt Lake City. We left Florence on the 24th of July, 1863. Peter Nebeker was appointed our captain. Our company was well organized, and we made good progress. We had some sickness—two women and seven children died on our trip. We were nearing Parley's Canyon when, to my surprise, my wife Ellen and our son, Charley, then almost four years of age, had come to meet us.

We came into Salt Lake City the 30th of September. Knuds Ane and her three daughters, Gurinda, Martine and Ane Tomine got places to stay at the home of Brigham Young and the home of Daniel H. Wells. Martine and her mother stayed at Brigham Young's for some time, doing housework. She said they were treated like one of the family. Gurinda and Tomine worked at the Wells home. Gurinda stayed with them more than a year, but Ane Tomine went to Ephraim within a few months.

Ellen and I arrived home in Ephraim with thankfulness in our hearts that I was home once more. I hoped that I had accomplished all I was sent to do. The 4th of March, 1864, I took Ane Tomine to Salt Lake with me and had her married to me in the Endowment



House. After we arrived home I bought the home of William Dibble, a house and 18 acres of land, for which I paid \$400. I paid \$180 in cattle, rifles, clothing, etc., and the balance was to be paid in two years. All my children but two were born in this same rock house. On August 7, 1865, a son was born to my wife Ane Tomine, and we gave him the name of Canute Fredrick. In 1868 the railroad was coming into Utah. I had a chance to make money working on the railroad. Ellen went with me and cooked for the company up in Weber Canyon. We stayed until Christmas, when we came home with \$300.00 This was a happy Christmas, as making money in those days was unusual and this helped me greatly in making a better place to live.

On August 13, 1870, our first daughter was born into the family. What a to-do when Ane Tomine gave birth to a daughter! I gave her the name of Ane Sophie Dorius after my mother. Our family had become a large family. On the 10th of September, 1872, my father Nicoli Dorius died of Bright's disease. Like a patriarch he lived and and died.

September 28, 1870, I baptized Julia Petrina Peterson who was born the 5th of February, 1848, at Sars Prastegat, and I married her as my third wife October 11, 1870. She was a beautiful girl.

In 1873 we managed to get a steam sawmill set up in the canyon, which belonged to the people of the community. This was a great help and gave employment to the people of that area. I was busy looking after the building of the tabernacle. We worked hard to get the inside finished as we were expecting a visit from President Young and George A. Smith for the purpose of holding a two day meeting in December. This was to be in the interest of getting the railroad to come through Sanpete county, and also in the interest of the temples being built in Salt Lake and St. George, which projects were being pushed with vigor. Sanpete had to furnish grain to help for both temples and to furnish twenty men for labor.

My mother came from Denmark in 1874. She was 63 years of age. I was so happy to have her come to Zion. In 1875, I took up 160 acres of land on the Sanpitch River near Wales. There was nothing on it but cane and bulrushes, but we raised 16 tons of hay the first year. I also raised 500 bushels of oats. The next year was dry and little was raised. I depended on work at the new sawmill but I did not get to work there as there were so many in need of work.

That year my daughter, Sophie, was very ill six weeks in October with typhoid fever, and she was not expected to live. Bishop Peterson came and administered to her and she was healed almost as by a miracle. But her mother, Ane Tomine, came down with the dread disease and suffered for four weeks. She didn't want to die. She was only thirty-four years old; but the last week she gave up and became reconciled to death. She was a kind and affectionate mother.

O, Lord, may I spend my days in usefulness that I may meet her again and be reunited in the morning of the first resurrection. The care of Ane Tomine's children fell to the lot of Ellen, my first wife, who had but one child, Charles, then seventeen years of age. This was a terribly hard winter as everyone in our family was sick except Ellen and myself. We were doctors for everyone around and much of our time was spent visiting the sick and helping to lighten the burden of others. It was our mission.

That winter, 1876, we got our new Amusement Hall for dramatics and dancing. I took part in several plays. My brother, Ferdinand, and I also put on several concerts with the help of the choir. By June 1876, President Young and Daniel H. Wells, and seven of the Twelve Apostles came to Sanpete and located the site on which the Manti Temple was to be built.

We buried little Caroline Marie, Ane Tomine's youngest child who died of diphtheria October 6, 1876. Ellen felt her death keenly as she loved her as her own. She was but five years of age.

November 5, 1879 I went to St. George, traveling with horse and covered wagon. This was to take Mary Williams with me to be married as my fourth wife also, my mother, Ane Sophie Christopher-son, to be endowed for herself and sealed to my father, Nicoli Dorius. . . . Mary did not seem happy in so large a family and soon moved home to her own parents. Within a year she took a stroke and died.

In March 1889, I finally had to go to prison, being the first man in Sanpete to be arrested for polygamy and served six months. I came home one month early for good behavior, but living in the penitentiary was hard on me, and I was changed so much my friends at home hardly recognized me.

In 1890, I built a home for my wife, Julia, but on account of polygamy and the raids the deputy marshals were making, she was unable to live in the home. I then bought Olaf Larsen's house for her. She lived there only a short time, but after the Manifesto she came and lived in her own home.

Although I was in poor health, I had a chance to attend the irrigation congress in Salt Lake in 1891. Four territories of the west were represented, five hundred delegates present and I was one of them.—*End of Journal*

Carl Christian Nicoli Dorius passed away at the age of sixty-three years. He had served as bishop of Ephraim South Ward for seventeen years which position he held at the time of his death. He died, as he had lived, a devout and spiritual Latter-day Saint, beloved by all who knew him.—*Anne Sophia D. Johnson*

### THE SHANGHAI BRIDGE

Having been born of goodly parents, Utah Pioneers of 1847 and 1852, my father, Moroni D. Ferrin, records many experiences of pioneer life. The one chosen is related by him as follows:

My father accepted a call to go on a mission to England. He left in the fall of 1868. My mother was left with seven children, another daughter was born after his departure, so there were eight children to be cared for. The family lived in a log house situated on a newly acquired farm in the townsite of Eden, Utah, on the North Fork of the Ogden River in the Ogden Valley. A few acres of this land had been brought under cultivation. There was also a piece of meadowland, a sawmill on Wolfe's Creek, some cows, horses, oxen, etc., to provide a livelihood for the family.

Pioneer life had given mother a useful training in handling horses, she could mount a horse and ride to Ogden on business or drive with a load of lumber, wood, or farm products through the canyon to the market, returning, sometimes late at night, with flour, clothing and supplies. Often the children would accompany her on these trips. So we became familiar with the rough narrow road which was built close to the river and crossed the stream at four different places in the canyon. One of these crossings, known as Shanghai Bridge, situated a little east of where Wheeler's Creek empties into the river, was long and narrow, standing about fifteen feet above the water. It had no railing on the sides and was approached by a curve in the road. All this made it an extremely dangerous place to enter. Parents were afraid to let their children drive the canyon under such conditions and children worried when the parents failed to return before dark.

Among other animals, we had a little black mare named "Polly." She was a nervous creature, wild and skittish, snorting, pawing, kicking and running seemed to be her favorite habits. She was the terror of the farm to children who must stay at a distance when Polly was near and grown people could scarcely manage her, yet she was my mother's favorite riding animal. When hitched to a wagon, she was equally nervous, shying at any unexpected or unusual slight sound or touch. Yet mother would drive her even through the dangerous canyon when occasion required it.

One morning with Polly hitched to a wagon by the side of a gentle horse, my mother took her little baby, Lucy, and my brother, James, who was about eleven years old and drove through the canyon to Ogden, leaving the rest of us children at home in care of our sister Martha. The day passed, evening came on, and the absent ones had not returned. A black cloud appeared, the thunder began to roll, the lightning to flash and the rain to descend. The storm grew worse and worse until the terrible thunder cracked and the lightning flashes seemed almost as if the very heavens would be torn into shreds. Except for the lightning the darkness was so intense that one could not see any object any more than if he were blind.

We worried about the absent ones, and wondered whether they had seen the danger coming and had stayed in the city, or whether they had been overtaken in the canyon and were traveling that dangerous

road on so dark a night and in such a terrible storm. We went to the door often to listen for the sound of the wagon, but heard nothing except the awful thunder and pouring down of the rain. We wondered if the horses could stay on the narrow dugways in such darkness and if they could, whether the wild mare, Polly, would shy at something and run a wheel over the bank into the river and kill them. But worst of all we feared for the Shanghai Bridge which was so high above the water with no railings on the sides, and had some loose planks in the floor, and was approached by a sharp curve in the road which, if they should fail to turn properly, might result in plunging them over the embankment to their doom. Would they be able in such intense darkness to make that curve properly, strike the bridge fairly and follow that high, narrow structure safely across the river was the question. Anxiously we waited and watched as the hours passed by. Finally, some time in the middle of the night, the glad news of their arrival was sounded, and the anxiety was over. They came in, the team was put away, the wet clothes were changed for dry ones and dear mother told the story of the drive in substance as follows:

They were overtaken by the storm soon after leaving Ogden and could have stopped till morning at houses by the way, even in the canyon, for a few residences had been built by the roadside, but mother was so anxious about the children at home that she preferred to drive on and take the risk. In going through the canyon she passed wagon after wagon by the side of the road owned by men who were afraid to travel such a road at such a time and had camped to wait for daylight. As these men would hear her wagon come up, they would call out to learn who it was and on becoming informed would advise her to stop till morning, all feeling especially alarmed about the danger of an attempt to cross the Shanghai Bridge. Mother told them that she had children at home, who would be worrying and felt that she just must travel on. So on and on they traveled and then an unexpected danger arose. She heard a rattle which informed her that the inside tug of the harness on the wild mare had come loose and dropped to the ground. She stopped the team and wondered how to get it fastened again, for all the help she had was the little boy. She finally decided to hold the lines firmly and let the child try to fasten the tug. Down the little fellow climbed and attempted the dangerous task. He felt around in the darkness and finally found the tug and hooked it during which time, to their astonishment, the mare stood quietly. Time after time during the drive the tug dropped and was successfully fastened by the little boy without harm. On they traveled in the intense darkness with hearts fearing the crossing of the Shanghai Bridge. As the curve at the end of the bridge was approached the lightning continued without intermission while the bridge was approached and crossed safely. As the horses' feet struck the solid earth the lightning ceased and the darkness again

enveloped them; but the danger point was passed and who but God had given them light to see the way?

Although I was but seven years old at the time, I still remember well how I believed, as I still believe, that the Lord protected my brother from harm at the feet of Polly, and sent the lightning at the proper moment that they might see to safely cross the bridge. How my young heart beat with love and thanks to God for protecting my dear mother, older brother, and baby sister on that terrible night.

*Rosella F. Larkin*

#### FROM THE STORY OF ELIZABETH PULSIPHER

Elizabeth Isabelle, daughter of Erastus and Lorina Jacobson was born in Stebenger, Norway, October 8, 1850. The following is her story:

My father joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in 1860. He was a shoemaker by trade but when he joined the Church no one would give him work they were so bitter against Mormonism. Father and his family left Norway about the first of April, 1863, for Zion. We arrived in England and waited for about two weeks so that repairs could be made on the ship before we could cross the Atlantic. We were on the ocean eight weeks and there was lots of sickness during the trip, many having fevers and several dying. My little sister was very ill during the trip and mother prayed that she might live until we reached land, and she recovered.

We stayed in New York City half a day and then boarded the train. There were so many of us that some had to ride in cattle cars. I do not remember the details of the trip but I do remember that we ferried across rivers, boarded trains and finally arrived in Carthage, where the Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum were martyred. My father and mother left me to care for the children, while they went to see the jail. We travelled up the Missouri River until we arrived at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, where we secured the ox teams. I do not remember how many days we had travelled when mother was run over. She was leaning out of the wagon to call father to come and take the baby, as the driver had asked mother to walk, when her foot slipped, and she fell and was run over and severely injured. For four days we travelled and arrived at Fort Laramie. They carried mother into an old log house which had no doors or windows and large cracks in the walls. Mother was helpless, the baby was ill, and I was left with a family of seven to care for, although I was only twelve years old. Being the oldest child the responsibility of the family rested upon me, and nearly every night I had to be up with the sick baby. Father had to work at the fort for our bread. The Indians were very friendly and often came to see what they could do for us. I often walked to the fort with them.

We lived in the log hut for two weeks. There were some apostate Mormons living at the fort and they had talked father into going back to Omaha, Nebraska to live. The night before we had made preparations to leave, mother had a dream. She dreamed that a man stood beside her bed and told her not to go to Omaha but to go on to Zion. There were no ox teams there at the time, and we thought there would be none. The old man who stood at mother's bedside had a long flowing beard and white hair. He told her that there would be two ox trains the next morning and that she was to go to Zion with them. The next day when the wagon came to take us to Omaha, mother refused to go. That same day one of the ox trains came in. Arriving at the ferry, a half mile from where we lived, we were told the train was already overloaded, so we could not go. The Captain of the next train stated that his train had no room for us. This discouraged father very much, but mother never lost hope. "We are going. The trains have come as the man said they would, and I know that we will go." As I was out preparing dinner on a campfire, I saw a wagon coming up the road. I ran into the house and told father they were coming for us.

Traveling was not easy at this time, especially in our family. Mother had not recovered from her injuries, so riding in a wagon was very painful for her. My little sister was very sick also, her condition was so that I held her on my lap. She died the third day after we had started, and as there was no one to take care of her body, I had to bathe her and put a little dress on her, and sew a cloth around her body to be buried in as there was no coffin. As small as I was, no one came to help me and mother was not able to do anything. Father helped mother out of the wagon, and from that day on she walked the rest of the way. Many a night I have lain and held a quilt over mother to keep the rain off her.

Joseph F. Smith, who just returned from a mission to England was in our company. He would come to our wagon every morning and see how mother was and bring her a little sugar or other dainties that he had, and always helped in any way he could. Father, my little brother, and I, used to walk on ahead and would catch fish in small streams. Toward camping time I would gather buffalo chips in my apron and take them to camp to burn.

We arrived in Salt Lake City, Utah on October 8th, 1863, after travelling six months. I was now thirteen years old. When we arrived we knew no one and did not know what to do or where to go. The wagon, which we occupied, was going to Lehi, so we went with it. We all stripped cane and did anything that we could do to get something to eat. That winter father went to Draper to work as he could get none in Lehi. Mother and I went to the hills and gathered carrot-sage brush to burn, and when the snow was up to my knees I went into the fields and dug willows and piled them. We

then got a man to haul them to our place for half of them. I was small for my age but was rather strong.

In the spring of 1864, we moved to Draper. Here real hard times commenced for me. I worked in a field for a man for three months and three weeks, and I could not possibly stand it any longer. I left them and they would not pay me anything because I had quit. They gave me an old dress made out of denims, and the woman then took my clothes, although she denied it. Every noon time I had to draw water out of a deep well to water thirteen head of calves while the man and his wife went into the house to rest. After dinner I had to go into the field and do all kinds of work that men did, such as pitching hay and the like. That winter I attended Dr. Park's school for three months, that was all the schooling I ever received.

I worked out for four years helping to support the family, then being tired of working for other people, I decided to be my own boss. On October 26th, 1867, I was married to David Pulsipher, a member of the Mormon Battalion. My life was a struggle both before and after my marriage. The first year our best horse was stolen and this left us with only one horse. The second year the grasshoppers came, and sometimes they were so thick that we could not see the sun. My husband went to work on the railroad, making the grading. We had a little grain left that the grasshoppers did not eat, and I hired a man to cut it and rake it. He bound it and I shocked it. We lived in a little log house of one room with a dirt roof. My husband was called to go to help settle Arizona in 1873 and while he was gone my third boy was born. He did not stay long in Arizona, and in 1874 we built a better house.

We were called to go to Arizona, so, in 1879, left Draper in October and arrived at Concho, Arizona in December. Here they had grasshoppers, which took nearly all the grain, and although we had plenty of flour to last us the winter when we left, we found so many Saints without that we divided and soon were without ourselves. We bought some barley, paid \$6.50 a hundred for it, hauled it eighty miles to be ground, and lived on this for nine weeks. The first flour we got there we paid \$12.00 a hundred for and many people gave a cow for a hundred pounds of flour. Soda sold for 50 cents a package.

In 1880, I was appointed Second Counselor to Sister Killian of the Relief Society and I worked in that organization for twenty years. I also worked in the Primary Association with Sister Helena Kempe. We lived there for two years when my husband took with rheumatism in both hands. Most of the time he was helpless, and for seventeen years I had to wash and dress him. I was the mother of eight boys when an epidemic of Scarlet Fever broke out and I lost two of my boys in one month. I also had three girls in my family. Another boy was left with Dropsy. When my husband was left

helpless, I took in sewing for the Mexicans and made dresses for \$1.00 each. We lived in a Mexican house until my husband and the boys could build one for us. My husband's hands were so bad that he had to use them both at a time to drive a nail. The boys made the adobes, the eldest boy being fourteen. The boys did most of the building, and I engaged a Mexican woman to plaster the house when it was ready. This was our first home, and it had three rooms. We lived on corn meal and graham bread for a long time. The eldest boy said, "I am tired of graham bread, I am going to raise some wheat." The first wheat we raised was tromped out, that is shelled out by horses stepping back and forth on it.

In 1892 I lost a little girl. She was twenty-one months old. In 1895 I lost a son, twenty-two years old. He was killed by a horse falling on him. In 1899 one of my sons left for a mission to Texas. Another son, David, fulfilled a mission to the Eastern States in 1902. My husband died in 1900, and as I did not want my son to return from his mission until it was completed, another son and I went to the Gila Valley in the southern part of Arizona to find work. My son stayed in the mission field for twenty-eight months. By the year 1905 all my children were married except my baby girl. I moved down to the Gila Valley in 1906. I worked in Globe and Morenci and purchased a little home in Pima, Arizona. I was selected as a Relief Society teacher at Pima in 1907. In 1917 my oldest son died, and in the same year I came to Provo, Utah. My baby girl was married in June of 1917 and died a year later. I then went to Pima, but returned to Provo in 1921 and built a little home here.

My husband and ten of my children are dead. My last child, a son, resides in Arizona. Six of my children were married in the Temple, four boys worked in the bishopric and two of them fulfilled missions. I have been a member of the Ward choir for over fifty years at Draper, Utah; Concho, Arizona; and Pleasant View Ward, Provo, Utah. At this date, August 1932, I have thirty-eight grandchildren and thirty-six great-grandchildren. I was eighty-two years of age October 8th.

#### ANNIE C. KIMBALL — ELLEN C. DUPONT

*Annie Clark Kimball* was born July 16, 1876 in Salt Lake City, Utah, the daughter of Lorenzo S. Clark and Marie S. Wagstaff. Both were early pioneers of Utah who played a part in the making of this state.

For over fifteen years Annie had been either the historian of the Salt Lake County Company or the State Central Company. Not only was she the one who read and filed the histories that came under her supervision, but she spent a great deal of her time helping others to compile their stories. The indexes of our own publications show the numerous contributions she made to the Daughters of Utah Pio-



neers. Her name is known in nearly every camp, for the women who came to her for help always received the aid they sought. Hers was an understanding heart; hers the desire to help just a little more than her position called for. She was young in spirit and grew old so gracefully, carrying her full share of responsibility to the very last.

We, who were so closely associated with her, knew she was a choice person, unpretentious, gentle, full of wisdom and understanding, faithful to her family, her friends and her church. Annie was called to the Great Beyond December 21, 1957. She was survived by her husband, Don Carlos Kimball, and nine children. The Kimballs are a devoted family and they have made outstanding contributions to their church and country.

*Ellen Carrington Arnold Dupont* was born in Salt Lake City, Utah December 20, 1884, the daughter of Charles Wood and Mary Winder Carrington. She was the granddaughter of Albert Carrington, who came to Utah in 1847 with the first company of pioneers and of John Rex Winder who was an outstanding civic leader and member of the General Authorities of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

For over thirty years Ellen served as treasurer of the Central Company Board during which time she handled thousands of dollars. At the time of the erection of the Pioneer Memorial Building, she was the trustworthy keeper of finances of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers.

Ellen had a strong moral and and spiritual conviction, a basic concept of right and wrong; a great appreciation for her heritage, and her everyday acts gave evidence of her love for her Heavenly Father and for all humanity. Although her life had been intermingled with sunshine and sorrow she chose always to meet the day with a smile. She was immaculate in her personal appearance, loyal to her family and friends and to the organization she served so long and faithfully. Her passing occurred September 6, 1958. She is survived by her husband F. O. DuPont, who through the years has been so devoted to her.

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*

## WHEN HE CALLS HIS CHILDREN HOME

It is not death tho we fade and die,  
The grave is only the sod,  
And there for awhile the sear leaves lie  
Waiting the touch of God;  
The chill winds smite and the lilies fall,  
Severed and bruised and blown,  
The old and the young—we answer all,  
When He calls His children home.

It is not death tho the days decline  
And the rose and the briar must die,  
Withering they in the forge of Time  
Where the Father doth sanctify;  
The gay of life's pageantry hurry by  
With a song that is hushed too soon,  
For tomorrow, behold; they too shall lie  
As a sickled harvest strewn.

It is not death tho your loved one lies,  
Asleep in the slumber of old,  
And He who resteth the weary eyes  
Shall burnish the shard to gold;  
The touch of His Hand closing over thine  
Shall lead tho the way be dim,  
And safe in the arms of His Love Divine,  
Lo! your dead shall wake for Him!

*Bertha A. Kleinman*



## *They Came Alone*

*God be merciful unto us, and bless us;  
and cause his face to shine upon us.*

—Psalms 67:1



AMONG the most heroic people who left their homes to make the journey to Utah were those who came either as a lone member of a family, a widow with her children, or a man who chose his religious affiliations above family ties.

There were others just as brave who started as a family unit, but along the trail death took the husband or the wife, leaving the children to travel on under the supervision of other members of the company. Sometimes economic conditions in a family made it impossible for all to go at one time; hence one or two members were sent ahead, the others following as soon as enough money had been saved to bring them to their loved Zion.

As we read their stories we are conscious of the fact that the motivating influence was the acceptance of the newly found religion as taught to them by the Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. They seemed to fulfill the promise made by our Lord when He said:

And I will take you one of a city, and two  
of a family and bring you to Zion.

And I will give you pastors according  
to mine heart, which shall feed you with  
knowledge and understanding.

## ANN AND HER SON BRIGHAM HENRY

*Ann Everington* was born December 18, 1826 at Thorpleton, Norfolk, England, the daughter of William and Elizabeth Reed Everington. She was married June 15, 1848 to Benjamin Roberts, a young blacksmith. Ann was a fine seamstress and one evening while delivering a finished article, she was attracted by a large gathering of people on a busy street corner in London. It was here she heard the Gospel message. She obtained literature which she took home and carefully studied. Ann was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. She became a Latter-day Saint with all her mind, with all her heart, and with all her soul. Her constant prayer was that her husband would be converted. Benjamin, swept along by her enthusiasm, was finally baptized a member of the Church. She was the mother of nine children, Mary, Annie, Benjamin, Jr., twins, Emma and Sarah, *Brigham Henry* and Thomas Robert. Elizabeth Nicholas and Byrnina Dustin were children from later marriages. *Brigham Henry Roberts* was born March 13, 1857 at Warrington, Lancashire, England. The father chose the name of Henry and the babe was christened. However, Ann took Henry secretly to the missionaries and had him blessed Brigham Henry after the great Mormon leader.

Benjamin was often out of work and the family was forced to move from place to place, living wherever employment could be found. Ann had a great desire to go to America, but her husband refused to go. One time, after an absence of several months, Benjamin sent Ann a sum of money to bring his family to him. Ann decided to use it as part payment on her passage to Utah. The decision was made hurriedly as it was April and the last company of Saints were to leave May 2, 1862. Being near the headquarters of the British Mission, Ann Roberts received encouragement from the mission authorities.

It was impossible for Ann to take the entire family so Mary, now twelve, was left in the care of some distant relatives by the name of Pic, who operated a china factory. It was agreed that she should work for her board and keep. The mother left her five year old son, Brigham Henry, with friends who had joined the Church. She took her daughter *Anne*, age seven, and the two year old *Thomas* and sailed for America, her actions unknown to her husband. They traveled in the Horton D. Haight company. The journey across the plains was a long and hard one. The baby, Thomas, became very ill and Ann walked all day by the side of the wagon carrying him. He died and was buried at Chimney Rock.

Arriving in Utah Ann went to live in the small settlement of Bountiful or Sessions Settlement. She went from house to house doing the family sewing and receiving in pay anything they could give her. Once she sewed all day for a quart of molasses. It was a year before she heard of her children. She walked from Bountiful to Salt Lake City, a distance of ten miles, to get her letter for which she had to pay sixty cents.



Ann Everington Roberts

Both water and sand were carried upon the head and this continuing through a number of years, caused the boy's head to be pressed down between the shoulders until it amounted almost to a deformity. It was not until he grew older that the shoulders assumed their normal condition. He also polished marble slabs for mantel-pieces, hearthstones, table tops and other interior uses. Marble blocks were sawed into desired sizes for the use intended. The first treatment of the stone was long rubbing with sandstone until the surface was reasonably smooth, then a substance called snake-stone, of a finer grain, was employed and this rubbing, usually performed by children, brought on the polish of the fine marble which was then ready for ornamental purposes.

The Tovey's were scarcely ideal people although Church members. Certain shadowy references to their past indicated to the observing boy that something was irregular. They were addicted to drinking and most of their evenings were spent in the country taverns. Henry was made to go with them and often curled up under the table where the drinking went on, and slept until it was time to return to the wretched home. Strangely enough John Tovey was a remarkable preacher of the Mormon doctrine and his way of life seemed not to interfere especially with the effectiveness of his preaching. The custom of the Church, in England, about this time was to hold morning services where they partook of sacrament, after which those who were sufficiently gifted were appointed to go to the street corners

Henry, at this time, was far from happy in the Tovey home where he had been left. John Tovey was a stone cutter by trade and in this work Henry could be quite useful in sifting the sand and carrying it to the sloping board above the slashes cut into the sandstone by the movement backward and forward of a heavy steel blade, set in a frame something like a bucksaw, but much larger and heavier. This, pushed across the sandstone with the sand of the sloping board above the slash washed into the crevices by the dripping water from the spigot of the keg, cut the stone into the desired lengths. It was Henry's job during the day to keep the board supplied with sand and water in the keg.

and to public squares and sometimes out in the fields to hold preaching services, and at this kind of work John Tovey was especially noted. It was perhaps this association with the Church that led Henry's mother at the couple's solicitation to let them take charge of her son and confirmed to her the righteousness of their lives and suitableness of their characters. It is quite certain that without such confirmation Ann Roberts would never have committed a son of hers to be placed in their charge. In the outdoor preaching service Henry usually accompanied Mr. Tovey. He had something of a boyish voice and engaged in singing some of the early church hymns. With the lad to sing for him and he doing the preaching, they made a full missionary team.

John Tovey could neither read nor write, but his wife could do both and she read to him the passages of Scriptures over and over again that would sustain the Mormon point of view, and these her husband committed to memory and marked their location in the Bible. Running his fingers along the lines he would pretend he was reading them and would offer his Bible in confirmation to those who disputed him. The thought of Henry, at such times, was that this was not quite honest. The custom was to bring a chair from the home and, in the commencement of the meeting, Henry was placed upon the chair and would sing hymns after which Mr. Tovey mounted the chair and began to preach. Sometimes in the surging of the crowd Mr. Tovey would get pushed off the chair and at various times the old man had to take to his heels. Henry would then shoulder the chair and march off home, being, of course, too insignificant to attract the attention of the threatening crowd. These occurrences, however, were early lessons in much mob violence witnessed by Henry in later years.

The last year with the Tovey's grew increasingly difficult. Henry remembered one effort that was made by Mrs. Tovey to separate him from her husband by apprenticing him to a trade. At that time boys were put out to apprenticeship and expected to remain until they were twenty-one. Mrs. Tovey took the boy to an institution in the city who managed these things and his name was entered upon the books for an apprenticeship in this district. The poverty of the couple was very great at this time. Henry remembered that the home was a tumbled down shack. They lived in the upper room. There was neither bed nor bedding and Henry's sleeping place was in one corner of the room where he generally shivered through the night. On the night following the registering for an apprenticeship, after sleeping some time, he awoke. Restless he tossed from side to side; then presently a calmness, then he heard a voice saying, "If you are apprenticed to the shoemaker's trade tomorrow you will never see your mother in America." Then stillness, and the recurring question in the boy's disturbed mind—what should be done. How much time elapsed during these questions Henry did not know, but presently he formed a resolution in his mind that he would run away. Gathering up such clothing as he had he stole downstairs and out onto the

front brick-covered street. Putting on his clogs which he had carried in his hands, he stole down the side street into the wider ones, thence onto the main street. On and on he walked without an objective. Off to his left he saw the flare of furnaces that he knew to be at the edge of the city near a canal and to this he guided his footsteps. He did not know the nature of this manufacturing place nor the use of the furnaces, only that red hot slag was occasionally dumped on the accumulating heaps. He sat as near as he could to the glowing welcome warmth of the slag pile until daybreak. Then there were wanderings, the direction and nature of which Henry could not remember, but weeks passed and he lived, a gamin, in a town some distance away. At last he was discovered by the pair hunting for him and he was taken back. The danger, however, of apprenticeship to shoemaking was passed as the idea had been given up by those who had Henry in charge.

Then another adventure came. There had been a separation of the Toveys. John spent his nights in the taverns that would accept so poor a patron and here was met a man bedecked with red, white and blue ribbons in his hat. Conversation was made with John Tovey and the be-ribboned officer which resulted in Henry becoming a drummer boy in the British barracks near the place, the enlistment to continue until the lad was twenty-one years of age. The shilling, as an evidence of enlistment, was passed, the ribbon was fastened on Henry's coat and he was to be delivered next morning to the barracks. During a restless night again the voice that had spoken to the boy on the previous occasion, which Henry called the soul-voice, said: "If you are enlisted as a drummer boy you will never see your mother in America." Formation of the same resolution to run away came; the same stealing out of the uncomfortable pallet carrying his clogs in his hand, getting to the doorstep, putting his shoes on, and running away. In a distant town the lad knew of an old Scotsman who was a shoemaker and who sometimes had gone with John Tovey on his teaching exploits. After long and purposeless wanderings the old man was found, but somehow he got in communication with Mr. Tovey, and soon afterwards Tovey came to take charge of the boy.

One time when attending meetings, coming in contact with the Saints, Henry heard remarks that an effort was being made for him to be sent to America to join his mother. Afterwards, it developed that President Brigham Young had sent word to the mission authorities to find Henry and have him join one of the emigration companies gathering to Zion that year, but the efforts failed and another year passed before proper connections could be made and the lad rescued from these unhappy conditions.

Soon afterwards arrangements were made for the Roberts children, *Mary* and *Henry* to sail on the first ship leaving England that season. Late in the afternoon of April 30, 1866 the *John Bright*

started on her voyage. Days passed and somewhere out from the coast of Ireland a tremendous storm arose which lasted three days. A sailor had been designated to watch over the children and keep them from mischief and danger. Because he was swarthy and had very black eyes he was known to them as "Blackeye," and he was somewhat a terror to Henry. The following is taken from the writings of Mr. Roberts:

"All the days, however, were not so stormy, nor all the scenes stamped with sadness. Many of the May days were cloudless and the air balmy. There were frolics on deck, games and group singing and there were many beautiful voices in the list of passengers. There was dancing, also games for the children—among others, marbles for the boys when the ship was steady enough for the marbles to stay in the rings until shot out by the players. Of course there were childish quarrels and violence, too."

Henry remembered one which arose over the dispute about giving up marbles that had been lost to him in the play—for the game was generally for "keeps." The boy with whom the quarrel arose was dark complexioned, swarthy skinned, and hard faced. First blows were struck, but "Blackeye" was at hand and soon separated the boys. The boy's name was John Gibbs, and as he and Henry were held apart by "Blackeye," there was anger registered on each face. Strange the meeting of these two under such circumstances. Twenty years later John Gibbs became a martyr to the faith of the Latter-day Saints and Henry, presiding over the mission in the Southern States, at considerable risk brought John's body from an unsatisfactory burial in Tennessee back to his family in Utah.

The *John Bright* anchored in New York Bay the 6th of June, 1866, after having been driven off her course by another severe storm. The passengers were temporarily lodged at Castle Garden, waiting to be loaded on the small steamboats which would take them up Long Island to New Haven, when the journey by rail and river boats would proceed into the middlewest of America. It was in Castle Garden that a lad, midway between nine and ten years of age, sat waiting the time when a large company of Mormon emi-



Brigham Henry Roberts



grants, which filled the gardens, would embark for a zigzag route across the United States, through Canada, for the distant valley of Salt Lake.

"He was a boy of no prepossessing appearance. In the first place he was clad in just a pair of barn-door trousers and jacket made from the old trousers of an English policeman, a pair of iron-rimmed wooden clogs, and on his head was what was supposed to be a jaunty Scotch cap, faced with bright plaid around the rim and ending in two black streamers behind a headgear which the lad heartily despised. His eyes were restless, keen blue and deep set, a nose decidedly ill-shaped and upturned, the face freckled, and the lips full but not tender or sweet. The head appeared to be crunched down into the shoulders, amounting almost to a deformity, the teeth were ugly, misshapen, with a wide gap between the two front ones through which the lad had learned to send forth a shrill whistle on occasion. The body was rather heavy, such as is described for lads as chunky. The hair was a light mouse-colored hue, ill kept, slightly wavy and unruly of management, no amount of training seemed to affect it. On the whole he was stolid and sober-faced. There was no joy of boyhood in his appearance, no disposition to mill around with the seven hundred other emigrants thronging the Old Castle Garden. He seemed to be without companions and doubtless they would have been repulsed by him if they had manifested friendliness. He was a boy evidently accustomed to being alone. He seemed, however, to be watching and trying to keep within vision a young girl about nineteen years of age. She was rather shabbily attired and the dress she wore was not only threadbare, but torn in places. Her head was uncovered and the hair, glossy black, was pasted close to her head. She had the lad's ill-shaped nose—it evidently was a family defect—her brow was high and broad and there was nothing to relieve the plainness of the face except the deep-set hazel eyes, intensely bright and the friendly smile which at times graced the generous mouth and full lips. Her sociable disposition was in marked contrast with the surly disposition of the ill-favored Henry on the bench. They were brother and sister, on the way with this great throng of nearly one thousand emigrants bound for Utah. By the side of the boy were several packages some in canvas wrappings or small canvas bags. These proved to be pieces of fat side-bacon, made greenish by the intense pickling of the pork to make it suitable for food on the long voyage by sailing vessel which had just ended; some loaves of bread, some packages of hardtack common to sea voyages which lasted for sailing vessels, over six weeks in duration."

It was an extremely zigzag and indirect course which this company followed and it cannot be understood how it was that the journey from New York was made up the Long Island Sound to New Haven; thence to Montreal in Canada, thence up the river to Fort Lawrence; thence to Niagara by train. On this train they were loaded into cars of the

cattle-shipment type. Henry remembered that the train stopped on the Niagara Falls bridge with the falls in full view. Before the cars left the bridge the exits were locked. The journey was continued to Detroit, through Chicago, thence to Quincy, Illinois and on to St. Joseph, Missouri, then up the Missouri to a place called Wyoming, Nebraska, a little to the south of Council Bluffs. Arrival was made on the 19th of June. Here the emigrant's mule trains and ox trains were met that had been sent from Utah, chiefly by the Perpetual Emigrating Fund company. It was largely through the operations of this wisely planned institution that the Roberts children were able to be brought to America and both, in later years, met the obligation for their emigration by repayment; Mary, through the man she married, and Henry by working on the Utah Central Railroad. The Church trains to meet the incoming immigrants in the year 1866, numbered ten, with, of course, ten captains, 456 teamsters, 49 mounted guards, 89 horses, 134 mules, 3,042 oxen, 397 wagons. Sixty-two wagons, 30 oxen and 61 mules were added by purchase. All this for the emigration of Church members that year, which was one of the largest emigrations conducted by the Church.

Nearly a month was spent in Wyoming, fitting out trains and dividing them into groups for crossing the plains. The movement could not begin until July 13th. The Roberts brother and sister were assigned to *Captain William Henry Chipman's* company and their wagon traveled in about the middle of the train. Soon the lack of preparation for the Roberts children became manifest. Their clothing was sparse and by now worn and not suitable for the journey. The only covering the boy had at night was a petticoat that Mary slipped to him after retiring into the wagon. This Henry caught with eager hands, then curled under the wagon and shivered through the night.

On one occasion, Henry, and a boy about his own age, became interested in some ripening yellow currants along the banks of the stream and lingered until the train had passed over a distant hill. Before they realized it they were breaking the camp regulations, but still they lingered to fill their caps with the precious fruit. Their caps filled at last they came to the summit of a swale in which the wagon road passed. To their horror, they saw three Indians on horseback. Many times Captain Chipman had warned them of the possibility of being taken by Indians, some were returned for ransom and some were never heard from again. It was therefore with terror that the two boys kept on slowly toward the Indians whose faces were immobile and gave forth no expression of friendliness. Henry approached not knowing what else to do and as he reached the head of one of the horses the Indian gave out a loud yell. The cap full of currants dropped to the ground as Henry made a wild dash to get by and did, whereupon there was a peal of laughter from the three Indians. The boys continued running until their proper place beside the wagon to which they were assigned had been reached.

In a few days the wagon train was approaching the first crossing of the Platte River, and that evening it was announced in camp that the crossing would be reached early the next morning. The temptation to be the first at the crossing was too much for Henry, and so, by dawn the next morning, he crept from his uncomfortable huddle in Mary's petticoat, and slipped silently toward the trail beside the river. Evidently the crossing was farther off than description had seemed to warrant, and so the lone boy trudged along the road hour after hour until nearly noon. At last a sudden right turn of the road dipped into the margin of the river which seemed immensely wide. The stream was divided with sandbars running lengthwise. The wagons were not yet in sight. Up the stream clumps of willows grew and as the sun was now burning hot, the boy thought of the grateful shade. He found a comfortable place and soon fell asleep. The shouting and the lunging of the wagons into the river awakened him. The last of the wagons was pulling up the opposite bank when Henry ran shouting at the top of his voice. Captain Chipman, who sat upon his horse on the opposite bank, saw the boy, and yelled over enquiring if he could swim. He was answered in the affirmative. "Come on then." Shuffling off his heavy clogs and his coat, with only shirt and pants left, Henry plunged through the first stream and then another, between



Mary Roberts Day

sandbars, until he came to the main stream which surged to the north side of the Platte. The boy plunged in again but was carried quickly down stream. Captain Chipman drove his horse into the water to where the boy was vainly struggling to reach the opposite bank. The Captain slipped his foot from the stirrup and bade Henry take hold of it while the horse swam down the river until a suitable landing place could be found. Captain Chipman held in his hands a light whip and as the boy let go of the stirrup to scamper up the bank, he evidently felt it not unjust to give Henry several sharp cuts across his pants, which stung sharply but no cry was uttered. Henry felt that he was well out of a

bad scrape. But now he was without shoes, hat or coat.

It was the season of the year when prickly pear plants had bloomed and the buds had ripened. These were quite sweet and were a

choice morsel for the youngsters of the train. The search for them took them through prickly pear growths and those who were bare-footed, suffered intensely from the contact with the spines. Henry was among those who suffered much. His feet, by now, through the effects of sand and heat had become black, hard, and cracked, through which cracks the blood sometimes oozed, and with the addition of contact with prickly pears, he was scarcely able to go on. It was Mary's self-imposed task before nightfall to pick out the spines, which task was often accompanied by tears falling upon the smarting feet. Above all things else this sister was noted for the quality of her tender sympathy, and it isn't every brother's feet that were moistened by the tears of a fond sister.

The scenery of the covered wagon train began to change as the mountains appeared. Sometimes night-drives had to be made to reach certain streams for the benefit of the trailing teams. These night-drives were a terror. It was bad enough to struggle through the day but to go on after dark was excessively wearing. The train cattle were stampeded by Indians at a noon encampment and something over a hundred were permanently lost to the train. After the Indian raid upon the cattle the team-power was considerably reduced and the distance covered per day was less. Also the ration of food was cut down in the prospects that the remaining part of the journey might be prolonged until it was inconveniently scanty. For several days all the food that could be depended upon amounted to the game secured by the hunters, but the game was pitifully scant. A company of relief wagons had been started from Salt Lake City eastward as soon as the catastrophe threatening the Chipman train was heard of and came in time to rescue the train from starvation.

Henry remembered the land marks of Chimney Rock, Independence Rock, and Fort Bridger. One day the train came to a Pony Express station that had been burned. Sticking out of the ruins were some men's feet and a pair of shoes, not burned. Henry took the shoes. It was the middle of October before the slow moving train moved out of Parley's Canyon. Captain Chipman decided to make an encampment out on the bench and then make an early morning drive into the long sought end of the journey. In the morning all were up with the first streak of dawn and in great haste made preparations for the journey. The entrance proved to be via Third South then, and long afterwards it was known as Emigration Street. It is now called Broadway. When Captain Chipman's ox team swung around the corner of Third South into Main Street, Henry found himself at the head of the lead yoke in that team, walking up the principal street of the city, the rest of the train following. Here the people had turned out to welcome the weary emigrants.

Along the road, perhaps half-way from the mouth of Parley's Canyon to the city, Henry, as he strode on ahead of Captain Chipman's team, saw a brightly dressed and charming little girl who

approached him in the middle of the street. It was a strange meeting, these two. Henry's hair had grown out somewhat, but three month's journey over the plain and through the mountains without hat or coat or shoes for most of the way, had wrought havoc with his appearance. His hair stuck out in all directions, the freckles seemed deeper and more plentiful, and his features less attractive than when the journey began. Shirt and trowsers barely clung to his sturdy form but his blackened and cracked feet were now covered with the shoes he had taken from the dead man at the burned station. These he was wearing in compliment of his entrance into Zion. His face had been carefully washed that morning but try as he would the shock of hair was unmanageable, and so, no wonder, the dainty little lady was somewhat timid in approaching him. She had on her arm a basket of luscious fruit, peaches, plums and grapes. These she extended to the "ugly duckling" of a boy from the plains. He gathered some of the peaches and then wondered how he could get this fruit, so wonderful, back to Mary and at the same time retain his place in the march up Main Street. He finally turned back as best he could to the wagon where Mary was concealed, because of being a little ashamed of her appearance, and climbing upon the tongue of the wagon, he called his sister and handed to her the fruit; then scrambled back to the ground and ran for his place at the head of the train. He then marched proudly on until the head of Main Street was reached.

This, then was the old tithing office behind the high cobble rock wall with its bold round bastion. The company then proceeded through a crude gateway out of the west side of the block leading into the stock corral belonging to President Young, where most of the wagons of the trains were driven and placed under the many straw covered sheds. By and by there were numerous meetings in various groups of people, friends of the emigrants, parents and sweethearts, and, perhaps in some instances, wives of the teamsters that had returned.

Mary and Henry had no part in this excitement and joy, for no one was there to meet them. Mary remained concealed in the wagon and Henry, lonesome and heartsick, sat upon the tongue of Captain Chipman's wagon, his chin in his hands and elbows upon his knees, thinking Zion was not much after all, if this was all of it. A spirit of sadness, if not forlornness, settled upon the boy. Presently, however, approaching from the west gate he saw a woman in a red and white plaid shawl, slowly moving among the hillocks of fertilizer that had been raked from the sheds. She seemed to be daintily picking her way and there was something in the movement of her head as she looked to the right and to the left that seemed to the boy familiar. The woman was moving in the direction of Henry and the closer she came the stronger the conviction grew upon him that there was his mother. He would have known her anywhere from the dainty cleanliness of everything about her. He stood until she came

nearly parallel to where he sat; then sliding off the tongue of the wagon, he took a few steps which brought him near her and plucking her gown he said, "Hey, Muther." She looked down at him and answered: "Is this you Henry, where is Mary?" Mary was still in the wagon and the lad led his mother to where she was hiding. When mother and daughter met there was a flood of tears on both sides. At last Henry joined them making a trio of the reunited family. It seemed difficult for the mother to realize that these at last were her children after more than four years of separation, but once in awhile a smile would break through the tears and she seemed to be supremely happy. John K. Crosby, a neighbor, had driven Ann from Bountiful to the city to meet her children and bring them back.

There was one thing remembered in this reunion and that was on the part of Henry. He felt that he had arrived, that he belonged to somebody, that somebody had an interest in him and these were the thoughts that reveled in his mind as he sat in the wagon on the drive to Bountiful. He had heard incidentally that his mother owned her house and that, of course for the English people who among the poorer classes were all renters, meant a great deal to Henry. Now he was going to his mother's home—her own house. As the wagon drew near Bountiful, its clear-cut New England style meetinghouse with a tower on it, seemed to loom large among the houses surrounding it and before getting to it Henry wondered if this could be his mother's home. When the wagon passed going eastward, he was sadly disappointed. Two blocks beyond it they stopped at a small log house with a dirt roof, and soon Mr. Crosby drove away. Henry and Mary had come home.

During the years Brigham Henry Roberts became Utah's beloved churchman, civic leader and able historian. His death, September 27, 1933, brought to a close one of the most colorful careers in the history of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. His pen, with inspired skill, portrayed the doctrines of the restored gospel in plainness and with uncompromising courage. But above all he was a humble man whom so many called friend.

—*Josie R. Naylor, Georgia R. Mowry.*

### INGEBORG

Arrangements were now completed for the long trek across the plains in the company of *Captain Matthias Cowley* which left Iowa City, Iowa on June 15, 1857. Certainly this was going to be another new experience for this young woman, *Ingeborg Maria Jensen*. Not long ago she had arrived from Norway on the ship *John J. Boyd* which left Liverpool, England, December 15, 1855 and landed in New York February 15, 1856. From New York she had gone to St. Louis where she decided to find employment. She lived with a Latter-day Saint family named Norris and when the family contracted smallpox, she also became seriously ill. She finally recovered and

during the next year visited with the Saints and sewed for them, thus making enough money to pay her expenses to Salt Lake City.

Ingeborg was born in the city of Risor, Norway on January 13, 1825. Her parents were Jens Thorsen and Johanna Marie Olsen. When she was about fourteen years of age she was injured while working in the field, carrying hay on her back to the barn. A hip disease developed and for an entire year she was in the hospital. An attempt was made to stop the progress of the disease by searing the flesh many times. For a long time she was an invalid and during the time of her convalescence took in sewing.

She was about twenty years of age when the first Mormon missionaries preached the Gospel to the people of Risor, and when Ingeborg heard their message she was immediately impressed. She was baptized June 13, 1852 by John A. Amundson. Her family were heart-broken when she accepted the gospel and decided to come to Utah. Sorrow filled their home because Ingeborg left never to return.

In spite of Ingeborg's lameness she walked across the plains. The company arrived September 13, 1857 in Salt Lake City where she found employment in the home of Daniel H. Wells. In Norway, she had become acquainted with Eric G. M. Hogan, a Mormon missionary. Perhaps a romance had already begun there. Now that she was in Utah it developed into a proposal for her hand and they were married February 7, 1858. She was a plural wife. Eric took her to the present site of South Bountiful where he established a home. Soon he built a new log house which was furnished with a little iron stove that burned wood, a crude poster bed, table, chairs and a few other necessities. There was also a spinning wheel. This frontier life was indeed a new experience for this Norwegian girl. As years went by it was her misfortune not to have children, however, she took a personal interest in the five children born to another of her husband's wives, a Swedish girl named Hannah Wilson, who lived with her. Since Hannah was an expert weaver, a loom was built for her, and Ingeborg took care of the children and the home, while Hannah did the weaving. During the summer Ingeborg took the children to Silver Creek, in the vicinity of Park City, where, with several other families, dairy cattle were cared for and cheese and butter were made.

In June, 1876, Eric died. Then again, in 1878, tragedy came to the home when the five children were stricken with diphtheria and three died. But the two women and the two boys, Hytum and Charles, carried on. Ingeborg was the only woman left in South Bountiful when Johnston's Army was expected to enter Salt Lake City and the pioneers moved south.

At the time of her death the ground was covered with deep snow. The next day great gusts of wind swept the snow from the mountains across the valley and it was not long before the streets were closed. The day of the funeral was bitterly cold and so was the church. Her body was taken to the cemetery in a bob sleigh and the family followed

in other sleighs. She passed away on her ninety-second birthday, January 13, 1917.

Ingeborg possessed a large framed body and her features were rather large. Her kindly eyes were blue and her smile unforgettable. Her dark hair was streaked with gray and always done the same, parted in the middle, pulled rather severely back and braided in two strands that were laid across the back of her head like an oval braided rug. She loved attractive calicos and usually wore a dress made of this material, having a black background with tiny figures. The waist was a fitted bodice with full sleeves gathered at the wrists, the band fastened with a hook and eye. The skirt, too, was gathered to give room for the crippled hip. An attractive apron made of tiny blue and white checked gingham protected the dress. Sometimes she used a cane, but after being confined to her home, she made her way about the house by means of chairs. Great power developed in her hands and arms because of the weight of her body that was placed on them. Often she would say as she lifted her arms upward, "I am thankful for my good arms." The foregoing remark was typical of Aunt Ingeborg who was courageous, generous, thankful, faithful, and above all, loving.—*Edith H. Terry*

#### MILDRED ELIZA JOHNSON RANDALL

It was in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley in Virginia that Mildred Eliza Johnson was born on July 5, 1827. She was the eldest of a family of seven children born to Francis and Mary Jane Hall Johnson.

Mildred's father, Francis, was a teacher of some importance in the community and early in life she exhibited a decided preference for a scholastic education as she was not particularly interested in housework. Being a fine needlewoman, she often traded home jobs with her sisters.

She had attended school in the home neighborhood where she was considered a very apt scholar and at her father's death, the administrator of the estate, upon her request, gave her her portion in cash. With the money received as her inheritance she paid her tuition at the Augusta Female Seminary at Stanton, Va. and although she did not complete her course at this institution, was able to secure a school in Eastern Virginia, where she made a name for herself as a very efficient teacher.

After several years teaching in her home state, she decided to visit her brother, Cicero, and his family, who had gone out west and located at Council Bluffs, Iowa. While visiting at this place, she met a number of the members of the Latter-day Saints Church, one of whom was Wm. H. Folsom. He ably explained the doctrines of the church to her and she was convinced of their truthfulness and decided that she was ready for baptism into the new faith. Wm. H. Folsom had the privilege of baptizing her on May 22, 1859 at Council



Bluffs and very shortly afterward, she was numbered among a group of Saints who were ready to make their pilgrimage to the Rocky Mountains.

The following is a copy of one of her letters.

"City Bountiful, Davis Co., Ut.

Sept. 18, 1859

My Dearest Sister,

It has been a long time since I've heard from you, but a still longer time since I have written, so I will write you this beautiful evening.

You, no doubt, have heard, ere this, that I have united with God's chosen people, called Mormons, or Latter-day Saints. I wrote to Mother the day before I left Council Bluffs to cross the wide and barren plains of Nebraska to Utah.

Well I must tell you something about our journey of about 1100 miles across the plains. We left Florence on the Missouri River, Nebraska on the 13th of June with some 50 odd wagons and upwards of 300 persons. Some wagons joined us on the way so that the whole number was 69 and 387 people, a pretty good company. Capt. James Brown of Ogden City, Utah had the command of it and a better man there never was. I cooked for him and his brother and myself all the way. I slept with one of William Steele's daughters. I had, take it altogether, a pleasant trip, though sometimes I got very tired, had to walk about half the way. A great many of the women walked all the way, and felt as well as if they had not walked any. For hundreds of miles we had to travel over sandy roads and sand hills, with a burning sun over our heads and burning sands beneath our feet and no wood at all for weeks, nothing but Buffalo chips to cook with and we got along finely, and I never had better health. We had ice and frost among the Rocky Mountains on the 8th of August and there is snow on the tops of them all the year through.

In passing through some of the Kanyons in the Mountains we found bushels of wild currants, service berries, and chokecherries. They were just ripe and we feasted on them. Some of the Kanyons are so narrow that only one wagon can pass at a time. I have rambled over the sides of these steep mountains for miles gathering berries, and what a pleasant time we had with the other girls.

On the evening of the 29th of August, we arrived in Great Salt Lake City. As we marched up the beautiful streets to Union Square where we camped, the citizens came out to meet us and welcome us home. After we had camped and put our cattle away and had them fed, the people brought wagon loads of fresh provisions and vegetables to us. It was quite a treat, for we had lived on bread and bacon and coffee so long. Such hospitality I have never seen among any people. O, Mary, I do wish that you and all were here with me in my mountain home. What a beautiful place Salt Lake

Valley is. I feel so happy here, and why do I feel happy? Because I am living in obedience to the command of my Heavenly Father. I am now living about 10 miles north of Great Salt Lake City in a place called City Bountiful. It is quite a pleasant country town. The Saints here are industrious, contented, and happy. I expect to get into some business in Great Salt Lake City this winter, teaching perhaps.

Please write me as soon as you get this. Tell all to write. Direct yours to Great Salt Lake City, Utah Territory.

From your affectionate sister,  
Mildred."

Upon her arrival in the valley, she obtained employment in the home of John Taylor but she did not remain long there. In Sept. of 1859 she went to live with the family of Alfred Randall at Bountiful and on May 30th, 1860 she became his wife. Later they moved to Salt Lake City and she obtained a position as a school teacher in the 17th Ward. Her husband provided her a home on 1st North Street at the head of West Temple street. She was the mother of two sons, Francis and Eli Bradley who both died as children.

On May 15, 1865, she and her husband were set apart by Pres. Brigham Young and Elders Heber C. Kimball, Geo. A. Smith and Geo. Q. Cannon to perform missionary services in the Sandwich Islands. He, to act as manager of the Church Plantation and she to teach school. Prior to leaving for her mission, she sold her home to procure the money to defray her missionary expenses and gave her furniture to her friends. These notes from Journal History of the Church:

"Feb 15, 1866—Sister Randall is teaching two schools, one for foreign children and one for native children."

"April 28, 1866—The Laie School, under the care of Sister Randall, is flourishing and children are making considerable progress."

Upon her return to Utah, she resumed school teaching and a little later took charge of Brigham Young's private school on his own property at Eagle Gate. Sometime during 1872 she left for her second mission to the Sandwich Islands, where she was employed as a school teacher, this time borrowing the money to pay her expenses.

After returning from her second mission, she conducted schools in all parts of Salt Lake City, also taught night school in her home. She was extremely independent and refused to accept help from anyone as long as she was able to earn anything at all. She lived to be 86, her death occurring at a local Salt Lake Hospital on May 19, 1913.

Report of her funeral service in the Deseret News, May 20, 1913:

"Impressive services were held at noon today in the 18th Ward Chapel over the remains of Mildred E. Randall in whose death, the community lost one of the most active and best loved of the state's pioneer women. Prominent among those present to pay their respects were: Pres. Joseph F. Smith, several members of the Young, Whitney, Clawson, Wells and Kimball families. Many of them attended her schools in the early days and remember Mrs. Randall as their teacher, whose gentle yet firm manner and high standard marked her as a Latter-day Saint indeed."—*Edith H. Terry*

### A YOUNG GIRL'S COURAGE

My grandmother, *Margaret Webster Esplin*, crossed the plains alone at the age of sixteen. I remember her well as I was sixteen years old when she died. She had coal black hair, piercing black eyes and a genial smile. She used to come to see us when we lived on a farm below the town of Orderville, Kane County, Utah and we had to talk real loud as she had lost most of her hearing during a siege of measles when a child.

Grandmother was born in St. Helena, Lancashire, England on December 2, 1836, the daughter of Henry and Ann Rigby Webster. She was the eighth child in a family of fifteen. All of the family joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in England, Margaret being baptized 21 March 1848 at the age of 11 years. She, with her parents, ten brothers and sisters—four having died in England—crossed the ocean on the ship *Josiah Bradley*, one of the vessels chartered by the Church to take care of the emigration. This ship sailed from Liverpool 18 February 1850, and after eight weeks docked at New Orleans April the 18th. The family sailed up the Mississippi to St. Louis and then traveled to Council Bluffs, Iowa. Here the father died of cholera in December, 1850.

The mother and children stayed in Winter Quarters until 1852. During this time Rachel, 18 years of age, and Henry Edward, 14 years old, died. Preparations were going ahead to make the journey to Utah. Margaret, age 16, was working for the family of David Dixon who wanted her to accompany him across the plains. Mr. Dixon told her he would get her mother's consent and duly informed her that she had given her permission for Margaret to go on ahead of the family. Later she found this to be untrue.

After their arrival in the valley with a company of 1852, Mr. Dixon decided to go on to California and asked Margaret to become his wife. She refused and found work with a family living in Mill Creek where she stayed the winter. In the spring she went to American Fork and in the fall returned to Salt Lake City. Her mother, brothers and sisters, who came in the *Uriah Curtis* company, arrived in the valley October 1, 1852, and immediately began searching for Margaret. They had a notice given out in conference asking for information regarding her whereabouts. Strangely enough Margaret was in the

meeting but did not hear what was said concerning her. A short time later she met one of her brothers on the street and soon was reunited with her family in Big Cottonwood.

During the time Margaret had been living with other families she had received several offers of plural marriage but she refused all of them, saying, she was going to marry the first single man she met. This proved to be John Esplin, a young convert from Scotland who had also come alone, he being the only member of his family to join the Mormon faith. This young couple helped to settle Nephi, then moved to the Muddy Mission and from there went to Long Valley where they lived twelve years in the United Order. They were the parents of thirteen children. Margaret died at Orderville, Utah, February 18, 1908 at the age of 72 years.—*Hattie Esplin*

### TRUE TO THE FAITH

*Elizabeth Ratz* was born the 20th of April, 1834, at Berne, Switzerland, the daughter of Hans or John and Anna Barbara Dusher Ratz. Her father died when she was three weeks old, leaving his widow to support four children, three boys and one girl. After a time the mother remarried and the stepfather was unkind to the children. When Elizabeth was eighteen years of age she was driven from home by her stepfather, who, among other things, was very angry because she had made herself a pair of shoes to go to Sunday School at the Lutheran Church. She saw her mother only once after that. Elizabeth then went to live with her god-mother who worked in a flour mill. She stayed there three or four years being employed in the same place, but since the wages were so small she decided to take up dressmaking. About this time her two eldest brothers, who were now married, and her step-brother contracted typhoid fever and died. It took all her savings to pay for the funeral of her brothers.

By this time she had advanced to the button-hole department where she was overseer of a group of girls. One day an old lady came into the building seeking shelter from a storm. She asked Elizabeth if she believed in fortunes and to gratify her, Elizabeth let the woman tell it. She said that Elizabeth would join a new religious group and that she would travel great distances over land and sea; also that while on land she would meet her future husband sitting on a wagon tongue.

When Elizabeth was twenty-five years of age she heard the Gospel of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and in December, 1859, was baptized by Elder Jacob Keller. In June, 1860, she came to America bringing with her a five year old girl, *Louise*, the child of her dead brother, Christian. The company arrived at Castle Garden in August of that year. Elizabeth hired an old couple to take care of *Louise* and found work.

The following spring, April, 1861, she went to Florence, Nebraska where she joined *J. S. Young's* company. Elizabeth walked nearly all

the way ofttimes carrying the little girl on her back. One night after they had made camp the company learned that an outgoing train was situated on the other side of the ridge. Being anxious to hear news of friends and relatives, Elizabeth, and a group of other young girls, went over to visit them. On arriving at the camp Elizabeth noticed a man sitting on a wagon tongue.

On September 23rd the company entered Salt Lake City and Elizabeth found work in the Hamilton Park home. Not long after she met Alexander Cowan, the man she saw on the wagon tongue and they were married. She was his third wife. The next fall they moved to Payson where Alex made adobes for their first home. She was a hard working woman and soon learned all the tasks expected of pioneer homemakers. She raised silk worms and when she had a quantity of cocoons she sent them to Salt Lake. Mrs. Grace Wignall made her a beautiful dress from the silk.

Elizabeth was an ardent Church worker and served as a Relief Society teacher until she lost her eyesight. She also served on the burial committee. She was the mother of six children, three boys and three girls. On the 8th of May, 1924, she passed away being then ninety years of age. She was laid to rest in the Payson cemetery beside her husband who had preceded her in death twenty-five years.

#### ANN WILD CLEMENS

*Ann Wild* was born 28 August 1817 at Carlton, Yorkshire, England, the daughter of James and Mary Wild. She married William Clemens and their first child, Mary Ann, was born at Doncaster, Yorkshire, England 5 July 1841. William was a scissors grinder by profession. The branch records of Doncaster states that William was baptized in 1841 by George Yardley and Ann was baptized in 1842 by Edwin Senior.

William and Ann emigrated to America from Liverpool, England 1 January 1844. They came to New Orleans and up the Mississippi River to St. Louis where they lived until 1850. Both were signers of the charter of St. Louis. They opened a store and being diligent people were better prepared for the journey westward than many of the pioneers. Two more sons had been added to the family, William George, born December 26, 1847, in St. Louis and James Hyrum, born December 24, 1849, also born in St. Louis. The Clemens family were part of the company formed by Orson Hyde two miles from the ferry above Bethlehem with *Warren Foote* as captain. They traveled the long road across the plains, the same trail the Saints had been traveling for three years, along the Platte River for the sake of grass for the stock, timber for fires, fish in the streams and then, on August 7, 1850, Ann was left alone with her children to care for. Captain Foote wrote in his diary:

"We started this morning one-mile east of the bend in the road near Dead Timber Creek. As the first ten reached the deep ravine

a stampede took place in the fifth and tenth as they were coming into line on the road. The teams that were running providentially stopped, or who can tell the awful scene that would have taken place in that deep ravine, for every wagon would have been at the bottom of it. Poor Brother Clemens lost his life endeavoring to stop the wagons. He was knocked down by a team that trod on his body and a heavy wagon passed over his bowels. He lived until toward evening. August 8th, the company stopped over one day to bury the dead and clean up after the accident."

Ann came on with her family arriving in Salt Lake, September 26th, fifty days after her husband was laid to rest on the plains of Nebraska. Her baby was then only nine months old. Shortly after her arrival Ann married again and two more children were born to her. Her husband was drowned in the Missouri River while helping to bring emigrants to Utah. In 1852 she was sealed to William with Alexander Neibaur as proxy in President Young's office. She used her first husband's name and all five of her children are called Clemens.

Ann was one of the first settlers of Santaquin and lived there until 1880. Her son George's first wife, Eliza Maxham, died leaving two little girls and Ann took care of them. When he married a sister of Eliza, Jane Maxham, they took the children with their own little son to Arizona. Ann became so lonesome for the children that she went to Arizona. They settled in central Arizona and here about fifteen years later, my mother, the little two year old Eliza whom Grandma Clemens had cared for, married John Rowley. It was here I grew up and as a child can remember Grandma Clemens; small, immaculate, and quick. The sound of wind blowing through a screen door reminds me of her house; the smell of pickled onions reminds me of her cupboard and a tamarack bush makes me think of her yard.

In 1898 George moved again into Sonora, Mexico. He had gone there earlier with Apostle Heber J. Grant to open up the Yaqui Indian Mission and decided to bring his family there, but Grandma Clemens did not feel like pioneering again, so she stayed in Arizona a little while then moved back to Santaquin where two of her children lived.

In 1949 I went back to Central Arizona and visited the house where she had lived. It had been remodeled and built on to and didn't look the same but the great old cottonwood tree on the corner of the lot was still there. It was a good sized tree when I saw it last in 1898, but now it was the biggest tree in the valley. We stayed in her house that night. I couldn't sleep for thinking of Ann Wild Clemens who had "come alone" and the stories she used to tell about her acquaintance with the Prophet Joseph Smith and her friendship and dealings with President Brigham Young.

One time in Santaquin, after she had come back from Arizona, (she was past 80 years old) the ward was holding a 24th of July

program and they asked her to speak. A buggy all decorated in red, white and blue was sent to bring her to the celebration. When she saw it she exclaimed, "Oh, go fetch some of the old ladies, I can walk." And she did, four blocks. She also spoke thirty minutes. Ann lived with her children until 1908 when she died in Santaquin and was buried there, aged 91.—*Mary R. Stevens*

### MARY JANE AND MARGARET

On May 15, 1842, in Carlisle, Cumberland, England, a little daughter came to bless the home of *John and Elizabeth Freeland Barker Threlkeld*. She was named Mary Jane and was the second child in a family of eight. Mary's parents provided a gracious home life for their children. She was a talented singer and accomplished seamstress even as a young girl. When Mary was still young the Mormon Elders called at the Threlkeld home, gave their message and converted the family to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. In 1860 John and Elizabeth and their family left England for America to gather with the Saints in Zion. They had traveled as far as Florence, Nebraska when John discovered that the man they had trusted with their money, supplies and equipment had cheated them of nearly everything they had invested. Being a man of considerable means John was angry and utterly dismayed. He decided to take his family back to England fearing that here in the west he would be at the mercy of unscrupulous men. The two older daughters *Margaret and Mary Jane*, loved the Gospel and had great faith. They did not want to turn back so they hid until after their parents had departed. The girls never saw their father and mother again.

In August, 1860, Margaret and Mary Jane with little of this world's goods and alone, started for Utah with the *Francis Brown* company. Mary Jane had but one pair of shoes and these she carried in her apron so that she would have them when she reached Zion. The sisters comforted each other and were deeply grateful to those who were kind to them on the long, hard journey across the plains. Patrick Carroll and his good wife, Margaret, were particularly kind and their daughter, Euphemia, proved a devoted friend throughout the years.

As the company reached the Sweetwater they were met by a group of men sent out from Salt Lake City to help guide them into the valley. In the group was a rather tall, handsome young man from Sherrington, England, *Henry Coleman*. He had come to America in the year 1850 alone. He was faithful to the Gospel and was working hard to help his parents come to Zion. He and Mary Jane fell deeply in love with each other. Henry lived in Big Cottonwood with the Samuel McClaridge family. Upon her arrival in Utah, Mary Jane was invited to live with William and Elizabeth Howard. Margaret had met Joel Johnson while crossing the plains. They were married soon after arriving in Utah and shortly after left for the southern

part of the territory to make their home. Grandmother Mary Jane often said, "Margaret might just as well have gone back to England as much as I got to see or hear from her after that."

Henry and Mary Jane were married November 30, 1860, by Bishop Brinton at the home of William and Elizabeth Howard. Henry was a resourceful man. He helped to haul stone for the Salt Lake Temple; he assisted in making roads and canals, and was a lumberman by trade. While living in Big Cottonwood they became the parents of three children: Elizabeth Barker, Henry Threlkeld and Lucretia Howard.

In 1865 Henry bought a farm and sawmill in Provo Valley at Midway, known then as the Upper and Lower Settlements. He moved his family in the spring of 1866 to the Upper Settlement near Pine Canyon. On Christmas Day 1867, Henry Coleman died of brain fever at the age of thirty-one. Seven and one-half months after his death another child, Margaret Euphemia, was born. Grandmother courageously carried on, renting her farm and sawmill and opening a little shop and millinery store. Later when the two settlements came together for protection against the Indians, she moved into town.

After being a widow for five years, she married Joseph McCarrell, a widower with seven children. To this union were born five children, Heber John, who died in infancy; Catherine Alice, Hester Lenore, Joseph Ernest and George Thomas. In order to retain the dignity of an independent home and help care for so many children, Mary Jane took in sewing. She was an accomplished dressmaker, and milliner. She taught her children to help with the sewing and they, in turn, became competent in their own right. She had charge of making burial clothes in that community for many years and served as First Counselor in the Relief Society. How often we heard Grandmother say "willful waste makes woeful want. Don't throw your crusts away." Her husband, Joseph McCarrell, died in Midway, Utah, November 26, 1896. Mary Jane passed away January 26, 1916 in Heber City, Utah at the age of seventy-four. She was buried by the side of her first husband, Henry Coleman, in the Midway cemetery.

—*Merle Coleman Madsen-Letbe Coleman Tatge*

#### ELSIE AND SENA

*Elsie Marie Christensen Jensen Larson* was born in Uland, Denmark, February 24, 1832. She was the daughter of Fredrick and Anna Marie Christensen. There were three other children, Katrina, James and Andreas. Little is known of the family except that they were good sturdy folks on intimate terms with hard labor. The Christensen home was visited by Mormon Elders and as a result the house was divided against itself. The father joined the Church leaving his wife and family to go to Utah.

Elsie Marie married Neils Jensen and to them a daughter, *Jensena (Sena)* was born April 10, 1853. Elsie also joined the Church.



Her husband declined any affiliation with the Mormons and refused to help her in her desire to go to Utah, so she received help from the Perpetual Emigrating Fund. Elsie and her eight year old daughter with other converts sailed for America. Measles broke out on board ship and many children died and were buried at sea.

The company arrived at Florence, Nebraska in 1862 and immediately made preparations for the journey west. Elsie and Sena packed their things wherever there was room in the wagon. They started out in Captain Weber's company. Upon their arrival in Salt Lake City they made plans to go to Ephraim where Elsie's father had established a home. They were going to live with him. Family relationships were never continued with the members of the family left in Denmark. As time went on both father and daughter married. Elsie married John Larson. They were soon called to help with the colonization of Glenwood, Sevier county and here their first home was a dugout, the same as the stables and chicken coops. Indian troubles became so serious they had to move back to Ephraim.

Because of some misrepresentations by a few people John Larson decided to leave and go back east. He was very anxious for Elsie and Sena to accompany him but Elsie's faith in the Church had brought her to Utah and a greater faith kept her from leaving. John left Elsie his home and a little property and it was now her responsibility to keep up a home for her daughter.

Elsie was an expert at preparing and curing meat and she performed this service for her neighbors, receiving meat for her own use in return. Mother and daughter gleaned in the fields and milled their own flour. Elsie washed, carded and spun wool. Later she acquired a loom and did a great deal of weaving. She was known for her cooking and knitting. Elsie was a true exponent of the proverb "She looketh well to the ways of her household and eateth not the bread of idleness."

Sena did housework for fifty cents a week. Her mother taught her to spin and she found that she could contribute more to their small budget by her spinning. Sena went to Salt Lake City to work for Feramorz Little when she was sixteen years of age. She remained almost a year, leaving to marry Bent Rasmussen, a pioneer boy who came to Utah from Denmark with his parents in 1856.

When Elsie's father passed away she took care of her stepmother for the remainder of her life. Sena and her husband now had a home and small farm of their own and Elsie went to live with them. The Rasmussen home was its own manufacturing center. All their clothing was made at home. They made and sold butter and cheese. Being an expert in this enterprise, a happy, wholesome relationship existed between Elsie, her daughter, son-in-law and grandchildren.

Elsie was small in stature. Her madonna-like face radiated with kindness. She was a woman of rare patience who knew how to comfort and encourage everyone. The service she rendered her neighbors and grandchildren can never be measured. In her declining years

arthritis crippled her hands, but she continued to knit. She was quite unhappy if her grandchildren, neighbors or friends were unable to supply the yarn. She passed away March 7, 1917 shortly after her eighty-fifth birthday.—*Erma Nielson Van Natta*

### HARRIET'S STORY

*Harriet Temperance Utley Carter* tells her story: I was born July 11, 1835 in Perry, Alabama. My father was *Samuel Utley* and my mother *Maria Berry Utley*. We all belonged to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. In the spring of 1847 we left our home, took a boat on the Mississippi River and went to Council Bluffs and, with other Saints, went to Winter Quarters on the west bank of the Missouri River. This was a beautiful place. Seven hundred log cabins and one hundred and fifty dugouts were built that Fall and Winter, and some of the people had to live in their wagons. President Young had a flour mill built on the banks of the river.

There was lots of snow and a very cold winter. There was an epidemic of black measles. We lived in a log cabin and father taught school. My little brother, Henry, contracted the measles. He was seven years old, I was twelve and I helped mother and daddy take care of him. He was very sick for three weeks. He died just before Christmas, then my older brother, James fourteen years old took sick. He was sick only a short time when he died, I felt so bad and cried so much I could hardly help mother. My sister Sarah, sixteen years old was very sick all the time James was and she died a few days after he was buried. How terrible it was, so cold and damp. Then my younger brother Jacob, nine years old, was sick only a few days and died. Mother was sick before my sister died but she kept up and helped take care of the children. It seemed like every family around us was having the same kind of trouble. We couldn't get help and there were very few doctors. They seemed helpless with such a terrible epidemic.

My dear mother died just six weeks after my first little brother died. I wanted to go with my mother. I didn't know how I could live without her, but I suppose I had to stay to take care of my baby brother *Gabriel*, three years old, and help my daddy. He was so sad and discouraged. He taught school there until 1852, when he decided to start west for Utah. We traveled about two weeks and camped on the banks of the Platte River in Nebraska. There were many people camped there and many were sick with cholera.

Father contracted the disease and when he was very bad, I got in bed with him and said if he had to die I wanted to die, too. He died and was buried there. The people burned all our clothes and bedding. We came from Nebraska with one of the companies.

When we arrived in Salt Lake valley Brother Samuel Turnbow took us to his place and gave us a good home. We lived with them until I was eighteen years old and was married to William Carter

November 29, 1853. My husband was the William Carter who came with the first company of Brigham Young into the valley. He drove one of Brigham Young's teams and after entering the valley plowed the first half acre of ground. I had eight children.

I was at the dedication of the St. George Temple, also at the dedication of the Salt Lake Temple. In 1857, my husband was called to go on a mission to Quebec, Canada and in 1861, he was called by President Young to go to Dixie. We went through all the hardships of pioneer days. We had to card wool and spin it and weave our own clothes. When they started the silk industry in St. George I tried to do my part to make it a success. I raised enough silk and reeled it to make me a dress.

My husband died in 1896 and was buried in St. George. My baby brother Gabriel married and lived in Sevier County where he raised a large family of fifteen children, several of whom have been bishops in the Church. My son's wife died when I was sixty years old leaving eight children, the baby only two months old. I went into this home and raised those children. Two of my daughters married and lived in Canada. I have been there three times.

Grace Pixton McEwan, granddaughter of Harriet Temperance Utey Carter, writes that her grandmother had just celebrated her ninetieth birthday when she passed away. Mrs. McEwan had the privilege of going to Winter Quarters, now Florence, Nebraska with President Grant and about two hundred Church members from Salt Lake to attend the dedication services for the monument erected in the cemetery at that place honoring the thousands who were buried there and on the plains. Mrs. McEwan was given the privilege, with a few others, of unveiling the monument to the valiant band of immigrants who died en route to the valley of the Great Salt Lake.

#### ANNE SHILL BIRD

Tiny in stature, but great in heart was "Granny" Bird. Although she had undergone many trials and great hardships in her own life, she was always cheerful and ready to give encouragement and help to others. Everyone loved her, young and old. Anne Shill Bird was born January 21, 1823, at Syde, Gloucestershire, England. Her father was Robert Chappell Shill and her mother was Prudence Golding. She was one of a family of twelve. When the Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints came to England preaching the Gospel to the people, many accepted and were baptized. Among them were Anne Shill and her family: her father, mother,



sisters and brothers. Anne joined the Church on February 6, 1848, at Caudle Green. She was baptized and confirmed by John Johnson.

When Anne was 27 years old she met and fell in love with Andrew Bird, son of Richard and Phoebe Norton Bird. They were married December 8, 1850 at the Parish Church in the Parish of Syde in the county of Gloucester. Witnesses at the wedding were Charles Richins and Louisa Shill. Louisa was a sister of Anne and it is worthy to mention that she later married Charles Richins and came to America.

Anne was very desirous of sharing the blessings and joy that come from the Gospel with her "in-laws" and her husband. Andrew's brother, Alfred, joined the Church in 1849 and his mother joined in 1850. A sister, Meriah, joined on the 16th of April, 1855. May 25, 1851 a baby daughter was born to Andrew and Anne. They named her Elizabeth. In 1853, on the 13th of August, another daughter was born to them, and they named her Ann.

During these years, the Elders had held many meetings with the Bird family, and after much study Andrew became converted to the Gospel. On February 20, 1853 at Caudle Green he was baptized by George Humphries. Andrew became quite active in the Church.

On September 29, 1855, Phebe was born. On January 21, 1859 another daughter, Mary Marie was added to the family. Hiram was born June 7, 1861 and Mary Louisa, September 27, 1864. Tragedy struck the family the following year when on September 8, 1865 Phebe was taken ill with diphtheria and died at the age of ten years. A week later Elizabeth died of the same disease. Ann, too, fell a prey to this scourge and her life was despaired of, but through the faith and prayers of her family she was made well again.

One day Andrew was walking past a church which was being built when he saw a group of boys pull some pegs from under a scaffold. A few minutes later a man started to get onto the scaffold. Andrew called to him and told him of his danger. The man was a minister and was so grateful to Andrew that he gave him a Bible on the first page of which was written, "Presented to Andrew Bird by Thomas Wolstencroft, Rector of Syde, Gloucester church in grateful remembrance of the kind manner in which he pointed out the great danger to which I was exposed when removing a portion of the scaffolding of the new Rectory, November 28, 1866."

The Bird family was very kind to the Mormon Elders and they were welcomed into their home at any time. One Elder in particular seemed to be their favorite; he was Elder Charles W. Penrose. They confided in him and he helped them in many ways. He often stayed with them for a week at a time. To converts who are active, a desire seems to grow in their hearts. This desire is the Spirit of Gathering into one great body, to be with the Saints in the Rocky Mountains. This was the desire of the Birds. They received a setback when the father's health failed and they had to rely on the support of the community.

Finally George Shill, brother of Anne, sent sufficient money to bring them across the water. On the 20th of June, 1868 they set sail on the *Emerald Isle* for America. Captain Gillespie was in charge of the boat which was crowded to the fullest capacity. At this time Andrew was 39 years of age, Anne, 45 years; Ann, 15 years; Mary, 9 years; Hiram, 7 years; and Emma, 4 years. Also on the boat were Richard Shill, 58 and his wife Phoebe, 53. Richard was a brother of Anne. George Beard who later resided in Coalville, Utah, and a friend, Mr. Kimber were also on the boat. Due to the crowded quarters most of the family was sick during the crossing. The boat had to rely on the wind to sail it, and many times the winds were contrary so that they were driven back over the same course they had already traveled. Water became scarce, and sea water was used for domestic purposes. Richard who was by trade an expert glass blower, died on the way over and was buried at sea. They finally reached New York harbor in September, 1868.

Upon landing, they were taken through the Customs and Emigration office. All the family, except Andrew, were taken to the hospital on Ellis Island. They were not given very good care while in this institution and almost starved to death. They also suffered from Cholera Morbus. They had been at the institution two weeks when the baby, Emma Louisa, age four, passed from this earthly existence on her birthday.

One day Mr. Kimber, the friend who accompanied them across the ocean, visited them. He brought and gave to Anne Bird a watch, chain, knife and a few articles. She exclaimed, turning pale, "Why, these are Drew's. Where is he?" "The Lord will care for the homeless and the widowed," said Mr. Kimber, looking at her with tears in his eyes. He then related this story: As soon as Andrew saw his wife and children placed in the hospital, he went to an office where he was supposed to receive some money to help them across the plains. When he inquired for his money, the clerk informed him there was none for him. Fearful and heartbroken Andrew left the office without speaking. The next Mr. Kimber heard was of his death, probably caused by heart trouble. His valuables were given Mr. Kimber to deliver to the family. He had died August 8, 1868.

This was indeed a shock to Anne and placed an added burden upon her. She must now support her little family and find a way to bring them to Utah where her brothers and sisters were living. Elder Penrose, hearing of their trouble visited them. He brought food and other things for their comfort. His promise was given to them that they would be out of the hospital in a short time. He was true to that promise and within a week they were released.

At that time the Church loaned money from an Emigration Fund to aid destitute families across the plains to Salt Lake City. Members who drew from the fund repaid the money when financially able to do so. Anne Bird and her family received aid through this fund. They decided to come on to the West even though they were in poor health.

Part of the way was covered by train and the other portion they had to walk. Because they had very few clothes they suffered greatly from the cold. Anne had the extra burden of carrying most of their necessities and tending the children. She missed Andrew so much and needed the comfort and love he always gave her, but she was brave and went on from day to day making the best of her troubles. It took them a month or more to make the trip.

In October, 1868 they were met in Echo Canyon by Thomas H. Stephens, who took them to friends in Coalville, Utah. They remained overnight and the next day went to Croyden, where Anne's relatives lived. They spent two or three months in Croyden and then moved to Henefer, where Louisa Shill Richins lived. Here they settled.

Anne supported her family by washing clothes for other people. Ann was the first child to go to work. Mary was next; she found employment in Coalville working for John Boyden, and stayed there for a number of years. When Hiram commenced to work he took over the burden of supporting his widowed mother and two sisters. Ann married Meredith Dawson and Mary married James Dearden, my grandparents. Both these families lived in Henefer all their lives.

For a number of years Anne lived with Ann and Meredith Dawson. During the year 1881 there was a very severe winter. These three took their cattle up Franklin Canyon and lived there so that the cattle could have enough food to survive. They stayed for some time and then heard that the Indians were planning to attack them. They left and walked the five mile distance to Henefer at night. Anne Bird died December 7, 1898 at Henefer, Utah.—*Rena Dearden Richins*

### FAITHFUL ALL HIS DAYS

*John Prodger Wright* was born in Wexham, Denbighshire, North Wales April 4, 1838, a son of William Prodger and Jane Wright. While a child his father died leaving his mother quite well-to-do. At the age of twelve he was apprenticed to learn the tailoring trade under Thomas Jones, a trade which he followed until his death. In the fall of 1856 he became a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and his mother immediately disowned him. He left for Liverpool, England and on March 17, 1857 set sail for America in search of religious freedom.

After landing in New York he went to Pottsville, Pennsylvania and again worked at the tailoring trade for the next three years, when he joined an immigrant train leaving for Salt Lake City. Just before they reached Fort Bridger a young girl broke her leg and John helped carry her on a stretcher to the valley where they arrived August 9, 1860 in the *Warren Walling* company. He immediately secured employment in a sawmill at the mouth of Mill Creek canyon. He married Ann Eliza Jones, daughter of his employer Thomas Jones. She died in June, 1863, childless.

On May 2, 1864 he married Isabella Wardell, a friend of the family. She was fifteen years of age and he was twenty-five. The young couple lived in East Mill Creek for two years then settled on a sagebrush flat in Mill Creek where they made adobes and built a two-room house. A year later their first child, Eliza Ann, my mother, was born. A short time later they built two additional rooms on the back of the house. During the years fourteen children came to bless their humble home. Three passed away in childhood, two of diphtheria and one of pneumonia.

Grandfather served as a teacher, became a trustee for the district schools, superintendent of the Sunday School, an apiarist, and also continued with his tailoring trade in a little shop built near his home. Grandmother helped him. She ran the sewing machine. They did considerable work for the Z.C.M.I. making overalls and jumpers, also burial and temple clothes. He was agent for the White Sewing machine along with Joseph Cornwall. He was also sexton of the cemetery now known as Elysian Gardens which capacity he filled for thirty years. After he retired his son John took over his duties.

In 1879 he married Eliza Rynearson as a plural wife and built a home for her a few blocks away. Four children were born to them, but a second epidemic of diphtheria took two of the children. He served six months in the penitentiary for polygamy and while there made suits for the warden and several inmates, enabling him to help support his families. His second wife, Eliza, left him during this time.

On February 2, 1896, grandfather was sent on a mission to his native Wales and while there learned that his mother and brother, Robert, had died. After two years he returned to his family and again took up the tailoring business in Murray, Utah, where he was known and respected for his industry, integrity and faithfulness to the Gospel which he had embraced as a young man. He passed away January 3, 1918 at the age of 80 years and was buried in the Elysian Gardens located one block from his old home.—*Isabella Zenger Christensen*

## LYDIA

*Lydia Pilch* was born in Hampton, Norfolk, England 6 October 1824, the daughter of James and Mary Pilch. When she was thirteen years of age her mother died and being the eldest child, she assumed the responsibility of her father's home. In 1841, Lydia married *Thomas Thrower*, born in Bintry, Norfolk, England, October 16, 1809. He was fourteen years her senior and a shoemaker by trade. They were living in Elham when their first child, Leah, was born but soon after moved to Norwich at which place they heard the Gospel preached by Mormon missionaries. Lydia was baptized April 5, 1851 and her husband was baptized in 1855. He was appointed president of the Norwich mission and served in that capacity from 1857 until 1862. Five children were born to them, namely, Leah, Ester, John, Lydia and Rachel.

Thomas Thrower was not physically a strong man and upon learning that the family was making preparations to emigrate to Zion, John Birchman, an uncle, said to him: "Tom, you are a fool for leaving England; you know you will never reach Utah." His reply was: "That does not matter, my family will be there."

On April 23, 1862 Thomas and Lydia with their two little girls, Lydia and Rachel, bade goodby to friends and relatives and started for Zion, sailing from Liverpool, England on the ship *John J. Boyd*. Two of their children, Ester and John, died when infants and Leah had married Samuel Pyne and remained in England.

After docking in New York harbor they journeyed on to Florence, Nebraska, where they joined the *Homer Duncan* wagon train leaving for the valley July 22, 1862. One wagon was provided for twelve people so many had to walk most of the way. Shortly after leaving Florence, twins were born in the wagon to which they were assigned and this necessitated their sleeping on the ground. One evening a terrible storm arose and the women and children were put into the wagons. Thomas became very ill the next day, due to exposure, and three days later, August 8, 1862, died of pneumonia and was buried in an unmarked grave along the trail. Left without her companion, Lydia and the two girls came on with others, arriving in Salt Lake City, September 23, 1862 and camped on Emigration Square.

After working in Provo for a time she went to Minersville where she was employed on the ranch of Jehu Blackburn. She took her daughters with her. He owned a ranch known as Rocky Ford about seven miles west of Minersville. Later she became his fourth wife. Lydia worked very hard in the Blackburn home as well as making cheese and butter from the milk of thirty-five cows on the ranch. She was a good nurse and attended the other wives at the birth of their babies. Her own marriage to Mr. Blackburn was childless. When he passed away he left Lydia a small home.

At the time of the establishment of the United Order at Blackrock, forty miles north of Minersville, Lydia was placed in charge of caring for the milk from the herd because of her previous experience on a ranch. Rachel, and Julia, the daughter of Mr. Blackburn, assisted her in this work. No matter what the Church asked of her, Lydia gave her best. When the Order was broken, she came out with practically nothing. How her heart rejoiced when in October, 1872, Herbert Pyne, her eldest grandson came to Utah from Norwich, England and visited her at Minersville. She had not seen him since he was two months old.

She was nursing in the home of Bishop James McKnight of Minersville when his wife died in childbirth, leaving the infant and several other children. His eldest daughter had passed away previously leaving three small children who lived with their grandfather. Lydia was asked to stay and take care of all these children. Not long afterwards James McKnight and Lydia were married. He was a kindly



Scotsman and taught the children to honor and obey her at all times. Through the years the children spoke of her with love.

For a number of years Minersville had no hotel and since the McKnight family owned a large home, they rented some of the spare rooms. Many of the Church leaders stopped here temporarily. Lydia worked in various organizations of the Church and showed by her example, that through responsibility and doing one's duty, comes lasting happiness. She passed away April 7, 1897 and was buried in the Minersville cemetery.

Leah and her husband, Samuel Pyne, emigrated to Utah in 1873 and settled in Provo; Lydia married Amos D. Holdaway and also settled in Provo. Rachel married George Marshall and established a home in Minersville.—*Florence Pyne Billings.*

### SHE OF GREAT FAITH

*Maria Allen Griffin* was among those women who had the faith to leave their homes and native lands to come to an almost barren country to help in establishing God's work upon the earth. Maria was born 24 April 1808, at Perry Barr, Staffordshire, England. Her parents were Daniel Allen and Harriet Martin Allen. She was of average height with black hair and blue grey eyes. *Henry Griffin*, of Walsall, England became her husband and to them were born nine daughters and two sons, four of whom died in childhood.

One Sunday afternoon Henry Griffin took his little girls for a walk. They came to a place where the Mormon Elders were holding a meeting. On their return home he told Maria some of the things he had heard and since he was quite interested took his wife and other members of the family to the next meeting. Maria was almost immediately impressed with the Elder's message and as time went on invited the Elders to their home. However, her husband could not see the truth of the gospel and began objecting to the family attending the meetings. This did not discourage Maria and she found ways of keeping in touch with the Elders. She often gave them a room to sleep in above their store and at times had the honor of entertaining many important men in the Church, among them the Pratt brothers, and Charles W. Penrose.

Maria's two married daughters, *Harriet Ann Griffin Shaw* and *Sarah Bullock* and their husbands *Charles C. Shaw* and *Henry Bullock*, had accepted the gospel and gone to Utah in 1865 with the *Thomas Taylor* company. Another daughter, *Susannah*, accompanied them. It was the desire of Maria's heart that she also could go to America and take the rest of her family with her. She, and her children, had all been baptized into the Church. By the year 1868 she had saved enough money to make her dreams come true. She was then sixty years old and her youngest daughter was seventeen. Maria prayed earnestly that, although her husband could not see or accept the Gospel, she might go with his approval. He apparently was blinded as to

what was happening and even accompanied his family to the boat. Maria had made arrangements for a cousin of her husband to care for him then she, accompanied by one son and three daughters, left England for America. After the family had all left him for the sake of their religion, Henry Griffin became very bitter, but it has been related that he sought the Elders to inquire about the welfare of his family and on one occasion helped them to get a good hall to preach in. He never joined the Church and died in England at the age of eighty-two years.

Maria Allen Griffin and her family crossed the plains in the *Simpson M. Molen* company. Mr Molen's biography states that "in 1868 he was chosen to take charge of a large emigration train, consisting of ox teams and sixty wagons sent from Utah to the terminus of the Union Pacific Railroad. This mission he performed to the entire satisfaction of the authorities of the Church, the owners of the teams and 500 emigrants whom he brought in on his return to Utah." Maria rode in one of the wagons but her children walked part of the way and the fine materials of the girls' dresses were torn by sage brush. Maria's young English daughters were also often frightened by large snakes they encountered as they traveled.

Maria had brought with her quite a sum of English gold sewed into her clothes but it did not last long as she gave freely of it to all who seemed in need. She became quite a heavy woman as she grew older and it was said that she was as good as she was big. She came directly to Millville, Cache county, Utah, as her daughter, Harriet Shaw, lived there and another daughter, Sarah Bullock, lived in Providence, not far away. She purchased a piece of land in Millville and a log house was built close to her youngest daughter, Elizabeth, who had married John King soon after their arrival. She never regretted having accepted the Gospel and coming to America. John King said she was one of the finest women he had ever met and he admired her faith and courage.

Susannah first married Alvin Moroni Monteith (Somes) and later married Benjamin Clifford. They made their home in Millville. *Harriet* moved to Hyrum, Utah, and *Lydia*, another daughter, married David James. They moved to Salt Lake City. Maria buried her son *Henry* ten years after their arrival in Millville. Her other daughter *Hannah Marie (Annie)* did not marry but died when forty-two years of age.

After Maria had been in Utah for some years she had a stroke and was helplessly paralyzed on one side for three years. She never complained. She died January 11, 1881, at the age of 73 years, and was buried in the Millville, Utah cemetery.—*Phyllis N. Ward*

#### HER DECISION

*Ann Fish* was born January 21, 1812 to Bert Fish and Dorothy Kirkup. At the age of 22 she married *John Watson Bell, Sr.*, at Elsdon, Eng-

land, October 1834. Their first child, Ann Elizabeth, was born March 22, 1836. They moved to Newcastle on the Tyne River in 1836 and here two children were born to them, Robert and Alice Jane. They were baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints August 8, 1840 by Elder Amos Fielding at Newcastle and in the spring of 1841, sailed for America on the ship *Rochester* in the Heber C. Kimball company with one hundred and twenty-eight other converts and seven of the Council of Twelve, Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Orson Pratt, Wilford Woodruff, John Taylor, George A. Smith and Willard Richards. They docked in New York harbor May 18, 1841.

After four days in New York City they went by boat up the Hudson River to Hartland, New York and here a son was born June 23, 1842, whom they named *John Watson, Jr.* On September 1, 1843 they moved on to Nauvoo, Illinois and a daughter was born there March 18, 1844. She was named *Dorothy Emma*. John made curtains and pulpit covers for the Nauvoo Temple and on January 24, 1846 they received their endowments.

On May 1, 1846 they moved to Farmington, Van Buren county, Iowa and there on October 6th *Joseph Alma* was born. In the spring of 1848 they moved to Indian Town, Pottawattamie county, Iowa, living in bark houses built and deserted by the Indians. Here they wintered with six other families. During this time five more children were born, one of them to the Bell family on Christmas day, 1848, who was given the name of *Mary Frances*. They ran out of provisions and had it not been for a large mound filled with corn stored by the Indians, they would have suffered greatly. In the spring the families moved to Kanessville, Iowa and lived there the next four years on rented farms. The Bell's last child was born here August 4, 1852. She was named *Sarah Emily*. In July of the following year she died.

John Bell had very poor health, having suffered a sunstroke, and was advised to leave his family at Kanessville and go on to the Salt Lake Valley, which he did. Ann and the seven children followed the next year. She made arrangements to travel with a company of Saints, and with a yoke of cows, two yoke of oxen and two wagons filled with provisions and clothing, started on the journey. After a couple of days travel her cattle disappeared during the night. The captain said they could not be delayed while they searched for them and went on without her, telling her to wait for the next company. In a week or so the cattle were found and she and her children started out alone, thinking the next company would overtake her. Friends tried to dissuade her but she was determined, knowing her husband was somewhere out west and ill. She said she would go on if she landed in the Platte River. This statement almost became a fact for they were being ferried across the river when one of her wagons, not being properly blocked, rolled back into the water. The wagon was recovered but part of her precious belongings were lost.

They traveled two weeks alone and then were overtaken by a government freight train, known as the "Truckee Train." The cap-

tain was a Frenchman and an Indian interpreter having lived among the Indians for fifteen years. He had twenty-five men in his company. They were surrounded several times by Indians, but Truckee knew how to handle them, giving them blankets and food. At one time the Indians became more troublesome than usual. Ann was frightened and knelt by her wagon praying for protection. The Indians saw her and rode way. After that the men called her their good luck charm. She traveled with the train until they reached Fort Laramie and there she joined the Gilbert and Gerrish Freight company bound for Salt Lake City, Utah. After traveling a few days they overtook the Mormon company that had left her behind and the captain asked her to finish the journey with them. She replied: "No, thanks, you didn't wait for me and now I am not waiting for you."

Ann reached the valley several days ahead of the company, arriving in October 1855. She was thankful to God for His protection and grateful to the two freight lines who had been so kind to her and the children. Great was her disappointment however when she learned that her husband had gone to Carson valley to serve as a guard. It was harvest time and after a few days rest this little family started gleanng wheat in the fields. They gathered and threshed by hand eighteen bushels. After a time she was reunited with her husband.

The Bell family lived in Salt Lake City for the next four years, then moved to Provo and, in 1867, President Young sent them to help colonize Mona, Utah. Here they lived the rest of their lives engaging in farming and the tailoring business. In 1872, Ann became very ill and shortly after passed away at the age of sixty years. She was laid to rest in the Mona cemetery. John then made his home with his son, John Watson Bell and family in Mona, carrying on the trade of tailoring. He died in 1874 at the age of 74 years and was buried by the side of his wife.—*Alice Kay Alfred*

### THREE SISTERS

In February 1854, three young girls, ages 20, 22 and 24 started on the long journey from St. Louis, Missouri to Salt Lake City, Utah. Two years had passed since their parents, *Christen Jensen* and *Anna Nielsen Olsen*, had sold all their possessions in Hasseris, Aalborg, Denmark, and with their two youngest daughters, *Nicoline* and *Else Marie*, and youngest son, *Christian*, sailed for America—the land of the free. They traveled the same path two years before that the girls were now traversing. *James*, their fifth child, and first son, had preceded the family to America with another company of Saints. The Olsen's baby daughter, *Margrethe* had died in Denmark, in 1848 at the age of 5 years.

Christen Jensen Olsen and family had been converted to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints 5 March 1852, by Elders Erastus Snow, H. P. Jensen and George P. Dykes. They had left their three eldest daughters, *Mette Kerstine*, *Caroline* and *Christine*



Home of the Christen Jensen Olsen family in Denmark.

in Denmark with grandparents until they could earn enough money to join the rest of the family in America. Finally the time arrived when the three sisters were able to cross the ocean and start the westward trek, happy in the thought that soon they would be reunited with their family. They carried all their worldly possessions, a few cherished keepsakes, in a bag.

During the two years in Denmark and the six-weeks voyage on the ocean, Mette Kerstine had taken good care of her two sisters. She had sacrificed much so that her sisters would not suffer. The responsibilities had been too much for her to endure, and soon after leaving St. Louis, Missouri, Mette Kerstine Olsen died and was left in a shallow grave by the side of the trail.

Now Caroline and Christine were on their own out on the prairie with a trek of a thousand miles before them, but each new day found them more determined than ever to accomplish the work that had been planned. Each new day found them nearer to success. Their efforts were rewarded when in March 1854, after weeks of anxiety and hardships, they were reunited with their parents and brothers and sisters in Salt Lake City, Utah.

Christen Olsen had settled in Brigham City so that was Caroline and Christine's new home. Caroline became the seventh and last wife of Jonathan Calkins Wright on the 5th of November, 1857. They were the parents of nine children, Annie (Hunsaker), Elias S., Eliza (Child) Martha (Ensign), Reuben Miller, David, Eunice Prudence, Helena and Lucy (Snow). Eunice and Helena died as infants. Though Caroline could only speak the Danish language when she came to America, she learned to read and write the English language very well. She was her husband's secretary when he was acting judge and while holding other civic as well as ecclesiastical offices.

Often she held her baby in her arms while she recorded the proceedings of the court or the minutes of an important meeting. Brigham City was her home during her entire married life. Her first home was a one-room log house. In later years two adobe rooms were added. Caroline Olsen Wright died April 26, 1889.

Christine Olsen married Lyman Wight and they also made their home in Brigham City. It was a two-room adobe with a long porch on the side located on the corner of 1st North and 2nd East Streets. They reared a large family and were rather well to-do ranchers. Christine lived all her married life in Brigham City and is buried there.—*Clara Child Hill*

#### SHE CAME IN 1847

*Harriet Amelia Decker* was born 13 March 1826, at Phelps, Ontario county, New York, the daughter of Harriet Page Wheeler and Isaac Decker. The family made several moves while Harriet was still a young child; first to Cattaraugus county, New York; then to Portage, Ohio, and later to Franklin and Kirtland, Ohio. While living in Portage the family joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Harriet was nine years old when she was baptized. The Decker family became close friends of the Prophet Joseph Smith, Brigham Young and Lorenzo Dow Young. They traveled with the Saints to Missouri and then to Illinois. Harriet experienced the fear of the mobs who persecuted the members of the Church.



Five generations of Harriet Amelia Decker

While living in Winchester, Illinois she met Edwin Sobieski Little, son of Brigham Young's sister, Susannah, and James Little, and was married to him in her father's home by Joseph Young, on the 22nd of March, 1842. Edwin was 26 years of age and even though she was only 16, she was well trained in home making. Their son, George Edwin, was born 6 August, 1844 in Nauvoo, Illinois.

Harriet's mother and father separated the 9th of March, 1843. She later married Lorenzo Dow Young, brother of Brigham Young. Harriet's sisters, Lucy Ann and Clara Decker married Brigham Young. Her sister, Fanny, married Feramorz Little, a brother of her husband;

so Harriet and her family were closely associated with the leaders of the Church.

During the time of the exodus from Nauvoo Harriet and Edwin with their son, George, crossed the Mississippi River and it is recorded in Harriet's history, "that Edwin was helping his Uncle Brigham Young across the river with the wagons, when the ice broke through throwing him into the icy water. He gained shore in safety but was chilled and wet."

When the Saints arrived at Richardson's Point, fifty-five miles from Nauvoo, they remained there a few days and several of the brethren found work for which they received corn to sustain their teams. It was here Edwin Little was taken ill with lung fever. He was removed to a house two miles from camp but his condition continued to grow worse and he died on the 18th of March, 1846. He was buried near the present site of Keosauqua, Iowa, in a grove of trees a few rods from the road. The Saints stayed in Winter Quarters the winter of 1845-46.

Harriet's mother, Harriet Decker Young, her brother, Isaac Perry Decker, and sister, Clara Decker Young, were permitted to go with the first company. Harriet Amelia and her little son, Edwin, came with the second company of 1847 with Jedediah M. Grant as captain. It is told that she had a small box on the back of her wagon which contained three hens. These hens kept her supplied with eggs while crossing the plains. She, and her son, arrived safely in the valley the 2nd of October, happy to be reunited with her mother and other relatives.

Their first home consisted of the wagon in which they had traveled. Not only was food scarce and very difficult to obtain but so were cooking utensils and other necessities. Harriet helped other women with cooking and sewing in order to make a living. Ten days after her arrival she was helping to prepare dinner at the home of Captain Rosencranz for some of the members of the Mormon Battalion. Among the guests was a young man by the name of Ephraim Hanks. On September 22, 1848 they were married by Brigham Young, the ceremony being performed in her mother's home. Ephraim was the son of Benjamin and Martha Knowlton Hanks. He and his brother, Sidney Alvarus, had joined the Church in Nauvoo. Alvarus came with Brigham Young and Ephraim joined the Mormon Battalion.

Ephraim took Jane Marie Spencer and Hannah Hardy in plural marriage on the 26th of March, 1856, a month after Harriet's fourth child was born. Harriet's son, George Edwin, was a rider for the Pony Express when he was sixteen years of age. Ephraim had taught him to be fearless and to have faith in God. Harriet and Ephraim were the parents of seven children: Marcellus, Marcia Amelia, Otis Alvarus, Harriet Page, Clara Vilate, Charles Decker and Perry Isaac. They were all born in Salt Lake City, the last son, Perry Isaac on the 20th of January, 1863.

My mother, Mattie Little Hanks, wrote the following: "As a child I always looked forward to spring for that season brought my grandmother, Harriet Little Hanks, to the Teton Valley, Idaho from Salt Lake City. She had homesteaded an eighty-acre tract of land adjoining our property. She had a cozy log cabin built on it and spent six months of the year there. It was our responsibility to stay with grandmother every night. There were four of us children who took turns. We were always glad when it was our turn as grandmother always had something extra nice for us to eat and a nice soft bed to sleep in."

Harriet was living with her daughter, Clara, and her husband, John Felt, 155 North Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah, at the time of her death May 30, 1917—*Teton Hanks Jackman*

### FROM ENGLAND

*Ann Smith Ingram* was the daughter of John Smith and Ann Cook. She was born the 11th of October, 1819 at Little Wixen, Lancaster, England. In 1838 she married Edward Ingram and during the succeeding years, became the mother of seven sons and two daughters. The Smith home was always open to Mormon Elders and before long the members of the Ingram family accepted the Gospel and were baptized into the Latter-day Saint Church. It then became their desire to emigrate to America but being without the necessary funds to pay passage for all, the parents decided to send four of the children in order that they might earn enough money to send for those left in England. Two of the children were married and took their wives and children. The other two were *Thomas*, then eighteen years of age, and his younger brother eight years old. On April 23, 1862, they set sail from Liverpool, England on the *John J. Boyd*. Ann and Edward spent days and weeks of anxiety not knowing whether they would ever see their children again.

Four years later the parents with their three small sons, left their home in England and after six weeks on the water, arrived safely in New York. Edward was a builder by trade and soon found work. After laboring for a few months he fell from a building and was critically injured. On the 2nd of October, 1866, he passed away and was buried in New Jersey.

By this time her sons in Utah, through diligence and hard work, had saved enough money to bring their mother and brothers to the Missouri River. *Thomas*, who was then twenty-two years of age went with a team and wagon to meet them. When they arrived as far as Echo Canyon *Thomas* found work and they remained there three years before coming to Salt Lake City.

Ann arrived in Nephi in 1869 and was reunited with other members of her family. She soon turned her energies toward making a home for her family. An acre lot was secured and a two room adobe house built. Soon she was raising chickens, making cheese and



butter, drying fruit, braiding rugs as well as tending her children, home and garden. She was a faithful member of the Church, driving in a wagon to and from Manti to do temple work. She lived alone and did her own work until a week before she died, March 9, 1912, at the age of 94 years.—*Leona Greenbalgh—Pearl P. Belliston*

#### FROM GERMANY

*Mary Barbara* was the third of six children born to Anna Maria and Johan George Bolonz in Boden Weiler, county of Melheim, Germany. Tragedy came to the Bolonz family in the death of the mother when Mary was ten years old. Being the only girl in the family a great deal of the responsibility in caring for the home depended upon her. About this time there was an uprising against the government and Mary learned early the horrors of war. John and Fred Bolonz left for America, but were instrumental in having their sister sent to Switzerland, where she learned practical domestic science in one of the finest hotels in that country. While there she met and fell in love with a young man by the name of Radtz who owned a jewelry business. They had been married but a few months when he died and within that year their daughter, Louise, was born.

Mary became a convert of the Mormon faith through the teachings of traveling Elders against the wishes of her father and brothers. With her husband dead, her immediate family estranged, Mary was left alone to support her child. She carried on her husband's jewelry business until such time as she could acquire enough means to gather with the Saints in Zion. She sent her little daughter to America in the care of her sister-in-law, *Eliza Cowan*, while she stayed to earn enough money for her own passage. It was two long years before she had put aside enough money to make the voyage aboard the ship *Windermere* which left LeHavre, France May 15, 1862. The Saints were under the direction of Serge L. Ballif. She crossed the plains in the *William H. Dame* company and it was a happy reunion when she again met her little daughter in Payson, Utah. Mary soon found employment in the home of Bishop Fairbanks.

Mary became acquainted with William Adams who was immediately attracted to the German girl, but it was not until two years later, January 9, 1864, that she became his plural wife. William moved Mary to Paragoonah, a little village near Parowan where his first family was living. Five sons and one daughter were born to them. Living in the United Order she made hats and coats for the boys who proudly wore their coats, those with the brass buttons for everyday, and those with the pearl buttons on Sunday. Mary watched carefully over the boys making certain that they carried out their father's instructions. He spent most of his time in Parowan with the other family.

Two years after the San Juan Mission was started at Bluff, William was called by the Church to help colonize there. Mary

and her family accompanied him, living in the Bluff Fort for two years. As the result of another Church call five years later, Mary moved with her family to Monticello at the foot of the Blue Mountains. Both the Indians and the cowboys were resentful at the intrusion of the Mormons in a territory they considered their own. The rigorous winter climate of Monticello made it necessary for Mr. Adams to return to Bluff because of failing health. Here he and Mary lived until his death in 1901. Later her youngest son built a little brick home in Blanding for Mary where she passed away December 24, 1919. Eighty-five years old when she died, she still refused to sit in a rocking chair because doing so would make her round shouldered. She wrote and prayed in German, and was very devout in her religion. Her children, and her adopted Zion were the dearest things in her life.—*Cornelia Perkins*

#### FROM ITALY

*Susanna Goudin Cardon* was born July 30, 1833, at Prarustin, Piedmont, Italy. Her people originated in France but were driven and persecuted until they came to dwell in this place in the Italian Alps. They were of the historic Vaudois peoples. When Susanna was five years of age her father died and the mother had a hard struggle to support and keep her children together. At the age of nine years, Susanna earned a small pittance picking the leaves of mulberry trees and feeding silk worms to supplement the family income.

Because Susanna was not at home when the Mormon missionaries called on her family she was the last member to join the Church. Her mother was not able to attend the meetings because of the long hours she had to work, so because of this, and possibly other reasons, the Cardon family were cut off the Church. Only Susanna remained faithful. When the Elders talked with her they urged her to go to Utah. She was filled with the spirit of gathering to Zion and under these trying conditions, decided to leave her beloved family and journey to Utah alone. She was the only member of her immediate family ever to come. She joined with the family of a relative, *Pierre Stalle*. They traveled by carriage, by railway, by sled and by foot to France, then by steamer to London, and thence by rail to Liverpool where they remained a short time waiting for the ship. On December 12, 1855 they set sail on the ship *John J. Boyd* under the supervision of Elder Knud Peterson.

The company arrived in New York March 15, 1856 and proceeded to St. Louis by train. From there Susanna went to Florence, Nebraska where she found employment in the home of a family named Lee. They were very good to her, giving her a hat, dress and a feather tick when she left them to go west. Since she was going with a handcart company she could not take the tick with her.

In company with the Stalles, Susanna crossed the plains in the first handcart company under the supervision of *Captain Edmund*

*Ellsworth*, leaving Iowa City June 9, 1856 and arriving in Salt Lake City September 26th. They suffered many hardships and en route Peter Stalle died. Susanna pulled her handcart all the way across the plains and part of the time a two year old child rode in it. This was a child of friends who came from Italy and eventually she became the second wife of Susanna's future husband.

Upon hearing of the arrival of the company, John Paul Cardon and his brother, Phillip, also from the same city in Italy, journeyed to Salt Lake City and brought back Susanna and the Stalle family to Brigham's Fort, where they helped them build a crude dugout in which to live that first winter. At times the snow was so deep those inside the dugout did not know whether it was day or night and frequently the Cardon brothers had to dig them out. Susanna later went to live with the Cardon family and in March, 1857 was married to Paul. The young couple finally settled in Cache Valley where they helped to form that community.—*Rebecca C. Hickman*

#### FROM SOUTH AFRICA

*Clara H. Huey* was widowed when her husband's ship and all hands aboard were lost in the sea. They were residents of Port Elizabeth, South Africa and had accepted the gospel of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The need to come to Zion where she could be sealed in the Temple to her beloved husband, was an added incentive to her to bring her daughter Annie Elizabeth, and three sons, Charles, Leonard and Walter to Utah.

In March, 1860, they left Capetown, South Africa for America by way of England. While at Liverpool, Mrs. Huey left the ship after stowing her little brood safely aboard to attend to some last minute details. While she was absent the ship set sail and as she ran helplessly toward the dock she saw the ship proceeding out of the harbor with its precious cargo. It was impossible to catch up with or stop the ship so she could only wait for another sailing and trust in God to protect her children. She did rejoin her family before they started across the plains and they all arrived safely in Salt Lake City October 5, 1860.—*Alta Griffiths Hickman*

#### FROM SWEDEN

My mother, Johanna Lovisa Lofdahl was born October 8, 1834 at Enköping, Sweden, the daughter of Yan Olsson Lofdahl and Lovisa Christine Dixelius Lofdahl. She was orphaned at five years old, and lived a lonely child life, being taken first into the home of her grandparents; then upon their deaths she was raised by two bachelor uncles, then a neighbor and his wife. Her religious education was the Lutheran faith until in young womanhood she was converted and baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. So firm was she in her faith that she left friends and family and set out for America alone. To own a farm in Sweden was considered by the

peasant farmers as a priceless inheritance. When Johanna sold her share of her Grandfather Dixelius' estate her relatives were shocked beyond measure to think that she would join such an unpopular American religion and use this money to emigrate to Utah. Dismayed beyond repair at her rash actions, they made no attempt to contact her again, consequently she did not see them nor hear from them again in her lifetime.

Unable to speak or understand any but the Swedish language she made her way to England and boarded the ship *Amazon* and sailed to America in 1863. Coming west in a company with Wm. B. Preston as captain, Johanna met with an accident which crippled her for the rest of her life. The company paused before fording a river. Johanna, thinking it best to leave the wagon to lighten the load jumped from the wagon as the order to move was given. She slipped and the wagon passed over her leg, breaking it below the knee. This was just nine days before entering Salt Lake city, and thinking that she would soon receive medical aid, she refused to allow the unexperienced members of the company to set the limb. Upon arriving in Salt Lake City she was placed on a quilt upon the dirt floor of an unoccupied log cabin and was given the best aid available.

While crossing the plains Johanna became acquainted with *Morgan Samuel Evans*, a member of the company who had been called by President Brigham Young to drive his ox team to the Missouri river to bring the immigrants to Salt Lake Valley. Upon returning to his home in Logan, Morgan told his wife Mary of the sad accident which had befallen Johanna, and Mary insisted that he return to Salt Lake City and bring Johanna to their home in Logan that they might care for her. The same year with the full consent of Mary, Johanna became the plural wife of Morgan S. Evans. She became the mother of seven children, 3 boys and 4 girls. She died December 12, 1912 and is buried in Logan City Cemetery.—*Rebecca Evans Stewart*



Johanna Lovisa Lofdahl

#### A PIONEER FROM SWITZERLAND

*Anna Hegetschweiler Stone Bachmann* was born 29 September 1847 in Ottenbach, Canton, Zurich, Switzerland. She was the daughter of Jacob Hegetschweiler and Anna Sidler. She never knew her father. She and her mother lived with her mother's parents, Johannes and Susanna Sidler. Anna's mother, Anna Sidler, was born 17 March 1827, a daughter of Johannes Sidler and Susannah Jenta. She had two sisters, Barbara born 18 March 1825, and Susanna born 3 December 1832. Her father died when she was seven years old. Her mother died in 1858.

Mormon missionaries came to Ottenbach about this time. Anna Sidler and her daughter *Anna*, also her sister, *Susanna Sidler*, accepted the teachings of the Elders and were baptized. Friday March 30, 1860, Anna Sidler, her daughter, Anna Hegetschweiler, and her sister, Susanna Sidler, sailed from Liverpool on the ship *Underwriter*. This was the 107th company of Church emigrants. There were 594 souls on the ship, 70 of them were from Switzerland. The fare was \$4.00 for adults and \$3.00 for children. Elder James D. Ross was president of the company. His counselors were James Taylor and John Croft. Captain Roberts was in charge of the ship. They arrived in New York 1 May 1860. On the 3rd of May they continued their journey from New York to Florence, Nebraska.

These people left Florence on the 17th of June 1860 on the second wagon train of emigrants of that year led by *Captain James D. Ross*. The company consisted of 249 persons, 36 wagons, 142 oxen and 54 cows. Anna and her mother walked most of the way crossing the plains, as the wagons were heavily loaded. They were bare-footed most of the time, their shoes having worn out. Their feet were often bleeding and bruised from the rough roads, but they had a pleasant journey as there were many Saints from Switzerland in the company. They were called together by Elder Ross mornings and evenings. Prayers were held before starting on the day's journey. In the evening they sang songs and sometimes held a meeting. On the Sabbath day they rested. When they arrived in Emigration Canyon they were met by Apostle George A. Smith, Lorenzo Snow and Franklin D. Richards, who held an interesting meeting with the emigrants. They arrived in Great Salt Lake 3 September 1860.

Anna Sidler met Labrecht Baer, a native of Switzerland on the ship coming to America. They were married soon after arriving in Utah. They moved to South Weber, near the mouth of Weber Canyon. In 1861 Anna Sidler Baer gave birth to a baby girl. Her daughter Anna was happy to have a little sister. But a great sorrow soon came into her life.

A Welshman, Joseph Morris, gained the confidence of a group of men in South Weber, among them the Bishop of the Ward, Richard Cook. Elders John Taylor and Wilford Woodruff, of the Council of the Twelve, were sent to South Weber Ward to investigate rumors concerning their activities. A meeting of the members of the ward was held 11 February 1861. Bishop Cook, and fifteen others who declared their belief in Morris, were excommunicated. On 6 April 1861, Joseph Morris became head of the new church, with Richard Cook and John Banks as counselors. The Morrisites held their property in common. They located at "Kington Fort." The membership increased rapidly and soon numbered over three hundred; before the breaking up of the community that number had increased to between five and six hundred.

Labrecht and Ann Sidler Baer, her daughter Anna Hegetschweiler, the baby sister and Susanna Sidler, who had only been

in Utah a year and who could not speak or understand the English language, followed Bishop Richard Cook and were living in the Kington Fort.

Soon some of Morris' followers desired to withdraw from the United Order and take what they had consecrated to the common fund. Several of these dissenters were captured and imprisoned at Kington Fort. Two of the prisoners were John Jenson and William Jones. On 10 June 1862 Chief Justice Kinney issued a second writ of habeas corpus, demanding the release of these men, also a warrant for the arrest of Morris, Cook and Banks. These writs were placed in the hands of Sheriffs Robert T. Burton and Theodore McKean. Acting governor of the territory, Frank Fuller, called out several companies of the militia to aid the deputy sheriffs as a posse, 150 men being sent from Salt Lake county and 100 men from Davis county. Besides these, a great many people gathered in the vicinity of the expected conflict.

Arriving on the heights that overlook the little valley in which Kington Fort was located, a written message addressed to Morris, Banks and Cook was sent into the fort calling upon them to surrender themselves and the prisoners and urging them to remove the women and children within the fort. Morris withdrew to his dwelling and soon returned to his assembled followers with a revelation forbidding them to yield to the demands of the posse and promised them not one of his faithful people should be destroyed. The people of the fort assembled, the "revelation" was read, but before it could be discussed a cannon ball crashed into the fort, killing Anna Sidler Baer and her baby girl. Her daughter, Ann Hegetschweiler, now a fourteen year old girl, picked up the shattered bodies of her mother and little sister. The confusion in the fort was great until ex-Bishop Richard Cook advised all to go to their homes and each man protect himself and his family as best he could. General Robert T. Burton, commander of the posse, ordered the surrender of all men bearing arms in the fort. They refused upon the advice of Morris. General Burton ordered the posse to fire. He, himself, shot Morris. John Banks was also shot and died during the night. The rest of the men were arrested and later tried and sentenced to imprisonment. Labrecht Baer and his wife's sister, Susanna Sidler, returned to Switzerland.

After the death of her mother and sister Anna Hegetschweiler was taken care of by Mr. Burton. She was now all alone in Utah without relatives or friends. She worked in the home of Bishop Chauncey West and in other homes until she was seventeen. On February 4, 1865, Anna was married to Samuel Stone, who was born 8 February 1840 in Eastwood, Nottingham, England. They were married in Salt Lake City in the Endowment House by Elder Wilford Woodruff. Her first child, William Henry Stone, was born 14 September 1865 at Wilson Lanc. Anna's life with Samuel Stone was unhappy and finally she left him, walking with the baby in her arms to Marriot where Theresa Marriot gave her a home.

Sometime later Anna went to Ogden Valley and while there she met Jakob Bachmann. They were both from Switzerland. Jakob's wife, Elisabetha, had died November 1866, leaving him with eight children. Ann had now obtained a divorce from Samuel Stone and on 27 April 1867, she was married to Jakob Bachmann in the Endowment House. Jakob was seventeen years older than she. Anna's son, William Henry Stone, was now nineteen months old. Jakob's children were Maria, thirteen, Vernena, ten; Jakob, eight, Elisabeth, seven Emuel, six, Rosella, three, Bertha, two and Alma six months. Alma had been given to Alma Taylor when three days old. Jakob and his children were living in a one-room log house in Eden, so Anna and her son, William, moved into the log cabin. There were bunks in the north end of the cabin where they all slept. The benches and stools were homemade. The house, with a cellar, was situated on a five acre-plot of ground. A schoolhouse, which was also used as a chapel, was later built on the adjoining land on the south. The winters were very cold, the thermometer sometimes being 40 degrees below zero and the snow covering the ground to a depth of six feet. They could raise no fruit except currants, berries, plums and a few apples and their vegetables often froze before maturity. The principal crops were alfalfa and wheat.

Anna had never been around other children in Switzerland as she had lived with her mother, grandparents and two aunts, so it was a new experience to be in a home with eight children. They endured many hardships and sometimes were molested by Indians. As soon as he could Jakob bought some cows and built a barn south of the house. He later bought a farm and raised some grain and alfalfa; then purchased a dry-land farm and pasture land about two miles southeast of his home. As time passed he had twenty cows and Anna worked hard doing all the necessary tasks required of her.

One of their neighbors was the Eccles family. A son, David, who later became one of Utah's most prominent citizens, was a frequent visitor in their home. He and Jakob walked over the mountains to Ogden and carried home, on their backs, flour and molasses.

On February 8, 1868, Anna gave birth to her second son, Joseph. Jakob's older girls had gone to other homes to work so Anna was alone with the little children. Kind neighbors came in when they could spare time from their own large families. On August 19, 1870 Anna gave birth to her third child, Annie. She was all alone with the little children and did not have a match to light a candle. In November, 1874, Jakob's eldest daughter, Maria, died at the age of twenty. This caused the family great sorrow. On October 19, 1875, Anna gave birth to her fourth child, John Rudoll. She nursed him until he was three years old. He was healthy and grew up to be a handsome lad.

Jakob was now able to build a four-room frame house, two rooms upstairs and two rooms downstairs and a pantry on the first floor. The house is now owned by a grandson, Gainer Bachmann.

Anna was forty years old 29 September 1887. Soon after her birthday she contracted pneumonia and developed asthma and chronic bronchitis which she had the remainder of her life. On December 5, 1887, Anna gave birth to her fifth and last child, Emma Josephine. On March 6, 1889, Rosilla Ferrin, Elisabetha's daughter died at the birth of her first child. Another great sorrow came to the family on Christmas Day, 1890, when Alma, the youngest of Elisabetha's children died at the age of twenty four years.

In 1901 Jakob and Anna sold their home and farmlands in Eden and moved to Ogden in a three room home on Jefferson Avenue. Emma was the only child still living at home. They had five lots so they could raise fruit trees and have a garden.

On December 19, 1907, Jakob Bachmann died of pneumonia. Anna stayed in Ogden until June, 1911 when she and her daughter, Emma, went to Oregon where her daughter, Annie Inglis, lived. In 1913 they moved to Los Angeles, California. She later moved to San Diego then returned to Los Angeles where she passed away February 1, 1921. Her remains were brought back to Utah and laid to rest beside her husband, Jakob Bachmann, in the family plot in the Eden cemetery.—*Emma Scholl*

#### A CONVERT FROM WALES

*Elizabeth Ann Morris Butler Rice* was born at Pontest, Carmarthen Wales, June 15, 1817, a daughter of Richard Morris and Elizabeth Jones. She married William Butler, who was born June 12, 1816 in Carmarthen. He was the son of John Butler and Mary Thomas. To them were born the following children: Elizabeth, born 1842 or 1843; William Richard, born May, 1848; John and Thomas, birth dates unknown. It is believed that there were two other children but no record is available.

Elizabeth Ann and her husband were first introduced to the Gospel message of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by two missionaries, Elders John Corryll and Elias Higby. After a careful and prayerful study they accepted the teachings and soon commenced preparations to cast their lot with the Saints in Salt Lake City, Utah. At last their dreams were about to be realized, reservations made and fare paid for the family to sail to the "Promised Land." But tragedy struck this family before sailing time, the husband and father was stricken with cholera and died 13 July 1849.

Elizabeth was now faced with the struggle of supporting her family. But she could not give up her dream—a way had to be found to make possible their gathering with the Saints. She worked hard, and finally after nearly two years had saved enough money to pay her passage and that of her children. Personal belongings had been packed and sent to the port in readiness for sailing when tragedy again struck. Two of her children, John and Thomas, were taken suddenly ill and died just before the ship was to leave. If Elizabeth stopped to bury her sons she would have to give up her chance



to go. Her hard-earned savings had been spent for reservations which could not or would not be refunded. Her sister, who also had planned to go to America, offered to stay and attend to the burial of the children, following them to Zion as soon as she could. This was a heartbreaking decision to make but Elizabeth Ann decided to go on with her two children, *Elizabeth* and *William*. They sailed 19 April, 1856 on the ship *Samuel Curling* under the direction of Dan Jones. This fatherless family made the trip from Boston to Iowa City by railroad arriving three months after they had left their native land in Wales. From Iowa City they were to make the trip across the plains with Captain Edward Bunker. They left on the 23rd of June, arriving in Salt Lake City October 2nd in a most destitute condition. How it gladdened the heart of Elizabeth when she met Heber C. Kimball with whom she had become acquainted in her beloved Wales. He promised her she would be taken care of and that the Lord would bless her. He had a good friend, Ira Rice, who was living in North Ogden. Ira's wife had died in Nauvoo at the time the Saints were driven from their homes, and he, and his motherless children who had moved to this place from Farmington, were having a very difficult time. Heber Kimball went to Ira and asked him to hire Elizabeth Ann to keep house for him. This Ira gladly consented to do, making a home for her family and giving them the same care and consideration he did his own children. As Ira loved to read he patiently taught the children to do so and was amply rewarded for his efforts when, in later years, his eyesight failed and he could listen while William read to him. Elizabeth Ann was an excellent housekeeper, doing the best she could to care for this large family.

After spending a few years in North Ogden, Ira decided to go to Cache Valley with a group of men who had explored that country two years before, finding it to be a beautiful valley. In the spring of 1859 a group of settlers led by Ira Rice and Hopkin Mathews, left for Cache Valley arriving 20 April 1859. Log cabins were hastily erected and clearing of land commenced. By winter of that year, Providence, as the new settlement was called, boasted more than twenty log houses, built in fort style. The winter was very cold but spring found them ready to plant their crops, using crude hand-made plows and other tools.

Elizabeth Ann Morris Butler and Ira Rice were married in Providence, Cache Valley, Utah in 1863. They had a comparatively comfortable home and were beginning to prosper. But Ira could not resist the urge to explore, so, in 1865, he, with part of his family, prepared to go with a group who had been called to help settle Southern Utah. Elizabeth Ann's daughter, Elizabeth Butler, had married Henry Gates of Providence, but William went to Southern Utah with his mother and step-father. Other members of Ira's family accompanied them. They settled in or near St. George, Utah where Ira died in 1869.

Elizabeth Ann or "Grandma Rice" as she was affectionately known, was a midwife for many years. She also went into various homes caring for the sick and encouraging those in distress. After the death of her husband she lived in a small home near William and his wife, Elizabeth Snow Alexander Butler, in Escalante, Utah. It was here she passed away April 3, 1897, nearing eighty years of age.

—*Loretta Rice*

### TAMMA

The following is taken from the autobiography of Tamma Durfee:

"My father's name was Edmond Durfee. He was born in Rhode Island October 3, 1788. My mother was born June 6, 1788. Her name was Lanna Pickle. I was born in the State of New York, Madison county, town of Lenos, March 6, 1813 and lived there until I was nine years old and then we moved to Oswego county. Father bought some land, built a house, made a small farm and worked at his trade that was mostly carpenter and millwright. We lived there until the 1st of June, 1820 and bought more land. There were many maple trees on it and we made lots of maple sugar. Then father wanted to go west so he sold out and started for Ohio . . . We went to Huron county and went to work to make a home and the next winter, 1831 we heard about the Mormons and the gold Bible. The next spring Solomon Hancock came in and joined with us, the Methodists and Campbellites and he would preach in our meeting. This was sometime in April, 1831, and my father Edmond Durfee was baptized about the middle of May. My mother and sister Martha and brother Edmond were baptized about the first of June by Solomon Hancock.

"I was a Mormon in belief but was not baptized until December, 1831, and will tell you the reason I was not baptized. I was keeping company with a good young man, as I thought, and I was told he said he would not have a Mormon wife; so I waited until after I was married. I went to Mormon meetings and sometimes to the Methodist 'till the ninth of August 1831, when I was married to Albert Miner. Afterwards we got along first rate and we went to meetings sometimes to one place and sometimes to the Mormons, 'till December, 1831, when my father was going on a mission to the State of New York and he baptized me before going. Albert was baptized the first of February, 1832.

"My oldest daughter Polly was born May 1, 1832. Father sold his farm and all his possessions and started for Kirtland, Ohio on the first of May, 1833. We bought a farm and built us some houses and prepared to live there. My husband helped to haul stone every Saturday for a long time to build the temple. My oldest boy was born October 22, 1833. We named him Orson. On the 4th day of June 1835, I had a son born. We called him Moroni and Joseph

Smith blessed him. They were still building the temple. I had a girl born June 18, 1836. We called her Silva. I had a boy born September 26, 1837 whom we called Mormon. . . That fall (1837) Albert had a sick spell. The last of January he got some better so he could ride in a sleigh on a bed and I held the umbrella over him and, with two children on my lap, we went 80 miles from Kirtland to Huron county, New London, where Albert's folks lived. Albert got better and we stayed there until May. Albert went back to Kirtland and sold his farm. We started for Far West about the middle of June 1838. Silva died about the first of October, 1838. . . ."

Albert Miner, wife and five children got to Missouri the first of September 1838 and lived on Log Creek, six miles from Far West, but due to further persecutions they crossed over to Quincy and went up the river to a place called Lima. The story continues: "While at Lima I had a girl born January 12, 1840 and we called her Matilda. We stayed there one year from the next September and got along the best we could. I had a boy born September 7, 1841 and called him Alva L. The next spring we sold out and my husband bought a place four miles east of the temple in Nauvoo. . . we lived there where we could go to meeting and back at night. I had a boy born June 12, 1843. We called him Don C. We were there in 1844 when Joseph and Hyrum were martyred. The Nauvoo Temple was completed, then the mobs became violent again. They did kill several and drive them from Lima. They shot my father Edmond Durfee and killed him instantly on the night of November 19, 1845. . . The men from Nauvoo got their teams and started for Lima. They traveled all night and day to get the families that had been turned out-of-doors. My husband was one that traveled all night and day to get the families that had been turned out of doors. He took a chill and was sick a long time.

"On March 5, 1846 I had a girl born and called her Melissa. The mob gathered every little while and threatened all the time how they would drive out the Mormons. At last a great many left, not knowing where they were going to hunt a place in the wilderness beyond the Rocky mountains. The first of May we moved to town, sold our place for a yoke of cattle and a wagon thinking to start on in two or three weeks, but the mob gathered every week right on the public square close by our house. . . ."

During the time of the exodus from Nauvoo, Melissa Miner died at the age of seven months. The Miners then went on to Iowaville where they stayed through the winter and where Albert found work hauling and running a ferry boat.

"When my baby died I took sick and never sat up only to have my bed made for nine months. My husband thought of moving to the Bluffs but a good many came back to get work so he cut and put up some hay for his stock and then said he would go back to Ohio to see all his folks. He started afoot to the Mississippi River

alone, short of means. . . He was gone ten weeks. . . He came home very unwell and being gone so long he was homesick and tired and had walked in the rain all day.

"Polly was now fourteen years old and took care of the family of nine and waited on me while I was sick and while her father was gone. Not feeling very well when he came home he thought he would feel better after he got rested but he grew worse. He would try to work a half a day and go to bed the other half. He came home about May 17, 1847. He would be first better then worse till at last he dropped off very suddenly. That was a hard blow for we thought he was getting better. I, and the children, thought a better man never lived, a kind good-natured, free hearted, industrious man. He won friends and was a genius at doing anything he saw anyone else do. Alma, and the little boys said, "which way shall we go? We will not know the way." Albert was born in New York March 31, 1809 in Jefferson county. His father's name was Azel Miner. His mother's name, Sylvia Monson.

"As Polly and Orson were the oldest, they had to take the lead and go ahead and plan. Albert, my husband, died January 3, 1848. He had been so anxious to go to the Bluffs and keep up with the Church, so my children and myself went to work and got things together and the next July, 1848, came to Council Bluffs. We stayed there two years and got things together to come to the valley.

"I, and my five boys and two girls, started with one hundred wagons June 10, 1850. We traveled across the plains with ox teams. We had many a hard struggle although we got along much better than we had anticipated. The first of September we landed in Salt Lake without any home or anyone to hunt us one. We were very lonesome indeed. We stayed with Father and Mother Wilcox two weeks, when Enos Curtis came along and said he would furnish me and the children a home. That was what we needed for it was coming winter. We were married October 20, 1850. We lived on the Jordan the first winter and I, and my children, all had the crysipelas in the throat and my oldest boy, Orson, died with it on March 5, 1851. He had driven the team across the plains for me and he was as kind and good natured a boy as ever lived.

"The next April we moved to Springville, got a farm and a place to build. We got along first rate. We had gone into the wilderness trying to build up the Kingdom. On October 18, 1851, I had a girl born and called her Clarissa Curtis. We lived there and the boys grew up and Enos Curtis, my husband, his boys and mine all worked together raising wheat and grain and the stock paid their tithing. I had a girl born February 23, 1853. We called her Belinda Curtis. The next spring Enos went to Iron county with Brigham Young and company. . . . In 1855 I had a pair of twin girls naming one Adelia and one Amelia.

"The next spring my husband complained of not feeling well but kept on working for awhile till at last he gave up. After a

time he began to take something and thought he was better, then he got worse. He lived until the first day of June, 1856, when he passed away just like going to sleep. Myself, and four boys and three little girls, were left to keep house. We still lived in Springville City, farmed and raised our wheat and stock and paid our tithing. I raised the little girls all but one. She took sick and died before her father died. She was Adelia, one of the twins.

"In 1857 I married John Curtis at April conference and I had a girl born January 16, 1858, calling her Marriette, I had five boys and four girls by Albert Miner, four girls by Enos Curtis and one girl by John Curtis. Belinda Curtis died November 17, 1873. We still lived in Springville.

"I have passed through all the hardships and drivings and burnings and mobbings and threatenings and have been with the Saints in all their persecutions from Huron county to Kirtland and from Kirtland to Missouri back to Illinois and then across the desert. I write this that my children may have a little idea of what their parents passed through. I hope my children will appreciate these lines for I do feel highly honored to be numbered with the Latter-day Saints. . . ."

On January 30, 1885, Tamma Durfee Miner passed away at the age of nearly seventy-two years leaving a large posterity. By a life of virtue and unflinching integrity she had endeared herself to all.

—*Jos. W. Nobel*

#### "MAMMA"—SINE OLENE JENSEN NIELSEN

Mamma was born to Niels Christen Jensen and Dorteia Maria Jensen in Mosbjerg, Hjorring, Denmark. She was their first child. Her parents were converted to Mormonism and baptized into the Church. Grandpa Jensen wanted to bring his family to Utah. Although they had enough to live comfortably where they were, immigrating to a new land with a family of 6 children was hard to do. Grandpa decided that the only way they could make it was to send a few at a time. Mamma, who was then 11, and her little sister Andrea, who was 6, came first. They were chosen because that year Mamma could travel for half-fare and Aunt Andrea for quarter-fare. If they waited another year their fares would double. The two little girls traveled in the care of a Danish family who was immigrating and an Elder Christiansen who was returning home after completing a mission in Denmark. Almost fifteen months later it was arranged for Grandma Jensen to come with three more of the children leaving Grandpa and one boy, Ole, to follow later.

When Great-grandfather, who was opposed to Mormonism, saw that he could not dissuade his son, he offered to add enough money so that Grandpa could also come along with his family, *if* Ole, who had lived with his grandparents could be left in Denmark with them until old enough to make his own decision, and, if Grandpa would

relinquish all claim to any inheritance at their death. So, Grandpa and Grandma, Maria, Amanda and James emigrated to America in 1880. One child, Hansmine, had been buried in Denmark, Ole died there at the age of 21. One son, Niels, was born later in Spring City, Utah.

The two little girls remained together until they reached Utah then Aunt Andrea went with the Danish family to Elsinore and Mamma went into Elder Christiansen's home in Spring City.

Before their deaths, the two sisters often reminisced about their trip over. Aunt Andrea remembered clinging to a little tin cup her father gave her. The little cup was her tie with home. Mamma's memories were of her terrible homesickness and the sadness of their mother when she told them goodby, also of having her 12th birthday while at sea.

When Mamma went into the Christiansen home she didn't know one word of English. Brother Christiansen was the only one in his family who knew any Danish. That was a hard year. The Christiansens were good people but had a family and hardly had room for a little Danish immigrant. They had a boy about Mamma's age. The language barrier didn't keep him from finding ways to tease her. Part of the time she worked in the fields with Brother Christiansen and his boy, the rest of the time she helped Sister Christiansen in the house. She was always happy to clear the table and do the dishes so she could eat any left over food. It wasn't that they wouldn't give her enough, she was too timid to ask for it.

She remembered her first 24th of July in America. There was to be a parade but she and the boy were to stack the hay in piles before they could go. They were out at daylight but the boy slipped off knowing she wouldn't dare tell. She didn't get the hay stacked until long after the parade was over. That first winter she went to school. Because of her language difficulty they placed her in the 3rd grade. The clothes she wore were the ones Grandma Jensen had sent with her from Denmark. Evidently Grandma hadn't known what the well dressed child in Spring City would be wearing in that year of 1879. At any rate, Mamma didn't look like any one else at school nor talk like any one else. The Christiansen children did not want to be seen with her. She must have looked queer but even so under those homespun clothes must have been a pretty little girl because she grew up to be such a beautiful lady. Papa always said that when he married her she was the prettiest girl in all San Pete County. At maturity she was 5 ft. 2 in. with a 21 inch waist. She was small boned with fine even features and a beautiful complexion.

But back to school and the 3rd grade where Mamma learned to speak English, to spell, to do her numbers and to read beautifully. But, writing was something else again. She was always ashamed of her writing but couldn't seem to change it. The letters were formed all right, but they just didn't join smoothly to form a word. Each

letter was more or less alone and ended with a little jerk. Many times I tried to help her. I'd hold her hand and try to guide it but even with both of us trying after one or two letters her hand and pen came up in a sort of reflex action. That year, in 3rd grade, ended Mamma's formal education except for a short term at Juarez Stake Academy in Chihuahua, Mexico where she studied bookkeeping so she could help Papa at his grist mill.

After Grandpa and Grandma came, Mamma lived at home with them for a very short time, and then persuaded them to let her go to work as they were having a hard time. She traveled to Salt Lake City, by wagon of course, with friends of the family. If she hadn't found work when they returned to Spring City she was to return with them. She found a place as a maid and went to work for 25¢ a week. She never lived at home again. The only bright spot in those first years in Salt Lake City was attending Danish meetings where the services were conducted in Danish. It was there in those few minutes of handshaking and visiting after the meeting that she made friends with other girls and learned of places where she might find work.

Mamma knew nothing but hard work through the next few years. She knew how her folks hated to be separated from her but they were all so thankful that under any circumstances they could be in Zion. When Mamma was about 15 or 16 she went to work at a Parochial School for girls, Rowland Hall. Her job was to wait on table and help the head cook, an older girl named Ida. Ida ruled the kitchen and hired the help. They were all Danish-American Mormons. Here Mamma really learned to cook and she always had the same feeling for Rowland Hall as one has for a loved Alma Mater.

It was through friends here that she met her future husband, Carl Emil Nielsen. Papa, a gay, dashing young Dane. Papa's conversion to Mormonism is a story by itself. He joined the Church in Denmark. He was trained as a cabinet maker in Denmark and Germany. He came to America by himself when he was about nineteen. Dad fell in love at once with the shy little girl and literally swept her off her feet. They were married in Spring City. Mamma was seventeen and Papa was twenty-four. They were sealed for time and eternity in the Manti Temple 21 June 1888.

Papa and Mamma lived in Salt Lake City, and what a happy time they had there. It was an accepted practice with them to take the children, they had four born in Salt Lake, and spend a few days with friends, even though they lived within blocks of each other. The friends might even return home with them to prolong the visit. Food was served to anyone who came. That was one custom Mamma never gave up. She offered food to everyone who dropped in.

In 1892 Papa and Mamma and the four children moved to Mexico. There followed years of pioneering and hardships. Seven more children were born to them there; two boys were buried, one a child eight and one a baby. In 1912, because of the Mexican Revolution, the Colonists were forced to flee to the United States

leaving everything they had behind. Regardless of where Mamma lived or what the circumstances, her first objective was to live the Gospel of Jesus Christ and teach it to her children.

I remember when we lived at Tombstone, Arizona. There wasn't a branch of the Church there so Mamma took us to the Christian Church where we earned Bibles for our perfect attendance. Mamma supplemented this by reading the Book of Mormon and Bible stories to us at home.

In 1916 Papa and Mamma moved back to Mexico with the four girls who were still at home. In 1929 she had to watch her own daughter die in childbirth, but when Mamma had exercised her faith and prayers, then she accepted God's will without bitterness. Papa passed away in 1935 just before he was seventy-five. Another daughter, their first born, died in 1939. After Papa died, Mamma lived alone for a short time but then sold her home and went to live with her children. She often said it was so nice not to have to worry about where the next load of wood was coming from.

How honored we were to have her! It was never "who will take Mamma" but rather "who gets to have Mamma." For the rest of her life, almost every letter she received from any of her children contained a warm and sincere invitation for her to come for a visit. It was taken for granted that her girls write at least once a week and she kept in close touch with her brothers and sisters and grandchildren. Regardless of where she was staying she knew exactly when the mail was due and no one could get to the mail box faster.

In a good natured way we tried to out-do each other in offering her little pleasures, a shopping trip for new clothes, a trip that she had always wanted, special entertainment, or maybe a vacation somewhere. Mamma read each invitation with pleasure. Sometimes the bribes offered her were real tempting—but where did Mamma go? Always to the place where she thought she could be of the most service. She spent the winters with me at Mesa, Arizona where she could do temple work as well as take charge of my home while I taught school. Her summers were carefully planned, always with an eye to being in the right place at the right time where she could serve the best. There wasn't a selfish thing about Mamma. Her entire life was one of service to others. Sweet and gentle as a child, yet strong as could be in the defense of others.

Mamma left us for her final trip 13 April 1951. Exactly what awaited her we do not know, but of this we have no doubt, it was wonderful. I'm sure her Father in Heaven had found her a good and faithful servant and that her reward was great. Now that she is gone, I think so often of the one and only thing she ever asked of us and that was to "be good." When she said "try to be good" we knew exactly what she meant. All of our lives she spent teaching us the Gospel of Jesus Christ, both by words and example. Mamma saw to it that we knew the difference between right and wrong. She had great confidence in us. When she said "be good" it wasn't a



command, but a gentle plea to remember our teachings and keep trying to live up to them. There is only one way we can ever repay Mamma for her loving devotion and that is to heed her gentle admonition—"Be Good!"—*Clea N. Cluff*

### ZION — THEIR GOAL

*Ann Blows* was the daughter of Oliver and Hannah Norman Blows. She was born August 8, 1818 in Bigglesward, Bedford, England, the eldest of four children. Ann married *Matthew Gilby* about 1838 and to them were born six children: Charles, 1839; Mary Ann, 1841; Jane, 1843; Amy, 1845; *Matthew, Jr.*, 1847 and Martin, 1849. She and her husband kept a small grocery store in Ireland. Ann was of a deeply religious nature and when she heard and understood the doctrine as taught by the Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, she readily accepted it. Both she and her husband were baptized by Elder Thomas Smith in the year 1850. Desiring to join the body of the Church in America, they set sail from England the 2nd of October, 1850 on the *James Pennell* under the direction of John Morris. They were accompanied on this journey by her husband's sister *Mary*, her husband, *William Wagstaff* and their five children who had also accepted the Gospel. The two families moved to a farm six miles north of St. Louis and were getting along very well when cholera broke out in that vicinity in 1851. Matthew and all of their children except Matthew, Jr., died and were buried there.

When the Saints started west Ann paid a man to bring her and her child to Utah. On the way he wanted to marry her but she refused, so he put all their things on the ground and left them stranded on the plains. When the next company came along the captain had her belongings divided among the wagons but she and little Matthew walked the entire distance to Salt Lake. After arriving in the valley, the driver of the wagon was forced to refund the money he had taken for transportation.

About this time the Rideout brothers arrived in Salt Lake City en route to California and the gold fields. Their wagons were badly in need of repairs so they spent sometime in the valley before they could move on. David Oliver Rideout became interested in the Mormon religion during their stay. Soon he was baptized and when the others were ready to go on he remained in Salt Lake City. He became acquainted with Ann Blows and, in 1853, they were married. Two children were born to them, David Oliver and my mother, Elizabeth Ann Rideout (Irwin). The little family moved from place to place and eventually settled in Draper. Here Ann went out nursing and working at other jobs to help support her family. Her husband had taken a plural wife and had another family.

In 1878 the wife of her son, Matthew Gilby died, leaving five children, the eldest being twelve years and the youngest four. Ann

reared these children as well as John Rideout, her husband's son by his plural wife.

Ann's hair was naturally curly and she took great pride in it. I can remember grandmother coming to our house especially on Sunday when my sister would fix it for her. During the last years of her life she resided with her son, David Oliver where she had a comfortable room of her own. She died April 1913 and was buried in the Draper cemetery.—*Lucy I. Clyde*

*Anna Catherine Jorgensen Anderson Babcock* came to Utah alone in 1862. She was born in Sonder, Tisem Soan, Denmark, one of a family of ten children, where she grew to young womanhood. In 1850, she married Mons Anderson and to them were born three children. In 1861 she heard the gospel message and accepted it. So profound was her conviction of the truthfulness of the gospel as preached by the missionaries of the Mormon Church that she was willing to give up home and friends that she might gather with the Saints in Zion.

On April 2, 1862, she with her son, *George*, and baby daughter, *Annie*, left her husband and one son, *Andreas*, in Denmark to join with a company of Saints en route to Utah. They traveled first to Aalsborg from there by steamboat to Kiel, then to Altoona and on to Hamburg, Germany by railroad where they boarded the ship *Franklin* which sailed from that port April 8, 1862 with three hundred and twenty-three Scandinavian Saints under the leadership of Christian A. Madsen. The company arrived in New York May 29, 1862. More than forty children had died on shipboard from the effects of measles but she and her children arrived safely in Utah.

Anne went to Spanish Fork on the 27th of September 1862. She had reached her goal after walking the entire distance across the plains. She had no relatives and was unable to talk or understand the English language but with faith and determination she soon found work. She did it willingly, believing in the statement, "God hath put an upward reach in the soul of man."

Later Anna married George Babcock. She never regretted coming to Utah alone and was always true to the faith that brought her to Zion. She died October 22, 1895 in Spanish Fork, Utah.

—*Josephine Lewis Anderson*

*Martha Robinson Blackham* was born March 22, 1807, in Heaton Norris, Lancashire, England to James Robinson and Elizabeth Perry. She married *Samuel Blackham* and to them were born seven children, namely, John, James, Samuel, William, Elizabeth, Sarah and Thomas. Her two eldest sons, *John* and *James* came to America in 1853 or 1854. Martha left home, husband, and friends for the sake of the Gospel as preached by Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on the 25th of May, 1856, with her three younger children, *Samuel*, *Sarah* and *Thomas*. Her daughter Elizabeth had died of fever. They sailed on the ship *Horizon*, docking in Boston July 3rd.

The company was under the supervision of Elder Edward Martin in whose handcart company she also crossed the plains. After enduring untold hardships this company reached Salt Lake City November 30, 1856. The Saints were taken to Sugarhouse Ward. President Brigham Young had asked the Church members to take the new converts into their homes and care for them until they could find places of their own; but not all could be placed here, so requests for succor went out to the surrounding communities.

Martha and her children were sent to Nephi, Juab county. When she reached this place a fort had been built for protection against the Indians. The wall around the fort covered an area of four blocks and inside were small homes, in one of which the family lived during the winter. Others shared their meager supplies of food with them. After a short time Martha and her family were sent to Sanpete county where they settled in Moroni, and when Martha first saw the green pastures in the valley she was reminded of her beloved home in England. Martha worked hard to supply the needs of her family and also devoted much time to her Church duties. She was an avid reader. When in later years her eyesight became so weakened that she could not live alone, she moved to the home of her daughter Sarah and family. There she died in 1888 and was buried in the family plot in Moroni.—*Blanche D. Cooper*

*Mary Simmons Fanning Barnes*, daughter of Hannah Maria and Samuel Simmons, was born in Bristol, England October 22, 1841. Her parents accepted the Mormon faith and left England to join the Saints in Zion in 1855. They remained in New York a few years preparing for the journey westward. Mary remained there five years after her parents had left during which time she married William Fanning. She was then sixteen years old. After her first son, *William*, was born, life became unbearable, so she left her husband and started across the plains in the Horton D. Haight company which left Florence, Nebraska in August, 1862, and arrived in Salt Lake City October 19th. The journey was especially hard for Mary as she was expecting her second child. She walked all the way carrying her small child except a few miles and was so frail and completely exhausted when she reached the valley her parents scarcely recognized her. Her daughter, *Ann*, was born in February, 1863.—*Delila S. Flint*

*Elizabeth Bracken* was the wife of *Levi Bracken*. Until 1821 this young married couple lived in Hamilton county, Ohio but later moved to Rush county, Indiana and it was here they heard and received the Gospel of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. After living in Indiana for sometime they decided to move to Nauvoo, Illinois, and live among their co-religionists. This they did and remained there until 1846, when they were driven out of that state during the Mormon persecutions. They settled in Council Bluffs and here Levi became active in both civil and religious affairs.

In 1852 the Bracken family made preparations for the journey to Utah. Levi was made captain of the second ten of the 16th company under Uriah Curtis. By July they had reached the Platte River in Nebraska. There was a great deal of sickness among the Saints and many died and were buried in unmarked graves. One day Levi was called to minister to Mrs. Allan Mathews. After completing the request, he also became a victim of the disease and passed away the following morning, August 1, 1852. He was buried at Loup Fork, Nebraska. Elizabeth Bracken traveled on to Salt Lake City. She later moved to Spring Valley, Nevada and made her home with one of her daughters. She was the mother of nine children. Her eventful life came to a close June 9, 1876 at the age of 85 years.

—*Stella Hancock Christensen*

*Elizabeth Briggs* was born December 22, 1799, in Walton Parish, near Chesterfield, Derbyshire, England. She was the daughter of John Briggs and Ann Bower. After her marriage to Nicholas Welch, she continued her work as an agent for a manufacturer of fine Nottingham lace, which was embroidered on fine bobbín net, in pieces of thirty yards in length and three quarters of a yard wide. One day in the fall of 1841, as she was returning home, she noticed a group of people, and being curious to know what was going on she joined the crowd. A "little boy" she said was standing on a box near the corner preaching. She was not religiously inclined, and even though her husband was a preacher, she had never given serious consideration to his work. She learned that this young man was an Elder in the Mormon Church, Alfred Cardon by name, who, in spite of the fact that he looked very young and was small in stature, was about twenty-one years of age. What she heard impressed her deeply and after the meeting was over she invited him to their home. Shortly after both husband and wife were baptized into the Church.

In the spring of 1842, the family consisting of father, mother, one daughter and two sons, left their comfortable home in England to emigrate to America. They located in Nauvoo, City of the Saints. Their eldest son, *John*, had remained in England preparing to follow later. They suffered many hardships in Nauvoo, disease was rampant and, in September, their five year old son, George, passed away. The father became very ill and he died November 25th but this was not enough for the grief stricken mother, whom death visited again in December of the same year taking her twelve year old son William.

In the company that came from the Old Country with the Welch family was a little family by the name of Miles. During these bleak times the Miles parents died, leaving two small children, Jane about four years of age and her two-year-brother John. These children were taken into the Welch family and remained members of the same from that time on. Sometime after the death of her husband, Elizabeth married a Mr. Madsen but within a few months he, too, passed away.

During the winter of 1846, Elizabeth left Nauvoo with her family to join the Saints in the West. John had now come to America and joined them. After enduring all the persecutions heaped upon the Saints they finally reached the valley of the Great Salt Lake in 1852. Two years later the Welch family moved to Centerville, and then north to Box Elder county. The late years of her life Elizabeth spent in a little home near that of her son, John, in Three-Mile Creek, now Perry, Box Elder county, Utah where she passed away January 7, 1867.—*Eva Dunn Snow*

*Eliza Chapman* was born March 13, 1815, at Croydon, Cambridgeshire, England, the daughter of William Chapman and Mary Pentlon. On April 13, 1836 she married *Samuel Gadd* who was born in Whaddon, Cambridgeshire, England. Between the years of 1836 and 1854 they became the parents of nine children, the last being twins. Her husband joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints October 14, 1841, and on May 1, 1856 the family started for Utah to join the Saints in the valley of the mountains.

When they arrived at Iowa City they joined the belated handcart company of Captain James G. Willie. *Eliza Chapman Gadd* was not a member of the Church before she left England. She came with her husband as a dutiful wife should when her husband decides to move on. During the month of October, when winter had descended upon this ill-fated company, *Eliza* lost her husband and three sons. Once she became snowblind and her eight year old daughter led her by the hand as she pulled the lowly cart mile after mile along the road.

On November 16, 1856, just one week after their arrival in Salt Lake City *Eliza Chapman* was baptized. The family settled in Nephi and lived there for many years. She was set apart as a midwife and continued in this capacity until the end of her days. After staying two weeks to help a family where she had delivered a baby, the husband and father said to her: "Sister Gadd, I am sorry I haven't anything I can pay you for all you have done for us. I will try to pay you soon." Grandmother Gadd saw two eggs on the table and picking them up said, "That's all right Brother ....., I will take these eggs for my breakfast and we will call the bill paid." Bless her sweet memory. *Eliza Chapman Gadd* died in Nephi, Utah, January 24, 1892 at the age of 77 years.—*Mary Stevens—Nellie Harvey*

*Caleb Hersey Davis Jr.*, was born on the 22nd day of March, 1839 in New York, the son of Caleb Hersey and Tryphena Atherton Davis. They were the parents of seven sons: Samuel, Lemuel, Josiah, George, Caleb, Jr., Dudley and John Amos. The following was taken from his writings: "I emigrated from New York with my parents in the year 1843 to Ohio. In 1845, I, with my father and family, moved to Nauvoo, Illinois. My father, mother, and oldest brother, Samuel, died that same fall and left six little boys to shift for ourselves. I came to Utah in 1850 with Joseph Mecham."

The little boys of the Davis family were separated and scattered and they never knew the whereabouts of each other from then on, with the exception of one brother, John, the youngest of the family. Just a few weeks before my grandfather passed away it was learned that John was in Idaho and he came and visited his brother at our home, at that time in American Fork. Since Grandfather's death we never heard from him again.

Caleb left with the Mormon caravan in the Mecham family. His inborn faith and courage was evident at an early age. Although only eleven years old, he was put in charge of some cattle that belonged to the Saints and as he drove them over the dusty plains some of the cattle strayed from him. Though he searched until he was exhausted, he was unable to find them and could not keep up with the caravan. When darkness came and he could go no farther, he knelt down and prayed to God to protect him through the night and to help him find the cattle on the morrow. The caravan traveled all that night by moonlight so he was far behind in the morning. As soon as the first streak of dawn crossed the sky, he awoke, and he could hear the lowing of the cattle in the distance. He went straight to where they were and as if by instinct, drove them back to the wheel tracks of the wagon train. By night he had caught up with the company which arrived in the Valley September 12, 1850.

Caleb went to Provo with the Mecham family and when they went on to California he remained in that city. When he was fourteen he went to live with John Turner and after a few years went to learn the blacksmith trade from William Douglas. He was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints when he was thirteen years of age.

When he was twenty-four years old he was married to Hannah Strong. All through his busy pioneer life he was always eager to learn and although he had been married about a year, he attended a school organized in 1863 by Wilson Dusenberry. He became very well read. He continued to blacksmith while attending school. Later he bought farms and then built and operated a corner grocery store on the southeast corner of University Avenue on 5th North, until he retired in 1912.

After Grandmother's death in 1914 he made his home with his children. He spent quite a bit of his time at our home in Springville. One of his many interesting traits that I well remember was, if you walked down the street with him you were to walk in step or he didn't want to go with you. We later moved to our new home in American Fork and while visiting with us, Grandfather passed away June 19, 1919.—*Mrs. Lewis R. Perry*

I, *Eliza Duncombe*, was born in Staffordshire, England, October 28, 1849. I was born in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, my parents having been baptized before my birth. I was baptized by my father in 1857 at eight years of age. My father's name was Joseph Duncombe, my mother's Elizabeth Glover. I came to Utah

with a company of 802 converts in 1864, with a family named Chappell, and was fifteen years old when I arrived in Utah. The company left for Wyoming, Nebraska, and being the time of the Civil War, the soldiers were troublesome and fired on the boat on the Missouri River carrying the converts but no one was hurt.

We started across the plains on July 10th with Captain William Warren in charge of the ox train. I saw bodies lying around where Indians had killed them, but we were a large company, 150 wagons, 485 oxen and so the Indians were afraid to come too close to us. I saw where they had burned wagons. One afternoon we saw a fire where white people had camped. The next morning two boys went back with field glasses and saw that the whole camp had been wiped out. One night the captain told the teamsters not to turn the cattle loose as he expected Indians, but when they came and found us ready for them they fled.

I walked nearly all the way across the plains. Once I laid down and went to sleep. When I awoke it was nearly night and I didn't know which way to go, but I suppose I was inspired to look for the oxen tracks and followed them until I saw a man going for water. He was carrying a big milk can. I hurried to catch him and found the camp had eaten supper and had not missed me.

Of the family I came with, the father, mother, my chum, their oldest son, and their baby died with mountain fever and were buried along the trail. I am thankful I was too young to sense the sorrow very deeply. . . I arrived in Salt Lake City, Utah October 4, 1864. I married Edwin Francis Fletcher in 1868 in the Endowment House. We had a family of seven children, five now living. I was called to work in the temple about two years after it was opened. I worked there for 25 years until my health failed.

The above was written by Eliza Duncombe Fletcher before her death May 25, 1926. She was buried in the Salt Lake City cemetery.

—*Sarah Fletcher Christensen*

*Ann Emmett* was born in Downham, Lancashire, England April 23, 1830, the fifth in a family of five children belonging to John and Sarah Boothman Emmett. The family later moved to Clitheroe and then to Manchester where the four girls and the boy worked in the weaving factory. When Ann was in her twenties, the family, with the exception of the father, was converted to the Gospel of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and emigrated to the United States.

When the mother died Ann went to St. Louis where she lived with her sister and husband, John and Mary Ann Ellis. From St. Louis she, with other Saints, went to Iowa City, Iowa where they joined the handcart company of *Daniel McArthur* August 25, 1856 en route to the valley of the Great Salt Lake, arriving September 26th.

Ann went to Ogden, Utah, and on March 29, 1859, became the plural wife of Jonathan Browning. To this union were born seven

children. Two of her sons became mayors of Ogden and another was appointed postmaster of Ogden by President Woodrow Wilson. Ann died April 1, 1918 at the age of 88 years and was buried in the Ogden cemetery.—*Louise B. Stock*

*Catherine Van Neveer Geyer* was born in Suffolk county, Boston, Massachusetts, the 13th day of August, 1796 to Mary Lockland and George Geyer. She went through many hardships in her girlhood, but being of sturdy stock she endured them as did many other Saints, in order to reach their Zion. In 1822, in Boston, she married Edward Tuttle and to them were born two girls and two boys; *Henry Hewey*, 1825; *Martha Ann Jane*, 1828; *Mary Anne Jane*, 1830 and *John W.*, 1832. Her husband was a baker by trade and, in 1842, the family having become members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, moved to Nauvoo where they continued in the bakery business.

After the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum, they began making preparations for the journey west, but it was not until June, 1846, that they finally sold their possessions. They arrived in Winter Quarters in the fall of 1846 where a dugout was made as a temporary home. In the spring they moved six miles farther on a little farm. Here her husband found work to help out with the small garden he had planted to tide things over as they were counseled to stay here one year. It was here one evening when her husband was bringing in the Church cattle that he was gored by one of the bulls and died from the effects of his wounds. He was buried at Winter Quarters on the 17th of August, 1847.

Catherine then moved back to town. The first company had started its westward trek so there were now a few vacant houses. She lived there until the next April suffering many hardships. Her son, Henry, came on with the 1848 company bringing his mother, sister and brother with him. Martha, another sister, had married Elias Gardner while they were living in Winter Quarters. They came in the Heber C. Kimball company arriving in Salt Lake City in September. It is believed that Catherine married James Davenport sometime after arriving in Utah. She died in Salem in April, 1878, and is buried there.—*Hazel Gardner Gasser*

*Phoebe Adams Hancock* was born June 8, 1811 at Middlesex, Ontario county, New York. She married Solomon Hancock June 28, 1836, being his second wife. They lived through the persecutions in Missouri and Illinois, but Phoebe was called upon to part with her husband, *Solomon*, in 1847 near Winter Quarters. He was fifty-four years of age at the time. With faith in God and an undaunted courage she left Winter Quarters in June, 1849 for the west.

The company was three months crossing the plains. She drove her own ox team part of the way as her two stepsons were called into the Mormon Battalion. Allen Taylor was captain over the one hundred wagons in their company. They encountered some trouble



crossing the Elk Horn River. Horses and wagons were loaded on a raft and ferried across. While in midstream the rope broke and the raft was carried down stream for a quarter of a mile. It required twenty yoke of oxen to draw it back upstream to the place of landing. At the Platte River they encountered more trouble. They had to double teams across because of the quicksand and were two or three days getting all the teams over so they could resume the journey. Cattle stampeded three different times while en route, one lady was killed and several injured.

Later the company was divided into two groups with fifty wagons each. Enoch Reese had charge of one. Phoebe's children, *Alta* and *Isaac*, walked the entire distance. *Alta* was nine years of age at that time and often told in later years how she and *Isaac* drove cattle across the plains. Their feet became sore and bleeding due to the rough trails and encounters with prickly pears. She was baptized in one of the rivers en route. Phoebe and her children arrived in Salt Lake City in September 1849, happy to meet the Saints who had come on before.—*Jennie H. Elmer*

*Bridget Daley Houtz* came alone to Zion when a young girl because of the difference in her religious beliefs with other members of her family. She was born in Duniry, Galway county, Ireland 23 February, 1823. With the help of the Mormon Elders she went to England where she worked in the home of Ezra Taft Benson as a hired girl, saving all she could toward her passage to America and the Zion the Elders had told her about. When the Benson family returned to America, *Bridget* had earned enough money to pay for a third class ticket. Arriving at Iowa City, Iowa she joined one of the handcart companies and upon her entrance into the valley was placed in the home of Peter and Betty Horrocks where she worked for her board and room.

The Horrocks took *Bridget* with them to Springville to visit the Jacob Houtz family and when Mr. Houtz came to Salt Lake to return the visit, he again met *Bridget*. Not long after they were married. She returned to Springville with him and attended school with some of his older children. He built a lean-to on the west side of his general store where *Bridget* made her home. Three children were born to them here. Later she had a larger home across Spring Creek. At the time of her death the following tribute was paid her by the Relief Society:

"In memory of our beloved sister *Bridget Daley Houtz* of Springville, Utah, who departed this life April 1, 1911, at the extreme age of eighty-eight years. Her co-workers desire to express our love and respect and our appreciation for her many willing labors; the leading of our beautiful old hymns in song; her performance of many duties as an officer of the Relief Society, Sunday School, YWMA. We commemorate her worthy efforts in seeking her genealogical records, together with noble

temple work for her dead, she being the only one of her family to know the Gospel. We remember her as one truly worthy of the new and everlasting covenant."—*Sub. Veloy B. Bailey*

*Amelia Irons Kirby* was born April 24, 1848 in Dover, Kent county, England, the daughter of Thomas James Irons and Jane Stokes. Her girlhood days were spent in the place of her birth, but when she was eighteen years of age she left her home and family because of her religious beliefs and set sail for America on the ship *Caroline* with other Mormon converts. In the year 1866 she walked across the plains in company with her friend, Eliza Rees, in the *William Henry Chipman* company arriving in Salt Lake City September 15th. She was met by her brother-in-law, Thomas Wright Kirby, and accompanied him by ox team to his home in Hyde Park, Cache county. She became his plural wife on May 25, 1867 in the Endowment House. They were the parents of two children, Albert and Ida Eliza Kirby.

Amelia, like her pioneer sisters, faced the problem of making a livelihood willingly and cheerfully. She was an expert in the art of spinning, weaving, knitting and the braiding of straw hats. She was a member of the Latter-day Saint Hyde Park choir and took part in musicales and dramas, also serving in Sunday School and Relief Society activities. She passed away September 28, 1906 and was buried in the Hyde Park cemetery.—*Helen Peterson Kirby*

*Eliza Baldwin Pace* with three of her children and a widowed sister, Sarah Baldwin Smith, a school teacher, joined the Lorenzo Snow company bound for Utah. They had two yoke of cattle, one horse and an old wagon in which to make the journey. Eliza was fulfilling a deathbed promise made to her husband that no matter what happened to him she would take the children and go with the Saints to Zion. It was just across the Mississippi River on the south from Nauvoo, Illinois, where a small colony of Saints had settled that Elisha Pace, her husband, had taken ill and died on his fortieth birthday. This was in the year 1837. Elisha and Eliza were married in 1830 and were the parents of five children, two died in infancy. They were living in Licking county, Ohio when they heard the teachings of the Mormon missionaries and were baptized. Shortly after they left their home in Ohio moving to the place where her husband passed away. Later Eliza and her children moved with the Saints from Illinois to Puncau Village, two hundred miles from Winter Quarters where they endured the severe trials incident to the winter of 1846-47.

After their arrival in the valley Eliza, with her sons *Edwin* and *George M.*, daughter *Amanda*, and Sarah B. Smith were advised to go directly to Sessions Settlement. Since they had arrived so late in the season they were obliged to find temporary shelter in a cave in the side of a hill about one-half mile southwest of the present site of the South Bountiful Ward Chapel. The shelter was made of willows,

then covered with rushes and grass sod over the mouth of the cave. It was necessary for them to take a shovel inside at night so they could dig themselves out in the morning. Later a second home, a one-roomed log cabin, was erected on property further east as they found the land on which they had first settled would not produce because it was too alkaline.

From Pennsylvania, where she was born in 1802, to her death in Bountiful, Utah in 1863, Eliza Baldwin Pace proved to be a courageous woman, a faithful and true Latter-day Saint, and a considerate and loving mother.—*Edith H. Terry*

*Millesant London Osborn Parks* was born 29 December 1805 at Luzerne county, Pennsylvania. She was the youngest daughter of Isaiah and Sarah Champion London. At the age of eighteen she married John Osborn. Four children were born to them; Milton, who died when six months old, Joseph Milton, Sarah Augusta and Frances Ann. The family was living in Pennsylvania when John Osborn died in 1833. That same year Millesant joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The following year she left Pennsylvania and with her family went to Kirtland, Ohio.

In 1835 she was married to *William Parks*, a widower, at Kirtland, Ohio by Brigham Young. Five children were born to this union: Susan Annie, Moroni, Naomi Sariah, Sarah Elizabeth and Mary Millesant. Susan Annie lived seven short years. Because of illness, William Parks did not start across the plains with his family but went back to his son, William Orr Parks, at Louisiana, Pike county, Missouri. It was here he died 2 December 1857.

Being alone and in poor circumstances, Millesant left the Osborn children with some friends with the understanding that they would follow later. Then, with the smaller children, the Parks children, she started across the plains in the spring of 1852. Millesant had two cows which were yoked in with one of the brethren's oxen. One of the cows pulled so hard that its necked swelled and it died on the plains. The other one helped pull them and gave a little milk for them to drink on the way. The children walked almost the entire distance.

The family arrived in Salt Lake Valley the 1st of October, 1852 and later moved to Bountiful. Millesant had a very difficult time providing for her family. She and her children would glean wheat then grind it between two flat rocks. She would then make biscuits, giving each child one and a cup of milk for the day's allotment of food.

After her youngest child, Mary Millesant was married, Mother Millesant lived with her but there was always sadness in her heart for she never heard from the older children, the Osborn children, again. She died on the 21 June 1871 at East Bountiful, Utah at the age of sixty-six years.—*Edith H. Terry*

*Rebecca Rhodes Parrish* was born October 14, 1776, at Danbury, Dutchess county, New York. She was the daughter of Nathan and Phebe Rhodes, and was the eldest child in a family of seven. Rebecca married Nathan Parrish and settled in central New York. They were among the pioneers of this section. There is little information concerning the progress of their lives, except that from the year 1797 to 1823 twelve children were born to them: Nathan, Jr., Sanford, Amanda, Ezra, David, Hulda, Emaline, Olive, William Rice, Henry Strong, Nancy Sarepta and George Washington.

The Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints found the Nathan Parrish family at Brownville, Jefferson county, New York. They and some of the members of their family readily accepted the Gospel and were baptized in 1833. Nathan took suddenly ill with infection from a boil and died. Shortly after Rebecca and her family moved to Richmond, Ray county, Missouri to be with the Saints. They endured all the mobbings and hardships of those memorable days. Later they settled fifty-five miles south of Nauvoo at Pigeon Creek and afterward moved four miles from Montrose, near Nauvoo, Illinois. When the Prophet Joseph Smith selected a certain number of men and crossed the Mississippi River to go to the Rocky Mountains, the Parrish family cooked provisions for them. Their horses were quartered in the Parrish stables ready to mount, but through the importuning of his friends, the Prophet returned, was confined in the Carthage jail and martyred. Rebecca's son, Henry Strong and others helped fix wagons and prepare the Saints to cross the plains, so they did not leave with the first companies.

On the 23rd of July, 1852, Rebecca with about eight of her children and in-laws, left Council Bluffs with Captain Clark's company. They arrived in Salt Lake valley on October 11, 1852. The following April they moved to Bountiful. Here she lived until she was eighty-two years of age. She died September 5, 1858 and was buried in the Bountiful City cemetery.—*Edith H. Terry*

*Elizabeth Wilkinson Pead* was born in Buckland, England 7 May 1827, to John Wilkinson and Mary Warren. Elizabeth married James Pead and they made their home in London. They were the parents of five children. James became a victim of black smallpox and Elizabeth and her eldest daughter, *Mary*, made straw hats and sold them as a means of livelihood. When Isaac Kimball, a Mormon missionary, came to their home preaching the doctrine of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, they were converted and baptized. The eldest son, William, came to America in 1866 and worked hard to earn enough money to send for his mother and brothers and sisters. Two years later Elizabeth and the children, *Mary, Sarah, Levi* and *Parley* were able to pay their passage on the ship *Minnesota* leaving Liverpool June 30, 1868. She was reported to be the first iron-clad ship ever to sail to America. The emigrants were under the super-

vision of Elder John Parry. After docking in New York they traveled to an outfitting station where they joined a wagon company for the journey across the plains arriving in the valley that same year.

Grandmother Pead first made her home in Salt Lake City. She later married John Austin of Lehi where she died March 14, 1907. William married Susannah Johnson; Levi married Comfort Lovina Bolter; Sarah married Richard Arnold and Parley married Mary Vis-ing, while Mary became the wife of William Howard who was called by Brigham Young to help settle Castle Valley. Mary and William Howard were my grandparents.—*Flora J. Jensen*

*Priscilla Pitt* was born October 10, 1846 in Willenhall, Staffordshire, England. She was the daughter of *John* and *Caroline Wright Pitt* who were members of the Mormon Church and Priscilla was brought up under the influence of the Gospel. The family was desirous of emigrating to Utah but not having sufficient funds to do so it was decided that Priscilla, the eldest child, should go first. Accordingly on May 21, 1864, Priscilla Pitt, then seventeen years of age, bade her family and friends goodbye and set sail on the ship *General McClellan* in company with over eight hundred other Saints under the supervision of Thomas E. Jeremy. A family by the name of Chappell had a daughter, Sarah Jane, about the same age and the girls became inseparable. At last they reached Wyoming, Nebraska where necessary arrangements were completed for the journey across the plains.

On May 1, 1864, Alfred Lunt of Nephi left with a group of young men to go back to the Missouri river for the purpose of helping other emigrants. When they arrived at Florence, Nebraska preparations were made for the return trip. On July 19, 1864 what was known as Capt. William S. Warren's ox team company started the westward trip. It was at this time that Alfred and Priscilla met. Alfred originally came from Willenhall and upon making further inquiries found that Priscilla was the daughter of family friends.

En route the company encountered various bands of Indians but when they learned that the Saints were armed, they did not attempt to stop their progress. On October 4, 1864 the Warren company reached Salt Lake City. Alfred persuaded Priscilla to go to Nephi where his parents, Edward and Harriet Wood Lunt, lived in a small two-room house. Priscilla was made welcome and soon adjusted herself to the ways of pioneer life. Fourteen months later on December 8, 1865, Alfred Lunt and Priscilla Pitt were united in marriage in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City. In 1866 the other members of the John Pitt family were able to come to Utah and were reunited with their daughter in the Lunt home in Nephi.—*Lillian S. Snoder*

*Emily Pridmore* was born March 30, 1828 in Coventry, Warwickshire, England to George A. and *Harriet Moorcroft Pridmore*. Her father

was a ribbon manufacturer and his family was well supplied with this world's goods. When Emily had grown to young womanhood the Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints came to visit their community and, after being thoroughly converted, she was baptized a member of the Church. She was finally given a choice by her mother of giving up her religion or leaving home but there was no question in Emily's mind as to what she had to do. Finally, by 1855, Emily had earned enough money to pay her passage to America. A few days before she left she wrote her mother a letter telling her she was leaving and pleading that she be permitted to bid her goodbye. The letter was returned unopened and on the outside of the envelope was written "I do not want to be bothered by either you or your letters." So it was with a sad heart that this young girl boarded her ship and said goodbye to her homeland.

Although there was a company of more than three hundred on board there was not a soul that Emily knew. The voyage took ten weeks. After arriving in America she went to Mormon Grove, Kansas where she joined the *Milo Andrus* wagon company August 5, 1855, arriving in the valley October 24th. She lived and worked in Salt Lake until the following March when she was married to Alfred Cordon. The young couple moved to Brigham City, Utah and lived there until November, when they moved to Willard, Utah and there Emily spent the remainder of her days. In September, 1858, her only daughter, Harriett, was born and in the years following three sons, George, Arthur and Herbert joined the family group.

Throughout her married life, Emily was obliged to endure many hardships and privations. Her husband died when their eldest child was only thirteen and the mother was left to be not only the homemaker, but, also, the provider. However she always endeavored to live the life of a true Latter-day Saint and was especially grateful to Him, when in later years, her mother came from England to live with her. She, too, had been brought to a knowledge of the truthfulness of the Gospel and had joined the Church, following her daughter to Zion. Emily's brother did not become a member but his descendants still live in and around Coventry. Emily died November 16, 1894 in Willard City, Utah, the place that had witnessed so many of her joys and heartaches.—*Harriet Cordon Chandler*

*Sarah Chantrey Rawson*, my grandmother, being a widow of one month was advised by the conference president, Lewis W. Shurtliff to leave her home in Swanwick, Derbyshire, England with her four youngest children, *Samuel*, ten years of age; *Hannab Maria*, six; *Thomas*, three and a baby *Harry*, nine months old and emigrate to America where she could gather with the body of the Church in Zion. Accordingly she took passage for herself and children on the steamship *Colorado* leaving Liverpool, England July 14, 1868 with a company of Saints numbering six hundred under the direction of

William B. Preston. The ship docked in New York harbor September 2, 1868.

The family spent the first winter in Farmington, Davis county, Utah, moving to Coalville, Summit county in the spring of 1869. In 1874, they moved to Plain City where she lived until her death which occurred September 2, 1902.—*Lettie R. Call.*

*Christiana Gregory Reed* was born March 19, 1795 in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. She met and married *John Haines Reed* on February 22, 1819. John Haines Reed was born September 11, 1795 at Masonville, Burlington, New Jersey. Born to them were seven children, viz: George T., February 3, 1820; Hannah, May 10, 1821; Samuel, November 25, 1822; Samuel J., 1828 and Christiana Rachel, December 1, 1830. The father, John Haines Reed, died September 29, 1832.

The widowed mother and two of the girls, Hannah and Rachel, left Philadelphia early in 1846 and sailed around Cape Horn on the ship *Brooklyn* with Samuel Brannan as the captain. They landed in San Francisco, California on July 31, 1846 during the gold excitement. Working hard and saving for the day Brigham Young would give the word to come on to Zion, they left San Francisco in July, 1848 with the first train of emigrants going to Salt Lake, marking out the road as they went. They arrived in Salt Lake in October 1848. Christiana Gregory Reed and daughter Hannah T. Reed after arriving met James Graham and President Young advised him to marry both women.—*Lucille C. VanDam*

*Mary Ross*, the eldest daughter of John B. and Mary Patterson Ross was born May 9, 1815 at Bankhead, Scotland. She became the wife of Walter Muir in the year 1835 and to this union were born twelve children. Having become a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in the year 1859, her greatest desire was to rear her children in the principles of the Church. After the death of her husband August 15, 1860, she set sail for America with her family of five children, three boys and two girls on the ship *Arkwright* May 30, 1866 trusting that she would be re-united with two of her daughters who had emigrated to America some time previously. They arrived in New York July 6, 1866.

Leaving New York the following day this company went by train to Albany. From here they crossed the river in a downpour of rain in an open cattle boat which was flat surfaced with a chain around it. Being just at the close of the Civil War suitable transportation was difficult to find. Landing in New Haven they boarded the train for Montreal, Canada. From there, still traveling by train, they reached the banks of the Missouri River on July 22. After five days travel they were visited by a band of five hundred Pawnee Indians who told them if they would give them flour, meat, etc., they could travel over their lands without being molested. Their journey across the plains began July 25, 1866 with ox teams. Mary walked nearly all the way.

After their arrival in Salt Lake City they traveled northward and established a home in Mendon, Cache county. Mary practiced nursing in this community to help provide for her family's needs. On November 27, 1888 this lovable energetic woman passed away in Mendon where she had resided since she left her native land.

—*Jennie Richards*

*Ann Jewel Rowley* and her husband, *William*, were among those who heard Elder Wilford Woodruff while he was preaching the Gospel of the Mormon Church to the people of England. Elder Woodruff felt strongly impressed to go among a group of people, numbering about six hundred, who called themselves the United Brethren of which Ann and William were members. They accepted his teachings and were baptized. The family at that time was well fixed but soon reverses came due to crop failures and later persecutions heaped upon them because of their religious affiliations. William died, February 14, 1848, leaving Ann to care for seven children all under the age of twelve years.

In the spring of 1856 arrangements were made for the Rowley family to emigrate to America through the aid of the Perpetual Emigrating Fund and, on the 4th of May, they set sail on the ship *Thornton* to join the body of the Church in Zion. Aside from her own children, Ann brought with her a step-daughter named Eliza.

When the company reached Iowa City they were assigned to the ill-fated Willie handcart company. During the long trek Eliza died and was buried on the plains. Finally, on the 9th of November what was left of this valiant band reached Salt Lake City. The Rowleys had no friends or relatives to welcome them but were soon given food and shelter by the good people in the valley. Ann and her family went on to Nephi where they established a home by hard work and continuous struggle. She died in Huntington, Utah March 17, 1888, another of those courageous women who came alone that her family might be reared in the principles of the Church of her choice.—*Mary Stevent, Macy Hawkins*

*Lucy Jane Stevens* was born in Portsmouth, England, January 1, 1848, to Samuel Edward Stevens and Rhoda Brixley. Other children born to them were Edward Samuel, Samuel Edward and William Henry. Lucy's father, as his father before him, was a draftsman in the shipyards of the British government. All were members of the Baptist Church except Lucy's grandmother, a frail little woman who had been converted to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by a friend of her washwoman. Her husband refused to have anything to do with the Church, but had allowed the Elders to come to their home and administer to his wife when she was on her death bed. It was on this night that Lucy, then a young girl, met the Elders and first heard the Gospel message. Not long afterwards, Lucy's mother, a young woman of thirty-five years, passed away



leaving her daughter alone. Day by day Lucy became more and more despondent. One night, after hours of weeping, she seemed to feel the presence of her mother who told her not to grieve but to prepare to go to Zion. This was repeated the next night with the promise that Lucy would find the way opened to her when she was nineteen years of age. Lucy went to work to earn her passage to America for she knew in her heart this was what her mother wanted her to do.

Through the friendship of the daughter of the washwoman, she met the Elders and secretly attended their meetings. One of the Elders was Archibald N. Hill who was to become a valued friend. She joined the Church and cast her lot with the Saints, sailing from Liverpool, England, June 21, 1867 on the *Manhattan* under the supervision of Archibald N. Hill. There were 482 Saints on board among them Ruth May Fox.

According to Church Chronology they arrived in New York July 4, 1867, and the emigrants continued their journey westward to North Platte on the U.P. Railroad. From here the trip across the plains was begun August 8th with ox teams under the direction of *Captain Leonard G. Rice* of Farmington, Davis county, Utah, arriving in Salt Lake City October 5, 1867.

Having neither relatives or friends, Lucy was invited to the home of Elder Hill where she lived for one year, being treated as a member of the family. It was while at the Hill home she met again the man who was to become her husband, Leonard G. Rice. Leonard was nineteen years her senior. He had two wives, Elizabeth Almira Babbitt and Margaret Buckwater and two large families, but with the consent of the wives, Lucy and Leonard were married in the Endowment House January 11, 1869. To them were born seven children. When the youngest child was twenty-seven days old Lucy's husband died.

Being naturally a thrifty, hard working woman, Lucy was able, with the help of her children, to make a good living on the farm, pay off the debt and educate her family. Her son, Quince, later served on a mission to England and visited with some of his mother's people.

In April, 1918, Lucy was thrown from a buggy and broke her hip. She never fully recovered from the accident and after several years of enforced inactivity, died at the home of her daughter, Gertrude Rice Call, in Brigham City March 20, 1923, and was interred in the Salt Lake City cemetery.—*Loretta Rice*

*Annie Marie Nielson Sorenson* was born in Skioysogn, Denmark, March 26, 1847, an only daughter of Niels Christian and Karen Sorenson Jensen. She was baptized into the Mormon Church April 29, 1866 by Elder J. I. Jensen. Her parents were very much opposed to her becoming a Mormon and sent her away from their home, thinking this action would cause her to leave the Church. She found

shelter with a Mormon family. Her mother finally persuaded her to return home, but, again made things so difficult for the young girl that she left, this time determined that somehow she would get to Zion.

When a company of Saints left Copenhagen she joined with them. They crossed the North Sea to England and there boarded the ship *Manhattan* bound for America. They docked in New York harbor and from there journeyed to Omaha, then to North Platte. This was a station where emigrants made up their companies. She was in an independent company, they having bought their own teams and wagons.

On August 6th they started on their journey westward following the wagons. Annie walked the full distance to Salt Lake City. Three of Brigham Young's sons were in the company returning from missions to England. They reached Salt Lake October 5, 1867. Two weeks later she married Soren Sorenson, whose acquaintance she made on the trip. He was a teamster.

Annie Marie corresponded with her parents and they pleaded with her to return to Denmark, offering to send money for her transportation. They had been told that women were terribly abused in Utah. They would not believe her story. The determination and the courage she showed all through her life to live her religion and do for others, never complaining, is something we children are very proud of, and we are thankful we can enjoy the blessings made possible by her sacrifices. She died June 9, 1933.—*Olive Hansen*



*Journal of*  
*Mary Ann Weston Maughan*

*My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the  
strength of my heart, and my portion forever.*  
*Psalms 73:26*



THE journal of Mary Ann Weston Maughan presents an accurate account of the joys and sorrows common to those women who accepted the teachings of the humble Mormon missionaries and who were willing to give their all in furthering the work of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints among the people of many lands. Mary Ann was born in Corse Lawn, Gloucestershire, England, March 10, 1817, the eldest child of Thomas Halford and Elizabeth Walker Thackwell Weston. In 1840, when she was twenty-three years of age, Mary Ann was baptized and that same year married John Davis, a young convert of the Mormon Church. Shortly after the death of her husband plans were made to join the body of the Saints in America. After her arrival in Kirtland, Ohio, she met Peter Maughan, a widower with five small children, whom she married November 2, 1841.

Mary Ann kept many notes, sometimes a day by day diary, and during the 1880's she took these records and wrote them in journal form. As the years went by she added to her writings. The diary is written verbatim with the exception of the spelling of names and places and some deletions on weather reports and repetitions. She was the first woman to enter Cache Valley and served as the first president of the Relief Society in that community. From the time of her arrival in

Utah and almost until the time of her death, she served in the capacity of midwife and nurse, bringing into the world countless infants and alleviating the pain and distress of many dependent upon her kindness and wisdom. For over thirty years she was a widow but she carried on the responsibilities of rearing her large family with unflinching faith and courage. She was the mother of eight children: Charles Weston, Peter Weston (killed as a child on the plains), Joseph Weston, Hyrum Weston, Elizabeth, Willard Weston, Martha and Peter Weston.

During the later years of her life Mary Ann Weston Maughan was an indefatigable temple worker. She was loved and respected by everyone with whom she came in contact. Death came to her at the age of eighty-four years in Logan, Utah, February 15, 1901.

### THE JOURNAL

I, Mary Ann Weston Maughan, was born in the Parish of Corse, in that part known as Corse Lawn, near Corse Hills, Gloucestershire, England. My Grandfather, Charles Weston, was born at Gosley Common near Ross, Gloucestershire, 1751. His parents died there and were buried at Linton Church. On Oct. 10, 1777, he married a Miss Hannah Halford of Ashelworth, Gloucestershire, where they lived. They had six children, all born at Ashelworth.

Grandfather died in Ashelworth in Nov. 1816. That was the year before I was born, so, of course, I did not know him, but I can remember Grandmother Weston very well. She used to come often to see us. She was kind to us children, and we wanted her to stay with us. One day I hid her walking stick in the rosemary bush, and there was a great hunt for Grandmother's stick. I did not look for it much, so Mother called me to her and asked if I knew where it was. I owned up and brought Grandmother her stick. She was a kind, loving old lady and we wanted her to stay a long time.

My Father, Thomas Halford Weston, married Jan. 14, 1814 Miss Elizabeth Walker Thackwell. She was born in Staunton Swan Inn, Gloucestershire. This was a grand large building and the principal hotel in that part of the country. In later years Grandfather left the Swan and lived near by. Father was born at Lake Farm, Pendock, Worcestershire. He was a watch and clock maker by trade and also a grower of herbs. He raised all kinds of herbs and administered them when called to do so. He had two brothers and one sister. The brothers were watch and clock makers, but I do not know where they lived. The Lake Farm in Pendock was their property. They had plenty of property and were influential people. There is a Sir Charles Thackwell in the army that is a relative, I think a cousin, of Grandfather. Grandmother was a daughter of Thomas Walker of Staunton Mill, where she was born. Her father owned the mill and much property besides, but he died without a will, and his son inherited it all by law. She had two sisters.



Mary Ann Weston Maughan

Grandfather was clerk of his Parish for forty seven years. I remember Mr. Hill, the Parson of Staunton Church, he was a fine looking gentleman and very sociable with his people. He kept a pack

of hounds and Saturday of every other week was his day for hunting. He took the gentlemen home to dinner at 6 or 7 o'clock, and as the Church services comenced at ten the next morning, the Parson often looked tired and sleepy. One Sunday in his preaching he said "Brethren, do as I say, not as I do." This was not forgotten by his friends. The Parson was very fond of his helpmate in his Ministry, who oficiated so faithfully with him for so many years. After Grandfather got too old and feeble to attend to his duties in the Church, his salary was continued and no one was allowed to sit in his Pew while he was alive. He (the Parson) often visited Grandfather in his sickness and was very kind to him and diligent in directing his mind to the Saviour as far as he knew. Grandfather had been ill about seventeen weeks when Grandmother was taken ill, she fainted away and was carried to her bed. Her reason left her for a time, and both lay in bed not knowing which would go first. Grandfather died on the 8th. of August, 1848, of pity. The old Parson sent his Curate to walk before the coffin and himself went to the Church to bid him farewell. He was buried at Staunton Church.

Grandmother's relatives were among the high gentry in that part of the country. I remember them as tall fine looking people, her ancestors are intered in the vault in the Church. There is a Tablet in the wall with the name of Frances Walker engraved on it. Her remains are intered in a family vault under the floor of the Church, she was a relative of Grandmother's.

Father in his youth had been apprenticed to Mr. Wiley, propritor of a large Poultry Shop in High Street, Cheltenham. They were doing a large bissness and Father was very comfortable with this kind family. After his time expired he remained sometime with Mr. Wiley as foreman and bissness manager. I can remember Mr. Wiley. He was a fine looking gentleman, he used to pat me on the head and call me some pet name but I do not remember what it was. There was a warm friendship with father and this family, until Mr. Wiley's death when his bissness broke up and the family removed to some other town. When father left Mr. Wiley he went into bissness for himself. We had a store in High Street, Cheltenham, for ten years, and had a large bissness in the summer time but not so much in the winter.

My earliest recollection is the birth of my sister Maria. Father owned some fruit orchards joining our farm, and my brother and I were sent to these orchards to play and find some ripe cherries and pears: but as it was in April we did not find any ripe fruit, and someone threw stones at us and we went home very much frightened. I also remember seeing the baby cristened by Mr. Discon, a traveling Methodist Preacher, I have a tea cup and saucer belonging to the set used on that occasion. I was then 5 years old and loved the baby dearly. Soon after this Father had a new house built on his orchard property, and we went there to live, as Father had no time to look after farming land. The rest of my brothers and sisters were all born in this house.

It was a pretty place and surrounded by orchards containing all kinds of beautiful fruits.

In 1832 one of my companions, Miss Ann Williams, went to Gloucester to visit some friends. She came home ill with the Typhus fever and all the family took it. Their house was quarantined. Some nurses took the fever and left. Then a Miss Barnes, a friend and companion of ours, went to nurse them, and she did not take it, so things looked a little brighter for this sore afflicted family, and all were recovering. But alas for our vain hopes, for their Mother, a dear good lady, after she had taken care of her 8 children, was taken ill: and being worn out with care and watching, she soon died, leaving her husband with a large family to deeply mourn her loss. She was a very kind and loving wife and mother, and was beloved by all who knew her. As three of her daughters were my dear companions, I had a chance to know she was a good pious mother. Mr. George Williams and my Father were the leading members of the Wesleyan Methodists at Corse Lawn. Before the Chapel was built the meetings were held in Mr. Williams' house. He was Class Leader and my father led the singing as long as I remember. I remember when the Lawn Chapel was built. As father and mother were traveling all the week, they did not go out much on a Sunday, except to the Lawn Chapel to their meetings.

My brother Thomas is 2 years, 2 months older than me, and we were fond of each other, so up to this time I was his companion. There was no Sunday School at the Lawn, so we went to Tirely, about two and half miles. This was a fine large Chapel with a gallery round three sides of it. Here we met with many young friends, and a warm friendship was formed that death alone could sever. We attended this Sunday School until I was 16 years old. At that time, we were teachers. As the first teachers resigned the largest scholars carried it on, and we had a very good school. With my companions at that time were two sisters, Ann and Betsey Foytress. These dear girls are now living in Cheltenham, and we exchanged good wishes and greetings for over fifty years. And a nice girl named Sarah Peters, but I do not know where she is now. These with others lived in Tirely. I do not know where my young friends are that lived at the Lawn, only Patience Awford, she is living in Gloucestershire. I have wrote to her but received no answer. There were six or eight others and we young folks had our own prayer meetings on Monday Evenings, and we tried to live the religion we professed.

Our bissness was good and father was buying land and building houses. He said he was going to keep on until he had as many houses as he had children, so that each could have one. I do not know if he accomplisd this or not, but I know I did not get mine. About this time, 1833, Father decided to build us a large rock house on some land lying close to the turnpike road leading from Gloucester to Worcester. The cause of this was, our home was in the centre of a large estate owned by Captain McGahn. We had the right of way through his lands, but the road was not stoned and was bad most of the

time. The Parish would do nothing to it because it was on private property, and the Captain would not because he wanted to buy our place and own it all. Two large hills called Corse Hills were on his estate. But Father would not sell our home even if we could not live there. We had all kinds of beautiful fruits in our orchards, and we preferred to keep them, but this bad road caused us so much inconvenience that Father decided to move on to a good road. So we went to live in Pendock, Worcestershire, about 3 miles away, while he built our house.

We soon found that we were in country infested with thieves, for we had scarcely settled when a man wanted to sell Father a stand of bees, at half price. Father refused to buy, then he said, "Mr. Weston, let me put them in your Garden and you can have all the honey you want." Father said, "Joe Morse, I want you to keep off my premises." Soon after this I caught this man stealing our poultry. Father collared and brought him into the house. When he begged for mercy he showed his back all lacerated where he had been whipped. His wrists also were scathed by handcuffs. He was a deserting soldier and an expert thief. After this he said he would let Mr. Weston's folks alone, for he never knew when they were in bed. Our business caused us to be out so late at night: our horses were so used to the road that if we went to sleep they would come home, and stand at the gate. I remember one day in harvest, Mother had gone to Cheltenham, and it was getting late, and all had retired but father and me; we were waiting for Mother to come. Father went to the door and said, "May Ann, I believe the mare is standing at the gate. My shoes are off, will you go and open it for Mother?" I went quickly, but I could not see the gate. I stepped into the road to see what was the matter, when I saw the gate going up the road on a man's back. Father gave chase, but the man dropped the gate, and escaped into the field of standing grain. Father knew the man. He was a carpenter and was not poor. I remember one farmer near us lost a large flock of young geese. The old ones were left, and a note tied on the gander's neck, thanking the owner for the booty and hoping to get as much next year. This was too much impudence, and the Police took it in hand; and soon suspicion fell on a very pious family at Windbrook not far away. This family lived under a cloak of religion and had meetings held in their house. One Sunday afternoon while the service was in progress, the officers went into the house with a search warrant; but being received kindly and seated with the congregation, they were quiet until the service was concluded. Then they arrested the father and his son, and searched their house. They found in the next room a lot of ducks and chickens all ready dressed for market on the Monday morning, but not a feather, head or foot was to be found. The son said they burnt the feathers and offals on Saturday night. I need not say there was no more meetings held there. I do not remember how the rogues got along after this.



## THE MURDER HOUSE

One day I went with a lady friend for a walk to some Meadows where my brothers were with the haymakers. As we returned we came to a pond by the side of the road, and my friend said, "let us see if the water is red?" We went to the pond and saw three red places, looked like something bloody had been washed there. I asked my friend what it meant. She said, "Did you never hear the story of the Murder House?" I had heard there was a man killed there, and it was haunted. She said, "I will tell you the story as we walk along." After looking at the water some time, we walked on, and she said: "many years ago four men agreed to remove a land mark (this act in England is a great crime and severely punished by law). These four men stood round a post and hacked it with their hatchets, and took a solomn oath that if one of them told of their unlawful deed the others would hack him in pieces as they hacked that post. In time one of the men revealed the facts. He was living in the cottage that was afterwards called the Murder House, and the other three went to his home at midnight and hacked him in pieces as they had sworn to do. They also killed his wife and little girl, and also a traveling musician and his little boy who was staying with them for the night. A friend of mine, Mr. John Spiers of Plain City, told me a short time since that his Grandmother went to the house and saw the five corpses.

I afterwards went to the Murder House and asked to see the room where the man was killed. The Mrs. of the house said they did not use that room, and she would gladly show it to me. I followed her upstairs and saw the bedstead on which the man died. His brains were scattered on the wall at the head and side of the bed. I saw also the bloody tracks on the floor and down the stairs. I asked if she could wash it out. She said, "Miss Weston, I washed it many times but it will not come out." My friend said the last man had died 2 years ago, and all had confessed to the crime before they died. In the Barrow churchyard there is a stone bearing this inscription: "Under this stone lies the remains of Edward Gummany and Elizabeth, his wife, and Ann their daughter, who were cruelly murdered at the cottage known as the Murder House in the parish of Borrow on the night of May 7th, 1788.

## FAMILY AND FRIENDS

When we went to live at Pendock, my brother Thomas was apprenticed to Mr. Thomas Bray of Corse Lawn, a friend of ours, to learn the tailoring business. Thomas was very comfortable with this family. They had one son who worked with his father. Thomas was to stay one year, and it was a lonely one for me for there were not many young people near us, and they were strangers. One, a very nice girl, lived at Camers Green who afterward married my brother Thomas. She was a loving wife. She died in 1863, leaving him with

a family. But when Thomas came home we soon made some warm friends, although some lived at a distance from us. While there I attended school at the Barrow parsonage. I think I was the only Methodist in the school, so I did not make any companions there. I often walked in the graveyard, but did not know that my grandfather's ancestors were buried there. We attended a fine Methodist chapel not far away. Thomas played the flute and sang in the choir. We generally went to Camers Green in the evening. There were not many singers there so we helped them, Thomas leading on his flute. These were two happy years that I spent with my dear brother and our young companions. I think one young man, James Lane, came to America. He was in partnership with Thomas when we moved back to Corse Lawn. Thomas remained in Pendock. Thus I again lost much of his company, for we were 3 miles from each other, but we often spent Sunday together.

My Sister Maria was now fourteen and large for her age, so we always went together. We were now in our new house but our mill house, stables, sheds, yards, etc., were not finished. Our garden was poor and it took sometime to make the place look like home. Our orchards had not been taken care of and showed signs of neglect. Some of my companions had moved away, others had left home, and Thomas was in Pendock, so I was sad and lonely. Maria was a dear, good girl but she could not fill the place of those who were gone. Brother James was a large, manly boy for his age and did not care for the society of girls. William was a fine, quiet boy; he wanted to learn the wheelwrighting business when he was old enough. Charles was a dear, loving little fellow 10 years old; Bessie 7 years old and Jane about 4 years. These two last were lovely little girls with long curls of light hair hanging around their shoulders, quiet and amiable in their disposition and they were good singers. We were proud of them.

My brothers did not like the business because there was so much traveling by night; but there was much that was pleasant about it, and it was a respectable money-making trade. In the summer we were very busy. We drove one good, strong horse with a large spring buggy and kept three or four more horses to change with as we did not drive one two days together. I will give an example of one week's work:

We arose early on Monday morning and prepared to go to Cheltenham for we must start about 9 o'clock to reach our store by half-past ten. After a busy day we started home about ten at night, leaving Mother there for the week. I often went with Mother and drove home at night in about two hours. There was a place between Pipp's Elm and Comb Hill where there were no houses near the road. The hawthorn hedges were so high and robbers would sometimes try to catch our horses by the head but they always sprang away from them. We have had our lamps broken but they never caught us.

On Tuesday we started early for Leedsbury to buy and got home about three o'clock. Wednesday was the same as Monday only we

had more to do. On Thursday we started about four o'clock for Ross to buy. This was a long drive of seventeen miles through a hilly country. We got home about five or six in the evening. Friday we did not attend any market, but Father was often called to go to the farmhouses to buy. In the evening we prepared for Saturday. This was a busy day. We started early for Cheltenham and Mother came home with us at night. Sometimes I staid at the store until Monday; then Sunday was a lonesome day for me, unless some friends of Mothers' knew I was there and then they sent their son for me to go and spend the day with them. But sometimes I played not-at-home and then I could sleep all I wanted to.

In Mother's absence I had to care for her children for she would not leave them with the servants; but now Maria was fifteen years old, little Jane four, so I could take part in the bissness and I went with Father or alone with James or Charles for company, I enjoyed this very much, as I liked traveling.

In the winter of '37 and '38, I wanted to learn dressmaking. A friend of mine, a Miss Phelps, was in bissness at the Leigh, and she wanted me to go and live with her as apprentice. The price was high, but she said I could learn dressmaking and millinery in one year. I asked Mother to let me go. She did not want me to leave home, but gave her consent, paid the money, and I went to live with Miss Phelps in the spring of 1839. She was very kind to me and always treated me as her sister. I staid one year with Miss Phelps, and my trade was a great blessing to me in after years when I came to this country. In the winter she was married to Mr. William Jenkins. He was a good man and they were very happy; but I was a third person, so I was lonely. But Uncle and Aunt Weston lived near us, and they wished me to make my home with them as much as possible. They were very kind to me and tried to make me happy with them, but I had lost my companion and felt lonesome. Uncle was Father's youngest brother. He was a farmer.

### THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

In the spring of 1840, Mr. Jenkins went to visit his friends in Herefordshire. Brother Woodruff was here, preaching, and Br. Jenkins was baptised into the Church of Latter-day Saints. He came home and told us about it. This was the first we had heard of it. Soon Brother Woodruff came to our house. There was no one at home but me. He sat by the fire and soon comenced singing: "Shall I for fear of feeble man, the Spirit's course in me restrain." Br. Jenkins had told us that he had left his home in America, crossed the sea, and came to preach this Gospel to the people in England. While he was singing I looked at him. He looked so peaceful and happy, I thought he must be a good man, and the Gospel he preached must be

true. There was a small society of United Brethren in this place. I think they all joined the Church and emigrated to Nauvoo.

Soon as the people were baptised, the persecution comenced. One Sunday afternoon while some were being baptised, a man threw a dog in the pond, saying he would baptise the *dog*. There was a man standing near me that had walked 8 or 10 miles that morning to be baptised. He had a bundle of clothes in his hand. I saw a man from the other side of the pool come up to him and asked to borrow the clothes. They were willingly lent. The man went away, put them on, was baptised and returned them; and Brother Ruck carried them home wet. He afterwards joined the Church and we have laughed about his carrying his clothes so many miles and not using them. Brother Woodruff baptised Mrs. Hill, Hannah Simonds (now M. Phillips of Kaysville), and myself at midnight in the pond in the centre of the Village. We could not be baptised in the daytime on account of persecution.

In the early spring, my year being up, Mrs. Jenkins said I did not need to work a month on trial, as was the custom, as I was a good hand when I came to her. And another apprentice having come to work on trial, I went home. I had plenty of work, but I was glad to take my old place in traveling when I could spare the time. Father would like to have me go with him, but I did not like to give up my bissness. In 1839 Uncle John Bishop died. I sat up with him the night before he died. He did not suffer much pain that night, and the next day passed quietly away.

This summer and winter I was at home working at my bissness and helping Father in his traveling. In the spring my sister Maria had a powder flask burst in her hand. Her hand was very badly cut and bruised but no bones were broken, and we were thankful it was no worse. She was laid up this summer with her hand, and I again took control of the house. I was very busy, having much sewing to do for our family as well as others.

My relatives did not obey the Gospel but they did not oppose me. This made me sorrowful and lonely. I attended all the meetings I could, often walking many miles alone to and from them. One ship load of Saints had gone to Nauvoo from Gloucester, and another would go as soon as they could get ready. These were the first from this country. On the 18th of May, 1840, I attended a Tea Meeting at Dymock near Leedsbury with some friends. Bro. Smith and Sister Smith, now of Kaysville, and Bro. John Davis of Tirely, were baptized and Bros. Smith and Davis were ordained priests on the bank of the pond in which they were baptized.

#### FIRST MARRIAGE

I became engaged to Mr. John Davis. He lived at Tirely, was a cooper and carpenter by trade, and a young man of much promise. On Joseph Smith's birthday, Dec. 23rd, 1840 we were married in

Gloucester by a clergyman of the Church of England. My husband had a home, nicely furnished, in Tirely and we went there to live. We both had good trades and plenty of work and were very happy. The Elders soon called to see us, Brothers Willard Richards, Woodruff, Rushton and others that I do not remember their names. There were no Saints in that place, so Brother Richards counceled us to open our houses for meetings. We did so and the first held in our house a lot of ruffians led by an apostate Methodist, came and made a disturbance. They threatened the preacher with violence, but we slipped him through a door upstairs. When the preacher was gone the mob dispersed, and we were left alone. Notice was given for a meeting in two weeks, and the mob came again. But we succeeded in hiding the preacher, and one of the brethren took him away. The mob then turned on my husband, knocked him down and kicked him. He was bruised internally and was never well afterwards. About this time he had a fall that hurt him some, and he soon commenced to bleed from the lungs. I sent for our family physician. He gave directions that he must remain in bed and be kept very quiet, no noise or excitement allowed near him. We followed his advice and he soon began to recover. Soon he had a dispute with his mother about Mormonism. This excited him, and I was forced to ask her to leave the room. She did. But, alas, too late. He fainted, I was alone with him and could not move him, but a friend called and helped me to get him upstairs to bed. From this he took a relapse and comenced to bleed from the lungs again. I sent for our Doctor but he gave no hopes of his recovery; quick consumption set in and he gradually failed from this time.

This was a very trying time for me, as we were the only Saints in this place; and worse still, we were surrounded by persecutors who watched our house and if the Elders called they would send word to his Mother. She was sure to come in, and thus we were deprived of the privilege of conversing with the Elders, as we very much desired to do; or else I must ask his Mother to leave the room. There were no Saints within miles of us. We were alone most of the time, and this we preferred, as it was better than having those who were not of our faith and would ridicule our Religion.

My husband did not suffer much pain but gradually grew weaker every day. He was confined to his bed on the 14th of Feb., and I did not leave him by day or night or lie down to sleep during his illness. The last few days some one or two kind friends staid with us, but he would not take anything from any hand but mine. I will pass by part of this trying time. He passed peacefully away on the 6th day of April 1841. That was the day on which the foundation stone of the Nauvoo Temple was laid. I wished his funeral to take place on Sunday, but that being Easter Sunday, his Grandmother did not wish him buried on that day or on Good Friday, so he was laid to rest on Saturday, the 10th of April, 1841.

We lived near the Church, so there was no need of a hearse. He belonged to a Club, but I do not remember the name of it. The members all attended the funeral. They were a fine lot of noble looking men, dressed in black with long crepe hat bands and a mourning badge on their arm. Each one carried a long staff trimmed with crepe. They marched two together with a very steady step. I had not heard anything about them and when I saw them coming I thought my heart would break. His will was read by a lawyer by the side of his coffin. His friends disputed the will, and this made me feel worse than ever, but the Lord sustained me in all my grief and sorrows. When all had taken their last farewell of their loved one, and the coffin closed, the club then took charge of his remains, and I was alone in the wide world.

He was buried in a nice quiet corner of the graveyard of Tirely, Gloucestershire, and I have never lost sight of that place, altho fifty years ago. It is the custom for the mourners to attend the Church on the next Sunday when the funeral sermon is preached by the clergyman of the Church, but my relatives were called to attend the funeral of a cousin at Grandfather Thackwell's, at Staunton; so I went with the relatives of my late husband. I covered his grave with flowers and then attended the services in the Church.

My dear Brother Thomas was attending the other funeral, so I missed him from my side. I was worn out with grief and sorrow. Thomas had staid with me as much as he possibly could through this sore affliction, and stood nobly by me in all emergencies. May God bless him for his kindness to his sister. Our physcian, a good kind man, came to see me and advised me to leave the place immediately and travel for my health, or I would soon follow my husband. The next day I left my home a sad lonely widow, where less than four months before I had been taken a happy bride. I did not go home, for I felt that my parents would try to stop me from gathering with the Saints. I had many homes offered me by friends, but I went to board with Mr. and Mrs. Hill of Turkey Hall. They were getting ready to go to Nauvoo.

#### AMERICA BOUND—TO GATHER WITH THE SAINTS

I prayed for strength to settle our bissness and then I would gather with the Saints. I had no debt to pay, and the Lord blessed me with success in collecting the money due my husband and myself, or the most of it. My health continued very poor, but I joined with a company that was getting ready to go to Nauvoo. The company sent a agent to Bristol to charter a vessel. He found a good sailing ship that was going to Quebec for lumber and the captain would have berths put up in her for our accommodation. This was the best he could do, and it proved a success in the end.

My nice furniture was made by my husband before our marriage. I have a knife box now that he made. It belonged to a long

dresser with three shelves. These were filled with beautiful sets of dinner dishes of all kinds. Many of these I brought with me, and some were sold with my furniture. Carpenters and Coopers tools and other things were sold at auction with Mr. Hill's goods, and I realized money enough from my sale to pay my passage and board to Nauvoo. This was a very trying time for me. Every day I had to take leave of some dear friend that I never expected to see again in this world.

The company was to start on Monday morning, the fourth of May. Thus in the three weeks I had settled up our business, and was ready to start with them. The last and hardest trial was to take leave of Father, Mother, brothers and sisters. My dear good Mother was most broken hearted to see me go, but Father was more calm. I wondered at this, for I was his favorite child. He asked me the name of the ship and when she would sail. I told him all particulars, thinking he would come and bring Mother to see me at the last before we set sail. I took some books with me and in giving them to my sisters, said, "Here are some books for you to read when I am far away." My two little sisters clung around my neck, saying "We shall never see you again." I had not told them this, for I knew the parting from them would be very hard. Little Jane wanted to come with me but this was impossible, as she was only 8 years old. The next morning my youngest brother, Charles came to Turkey Hall to see me once more, but we had gone and he was broken hearted. Oh, the grief and sorrow of this time I can never forget. Thus on the 4th of May, 1841, I left all that was near and dear to me, to travel some thousands of miles alone, and cast my lot with the people of God.

We hired teams to take us to Gloucester and some of us started to walk a little way. When we came to the place where we would lose sight of Father's house, I sat down, and I might have staid there if some of the Company had not came back for me. I was sick and quite overcome with grief and sorrow I had passed through in the last three months. We were a sorry company that traveled to Gloucester that morning—myself and others wept all the way. I had been to Gloucester once since our marriage, the occasion being the wedding of two of my husband's friends. John was groomman and I was bridemaids. The ceremony was performed by the same clergyman and at the same Church in which we were married. On seeing the Church, I thought of the girl I was, not six months ago. Now I had left all and was traveling alone to a land unknown to me; but I had cast my lot with the people of God and in Him I put my trust.

We took passage on the stage for Bristol. Arriving there we found our ship ready for us, and we went to live in our little home. Our ship was clean and the berths new. I did not see a flea or bug or anything of the kind on the ship. We had plenty of room by our berths. Our heavy chests were put down in the hold. We could have one trunk by our berth, and the rest were fastened by ropes to

the masts down the center of the ship by the sailors, thus making a partition down the middle of our big room; then we hung curtains around our berths, and thus made ourselves as comfortable as we could. We waited one week for the ship to get ready, and had some fine walks to Clifton and round the suburbs of Bristol. By this time we got used to our little curtained room.

While waiting, some lawyers from Gloucester came to the ship on business with some of the passengers, and enquired for Mrs. Davis, a blackeyed young widow dressed in black. They searched the ship through every day for about a week. I had been warned of this and counseled to lay aside my black. This I did and dressed like a gay young girl. I mingled with the girls and watched them searching for me, but they did not find the young widow with black eyes. I afterwards learned that Father went to these lawyers and asked if he could compel me to return home. On learning the circumstances, they said I was of age, and had been married, and did not go home after my husband's death, and that he could not hinder me from going where I pleased. He then told them that if they would find and perswade me to return with them he would pay them well for their trouble; but as they could not find me, I did not get any of the money Father might have given me. Thus I left home without receiving a sixpence from anyone. The reason was they did not know what money I had, and thinking I could not go without it, said they would give me money to stay at home but none to go away with.

At last the ship was ready and we sailed out of Bristol harbour with flag flying on the 12th of May, 1841. The first night many of our cups, pans, etc. went dancing and chasing each other about the ship. Some of the Brethren got out of their berths to catch the things, but they fell and went rolling and sliding about with the rest. Among the number was John Hunt, who with his wife lived in one of father's cottages, and he said he had a right to look after his young Missus's things. He was a drole man and made lots of fun that night in sliding and rolling about the Ship. Of course, it was fun for us lying in bed to watch them trying to catch the things! At last they gave it up and crept to their berths.

Our ship was a good strong sailing vessel called the *Harmony*. We had two Captains on board. Captain Johnson was a passenger. Our Captain had his wife and daughter with him. She was a very kind lady and used to sit for hours on deck and talk with us girls, and would ask us to sing our hymns. The Captain requested our people to hold service on deck on Sunday afternoon when the weather was fine. They would all attend and be very attentive. The Captain and mates were kind to the passengers and crew.

#### THE STORMS AT SEA

The first storm we had, the most of our company was sea sick; but one young man named William Gardiner, Sister Simonds, and myself were not sick, so we were able to wait on the rest that were.



We used to go up on deck and cook for them. One day we went upon deck as soon as the hatches were opened at noon, with our sauspans to make some gruel for the sick. After waiting our turn at the fire, we accomplished our task and turned to go down the stairs. The ship gave a lurch and we all fell in a heap on the deck. I was the last to fall so I managed to save my pan of gruel. We were glad to get down stairs again. As I fell I saw a young man fall and slide along the deck to one of the deck doors that was open to let the water run off the deck; his feet and legs were through when his brother caught him and pulled him in. The waves washed over the deck, so they had to put down the hatches, thus shutting us down for the night. Our trunks broke loose and went sliding all over the floor; if they came to the owners, we would try to catch and fasten them the best we could. There was a man and his wife opposite my berth on the other side of the ship. He was sick and his wife got up to wait on him. She was sitting on a large chest by her berth, when the chest broke loose and came sliding across to my side. She kept her seat and the chest went quickly back again. She caught hold of her berth and crept into bed. I did not see her again that day. Her husband got well, and we often laughed about her ride across the ship.

Soon after this I was taken sick with diarrhea, which soon turned to flu, and I was in a dangerous state. The Captain missed me from the deck, and inquired of Bro. Collett where I was. On learning I was sick he asked what was the matter; on being told, he sent me a bottle of brandy, telling Bro. Collett to burn some and give it to me immediately. I had given my medicine to those that were sick and now had none for myself. The brandy was a great blessing to me. I soon got better, but was weak for some time. The first time I went on deck, I thanked the Captain for his kindness and paid him six shillings for the brandy.

When near the banks of Newfoundland, we had a dreadful storm. Our main mast broke off below deck, and the jib boom also broke, and as it came round on deck struck a sailor on his head, nearly killing him. They carried him below and he was kindly nursed by his comrades. The Captain was very kind to him. It was a close call, but he got well in time. This was the only accident we had on board our ship during this dreadful storm. The Captain stood on deck day and night looking with his glass for a Pilot Boat. At length one answered our signal. They were two young men. The Captain engaged one of them, and the other went away in his little boat and was soon out of sight. Soon after our mast broak, a young man in our company took off his shoes and went on deck. Going to the forepart of the ship, he raised his right hand to Heaven and in the name of Jesus Christ rebuked the wind and the waves, and prophesied that the storm should abate and the good ship *Harmony* would carry her load of Saints in safty to their destination. And this came true, for all landed safe in Quebec.

At one time it was so cold we had to wear our cloaks or shawls while sitting in the ship. Our pilot was a young man and looked small beside the Captain, who is a noble looking man. The Pilot took control of the deck and stood by the wheel, directing the sailor who was steering. Sometimes he would grasp the wheel and give it a quick turn. The Captain, Pilot, and mates looked very anxious for some time, but at length our pilot took the ship into Milford Haven. This was a beautiful little harbour that seemed provided by nature for ships to take refuge in from the stormy ocean. We staid here two or three days till the storm abated, and our ship was repaired. Our Captain told us the storm was so fearful at sea that no ship could stay afloat. While here some of the company went on shore, but being still sick and weak I did not go. When all was ready our gallant pilot again took the deck, and our ship passed safely out to sea. When we had good sailing water our pilot hailed a boat, and left us to pursue our way, having gained the respect of all on board.

#### CANADA — THEN THE UNITED STATES

On arriving at Quebec, we soon found and chartered a steamer, captained by Thomas Richardson and sailed Aug. 8, 1841. The machinery was on the upper deck, and the passenger's cabins were down below. We were tired of our ship but we soon found we had got into a much worse place. The berths were filthy and the bed bugs had full possession. We were weary and tired; but rest or sleep was impossible. I sat by my berth all night, trying to keep the bugs off my feet and legs, but my cotton stockings and slippers were no protection against them and I passed a dreadful night. But morning came at last and brought some relief from the vermin. But we ladies had to stay down in the dreadful place all day, as we could not go on deck among the machinery. My poor feet were so poisoned by the bugs that inflammation set in, and I could not lie down or doctor them so, of course, they got worse all day; and the jaring of the boat made them much more painful. The steamer went down the St. Lawrence river to Montréal and then across a lake called La Prairie, to a station called La Prairie about 9 miles.

Here we gladly left the wretched steamer and took the railroad for St. Johns. The road was new and the cars jumped and shook very much. I suffered fearful pain all day, and could do nothing to alay the pain in my feet and legs. When we got to St. Johns, I could not stand on my feet or put them on the ground. I think Bro. Collett carried me to a carpenter's work bench a little distance off. It was a hard bed, but better than lying in the dust and sand, some 6 or 8 inches deep. Here I lay for hours, while the company got the baggage off the train. I suffered extreme pain made worse by my stockings being on my feet. Sister Simonds tried to get them off, which she did at last.

There was a steamer ready to start up the river and the company could go on her if we wished to. Some of the company wanted to

go on, but Sister Green was sick and not able to travel. Brother Green would not leave her, and Bro. Collett said he would not leave me. I was too sick to care whether they left me or not, but the company decided to wait till morning. Bro. Green and myself took a room in the hotel, with two beds in it. Sister Green was put in one and I was carried from the carpenter's bench to the hotel and laid on the other one. Bro. Green sat by his wife all night and took care of her. I sent for some sugar of lead and made a lotion for my feet and legs; and some of the sisters changed the cloths when they got warm. This relieved me very much. Sister Green was better in the morning, and the company decided to go on, as the steamer had waited for us till then. My feet did not pain so very bad, but I could not walk or put them on the floor; so two of the Brethren carried me to the steamer and up on deck in a arm chair, borrowed at the hotel. The Sisters made me a bed on deck and I lay there all day. Sister Simonds attended to my feet and sat by me all she could.

The scenery on the St. Johns river was lovely, the Canadas on one side and the U. S. States on the other. The Canada side was covered with beautiful farms, the rows of grain sloping straight to the river. The houses and fences were white, thus making a contrast with green fields. The U. S. side was covered with hazelnut bushes and on the bank of the river, some distance apart, were soldiers' barracks. The machinery on this boat was down below, so the passengers had the upper deck to ourselves and enjoyed the lovely scenery all day. At night I managed to creep down into the cabin, and lay on the floor. After this, with care, my feet got better, and I was able to take care of myself. On looking after my things, I found my bonnet, cap, and veil were gone. I never saw them again. I do not remember changing boats again until we got to a place where we chartered a canal boat. I think it was White Hall. We landed here in the morning, and some of us went to a hotel and got breakfast. This was the first I ate in a house since leaving home, and we enjoyed it very much. The company soon chartered a boat and we started for Buffalo. The ladies had a cabin to ourselves on this boat. Being a large company we were crowded but comfortable.

While here we had a wedding in the company. A young man, George Fidler, and Eliza Clift, decided to get married. Eliza began dressing for the ceremony and then told her Mother she was going to be married. Her Mother sent for her Father, and they wept and pleaded with their daughter not to marry the young man; but she went with him to a magistrate, were married, and soon repented of it. A young man, Paul Norris, one of our company who had been my brother's companion and like a brother to me, was going to Kirtland. His wife had come out the year before and was in Kirtland. He had remained a year to travel and preach in England. Bro. Norris wished very much for Bro. Hill and family, Bro. Smith and family, Sister Simonds, and myself, to go with him to Kirtland and rest during the hot weather. We were tired of traveling and consented.

## KIRTLAND, OHIO—WESTWARD BOUND

On arriving at Buffalo, we took a steamer to Fairport; then hired teams to take us through the country to Kirtland, 12 miles. Here we rented a house, and staid 7 weeks. The people of Kirtland were very kind and hospitable. We were invited out nearly every day, but we were tired and wanted rest. The farmers would come with their teams and want us to go and stay a few days or a week with them, and they would bring us back when we wished to come. After we rested some of us went out to see the country. The Saints had nearly all left here and gone to Nauvoo; thus there was plenty of fruit lying on the ground for any one to take that wanted it. In some places, the side walks were covered with fine apples. Bro. Phelps had charge of the few Saints that remained and the Temple looked forsaken. We attended meetings in it every Sunday, Bro. Phelps often being the only one in the singer's gallery. Father Granger died during our stay. While here I finished some dresses I had on hand for a lady in the company, and then I went to stay with a New York lady that lived in Richmond. Her home was on the bank of Lake Erie. It was a pleasant place, and the lady and family were very kind. Mr. Shepard would take me to Kirtland any time I wanted to go. The company that went to Kirtland were Bro. Hill and wife, Bro. Smith and family, Bro. Collett and family, Bro. Hunt and wife, Paul Norris, W. Gardiner, Sister Simonds, and myself. P. Norris, W. Gardiner, C. Moore, staid there. I have not heard of them since.

After staying in Kirtland 7 weeks and the weather being cooler, we were again preparing to continue our journey, when we found a few families here from the north of England. They also had come there to rest. Mr. Peter Maughan with his family were of that number. Some of our company had brought teams and were going by land to Nauvoo. Mr. Maughan with a part of his company was going up the lakes to Chicago, and Sister Simonds and myself decided to travel with this company. I paid my traveling expences after this, altho I had paid my board passage money to Mr. Hill before I left England; but he did not offer me any money and I would not ask him for any. We left Kirtland by team, 25 miles to Cleveland. Here we had to wait one week for the vessel that was engaged to take us to Chicago. We had a rough passage on the lakes, our vessel rolled dreadfully, and we were all sea sick. We arrived in Chicago just in time to escape a dreadful storm early next morning. I met Bro. Woodruff on the street; he looked very tired and weary, said his family was on the steamboat that had just landed. He had come up to find a place to take them to. They had encountered a fearful storm on the lake, had been nearly lost in the night, and it was by the Mercy of God they had been saved from a watery grave. We soon found teams to take us on our journey. We passed through Peoria; then, there was one house a story and a half high. On the end of this hung a dilapadated signboard; "Peoria House." Near by was a small log

cabin, and a blacksmith shop. This was Peoria in 1841. We had a pleasant journey through the country. After our ride through the day, we would go out in the evening and gather hazel nuts and enjoy eating them.

### WITH THE BODY OF THE SAINTS

On arriving at the Mississippi river, there was no station, so we camped on the bank until a steamer came down and took us on board. They landed us at the upper stone house on the 10th Oct. 1841. This was the landing place in Nauvoo. While unloading our luggage, the men let one of my feather beds fall overboard, and it was soon out of sight. I did not know what to think, till I saw some sailors go after it with a boat. My bed was not much the worse for its ride down the river.

The house was empty, so the company staid in it till they found their friends or rented houses to live in. Sister Simonds and myself went to find our company that left us at Kirtland, as we had some of their luggage with us. It was Sunday afternoon, and as we passed by the grove, we saw Joseph Smith standing on a flour barrel. Bro. Caleb Baldwin stood before him, and Joseph would put his hand on his shoulders for a desk. He was preaching to a small company standing around him. We listened a short time and then went on to find our friends. Bro. and Sister Hill were staying at Bro. Broweth's, and I again made my home with them. They arrived on the 6th Oct., 1841. As we passed Bro. Kingtons' house, they were coming up the lot from burying Sister Kington. She had died with a fever, and Bro. Kington, W. Pitt, Caroline his wife and sister, Mary, were very sick with the same fever. They had suffered much coming up the lakes in the hot weather. I got my luggage hauled to Bro. Broweth's, and then went to take care of Bro. and Sister Pitt. Bro. Pitt was delirious most of the time, and it was hard work to care for him and keep him in bed. Sister Pitt was very quiet, but both were very sick. I staid with them day and night, sitting up alone till I was tired out. Mrs. Hill would come and take me home. I would stay one night and go back again. After sometime they all recovered. It was thought their sickness was caused by traveling up the lakes in the hot weather.

On the 2nd of November, I was married to Brother Peter Maughan, by special license, by Bro. John Taylor. My husband had 5 small children, the oldest 10½, the youngest 2½. This was a pretty heavy task to start with, but I was used to having the care of children, so I got along very well with them. His wife, Ruth Harrison Maughan had died in England.

The worst part was to get provisions in this new country. We lived in Bro. Orson Hyde's house that winter. The snow was deep and weather very cold. Mr. Maughan sold some of my goods for wood and corn. The Laws had put up a little grist mill, and by waiting all night he got a little ground. One of our chests answered

for a table, but we had no bedsted, and the boards were laid on the ground. My nice feather beds were laid on the floor, and I soon found that the under one was frozen to the floor and I could not move it till spring. We had no cupboard to put my things in, and so many of my nice dishes and China tea sets were broken and destroyed. But we were all well and could eat our mush with my silver teaspoons. In the Spring Bro. Hyde returned from his mission and wanted his house, so we moved our chests and trunks on to our city lot, and camped among the brush till our house was built. Our lot was on Parley Street, in the Kimball addition.

While in Bristol I bought some goods to bring with me, among them a lot of spools of fine cotton. These I found very good to trade with. My neighbours would send me a piece of pork for a spool of fine cotton. Bros. Maughan and Saunders done some work but the people had no means to pay for their work. Provisions were cheap but hard to get, as they were not in the country. Flour, 4 dollars per barrel; potatoes, 20 cents per bushel; beef, 3 cts a pound; pork same as beef; butter, 10 to 14 cts. per lb.; sugar, 12 cts. per lb.; Cows, 14 dollars each; pig a month old, 25 cts. But after all, this is a new country.

One Saturday I went to see the Legion Parade. A sham battle was fought. The weather was fine. But a startling fact was made manifest by John C. Bennett, requesting and urging Joseph to command one of the cohorts in person (without his staff.) The Prophet, with the prophecy of his martyrdom now ever with him, refused to comply with his request, and exposed the treachery of Bennett. He said: "Let John C. Bennett, at the day of Judgment, say why he requested me to take my position on the 7th of Apr. 1842, without my staff, where my life might have been the forfeit and no man have known who had done the deed." I had a good view of the battle and saw Bennett ride many times to Joseph. Many thousands of people were present.

Mr. Maughan bought our lot of the Temple Commity, and being a stone mason, he went to work on the Temple walls to pay for it. The Building Commity are making ready to erect the Baptistal Font, to be supported by 12 oxen. They are good, and do credit to the brethren who are carving them. It is intended to overlay them with gold. Most of the labour had been done by the brethren donating every 10th day. The people are making exercion to complete the Temple. It is intended to stop work on the Nauvoo House and devote their efforts to the Temple. About this time at a Conference I heard Bro. Joseph call on the 12 to stand in their places and bear off the Kingdom; and from then on the burden of his preaching was, "he was rolling off the Kingdom onto the shoulders of the twelve." But Nauvoo rose as a beautiful monument, then 20,000 souls.

On the 8th day of Aug. 1842, Joseph prophesied that the Saints would continue to suffer much affliction and be driven to the Rocky

Mountains, that many would fall, and some would live to go through and assist in making settlements and building cities, and see the Saints become mighty in the Rocky Mountains. This was given to his Masonic Brethren about 5 years before the Pioneers entered the Valley of Salt Lake.

December 1843. Joseph had 38 lawsuits and things were gloomy at Christmas time for the Saints. On the 25th, about 1 o'clock, one of our neighbours, Sister Rushton, with her family went to serenade Joseph. They were awoke by the singing: "Mortals awake, with Angels join." Joseph said: "This filled my soul with pleasure. My family arose to hear the serenade and I thanked my Heavenly Father for their visit and blessed them in the name of the Lord God of Israel."

In the spring, 1844, Joseph sent Bros. Maughan, Saunders, and Jacob Peart on a mission, to go up on Rock river and locate a coal mine so the city could have coal, the mine to be as near the Mississippi as possible, so the coal could be hauled to the river bank and loaded on the *Maid of Iowa*.

February 25, 1844. Joseph prophesied that in 5 years the Saints would be out of the power of their enemies, whether apostates or of the world. Our enemies put up a printing press and published the most infamous lies ever told on a community. The City Council according to law voted it a nuisance and treated it as such, and now our enemies left in a rage, swearing vengeance against all concerned. The Brethren had to stand guard day and night to keep the mob out. Governor Ford made a demand for Joseph, Hyrum and the City Council, pledging the faith of the State that they should be protected from the mob. We know how that faith was kept; but I will pass by some of these scenes at present and go on with my own. We took our share in these times, Mr. Maughan standing guard and us at home in constant dread of the mob, our house being on the street on which they would come into the City.

My first babe, Charles Weston, was born on the 24th of May, 1844. In the spring Mother had sent me a package by a Bro. who was a baker from Cheltenham. On hearing I was sick he came to see me and brought me a loaf of his bread. I thought this was the most beautiful bread I ever tasted. My babe was about a week old when Bros. Maughan and Peart started on steamboat to Rock Island, Illinois; then they went out in the country and traveled on foot many days and viewed some coal beds on Rock river and adjoining country. They decided on buying one north east of Rock Island about 9 miles, owned by Mr. Soles living near on his farm. He was a very kind man.

While at the hotel waiting for their super, Mr. Maughan took up a newspaper and read an account of a great battle that had been fought in Nauvoo, then handed the paper to Bro. Peart. After super they went out and decided to take the next boat for home. In a few hours they were on their way. On the boat were some mobocrats from Missouri, and some very hard talking was done about the battle of Nauvoo, the Missourians bragging of their wicked deeds in killing the Mormons

and hoping to do the same again. They suspected Bros. Peart and Maughan were Mormons, and so gave them a good share of their abuse. The mate warned Mr. Maughan they were desperate men and to avoid a quarrel if possible. At Burlington they learned the battle was to be fought on Friday. The Brethren said, "we are glad, for we are going to Nauvoo. Our families are there and we will have a hand in the *fray*."

On arriving at home, Mr. Maughan took his gun and went to join his comrades in the Legion. He was an Officer; and sometimes twice in a night a stick would bang across my door with a call for Bro. Maughan. Some not knowing he was sent away, said: "Well, he ought to be home now, for we need him in his company." The city was under martial law and the Brethren were on guard day and night to keep the mob from coming in. Thus things went on until Joseph and Hyrum were taken to Carthage.

June 28th. Bro. W. Richards and S. N. Smith brought the remains of the murdered Prophets to Nauvoo. I saw them come in on Mill Pond Street in 2 wagons covered with green boughs to keep off the sun. They were met by the officers of the Legion and the people.

June 29th. About 10,000 persons visited and viewed the remains of the martyred Prophet and Patriarch. The funerals took place in the evening. Bro. Taylor was brought home on the 2nd of July, 1844, when the excitement was a little abated.

### LIFE IN ROCK ISLAND, ILLINOIS

Mr. Maughan went to see Dr. Richards about the coal business, he being the only one to give counsel. He said, "Go ahead and carry out Joseph's counsel." Being asked where he would get the means to carry on this enterprise with the Doctor said, "I will send a man to buy your place and pay cash for it, then you will have the money to pay your expenses with." Next morning a Brother from the East came and offered 50 \$ for our nice frame house and lot; we paid 50 \$ for the lot covered with brush. Mr. Maughan took the bright silver dollars, and we were without a home again.

In a few days we started on our Mission. My babe was 6 weeks old. While on the steamboat some ladies in the cabin saw him and sent to ask me to please take him to them, but Mr. Maughan thought I had better not go. They sent word they were sorry, and they thought he was the most lovely baby they had ever seen. On arriving at Rock Island, we rented a house of a Mr. Blythe, carriage maker, who lived close by. They were very kind to us who were strangers in the town, but we soon found we were in the midst of a mob. Our house was not lathed or plastered, had not even a foundation to rest upon, but was perched on 4 corners of rocks. It was one large room, and 2 small bedrooms, one large room upstairs, and a large chimney built in the inside of the house.



Bro. Peart came by land with his team. We used the large room for both families, each having a bedroom, the children sleeping upstairs. We soon began to make arrangements to build some cabins near the mine to live in. This seemed a hard task but the way was opened; and a Col. Buford, who lived near us was very kind and offered the company 30,000 feet of lumber and wait for his pay in coal. Our teams comenced to haul the lumber to the mine and our little cabins were begun. They were built close to the mountain near the mine.

About this time we had a fearful storm of thunder and lightning. The wind was fierce and the rain poured down in torrents. No man could stand on his feet and some things were blown away and never found. The runing gears of our wagon was blown along the street and jammed in the woodpile. At the saw mill 3 miles up the river, there was a large violent whirl wind; the houses were unroofed and timber blown away. Reports said a yoke of steers tied in the yard were pinned together with a hand spike that lay near them. The roof of a cabin was blown off and a cow that stood by was taken up by the whirlwind and fell in the cabin. This was believed in Rock Island, but I did not see it. The storm lasted 1 day and 2 nights. The first night the children went to bed as usual upstairs. I laid my babe in bed and watched him all night. When the thunder was loud he would jump and then go off to sleep again. I was so frightened that the house would blow over and the chimney fall on the children that I did not undress or sleep through the night. About 1 o'clock I noticed the lightning runing upon something at the foot of the bed. I went to feel what it was and burned my hand on the gun barrel. I covered it with a quilt and the lightning was not drawn there again. It was a fearful night but morning came at last, but the storm did not abate. We staid in the house all day, and the next night was as bad as ever. I put all the children in my bed and watched them, for the house rocked so badly that it might have gone over any minute. But as the wind blew from the West, we were sheltered by Mr. Blythe's house and his large carriage workshop. The large doors of the shop were blown in and the East end blown out. His house was only a few yards from our shell of a house, on the West side. Mr. Blythe and family spent the night in their cellars, they thought it was the safest place.

There was a kind Dutch lady living across the street. "Her Billy," as she called her husband, was out in the country harvesting, so she was alone with her small children. Her house was a one-story brick and not likely to blow over, but she was very much frightened and said she would have given all she owned if she could have had us with her in her house. She said, "Oh, Mrs. Maughan, as soon as I could see across the street, I peeped out one corner of my window to see if your house be there; for I was sure it would blow over in the night."

Bros. Peart and Maughan were at the mine, and the fences on Mr. Soles farm were blown down, and he called on them to help

put them up as the grain was being destroyed by the herds of cattle running on the river bottoms. After the fences were repaired, Mr. Maughan came home.

In a few days Bro. and Sister Saunders arrived from Nauvoo, and we went with them to the mine. In some places the road was washed out and we had to go through the wood to get around the washouts in the road. This gave us a chance to see more of the destruction among the timber. At that place the hurricane was about 3 quarters of a mile wide, and in its track large trees were torn up by the roots, and others were twisted around like a young sapling. One or two teams had passed that way, and some large trees were sawed in two and others moved out of the way, so with moving some more we got through.

Brother Saunders staid at the mine with Bro. Maughan, and Sister Saunders went home with Bro. Richard Bentley, who was with them. Brother Saunders did not stay with us long. He was taken sick and wished to go home. We nursed him until he was beter and then Mr. Maughan put him in the care of a Captain on a steamboat, and he arrived safely home. But he did not recover and soon died. We staid 3 months in Rock Island. While there I worked at my trade, but the people generally done their own sewing. One day a storekeeper's wife sent to ask if I would go and help her wash on the morrow. I was not used to washing, but I went and found I was

expected to do it alone. I did not like to back out, as we wanted to be friendly with the people, so I done the washing. Agnes brought my baby at noon and she washed while he nursed. Then she took him home. Having finished the work and cleaned the paint around the room, the kind lady requested me to go into the tin shop and get my pay. The regular price for washing was 37 cents. I could not see anything I wanted but a tin biscuit cutter; the price was 37 cents. So I washed all day for a common tin biscuit cutter. We did not want to be known as Mormons and lived very quietly among the people, letting them have their own way. When our little cabins were done we moved into them, and the work in the mine was comenced and continued through the winter by Mr. Maughan. Bro. Peart and his family were sick all the Winter.

In the spring Mr. Maughan, myself and baby went to Nauvoo to attend Conference. I knew there was a box there, sent to me by Mother, and I was very glad to get it. It was about the size of a large traveling trunk, and full of good goods. I found afterwards that



Agnes Harrison Maughan

my box had been opened and some of the goods taken out. Mother had put a open letter in the box and everything was set down in the letter, and part of things that was in it, were taken out. A new black lace Veil, a pair of boots that Thomas sent me, many yards of thread, lace, also narrow lace, material for 2 white dresses, needles, pins, some cakes of blueing, spools of cotton, also bails of cotton, linen thread and money were some of the things taken. This was robbery, as Mother had paid all expenses, and paid the Sister for her trouble in bringing the box with her. While in Nauvoo we received our blessing by John Smith, Patriarch of the Church, April 9th, 1845. He said, "Your baby is a regular little Ephraimite."

In the summer Bro. Peter Sleater, who was miller at the Rock Island Mills, was sick with a pain in his head. He sent a team for Mr. Maughan to go and visit him. I was very sick at the time, but I wished my husband to go. And when they got near Rock Island the driver threw up his arms when he saw some men on the road, and cursed them to get out of the way. "I've got a Mormon in the Wagon, I've got a Mormon in the Wagon!" He found Bro. Sleater very sick and Sister Sleater in bed with a young babe. After being administered to, Bro. Sleater was much better and joined in conversation with Bro. Maughan. The hired girl had run off, frightened at the sight of a Mormon. After some time Sister Sleater said: "Peter that girl has not come back and I believe there is bread in the oven. Please take it out." But Peter got excited over the girl's carelessness and the pain returned again to his head. It continued all night. In the morning he requested Bro. Maughan to again administer to him, saying: "I will be more careful this time, Bro. Peter." Soon after this Bro. Maughan was taken with the ague and fever, and he suffered with it for one year. And the children, one after the other, were taken with this disease, some shaking every day and some every other day. The people living in that part of the country expected to have it every fall and were seldom disappointed.

Our house being at the foot of the mountain, we could look for miles over the level bottom lands where the Fox river runs through the country. South of us there were mill sloughs of standing water from a half to a mile long, that we could see from our door.

### THE RETURN TO NAUVOO

As Bro. Maughan did not get any better, he wrote to Bro. Brigham Young and received the permission of the Council to pay all debts; settle up all business, and come home. We done this as soon as possible and gladly left the place where we had suffered so much. When the steamer reached Burlington, she was stoped for the crew to fish, and they kindly gave Bro. Maughan a large one. He told me if I would get some potatoes he would cook them, then we would have some dinner. The cold potatoes gave me a chill, and I was soon shaking with the ague. I had not taken it before this time,

and now all eight of us had it. When we landed at the stone house in Nauvoo, we were very sick, as the the motion of the boat made us worse. The house was empty, so we went into a room and staid there about two days, until we were rested. Then on our well day Mr. Maughan and myself went into the city to find a house to live in. We met many kind friends who were glad to see us come back even if we were sick, they would help us to get well. We found that Bro. Daniel Carter had moved onto his farm to live, and Bro. Harrison Burgess who had charge of his house, invited us to go and live in it. We were glad of the chance and thus we were again among our old neighbors. We took quinine to break up our ague.

One old gentleman from the East, who brought a half bushel of silver when he came to Nauvoo, used to come every morning and cut us some wood. If there was none to cut he would bring some and cut it. A young lady from Saint Louis, a friend of Mr. Maughan, came to see us. She had sore eyelids, and I took the disease. Most of the people had sore eyelids, but it was the balls of my eyes that were affected. I could not bear the least light. I could not lie down for if my head leaned back in the least it seemed that heavy weights were hung on the back of my eyeballs, pulling them out of my head. I do not know how long I suffered like this. But one day the pain left my eyes, and went down my throat like a knife cutting its way and settled in my bowels. I did not eat anything for five days but lay in a quiet stupor, seldom rousing up unless spoken to. But the Lord heard and answered my prayer. About the time I was taken worse, Bro. and Sister Sleater, who had returned from Rock Island, came to to see us. They wished to take me home with them, but I could not leave the family. But we let Agnes go, as she was the sickest of the children. They took good care of her, but she soon came back. One day Doctor Richards came to see us. He walked in saying: "Well, Bro. Peter, how are you?" He replied: "Oh, Doctor, I am just laying here waiting for my change." The Doctor said, "you are not going to die; you are going with me beyond the Rocky Mountains. I want to go way out yonder" (pointing with his stick to the West and this was the first we heard about going west.) "Why, there is a weed growing in your door-yard that will cure you all. I will pick you some when I go out." After staying some time, he went out and sent in a handful of small parsley, saying, "Put this in a cup, make a tea, and take a swallow three times a day." This cured the diarrhea, but the children were weak and sick for a long time. As the cold weather came on, Mr. Maughan and the children got better but my health was poor all winter. On my well days I would make up hats and bonnets of some goods I brought with me. These I traded for provisions or anything we could get. A girl's wages were 1 dollar a week, and a girl would work for a hat when she would not work for anything else. Mr. Maughan was sick one year. I think this was the hardest one of my life, as I had to provide for a family of eight in the best way I could. The brethren kindly let

us live in houses that were empty without paying rent. We did not get in debt or receive anything I did not pay for except our neighbors' kindness when we first came back to Nauvoo. The people were getting ready to leave, and I had more work than I could do. Sometimes a family would send for me to go to their house and stay a week or two, but I had to go home at night to attend to the children. Sometimes I would be too tired to walk, and then they would send me home in a sleigh. In the morning I would feel better and go again. That winter I made dresses and bonnets for the Sisters. In February we received our Endowments in the last company that went through the Temple—1846. After this our health was better.

### TO WISCONSIN—SEEKING MEANS TO GATHER TO ZION

This was a very trying time for the Saints. All were leaving that could possibly do so. Many shut their doors and left their comfortable homes. I heard Bro. Orson Hyde counsel the Brethren that were left to scatter out and earn means to follow the Church. He said: "Brethren, it makes me feel weak to give you this counsel, but it is the best we can do. I do not send you to preach the Gospel, but to gather means to bring your families to the Standard of Zion, wherever

#### HISTORICAL PAPERS OF PETER MAUGHAN

TERRITORY OF WISCONSIN, }  
 COUNTY OF LAFAYETTE, } <sup>ss.</sup> District Court of the United States.

I, Robert E. Campbell, Clerk of the District Court of the United States, within and for the county of Lafayette, and Territory of Wisconsin, do hereby certify, that *Peter Maughan* an Alien, declared his intention of becoming a CITIZEN OF THE UNITED STATES, on the *31* day of *May* A. D. 184*8*, and will therefore, on the *31* day of *May*, A. D. 18*50*, or at any time thereafter, when he shall make the necessary proof of residence, as is required by law, and take the Oath of Allegiance in any Court of Record, be entitled to all the privileges of a Naturalized Citizen of the United States.



IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand, and affixed the Seal of said Court, at Shullsburgh, in said county, this *31* day of *May* A. D. 184*8*.

ATTEST:

*R. E. Campbell* CLERK  
 District Court Lafayette County, W. T.

it is raised. Be faithful, live your religion, and you shall be blest in gathering means of all kinds to make you comfortable, and, in time, shall come to the bosom of the Church with your families." I was there, and heard him preach.

Some of Mr. Maughan's friends from the north of England had gone to the lead mines in Wisconsin and he decided to go there too. We took a steamboat up the Mississippi to Galena, and then by stage to New Diggings, Lafayette County, this being where his friends were living. On arriving there we had some difficulty in finding a house to rent with a chimney to it, as the people used stoves, and only the first houses built there had fireplaces in them. After some time we found a room that was being used for a carpenter's work shop, and he kindly moved his work bench out and let us have the room, fleas and all, for it was full of them. But after a few weeks of killing these, we had peace, and made the best of our small room. Mr. and Mrs. Harker, the owners of the house, were very kind, quiet people. They were going to move away soon, and then we could have all the house. They did so, and we lived there comfortable for four years. Mr. Maughan went prospecting for lead ore. His 2 boys, John and William, worked with him. I soon had all the work in my trade that I could do. We lived near the town of New Diggings. There were 2 stores; we traded at both, and were always treated well. There was a weekly stage to Galena, and a livery stable that done a good business, as very few people kept horses of their own. There was a Catholic Church, Presbyterian, Methodist, and a Sunday School. Our children went to Sunday and day schools and were used well. The people were kind and friendly with each other and spent Sunday in going to meeting, driving, visiting or staying at home, and no one found fault with them. We said nothing about our religion, only with our friends, and lived quiet and friendly with the people, our aim being to gather means to follow the Church.

On the 20th of May, 1847, my 2nd son, Peter Weston Maughan, was born. When my babe was about 6 weeks old, I had the Cholera Morbus. They sent for Mr. Maughan. He sat by my bed and laid his hand on my head and administered to me. The violent pain left me, and I recovered. On the 9th November, 1848, Agnes was married to Jonathon Teasdale. The wedding was a very large one, about 60 couples sat down to dinner. The young couple lived by us for a while, then they went to Coon Branch and were living there when we left in 1850, having 1 son, a fine little boy.

In the winter of 1849, Mr. Maughan dreamed that he saw a row of mineral holes comencing near our garden. He awoke and told me his dream. "Are there any holes where you saw them?" He said: "No, but there will be soon." In the morning he went and looked over the ground where he saw the holes, thanked God for the dream, and believed that was the place where he would get some mineral. We said nothing about it, as they were making good wages where they were working. Having finished that place, they

comenced to dig where he dreamed of, and took out 800 dollars worth of mineral in 8 weeks. Thus the Lord opened our way to get means to come to Salt Lake.

The names of our Mormon friends that we left there were: Joseph Thompson and family, living at Coon Branch; John Craig and family, living in New Diggings; and Mother Saunders, Joseph Hutchinson and family, and Nicolas Thompson. New Diggings is 12 miles from Galena; Lafayette Co., is a few miles from Coon Branch, Mineral Point.

On the 25th of March, 1850, my 3rd son, Joseph Weston Maughan, was born. This was a busy time for me. A kind neighbour staid with me in the day for a week. This was all the hired help I had while I lived there, as there was no girls that would hire out, nor any one you could get to wash for you. Everyone done their own work. Mary Ann was a good girl, but she was only 11 years old and our family of nine, besides company, made a great deal of house-

work, and my sewing, all done by hand. I worked till about 2 o'clock in the morning and rose again at 5 or 6. It was English money that was in circulation mostly. A sovereign was worth 4 dollars and 84 cents; a 5 shilling piece, 1 dollar, 1 shilling, 20 cents; 6 pence, 10 cents. There were no coppers there. We often had French money. A frank was worth 95 cents. And sometimes we had Canadian gold and silver. But the English sovereigns were mostly used in the payments of large sums. There was no bank to put your money in, every one had to take care of their own. We did not like to leave ours in our log cabin, with



Mary Ann Harrison Maughan

poor doors, so when we went away we took it with us. I had 2 inside pockets on purpose, one on each side. I will relate one incident. We were invited to a wedding, about 2 or 3 miles off. We could not hire a buggy, so we had to walk. We had a sum of money on hand and it was a puzzling question with us, what to do with it. Sometimes we thought of burying it; but concluded to take it with us. In the evening, on our return, Mr. Maughan had some business in New Diggings, so I came a part of the way alone, carying his share tied up in my pocket handkerchief. I was weary with the days' amusements, and half frightened, as the path was lonely, with having so much of the needful to carry; so that I had to sit down and rest before I reached home. I think I shall never forget carrying such a heavy lot of gold and silver coins.

In the spring, Mr. Maughan went out in the country and bought our teams. We had 2 good wagons with double covers and

projections on the sides. We had 3 yoke of cattle and 1 yoke of cows to each wagon. This took some of our money, so we did not have more than we could take care of after this. My babe was nearly 3 weeks old when we left our log cabins on the 17th of April, 1850. I have been out in some cold storms since then, but I do not think I ever experienced a colder morning in my life. The wind blew from the North so pearcing cold that our covers were fastened down, so I could not shake hands with my friends, when they came to the wagon to bid me good-bye when we passed through New Diggings. We had a cold stormy time till we reached the Mississippi river on the 22d. That night I attended Sister Kind (?) in her confinement of a daughter. The weather was very cold but she was taken good care of, and done well.

Some more teams met us here, and Mr. Maughan was appointed Captain of the company. We traveled in mud and rain through Iowa, the road leading through many creeks, filled with water by the heavy rains, and had many bad storms. Sometimes it seemed that our covers would be torn off and wagons blown away, but my babe required my care, also my large family of 8 to cook for. I had no time for writing, so could not keep my journal.

#### ZION BOUND

We arrived in Kanessville in May, near the end of the month. All well. Staid there one week to wash and to rest our cattle. Here we found some friends of Mr. Maughan's from the North of England. We were organized into Captain William Wall's Company of 50 and Captain Foote Company of 100. Mr. Maughan was appointed captain of first 10.

June 6, 1850. We started early this morning. At noon came up with Captains Bear and Smith. Traveled behind them till near sundown, then turned off the road. Found a good camping ground on Black's fork. Plenty feed. We met Bro. Call from the Valley.

7th. We remained in camp till noon, then started. Found Captains Wall, Loveland, and Belknap. Camped on Hams Fork. Concluded to wait here in hopes Mr. Ebley will come up. Traveled 5 miles.

14th. Today our 10 have crossed the river. We are camped on the bank. We had a shower of rain this afternoon but the weather is still very warm.

17th. We started about noon today. We have been waiting for some muskets which Captain Foote went back to Kanessville after, as there was a deficiency in our arms. We traveled 3 miles. Camped on 3 mile creek. Had some bad roads but no bad accident happened.

19th. This morning we had a powerful rain; comenced at breakfast time and continued till near noon. Started in the afternoon. On the way passed the grave of Bro. Warren, who died of cholera. This is the 1st grave we have seen. Traveled 8 miles. Camped on a small stream.



21st. We were called to bury 2 of our company who died of cholera this morning, a man named Brown and a child. There are more sick in camp. Have been in sight of the Platte river all day. Traveled 15 miles, camped on Salt Creek. Soon some of our company came up with another child dead. They buried it at twilight on the bank of the creek. There are more sick. It makes us feel sad thus to bury our friends by the way. Weather very hot.

22nd. This morning before starting we were called to bury 3 more children. They all belonged to one family. We started late and before all had crossed the creek it comenced to rain very hard. We were detained till noon. Traveled 9 miles, camped on the Paria without wood or water, or some that is very poor. This is the worst time we have had since we crossed the Missouri river. Every thing wet and several sick in camp. Very little fire.

23rd. We buried 3 more this evening. Traveled 8 miles.

24th. This morning is wet and uncomfortable. It was thought best to remain in camp. Some are washing and baking, all were busy. About noon it cleared up and we had a public meeting in camp. Some fasted and humbled themselves before the Lord and prayed that He would remove disease from us. Brother Crandall said in four days five of his family had been taken from their midst and requested the Brethren to pray that the other members of his family might be spared.

25th. The mother of the three children spoken of yesterday died this afternoon. She will be buried this evening. We are camped on a creek which we call Pleasant Point. Here we buried Sister Spafford, the mother of nine children. There are no more sick in camp and we hope the worst is over. Traveled 10 miles.

27th. There has been wagons in sight before us; we think they are the Snow company, a part of which crossed the Missouri River when we left it. About noon we met the mail from the valley. They said there was some sickness ahead, but not much, and that we must travel faster or we would be caught in the mountains.

29th. At noon the last wagon came up with a corpse, a Sister Beal. I heard that she had been sick for sometime. They buried her on the bank of the creek called Clear Water and baptized more for their health. That evening some Elders camped with us. They were missionaris on their way to England. Sister Grover, one of our Nauvoo neighbours, is traveling with them. I wrote a letter and sent it to mother. They brought the emigrants mail.

30th. We were called upon to bury another of our company, Sister Crandall. She died in childbed. This makes seven out of a family of 15.

July 1st. Started at the usual time this morning. We kept near the bank of the river, then left it and passed through Indian Town. There were about 200 wigwams, some of them large. They are neatly woven into wicker work with stick and dried grass. They belong to the Pawnees, who are gone farther down the river, as the imigrants'

teams destroyed their crops. We passed 4 graves. Traveled 12 miles. Are camped on the river bank. This water is so high we have to wade for wood and the water is very muddy. Weather pleasant.

July 4th. This morning we found one of our oxen a little lame and sent him into the herd, and it was thought best for the last 2 tens to go a mile around to avoid crossing a slough. At noon we found the herdman had left our ox on the road and our 10 immediately camped, and 3 men went back after him. Soon Bro. Russell went by, going after his cow that was also left. The herdsmen are thought very careless to leave our cattle behind when they know we are not on the same road behind them. We heard the guns at the Fort Kearney. To day it is the 4th of July. Traveled 9 miles.

5th. About noon today the men returned without our ox. Brother Russell found his cow. Captain Maughan called a council to decide if we should go on, or go back again and try to find him. All agreed it was best to go back and 2 of the Brethren volunteered to go with him. They returned at night without finding him. We all feel sorry to leave a good ox on the prairie, not knowing what has become of him. We heard afterwards that a company traveling close behind us killed him for beef. Some Brethren that knew the ox saw his head.

6th. Started early this morning, traveled 18 miles over a beautiful country, but no timber except on the river bank. At 11 o'clock found a letter left by Captain Wall. They had waited till 10 the day before for us to come up, said they would go on slowly and for us to travel with all possible speed. We have passed 9 graves to day, mostly children. Are camped on the prairie in sight of Fort Kearney.

8th. This morning 26 government teams passed our camp. Bro. Wood's cow and one of our oxen are lame. They had to dress their feet, which made us late in starting.

10th. We had a shower of rain last night which makes it feel cool and refreshing this morning. Traveled 16 miles, passed 11 graves, and camped on the prairie without water or wood, at a place I call Mosquito Plain, in honour of the vast numbers of that tormenting little fly. There is a good bed and stove lying near our camp ground.

#### DEATH OF LITTLE PETER

12th. About noon as we were traveling along on a good plain road, my little Peter, about 3 years old, was sitting in the front of the wagon between his brother Charles and his sister Mary Ann. They were looking at a cow that had lost one horn. He leaned forward, lost his balance, and fell before the wheels. The first passed over him and he tried to escape the other one. But alas the wagon stopped just as the hind wheel stood on his dear little back. The Brethren from behind ran up and lifted the wheel and took him from under it. He was bruised internally so that it was impossible for him to live long. We done all that was possible for him, but no

earthly power could save him. He did not suffer much pain, only twice for a very little time. The people left their wagons and gathered around mine, and all wept for the dear little boy that we knew must soon leave us. I had talked to him many times to be careful and not fall out of the wagon, or he might be hurt very bad. He only spoke twice. I said to him, "Pete, did you fall?" and he said, "Yes," and seemed to know that he would leave us, and asked for his father. I did not know that his father had fainted, for the Brethren stood to hide him from my sight. On my asking for him, they said he would come soon. As soon as he was able he came to the wagon, covered with dust. But his little boy could not speak to him. He opened his eyes and looked so lovingly at us, then gently closed them and passed peacefully away, and left us weeping around his dear little bruised body. Then loving hands tenderly dressed him in a suit of his own white linen clothes. He looked so lovely. I emptied a dry goods box and Bro. Wood made him a nice coffin; and it even was a mournfull satisfaction, for we had seen our brothers and sisters bury their dear ones without a coffin to lay them in. We buried him on a little hill on the North side of the road. The grave was consecrated and then they laid him to rest. Some one had made a nice headboard, with his name printed on, also his age and date of death. This was all we could do, and many prayers were offered to our heavenly Father, that he might rest in peace and not be disturbed by wolves. We turned away in sorrow and grief. A few days after, we heard that his grave had not been touched, but another little one made beside it, and afterwards some more were buried by them. This was a great satisfaction to us, to know that he remained as we left him. Our dear one's name was Peter Weston Maughan, born in New Diggings, Wisconsin Territory, May 20th, 1847.

13th. Started early this morning and overtook the company that passed us while stopping yesterday. Passed on 3 miles further to Ash Creek. Here we all camped to wash and bake. Traveled over a beautiful country today, timber in sight all day. Passed 12 graves, mostly grown people. We have a fine place to camp; plenty of wood and water, also grass. Weather cool and pleasant.

14th. We are obliged to wash and bake today to last 1 week. Formerly emigrants have found food on the river but there is none this year on account of high water in the spring. The rain has also injured the buffalo chips. We had meeting this afternoon in camp, and several were baptized for their health.

15th. We are again permitted to renew our journey, which lies through the buffalo country. They are seen by thousands, and this country seems made for them, being high bluffs and deep ravines. In the ravine there is plenty of cedar and water. We can see the Bluffs as far as the eye can reach. At night we came up with our company. All are well. While traveling through this country, the road was near some hills on our left, and the river some distance to the right, our company saw a moving mass on the bottom near the

river. We could not tell what it was, whether Indians or not, but they came rapidly towards the hills; and our train, being a long one, was standing right before them. We soon saw that it was a large drove of buffalo, that had been to the river for water and were returning to the hills. The Brethren stood by their teams, as there was great danger of our oxen stampeding and running away. Mr. Maughan stood in front of our oxen, and the boys by theirs. My wagon being the first one was in the most danger. The large drove came bounding on until the leaders saw their way blocked; then they hesitated a moment and then swerved to the right, and all galloped by in front of my wagon, so we had a good view of the noble creatures.

16th. We took our places in the company this morning, and it seems like home. Traveled 18 miles today over very sandy country. The soil is sand mostly. Met 3 wagons from Fort Laramie. There is plenty of game through here, such as buffalo, deer, elk, and antelope, also the largest kind of wolves. Passed 3 graves, and camped in one of the pretty places on the river bank. All well.

19th. Started early this morning and traveled as fast as possible in order to reach the south ford at noon. Found about 30 wagons already there, and our fifty made 80 wagons; but we all crossed safely in half a day. We camped on the bank. Weather pleasant.

21st. We are again pursuing our tedious journey. The first 3 miles were up hill, then we came on a ridge; this extended to Ash Hollow. When we came in sight of the Hollow, we saw steep precipice and deep ravines; among the rocks are growing Ash and red Cedar. This is a very romantic looking place. When we came to the bottom of this hollow we found a good road and a fine spring of cold water, plenty timber, and some grass. The hollow is 3 miles long. We camped at the mouth in a pretty place. Passed 6 graves.

22nd. We stopped to wash and bake here. Must take wood to the sandy hills that are ahead of us. We are now in a very different looking country, have high sand hills on the left. We are now in the Sioux Indian country.

25th. Since we left Ash Hollow we have traveled in small companys, and find it better where there is but little grass. This afternoon we passed Ancient Bluff Ruins on the north side of the road. We could see them; they look like Castles and fortifications gone to decay. Traveled 22 miles. Passed 11 graves. Crossed a beautiful stream.

29th. This morning started early, as we had to travel 20 miles without water for our cattle. About 5 o'clock found good place to camp. A fine spring of water, and plenty of dry wood. Found Bro. Loveland's Company camped here. Bros. Belknap and Coon arrived afterwards. This made up our company of fifty wagons. We held meeting at night, and many spoke of the joy it gave them to meet their Brethren and sisters again in camp. Wall said he felt to rejoice in his heart that we were all met together again. Also spoke in the highest praise of the good conduct of his company, and prayed for the

blessing of God to rest upon us. Some Indians came to see us in the evening; these are the first we have seen since we crossed the Missouri River. We have Scott's Bluff on one side and the river at a distance on the other. Traveled 20 miles.

31st. Today we found a letter on the road left for us by Bro. Belknap, stating that a old Indian had died with the smallpox. The Indians left a little boy with the corpse. We think they fled to avoid getting the disease in their camp. We saw a kind of platform made by driving four stakes in the ground and covering it over with sticks and about 4 feet high. This was covered with a buffalo robe, under which we suppose the man was. The little boy was standing by its side. Close by was a dog hung by the neck, and a wigwam made of boughs.

August 1, 1850. Today the weather is very warm. We have crossed the Laramie River, a fine swift stream 100 yards wide. Passed 8 graves; one was empty and we think wolves had dug up the corpse, as a man's suit was lying by it. We camped on the bank of the river Platte, 1 mile from the fort, which is in full view of the camp. As I am writing in my wagon, have fine view of the fort. Its stars and stripes are waving over the Battlements. There are several buildings there.

7th. We rose at 4 o'clock this morning. Started early as we want to go with Bro. Belknap's company who camped by us last night. We found a good spring of cold water at noon, which greatly refreshed us all. Mrs. Ebley found a good side-saddle in some bushes. She took the saddle with her. I was with her when she saw it first.

8th. I was very sick this morning with the Mountain fever. As I lay in my wagon today I thought the wheels went over every rock there was in the road. Camped in the Black Hills. After camping, Mr. Maughan laid my bed in the shade of the wagon. On the outside, chains were fastened across the wheels to keep some sheep in. Thinking my bed would stop them, my wagon wheels were not chained. Seeing a open place, the sheep darted through and every one sprang over me. I clasped my baby close to me, lay still and was not hurt, not even touched by one of them. I think the sheep were worse frightened than I was.

10th. Today we came up with Bennett's Company. They have the whooping cough among them. We drove off the road while they passed.

September 8, 1850. Today we heard from Captain Perkins. He is 40 miles back. Two wagons from his company have come up. Captain Foote is 60 miles back.

12th. We were delayed this morning by some of our Brethren going to the tar spring to gather tar. Started at 11 o'clock. Crossed some big hills. Camped at Yellow Creek at the foot of Rocky Bluffs.

13th. This morning it comenced raining before breakfast, continued about 2 hours, then dressed up, and we started. Passed Loveland and Belknap in camp, met a white man and Indian woman

dressed in man's costume. We think she was his wife. At noon Bros. Belknap and Loveland came up and stated that Bros. Nellie had broken his wagon wheel. In consequence of the accident they camped, but we drove on till near sundown. Passed Cache Cave. I had a fine view of it from my home on wheels, but did not go to it. This is at the head of Echo Creek. We now travel down a narrow ravine between high Mountains. Camped alone on Echo Creek.

14th. We rose at day break. The U. S. Mail passed before we started. A part of the road is on the side of the hill, which makes it dangerous for if great care is not taken a wagon is very easily tipped over into the creek. From my wagon I had a fine view of the high rugged mountains with small cedar growing on the sides. We think the road today the worst we have had yet. Camped on the Weber river. 2 miles on the new road.

17th. This morning we entered the canyon and traveled on the most dreadful road imaginable. Some places we had to make the road before we could pass. Passed the toll gate and paid for passing over the road we had made. We had a view of the Valley, and it delighted me much to think I was near my long journey's end. The road today has been the worst we ever saw, but we came safely through without any accident. Camped at dusk 1 mile past the toll house. Here is no food or wood.

18th. We rose at day break and all are happy because our long journey is so near done. When we came near the city we met Bro. Blackhurst, a friend of Mr. Maughan's. On arriving in the city we soon found many kind friends. We camped in the street in front of Bro. Peart's house. I think this is destined to be a great place. There are stores and houses going up in all directions. We staid in Salt Lake City one week and enjoyed the Society of our friends. Then we were counceled to settle in Tooele, 35 miles west of Salt Lake City. This Valley was then being settled. Here I found 2 old friends from England, Bro. and Sister Rowberry, and some of our friends from Nauvoo. Here we camped in tent and wagon on our city lot untill we built a nice large double log house. We moved into our house in the middle of November, 1850. I had not eat or slept in a house since we left our own home in New Diggings, Wisconsin Territory.

### LIFE IN TOOEELE COUNTY

On our way to Tooele we passed the big cave, also the little cave in the hill on the South side of the road, and Blackrock which is near the south side of the lake. Passed Cape point, then turned south 12 miles through a sandy country. As we got nearer to the settlement we could see 2 log cabins and one half up. While looking at the houses, I recognized Bro. Edwards, our Nauvoo friend. I called Mr. Maughan, saying: "That is Bro. Edwards standing in the door." He said: "Oh, no, Mother." But when we got near sure enough it was Bro. Edwards and his family.

We built across the creek on a nice garden spot. I soon received a letter from Dr. Willard Richards, appointing me midwife for Tooele, saying, "I should have the faith and prayers of the Council of Health and should be blessed and prospered in that calling, by the God of Israel." The first time I went to Salt Lake, I called at his office and was ordained to that calling and to be a member of the Council of Health. This caused me much sorrow, for I had a large family to take care of and felt that I needed rest. But I could not back out unless I was released. I was called to attend some sisters before I went to the City. I then went to see Dr. Richards and stated my case to him, hoping he would release me and send someone else out there. But he said I was just where he wanted me, so I was blessed and ordained to that office by Bros. Richards, Benson and Maughan. The doctor, being speaker pronounced many great blessings on my head. One in particular was that no harm should come to my family in my absence, and this has been a comfort to me many times, for no harm has happened to me or mine.

In the spring of 1851 the Indians stole some horses belonging to some emigrants who were working at the mill. Mr. Custer the lawyer and some of our Brethren followed them. They did not find the horses but brought in some Indians with their families. They let the men carry their guns when near our house, it being the first one and a high rocky Mountain nearby, on the south side of the road. Mr. Custer being a little behind the others, 2 or 3 Indians dropped behind him and shot him in the back. He fell from his horse dead. The Indians escaped up the mountain in the dark. Mr. Custer's horse going to the others, riderless, they went back and found his body on a large rock. The blood-stained rock was a witness for many years. His body was taken to Salt Lake for burial. We heard the guns and also the Indians as they scrambled up the mountain among the rocks.

Some officers from the city came and took charge of the affair, and we were counseled to build a fort to protect ourselves against the Indians. The Brethren were organized in companys of 10 in each to move the houses into a fort. Mr. Maughan being Captain of one, his 3 sons being in it. Next morning early, as the others were not ready, our goods were taken out and laid on the ground to one side, and the house taken down, laid on wagons, and taken to the fort, and the logs laid up again as they were taken off the wagons.

Ours was the first taken down. One load had gone to the fort and Thomas, age 14, not being needed to unload, was left to wait untill the wagon came back. It had rained in the night and he laid down on the wet ground. When his father came back and asked him why he laid down, Tommy said he was not well. His father sent him to me. I made him some Composition tea and put him to bed in the wagon. He was warm and slept all the afternoon and seemed much better. At supper time I asked William to call him. But, alas, poor Tommy had lost the use of one leg. He never walked again. William carried him on his back. From that time he was prostrated with

fever. I nursed him faithfully until the 25th of May, when he passed quietly away.

While he lay sick, the Indians stole some cattle, about 100 head, from near Black Rock. In the morning Thomas asked me if there were any Indians about. I said no. Well, said he, they stole a lot of cattle last night and drove them through the sagebrush below the fort into Skull Valley. The boys went to see if there were any tracks of the cattle, and found them just as Tommy said. The Indians also stole some horses belonging to Tooele. The owners and others followed them in the morning. Sometime that day Tommy said to me, "Oh, Mother, Thomas Lee and the men have gone up the canyon and the Indians are watching them, and if they don't come away soon they will be killed." Bro. Lee said on his return they went up the canyon. He found his mare and brought it home. He said he felt the Indians were in ambush watching them, and that they were in danger and had better turn back. They did so, and got safely home.

Thomas was the second that died in Tooele. Sister Rowberry died the April before. I was in Salt Lake at the time. These were trying times for us pioneers. The loss of our stock by Indians, the standing guard by nite and the watching by day, Mr. Maughan's sons being called to help recover our stock, or fight them if compelled to do so. The Indians had buried some of their dead at the foot of the mountain south of the fort, and they would come and hold their pow-wows, making day and night hideous with their noise.

In the early spring of 1851, our meetings being held morning and night, I took up a Sunday School in the afternoon. This was the first school held in Tooele. In April, Tooele County was organized, Mr. Maughan being County Clerk. In 1852, the fort was moved lower down the Valley. This time, I lived in Bro. Atkin's stable while my house was moved. It had not been used, so was nice and clean. Our house being up, we moved into it; and on the 15th of April, 1851, my fourth son, Hyrum was born. Before he was 2 weeks old I was called to attend another Sister in her confinement; but no harm hapened to me. I was often called out twice a week, as there was no other midwife in Tooele.

On the 24th of July we had a celebration, and John, (Peter's eldest son) married Maria Davenport of Grantsville, who had been living with us.

In November Bros. Maughan, Rowberry and Bates were appointed a Comity to locate E. T. City and for building a dam at Rock Springs. After the dam was built, the water found an underground passage and would not rise. The



John Harrison Maughan



dam cost 700 dollars. The Brethren had to bring water from the mill, costing 300 dollars more. We did not raise much crop this season.

On the 25th December William (Peter's third son) married Barbara Williams Morgan.

In August, 1854, our house was again moved, this time to E. T. City, named after Ezra Taft Benson. On the 21st August 1854, my fifth son, Willard Weston Maughan, was born at E. T. City. My family was large, my health poor, and breadstuff scarce, and such as we had I could not eat. A kind neighbor lent me 2 quarts of flour. This was all the flour I had that winter. Mr. Maughan was in the Salt Lake City on the Jury.

### CALLED TO CACHE VALLEY

In 1855, after our crops were looking well, the grasshoppers destroyed nearly all of them. In 1856 the most of our crop was destroyed by saleratus. On our condition being reported to Brigham Young, he sent a Comitty of 6 of the Brethren, viz., Bros. Maughan, Riggs, Bryan, Tate, W. Maughan, and M. Morgan on the 21st of July, 1856, to Cache Valley to look for a location. They returned all safe.

In September, having sold or given away our possessions in Tooele, we again took up our line of march for some place in the North in which to make a new home. About the last of August we left Tooele. Bro. Brigham said all that wanted to go with Bro. Peter could do so, and some were glad of the chance; and the following Brethren with their families came with us: G. W. Bryan, John and William Maughan, T. Riggs, F. Gunnell, and D. Thompson. Bro. Bryan had hired a man to work for him, making 8 men in all. The weather was fine and we traveled on in peace. Charles rode our pony and helped to drive our stock, so the task of driving the team and care of



William Harrison Maughan

the little ones fell on me. It was the same wagon I crossed the plains with, Mr. Maughan driving our other wagon. Thus it happened that I drove the first wagon that came into Cache valley for a settlement, the road was good until we came to Wellsville Canyon, which we found very rough and narrow in some places, and a very steep hill to descend, but we got down all right, the only mishap on our journey being in crossing the Weber river, when the tongue of my wagon dropped from the yoke. But the oxen stood still, and our boys waded in and all was soon right again, only I lost my whip in the river.

When we got to the mouth of the canyon, my first words were: "Oh, what a beautiful Valley!" We drove on to the creek near

where Bro. Bankhead's house now stands (1886). Here we camped on the 15th day of September 1856. The Brethren spent 2 days in looking around, then went to cutting hay for our stock. Having put up sufficient hay, then they made corrals for our stock, and then built some log cabins for us to live in. Mine was small but we were glad to have a small one, as the weather soon got too cold and windy for camping with a young babe. It was first called Maughan's Fort and later Wellsville.

On the night of the 26th and 27th, we had our first storm of snow. It was up to man's ankles, and in the midst of it my first daughter was born in camp. She was the first white child born in Cache Valley. She was born in a wagon bed on the bank of the Wellsville Creek, on the morning of the 27th of September, 1856. On the 10th of October, I waited on Sister Riggs, she was delivered of a daughter. This is the 2nd babe born in camp. Their names are Elizabeth Weston Maughan and Emma Knox Riggs. Both done well, having moved into our cabins.

#### THE FIRST YEARS IN CACHE VALLEY

Mr. Maughan started for Fillmore on the 25th of Nov., 1856. They had a dreadful journey, very cold and stormy. They did not stay in Fillmore but returned to Salt Lake to hold their Legislature. This winter was very severe and hard on us who had come from a warmer country. The houses were in two rows, North and South, the ends being open. In a few days after Mr. Maughan left, we had a fearful storm from the southeast. Our house being on the southeast corner, our yards were the first to catch the drifting snow. Our yard was full, even higher than the fences. Our wagon and wood pile near the door of our house were covered up so that we did not see them till spring. William's house, being next to mine, was covered over with snow.

About noon the storm abated, and as we always took our ax and shovel in the house at night, William got out and dug the snow away from his windows, so they could have light. The next thing was to look after the stock. We had 8 or 9 fine calves; they were in a pen in the south corner of the yard. Word came to me that they were all dead, but after a while they got up and shook themselves and were a pretty lively lot of dead calves. They had been covered over with snow. Our yard was so full of snow that our young stock could not get around in it. Finally it was decided to put our young stock in William's yard and his older ones in ours, as they could trample down the snow and get around. There was a large snow bank in the middle of our yard till summer. The cattle went onto the top of our hay stack to feed; but some were not honest enough to go on their own, so we had to dig ditches in the snow to keep them off ours. Our wood being covered up, we had to dig down to the end of a log, hitch on a yoke of oxen, draw it out, cut it

up, and bring it into the house; and when that was burned, get another in the same way.

On the 12th of December, Barbara was confined with a daughter. This is the 3rd little girl born in Cache Valley. Her name is Mary Elizabeth Morgan Maughan.

In the winter Bro. Gardiner's son, John, started for Box Elder on a Sunday morning on horseback for Maughan's Fort, but his horse gave out in the canyon. He put his saddle on a serviceberry bush, and, leaving his horse, started on foot. These were found by some Brethren going after the mail. On their return with this news, it was the first his father knew that John had left Box Elder. Immediately his father, brothers, and others started to look for him. Thinking he would go to his father's, which was 3 miles north west of the fort, they searched that part of the Valley—the snow in some places was 8 feet deep—and in the mountains for one week, without finding any trace of him. The snow was drifting more or less all the time. On the next Sunday morning after John Gardiner left Box Elder, William and Mr. Riggs went to look south of the fort. They noticed a faint trail coming from the canyon. They followed it down to the bank of the creek, then up again and further up the creek. Then turning down to the stream again, they looked across and there on the north bank of the creek lay John Gardiner. He had kneeled down, drank some of the ice cold water, then waded the stream, filling his boots with water, and sat down on the bank to rest. He was frozen stiff, and it was evident that he had lain there since the Sunday night previous. The wolves and foxes had made a large circle around him, but had not gone to him. They brought him into the fort on a sled, and as I stood in my door and looked at him, I hope never to have such a feeling again. His right arm was stretched out straight, the other lay by his side. He was covered with frost.

They found his father and brothers in the hills still looking for John. On hearing he was found, his father said: "Is he mangled?" They said no. He looked at them, saying: "Have the wolves touched him at all?" "No, they have not." He said: "Thank God for that!"

They had to thaw his body by laying him before the fire and, as one place thawed out, turned him over. In his pocket they found a letter from Mr. Maughan for me. This accounted for his coming to the fort, thinking he would stay all night. It was so sad that he perished when only a short distance from our house. On Mr. Maughan's return from the Legislature John and William met him at Box Elder. It was a perilous trip, but they got home in safety after dark, having traveled on snowshoes some miles.

The first thing attended to was the Reformation, all being rebaptized, thus renewing their Covenants. The next summer we raised some crops. And the next spring came the move South.

This winter we had been in constant dread of the Indians, and the soldiers being camped on Hans Fork. A company of them started to come into the Valley via Soda Springs, but had to turn back on

account of deep snow; the snow kept them from getting into our settlements. Many a night have I arose from my bed to make a fire and get a warm supper for some of the Brethren coming and going north to watch the movements of the soldiers.

### THE MOVE SOUTH

In March, 1858, we loaded our wagons to leave Cache Valley for some place in the South. We left 15,000 bushels of wheat in our houses, which we think the Indians stole. We left our crops in the ground; these they could not steal. The weather was so stormy we could not start for 8 or 10 days. Then word came to us to go to Box Elder and remain for the present.

We went as soon as possible, and camped at Box Elder about a week, then went to Salt Lake and staid in one of Dr. Richard's empty rooms for one or two weeks. Then we went to Pond Town and camped on the bank of that large pond of water.

While we were camping by the pond, the Indians became troublesome and tryed to drive off our stock. One evening the women and children were hurried into the Schoolhouse while the Brethren stood over our stock and camp, but the Indians, finding we were prepared for them did not come.

On the 5th of July we again packed our wagons and started for some place in the North. We did not expect to go to our homes, as the Brethren were counseled not to take their families into Cache Valley, but to go and harvest their grain. When we came to Salt Lake, Bishop Hunter kindly offered Mr. Maughan a house to live in through the Winter, at a place called Roger's Pond, Three Mile Creek. It was one mile to our nearest neighbour, Sister John Wood, who crossed the plains with us. It was one mile north west of Willard City. We went there and put up hay for our stock through the winter. Some Indians were staying on the bottoms.

As I was there alone with my little children, it was best for me to keep friends with them if I could do so. They were very bold and impudent. Sometimes 4 or 5 or more would get in my house, I had but one room and they would not leave until I made a fire in my stove and fried their frog's legs in my skillet with butter. They would ask where my Turnip (husband) was. I said: "He will come soon." They would laugh, saying "Your Turnip in Cache Valley. Me see him. No come soon."

There was two posts and a cross peice on the top of them, used for killing cattle, near our door, and about 10 o'clock at night a beautiful white pelican used to come and sit on the cross peice. If all was quiet it would stay a long time to rest, and then take its flight northeast. We used to watch it through the window. It was a noble bird, and supposed to come from Pelican point.

On the 4th. of November, I was confined with my second daughter, Martha Weston Maughan. There was not a neighbor within one mile of me. Soon after this William and his family

came to stay with us till spring. This made us very crowded in our one room. In February there was a special meeting called in Salt Lake, and Mr. Maughan went to it. Soon after his return, one morning William and Charles went out to shoot some ducks on the Pond. William's gun went off accidentally, and Charles received the whole load of shot in his head. He lay at the point of Death some time, being delirious most of the time. I picked 17 slugs, the wad of the gun, and some of his hair 2 inches long out of one hole in his neck near his head. He would not let any one wait on him but his mother. But by the blessing of God he was spared to us. When he left there in April he was just able to sit on his pony and drive our stock.

A company had come from Grantsville to go with us to Cache Valley. They camped near our house. The Rogers family had buried 3 children while they lived there some years before. One of the sisters asked where those graves were. On looking about, I said: "Here under your wagon are two of them." She exclaimed: "Oh, dear! I cannot sleep over them. My wagon must be moved." She had already slept some nights over them, but did not know it.

#### BACK IN CACHE VALLEY

The weather was cold and roads bad. We had to come over the Mountain as the canyon was not open yet, but we arrived safe at Maughan's Fort on the 23d of Apr., 1859. Travelers and their horses had camped in my house, and it took some time to shovel out the dried mud and hay and other rubbish. Some of our goods were burned, and our chairs and other effects were visiting all over the fort and Indians camps. From this time on people came every day to look at the country. Sometimes I have not slept in my bed for a week at a time, and my floor was covered with beds. Mr. Maughan said to them: "Tell all who want to come to Cache Valley to bring their familys and come on. Do not waste your time in coming to look at the place. We want men with their families."

A large Emigration immediately followed, and Logan, Providence, Mendon, Smithfield and Richmond were located. In the fall of 1859 Bro. Benson and some others of the Twelve came to organize the Cache Valley Stake of Zion, and name the Settlements already made. Mr. Maughan was appointed presiding Bishop, and counseled to move to Logan, as the most central place. In the spring of 1860, Franklin, Hyrum, Millville, and Paradise were located.

On the 4th of July, 1860, an express reached Logan from Smithfield, stating the Indians had killed 2 of the Brethren, Ira Merrick and John Reed, and others were wounded; also the Indian Chief Pugwancee. Bros. P. Maughan, J. Ricks, G. L. Ferrell and 25 Minute Men rode to Smithfield. They found one Indian hid in the grass, and took him prisoner, and put him under gaurd in Logan. On the same day Bear Hunter and his Band made a rush on Logan, intending to release the prisoner and sweep everything before them,

but to their surprise they were received in military order by having 100 rifles pointed at them. This made them sue for peace, which lasted a while.

In May we moved to Logan, Mr. Maughan having built 3 log rooms. They were not finished but my health was very poor and life was very sorrowful to me. On the 15th of June, 1861 our 6th son, Peter Weston Maughan, was born. I was sick for sometime, but by the blessing of God and the great care of a good kind neighbour, Sister Mary Weir, I was permitted to remain on this earth.

In June some 1,000 Indians entered this Valley and camped on the Church Farm. The Brethren were on guard day and night to protect themselves and stock. The Indians, finding the people ready for them, gave it up, stole some horses, and went away. In the winter following, the Chief of this band with 40 of his braves perished in a snowslide in Idaho.

September, 1862, while the people were at a meeting, word came that Indians had run off a band of horses. Meeting was dismissed, and volunteers started after the horses. Charles, being a Minute Man, went with them. They came up with the Indians on Cub river. The Indians offered Battle. Our Brethren had no bedding or provisions, so they lay on the cold wet ground or sat holding their horses by the bridles. At dawn they went in pursuit, but the Indians had also gone. At noon a horse of Moses Thatcher's was found and others that had given out. They were trembling and covered with fume. The pursuit began on Sunday and was continued till Tuesday night, when the Indians scattered in a pine forest, making it impossible to follow them. The Indians were lying in ambush, resolved to fight to the last, so our Brethren turned back. About midnight of the 30th, the party met the provisions sent after them. Both parties being on the same road or trail, each one supposed the other one to be Indians. Finally the main party found the other Brethren with provisions. They reached home, having recovered 11 out of 30 horses.

October 1st. Word was brought to Logan that the Bannock Indians were gathering at Soda Springs for a raid on Cache Valley. 25 men were sent to Franklin, but the Indians, finding the people ready for them, did not come. But they were troublesome all summer.

November 23rd. Seventy Cavalrymen from Camp Douglas had a fight with Bear Hunter's band, near Providence. The soldiers were sent by Col. Connor to recover a white child that the Indians had stolen from Oregon. They had painted its face, but its light hair and blue eyes told the white people that it was not a Indian. They gave up the child, and next day charged the people with feeding the soldiers, and demanded 2 Beef Cattle and very much flour as a peace offering. Bros. Benson and Maughan, knowing the cheapest way was to feed them, furnished the supplies.

January 28th, 1863. Col. Connor passed through Logan with a company of 450 Soldiers from Camp Douglas, and on the 29th he

came upon and attached a band of Indians in a ravine 12 miles northwest of Franklin. The Indians resisting the soldiers, a battle was fought lasting 4 hours. 18 soldiers were killed and wounded. Col. Connor captured 150 ponies and returned through Logan. Next day the Brethren in Wellsville broke the road through the canyon for them to get through the deep snow. The people of Cache Valley believed this movement to be sent by the Almighty, as the Indians had been stealing our stock and causing us so much trouble day and night that patience had ceased to be a virtue. This broke the power of the Indians.

September 1864. Oxford, Weston, and Clarkston were located, Mr. Maughan nameing Weston after Me, as my maiden name was Weston. John Maughan built the first house in Weston. Washakie and his Band got some whiskey in some way and got drunk and turned their horses into the fields of grain at Franklin and a drunken Indian tryed to ride his horse over a woman and beat her with a club. The Indian was wounded in the side by a pistol shot. They also robbed some houses on the outskirts of town of some clothes and bedding, etc. Mr. Maughan with 100 horsemen from Logan and other settlements went to the relief of Franklin, and peace was restored, and the Indians returned to Idaho.

The Winters of 1862, '65, and '67 Mr. Maughan spent in Salt Lake City at the Legislature. We had Military Drills during the fall of these years, and they were a kind of Holy days looked forward to with pleasure by the people of Cache Valley. In 1865 we attended a large party in the meetinghouse on the 22d of February. While dancing in the morning, word came that George Brazee and John Boice had perished in the snow near Franklin. They were walking from Oxford to Franklin. I felt as if I never wanted to dance any more.

December 8, 1866. The Deseret Telegraph line was opened from Salt Lake City to Logan.

On Dec. 8, 1866, Peter Maughan married Elizabeth Frances Preator, as a plural wife. (In her journal Mary Ann refers to this wife as "Lissy.")

#### HYRUM'S MISSION

April 1868. Hyrum went with us to attend Conference and got his Endowments, as he wanted to go to the states after the poor. We found the Ogden bridge gone out of its place by high water, and were obliged to cross a high mountain on a fearful road. They seemed to be having a worse time than we did. I led one of our horses down the mountain, and it seemed as if she must fall over on me in some places, but she picked her steps down among the rocks as carefull as I did mine. Our carriage was brought down by hand. We attended Conference.

Hyrum had his Endowments. He was only 16 years old, and I was sorry to see him go on such a trip, but he wanted to go, and his Father gave him leave to go if he wished to do so. We returned

in safety; the bridge was put in its place, so we did not have to cross the mountain on our return.

11th. We went to Franklin to see them organized. We passed Hyrum on the road, driving his team of 4 yoke of oxen. He was covered with dust and the sweat was runing down his face. I leaned out of the carriage, saying: "Wipe your face, Hyrum." He said "I haven't time, Mother." So he went along with his great long whip on his shoulder. On the camp ground he went into Bro. Molen's Company. He was full of hope and ambition saying: "Mother, I shall do very well, and come back all right." I knew he was inexperienced and did not know what trials he might meet before he returned home again. My mother's heart was full. I commended him to the care of our Heavenly Father, and left him.

In camp at Omaha, he was sick and had his foot run over by a heavy wagon wheel. I had put medicine in his chest, and his companions were kind to him, and he got well. Among his medicines was a sack of boiled flour. I had showed this to him, telling him to take it for diarrhea. On his return, I asked Hyrum: "Did you use your boiled flour?" "Oh Mother, that was the best thing we had; it went all over camp. The river water made us all sick."

June 25. At Robinson's Ferry, Green River, 6 of his companions were drowned by the upsetting of the ferry boat. He had stepped on the boat as it left the shore, but hearing the Captain say there were too many on the boat, he stepped off again. Their names were: Neils Christopherson and Peter Smith, of Manti; Peter Neilsen of Fairview; Christian Jensen and Christian Nybello of Mt. Pleasant; and Thomas Yeats of Millville, Cache Valley.

Captain Molen's train of 61 wagons left Benton Aug. 14th, arriving in Salt Lake Sept. 2d. When the news of this accident came to us, it cast a gloom over the whole Valley. When Hyrum came from the city, we went to Wellsville Canyon to meet him. I handed him a loaf of plum cake. He eat it as he walked by his team. I took the children with me, and it was a joyful meeting to us all.

May 2d. 1869. The Indians stole a little girl, daughter of Bro. Thurston who lived at the mill 3 miles north of Wellsville. Picked up near her home by a squaw who wrapped her in her blanket and hurried to the Willows. She was 3 years old, a fine bright child named Rosie. Her parents spent years in searching for their darling. Both were broken down with grief and sorrow and died without finding any certain knowledge of her. The Indians said



Hyrum Weston Maughan



she was dead, but this was not believed by our people; but the Indians told it so that the white people might stop searching for her. About 15 years afterwards, a gentleman acquainted with the stealing of little Rosie went to the East and visited some Indian's home and there he found a beautiful white girl dressed nicely and doing beadwork. This he believed to be our long lost Rosie, but she did not remember anything of her people, only her name was Rosie. She was adopted by the Chief. They were kind to her, and she preferred to remain with them. Afterwards, the Indians tried to steal other children, and nearly got away with one of Bro. Curtis' little boys; but they were seen by Sister Martineau, and the child rescued by 2 men.

The grasshoppers are very thick. They have destroyed a part of our crops in Cache Valley; our wheat is all gone that is up. Many Brethren's crops are eaten as soon as they come up. The Black Measels are very bad in Tooele. In Grantsville they buried 30 in 4 months, Sister Clark and her daughter Hannah Parkinson being in the number. She left a child 8 or 9 months old.

September 3d. We were plunged in sorrow by the news from Ogden that Brother Benson was dead. He had started to the City. While stopping at Bro. Farr's in Ogden, one of his horses was taken sick. Bros. Benson and Farr had been to the stable and were returning when, only a few yards from the door, Bro. Benson being the last, he suddenly dropped dead. I cannot describe the grief and sorrow of that large family and the people. All felt that we had lost our leader. Bro. Benson was appointed to organize the Relief Society in Cache Co., and he thought best to call me to be their leader. Sister Libbia Benson was my first Counselor. There were three corpses lying in Logan Sunday before last, but we little thought we would be called on to bury Bro. Benson the next Sunday.

The funeral was very large and impressive.

### LADIES' MASS MEETINGS

January 13th, 1870. A mass meeting was held by the ladies of Salt Lake to protest against the passage of the Cullum Bill. Similar meetings were held in most of the settlements by the Sisters, as they were called on to do so.

30th. I went to Wellsville with Hyrum to attend the Theatre. I found the president of the Relief Society had been gone some time to Smithfield, and the Sisters were feeling like sheep without a shepherd. They pressed me to stay till Monday and hold their Mass Meeting. This I could not do as business called me home again that night. I met Bro. Obray from Paradise at the Theatre. He said that Sisters in Paradise were waiting for me and the same at Hyrum. So it was agreed that Bro. Reese Howells would send his sleigh to Logan Sunday for me, and we would hold Meeting in Wellsville on Monday at 10 o'clock, then go to Hyrum and hold meeting there

at 2 p.m., and then go to Paradise in the evening and hold meeting there Tuesday morning.

February 1st. This morning at 10 went to the Hall. Was surprised to find all the Brethren in and around the Hall. The Bishop and his Counselors and others were on the stand. The Brethren were feeling *good* thinking they were going to hear the Sisters speak on polygamy, but my instructions were to copy after the Mass Meeting held in Salt Lake, where there was not one man present. Was sorry to disappoint the Brethren of their fun, but I intended to obey my instructions. So on entering I took a seat in the congregation. The Bishop came to me. I told him what my instructions were and wished him to hold his meeting, and we would wait and then hold ours. He returned to the stand, spoke a few words to the Brethren and they all withdrew except the secretary and deacon. I now commenced the first Mass Meeting over which I was called to preside. Spoke at some length on the injustice, cruelty and persecution of the Bills before us, and was followed by many of the Sisters on the same subject.

At the close of this meeting a team was waiting to take me to Hyrum. Found the large meeting house full, and held another Mass Meeting. Spoke again on the odious Bills before us, and many Sisters spoke their feelings on the same subject. No gentlemen present except the Secretary and Bro. Obroy. Most of them are Danish, and as I looked in their earnest faces, I prayed God to Bless them and give me a word in season for their benefit. After meeting they crowded around saying; "We like to hear you talk. You talk good. Come again soon. Sister Maughan, come back soon." May God Bless them. Another cold sleigh ride to Paradise. Here we had a large party at night, then held a Mass Meeting at 10 in the morning. I spoke first, stated the object of our meeting, encouraging the Sisters to be faithful and true and stand firm in the truth. Many Sisters spoke of their feelings against these Bills. Bro. and Sister Obroy brought me to Hyrum. Here I met our mail and came home, having attended three meetings and one large dance.

Mr. Maughan who has been at the Legislature this winter, sent for me to meet him in Ogden, as there was a grand excursion from Salt Lake City to that place. Bro. Young, the Twelve, the Legislature, and others with their families made a large company; singing and speeches were made. Bro. Maughan and I went to Tooele and staid a few days, then returned to the city and attended the Great Ball in the Theatre. My health was poor but I enjoyed myself the best I could, and all were very kind to me. I met many old friends at the Theatre that I had not seen for years.

March 7th. Ole Bull, the great Norwegian violinist, arrived in Salt Lake City. After playing there he came to Logan and played in the Hall.

July 8th. Bro. James Hendricks, who was shot at the Crooked river Battle Oct. 25th. 1838, died in Richmond, Cache Co.

September 21st. Mr. Maughan, myself and about 20 others took a trip up to Red Bluffs in Logan Canyon, as far as the road was opened to Bear Lake. We camped in a beautiful little grove of young trees about 28 miles up the canyon. The scenery around us was grand and we enjoyed it very much. Next morning those who had brought their saddles—we were sorry mine was forgotten—rode over the Divide into Bear Lake Valley. After they were gone the two Brethren who staid in camp, while strolling around, saw something in the brush. "A bear! a bear!" was the cry and the women were hurried into the wagons to hand out the guns. Off they went in a hurry to shoot the bear, but soon came back leading a very innocent looking brown pony that had been lost in the canyon a few days before by a man from Millville.

Next morning on our return we stopped at the Big Cave and went in as far as we could for water. We climbed over large rocks and piles of large rocks that had fallen down in the passage, until we came to a stream of water crossing the way. This we could not cross, so we were obliged to turn back. We wanted to go on, to the end, as we could see a small light and thought there was a opening at the end of the channel. There was a large stream of clear water running down one side of the cave passage. The roads were very rough but we all arrived safe at home. Our trip was the first time up Logan Canyon.

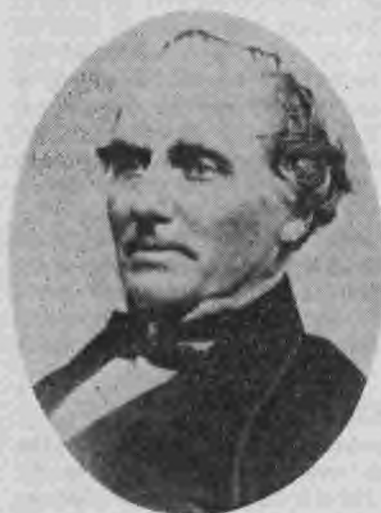
This has been a busy Summer for us. We have made fifty yards of carpeting for our new house and have forty yards more ready for the loom. I have been out much as midwife and also in sickness. I laid two children in their coffins one day, and attended four funerals in one week. There are some coal mines opened about fifty miles from here.

#### DEATH OF PETER MAUGHAN

November 24th. Willard was taken sick with lung fever. The doctor gave very little hope of his recovery for weeks. On the 30th of December from 9 o'clock till 12 he was so low that we almost despaired of saving his life. I lost his pulse once, it stopped beating. I gave him a teaspoonful of brandy, and he revived. He opened his eyes and looked at me with such love and tenderness in his countenance. Some thought that was his last look, but I could not give him up. He was then in his 17th year. In a few days after this he was taken with inflammation of the bowels, and afterwards the fever settled in his left leg. It swelled as large as three ought to be, and ached sometimes. With the exception of this, he did not complain of much pain. After the swelling was reduced, the cords of his leg tightened up all at once so that he could not straighten his leg for more than a week. I think we lifted him in and out of bed for 5 or 6 weeks. Three of them he was delirious. Some days he did not know any one but me. One day I asked him if he knew me. He answered with some difficulty: "I always know you." I asked who

I was. "You are my own good Mother," was his reply. We kept flannels saturated with good oil on his leg for about a week, then the cords relaxed, but were sore for sometime. I fed him with a teaspoon for 4 or 5 weeks.

Mr. Maughan was called to the city, and there was so much work to do as we had five stoves to keep fires in night and day in the new house to dry the plastering. The work was too much for Hyrum and he was taken with the Plurisy in his side. This new affliction nearly frightened me. I put a mustard plaster on his side, and this relieved the pain. But there was no one to do the work, and I had sprained my right wrist in having to lift so much, and am nearly worn out for want of rest and sleep. In this emergency, Bro. Orson Smith kindly came and helped to do the work. Our new house is being painted.



Peter Maughan



Mary Ann Weston Maughan

February 16. 1871. Willard is better. He can walk with his cane, and gains strength slowly. Hyrum also is better, but not strong. This has been a hard winter for us. I hope never to pass through another like it has been. We are moving into the East part of our new house.

Mr. Maughan and myself went to Conference which commenced on the 6th. of April and continued till the 9th. We were the guests of Bro. and Sister Jennings. Here we met some old friends and had a very pleasant time. On our return home, Mr. Maughan enjoyed his usual health until the 17th, when he complained of a pain, which proved to be inflammation of the left lung. He went to the Tithing Office and wrote a letter to Pres. Young, and then returned home.

I persuaded him to go to bed, and I would put warm applications on him. But there was nothing I could do only relieve the pain for a while. We had the best doctors and nurse. All that love could do was done for him, but all in vain. He suffered much pain till the 24th, when God took him to rest. He died in my arms at half past 5 o'clock in the evening on the 24th of April, 1871. So peacefully did his spirit pass away that it was hard to see when he breathed his last. His bed was surrounded by 6 sons and 2 daughters, and 3 kind friends who had waited on him, Bishop Hughes of Mendon being one of them.

On the 25th he lay in his coffin, looking so peaceful and noble. Many came to see him, and for hours a stream of friends were passing his Coffin and remarked how well he looked. I sat by him till the afternoon, when I was prostrated with the same disease that my husband had. I was carried to bed, and was very sick all night. Next morning I begged to be dressed, but the doctors said it was all my life was worth. But as I would go and see the last of my dear husband, the father of my children, they nearly covered me with mustard plasters and put me in the carriage. But I was too sick to know much about the funeral, only that it was large and a great many Indians passed by his coffin, in front of the Hall, each one making a solemn obeisance to him as they passed by his Coffin; and that Bro. Pitkin lifted me out of our carriage, and I knelt by his grave.

On returning, kind friends led me home and put me to bed, where I lay so sick that my life was despaired of. I suffered much, but the Lord in answer to the many prayers in my behalf, spared my life, and I slowly recovered.

### THE BRAVE MOTHER

Willard's health and mine were very poor that summer. I gave up my millinery business because I had too much to do, and thought seriously of resigning my position in the Relief Society, but the Sisters were not willing for me to do so. My family was pretty well this summer and are kind to each other. We are trying to get material together to finish our house. It was late in the fall when we got the lath sawed. It was the latter part of November when the plastering was finished. At noon that day it commenced to rain and snowed all night. Before the storm abated the snow was three feet deep on the level. We had stoves in all the rooms and it became so cold that we had to move in the east part of the house as the walls froze close to the stoves, so we left them to freeze dry. There was no difference in them in the spring.

August 31st. Lissy's baby died. (Peter's last child). She was a fine fat little girl about six months old, named Ada Lucinda. This has been a hard year on the family.

January, 1872. I chose G. L. Farrell and Francis Gunnell to assist in settling the estate. The Brethren thought best for all to share alike, so Lissy's little boy  $2\frac{1}{2}$  years was awarded just as much as I was.

This summer I painted our house, that is the inside woodwork, giving it two coats of white or cream colored paint. I hired F. Hurst to finish the painting. I got all the material and his bill was 66 dollars 66 cents, at \$2.50 per day. In June Bishop Preston appointed me agent for the Women's Exponent. I held that position 23 years.

October 3rd. Started in our carriage with Bro. and Sister Lane to attend Conference in Salt Lake City. We were undecided about going to Plain City but when we came to the road leading there, the horses turned that way so we went and had a pleasant visit with friends. I went to Bro. Spiers and was more than welcomed by him and Sister Spier. We had a good time talking of old times in England and Nauvoo.

6th. Arrived in Salt Lake City about 11 o'clock. I went to Bro. Jennings and was welcomed by himself and Sister Jennings. Went to meeting with Sister Layton.

7th. Attended meeting all day, then went to the Theatre in the evening. The play was "Octoroon." I felt lonely as this was the first time I had been there alone.

8th. Went to meeting. Sat with Sister Snow, who gave some instructions about our Relief Society in Cache. At noon met with Sister Mary Ann Atkins.

January, 1873. I am at home today. Have enjoyed a very pleasant time with my family. No company except Mary Robins who lives in our log house. She stayed to supper.

4th. I went to visit some of the Sisters. Found Sister Norris needed a quilt and gave her one from our Society. Then went to see Sister Kreband whose husband was killed by falling from a beam in the upper story of George Peacock's home. He struck on the side of his head, breaking it in three places, then rolled into the cellar stairway. He was conveyed home and assistance given him but to no avail.

17th. Bro. Paul Cordon's mother was buried today. She has been sick with rheumatism all summer.

31st. The first trains came into Logan depot about 5 o'clock P.M. bringing passengers.

February 1st. Today the children of Logan were invited to ride in the cars to Mendon and return. They took two loads, but many were crowded off and disappointed. In the afternoon Orson Smith drove a sleigh load of us, Libbia, Martha, Anne Allen, Sarah Smith and myself to the depot to see the train come in to Logan. The conductor invited our company to take a ride to Mendon and return. So away we went on our railroad in Cache Valley. Oh, how wonderful! We returned at 9 o'clock, much satisfied with our pleasure trip. Forty minutes coming from Mendon.

3d. We have a holiday to celebrate the entrance of our railroad into Logan. I took a sleigh ride with Bro. and Sisters Ormsby. We expect about 70 from Salt Lake City. I signed for 4 guests. There are 4 parties in Logan tonight. The train was blocked near Hampton Station with snow and could not get through. The Salt Lake company went back this morning. The train came in today bringing the Brethren that went out Sunday morning to work on the blockade.

9th. I went to meeting. The hall was crowded. Some Brethren were called on home missions. Hyrum and Willard were among the number.

12th. Our horses were all sick with epizootic. Hyrum drove Br. Merrill home to see his family.

23d. I went to meeting in the afternoon, and then to see Sister Benson. Found most of the family there so I came home.

24th. The roof was blown off Charles's house about 8 o'clock in the evening. No one was hurt.

25th. I was called to attend Mrs. Fred Goodwin and was with her all day. She had a hard time till midnight when she took chloroform and was delivered of her baby by Dr. Ormsby. The babe lived but a short time. At 10 o'clock Bro. Olsen came for me to attend Sister Olsen. The snow was so deep I could not walk there, so Bro. Goodwin hitched up his mules and took me to Bro. Olsen's. Mother and babe doing well.



Charles Weston Maughan

26th. Charles brought Kate and 3 children to stay a week while the house was being repaired. I have been out with a subscription list to gather some money to pay Dr. Ormsby for attending Sister McNeal who has lain in bed five years and now wishes to be placed under the doctor's care. Received 5.50 and 10 more promised.

March 4th. The weather continues cold. There is a Benefit Ball given in Logan Hall for D. Walters of Wellsville.

10th. This is my birthday. Sister Cooper and her daughter Sarah Ann came from Wellsville. Sister Cooper and myself are the same age and we celebrate our birthdays together. My family and other friends make a good company. Everything pleasant until 5 o'clock when George Benson come for me to attend his wife in confinement. Of course, this broke up the party.

April 2d. Charles sent for me tonight saying Kate was sick, to go immediately. Hyrum took me in the carriage. It was cold and windy but we got there safe. Kate's babe was born 7 o'clock in the morning. I staid till 2 o'clock then came home as others were expecting to be sick soon.

9th. I was called to attend Sister Fletcher. Her babe was born in about 2 hours. Coming home early in the morning, I found Sister Molen in my bed. She came in the night. Sarah Smith let her in. I was glad to see her.

11th. This evening Bros. Peart and Hawks came from Franklin, said they were on business for the store and wanted to stay all night.

13th. This morning Charles sent for me. Kate's baby was sick. "Come quick, Mother." I had a cold windy ride, found the baby had spasms. I took care of it till 8 o'clock until it felt better then I came home.

14th. This morning went to attend Sister Fletcher and her baby. In the afternoon Bro. and Sister Smart and 3 children came from Franklin. They brought Thomas to go to school.

17th. This evening Bishop Merrill, Supt. of the railroad engaged his board with us. Said he was tired of going from one place to another to eat.

24th. Two years ago today my dear husband left us. I have felt sad and lonely all day but it is of no use to grieve for he is at rest.

May 4th. Willard and myself went on horseback to Wellsville. Our friends were glad to see us. Bro. Merrill has gone to Salt Lake to attend a special conference.

15th. Was called to attend Sister Rogers at 11 o'clock. Her babe was born at 2 o'clock. Went home at daylight. In a few minutes was called to attend Gertie Huston. Her babe was born at noon.

19th. We held our annual meeting today at 2 o'clock and had a good time in speaking to each other of the goodness of God to us. I received a certificate from the Z.C.M.I. Store for one hundred dollars; 50 is mine; 30 for the 1st Ward; 20 for the 5th Ward.

24th. There was a bald-headed eagle seen taking a rest on the Liberty Pole in the Public Square this afternoon. This evening I was called to attend Sister Cluff in her confinement. Her babe was born at half past 4 o'clock.

25th. This morning went to dress Sister Cluff's babe. Found Sister E. Cluff, Bro. Cluff's 2d wife had a babe this morning. Our eagle came back this morning and remained on the Liberty Pole nearly all day.

June 7th. Sister Harris of Richmond with 3 children came to day. While shopping with Sister Harris, I met with Bro. Owens of Wellsville and Bro. Lunt from South. Bishop Lunt said, "Bro. Maughan is gone, so I want to see Sister Maughan and the home that was Bro. Maughan's." He was glad we had so good a home, and prayed God to bless us and our home.

12th. The first train run from here to Corinne.

28th. Joseph, Millie, and many others from Wellsville and other settlements drove to our house to attend Conference. Some from Oxford. Bro. Boice told about Sister Gilbert's death. She



died June 25th, 1873. He said she simply fell asleep and was gone.

29th. I could not attend meetings much as we have had a large company to provide for. I went to visit President Young at his son Brigham's in the evening. Found Bros. Woodruff, Taylor and Cannon there. Bro. Young enquired after my family. I said they are going to school. He said: "That's right. Give them a education." He blessed me in the name of Israel's God.

30th. This morning Bros. and Sisters Taylor and Joseph Young came to visit us. We had a pleasant time in speaking of times long since past. I went to see Bro. G. A. Smith at Bishop Preston's and had a very interesting visit with him and his two daughters. The company left for home at half past one o'clock.

July 3d. This is the last day of school. Bro. Smart took his son home with him.

Friday 4th. I started at 8 o'clock this morning with a party of pleasure seekers on a Railroad excursion to Brigham City via Corinne. The Wellsville Band playing sweetly, we walked in procession to the Opera House in Corinne, staid one hour, then went to Brigham. Bro. Eli Peirce invited me to dinner with his Mother. We returned home at dark, quite tired with the day's pleasure.

24th. We have a grand celebration in Logan to day. We made a banner with flowers out of our garden with the figure 1873 in the center and a wreath of flowers round the outside. Also a banner of sagebrush with 1847 in the center, surrounded with thistle, pine, etc. A dance at night.

August 10th. This evening I went to Wellsville to attend the annual meeting of the Relief Society. We had a good meeting and a dance in the evening. Staid with Joseph and Millie.

15th. This afternoon I have been visiting with my Tooele friends at Sister Libbia Benson's. Had a good time talking over old times with the Bishop and a pleasant visit with the company. They start home in the morning.

17th. Myself and Libbia Benson attended the annual meeting in Franklin. Bishop Hatch and Bro. Cederstrom were present and addressed the sisters on their duties as wives and mothers. Said it was much better to lead their husbands with kindness than harshness. We enjoyed our visit very much, and returned next day.

19th. Bro. James came to board with us. He is clerk in the Co-op Store.

September 2d. This morning Sister Donaldson of Mendon came to spend the day. This being Council Day, we had a lot of the Brethren to dinner. Bro. G. Jones had moved into the log house. Has a child sick. William gave me 120 dollars sent by Hyrum. He does our freighting.

4th. We held our monthly meeting in the Bowery and had a good time speaking of the goodness of God to each other. This is Election day, and all the Sisters who had not voted went with me and voted the People's Ticket.

7th. I have been with Bro. Jones' little girl all night. She died at midnight. I laid her out, then went to the depot and took the 3 o'clock train for Mendon to attend the annual Society Meeting there tomorrow.

21st. Received a dispatch that friends from Tooele would be in Logan by train tomorrow night.

24th. I cannot attend meeting as we expect a large company to dinner. We had over 30 and some went away saying Sister Maughan had enough. About 1 or 2 o'clock there was a heavy thunder storm at Richmond. The lightning struck a boy 15 years old. He was on a load of hay. His leg was badly mangled and his clothes burned off his body. His father and the horses were knocked down. His father recovered in about half a hour and found his son on the load, senseless. Dr. Ormsby went to him. I went to meeting this afternoon. President Young was sick and did not speak to the people.

November 16th. Sister Mary Hymers, 2d wife of George Hymers, died this morning. She has been confined to her bed with remittent fever. Up until Thursday, the Doctor said there was no danger. But on Thursday he looked grave and said it was turning to Typhoid fever. Everything was done that a loving husband and kind friends could do for her comfort but the Lord took her to rest. I was with her all the time I could possibly spare during the first part of her sickness. On Friday morning I had gone home to get some breakfast when she sent for me and showed me how I was to lay her out. She said she was going, but she did not want to die, and she would tell Bro. Maughan so, when she got there. I did not leave her again till a short time before her death. When Lissy sent for me I went, and she had a lively time for one hour. Lissy's boy was born while Aunt Mary was dieing. (Elizabeth had remarried). As soon as I could leave her I went back to Uncle George's. He then asked Bro. Sheets and Preston to come and dedicate her to the Lord. They came and done so, and she soon afterwards breathed her last.

Lissy's husband has not been here since the 1st part of September. He has left her for me to take care of. Fanny stays with us all the time now, and Heber says he thinks he shall come to live at Aunt's very soon. I have taken care of her and hired a girl to work for her.

January 1, 1874. I have had a pleasant New Year's day at home with my family. Emmeret Ricks died last night at their ranch. She leaves a husband and 7 children to mourn her loss, the babe a week old.

16th. This morning is very stormy but Peter and myself started in the rain to Hyrum. I was expected to hold meeting there at 10 o'clock. The rain ceased and we traveled in snow and mud, arriving in time for meeting. The Hall was full and many felt to renew their covenants.



Peter Weston Maughan

29th. Sister Susan Martineau died this morning at 1 o'clock. She has had heart disease for 2 years.

February 28th. We attended a concert in the Hall. It was crowded and many could not get admission. Martha took part, and Sister Benson threw her a bouquet of flowers. All performed their parts well.

March 21st. This evening attended a Ball in Logan Hall given in behalf of Bro. Atchison, who had a tumor removed from his breast. The company was not very large but all was pleasant and enjoyed the dance, until we were too tired to stand on the floor while the sets were filling. Dr. Ormsby was manager after recess. I was soon called to

attend Sister Ormsby, who was sick, when the dance broke up at 3 o'clock. She had a fine little boy born at 6 o'clock. Both doing well.

#### THE YEARS OF 1875 — 1887

January, 1875. New Year's Day. I spent it very pleasantly at home with my family.

February 2d. I was called to attend Sister Robins in her confinement. Her babe was born at half past 5 o'clock. Staid with her all night.

6th. I was attending Sister Jane Ricks. She had a girl baby born at 7 o'clock next morning.

9th. In the night I was called to attend Sister Olsen. She had a little girl born in the early morning of the 10th.

13th. Was called to attend Sister Conrad. Her babe born at half past one o'clock. These 3 are our neighbors.

March 6th. This morning at half past 3 o'clock Charles came for me to attend Kate. She had a little boy born at 10. I came home in the evening. Have had 2 very cold sleigh rides.

April 3d. Early this morning Sister Olsen sent for me, saying her little girl was dying. I went and took care of the child as long as I could stop, having only a few minutes to dress before starting to the city with Hyrum and Hannah Hibbard. We arrived at Salt Lake at 10 o'clock, and took the car for Bro. Musser's, where we found a welcome rest.

4th. It is snowing but we went to the Tabernacle to hear the children rehearse the hymns they are to sing the first day of Conference. It is lovely to see and hear so many children singing in harmony.

5th. Hyrum and Hannah Hibbard were married today in the Endowment House. Hannah received her Endowments, and Hyrum and

myself had the privilege of following the company through to refresh our memories with the ordinances of the House of God.

8th. Hyrum and Hannah started home. I left Bro. Musser's in the evening and went to visit Sister Croft, and staid all night with them. Next day called with Sister Croft to see Sister B. Winchester. She was my neighbour in Nauvoo. On hearing my name she remembered me and we had a pleasant talk of days long past. She is a very aged lady. Said her work was done, she did not wish to live, she should never see me again in this world, and blessed me in the name of Israel's God, with many good and great blessings. I went to Bro. Jeremy in the evening, found a warm welcome by himself and family.

11th. I attended meeting and called to see Sister Bingham. She is Mrs. Jane Jennings's sister. Went to meeting in the afternoon to hear a native of the Sandwich Islands preach. He is a fine looking man. Brother Mitchell gave the interpretation. Came to Ogden on the 3:40 train. Called to see Bro. and Sister Wright in the evening.

12th. Came home. Found Willard waiting for me. I was gone 10 days, and met many old friends. My health was good and I was glad to get home again and find all well.

May 9th. Hyrum, Hannah and myself went to Wellsville to see William, who is going to England on a mission. We took dinner at the farm with his five wives, their parents, and himself. After dinner they blessed Margaret's and Rachel's babes, and then went to meeting. William appointed Brother Jardine Bishop, and Bros. Latham and Baxter to look after his family and their interests until his return.

28th. I went to Mendon to attend the annual meeting of the Relief Society. I was the guest of Sister Willie, the President.

June 5th and 6th. President Young and part of the Twelve held a two days' meeting in Logan. The people had only two days' notice, so there was not many from the settlements until Sunday afternoon. Bro. Brigham spoke a few words and blessed the congregation at the close of conference.

8th. My daughter Libbia (Elizabeth) was married to E. M. Cole this evening. They will go to Salt Lake soon to get their endowments.

July 10. Martin Harris, one of the three witnesses to the Book of Mormon, died in Clarkston, Cache Co. I had a long conversation with him on the train when he came to Cache Valley. He bore a faithful testimony to the truth of the Book of Mormon, to me and all who heard him. He was 92 years of age.

(I have been busy, have not kept up my Journal).

June 21, 1876. Sister Ann Smart of Franklin, a friend of ours, was struck by lightning while sitting in her house, and instantly killed. Her husband and children were near her but were not hurt. She leaves a large family of children, most of them grown up, to mourn her loss, and many kind friends who will miss her very much.

The Logan Temple ground dedicated May 18, 1877; the Corner stone laid September 19th; Temple dedicated May 17th, 1884. Tem-

ple 171 feet long, 95 feet wide, 86 feet high. West Tower 165 feet high; East tower 170 feet high to top of Vane.

August 1877. I went to Salt Lake to attend the funeral of President Brigham Young, who died on the 29th Aug. 1877. The funeral was held in the Tabernacle September 2d. Brother Brigham looked well. The procession reached from the Tabernacle to the grave.



Elizabeth Weston Maughan

November 10, 1884. I was staying with Martha, her husband being absent. About 2 o'clock in the morning I was lying awake. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and all was still when suddenly I felt my bed shaking, and dishes and everything in the cupboard rattling, and everything in the room rocking like a cradle. My bed, being by a window, I raised the blind and looked out. Then, not wishing to alarm Martha, whose health was delicate, I lay still until she spoke, saying: "What ails the house, Mother?" Willie said: "Who is shaking the bed, Mamma?" I said: "It is the wind." "No wind about that, Mother."

I said: "Well, do not be frightened as the danger is past, if there was any." It was an earthquake, and the first one I ever felt. It was much worse north of Logan between Franklin and Pocatello, Idaho, doing some damage. My family slept through the night and did not know anything about it and could not believe there had been an earthquake.

March 8th. Charles came for me to go to the ranch to attend to Jane in her confinement. The babe was a girl born that night. I came home next day as Libbia is expecting to be sick. . . .

17th. I waited on Libbia. Her babe, a girl, was soon born. I staid with her and took care of her as her health was poor.

April 1st. I attended conference in Salt Lake City. Adelina Patti sang in the Tabernacle. She is a fine looking woman and a good singer.

4th. Bishop John Rowberry died in Tooele. I have known him since he was a young man. He was Bishop of Tooele when we lived there and was good and kind to all.

May 15th. Peter Weston, son of Peter Weston and Mary Naef Maughan was born.

16th. Bro. Jennings and family came to stay during the dedication of the Temple. I said: "Bro. Jennings make yourself at home." Said he: "Mrs. Maughan, that is all I want." Our house was full. They were all welcome and everything was pleasant. Jennie came and helped me with the work. The Temple was dedicated on the 17th. I went one afternoon. Bro. Jennings and family staid until the 22d.

They had been gone about 2 hours when I was called to attend Sister Stewart in her confinement. Her babe was born that night, a girl. Bro. Stewart is sick. When the Temple was opened for work, our house was open for company and we had them every week for some time. Then Libbia's children were sick and I went to stay with her and have a rest. I commenced to work in the Temple for my dead friends in July 1884, but I have much sickness to attend to.

December 9th. I was called to attend Sister Mary Cole. Her babe, a girl, was soon born.

February 4, 1885. I was called to attend Martha in her confinement. Her babe, a girl, was soon born. I staid with her all I could and she done well for 10 days, then took a chill. I went and took care of her and she recovered.

March 1st. I was called to attend Sister Bertha A. Preston. She was then living some miles from Logan. I did not know where I was going until I was miles from home. I staid with her one week then we brought her home to Logan, and her babe, a fine healthy girl, was born on the 7th.

On the 6th, the day before we came home, I waited on Sister Priscilla Pingree, who lived near where we were stoping. Her mother was there and took care of her. This summer I have worked in the Temple and have not kept much of a journal, having much sickness to attend to.

December 25th, Christmas Day. This morning at 6 o'clock Mary N. Maughan gave birth to a fine little girl. This is my 34th grandchild. Libbia and family came and spent the day with us, and we had a very pleasant time.

January 1, 1886. New Year's Day. I spent it at home. We are having a nice quiet holy day with some friends.

15th. I am grieved to write that Bro. William Jennings died at 1 o'clock today. He was a warm friend of Mr. Maughan's and after my husband's death extended his friendship to myself and family, giving us a standing invitation to make his house our home, when we went to Salt Lake City. I sincerely mourn with his family the loss of their husband and father.

20th. Brother Jennings was buried today. I should like to have gone to attend the funeral, but I cannot leave Logan at the present time. The last time I saw Brother Jennings was at the dedication of our Logan Temple, when himself and family were my honored guests. May he rest in peace.

28th. Sister Ann Ellis was buried today. She was one of Logan's first settlers.

February 6th. Libbia and family came this morning to visit me. Martha and family came soon after, then Charles came and Hyrum and Joseph called. So I had 6 of my children and 11 grandchildren to visit me in one day, and we had a pleasant time together.

This summer I have been busy working in the Temple, writing out my records, and waiting on the sick.

## OLD FOLKS' DAY

June 21, 1887. Today I left Logan on the train to attend the Old Folks' Reunion to be held in Lester Park, Ogden; on the 22d, arrived in Ogden. I took the street car for Mr. Wright's store. Bro. and Sister Wright lived many years in Richmond, Cache Co. They were warm friends of Mr. Maughan and myself. Bro. Brigham used to get them to sing "Hard Times," when he came to Logan. They were splendid singers.



Willard Weston Maughan



Joseph Weston Maughan

On arriving on Main Street, I saw Bro. Wright standing in front of his store. He knew me, and was pleased to meet an old friend, took me home, and Sister Wright was very glad to see me. I was very comfortable with this kind family during my stay in Ogden. Bro. and Sister Woodward of Wellsville called in the evening. We had a pleasant visit with them. Sister Wright was appointed to preside over a table in the park, so she went there in the morning. Bro. and Sister Woodward called for me to go in the park. I watched the teams come from the Station with the old folks, until I counted 100, and still they come. So I went in search of my friends from Kaysville. I saw Bro. Phillips drive his empty carriage through the park, then I knew they had come. After looking sometime, I saw Bro. Smith; he is a very tall man, and so I caught sight of him above the crowd. He took me to Sisters Smith and Phillips, these being my girl companions. I was happy and staid with them until after dinner, then the Commity sent for the old folks to go to the pavilion. I prepared to stay with my friends, but a 2d message saying they could not commence Services until all that wore badges went in. Bros. Smith and Phillips were over 70 but had no badge, as they did not wish to leave their wives outside. So I went in alone. A young friend went with me to the door, but she did not have on the mighty badge, so could not go in. The doorkeeper looked very hard at me as I passed

by him but my badge admitted me. The usher used to live in Logan. And he knew me, and jokingly asked what brought me there. I pointed to my badge. He then asked if I had bought or borrowed it, as I had not lived long enough to earn it. Then laughing, said he would find me a nice cool seat. Going round to the west side there was plenty of room and nice cool air. I looked about me, but all were strangers to me. On seeing a red badge I took a seat as near to her as I could. She proved to be a neighbour in Logan, so we were company for each other.

The ceremony comenced by Bro. Dunbar playing on his bag-pipes, then singing, prayer, and more singing. Then the oldest man present was called for. He came on the stand to speak a few words. He was about 96 years old. He received a large easy chair and a nice pair of blankets from Jennings Mill. There were 2 golden badges for the 2 oldest persons present, but as this Brother got the badge last year it was given to the next oldest, about 95. The oldest woman was Sister Middleton, 95 or 6. She was carried in a chair. She got the golden badge and a chair. 5 or 6 were given away.

The 90ties with white badges were seated next to the stand; then the 80ties with blue badges; next the 70ties with red badges. It was a pretty sight to see them. The presents were handed 1st to the 90ties, then to the 80ties, next to the 70ties. 50 dress patterns, hats, parasols, silk handkerchiefs, satchels and many other things were given away. There were 3 nice black bonnets for the 3 women over 70 that went washing for a living. The commity looked puzzled when 10 or 12 stepped up, each claiming one. Said they were sorry they had only 3, so the oldest 3 got the bonnets, and the others looked disappointed. Then all who had rec'd presents were told to go to the tables and get their supper so they would be ready to go to the depot.

Then all the 70ties scatered in the congregation were requested to come to the stand and receive a present, as they did not wish anyone to leave without a present. My neighbour said: "That means us. Let us go up." I did not want to go up, but she said: "You must, why don't you want to go?" I said: "Well, my friends have been joking me all day about my badge and I did not want to give the Commity a chance to dispute it." She said: "I want to go, but I will not unless you will go with me." "Well, I will go with you; but not for myself." We came to the end of the line where Brother Savage was handing out presents. My friend stepped to one side, saying: "Here is a sister who has not had any present."

I was a stranger to him, and he looked at me, shook his head, saying "Ump, you are not 70." My friend said: "She is to." He kept looking at me, shook his head: "Ump, you're not 70." "You do not know her, why this is Sister Maughan, the pioneer of Cache Valley." He still looked at me, saying: "Well, well," and handed me a silk parasol. "I do not wish any present, sir. Please give it to someone older than me. This sister wished me to come up with her, that is the reason I am here." He looked sorry, saying: "O, take it, please, for



you deserve it." Still holding the parasol toward me—"Take and keep it as a memento of this occasion." I took it, saying: "Very well, sir, I will do so. Thank you." I asked to see Bro. Goddard. He came dancing along the stand and was glad to see me, and asked after my family and many others in Logan. He looked around the stand, saying: "I am sorry our presents are all gone." He picked up a bright silver dollar from a dish. I did not wish to take it, but he said: "You must take and keep it as a souvenir of the occasion. Then you will always have money. You know we will never see this time again."

My friend was standing near us. She looked disappointed having rec'd nothing. I offered my parasol, she refused it. I spoke to Bro. Savage and he gave her a hand satchel which pleased her very much. The ceremony being ended, we went into the park. It was some time before I found my friends. Bro. Phillips had gone to the Livery stable for his carriage. The old folks were being helped into carriages and buggies to go to the depot. We had been watching them sometime, and 1 of the helpers asked me to get in and go to the depot. I thanked him, but I was not ready to go yet.

Sister Middleton was carried in her chair to a buggy but they did not know how to get her in. She looked so happy, and her son, in passing, said "Take her up in your arms and put her in." The young men rested and wiped their faces, look at each other. We turned away to hide our smiles. The young men's wives were standing by me. On looking again, she was seated in the buggy. Her son had put her in. She sat there smiling at the people.

I was looking for Sister Wright, but not seeing her, started to leave the park. We soon met Bro. Wright. He said: "I have lost one of my wives. . . . O, here she is! Are you ready to go home, my dear?" I took his arm, "Yes, I am coming." We left them laughing, as they knew I was not his wife. Thus ended my first visit to the old folks reunion in Lester Park, Ogden. I had met many old friends and had lots of fun over my red badge. It was made and presented to me by my friend Mrs. William Goodwin.

In the evening Bro. and Sister Wright and myself attended a reception given in honor of Bishop Tuttle of the Episcopalian Church, who was in Ogden on Church business. I did not expect to see any one there that I knew, but went with my friends. Sister Wright introduced me as Mrs. Maughan of Logan. A gentleman stepped up, saying: "Did you say Maughan? Where is she?" This was Mr. Charles Davis, formerly our school teacher in Logan, and he was very kind to my children who attended his school. He took my hands, and after asking after my health and family, led me into the center of the room and presented me to the company, saying: "Ladies and Gentlemen: This is a very dear friend of mine, who watched by my dying mother's bedside for a week, and never flinched or left her post, and I respect her for it and always shall." He then presented me to Mrs. Davis, and Bishop Tuttle, and all the company. Then some

others, friends from early days of Logan, came to claim a share of my company. We were glad to see each other happy. Bishop Tuttle was a pleasant gentleman and blessed me in the name of Jesus, saying he should be in Logan in a few days, and hoped to see me again. Mr. Davis sent his love and kind regards to my family; said he was going away and might never see us again, but he should never forget us and our kindness to his family. Thus ended a very pleasant evening party with the Episcopalians and their Bishop. But Bro. Wright said I had been taken away from him, and he felt bad about it. We heard Mr. Davis went to Missouri to be a Minister.

Next day we took a drive around town. In the evening I took leave of this kind family and took a train to Layton, where Bro. and Sister Phillips met me. I was their guest and called on other friends until next evening, when I took a train to Salt Lake City and was warmly welcomed by Sister Jennings and family. Next morning I went to find some old friends I had not seen for many years. Some did not know me, but all were glad to see an old friend. I took dinner with Brother and Sister R. K. Thomas. In the afternoon we drove out to the penitentiary. It was not visiting day, but the gates were opened and we drove in the grounds. A guard came to meet us. Bro. Thomas asked if a lady from the country might go up on the wall. He bowed, and we went up on the wall and looked down in the prison yard. The prisoners were mostly in their cells or standing in groups where there was a little shade. I did not see any one that I knew. Next day I came home, having spent a very pleasant week seeing friends I shall not likely ever see again in this world. Was glad to meet Mary and children at the depot, and hear them call: "There's Grandma!" Found all well at home.

January 1, 1888. New Years day. This morning at 10 o'clock I attended the funeral of Brother Preator, came home to dinner, then went to Sister Holland's to join Libbia and family in a social visit with Bro. and Sister Holland on their wedding day. We partook of an excellent meal. It was a very pleasant party of friends. I came home in the evening.

13th. The weather is bitter cold, themometer 40 to 60 below and would go lower if the glass was longer. The trains have been blockaded at Collinston for 48 hours. 2 engines and a snow-plow only made 10 miles an hour. One engine broke loose and run into the snow-plow engine, sent it off the track. The engine at Collinston run into a snow bank, broke the window, and a piece of glase struck Mr. E. Leap, the fireman, in the eye, injuring that valuable member so much that it had to be taken out.

15th. This morning at daylight we heard cries for help south of Deseret Mills. On rushing to see what was the matter, found that little Logan river was cloged with ice, and the water runing on the Island. It was a foot deep in one kitchen. Some found their face, hands, ears, and feet frozen before they knew it.

May 22d. I see by the Salt Lake papers that my dear friend and girl companion, Sister Smith of Kaysville, died of dropsy. The funeral will be held tomorrow at 12 o'clock. I should like to go, but cannot get there in time.

August. I went to Preston to visit Martha and family. Staid one week, and while there attended the funeral of Brother Lamont, who died in Smithfield very sudenly, being found by the side of the Creek dead. He had dismounted to get a drink of water, and his horse was standing by him. I took the sad news to his family in Preston. I staid with Martha one week, a pleasant visit with her and family and other friends.

#### THE DEATH OF ELIZABETH CROOK CRANNEY

1889. My notes are missing, but I was busy with my Temple records and working for my dead friends. Also did the same in 1890.

February 1891. About the 1st, Sister Elizabeth Crook Cranney was taken sick with Lagrippe. Having a bad cold, I had not been out, so did not know she was sick. The first time I went out I called on her and took her some books to read.

On the 14th I was going to see her and met her son, who said: "Sister Maughan, Mother is awful sick. I am going for medicine." I found that at 4 o'clock in the morning she had been struck with paralysis, that took away the use of her right side and her voice. After some hours her voice returned so that we could understand her, but the use of her side did not return to her again. She did not seem to suffer much pain, would answer: "I am better, or I am well." Her daughter, Jane Bell of Weston, came next day, and I staid with them. Doctor Parkinson was sumoned, but he gave no hopes of her recovery.

Her children were as kind and loving as possible, one or two of the boys always sitting up with us. We watched her faithfully day and night and every thing was done for her comfort. She eat a little the first 2 weeks, but afterwards she could swallow only a little beef tea, or chicken soup. On the Monday of this week, I was watching her while she slept, when she sudenly opened her eyes and looked at me. I saw a shuder pass over her left side. I feared she had another stroke at that time, and it was difficult for her to swallow anything afterwards. We could not help seeing that she was gradually wasting away, altho we were doing all in our power to keep her with us. She was conscious most of the time, and wanted Sister Maughan and her daughters to take care of her. When her sons would come to wish her good night she would look so loving at them, and motion that she knew them. During the last week we were glad to have Sister Earl stay with us nearly all the time, as I was getting nearly tired out. But my dear friend would not let me leave. She could not speak, but would hold my hand and look at me, her eyes saying: "You will not leave me now?" And I could not and staid with her till she quietly breathed her last on Sunday, at half past 2 o'clock, her

7 sons, all young men, two daughters, Sister Earl and myself around her bed. Not a sound was heard until her spirit passed away on the 15th of March, 1891.

Sister Cranney was the only girl companion I had in this Valley, and I feel that I am left alone. She was 10 years younger than me, and looked up to me as her older sister. I came home in the evening to rest, had been home only 2 nights during her sickness. Dr. Cranney is sick in Star Valley, the road blocked with snow so he cannot come if well. I have lost a dear friend, but she is going to rest, and I would not recall her if I could. The funeral took place in the Tabernacle, Mar. 17, 1891, and a large company of friends met to pay their respects to one of the early settlers of Cache Valley, who has lived true and faithful and gained the praise for which she lived.

#### WITH THE OLD FOLKS IN PAYSON

December 24, 1891, I went to spend Christmas with Charles and family at Petersboro. Had a cold ride of 10 miles, but found a warm welcome awaiting me. They were all glad to see Grandma. On Christmas day we went to the Schoolhouse to hear the children recite their peices, and receive presents off the beautiful Christmas tree. The recitations were rendered very nicely, some songs and speeches made, and all enjoyed the meeting. In the afternoon there was a dance for the children in Charles' large room and in the evening one for the older people. I had not danced for years, but I enjoyed it very much. We visited Bro. and Sister Davis and had a pleasant time with them. It snowed every day for a week, so I could not get home. I had nothing to do but watch it snow for one week; then with the help of 10 or 15 horses to break the road, we started for Logan. Had a very cold ride home, but I had a very pleasant week with Charles and his family.

June 24, 1892. I started to attend the Old Folks' Excursion to Payson. Left Logan on the early train for Layton; there Brother and Sister Phillips met me, as their home is 2 or 3 miles from there. Sister Phillips was my girl companion, Br. Phillips also a friend of my youthful days. I was their guest while in Kaysville and Bro. Phillips took us for drive every day. One day we went to Syracuse. This is a fine place on the shore of Salt Lake. We had a fine time visiting old friends until Tuesday morning, when Bro. Phillips took us to Layton and we had to part for a while, but hope to meet again soon. I took the train to Salt Lake City, was the guest of Sister Jennings for the night. Next morning went to the depot to join the Old Folks' Excursion, which was a very large one, nearly 20 cars full. There were over 1000 seventies with red badges. Bro. Preston gave Bro. Robins a ticket and sent him to be my escort on the excursion. We had a fine view of Utah Lake with boats sailing on it, and a large white Pelican swimming near the shore. The Old Folks Choir sang in every car, and Governor Thomas passed through shaking hands with each one as he passed along, and speaking kind words to all. Arriving

at Payson, the bands were playing and we marched four abreast on a wide path covered with rushes and flowers. There were carriages for those who did not wish to walk to the Grove. The tables were laid under the trees and the people took their seats as they came into the park. When all were seated a blessing was asked, and all partook of the food before us. A dish of strawberries and paper napkin was laid by each plate, and the waiters were very attentive in bringing tea and coffee and all that you could wish for. A card was presented to each one, tied with ribbon like their badge.

Dinner over, we went to the stand to hear the speeches. The Com-munity thought best to give the presents to the poor of Payson, as a token of our appreciation of their kindness in providing such a feast for our entertainment. Many nice presents were given away. One old lady, Sister Allen, 95, was given a large rocking chair. She was much pleased. At 5 o'clock we marched to the cars, arriving in Salt Lake City at 7:30 much pleased with our visit to Payson.

Staid all night with Sister Jennings. Next morning we started to Tooele on the train. Staid some time at Garfield. Saw the Big Cave, now used for shelter for stock. Took a look at the buffalo and the place where E. T. City once stood; there are only a few houses there now. At Tooele station we took stage for Tooele City, 2½ miles. Got off at Bishop Atkin's. Mary Ann was in the garden. She did not know me until I stood before her. They were glad to see us. Bro. Robins was a friend of the Atkins, they having staid a month with him at Council Bluffs on their journey to Utah. They said it was 13 years since I was in Tooele last. Brother Atkin drove us up town in the evening. Next morning I went to call on old friends. All were glad to see me. One sister did not know me. In the evening Bro. and Sister Atkins took us for a drive around their farms. I saw the place where our first house stood. Some of the rocks of the chimney are there now, also some mustard I planted. We went into the graveyard. It is the nicest one I have seen in this country. Many graves are covered with flowers in full bloom.

Next day at noon Thomas and Mary Ann took us to the station, and we left Tooele well paid for our visit and glad we had gone. There was a large pavilion at Garfield, just finished. It was burned to the ground a few days afterwards. Next morning we visited Brigham's grave, called on Brother and Sister Croft, took dinner with them and called at Sister Jennings for a valise, and wish them good-bye. We were made very welcome and invited to come again. Bro. Robins stopped at Kaysville, and I came on home. Found all well. Had been gone 10 days and enjoyed the trip very much. There had been a large fire in Logan, Rick's corner being burned down. Bro. Croft read the account of it in the paper while we were eating dinner.

#### JANE

1893. This winter I worked in the Temple for Bro. Robins. In February and March I staid some weeks with Martha, was there on

my birthday. Continued working in the Temple until Sept. 14th when I was sent for by Charles to go to the Ranch, as Jane was sick. I had wished Charles to engage another midwife, as my health was poor and I might not be able to go when sent for. This he did, but Jane said I had waited on her with all her children and she wanted me to come if I was able. Found Jane sick and the midwife attending her. The baby was born all right and then Charles started to Logan for a Doctor. But our dear Jane died before he could get one to come and get back again. She was the mother of 12 children, some of them grown up and some little ones. I hope never to witness again another such scene of sorrow and deep distress as this family was suddenly plunged in. We sent for the Bishop, and his father being a Doctor, and at his son's on a visit, he also came as a friend. We done all that love and affection could do for our loved one, but she passed peacefully away while we surrounded her bed, weeping and praying our Father to spare her to her loving family. I cannot describe our feelings when my son, the husband and father, returned with the Doctor. Altho nearly heart broken myself, yet I longed to comfort him in his deepest sorrow, but what could I say or do? I never felt so helpless in all my life.

I felt that our loss was her gain. She looked so peaceful and happy. Soon her brothers came and they packed ice around her, as the weather was very warm. Next day carriages and buggys came from Logan and we started at midnight, arriving at our house at dawn, a most sorrowful company. Here kind friends laid her in her beautiful casket. Her funeral was held in the Logan Tabernacle. She looked beautiful and a large company attended her funeral and followed her remains to the cemetery. The babe was a nice little girl. She was taken sick when about 2 weeks old. I went and took care of her, but I thought her mother wanted her baby. The dear little infant died on the 3d of Oct. The funeral was held at the residence, and then we wended our way to the Logan Cemetery and laid her to rest by the side of her mother.

### THEN HYRUM

This summer was a very gloomy one for me and for my family as my son Hyrum's health was failing. All that love or affection could suggest was done for him, but he continued to fail. About the middle of August he was confined to his bed. I was with them most of the time. This was a satisfaction to us; as when his son died June 7, 1892, with diphtheria, they were quarantined, no one allowed to go and help them. All we could do was to drive up to the house and take them anything they wanted. This was a great trial to Hyrum, and he never recovered from the effects of his son's death. Hyrum suffered much, but his brothers and other friends done all they could do for him. He lived some days after bidding us good-bye, and passed quietly away surrounded by his family and friends on the 3d of Sept. 1893, in Greenville, Cache Co. His funeral was held in the 5th Ward meeting-

house. It was a large concourse of friends that attended, they could not even get into the meetinghouse. Apostle Moses Thatcher, S. M. Molen, Bishop Crookston, and Bishop William Maughan were the speakers. They spoke well of the deceased and comforting words to the family and relatives. He leaves a wife and 3 children.

He was one of the Directors and President of the Upper Canal, and it cost him much labour and means, and he lived to see it a success. He was a very quiet unassuming man, honest in all his words and acts with others, a kind husband and father to his family, and a neighbour who will be missed by all the neighbours around the ward. He was the oldest son I had at home when his father died, and he took charge of the teams and helped me in every way that he could. Never gave me a wrong word or look in his life.

### THE SURPRISE PARTY

March 10, 1894. This is my birthday. This winter I have been working in the Temple, as I have a large list of Westons to work for.

The Temple Sisters and Relief Society Sisters kindly agreed to give me a surprise party on Friday the 9th by coming to the Temple and going through the House for me. The Company was so large that it was a great surprise to me. There were 70 females and 18 males worked for that day. It was the largest company I ever saw go through in one day for one Brother or Sister. I was very grateful to my kind friends for thus remembering my birthday, but this was only the beginning. Next day, being the 10th, I was invited to Willards to spend the day with some friends. We had a pleasant time all day, but the greatest surprise was yet to come. On returning home in the evening, I found our house full of Brothers and Sisters who had come with their picnic to show respect to Sister Maughan on her 77th birthday.

Three tables were spread and 70 or 80 persons sat down to partake of the bounties of delicate provisions set before them. After supper, speeches were made and a general time of rejoicing was enjoyed by all. I had taken a severe cold, so could only speak a few words of thankfulness to my friends who had thus honoured me. Thus ended the happiest Birthday I ever had.

### DAUGHTER MARTHA CALLED HOME

I continued working in the Temple until December, when I went to stay with Martha. Her babe was born on the 21st of December, the shortest day of the year. I took care of her for 10 days, then as she was doing well and I was worn out, I came home to rest. Next day Charles came, and as I thought Martha would be all right, I went home with him to spend New Year's day with him and his family. On my return I found that Martha had been taken with child-bed fever, and was under the Doctor's care. They had hired a nurse, and as my health was poor, it was thought best for me not to go there at present. She had been sick with Dropsy in the summer, and after her confinement the disease returned. She also had the milk leg. When able,

I went and staid with her. Her babe was a fine little girl and done well, but Martha, with all our efforts, did not get better. She seemed to be sweating her life away. She did not suffer much pain, and was patient and cheerful most of the time. Her sister Libbia staid with and helped to nurse her, all the time it was possible for her to leave her family. Her brothers also were very attentive and done all that was possible for her comfort. Every thing that love could do was done for her, but she quietly breathed her last on 4th of Feb., 1895, surrounded by her family and brothers and myself.



Martha Weston Maughan

Martha Weston Maughan Fergus was my second daughter. She was born November 4, 1858, at Three Mile Creek, Box Elder Co. She died in Greenville Cache Co. She leaves a kind husband and seven children to mourn her loss. She was a kind and faithful wife, and affectionate mother. To her parents she was a kind and loving daughter. She was beloved by all who knew her, but she is gone to rest, and I would not recall her if I had the power to do so.

August, 1895. I staid some time with Libbia. Her babe was born on the 10th Aug. 1895. My health being poor, another lady friend took care of her, and I came home. As soon as able I went to the Temple and continued working there all winter.

#### TWILIGHT YEARS

March 10, 1896. My birthday. I am 79 years old. Charles and Hannah with part of their family came to see me, and in the early afternoon a surprise party of the Relief Society came with picnic to visit and rejoice with me. The only Brother leading the train of Sisters was Bro. Needham. He was at my wedding in England in 1840, and so claims me by having first known me. We had a most enjoyable time. The tables were spread and all partook with grateful hearts to our Heavenly Father for the blessings we enjoyed. As there was a lecture in the B. Y. College that evening, some of my friends left rather early in the evening, while others remained later; but all left with me their blessing and good wishes.

February 18th. Today we have attended the funeral of Sister Jane Rice. She died on the 15th of Inflammatory Rheumatism. She leaves 1 son, 1 daughter, 27 vehicles followed her remains to Providence Meeting House, where the funeral services were held. The speakers were Bros. G. Pitkin, Stewart Martineau, and Bro. Millar. The brother of the diseased said he was the only one left now.

May 23d. I went with Charles to his home at Peterboro to celebrate his birthday. This being Sunday, and no meeting we went for a



drive around their large farms. Next morning I thought of coming home but the girls informed me the neighbours were going to get a surprise on Charles and they wanted me to stay and help them while the company gathered here. This part was given me. I asked him if he was busy, saying I would like to go and see Bro. and Sister Davis. He said he would take me up there. It was half past 11 o'clock, and the people coming at noon, so we hurried off. As we passed some of the neighbour's houses, they were ready to start, but quickly disappeared till we had passed. We met one lot on the road, but they claimed to be going to another place. On arriving at Bro. Davis's we had to make excuses to stay awhile. It did not take long to look at the garden. Then Bro. Davis remembered that he was invited to a party at Mendon, and wanted us to go with him. So we waited till they got ready. When we came home, all was quiet, not a team was in sight; but Charles saw 1 of his work horses that went to the field in the morning. He said: "Something is the matter." But he found out when he opened the door and saw the rooms full of his friends, and the tables loaded with beautiful food. They all called: "Surprise, Brother Maughan!" "Yes, and you have surprised me. But I am glad to see you all. I had no idea of it." Having shook hands with our friends, we sat down to dinner and had a very pleasant afternoon. After we had left, the boys had all come home and were there ready to meet their father. Having enjoyed a very pleasant visit with my friends, I came home in the evening with the girls who came to school.

June 20, 1897. To day I started with Bro. and Sister Robins to join with the Old Folks in Salt Lake. We went to Ogden on the train.

Monday 21st. We done some tradeing in Ogden, and then took the Old Folks cars to Salt Lake. Bro. Robins, not being well, they staid in Kaysville, and came on next morning. I went on to Salt Lake and found a welcome home at Sister Jennings.

Next morning the 22d the cars took the old folks to Fort Douglas. Col. Kent kindly gave a Military Reception to all the veterans who visited the Fort. The Drill commenced at 9 o'clock a.m. The review at 10:30 the band discoursing sweet music. The soldiers were negroes, but the officers were all white men. Every thing was clean and nice. At noon we returned to the city and after a rest went to a entertainment in the Tabernacle. Bro. Woodruff spoke a short time, the Band and Orchestra made sweet music. Those wearing badges were seated in front seats and others in the sides and gallery. Some young girls passed among the old folks and presented each with a few beautiful flowers, mostly carnations, that were so sweet. A good company was present in the evening and a nice program was rendered. Bro. Woodruff spoke only a short time. At the close, the people sent a request to the stand for him to stand up so they could see him. He stood up some time for the people to look at him, then blessed them and sat down.

Christmas Holy Days—I spent with my Granddaughter in Mendon, Mrs. M. A. Davis, her husband being on a mission in Wales.

She had company every day. The weather was very cold, but we were comfortable and had a most enjoyable time visiting with each other.

January 15th, 1898. This evening I rec'd a message by telephone that Sister Phillips of Kaysville was dead and I answered that I would start next day. I found a son and daughter of my friend at the station to meet me. Found all or most of the family at the home of my friend. I staid that night with her daughter, Sister Ella Burton. Next morning she was put in her coffin and she looked beautiful.

My dear friend was born in Dymock in Worcestershire. Her birthday was on the 13th of January and she died on the 11th and was buried on the 15th. Her maiden name was Hannah Simonds. She embraced the gospel in 1840 and came with me to Nauvoo in 1841. On our way we stopped 7 weeks in Kirtland during the hot weather in Nauvoo. She was married to Bro. Edward Phillips. He died December 1st, 1896 and since then she has not been well. Their life was a happy one. We had known Bro. Phillips in England. He was a good kind husband and faithful Latter-day Saint. They had 15 children and the speakers at the funeral bore testimony to their worth, integrity and faithfulness. My dear friend was a dutiful, loving wife and a noble mother.

Next morning I went to Salt Lake City to see my son also on some bissness. I took dinner with Sister Jennings, then went to the government building to see Peter. It was a surprise to him as he did not know I was in town. He was passing through a room when I met him. He exclaimed, "My Mother!" "My Mother!" He took me into the offices introducing me to the clerks. They were very courteous, saying they wished their mother could come and see them. Took supper with Peter, then again took the cars. Finished the bissness and went to the station, my son accompanying me and having had a pleasant visit.

February 6th. I attended a lecture in the Temple given by Bro. Talmage on science. There was a large company present and at its close I heard the news that Bro. Edlefson was dieing. He was Vice-president of the Temple and was a good man beloved by all.

15th. Thomas B. Gordon died at his home in Logan after brief illness of pneumonia. He was one of the pioneers of Cache Valley. He was a useful, honorable citizen of Logan for many years. He leaves a wife and several children to mourn his loss. The speakers at his funeral testified to his noble and faithful conduct in the many positions of importance that he held in the city of Logan.

17th. This afternoon I went to visit Bro. Hales family as this is their last week in the Temple. I found them holding a reunion meeting and as I was well acquainted with their grandparents in Nauvoo, I was welcomed by all the family. Many good speeches were made and a time of rejoicing in the family. I spoke a short time, relating some instances of Nauvoo and of their parents. Bro. Alma Hale said that in 1900 his Father would have been 100 years old if he had been alive; and his wish was for all the family to gather

in one place on the 1st of February 1900 and hold a jubilee in honor of their fathers. All were in favor of the plan and expressed their delight in anticipating the event. I was cordially invited to join with the family and tell them all I could about their parents and Nauvoo. I replied I was nearly 81 years old and might not be here at that time; but they thought I would live to be 90.

March 10th. This is my birthday and as usual my family and friends have come to visit me. The Relief Society came in company early in the afternoon and we had a pleasant time until late in the evening.

April 12th. Sister Ellen Farbett, a pioneer and esteemed resident of the Third Ward, Logan, passed away. She was in her 80th year. She was born in the Isle of Man, January 23d, 1819. Her husband had been dead many years. She leaves seven sons and two daughters. Most of them live in Logan. The funeral services were held in the Second Ward meetinghouse. The speakers were Bros. Ballard, T. K. Smith, C. W. Nibley, James Quayle and R. Davidson. All bore testimony to the worth of the departed Sister and her many good qualities. (End of journal.)

#### PETER MAUGHAN

On a monument erected by the people of Cache Valley in memory of Peter Maughan are these words:

*"A just man has gone to his reward and  
his works shall follow after him."*

Peter Maughan was born May 7, 1811 in Milton, Cumberland County, England, the son of William and Martha Maughan. At the age of fifteen he went to work in the lead mines of Alston. When he was eighteen he married Ruth Harrison and six children were born to them. In 1837 the family of William Maughan, including Peter and his wife, received the message of Mormonism and were baptized. Peter and William Wanlass organized the first Sunday School of the Latter-day Saint Church in that part of the world. He was ordained an Elder February 6, 1841. His lovely wife, Ruth, died March 31, 1841, and shortly after, acting on the advice of Apostle Brigham Young, Peter and his children sailed on the ship *Rochester* for America, arriving in New York harbor May 19, 1841. On the journey in mid-ocean the baby, Ruth, died and was buried at sea.

Peter took his family to Kirtland, Ohio where he met Mary Ann Weston Davis, a young widow recently arrived from England. They were married November 2, 1841, setting up their first home in Nauvoo, Illinois. Here Peter worked as a stone mason on the Nauvoo Temple and also became a member of the Nauvoo Legion. In 1844 he was sent by President Joseph Smith fifty miles north to locate and purchase a coal mine. Returning to Nauvoo shortly before the death of the Prophet he took his position in the Nauvoo Legion and continued in active defense of the city. After closing the Rock Island coal venture, he, with others, determined to go to the lead

mines at Galena to earn enough money to follow the body of the Church to the valley of the Rocky Mountains.

In 1850 Peter and his family left Kanessville, Iowa in Captain William Wall's company and arrived in Utah September 17, 1850. He was immediately directed to go to Tooele "to make a farm and search for lead in the mountains." Here Peter became one of its leading citizens. He was later chosen to help locate E. T. City and in 1854 was appointed to preside over that small community.

President Young called Peter Maughan to take a party of men from Tooele in the year 1856 to look over Cache Valley as a possible location for a permanent settlement. On his return he made a report of his findings and received permission to direct a company to form a northern settlement. About the last of August, seven families and one single man started to Cache Valley arriving there September 15th, where they camped on the present site of Wellsville. It was first known as Maughan's Fort. The men immediately set to work getting out logs for cabins and corrals while still living in their wagons. The first snowfall came on September 26th and during the storm Mary Ann gave birth to the first white child born to permanent settlers.

When Cache county was created the Legislature appointed Peter Maughan Probate Judge and he organized and convened the first County Court at Maughan's Fort. He was called and set apart as first Bishop, also to direct all affairs of settlement in the valley. In 1859 he was set apart as Presiding Bishop of Cache Valley Stake of Zion and as such he selected the sites and named many of the settlements in the valley.

Peter Maughan remained presiding Bishop of Cache Valley, and also a member of Territorial Legislature until the day of his death which occurred at Logan, April 21, 1871. At the funeral services, which were held in the Old Hall, several hundred Indian braves attended to pay their last respects to their friend, and, in a body, escorted the remains to the cemetery.

Tullidge, the historian, said of Mr. Maughan: "To Peter Maughan belongs the honor of being the pioneer of the settlements of Cache Valley. A man of great force of character of a rugged and exacting nature whose word was as good as any man's bond. It was this type of men that gave to the inhabitants of Cache Valley their solidarity. In directing the efforts of those who were sent to colonize Cache Valley under his leadership he always insisted that a man must first of all keep peace with his own convictions, and the test of his fidelity to the precepts was shown on every occasion, when called to meet opposition, hardships, and danger for the good of his people. He was a man who knew the value of making the Lord his friend, and received many testimonials that his course in life was acceptable."

## RUTH HARRISON MAUGHAN

Ruth Harrison Maughan was born May 7, 1813 and was married to Peter Maughan in 1828. Peter was eighteen years of age and Ruth sixteen. The young couple, with their five small children, were living a happy and contented life in the town of Alston, Cumberland County, England. Both had accepted Mormonism in 1838. In 1841 Mr. Maughan left his work as a lead miner for a few days and went to Liverpool, England where he was in council with the Elders of the new-found Church. Eight of the Twelve Apostles were present and it was at this time, on February 5th, that Peter Maughan was ordained an Elder. Soon after his return home their sixth child, another Ruth, became a member of the family. Then followed hours of anxious waiting for the mother's life hung in the balance. On the 31st of March, 1841, Ruth Harrison Maughan passed away. She was laid to rest in the little churchyard of Alston.

The children of Peter Maughan and Ruth Harrison Maughan were: John Harrison, Agnes, William Harrison, Thomas Harrison, Mary Ann, and Ruth.

## ELIZABETH FRANCES PREATOR MAUGHAN

Elizabeth Frances Preator, born April 20, 1848, at Chalford, England, was the youngest of ten children born to William and Mary

Jones Preator. She was baptized on the 24th of November, 1864. At the age of 18 years she emigrated to America. The following is an account of her journey.

"We left Liverpool, England, on May 30, 1866, in the ship *Arkwright*, and arrived in New York, July 6, 1866. Justin C. Wixom in charge of traveling. I was under the care of George Coatman and family from Gloucester, England. We outfitted at Wyoming, Nebraska, and joined Captain Daniel Thompson's ox-train of 84 wagons and about 500 emigrants, arriving in Great Salt Lake City, September 29, 1866. From there I went to live with my brother, Richard Preator, in Richmond, Cache Valley, where I met Peter Maughan, Presiding



Mother—Elizabeth Frances Preator  
Maughan

Bishop of Cache Valley, whom I later married in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City, on December 8, 1866.

"I walked the entire distance from Wyoming, Nebraska, to Salt Lake City. My brother's home was typical of pioneer homes of that early period, but not much to compare with our home in England, stone walks bordered by flowers and shrubs in bloom and the warm comforts inside. My brother and his wife were kind and tried to make me happy but I was so homesick I'd like to die. I went out into the barnyard, sat down by the haystack and cried and wished that a miracle would come and carry me back to England. The joys and sorrows of the long trek across the plains were mellowed by the anticipation of peace and rest that awaited us at our journey's end. Once I was terribly frightened when a group of Indian braves rode into camp as I was combing my hair, which was long, black and naturally curly. The chief slid off his horse, came and took my hair in his hands and let it slide through his fingers, exclaiming 'wyno, heap wyno.' I feared that he might be considering it for a scalp lock. I had heard of such."

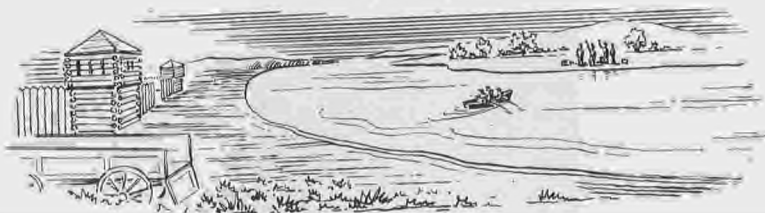
When Peter Maughan died on the 24th of April, 1871, Elizabeth was left a widow at the age of 24 years, with three small children, Frances Mary, age 3; Heber Chase, age one and one-half; and Ada Lucille, seven weeks of age. This was a terrible blow to the young wife and mother, but more hardships were to follow. Just four months later the baby died of whooping cough. Frances Mary passed away at the age of nine years the 7th of January, 1877.

When Heber Chase was seven years old Elizabeth married John Crookston, a pioneer. Eight children were born to this union. In 1892, the family moved to Cache Junction. Many of their friends who had to wait for trains at this point, found time passing pleasantly in the friendly atmosphere of the Crookston home. She was always called Bessie by her family.

Mr. Crookston passed away on October 29, 1919, at the Latter-day Saint hospital in Salt Lake City. After his death Bessie moved back to her old home, 140 North 1st East Street in Logan, where she lived until March 31, 1930, when she passed to the great beyond in the home which had been built for her by Peter Maughan. Her life had been devoted to building pioneer communities and to the service of God.—*Ragna Johnsen Maughan*



Son—Heber Chase  
Maughan



## DAUGHTERS OF UTAH PIONEERS

### *Mississippi Saints*

*But the Lord is my defence; and my God  
is the rock of my refuge. Psalms 94:22*



**N** the great Mormon migration to western United States there seems to have been three distinct plans, whereby those people who had accepted wholeheartedly the principles of the newly-found religion would begin the long journey to find a haven in the Rocky Mountains in which to establish their homes free from religious persecutions. The vast majority of these converts were to come by land under the able leadership of Brigham Young, upon whom the mantle of the Church had fallen after the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph Smith.

Samuel Brannan was called to take charge of the Saints, some from the Eastern States, sailing on a chartered ship (Brooklyn) which would carry them around the Horn, then on to the present site of San Francisco, California. John Brown was to go into the Southern States and gather those Saints who were ready to leave their all and make the westward journey. He was given instructions to meet President Young in the Indian country. Both Brannan and Brown carried out their part of the master plan and started for the Rocky Mountains in the year 1846; but Brigham Young and the main body of the Saints were detained on the banks of the Missouri River, chiefly because of the call made by the government for five hundred of their young men to be organized into what is known in history as the Mormon Battalion.

This chapter has to deal with the southern company who started west in 1846, and failing to meet President Young, journeyed to the old Spanish Fort on the Arkansas River at Pueblo, Colorado where they stayed the winter of 1846-1847. As Mr. Brown and others

returned to the South to bring their families we include those people known as Mississippi Saints who came into the Valley in 1847 as well as those who came in 1848.

On the 14th of March, 1845 John Brown and seven able-bodied men left their homes in the south and went to Nauvoo to help build the temple and defend the city from its enemies. Later he brought his family to Nauvoo, hoping to make his home, but continued persecutions by the mobs made this impossible. On the 1st day of January, 1846, Mr. Brown, accompanied by William Mathews, returned to his home having received instructions from Brigham Young to leave his family and take those who were ready to go west with him through the state of Missouri into the Indian territory.

Acting according to these instructions on the 8th day of April some fourteen families started west. Failing to meet the pioneer group they continued on until they neared old Fort Laramie in Wyoming, where they met a Mr. Reshaw (some also claim they met Clyman, the trapper) who advised them to go to the site of the present city of Pueblo, Colorado. They arrived there the 7th day of August, several months before the arrival of the sick detachments of the Mormon Battalion.

The Mississippi Saints were received kindly by the mountain men who gave them corn in return for certain labors. They cut the cottonwood trees along the Arkansas River and built their cabins about a half mile from the old Spanish fort. They also built a log church 20 x 30 feet in which they held their meetings and social affairs. During the winter of 1846-7 there were several births, deaths, and marriages; but it would seem from the many records left by the Mississippi Saints and the men and women of the Mormon Battalion who lived there, that they did not suffer much from hunger and within easy reach there was plenty of fuel. Generally speaking, the winter passed without much privation.

It is estimated that the total Mormon population of Pueblo was two hundred and seventy-five, the first white settlement in what is now the state of Colorado. Franklin D. Richards went to Pueblo in 1880 to try to find, with the aid of a map, the grave of his brother, J. W. Richards, but during the intervening years the Arkansas River had overflowed its banks several times and each time the channel was changed. No trace was ever found of the grave or the settlement.

When Apostle Amasa M. Lyman arrived in Great Salt Lake Valley in October, 1848, he located a number of families from Mississippi and other southern states, at a point between the two Cottonwood creeks, about ten miles southeast from the Great Salt Lake City fort. A tract of country, consisting of about one square mile, was surveyed and divided into 10-acre lots for the convenience of the settlers, among whom were William Crosby, Daniel M. Thomas, John Brown, John H. Bankhead, William H. Lay and others with their respective families. The place of their location was subsequently known as the "Amasa Survey." During the fall and





John Brown

winter of 1848 a few houses were built of logs, which the brethren hauled from near the mouth of Big Cottonwood and Mill Creek canyons, but most of the people lived in their tents and wagons until spring when a number of other houses were built. In the meantime water had been taken out of the two Cottonwood creeks and other improvements made. The number of settlers was also increased by several families locating at various points along the creeks. A Ward organization, known originally as the Cottonwood Ward, was effected

with William Crosby as bishop. James M. Flake was one of his counselors. During the winter of 1849 a small crop of wheat was raised, but it grew so scattered and short that when harvest time came, most of it had to be pulled by hand. The little colony was composed of industrious people, and they eked out a meager living from the soil. When Apostle Lyman was called to San Bernardino, California a great number of these Mississippi Saints accompanied him. In 1858 most of them returned to Utah because of the coming of government troops into the Valley. Nearly all of these people established permanent homes in southern Utah.

We are indebted to Dr. John Z. Brown who has given us his permission to use the autobiography of his father, John Brown, from which much of the information was taken.

### JOHN BROWN

Pueblo, 1846 — Utah, 1847

*John Brown* was born in Sumner county, Tennessee, October 23, 1820, being the twelfth child in a family of fourteen children born to John and Martha Chapman Brown. He was reared in Illinois and spent the greater portion of his life traveling and working in the interests of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and in colonizing and building up the commonwealth of Utah. In 1829, when John was nine years of age, this large family moved to Perry county, Illinois and here John grew to manhood.

In the fall of 1837 the various sects in Illinois held revival meetings. The Brown's were religiously inclined. Because of his interest in religion and education, John was urged to prepare for the ministry. While he pondered over this matter, George P. Dykes, a Mormon Elder from Nauvoo, came to Perry county to preach. John was converted and baptized in 1841 by Elder Dykes. After this John went to Nauvoo where he became acquainted with the Prophet Joseph Smith. Here he received a patriarchal blessing under the hands of Hyrum Smith, who also ordained him an Elder. His first mission was in the Southern states. On May 21, 1844, he married Elizabeth Crosby who was born December 21, 1828 in Mississippi.

In 1846, one year before the pioneer trek, he, with others, conducted a company of Saints across the plains from Monroe county, Mississippi, as far west as Pueblo, Colorado. He returned to Monroe county, Mississippi in the Fall and from there returned to Winter Quarters.

In 1847, John Brown, as captain of the Thirteenth Ten, accompanied the Utah pioneers west in President Brigham Young's company. Orson Pratt and he were the advance scouts and on July 19, 1847, these two men saw the Salt Lake Valley from the top of Big Mountain. It was the first view of this valley by any of the Mormon pioneers. John Brown came into the valley July 22nd. Later that year he went back to his home.

He brought his family to Utah in 1848 in Amasa M. Lyman's company. His first Utah home was in Cottonwood, Salt Lake county. He next built a home at 129 South 2nd West in Salt Lake City. Later he lived in Lehi and finally moved to Pleasant Grove where he was called to be bishop, in which office he officiated for twenty-nine years. He was later ordained a patriarch of the Utah Stake of Zion, which then embraced all of Utah county. This last named position he held until the time of his death.

He served as legislator from Salt Lake county in 1852, and from 1859 until 1878 represented Utah and "Cedar" counties in the Territorial Legislature. He advocated woman suffrage, constantly worked for the establishment of schools, served as Justice of the Peace in Lehi, and from 1863 to 1883, was mayor of Pleasant Grove. He died in Pleasant Grove, Utah November 4, 1896.

His wife, Elizabeth, served as president of the Pleasant Grove Relief Society for many years. She was the mother of ten children. On February 24, 1906, she passed away in that city at the age of 83 years.

John married Amy Snyder, February 22, 1854 and to them were born six children. She was the daughter of Samuel Comstock and Henrietta Mariah Stockwell Snyder, and was born February 24, 1834 in Camden, East Upper Canada. She died March 20, 1871 in Pleasant Grove.

The third wife of John Brown was Margaret Zimmerman, daughter of Gotlieb and Juliana Hoke Zimmerman, whom he married March 3, 1857. She was born March 25, 1836 in Franklin county, Pennsylvania. Ten children were born to her. She died August 25, 1929 in the family home in Pleasant Grove, Utah.

#### FROM HIS JOURNAL

The part of his journal pertaining to the Mississippi Saints follows:

1846—We left the city of Nauvoo on the 14th of January with our families; also Brothers *William Mathews* and *George P. Dykes*, traveling through snow, frost and rain. Before we reached Perry county, Brother Crosby's little boy took the measles. We rested one day and he got better. On the 26th we arrived at Brother *Robert Crow's* in Perry county, and the next day we went to Benjamin Crain's, my brother-in-law, to whom I sold some lands left me by my father. He paid me in property and on the 29th of January, I let Brother Dykes have two yoke of oxen worth \$65.00 each and two horses worth \$65.00 each; also \$10.00 in cash to enable him to remove his family to the wilderness, he not having means of his own.

While here, my wife took the measles and was sick for over a week. Brother Dykes returned to Nauvoo, and on the 7th of February, we started on our journey, my wife having so far recovered as to be able to ride in the wagon. On the 22nd we reached home.

We were instructed by President Young to leave our families here and take those families that were ready and go west with them through Missouri and fall in with the companies from Nauvoo, in the Indian country. We started out some fourteen families. I left home on the 8th of April. *William Crosby, D. M. Thomas, William Lay, James Harmon, Geo. W. Bankhead* and myself formed a mess. We had one wagon, calculating to return in the fall. We crossed the Mississippi River at the Iron Banks and traveled up through the state of Missouri to Independence, where we arrived on the 26th of May, a distance from home of 640 miles. There was great excitement there. Rumor said Ex-Governor Boggs had started to California and the Mormons had intercepted him on the way and killed and robbed several companies, etc. They tried to persuade us not to go on the plains on account of the Mormons, but we told them we were not afraid.

Brothers Crow from Perry county, Illinois, Wm. Kartchner and some Oregon emigrants joined us here. We had in all 25 wagons. Wm. Crosby was chosen captain of the company; Robert Crow and John D. Holladay, his counselors. When we got into the Indian country, our Oregon friends found out that they were in company with a lot of Mormons. They were a little uneasy and somewhat frightened, and began to think that we did not travel fast enough for them. They left us and the next day we passed them and left them in the rear. They were a little afraid to go on not being strong enough. This repeated again. At length they traveled with us until we got to the Platte River where we met a company of six men from Oregon and when they saw six men who had traveled the road alone, they took courage, having 13 or 14 men in their company. They left us again and we rested a day for repairs, so we saw them no more.

We had nineteen wagons left and twenty-four men. The Fox Indians stole one yoke of oxen belonging to Geo. Therkill. We traveled the Oregon Road from Independence and expected when we got to the Platte River to have fallen in with the company from Nauvoo or find their trail, but we found neither and could hear nothing of them. We supposed they had gone up the north side, so we continued our journey up the river though some of the company were very loath to go.

On the 25th of June, we got among the buffalo and laid in some meat. We were very much delighted with buffalo hunting. Our eyes never had beheld such a sight—the whole country was covered with them. On the 27th, a buffalo calf came running into the train of wagons. The dogs, teamsters and everyone else took after it, running through the train several times, and it finally got into the loose herd, and the dogs driven out, it became contented. A Spaniard whom we had taken in a few days before, caught it with a lasso and tied it up, but it killed itself in a few minutes. It made good veal. This Spaniard, whose name was Hosea, had started down the river with some traders. The river being low, they lodged on the sand. He was

afraid to stop in the Pawnee country and turned back with us to the mountains. He was of great service to me in camp life and helping to care for the animals; also taught us how to approach the buffalo.

At the crossing of the South Fork of the Platte, we encountered a severe storm in the night. There were five of us sleeping in a tent which blew down. We tried in vain to pitch the tent again. The wind was so violent that we had to find shelter in the wagon, seven of us together, and when morning came, we were almost frozen. This was the 29th of June. Next day we crossed the river, and July 1st we reached Ash Hollow. This day my Spaniard was bitten by a rattlesnake and was laid up a week or more. We camped near the brush in the hollow after dark, not knowing we were so near the North Fork of the Platte. I came on the second watch that night. The first guard told us to keep a sharp lookout. The mules were uneasy. One man discovered something near where a mule was staked and threw a bone at it, supposing it to be a dog, but it ran off like a man half bent. About this time I discovered a horse going loose across the corral. I went and examined the rope which was about six feet long. I felt the end of it and pronounced it cut, and immediately alarmed the camp and turned out all hands. We found several horses cut loose and one mare and two colts were missing. . . . In the morning we moved down the river and six men followed the trail that day but could see nothing. *We here met a company from California, by whom we learned that there were no Mormons on the route ahead of us.*

There was considerable dissatisfaction in the camp. Some were in favor of turning back. However, we went on. On the 6th day of July, we came to Chimney Rock. We stopped one day at Horse Creek and repaired wagons. Here an alarm of Indians was made but none could be found. . . .

A few miles below Laramie we met with John Reshaw. He had some robes to trade and was camped in Goshen Hole. Said that he had heard the Mormons were going up the South Fork of the Platte. We held a council and concluded to go no farther west but find a place for the company to winter on the east side of the mountains. Mr. Reshaw said that the head of the Arkansas River was the best place, as there was some corn growing there and it was near the Spanish country where the company could get supplies. He was going to Pueblo in a few days with two ox teams, there being no road, and as he was acquainted with the route, we concluded to stop and go with him.

We moved over to his camp, and on the 10th of July, we started for Pueblo. Mr. Reshaw proved faithful to us and rendered all the assistance he could on the plains and among the Indians. We camped one night without water and fearing lest the cattle would stray off, we corralled them. I was on the watch and about 10 o'clock every animal was on the keen jump. All the horses pulled up stakes. One mule being nearby I caught its rope and it was all I could

do to hold it. When loosed, I mounted its back and away we went after the band. I could not stop the mule nor control it in any way. I thought that if the Indians got our animals they would get me too, for the mule was bound to go with the band. They ran about a quarter of a mile and when they stopped I was with them. I caught several of their ropes and held them until others came to my assistance. We drove all back.

On the 19th of July, twelve Indians came into camp. They were Cheyennes. We made them a feast and gave them some presents. Next day we came to their village. They received us kindly and made us a feast which consisted of stewed buffalo meat. . . . Two lodges of them traveled with us a few days.

On the 24th we camped on Crow Creek and remained one day . . . after which we moved to the South Fork of the Platte. We searched in vain for the trail of the Mormons, not knowing anything of their moves. We crossed the South Fork on the 27th of July, a few miles below St. Vrain's Fort. Here we struck a wagon trail that led to Pueblo, made by the traders. We reached Pueblo on the 7th of August. We found some six or eight mountaineers in the fort with their families. They had Indian and Spanish women for wives. We were received very kindly and they seemed pleased to see us. We have now performed a journey of over eight hundred miles since leaving Independence, Missouri. The day before we reached this place, Messrs. Lay and Therkill were pursuing a wounded deer in the brush when they were attacked by a grizzly bear. It knocked them both down before they knew what it was about. Mr. Therkill was bitten on the head, cutting him severely in three places. We gathered to the place and succeeded in killing the bear. News had reached this place that the Mormons had stopped at the Missouri River and 500 of them had joined the army and were on their way to New Mexico.

We counseled the brethren to prepare for winter and build them some cabins in the form of a fort. The mountaineers said they would let them have their supplies, corn for their labor, etc. Those of us who had left our families stopped here until the 1st of September. We organized the company into a branch and gave them such instructions and counsel as the spirit dictated, telling them to tarry here until they got word from headquarters where to go. They were much disappointed as they expected to get with the main body of the Church. We comforted them all we could and left our blessing with them.

*Leaves Company at Pueblo:* We bade them adieu on the morning of September 1st and started home, following down the Arkansas River to the Santa Fe trail. Our company consisted of the following persons, viz: *William Crosby, D. M. Thomas, John D. Holladay, William Lay, James Smithson, George W. Bankhead,* and a man by the name of *Wales Bonny* who had been to Oregon. We reached Bent's Fort on the third. Here we found the report to be true concerning the

Mormons; also that forty-five men, teamsters for the government, had started for the states from this place two or three days before. We thought we would try and overtake them and then have company through the hostile country.

On the 7th, we passed the Arapahoes' village. Next day we overtook our expected company, who were very friendly with us. We met troops and baggage trains almost every day on their way to Santa Fe. . . . On the 12th we met the Mormon Battalion which we were glad to see as we were acquainted with the greater portion of them. On the 13th we met John D. Lee, Howard Egan and James Pace . . . Our provisions run short. . . . We started for Independence, Jackson county, Missouri. On Sunday the 27th of September we met Judge Thompson, who on learning of our situation, gave us provisions to last us. We reached Independence on the 30th. We now began to enjoy ourselves once more. Here Mr. Bonny left us. The remainder of our journey home we took in solid comfort, not denying ourselves the luxuries of life. We traveled pretty much the same route that we came. We reached home (Mississippi) on Thursday, the 29th of October. Found all well; we had not heard a word from home during our absence.

*Return to Family in Mississippi:* After a few days rest, we commenced to wind up our business and prepare to leave early in the spring for Council Bluffs to go out with the Church, when unexpectedly, in came two Elders right from the Bluffs, viz: *Bryant Nowlin* and *Charles Crismon*, with an epistle from the Council of the Twelve, instructing us to remain another year to fit out and send all the men we could, to go as pioneers. We called a council to consider the matter. We concluded to send some six pioneers, one of whom was to take charge of the whole, being mostly black servants. It fell to my lot to go and superintend the affair. William Crosby to send one hand; John H. Bankhead one; William Lay, one, and *John Powell*, one, and I was to take one besides myself. We had to travel to the Bluffs in the winter in order to get there in time.

1847: The necessary preparations were made and by the 10th of January all was ready, about which time we started. *Daniel H. Thomas* took his family along. Brother Crismon was in company with us all the way up. We had two wagons. As we traveled north, the weather grew colder. I called and saw my relatives in Perry county as we passed through Illinois.

We purchased our wagons and teams, etc., at St. Louis. A few days travel from this point Brothers *Jas. Stratton* and *Nowlin* overtook us, also *Brother Matthew Ivory*. Brother Stratton had his family along. They had one wagon. We now had six wagons. It finally turned cold and we had a severe time of it. The negroes suffered most. My boy, whose name was Henry, took cold and finally the winter fever set in which caused his death on the road. I buried him in Andrew county, at the lower end of the round prairie, eight miles

north of Savannah, Missouri. In this neighborhood we purchased some more cattle.

We reached the Bluffs a few days before the Pioneers started and while I was lying here, Bankhead's negro died with the winter fever. It was the severest trip I had undertaken. I left one wagon and load with Brother Crismon to bring out with the families. I took the other two wagons, the two black boys (Oscar Crosby and Hark Lay) who survived the trip. *David Powell* and *Matthew Ivory*, had joined the Pioneer Camp.

*A Member of Pioneer Group*—On the 8th of April we started from Winter Quarters. On the 11th we crossed the Horn River on a raft. Next day the Twelve had to return to Winter Quarters. I accompanied them back and we were gone three days, returning to the Horn on the third day. The camp had all gone on to the Platte River, excepting my teams and Geo. A. Smith's wagons which were still at the Horn. The men had caught some fish and found a bee-tree. We served up a fine supper. Brothers Orson Pratt, W. Woodruff, Geo. A. Smith, A. M. Lyman and Erastus Snow took supper with us; also breakfast the next morning. Brother Pratt took out the sextant and took an observation of the sun and obtained the true time. About this time, President Young and H. C. Kimball, whom we had left behind, came up. We helped them across the river, after which we all followed on after the camp which was located on the Platte.

We reached Fort Laramie on the first day of June. Here we found *Brother Robert Crow* from Pueblo with six wagons. He had been two weeks waiting for the first company of Saints to come on.

In the Robert Crow company were eleven men and the following six women: *Elizabeth Brown Crow* (cousin to Pioneer John Brown and daughter of Captain Benjamin Brown), and her five daughters, viz: *Harriet Crow*, *Elizabeth Jane Crow Therlkill*, *Isa Vinda Exene Crow*, *Ira Minda Almarene Crow* (twins) and *Matilda J. Crow Therlkill*. *These six women from Perry county, Illinois, came into the Salt Lake Valley July 22nd, 1847, with President Young's Pioneer company and with the three Pioneer women who came from Winter Quarters, made a total of nine women who came into the valley on that historic date.*

The remainder of the company at Pueblo were waiting to come with a detachment of the Battalion that wintered there. At this place we crossed the river, which had to be ferried. We got a boat at the fort. On the 3rd of June, Brother A. M. Lyman, with three others, started for Pueblo to meet the company and bring them along.

On the 4th we left Fort John, Brother (Robert) Crow having joined our camp. On the 7th I killed a black-tail deer which was the first I had ever seen. The Oregon emigrants began to pass us. We met some traders who had crossed the North Fork in a raw-hide boat which they left. A company of us were detached and sent on to get the boat before the emigrants got it. We reached the ferry first



but could find nothing of the boat. We turned out and killed a fine lot of meat by the time the camp came up. The river was full and very rapid. We crossed several companies of emigrants in our leather boat, drawing the wagons through the river. They paid us provisions which we afterwards needed. We got everything safely across the river excepting a few wagon bows and the drowning of one horse owned by Brother Crow. We left a small party to keep the ferry until the families that were following on should come up. On the 19th we left the river. On the 30th we reached the Green River, where we met *Samuel Brannan* and others from California. The river being very high, we had to make some rafts and ferry on them. We got over without any accidents. Here a great many of the brethren were taken down with mountain fever.

On the 27th, the Twelve and a few more of us went out to explore. We went west and came to the outlet of Utah Lake, which was named Jordan. While we were crossing, Brother Amasa M. Lyman came to us and joined the expedition. He said the detachment of the Battalion with the Mississippi families from Pueblo, were near by. He had come in ahead of them. On the 29th the detachment, under the command of Captain James Brown, and the families whom we left at Pueblo, nearly one year ago, came into the valley.

Following are the records of those who spent the winter of 46-47 in Pueblo, Colorado:

### ROBERT CROW AND HIS FAMILY

Pueblo, 1846 — Utah, 1847

*Robert Crow* was born in Greenville, Tennessee, June 22, 1794, the son of Benjamin and Ann Crow. His wife was *Betsy Elisabeth Brown*, cousin of John Brown. Her father was Captain Benjamin Brown who served through the American Revolution. They were the parents of nine children, all born before they joined the Mississippi Saints at Independence, Missouri. Prior to this time the Crow family had made their home in Perry county, Illinois having joined the Mormon Church in June, 1838. After wintering in Pueblo they joined the main pioneer company under the direction of Brigham Young at Fort Laramie, Wyoming. The children who accompanied them were:

*Benjamin*, the eldest son, was born April 5, 1824. He married Harriet Blunt who came to the valley with him. Later he married Lucinda Adair. They resided for a time in Santa Clara, Utah. He died May 13, 1897 in Bingham county, Idaho leaving a large family.

*Walter Hamilton*, the second son, was born June 8, 1826. He married Mary Jane Stewart after coming to the valley. They lived in Washington county, Utah. He was baptized into the church in early

boyhood and was active in church work until the time of his death at the age of eighty years. He was the father of nine children, his wife and four children having preceded him in death. He died May 15, 1906 at Woodville, Bingham county, Idaho.

*John McHenry*, according to our records, died in Clover Valley, Nevada in 1894. He never married.

*William Parker*, born about 1830, made his home in Placer county, California. His wife's name was Charlotte ————. He was a successful rancher, and it is supposed he died and was buried in Placer Valley.

*Matilda Jane* married George Therkill. It was to this family that the first tragedy in the valley came when Milton Howard, their three year old son, was drowned in City Creek; while the second birth in the valley was a daughter born to them whom they named Harriet Ann. The child later became Mrs. Scott and made her home in Auburn, California.

*Isa Vinda Exene* and her twin sister *Ira Minda Almarene* accompanied their father to Utah. Isa became the wife of James Charles Humphries. She died in Oregon August 15, 1851, leaving a daughter born March 1, 1851 in Vancouver, Canada. The child's name was Fidela Elizabeth. Ira Minda married Francis M. Hamblin in Santa Clara, April 16, 1859. She died in childbirth January 1, 1860 and was buried in Santa Clara.

*Elizabeth Jane*, the youngest daughter, made her home in Auburn, California.

The report of the Crow family joining the pioneer company follows:

"On Tuesday, June 1st, the pioneers under President Brigham Young first sighted Fort Laramie. President Young accompanied by Brothers Kimball, Woodruff and Clayton arrived on the east bank of the North Platte River. They saw some men approaching from the west on the opposite bank of the stream. In the meantime Luke S. Johnson arrived at the camping place with his boat-wagon accompanied by others who had traveled ahead of the main company. The boat was launched and Luke S. Johnson, John Brown, Joseph Matthews and Porter Rockwell crossed the river to greet the party waiting for them on the opposite bank. They soon learned that they were a part of the Mississippi Saints who had wintered at Pueblo and had traveled from that place to Fort Laramie, hoping to meet the pioneers. Robert Crow and his son-in-law, George W. Therkill, accompanied the brethren to meet President Young and his party. They reported that they had been in Fort Laramie two weeks. Great joy reigned in the camp when Brother Crow and Therkill brought definite news

from the Mormon Battalion detachment and of the other members of their own party.

"After visiting with the Mississippi Saints who were in the camp close to the fort, President Young and some of the brethren went inside Fort Laramie and met James Bordeaux, the principal man in the fort. He was a Frenchman and willingly answered the questions put to him by President Young. During the two weeks the Crow family lived at the fort they learned that it was approximately 168 x 116 feet with eighteen rooms, six on the east, six on the west, three on the north and three on the south. These rooms were occupied as stores, blacksmith shop and dwellings. They learned that a pair of moccasins sold for \$1.00; shirting and calico sold for \$1.00 per yard and flour sold for 25 cents per pound. Cows cost from \$15.00 to \$20.00; horses and ponies \$40.00 each on an average, and buffalo robes sold from \$3.00 to \$5.00 each. There was no sugar, coffee or spices in the store as the spring supplies had not as yet arrived at the fort. The fort blacksmith shop was on the south side of the west entrance. There were several dwellings inside the fort besides those of Mr. Bordeaux. The south end was divided off and occupied by stables, etc. There were quite a number of people at the fort mostly French, halfbreeds and a few Sioux Indians. Mr. Crow was informed that the distance from Fort Laramie to Fort Bridger was three hundred and fifty miles.

It was decided that Amasa Lyman should accompany Thomas Woolsey, John H. Tippetts and Roswell Stevens to meet the remainder of the Mississippi Saints, and the detachment of the Mormon Battalion and hurry them to Laramie that they might follow the tracks of the pioneer company. Letters of authority were dispatched to Captain James Brown of the Mormon Battalion and to Thomas Dowdle the presiding Elder at Pueblo.

Again we read: "June 1st. En route to Utah: We were joined today by the Robert Crow company of Mississippi and Illinois Saints, who had wintered at Pueblo. They joined the second division. The Crow company is made up of seventeen persons, as follows: *Robert Crow, Elizabeth Crow, Benjamin B. Crow, Harriet Crow, Elizabeth Jane Crow, John McHenry Crow, William H. Crow, William Parker Crow, Isa Vinda Exene Crow, Ira Minda Almarene Crow, George W. Therkill, Matilda Jane Therkill, Milton Howard Therkill, James William Therkill, Archibald Little, James Chesney and Lewis B. Myers.*

"The little company had five wagons, one cart, 11 horses, 24 oxen, 22 cows, three bulls and seven calves. With this addition of seventeen persons less the four men who started yesterday with letters for Pueblo, our band now contains 161 souls.

"With the addition of the Crow company animals and the changes in our animal count, we left Fort Laramie with 95 horses, 51 mules, 100 head of oxen, 41 cows, three bulls, seven calves, some dogs and chickens, 77 wagons and one cart.

Circleville, Piute Co.  
April 2, 1897

Mr. Spencer Clawson:  
President of the Pioneer Jubilee,  
Dear Sir:

We have a pioneer in this place, Mr. Walter H. Crow. Mr. Crow drove the 5th wagon into Salt Lake Valley July 21st, 1847. It was his sister, Mrs. Therkill's child who was drowned in City Creek—the first death in the valley.

Mr. Crow is now seventy years old and quite feeble.

Respectfully,  
(Signed) H. A. Chaffin

Original DUP Files.

Some doubt as to his being a '47 Pioneer existed in the minds of the semi-centennial celebration committee as the following second letter shows.

Circleville, Utah,  
June 15, 1897

Mr. Spencer Clawson:  
Dear Sir:

I drop you a line in behalf of Walter H. Crow one of the pioneers. Mr. Crow was one of the company that wintered at Pueblo in the winter of 1846 and joined the pioneer company near Fort Laramie. Mr. Crow is now seventy-one years of age. He came into the valley in company with his father, Robert Crow, his brother, B. B. Crow, John M. Crow, William P. Crow and his brother-in-law, George Therkill. It was Mr. Crow's grandson, son of George Therkill, who was drowned in City Creek a short time after their arrival.

Mr. Crow was with the number sent ahead with Orson Pratt and was with the first to enter the valley on the morning of the 22nd of July, 1847 and from what his brother and father have told me he drove the fifth wagon. Mr. Crow got the impression that he came in on the 17th. I do not know but in talking with him I find that he remembers that Joseph Egbert drove it, the first wagon, Mr. Pratt's carriage as he calls it. I asked him who drove that first wagon. It was Orson Pratt's and Joseph Egbert drove it.

I have known Mr. Crow for over thirty years and I know he was one of the pioneers not only from his family but from others. The late Bishop Weiler has often talked to me about him, also W. A. Smoot at Sugar House Ward, among others of the early pioneers. Mr. Crow was always known as Ham or Hammy Crow, his name being Walter Hamilton Crow. In conclusion will say there is no doubt of his being one of the pioneers and I think it would be a great wrong to deprive him of the

privileges given the other pioneers as his rights are in every way equal to any. If additional evidence is necessary I can produce plenty of it.

Hoping to hear from you at your earliest convenience.

Most respectfully yours,

(Signed) Henry A. Chaffin

Original DUP files.

### JAMES ALBERT CHESNEY

Pueblo, 1846 — Utah, 1847

*James Albert Chesney* was born September 20, 1824 at West Boonville, Cooper county, Missouri, the son of Robert Chesney and Winna ————. He accompanied the Saints from Mississippi to Pueblo, Colorado in 1846, expecting to unite with President Brigham Young and the pioneers later that same season. But the call of the Mormon Battalion prevented the pioneers from coming west in 1846, so these Saints wintered in Pueblo and a small company of them met the pioneers as the brethren were ferrying their wagons over the Platte near Fort Laramie, June 4, 1847. This advance company of Mississippi Saints numbered seventeen, among whom was James Albert Chesney. Only July 13, 1847, forty-two of the brethren, including James A. Chesney, and other men from Mississippi and accompanied by Robert Crow and his family, went ahead with Apostle Orson Pratt and entered Great Salt Lake Valley July 22nd.

In March, 1849, Mr. Chesney was called to act as a counselor to Joseph Harker, president of the Priests' quorum in Great Salt Lake City and was so sustained at conferences in Salt Lake City on April 6th and September 8th, 1850. On September 29, 1853, he was married to *Jane Findley*, born at Louder, Ayershire, Scotland. In October, 1861, Elder Chesney was called with a number of other brethren to settle in southern Utah and doubtless took the family with him. In June, 1864, from among other settlers in southern Utah, he was called to help make a settlement in Meadow Valley, Washington county, Utah, and is mentioned as one of the pioneers of Panaca, Lincoln county, Nevada. It is believed he died there shortly afterwards. Jane Findley Chesney died April 3, 1893 in Salt Lake City at the age of seventy years.—*Eva Olson*

### LEWIS B. MYERS

Pueblo, 1846 — Utah, 1847

According to *Journal History* *Lewis B. Myers* was a member of Robert Crow's party who joined the Mississippi Saints. He was known as the hunter of the group. From the writings of Andrew Jenson we quote:

Monday June 7, 1847: A little before the pioneers stopped, a thunderstorm occurred which lasted upward of two hours. During the latter part of it, it rained very heavily, accompanied by hail and

lightning. The hunters killed two long-tailed deer and an antelope which were distributed as usual. Brother Crow's hunter (Myers) also killed a deer, but the Crow company were unwilling to conform to the rules of the pioneer camp in dividing their meat, and so reserved it all for themselves. Brother Crow observed that if they obtained more meat than they could use, they would be willing to let the camp have some. . . . In regard to Brother Crow's meat, etc., it was learned afterward that the whole family had to depend upon Myers for what they ate, having no breadstuff nor anything else for food, except what he could kill, and the little flour and meal paid to him for a part of the ferryage, he having a small claim on Mr. Bordeaux.

#### A. P. DOWDLE

Pueblo, 1846 — Utah, 1847

*Absalom Porter Dowdle* 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, spending the winter of '46-'47 at Pueblo, Colorado on the Arkansas River. He was appointed by Elder William Crosby, November 17, 1846, to preside over the Saints at Fort Pueblo. Elder Dowdle and family and the other families of the Southern company, following in the wake of the pioneers, arrived in Salt Lake Valley July 29, 1847 with Captain James Brown's detachment of the Mormon Battalion.

Elder Dowdle was called to fill a mission to Australia arriving at Sydney April 1, 1852. He presided over the Australasian Mission until June 27, 1857, when he sailed on the ship *Lucas* homeward bound.—*Jenson*

#### THE GIBSONS

Pueblo, 1846 — Utah, 1847

*George Washington Gibson* was the son of Robert and Polly Evans Gibson of Monroe county, Mississippi. He was born June 17, 1800 in Union county, South Carolina. In 1845 he and his family were converted to the gospel of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and a year later joined the John Brown company and commenced their long journey westward. His wife, Mary Sparks Gibson, was born March 15, 1822 in South Carolina, the daughter of Josiah Sparks and Lydia Tollison.

After their arrival in Pueblo in 1846, George was stricken with mountain fever. He was tenderly nursed and his family cared for by the Spanish women in the fort. The journey was continued the following spring the company arriving in the valley in July 1847. Their first home was in South Cottonwood where he served for a number of years as bishop. He was a well-known farmer and stock raiser in that community. He died in the summer of 1871 at Duncan, Kane county, Utah.

Their children were *Robert M.* who married Lucinda Henshaw; *Mary D.* became the wife of William New; *Lydia E.* married Gilbert Hunt; *William* married Cynthia Lockhart; *Moses* married Electa Badger, Lydia Badger and Lizzie Bube; *Frances A.* married Alvin Green; *Laura A.* married James Andrus and *Manomas* who also married James Andrus, and *Joseph* who married Ruth Theobald.

*Manomas Lavina Gibson* was born in Monroe county, Mississippi March 10, 1842. Her father was George Washington Gibson and her mother Mary Ann Sparks. They were the parents of eleven children, Manomas being the tenth child. When she was about four years of age, her parents, with others of the family, were converted to the truths of the Gospel and commenced the long journey to Utah.

When the family arrived at Pueblo her father became very ill with mountain fever. Even though but a small child, one incident in particular impressed itself upon her mind very clearly. One night during the long Pueblo winter, several men were gambling in a building adjacent to that occupied by the Gibson family, when an argument arose over the card game. One of the men was killed and Manomas remembered hearing the gun fire of the men who pursued the killer, who was later apprehended and killed. Mr. Gibson, being a carpenter by trade, fashioned a coffin from rough logs in which the killer was buried.

In an interview with Manomas Gibson Andrus a number of years ago concerning their stay in Pueblo, Colorado during the winter of 1846-1847 she said:

"My father, mother and eight children were on their way to Utah with the company of Saints from Mississippi when father developed a severe case of what they thought was malaria fever, though it was most likely typhoid fever. Fearing that he would die before we ever reached our destination the leaders advised mother to stay in Pueblo until he was better, or until his death so he could receive proper burial. Of course, I didn't understand all this at the time as I was only about five years old. I do remember well though, the kindness of the Spanish women living in Pueblo and their immaculate cleanliness. Though their homes were of logs as I remember them, the floors were scrubbed snowy white and everything seemed spotless to me.

"Father being too sick to work, we were dependent upon the kindness of the people for our food and well I remember having these kind women take me and my baby brother to their homes and give us our dinner. And such good dinners they were, too. Most of the homes had their flowers and gardens, so the people seemed very well-fixed to our childish eyes. The Indians were troublesome though as they were in all settlements, and I can plainly remember seeing some of them sitting on the floor as mother was stringing green beans for dinner. As a bean would fall they would grab it, chew it up, then spit it at her. But she didn't pay any attention, just went on

with her work, for we had to try to avoid trouble with them at all costs. Most of the people living in Pueblo were Spanish, though a few were English, American and other nationalities, but the kindness of the Spanish mothers made a lasting impression upon my mind.

"While here two of my older sisters married—Lydia, to a member of the Mormon Battalion, who took her with him to San Bernardino, the other, Mary D., to a wealthy merchant of Pueblo (and Sante Fe). When we left Pueblo after father's recovery, the merchant promised to bring her on to Utah as soon as he could arrange his business affairs, but she died there a year or so later, leaving a baby girl. The husband was later killed by Indians as he was in his cornfield not far from home. The little girl was sent to relatives in the East to be educated. I remember very little of the rest of the trip to Utah, so nothing of a serious nature must have happened and we soon found ourselves with the Saints in Utah."

When the Gibson's arrived in Salt Lake City, they were almost destitute but the father soon built a log cabin in Cottonwood in which to house his family. There were already a number of families living there and before long a schoolhouse was erected and a teacher hired. Manomas went to school as often as she could but her entire scholastic training equalled about one year of her life. The children had one book between them and each took a turn at reading. The teacher also taught them a little arithmetic. Manomas was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Big Cottonwood creek in 1850 at the age of eight years. There were many lean years ahead for the Gibson family and consequently she went to work at an early age to help supplement the family income.

In the year 1861, Manomas was married to James Andrus, as a second wife, in the Endowment House and two years later her husband was called to go to southern Utah. They came with oxen teams and settled in a small village called Grafton. Here the Indians were very hostile and often stole cattle belonging to the settlers. Two years later they were forced to move to Rockville for protection against their marauding, then returned to St. George. During these years Manomas became the mother of two children but both died of scarlet fever. The Andrus family moved to St. George where her husband went into the cattle business and Manomas spent much of her married life on a ranch. She served as president of the Primary for one year and was a Relief Society teacher for many years. After the death of her husband she continued to make her home in St. George.

—Hazel Bradshaw

*Laura Altha Gibson* was born June 27, 1837, in Monroe county, Mississippi. She was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints at the age of eight years in Mississippi. She accompanied her parents on the long trek to Pueblo, Colorado, thence into the Valley of the Great Salt Lake where the family made their first home in Cottonwood. While residing there in March, 1857, she



married James Andrus. The following spring her husband went on a mission to Europe. In 1861, after his return, they went to the Dixie mission locating in Grafton. In 1866 they moved to St. George and there she resided the rest of her life.

For a number of years Laura Altha served as counselor in the St. George Relief Society and after the division of the wards was made president of the West Ward, December 31, 1902. She was an active member of the Old Folks committee from its beginning to the time of her death which occurred July 4, 1905. She was the mother of nine children, two having died in infancy. Those who survive are James Jr., Milo, Gideon L., Laura (McDonald), Nora (Macfarlane), Elizabeth (Gates) and Thanizin (Lund).

*Frances Abigail Gibson*, daughter of George Washington Gibson and Mary Sparks Gibson was born May 15, 1823 in Mississippi. She, with her parents wintered in Pueblo, Colorado with the Mississippi Saints and came into the valley with them in Captain Brown's company. On November 27, 1850 she was married to Alvin G. Green, son of Robert Green and Fanny Greeley Green, pioneers of 1847, in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City. They were the parents of eight children, five boys and three girls. The Gibsons made their home in Brighton Ward, Murray, Utah. Alvin G. Green died August 3, 1912. Frances Gibson Green died October 23, 1913. Both were buried in South Cottonwood.

*Lydia Gibson* was the third child of George Washington and Mary Sparks Gibson. When the family arrived at Pueblo, Colorado they were joined by members of the Mormon Battalion. Lydia became acquainted with Gilbert Hunt, son of Captain Jefferson Hunt and Celia Mounts Hunt. They were married at Pueblo and came into the valley together with Captain Brown's company. Following is a letter written by Lydia:

Deseret, March 11, 1897

Kind Sir: I am in receipt of your circular in regards to the Pioneer Jubilee. I can indeed be counted as one of the pioneers as we arrived just five days later. My maiden name was Lydia Gibson. I was married to Gilbert Hunt at Pueblo, Colorado in 1847 and arrived in the valley July 29, 1847 in Captain Brown's company.

I see by the papers you have in several relics of the pioneers. I have a white bedspread corded, spun and woven in South Carolina seventy-seven years ago; also a flatiron that I brought into Utah. I prize them very highly but if you wish to add them to your little store I would be pleased to do so. I would like to have them returned when you are through with them.

Respectfully,

(Signed) Lydia A. Hunt

Original on file at DUP Library.

## THE KARTCHNER FAMILY

Pueblo, 1846 — Utah, 1847

*William Decatur Kartchner* was born May 4, 1820 at Hartford, Montgomery county, Pennsylvania. He was the son of John Christopher Kartchner and Prudence Wilcox. Prudence Wilcox was of German descent. She was the daughter of John Wilcox and Sarah Walton, a daughter of William Walton, M.D. who came from England and settled in Virginia about 1730.

John C. and Prudence Kartchner had seven children, four boys and three girls. He fought in the war of 1812 and was in the Battle of New Orleans, under the command of General Jackson. John was a paper manufacturer. When William was almost six years of age his father passed away April 2, 1826. A year later he was placed with a Mr. McKnight but that fall his employer died and William returned to his mother. He was then taken by his Uncle John Wilcox for a year serving as a lay boy in his paper mill. Afterwards he worked in a woolen mill, then was sent to school. He was not a studious boy and quit school to work in a cotton factory. Later he chose to learn the blacksmithing trade and was bound by indenture to Benjamin Miles for seven years and six months.

After very cruel treatment from Mr. Miles, William ran away, worked his passage on a boat to Memphis, Tennessee and finally to Naples, Illinois. There he was handed some Latter-day Saint writings, among them Parley P. Pratt's "Voice of Warning." He was baptized by two Mormon Elders on May 8, 1843. This caused disagreement between him and his brother, John, and in June he fled to the body of the Church in Nauvoo for peace and safety. He immediately went to the home of the Prophet Joseph Smith and requested an interview with him which was granted. William then did some work on the temple. Twenty miles below Nauvoo he set up a blacksmith shop. It was while working here that he became acquainted with Jacob I. Casteel whose daughter, *Margaret Jane*, he married in 1844. She donated an offering of money to help pay for the window glass in the Nauvoo Temple. From his journal:

The spring of 1846 came and I learned some Mormons were going West from the six-mile prairie and John Brown from the nine-mile. My brother had some bloodhounds and we did take real comfort hunting the raccoon until this company was making preparations to start to the Rocky Mountains. Finally Brother Crow heard that I was used to camp life and came to see me and offered me a wagon and half a team and wished me to furnish the other half and haul 1,000 pounds for him, which caused my brother to tremble, fearing I was going to leave again. I told him that I would rather be a Mormon's dog than to stay in that country, when my people had been robbed, pillaged, murdered and now exterminating orders issued for them to leave the United States.

On the first day of March 1846 we started in what was known as the Mississippi Company. Crossing at St. Louis we traveled up

through Jackson county, Missouri to Independence and soon after organized our company with William Crosby, captain. About the middle of June we arrived at Grand Island on the Platte River, where according to previous agreement President Brigham Young and the pioneer camp were to meet us. Not finding them after waiting one week we concluded to go southwest, between two and three hundred miles and wait, for we were at the end of our instructions.

When we arrived at Pueblo on the Arkansas River, we found small farms of corn cultivated by Indians mostly and traders, who had Indian squaws for wives, of whom we bought corn and prepared for winterquarters, building a row of log houses on the opposite bank of the river from Fort Pueblo.

When we had about completed the houses, a detachment of the Mormon Battalion, composed of the sick and disabled, under the command of Captain James Brown and Captain Nelson Higgins, hearing of our camp on the Arkansas, was sent by Colonel Cooke to our camp for a change of diet, as we were traveling emigrants and would have cows and plenty of milk, which was advised by the army surgeon, by whom we learned the cause of President Young's delay. He had borrowed teams and wagons when about to leave the Missouri River as the leader of the pioneers to seek a home for the Saints. They were called for by the owners, thus hindering the company until the spring of 1847 when the Lord opened the way. Allow me to retract a little and go back to camp Pueblo, where it was determined to winter.

I made a camp under a large cottonwood tree, left to the mercy of kind friends in an unsettled country. John Brown, a cousin of Sister Crow, gave us some flour and bacon and blessed us, and said we should have supplies in some way.

On the 17th of August, 1846, our first little angel daughter was born, under the tree, under these destitute circumstances, not knowing where succor was to come from to make Brother Brown's promise fulfilled. When our babe was a week old, a messenger was sent from Bent's Fort, 80 miles below, for a blacksmith and the man brought a horse for me to ride. I recommended James Harmon as gunsmith who accompanied us. We started next day, leaving my young wife and babe to the kindness of Catherine Holladay. Two days of hard ride to the fort. Our first day we encountered a large grizzly bear and after a shot apiece from J. Harmon and myself we broke him down in the back. He run towards us dragging his hind parts, when Harmon drew his pistol and finished him. By this time "Mr. Longleg's" mule had taken him three hundred yards from the fun.

Our arrival at Bent's Fort was welcomed by Mr. Holt, the bush-way of the fort, or boss. I went to work and made what is known in shops by the name of stake-horn in lieu of anvil on which Mr. Harmon welded the hub-bands and other small work, while I welded the tires and set them and other heavy work. The work was mostly for

the U. S. Army, under the command of General Kearney, then under way for the scene of action—the Mexican War. We worked until late in the fall most of the time at \$2.00 each per day. We lay hard and slept cold, so that I had another attack of rheumatism and returned to Pueblo, sick, with my money with which I was enabled to buy corn and an old wagon.

During my absence the part of the Mormon Battalion who was sick, under command of Captains Brown and Higgins, had come to our camp and built a row opposite our row of log cabins for winter-quarters and placed over the doors signs for sport. Over Brother Durfee's mess door was the picture of an auger with the words "Fool Killer Office." On inquiry found the above instrument was used for boring simple barber poles by Taylor and others. I found them witty and talented. The soldiers annoyed Captain Brown by writing and dropping near his quarters poetry calling him "the Old Linn Mall."

One night an alarm was given that five hundred Spaniards were close by marching into camp. Tap of drum was heard from Jim Stuart's drum calling men into line. Command was given to Captain Higgins, whose voice trembled, and was noticed by all so that it furnished fun for days to come. The company of Spaniards proved to be a band of elk.

The sick soon began to mend from their black-leg disease after eating milk and mush awhile for which they exchanged their pickled pork and other rations, which was a blessing to us. It was at this place that Corporal Arnold Stevens fell from his animal and one week after, we buried him in a cottonwood bark coffin, with the honors of war. It was here William Casto deserted. Captain Brown was intending to go after him, but was advised to desist. Ebenezer Hanks and John Steele were sent and found him some forty miles. After some persuasion returned with him. He was court martialed and sentenced to haul wood for camp some days.

During the winter my wife went in snow knee-deep many times to the grove 100 yards and carried a limb from the cottonwoods for fuel, during my confinement with rheumatism. During this time we received word that President Young and the pioneers would start from Missouri River in early spring and we were to intercept their party at Fort Laramie. Preparations for the journey made business for all. I repaired my wagon, sitting on the bed before I could stand on my feet. My wife carried the parts of the wagon to me needing repairs, although kind friends helped us to get ready. Sometime in April we were ready to start and Brother Sebert Shelton furnished a second yoke of oxen for me. I was unable to walk and Jackson Mayfield and his brother, and Lysander Woodert hunted my team and yoked them day after day. In a few days I could get out by the wagon tongue and by means of a small vise screwed to the wagon tongue, I, by use of files did many small jobs of blacksmithing for the brethren. Also fit up one pair of spurs I had forged at Bent's Fort.

Amasa M. Lyman, one of the Twelve, and Thomas Woolsey sent from the Pioneer camp with a message from President Young—met us on the above river. On meeting them Brother John Hess ran and embraced and kissed Amasa for joy. When our camp arrived at Laramie, the main road, we were three days behind the Pioneer camp and traveled about that distance from the main camp until we entered Salt Lake Valley. President Young's health was poor. He, wife, and three or four other men lingered on the road so that we caught up within a few miles of his camp.

We traveled a day or two behind the Pioneer camp and arrived in Salt Lake City 28th of July, 1847. President Brigham Young and H. C. Kimball and other men of authority were our escorts and bid us welcome. We moved into the Pioneer Camp and soon conformed to the general rule of being baptized for the remission of sins. My wife, Margaret Jane, was sick with mountain fever when we went to City Creek and was baptized by H. C. Kimball and was confirmed with all our former ordinations and blessings pronounced upon us.

We were directed to build a fort surrounding ten acres of land. We ploughed a narrow strip outside of the line designed for the wall and turned on the water and tromped it with the oxen and made adobes and built the outside wall very thick with occasional portholes. We drew our lots or space inside to build our homes. My house was the third house north of the west gate of the old Fort. A Liberty Pole was erected on the east side of the middle of the Fort.

Burr Frost was the first blacksmith who put up shop and worked. My shop was the second in the valley which was on the east side of the Fort and the tools were furnished by Thomas S. Williams who never paid me a cent for my winter's work in that shop. Spring arrived, we were to farm as we had traveled, by ten's, fifties, and hundreds. The land our ten drew was on a high bench six miles southeast of the city and our captain, John Holladay, Sr. He asked permission from his captain to locate three miles further south at a large spring. It was granted, and soon we moved out there, built a row of small houses and fenced a field. My rheumatism had now settled in my ankles and feet and I stood on my knees to do the ditching, my portion of that fence. During this time our breadstuff gave out. We had our last ox killed, an old favorite of mine. I could not kill it myself, it would be like killing one of my family, so my neighbor, John Sparks, saw my predicament and went and killed him, saying to me, "You had better skin that ox, for he is dead." It was very poor beef but was very good boiled with thistle roots I gathered daily. Our last bread was of a bushel of wheat I bought from our beloved Brother Parley P. Pratt, Sr., who had refused a ten dollar gold piece, and took one ton of hay from me for it. We could obtain no more for love or money. I went to town and bought four pounds of flour at 50 cents per pound for our little girl, our only child.

One lovely morning, latter part of June 1848, our captain, Brother Holladay, came to me holding a quarter of a skillet loaf of bread in his hand, eating at the same time of it, and said "Brother William, what under heavens are we to do for bread?" I told him to cheer up and pointing to a green piece of wheat said, "There is bread." At that time I had not tasted of bread or any substance of grain for nearly two months. I often visited the patch of wheat and as soon as it would rub out, I had the greatest feast I ever had on any occasion. The appetite was so sharpened for bread.

In March was a very pleasant spell of winter. On the tenth *William Matthews* planted his corn and urged me to plant my morsel of seed; but as our next year's bread depended on the good use made of the few kernels of corn I had, I waited. A cold spell of weather set in in April and Mr. Matthews seed corn rotted in the ground, but he had other seed to plant a second time. A third time he replanted the same patch and he was put out with my slow actions. My corn ground was ploughed and ready waiting one month and on the 10th of May I planted the long saved seed. It soon sprouted and came up to a hill. It grew finally and to my surprise began to shoot near the ground as I never saw Spanish corn grow before and had from six to eight ears to the hill and we had sufficient for bread for three families.

In October of 1848, I went back to Emigration canyon to meet my father-in-law and family. I met them on the Big Mountain. Soon after their arrival we all moved to Amasa's Survey, built a two story log house with two apartments for the two families. We hauled my abundant corn crop and shared equally and had some to spare for others. Next season we had a light crop of wheat and some corn. Winter of 1849 the settling of San Pete Valley was agitated and father-in-law wished to go on account of good range for his cattle. Early spring, after hard winter and deep snow in San Pete, he came to visit us and during his stay one of his oxen was driven to Salt Lake City by some general drive being made. It was gone one week and found in President Brigham Young's possession. When called for he, B. Young, said, "What if my women will swear that ox had been here all winter and ate his head off?" It so confused father-in-law he went away and never got his ox. I urged him to commence suit in a Bishop court, but he feared to offend President Young and it remained unsettled. Father-in-law went back to San Pete, afterwards called Manti.

The winter of 1850, a project was set on foot by some of the Church authorities to plant a colony in southern California and some families were chosen by Amasa Lyman and others by Charles C. Rich. Myself and family were chosen by the former. I declined going. When Amasa heard it he said "that if I refused to go he would cause me to have a worse mission," which scared me as I had not received endowments. I thought I would be excused on that ground: but on February 8th, I was notified to be at the Endowment House

for that purpose. On arriving was ordained into the Quorum of the Seventies by Jedediah M. Grant, afterwards placed in the Nineteenth quorum and received endowments preparatory for the mission south. Met other families of the mission in the Endowment House. The winter was spent in preparing to start on the 13th of March, 1851. Started, and when we arrived at Peteetneet, afterwards called Payson, we had organized into two companies, known as Parley's company and Lyman and Rich company. It seemed a great many more than was called was moving with us and President Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball called a meeting at this place and Heber preached and discouraged many from going.

The teams of our company were mostly oxen unshod who became footsore when on the desert, and many were left behind sore-footed and for want of water. Brother Parley's company had mostly horse and mule teams and gained a month on us in traveling to California. In order to raise some money, two wagons of Parley's company was sent back with light loads of groceries to Mohave to meet us, which worked well. They raised considerable money to pay their passage to Valparaiso, South America.

The first of July we camped in Cajon Pass and was counseled to remain there until a place could be purchased. Some few disbelieved and went to the settlements. We remained in camp until September 1st, during which time I worked at blacksmithing under a sycamore tree, setting tires as no one was making anything. They burned coal for this work and was charged twelve and one-half cents per tire.

During this time Brothers Lyman and Rich bought a ranch known as San Bernardino and gave notes for the sum of \$77,500.00, with fifty head of cattle included. We moved to the ranch September 1st. The sisters had hundreds of little chickens two months old to raise in camp. During our stay in camp, a stake was organized with David Seeley as president and Samuel Rolfe and Simeon Andrew, counselors; Bishop William Crosby with A. W. Collins and William Mathews, counselors. So that when we moved to the ranch we were fully organized. The sycamore tree afterwards was known as "Conference Tree" while it lived. The writer passed there in March, 1861, on a business trip returning to Beaver, Utah and saw the tree was dead, having burned to the roots. In October we held a harvest feast in the meeting shed called tabernacle where the different kinds of produce were exhibited. Corn stalks sixteen feet long, melons 38 pounds, and the mammoth pumpkins. A public dinner and dance and general good time was had.

During our seven years stay many pilgrims came from Australia mostly on their way to Salt Lake City, Utah, the gathering place of the Saints. Also a mammoth organ came from Australia, a donation to the Saints of Salt Lake City. I gave five dollars for freighting. It was in care of Brother Ridges, who built it, and freighted by Sidney Tanner. In 1855, the crops of San Bernardino was a failure and Brother

Lyman and Rich held a two day meeting and concluded to send missionaries to all the countries and principal cities of California. Eighty-four Elders were called to go. I was called to go in company with John D. Holladay to Santa Barbara on the Pacific coast.

We journeyed with many other Elders enroute for our fields of labor holding meetings in camp. Myself and fellow laborer was left at the city of Santa Barbara, our field of labor. We posted notices after obtaining the use of the courthouse for next Sunday. As our meeting in the courthouse was put off Sunday, I proposed to Brother Holladay that we spend the five days in the upper coast part of the country. Brother Holladay declined going but blessed me in going. I took a young man with me by name, John Mathews, into a town called Carpenteria. I found a few Spanish settlers, but I could not speak the Spanish language sufficiently at that time to preach to them. . . .

The summer of 1857 President W. J. Cox received a letter from President Brigham Young for all Saints to come home to Utah, and there was a general rush to sell out. Myself and family arrived in Beaver, Utah, March 1, 1858. I drew land in the new field and busied myself making a new farm.

First year sent my team to move the poor to Salt Lake City as Johnston's Army was at Hams Fork threatening destruction to the Mormons. President Young sent the public shop to Parowan. The frost killed my wheat that year and I went to the public shop to work to earn bread for my family. (End of journal.)

*Sarah Emma Kartchner*, daughter of William D. Kartchner and Margaret Jane Casteel was born August 17, 1846 under a cottonwood tree at Pueblo, Colorado. Her parents were members of the Mississippi Saints who had wintered at Fort Pueblo while en route to Utah. According to the records of the Colorado State Historical Society Sarah Emma was the first white child born in the state of Colorado. She has been honored as such on several occasions.

When the Kartchner family returned from California where they had been sent to help establish San Bernardino and do other missionary labors, William was called to help colonize Beaver, Utah. It was here the family lived during Sarah's girlhood years. She cooked the meals for the family from the time she was twelve years of age and also helped her mother weave cloth and do sewing for others to supplement the family income.

In 1865 the family was called to the Muddy Mission where they lived until 1871, when they were called back to southern Utah, settling in Panguitch. It was while living there that Sarah Emma met and fell in love with Ninian Miller. Just prior to their marriage Mr. Kartchner, his sons, and son-in-law were called to go to Arizona. On June 1, 1877 the marriage was solemnized in the St. George Temple and immediately after the young couple journeyed to Arizona where they established a home at Taylor, near the present site of Joseph



City, then moved near the head of Silver Creek at Snowflake. Here they lived the remainder of their lives. Sarah Emma was eighty-eight years of age at the time of her death. She was the mother of eight children, two of whom died in infancy. She was a pioneer of five states, Colorado, Utah, California, Nevada and Arizona.

—*Phoebe McPherson*

### JOHN HOLLADAY

Pueblo, 1846 — Utah, 1847

*John Holladay* was born March 10, 1798, at Camden District, Kershaw county, South Carolina. After his marriage to *Catherine Beesley Higgins*, he migrated to the state of Alabama and settled in Marion county about the beginning of the nineteenth century. He operated a large plantation, but after joining the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, he sold the land and started with his family for Utah. Six children accompanied them on this trek, namely: *John Daniel*, 20; *Karen H.*, 17; *Kezia D.*, 15; *David H.*, 13; *Thomas M. W.*, 11; and *Leonora*, 8 years of age. They spent the winter of 1846-1847 at Pueblo, Colorado on the Arkansas River.

After their arrival in the valley the family settled on Big Cottonwood creek near the mouth of the canyon which bears that name in what was then called Big Cottonwood Settlement. Later it was called Holladay Settlement in honor of John, the first Bishop of this small community.

In the spring of 1851, the family moved to San Bernardino, California with the Amasa Lyman company. Thus he became one of the earliest settlers of San Bernardino and continued a resident of that place until 1858, when he, together with nearly all the rest of his co-religionists who had founded San Bernardino, returned to Utah. He then located with his family at Spring Lake Villa, now Spring Lake, Utah county, a small settlement situated between Payson and Santaquin, where he died December 1862. The Indians used to call him Bishop because he was the most corpulent man in the little settlement.

*Thomas Middleton Holladay*, a Utah pioneer of 1847, was born September 2, 1836, in Marion county, Alabama, the son of John Holladay and Catherine Beesley Higgins. He came with his parents to the Great Salt Lake Valley and later accompanied them to San Bernardino, California, where he in January 1856, married *Ann H. Mathews*, who subsequently bore him ten children.

When Thomas arrived in the valley in 1847 he brought with him one bushel of wheat which he had obtained, according to instructions from his father, at a place called Taos, New Mexico, carrying the same on horseback a distance of fifty miles to his father's camp. This was a superior grade of wheat and after the arrival in the valley John Holladay planted the wheat on his farm at Cottonwood in the

spring of 1848. It yielded 110 bushels in the fall of that year. Thomas was one of three men who brought the Taos wheat into Salt Lake Valley. The wheat was flailed that fall by the Holladay family and distributed to other settlers for seed wheat the following spring. After residing in Utah for many years, Thomas moved his family to Fairview, Graham county, Arizona.

*Karen Happuch Holladay* was born May 4, 1830, at Marion county, Alabama, the daughter of John Holladay and Catherine B. Higgins. When she was fourteen years of age she was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. She came on the westward trek with her parents, brothers and sisters being then in her seventeenth year. It is claimed that she rode most of the way on horseback.

While the Mississippi company was stationed at Fort Pueblo, Karen became acquainted with Thomas Bingham, a private in Company B of the Mormon Battalion. Two years after her arrival in Utah she was married to him on September 6, 1849 and soon after the young couple moved to Ogden, where they established their first home. In March, 1851, they were called to go with a company of Saints to help establish the settlement of San Bernardino, California where they remained until the spring of 1855, returning to their former home in Ogden. In the spring of 1856 her husband was called on a mission to the Salmon River Indians where he served two years and during this time she was left with the responsibility of caring for their three children. Her family was with those who went south during the Johnston army episode.

In the spring of 1862 the Bingham family helped to establish Huntsville in Ogden Canyon and, in the fall of 1877, moved to Ashley Valley, locating first on the Green River; then, in the spring of 1878, they moved to Dry Fork Mountain Dell, north of Vernal, where they resided for several years. In the fall of 1884 they moved to Mill Ward now Maeser Ward. Her husband died December 31, 1889. Through the years she remained a faithful Latter-day Saint and for many years was a Relief Society teacher. She was the mother of ten children all of whom lived in Ashley Valley the greater part of their lives. After the death of her husband she made her home with her daughters, Mary Hall Stringham and Phoebe C. Hyslop where she passed away at the home of the latter January 18, 1915.

—*Maggie Maria Bingham Billings*

*David Hollis Holladay* came to Utah with his parents from Alabama when he was still a boy. Later he married *Henrietta Taylor*. The following account of their lives was written by their daughter, *Henrietta Ann Holladay Tietjen* of Santaquin.

"My parents lived in a tent and wagon box until my father went into the canyon, got out logs and built a one room home. A few years later he built an adobe house. In 1865 he was chosen Bishop

of Santaquin and set apart by Henry Fairbanks of Payson, which position he faithfully held until his death. Father always took a great interest in public works and was one of the first to haul timber to Provo to help build the first woolen mills. He also started the first co-op store in Santaquin, going to Salt Lake City by team and bringing the goods home, which took him three days to go and three days to return. D. S. Andrews was the first manager of the store, and it occupied one room in the family home. Later they built an adobe house to be used as a store and Eli Openshaw was the manager. The store was a successful business venture. Father helped to make roads, build bridges and under his guidance a large and commodious school and meetinghouse was erected for the good of the community.

"On January 19, 1874, he was hauling timber to the Tintic mine. Going up Holmanville Canyon his wagon was stalled in a creek of ice, the water of which came from the mine. He had a cut on his right wrist and while working to get the wagon out of the creek his wrist became infected with the mineralized water. On his way back he stopped at the home of his friend, Henry Dahl, and his wife attended to the wound. Next morning he arrived home and was soon taken seriously ill. Blood poisoning set in which brought about his death January 29, 1874, at the age of forty-two years, leaving his wife, Henrietta Taylor Holladay with the care of five children, John Martin, Norman Sylvester, Jesse Hollis, Henrietta A. and Elizabeth Euzell."

### THE HARMON FAMILY

Pueblo, 1846 — Utah, 1847

The story of the Harmon family who traveled to Utah as pioneers of 1847 reads like a romance of the Old South. The father, *James Harmon*, was born in 1801 in Boonesborg, Kentucky, descendant of a long line of adventure-loving people. In his early youth he was a friend of Daniel Boone and greatly admired this picturesque old frontiersman. Like so many of the settlers of Kentucky his parents, Steven and Lucy Goslin Harmon, came from Virginia where their people had originally settled after leaving England. They proudly boast, as many southerners, of being one of those famous families "the first families of Virginia."

In about 1828 James married *Mary Ann Blanks Smithson*, who was the second great granddaughter of the Duke of Northumberland. She was born in Pendleton district, South Carolina, December 25, 1808, the eldest daughter of Bartley and Sarah Weatherfor Smithson. The family lived in South Carolina where they owned a vast plantation with hundreds of slaves. Mary Ann showed remarkable leadership even as a young girl, often riding with her father over the plantation and advising and assisting him in the management. Before her marriage, she also taught school in Alabama. Thus, it may be seen, she was well trained for the work in store for her after leaving the luxury and comfort of her southern home. — She was a woman of

large stature and great physical strength, as well as mental alertness. After her marriage, she moved with her husband to Monroe county, Mississippi where five of their six children were born. The two younger children were born after they joined the Latter-day Saint Church.

In the early days of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints there were many southerners who felt the urge to join the Church and assist in the building of the great western empire. With that now famous group of Mississippi converts the Harmon family started west in 1846. James Harmon was a blacksmith by trade. He worked some time on the Nauvoo Temple, then returned to Mississippi for his family when the Mormons started west. The Harmons were remarkably well equipped for travel, even for those times, as they sold their plantation and slaves and purchased horses, mules, wagons and other necessary supplies. Upon reaching Pueblo, Colorado, they remained with those camped there for the winter where a son John Taylor Harmon was born April 6, 1847.

The family arrived in Utah July 29, 1847. The father established a blacksmith shop on Pioneer Square with Dimick Huntington. He also took up and attempted to run a tract of land in Big Cottonwood canyon. In 1849 the family moved to Sacramento and then to Auburn, California where James engaged in placer mining and Mary ran a hotel, the first in Auburn. They lived there until James died of fever contracted during a trip across the Isthmus of Panama. After the father died, Mary Ann bought a large cattle ranch at Carson City, Nevada where she lived until 1859.

At this time, with her three youngest children James, John and Josephine, "Mother Harmon," as she was affectionately called, returned to Utah. The older children had married and established homes: Mary Eliza Nevers in Nevada; Sarah Elizabeth Winters in California and Paralee America Garn in Utah. Josephine Smithson Harmon, then a girl of fourteen, rode on a beautiful white horse which was given to her on the eve of her departure all the way from Auburn, California to Centerville, Utah.

On reaching Centerville, Mother Harmon purchased land within old Fort Centerville, and members of the family still reside on this property. Two years after reaching Utah, Josephine married Jonathan Benner Evans, also a pioneer, and to this union were born twelve children. All were born in Centerville. Later James Harmon married Agnes Browning and moved to Montana and John Taylor Harmon married Susan Chesley White. Each had one child.

Mary Ann Blanks Harmon was always an active church worker. She served as the first president of the Centerville Ward Relief Society. She was naturally a wanderer and made numerous trips to California to visit her children. On one of these trips, February, 1872, she had sent to Centerville by express from Knights Landing, California, twelve walnut trees, twelve almond trees, two fig trees, twelve quince trees and a large number of grape vines. These were

probably the first trees of this kind planted in Utah and it is of interest to note that five of these walnut trees still stand on the old homestead (1934). The fig trees were potted in tubs and carried to the cellar each winter but finally died. Several of the trees were blown down. Mother Harmon was also a weaver and spent much of her time making beautiful pieces of cloth from wool, linen and cotton. She always had a particularly fine piece of linen on hand for an unexpected wedding or for a burial robe.

Active and capable until January 15, 1897, she suffered a stroke while visiting in Salt Lake City with her son, John, and passed away January 25th at the age of eighty-nine years.—*Josephine Berry Ferrell*.

Centerville, Utah

July 12, 1926

#### Daughters of Utah Pioneers:

In answer to your request I am sending you a brief history of myself and the rest of the pioneers of 1847. I was born in Monroe Co., Mississippi March 16, 1845. I left Mississippi the following year with my parents, *James Harmon* and *Mary Ann Blanks Smithson Harmon*, and one brother and two sisters for the west via Nauvoo, Illinois. My brother's name was *James Bartley* and sisters *Paralee America* and *Sarah Elizabeth* and one sister was left in Mississippi, *Mary Eliza* by name. I had one brother *John Taylor* who was born on the way to Salt Lake. He was born on the same day of the month that the Church was organized only seventeen years later, in Pueblo. My parents' kinsfolks call me "Jo." I was named for the Prophet Joseph Smith only my name is Josephine instead of Joseph.

We arrived in Salt Lake on the 29th day of July 1847. We were to meet the other company of Saints at Fort Laramie but we missed them four days and followed on after them. We had gone to Pueblo the previous year and stayed there during the winter of 1846 and spring of 1847. My father went up to Nauvoo a number of years before and was baptized and had his endowments there. He knew the Prophet Joseph very well. I know many things very wonderful that I heard him tell of the prophet and amongst some of them were his martyrdom.

We had two ox teams and two cows on leaving Nauvoo and arrived here with them. We lived in the old fort square for two years. My father and Dimick Huntington opened up a blacksmith shop in the old fort. After staying there for two years we left for California in the spring of 1849. Lived in Auburn, California for eight years. My parents ran a hotel and it was a gathering place for the Latter-day Saint missionaries. I remember as many as fifteen Elders being there at one time and for eight years we housed and entertained as many as came there. My parents done well in their hotel. Father died there and we came back to Utah. When President Brigham Young

called the Saints back we were in Carson City, Nevada. Two years before coming to Utah two of my sisters got married while we were away from Utah.

My father went back to Mississippi by way of Panama and brought the oldest sister to California. We arrived back in Salt Lake with two saddle horses, one two-horse team and a four-mule team. We settled here in Centerville. I was married when I was fifteen years old to Jonathan Benner Evans. He was a Ship *Brooklyn* pioneer to California. He arrived there on the 31st of July, 1846. I am the mother of twelve children. I have been a widow over forty-two years. The first death of any of my children was a year ago, Decoration Day May 30, 1925. My mother taught me to spin and to weave and to make all kinds of clothing from cotton, linen, and wool. We made our own dye stuff and soap, our own flour and bread. I have helped to drive and kill crickets and grasshoppers. My mother was the first president of the Relief Society here in Centerville. I remember the building of the Tabernacle and the Salt Lake Theatre. I was there with my husband on the opening night. I remember most of the prominent historical events in Utah and lots of them of California and Nevada. I will not try to mention them for I assume that you have them far more accurate than I can write them.

My children are: William Benner, Samuel Nevers, Sarah Josephine, Eliza, Jenette, Monroe Salsbury, John Taylor, Hannah Mary, Fredrick Williamson, Seth Bartlett, George Emory, Ralph Thompson and Jonathan Benner.

I am yours respectfully,

(Signed) Josephine Smithson Harmon Evans

Mrs. Evans passed away in Centerville, Utah, October 13, 1927 at the age of 83 years.

#### ALLEN FREEMAN SMITHSON

Pueblo, 1846—Utah, 1847

*Allen Freeman Smithson* was born February 11, 1816 in Pendleton District, Anderson county, South Carolina. He was the son of Bartley and Sarah Weatherfor Smithson. On April 9, 1840 he married Letitia Holladay, daughter of John Holladay and Catherine Higgins. She was born November 24, 1824 in Marion county, Alabama. They were the parents of four children before they started on the westward journey with other Mississippians who had accepted the teachings of the Latter-day Saint Church. The children were: *John Bartley*, born October 6, 1841; *Sarah Catherine*, born February 18, 1843; *James David*, born September 19, 1844. These three children were born in Fayette, Alabama while the fourth child, *Mary Emma* was born March 1, 1846 at Marion, Alabama. The Smithson family

wintered (1846-47) in Pueblo, Colorado coming into the valley of the Great Salt Lake late in July, 1847.

Several months after their arrival another child, Lehi, was born March 20, 1848. The following year Letitia became ill and passed away August 15, 1849, leaving Allen with five small children to care for. Jennett Burton Taylor who arrived with her parents in the valley in the late summer of 1847, came into the motherless home and cared for the children. She was born in Darlington county, South Carolina May 2, 1826, the daughter of Kenyon and Esther Traywick Taylor and was baptized into the Mormon Church in Nauvoo, Illinois on the 18th of March, 1846. On the 16th of December 1849, Jennett Burton Taylor married Allen Freeman Smithson in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City.

Their first son, Nephi, was born 16 September, 1850 in Salt Lake City. In the biographical notes compiled by her daughter, Elizabeth J. S. Smith, she states that "her mother was very sick at that time, and one day as she was lying in bed, a strange man entered the room and asked to administer to her. After he had administered to her, he immediately left the room. Father stepped outside to see where the man had gone, and he was nowhere in sight—and he had left but a few seconds before! Mother and Father thought that he was one of the three Nephites.

"A short time afterwards they moved to San Bernardino, California. After living there about six years, they were called back to Utah, where they settled in Beaver in 1857. In 1858, they were called to go to Dixie in Southern Utah. There Father raised cotton which Mother carded, spun, and wove into cloth on a hand-loom. Mother made all the family's clothing—jeans, Father's coats and trousers, and cloth for the children's clothes. She had a large family to care for, eleven sons and three daughters, besides the five children by Allen Freeman Smithson's first wife."

In 1871 Allen was called by Erastus Snow to Pahreah, Kane county, Utah to help settle that locality. He was made bishop of this community and retained that office until he died September 27, 1877. Jennett died in Layton, May 29, 1912.

The following original documents are in the possession of Cora Smithson Ranson who resides in Los Angeles California:

A tithing receipt made out to Allen Freeman Smithson about six months before he died in Kanab Ward in St. George. It shows he paid six dozen eggs amounting to \$1.50 and \$2.50 in cash. It is signed by A. F. McDonald Jr., Clerk.

A letter written in his own handwriting which gives valuable family data, including the names of his maternal grandmother and great grandmother.

A letter sent by Apostle Erastus Snow to Allen Freeman Smithson asking him to help establish a settlement on the Pahreah Creek in Kane county, Utah, as follows:

St. George, Dec. 5, 1871

Brother Allen Smithson  
Washington, Washington county.

Dear Sir:

Bro. Thomas Smith desires you to accompany him to the Pahreah and if you can do so without feeling oppressed we shall be glad to have you go and assist in establishing that settlement. In making that change we wish to better the conditions of our brethren and not make them worry, and we hope there will be enough who will feel satisfied to extend the line of our settlement at the Colorado. We do not ask you to go if you do not feel satisfied so to do.

Very respectfully

(Signed) Erastus Snow.

The Daughters of Utah Pioneer records show that his son, James David Smithson, moved to Woodruff, Arizona where he passed away January 1, 1892.

Safford, Graham County, Arizona

Mr. Spencer Clawson,

Dear Sir:

I have heard that you are one of the committee for the semi-centennial of the pioneers of Utah. I suppose that I am one of the pioneers. My name is Mary E. Smith. My father's name is Allen Smithson. We stopped at Pueblo for a time and then came on in to Salt Lake valley in 1847, but I was very small, then and do not recollect the name of the captain or any dates.

I will give the names of my father's family that came in with him. My oldest sister *Sarah C. Couch*. She lives at Muskegee Indian Territory; *J. B. Smithson*, my oldest brother, lives in San Bernardino, California. I have another brother, *J. D. Smithson*, living at Woodruff, Navajo county, Arizona. I have a younger brother but he was born in Salt Lake valley. I believe that our captain's name was Brown but I could not say for certain. I have heard my father say that he saw the first adobe made in the valley.

(Signed) Mary E. Smith

#### WILLIAM COX SMITHSON

Pueblo, 1846 — Utah, 1847

William Cox Smithson, brother of Allen Freeman Smithson, was born March 30, 1804 in Pendleton District, South Carolina. He was among the Saints who wintered at Pueblo coming to Utah in July 1847 and settling first in Holladay. He went to San Bernardino, California in the company under the direction of Amasa M. Lyman. The following paragraph was taken from "The Red Hills of November" by Karl Larson:



"In the winter of the first season at Washington (Utah) quite a large number of families, about fifty, arrived there from San Bernardino settlement near Cajon Pass in southern California. These colonists had been called in because of the Utah War which was then in progress. Most of the San Bernardino immigrants left Washington for other locations after spending the winter of 1857-1858 there, but a few remained at Washington; among these were the Smithsons, the Aldredges and the Harrises. William Smithson, popularly known as "Buck" found kindred souls here at Washington for he too was a southerner, and he soon became one of the most enthusiastic and successful among the cotton farmers at Washington."

From the history of Jennett Burton Taylor Smithson, wife of Allen Smithson, written by her granddaughter, Alzina Janett Smithson Johnston, we quote:

"When the St. George Temple was completed in May, 1877, Allen and Jennett began making preparations to go and do the vicarious work for their dead kinfolk. About the middle of August they with Allen's brother, William Cox Smithson, and family, who were apparently still residents of Washington county, Utah went to the temple. About one week was spent in doing baptisms and endowments for both the Smithson and Taylor relatives.

"On the return trip home, Allen became extremely ill with typhoid fever. There was no doctor available, so Jennett cared for him the best she could, but he never recovered. Allen died September 27, 1877 at their home in Pahreah, leaving a great void in the lives of his large family and many friends."

William Smithson died March 2, 1899 in Washington, Washington county, Utah where he had established his permanent home after returning to Utah. A brother, Jas. A. Smithson spent the winter of 46-47 in Pueblo, but never came to Utah.

### GEORGE W. SPARKS

Pueblo, 1846 - Utah, 1847

George W. Sparks came to California in June 1857. He was born 19 April 1819 in Monroe county, Mississippi, a son of Aaron and Mary (Stipson) Sparks. He was married in Mississippi to Lorena Roberds, 26 August 1842, a native of Alabama. Four years later they left for California with team and wagon, wintered at Fort Pueblo, Colorado. In the spring of 1847 they started for Salt Lake and remained there until 1850. He left Salt Lake with his wife and three children in company of John Roberds and wife and seven children, Mr. Jackson, wife and three children. They completed the journey at Diamond Springs where they built their first home, and naming the place. They spent the winter of 1851 there operating a boarding house. He went next to Suisun Valley where he stayed for one and one-half years; then went to

Russian River and from there to San Bernardino, arriving 26 June 1857, and has since been a resident of this county. The first land purchased was 168 acres in partnership with James M. West and has since added 40 acres. He has an additional 5120 acres in San Diego county used as a stock ranch which his sons operate. Mr. Sparks has borne the burdens of pioneer life and his wife has been a faithful partner in both his failures and successes. They have reared seven children: William, George Frank, Harriet Sparks (Carter), Eli, Bethsaida Sparks (Kellar), Cyrus and Robert. Mr. and Mrs. Sparks are both active in the L.D.S. Church.

—*Biography of San Bernardino Early Pioneers—Courtesy Glenn R. Lewis*

### BENJAMIN F. MATHEWS

Pueblo, 1846 — Utah, 1847

Benjamin F. Mathews was a native of Alabama where he was born April 16, 1819. Temperance Weeks, who was born in Tennessee in 1818, became his wife and soon after they moved to Mississippi where they were converted to the Mormon faith through the teachings of the Elders. Mr. Mathews was a typical southerner being the owner of a large plantation and a string of fine horses. When the family decided to go to the Rocky Mountains, Benjamin sold his plantation, bought two heavy wagons which he loaded with provisions, bedding and a few implements, and a third lighter wagon which was made as comfortable as possible for riding and sleeping purposes. A daughter, Mary Elizabeth, then five years of age is mentioned in their history as coming with them but Church history records three children. When the family arrived at Pueblo they lived in two log cabins. During the winter a number of the men of the Mormon Battalion became ill and Mr. Mathews donated one of the cabins to house them.

In 1847, the Mathews family with others in an ox train of fourteen wagons, continued their journey west. A few days after they had started the company was surrounded by Indians who threatened to annihilate the entire camp. After much palavering with the redmen by some of the members of the company who were able to speak the Indian language, the Indians agreed not to molest the company if they would prepare a good meal for them. The Indians were said to have been so pleased with the food that they sent word they would furnish a feast of fresh dog meat and other Indian delicacies. The little company informed them that some dried buffalo meat would suffice. A goodly supply of buffalo meat and elk meat was sent to the camp and some of it was brought into Salt Lake.

The Mathews family remained in Salt Lake City until 1850 when they went to California where, in 1860, Mary Elizabeth became the wife of James Allen. Temperance passed away in California shortly after her husband was accidentally killed by a falling tree.

—*Temperance A. Meikle*

*Mary Elizabeth*, daughter of Benjamin and Temperance Weeks Mathews, was born in Mississippi July 6, 1842. She was five years of age when her parents left for the west to establish a home in the Rocky Mountains with other co-religionists. In later years she often recalled how she sat on a little chair placed in front of her mother in the wagon while they rode the long trail to Pueblo, Colorado, and the many times she was frightened by Indians who stopped the train on the way to Utah.

The Mathews family were among those who later went to California where Benjamin operated a small store in a mining camp for three years, then moved to San Bernardino. Here on December 24, 1860, Mary Elizabeth became the wife of James Allen. After the death of her parents, the Allens came back to Utah with their two little daughters, Amelia, born November 23, 1861, and Sarah, born December 30, 1863. The trip was made in an ox-drawn wagon, driving a herd of cattle in front of them, most of which died along the trail.

The family arrived in Richmond, Utah in May 1864, where six more children were born: Lydia, James Jr., Mary Abigail, Benjamin, Levi and Temperance. Levi died November 9, 1874. Mr. Allen passed away January 17, 1890 and two weeks later Mary was called upon to part with her son, Benjamin. On December 13, 1912 Mary Elizabeth Allen died and was laid to rest by the side of her husband in the Richmond cemetery.—*Temperance A. Meikle*

### WILLIAM MATHEWS FAMILY

Utah, 1847

Some records give credence to the story that William Mathews was one of the group who went to Pueblo, Colorado; but it is certain that if he did, he returned to his home in the south for his family. They are listed as coming in the fifth ten with Asa Barton as captain, arriving in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake in the fall of 1847. Because of the doubt which exists we are including his story:

William Mathews was born in Pendleton District, South Carolina, January 28, 1808, the son of Thomas and Jane McDavid Mathews. After his conversion to Mormonism he went to Nauvoo, Illinois, where, at the request of President Brigham Young, he, with others, returned to the South carrying instructions to gather the Saints in the southern states who were ready to leave for the west. His wife was *Elizabeth Adeline Bankhead* who was born in York District, South Carolina May 10, 1807.

After the arrival of the family in the Valley they went to Cottonwood, where they established a home until called to help with the settlement of San Bernardino, California. When the Saints were called back to Utah in 1858, the Mathews family settled in Beaver. William and Elizabeth were the parents of eleven children, namely: Thomas Marion, Jane Elizabeth, John Lynn, Ezekiel Cunningham, Marie

Celesta, Elvira, Narcissa, Nancy Melissa, Benjamin, Emma Louise, Martha Roxanna and Sina Adeline.

It is said that all the members of this southern family spent the remainder of their lives in and around Beaver after returning to Utah, with the exception of William Mathews, who is believed to have moved to the southern part of the state where he later died.

The following is all the information available on the children of William and Elizabeth Adeline Bankhead Mathews:

*Jane Elizabeth* who was born October 28, 1831, married Allen Tanner. They made their permanent home in Beaver and reared a family of several children. They were well respected citizens of the community.

*John Lynn* was born April 24, 1833. He married Mary Jane Cartwright and they made their home in Beaver, Utah.

*Ezekiel Cunningham* was born June 5, 1836. Elizabeth Smithson became his wife. They homesteaded the Cunningham Mathew Ranch, eighteen miles northwest of Beaver for many years. It is still known by the cattle and sheepmen as a resting place while out on the west range. The house on the ranch which they built still stands. About 1876, Ezekiel and his wife erected and operated a fine brick hotel two stories high which was known as the Beaver Centennial Hotel. They were the parents of several children.

Ezekiel claimed there was an old Indian trail leading to Beaver Valley, then to his ranch and that the country around there was a favorite hunting ground of the Indians. The trail went past the ranch over the divide down the Hot Springs Pass to lower Milford Valley. There was also an Indian trail through Minersville Canyon and one through Big Canyon Pass or Soldier Pass to Milford Valley according to Mr. Mathews. In 1896 Ezekiel Cunningham Mathews died and was buried in the Beaver City cemetery.

*Elvira Narcissa* was born February 25, 1839. While living in San Bernardino, California in 1857, she married Dr. John Ward Christian. The next year she and her husband came to Utah with the William Mathews family, settling in Beaver. Elvira died in 1863 leaving two small children. Dr. Ward afterwards married his first wife's youngest sister, *Sina Adeline* by whom he had eight children. Dr. Ward practiced medicine and was an outstanding member of the community until his death January 11, 1921 at the age of 99 years. All are buried in the Mountain View cemetery, Beaver, Utah.

*Emma Louise* was born March 18, 1844. She married William P. Smith. They, too, had a family who were numbered among the hard-working, and thrifty citizens of early Beaver.—*Martha Beaumont*

## IN 1848 — FROM BROWN JOURNAL

It was the decision of Mr. Brown to return to the States with President Young and other brethren in order to bring his wife and others to the valley the following year, 1848. They arrived at Winter Quarters on the last day of October and here he received a letter from his wife, which was the first news he had received from her since he left for the West. She was well when she wrote. He also received the following letter from President Brigham Young giving him an honorable discharge from camp duties.

Winter Quarters, Nov. 4, 1847.

To Elder John Brown,  
Beloved Brother:

Permit us to say to your friends and the Saints in Mississippi, Alabama, etc., that Elder Brown has accompanied the Pioneer camp the present season, and has ever been ready to partake of his share of the labors, toils, fatigues, sufferings, privations and expenses, has faithfully performed every duty and proved himself a man of God, a workman that needeth not be ashamed.

The camp having accomplished the object of their mission, were dismissed at this place on the 31st of October, and Elder Brown is honorably discharged from the duties of the camp with this, our testimonial, as a memento of our confidence in him and our affection for him. Elder Crosby and all the Saints in this vicinity will receive such instructions from Elder Brown as will enable them to be prepared with seeds, such as canes, lowland and upland rice, yams and sweet potatoes in all its variety, indigo, ginger, madder, coffee, black pepper, persimmons, oranges, lemons, citrons, grapes, figs, and seeds of all kinds of choice fruits and vegetables of temperate and tropical climates packed in various ways according to their nature, suitable for transportation, such as sealing them hermetically in glass or stone vessels, enclosing them in linen bags, or covering them in dry or moist earth, that they may be preserved until their arrival or grow on their journey as their natures may require, and all things necessary, to gather at this place by the 1st of May next, ready to move over the mountains to "The Great Salt Lake City," which the Lord has designed as the place for the gathering of His people. Give diligent heed to Elder Brown's instructions and the blessings of Heaven and Earth will be multiplied unto you. It is not necessary for us to write particularly to Elder Crosby, who presides in that vicinity as Elder Brown is our letter to him.

We remain your brethren in the bonds of faith, patience and perseverance; in behalf of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles.

BRIGHAM YOUNG, Pres.

Willard Richards, Clerk.

Thomas Bullock, Clerk of  
the Pioneer Camp

A few weeks after my arrival home (in Mississippi) Brothers A. Lyman, Preston Thomas, and Jas. H. Flanigan came. They had been sent out among the branches to gather means to aid the Presidency in removing the Saints to the valley. I gave him \$200.00. This winter was spent in making preparations to start early in the spring.

All things being ready, we started on the 10th of March in wet, muddy weather. We had eleven wagons in the company, there being some six families with a number of colored people. About twenty miles out we came to a stream called Bull Mountain, which was very high. We moved up to a new ferry kept by a man named Winters. Early on the morning of the 13th, we commenced crossing. The bottom was very miry. On driving out a few rods from the boat, my team mired down all at once and threw me into the mud and water. Others followed and shared the same fate. . . . The stream had been so high our mules mired down time and time again, and we had to wade in the mud and water and roll the wagons by hand. On one occasion we had six mules to one wagon and three drivers, one on each nigh mule. The saddle mule with the driver fell and was dragged some two rods by the others. The driver escaped unhurt. After this it was thought advisable to find a different route for the wagons. So we reached and found a good way, and by sundown we had all reached the hill safe and sound. . . . Our company of eleven wagons attracted as much attention as a menagerie of wild animals. Every man, woman and child, both white and black, gazed at us with astonishment as we passed their habitations.

March 30th: We moved on to the Ohio River, Wilcox Ferry, opposite Metropolis. The river was full, being some two miles wide and still rising very fast. The ferry boat was out of repair and it was supposed that we could not cross for several days. Brothers Lyman and Flanigan, who had been traveling with us with the intention of taking a steamboat at this place, had to abandon the idea. They stopped all night with the ferryman. In the afternoon it commenced raining and continued all the night. The day was spent in calculating which was the best course to take.

April 1st: This morning was clear and calm. . . . Brothers Lyman and Flanigan crossed the river and took a steamboat.

This day (Sunday) was spent in skiff riding. Among the various calculations about what was the best course to take, it was concluded to get our folks and equipment, except our animals, on a steamboat to be shipped to St. Louis and drive our animals through by land. This was thought to be the best under the circumstances for we could not get across the river for the want of a ferry boat. This evening it was proposed that William Crosby and myself should go up to Paducah and charter a little steamboat called "The Tiger" to take us to St. Louis. We concluded to go on a steamboat and to do this we had to cross the river to Metropolis. So about 10 o'clock at night we got into a small craft and crossed the bottom to the ferryman's house which was situated on a high strip of land immediately on the bank of the river.

He had gone to bed and would not take us over that night, so we tarried with him until morning.

This morning (Monday) we concluded to go to Paducah by land. We went back to camp where it was proposed that myself and J. H. Bankhead should get on our horses and go by land. . . . After a ride of fifteen miles we reached Paducah. "The Tiger" had gone to Smithland where she belonged. There was another little steamer lying at the wharf called "The Transport." After much deliberation the captain agreed to take the company over for \$400.00 which was agreed upon.

Wednesday morning it was still raining. After breakfast we commenced to put our things on board. The little boat could not get nearer than half a mile from the hill where we were camped. We formed two companies. . . . We all worked like heroes and got everything on board and ready to start by dark. A wetter crowd never went on board any ship unless they were picked right out of the water. The boat was small and we filled it with 11 wagons, 30 white persons, 24 colored persons, 1 yoke of oxen and 24 mules. . . . when I awoke in the morning I found we were going up the Mississippi River. We were quite comfortable on the boat and pretty well prepared to appreciate it, having traveled in mud and rain, camping in wagons and tents for one month.

We concluded that it would be a good plan to send some two or three men to Illinois to buy oxen, as we intended to purchase the remainder of our wagons at St. Louis and commence our journey by land from that place. (Twelve yoke of oxen were finally purchased).

We arrived at St. Louis on April 16th. We had left our oxen on the Illinois side of the river, after which we crossed over in search of the camp. We went to the Postoffice where I found a letter addressed to me from my brother-in-law, William Crosby. It informed us that the camp was seven miles down the river. So we went in search of it and found it by nightfall. . . . They were well and very glad to see us. John H. Bankhead's wife had given birth to a fine son on board the boat.

Friday, April 21st: We finally got started from camp. We had 21 wagons in the company. We crossed the Missouri River at St. Charles. . . . Some of us went over the river into town where we saw President Young and Amasa M. Lyman. We found that the first company had not yet gone and the time of their going was not yet known. Brother Lyman had received our flour and groceries which had been sent up the Missouri River from St. Louis by steamboat. Brother Lyman came back with us to our camp. Brothers Orson Hyde and George A. Smith visited us. We were camped with Brothers Lockhart and Smith of Mississippi. The Powell brothers of Mississippi were camped nearby so the Mississippi Company was quite an admiration. The brethren on the west side of the river

who could not go to the mountains were all moving over on the Pottawattamie lands.

Thursday, May 25th: We spent the day visiting. Here I saw Brother Heber C. Kimball. He said, "Brother John, God bless you forever."

Friday, May 26: We went over the river to Winter Quarters.

Saturday, May 27, 1848: I made a report of the Mississippi Company as follows:

The heads of families were: *John Powell, Moses Powell, Robert M. Smith, John Lockhart, George Bankhead, John H. Bankhead, John D. Holladay, Francis McKnown, William H. Lay, Elizabeth C. Crosby, John Brown, William Crosby, Ekles Truly.* In the company were 56 white persons, 34 colored persons. Their possessions: 28 wagons, 41 yoke of oxen, 22 horses, 32 mules, 48 milch cows, and 100 sheep.

The foregoing comprised the Mississippi company of Saints of 1848. The last part of this company had left Mississippi on March 10th. This company has now performed a journey of 917 miles by land, excepting about 200 miles which a part of the company have traveled by water. There have been no deaths on the way. There was one birth. We had very little sickness. There was no loss of property of any consequence excepting one ox belonging to Brother McKnown which got his neck broke when he was tied up. The company are all well, excepting one case of the chills and fever, and all appear to be in fine spirits. They have a good comfortable outfit and calculate to go over the mountains this season. William Crosby, Captain; John Brown, Clerk. Our camp was some two miles below the ferry and on account of the throng, we could not cross for several days.

Sunday, June 4th: A part of the Mississippi company who were not willing to wait for the second company, crossed the Missouri River last week and left for the Horn to join the first company. They were F. McKnown, John H. Bankhead, George Bankhead and John Lockhart. The rest of our company crossed the river on the 10th.

5th: I went to town in the forenoon. I learned the first companies were leaving the Horn in companies of 100 wagons.

7th: Sister Lay gave birth to a fine son.

10th: We all got across the Missouri River without loss.

July 1st: In organizing the camp, I was appointed Captain of the fourth ten. The list of names of the fourth ten are: John Brown, William Crosby, John D. Holladay, William H. Lay, Ekles Truly, John Powell, Robert M. Smith, Willis Borss, George Wardle, Daniel Tyler and Andrew Lytle.

July 3rd, 4th and 5th: Spent in repairing and fixing up, washing and fishing in the Horn, preparatory to starting.

6th: The second fifty, in which President Richards traveled, came up, crossed the river and camped close by us.



7th: We set out from the Horn. From this time on to the Valley I have kept a minute account of what transpired. The whole camp when organized consisted of 100, divided into two fifties. J. M. Flake was captain of 100; B. L. Adams was captain of the first fifty; Dr. Willard Richards traveled with the second fifty and Amasa M. Lyman with the first. My company was the fourth ten in the first fifty. . . . We met several companies going back. They all brought favorable news from the Valley. The crops that had escaped the crickets had done well. . . . We got along fine, lost nothing of any consequence until we reached the Black Hills. Within a few miles of La Puela River my ox-wagon broke down, where it remained all night. Next morning, August 29th, my wife gave birth to a fine son, and I called him John Crosby Brown. We repaired the wagon and came up with the camp. We lost a great deal of stock in this part of the route. We had good weather most of the way. At Bear River we had quite a snowstorm, covering the ground several inches. In crossing Bear River, Brother William Crosby had a wagon break down, in consequence of which my ten had to stay behind one day. We overtook the camp which had tarried a little. Soon after we passed the Needle Cliffs, Brothers A. M. Lyman, John D. Holladay and Captain Flake left us at Bear River and went on horseback to get some teams to help us over the mountains. On the Weber they met us with some help. On the night of October 16th we camped in the mouth of Emigration Canyon in sight of the fort, and the next day most of us moved up to the Cottonwood. . . . When we came to the valley, we found whooping cough among the children, and my dear little son, who was but two months old, caught it among the rest. He had been healthy and growing but his little system was not able to withstand the disease, together with everything else he had to contend with in this world. So he departed this life on December 21, 1848. . . . I buried him on my farm on the east hill of the south field, between two cottonwood creeks. My mother-in-law, (Elizabeth Coleman Crosby) who was living with me, died February 13, 1849 and was buried in the same place.

#### WILLIAM HARVEY LAY

Pueblo, 1846 — Utah, 1848

*William Harvey Lay* was born in Tennessee on August 25, 1817. He was the eldest child of Vincent and Rhoda Baker Lay. Shortly after his father's death, which occurred between 1836 and 1840, he left home and went to Aberdeen, Monroe county, Mississippi where he had relatives. Here he met Sytha Crosby who had also moved there with her parents, John Taylor Crosby and Elizabeth Coleman Crosby, from Knox county, Indiana, where she was born November 27, 1817. In later years she told her children of her romance with "Billy" as he was always called. One night she had tied her horse to a post in front of an amusement hall, and soon after Billy came along and tied his horse at the side of hers. When she came out of the building he was

already there and promptly ask her if he could take her home. To this she happily consented. The courtship continued and they were married by a Justice of the Peace, John Wise, on December 18, 1841 at Aberdeen.

Their first three children, namely *Rhoda Elizabeth*, *Ann* and *John Taylor*, were born at this place on a plantation given to her by her parents. This land was sold to Ira Baker in 1846, prior to their coming to Utah in 1848. Elder John Brown converted *Sytha Crosby Lay* and she was baptized in March 1844. There is a spring near the Crosby and Lay homesteads which from that time to the present is known as Mormon Springs. It, no doubt, was the baptismal font for many of the early Saints in Mississippi. William joined the John Brown company and came to Pueblo in 1846, but returned east for his family coming to Utah in 1848, during this time a son, Joseph Coleman, was born June 14, 1848. This company of Saints were equipped with good wagons and teams for the journey.

In 1851 they went to San Bernardino, California in the Charles C. Rich and Amasa Lyman company and in time acquired a good home, land and livestock, but his wife was not satisfied. She buried her infant daughter, Sarah, there. Sytha wanted to return to Utah but William was not converted to moving again. However, they did return to Utah and years later when William Vincent Lay was on a mission to San Bernardino he visited the old Lay homestead which was now worth thousands of dollars. When asked if he regretted leaving all this he remarked that if there was anything in this world he thanked his parents for, it was moving them back to Salt Lake City.

The Lay family returned to Utah by way of the southern route, settling near the Santa Clara River. William Harvey Lay never joined the Church mostly due to the actions of some men, but he practiced its principles and paid high respect to his wife's and his family's beliefs. When his son William asked if he could take the team and haul rock for the St. George Temple, he answered, "Yes, take it and do your best. If you are going to be a Mormon, be a good Mormon not a half-tugged one." Later when a man by the name of Gibbons was out fighting Indians and had left his family in poor condition, William went up the creek, got the family and moved them into a house, fed, and cared for them until the husband and father returned.

At one time a non-Mormon freighter stopped at the Lay home on the Santa Clara and made the statement to him that he would like to stop there every trip he made through that section. He also understood that Mr. Lay had not affiliated himself with the Mormon Church. During the evening the man began to demean the Mormons and his host immediately warned him that he could not stay there if he was going to speak disrespectfully about the church to which his wife and family belonged.

At Santa Clara the family farmed, raising large amounts of peaches to dry and exchange for bolts of cloth and food for the winter. They also raised hogs and dairied from cattle ranging near Kanab.

William lived a simple, moderate life with very strict rules and regulations in the living habits of the home. He was always spoken of by his friends as one of the most honorable of men.

*John Taylor Lay* was born in Monroe county, Mississippi on November 13, 1845, the eldest child of Sytha and William Harvey Lay. His mother embraced the gospel of the Mormon Church and was baptized March 2, 1845. The family went to Council Bluffs where another child, Joseph Coleman Lay was born and soon after the little family started the westward trek with other Mississippi Saints.

After their arrival in Utah in 1848 they lived for a time at Cottonwood then went to San Bernardino, California; hence, back into Utah where they settled at Santa Clara. As a boy, John Taylor served as a Minute Man and engaged in several skirmishes with the Indians of that vicinity. He was with the Jacob Hamblin party when they went into Arizona to recover the body of George A. Smith who had been killed by Indians.

John remained with his parents in Santa Clara until they passed away and a marker was placed at their last resting place, then he and his wife, Rachel Ellen Wiltbank, and five children namely, Annie, John William, Sarah, Joseph Coleman and Charles Spencer, made the journey to Escalante where they established a home. Three more children were born here, Mina, James and Franklin Ellis. Here he raised cattle, dairied and farmed, providing food and warm clothing for his family according to his means, shunning debt and protecting his word of honor to his creditors. He died March 15, 1930 after a very brief illness. Safely stored in an old trunk, his family found a wallet containing enough money to defray his funeral expenses. He was laid to rest in the Escalante cemetery.—*Sarah Lay S. Larsen*

*Rhoda*—My parents were William Harvey Lay and Sytha Crosby Lay from Knox county, Indiana. I was born in Monroe county, Mississippi, September 27, 1842. About all I remember of the journey is the cattle crossing the Missouri River, and the forming of our wagons in the shape of a horseshoe for the protection of the animals and the people; and the accidental shooting of a man by the name of Cook, who was buried on the plains. My father had a large government wagon with two spans of mules and a yoke of oxen for carrying provisions and the necessary clothing and bedding. He often went ahead of the company to pick out the camping grounds and he also took part in the hunt for buffalo meat for the company.

After being raised by my grandmother until her death, I lived in the home of John Brown, whose wife was my mother's youngest sister. When we arrived in Salt Lake City in 1848, we settled in Cottonwood.

On March 24, 1851, when Amasa Lyman and Charles C. Rich took a company to settle San Bernardino, California, my father took his family and accompanied them and I went with them. We arrived

at our destination in June. It was while camping in our wagon, before our homes were built, that I had an exciting experience. I awoke one night to see a pair of large eyes looking into mine. I hastily drew the covers up over my head. Soon my sister, Ann, who was sleeping with me said, "Liz, stop pinching me!" I replied, "I'm not pinching you, but it's something." Then we both began to scream. This frightened the creature away for a time but it returned again. Towards morning the men finally shot it. It was a wolf.

We soon had a good adobe house built with a number of rooms, and we were very comfortable. I attended school in San Bernardino and my teachers were Rufus Lee and Rhoda Taylor. I was baptized a member of the Latter-day Saint Church by *Elder Daniel M. Thomas*, and confirmed by Bishop William Crosby on the first of October, 1852. I remember the celebration of the 24th of July. A large bowery was built, a beef was barbecued, the band was out under the leadership of William Huntington, and a fine program was enjoyed by all.

My father farmed and freighted from Los Angeles, and the colony soon was a thriving settlement, but we were called back to Utah in 1857 or 1858. In company with two other girls I rode horseback all the way from San Bernardino to the Santa Clara, which was great sport for us. We lived in Pinto until our house was built. The first one, when almost completed, was washed away by a flood, so we had to wait to build another one. Jacob Hamblin had the first grist mill. My father raised cotton and wool, my mother spun and wove cloth from which our clothes were made. She obtained the dyes for coloring from different roots and barks.

One evening while my mother sat with her baby in her lap, and the children around her knee, through the only door in the house came an Indian, whom we recognized as Scarface. He was dressed in a buckskin suit with little bells down the legs of his breeches. He was bedecked with paints and feathers, and as he got well inside the house he dropped his gun on end in a way to attract the attention of all of us to the fact that he might use it. My mother handed me the baby and went to the nearest house for help. I tried to frighten the Indian by telling him that the men would kill him, but he waited until he thought they were nearly there, then he ran out. Jacob Hamblin talked to him the next day and told him he must not frighten the women and children.

I was married to Marion Hamblin October 21, 1861. Two children were born while we lived on the Santa Clara, then we were called to Eagle Valley in 1865. Here we lived almost as one family with the Judds, Littles, Lytles, and Jacob Hamblin's family. Our houses were made of logs with one door and window, with a shed at the front under which our cook stove was set. We women cooked on one stove and lived almost as sisters. We could see in each other's doors across the street and could talk back and forth as we worked. It

frosted every month in the year there, making it impossible to raise crops, so we rented cattle and dairied.

We moved to Kanab in 1871. Jacob Hamblin had come on before us and as he moved out on his city lot, we moved into the house he had vacated in the old fort until we built a house on our own lot. Here again, neighbor shared with neighbor; fire was carried from one home to another when coals had ceased to glow, and no day was quite complete unless we could find something to borrow or lend, or find a few items of news to exchange. Through sharing in not only material things, but in the joys and sorrows of each other as well, we welded the chains of friendship and love so solid that many happy hours are spent in retrospection, and we feel that these friendships will continue on into eternity.

When the Order was formed we went into the organization, and were allotted the Swallow Peak ranch with cows. We made butter and cheese for the organization and hauled it into town. When the Order was disbanded we still retained the ranch and continued dairying. We often hauled our products to Dixie and exchanged them for things we needed. Often Indians came to the ranch, and behaved in such a way that children feared and dreaded their appearance.

My husband died July 30, 1881, leaving me with nine children, the eldest boy being almost seventeen years old, and the baby one month old. I am now 82 years old, and have a living posterity of eight children, forty-three grandchildren, and forty-seven great-grandchildren.

—*Sarah Lay Shirts Larsen*

### GEORGE WASHINGTON BANKHEAD

Pueblo, 1846 — Utah, 1848

Among those selected to make the initial trek from the south into western America was *George Washington Bankhead*. He was born February 12, 1812 in Franklin, Alabama, the son of John and Jane McCurdy Bankhead. He married *Sarah Swinden*. George did not take his family; therefore, was one of those who returned to the south, leaving Pueblo September 1, 1846 and arriving at his home on October 29th of the same year. He, with others, started for Council Bluffs where they remained until the spring of 1848. The following is taken from the autobiography of John Brown:

"Sunday, June 4th: A part of the Mississippi Saints who were not willing to wait for the second company, crossed the Missouri River last week and left for the Horn to join the First Company. They were F. McKnown, John H. Bankhead, George Bankhead and John Lockhart. The rest of our company crossed the river on the 10th."

After his arrival in Utah he settled first in Holladay and then moved to Draper where he made his permanent home. Here he held many positions of trust both in civic and religious affairs. His was a hospitable home and many youths were befriended by this fine man.

—*Evan H. Bankhead*

## WILLIAM CROSBY

Pueblo, 1846 — Utah, 1848

*William Crosby* was born September 19, 1808 in Knox county, Indiana. William was the son of John and Elizabeth Coleman Crosby. He, with others, accepted the teachings of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints when the gospel was brought to his native state. Up to this time he had been a member of the Methodist Church. He married *Sarah Harmon* who was born March 4, 1808 in Garrett county, Kentucky, and was soon after chosen presiding Elder of the Buttahatchy Branch of the Mormon Church.

Mr. Crosby made a trip to Nauvoo to visit the Prophet Joseph Smith, but returned to his home, where he later joined John Brown and his company who left on the 6th of April, 1846, their destination the Rocky Mountains. He remained in Pueblo, Colorado until September 1st, when he, with others, returned to his home preparatory to bringing his family to the Salt Lake Valley.

On March 10, 1848 the journey began. According to our chart there were three people in the William Crosby family, also five colored people who made the trek. They had five wagons, seven oxen, four horses, five mules, seven cows and ten sheep. On the 23rd day of May they reached Winter Quarters, having traveled 917 miles from Mississippi. He was captain of this small group, while John Brown served as clerk. The company rested at Council Bluffs for a few days, then on the 10th of June crossed the Missouri River and started on their way across the plains. As they neared Utah, William's wagon broke down, necessitating some delay in reaching the valley, which they entered October 16th.

The family settled in Cottonwood for a time then went to California remaining in San Bernardino until the Saints were called back to Utah. The family then settled in Kanab.

*Taylor Crosby* was born September 25, 1836 in Monroe county, Mississippi, the eldest of two sons born to William and Sarah Harmon Crosby. Taylor's father owned a large plantation and when Brigham Young made his memorable trip west in 1847, he sent one of his colored men named Oscar Crosby with this first company to plant crops and make ready for the family to come to Utah. The following year the Crosby family left their home in Mississippi and traveled across the plains in the Amasa M. Lyman company.

After reaching Salt Lake City they were called to California and Taylor Crosby, in company with Francis Lyman, made many freighting trips between Salt Lake City and California. When the California mission closed he moved to Santa Clara, Utah and it was here that his close association with Jacob Hamblin, noted Indian missionary, began. He accompanied him on many of his trips among the Indians in southern Utah and also to the more war-like Navajo tribes near the Colorado River. On one of these trips George A. Smith was killed. Taylor gained a wide experience with the red-

man and was successful in his dealings with them. As a testimony of his kindness and interest in Indian problems, he accepted the responsibility of caring for and rearing an Indian child. When grown to maturity she married a white man by the name of Adair.

While living at Santa Clara, Taylor married *Martha Adeline Hamblin*. In a few years they were called to Eagle Valley, an area which had not as yet been surveyed. Nevada claimed this strip and after the survey was made it was ceded to them. President Young recalled the Saints and once more the settlers left what they had builded. Throughout his pioneer life Taylor Crosby assisted the needy and with his good teams helped the Saints to move from Eagle Valley to Kanab. They came in the spring of 1871. He was active in the civic and religious life of that community and at the time the United Order was instituted there, he planted the grains and was overseer over the irrigation projects. He built a sawmill at Castle near Ryan and supplied lumber for use in the settlements. During the time he was operating the mill his wife's health was impaired. She died June, 1877 leaving seven children. On November 6, 1880 he married Sarah Jane Hales. Nine children were born to them. Mr. Crosby remained a faithful Latter-day Saint until his death, July 23, 1914.

—*Flora Lundquist Heaton*

### DANIEL MONROE THOMAS

Pueblo, 1846 — Utah, 1847

*Daniel Monroe Thomas*, son of *Henry* and *Ester Covington Thomas*, a second cousin, was born December 27, 1809 in Richmond county, North Carolina. He had ten brothers and sisters, viz: *William, Henry, Elijah, Joseph, John, Robert, Rachel, Amanda, Harriet* and *Catherine*. His mother died in North Carolina in March, 1835. The father had promised all his children a good education, but two years after the death of their mother, the three eldest sons, now young men, desired to go west. The father was loathe to leave as the younger children had not finished their schooling; however, after some persuasion, he moved his family to Mississippi and settled in Moxubee county in Tombigee Valley. Nine years later Daniel heard the preachings of the Mormon Elders in this vicinity and brought home a Book of Mormon. Soon after all the members of the family were baptized into the Mormon Church by Elder Benjamin L. Clapp, February 12, 1844.

Henry took his family, with the exception of the older members who were now married and desired to remain in Mississippi, to Nauvoo, Illinois. Daniel had married *Ann Crosby*. He was still residing in Mississippi when he was chosen to accompany John Brown on his journey into western United States, arriving in Pueblo August 7th. He returned to his home in October. On the 10th of January, 1847, according to John Brown's history, Daniel M. Thomas and wife started for Council Bluffs, which destination they reached a few days before the advance company of pioneers left for the Rocky Mountains.

Meanwhile his father, Henry, and the young members of his family were making preparations to journey across the plains to Utah. From the writings of Catherine Thomas (Leishman) the youngest of the twelve children we quote: "Preparations soon began for the journey to the valley of the mountains. My father, in the meantime, was working as a wagon maker. Two of my brothers started with the first pioneers under the leadership of Brigham Young in the year 1846. Another brother, Elijah Thomas was chosen to join the Mormon Battalion. They went all the way to California. . . . Brother Elijah settled for a time in California. He located a gold mine, finally married but soon left all and came to Utah, feeling that the Gospel was of more worth than gold. He afterwards met a man traveling through Utah going to California loaded with provisions, dry goods and groceries, for which he traded, giving the gold mine he had left in California for all the man's goods, some cattle and horses.

"Father and family left Nauvoo the same spring, 1846, with two yoke of cattle and one wagon he had helped to make, and a few provisions, all that was left of a fortune. Started for Utah, crossed the river on a raft made of logs pinned together. Camped one night on the opposite shore. Then taking, tears in our eyes, a last look at our home, our Prophet's home, the Temple and beloved City of Nauvoo, we started on our way to Winter Quarters. . . . We traveled and camped a few days at a time, making slow progress, being heavily loaded, until late in the fall. Here we camped at a place called Silver Creek. While here a very sorrowful event occurred. My dear and only sister, Harriet, became sick and died. I was also sick at this time and was now left without mother or sister to care for me. We had nothing with which to make a coffin, but father being thoughtful, hammered the bark from a large tree, cut it in half, fitted ends in the same and we laid her away as best we could. My heart many times turned back to that lone grave on the hill. Father and I were now alone and I, being sick with a burning fever, was not allowed to drink much water, a pint being the limit. However, there was a beautiful spring nearby to which I crept, while father was away, and drank until my thirst was satisfied; then getting back as best I could to the wagon. I lay down to rest and while there I heard the most beautiful music. It seemed to me as though my angel sister had come to heal me. I was made well from that time on and I did not chill after that day, and my fever was gone. Father prepared to stay at this place all winter as we could not travel alone. We gathered wild grapes and nuts of different kinds. I prayed that we may not build here but would go on to Winter Quarters. One day father came home and said, 'get packed.' There is a company waiting. We are going to Zion's Camp. This was joyful news to me. We were soon on our way with Benjamin Clapp, the man who baptized me, ferrying across the Missouri River. He also gave us a small room to live in for the winter. We enjoyed the winter here with the Saints. I met some of



my cousins here, but failing for a time to meet my sister Amanda at Winter Quarters.

"Our provisions were now nearly exhausted, this being the middle of winter. Just a small amount of bacon and flour was left. Father again came in joyful, saying 'I have \$30.00.' This was a wonder in that place. In answer to my question as to where he got it he replied that 'your brother Elijah sent this from Pueblo.' We looked at this event as nothing short of a miracle. We received a check several times afterwards, which was a great help to us on our journey westward.

"I was quite sick again before leaving Winter Quarters, being in my bed one day. I saw at the door my lost sister Amanda. She had traveled all the way from Puncaw through Indian Territory looking for us. She was overjoyed to find us and remained with us all winter.

"We were now again short of means to travel, but Father said we must go on. One morning while at breakfast we heard a wagon draw near and stop. This proved to be my brother *Daniel M. Thomas* from Mississippi. The way was now open for us to travel. We fitted up and started at once. We traveled in Bishop Foutz' company and brother Daniel M. Thomas' ten. Late in October, after traveling more than a thousand miles, we arrived in Utah."

Family records show that Henry Thomas, the father, passed away in Salt Lake Valley sometime during the year 1853.

Daniel Thomas was a faithful member of the Church for nearly fifty years. During the first years of his ministry one hundred and fifty of the converts made by him in the vicinity of his southern home were baptized by him. Soon after reaching the valley he was ordained a Seventy and belonged to the Eighth quorum. A few years later he went to San Bernardino, California and while there served as County Judge for four years and also as Postmaster. In 1858, he returned to Utah, settling in Beaver where he also held the offices of County Judge and Postmaster. From there he went to St. George, Washington county, Utah, where his first wife, Ann died July 4, 1878. Three years later, May 12, 1881 he was married to *Mary Ann Chandler* who was born in Washington county, Illinois in the year 1835. Daniel was a fine singer and a teacher of considerable note.

Having been a southern gentleman with negro servants to do all the physical labor it was hard for him to take care of the large vineyards on his land. From the grapes he made a good grade of wine which he sold for cash or other produce, enabling him to make a living for himself and wife. He had no children. Daniel died in St. George in 1894.

### JOHN D. HOLLADAY

Pueblo, 1846 — Utah, 1848

*John Daniel Holladay* was born June 22, 1826 in Marion county, Alabama where he spent most of his boyhood. He was the son of John Holladay and Catherine Beesley Higgins. John Daniel accompanied

his parents to Pueblo, Colorado, but according to John Brown's history, he returned to his former home to dispose of his father's holdings and is numbered among those who came into the valley as a Mississippi Saint in 1848.

John Daniel married *Mahalia Ann Rebecca Mathews* soon after their arrival in the valley by the light of a campfire in Holladay. They were in the same company as they journeyed the long trail to Utah, and many times the young man tied his horse to the wagon which she was driving and climbed in the seat beside her. While she was driving, she was being courted.

John D. Holladay and family were sent to San Bernardino by President Young where they lived for approximately eight years. During that time he served as county sheriff and city marshal. When they returned to Utah, John settled his family in Santaquin across from the old fort. This became their permanent home. John was always a public spirited man. He served in the Black Hawk war; as a guard for the state penitentiary from 1876-1880; filled contracts for construction of the Union Pacific Railroad; served as counselor to his brother David Holladay and at David's death served as presiding Elder until the ward was organized. He returned to the southern states on a two year mission and was instrumental in performing many other church and civic duties.

John and Mahalia were the parents of twelve children. On October 12, 1867 he married *Johannah Blake* in Salt Lake City. Seven children were born of this union. On February 16, 1887 he married *Elizabeth Hollis*. There were no children from this marriage. His death occurred September 16, 1909. Mahalia died March 14, 1916 at Santaquin, Utah. Johannah died in Salt Lake City October 6, 1918. Elizabeth passed away November 12, 1917.—*Pearl Robbins Blain*

#### ELIZABETH COLEMAN CROSBY

*Elizabeth Coleman Crosby*, wife of John Crosby, was the mother of six children who grew to maturity, namely, William, Sytha, Nancy, Ann, Susan and Elizabeth. The Crosby family were among the well-to-do Southern people, who owned extensive plantations with colored servants to operate them. Each of these plantations was a community of its own. Each had flocks of geese, turkeys, and chickens which provided fresh meat in the summer as well as an ample supply of feathers for ticks and pillows. All laundry work was done at home. Liquid soap was made from the watery extract of the ashes of oak, maple, and other hard woods, combined with fat from hogs, cattle and sheep raised on the plantation. This liquid soap was kept in gourds, and in kegs made by the colored coopers. Their clothes were washed by beating them with a wooden paddle on a stump and were boiled in massive kettles over an open fire. Homemade tubs and troughs were used for sudsing and rinsing. They heated their flatirons by standing them before the flame in the fireplace. All the

food was cooked over the large fireplace which was amply provided with swinging cranes and massive andirons. The yellow yams and other vegetables were baked in large dutch ovens, as well as corn pone and beaten biscuits. Hoe cakes, made from cornmeal, were cooked on large pieces of sheet iron, shaped like a hoe and leaned up against the fire. Collards, okra and green peppers, and hominy made on the plantation, together with fruits and other garden products, added to the large variety of their viands. They had scuppernong grape arbors under which were swings and seats of all sorts. There are two varieties of these scuppernong grapes—white and purple ones, and the ripened grapes are as large as our Pottawattamie plums. These spacious southern homes were the last word in hospitality.

The young Crosby women were skilled in all these activities and were among the leaders in social life. They belonged to the Methodist Church. In spinning and weaving cloth, in picking feathers, making ticks, counterpanes, etc., they were expert. Music, dancing and horseback riding were among the amusements. Hoopskirts, ruffles and frills characterized the modes of dress.

When the Elders of the Latter-day Saint Church came to Mississippi, Mrs. Crosby, now a widow, and all her children except Susan, joined the Church. The Crosby home was always open to the Elders. In the spring of 1848, Mother Crosby with her son, William, and daughters *Mrs. Sytha Lay*, *Mrs. Nancy Bankhead*, *Mrs. Ann Thomas* and *Mrs. Elizabeth Brown* with their families and negro servants, left Mississippi to join the Saints at Winter Quarters. There were six families with eleven wagons. Mother Crosby had a light spring wagon built for the use of the ladies and little children.

This group arrived at Winter Quarters on May 23rd and remained there until the 29th of June, when they started on the last lap of the journey, one thousand miles more, with the company under Captain Amasa M. Lyman.

The company arrived in Utah October 19, 1848 and settled in Cottonwood. Elizabeth Coleman Crosby lived only four months after coming to Utah, passing away at the home of her daughter Elizabeth, February 13, 1849. Forty years after her mother's death Elizabeth's son, William C., while serving as a missionary in the Southern States found his Aunt, Susan Watts, living with her stepson. She had buried two husbands and eight children, and was totally blind. She became a member of the Latter-day Saint Church and William brought her to Utah to his mother's home where she was joyfully received and cared for the rest of her life.—*John Brown Family Record*

#### JOHN H. BANKHEAD — 1848

*John Henderson Bankhead* was born February 14, 1814 in Rutherford county, Tennessee. He was son of John and Jane McCurdy Bankhead. In July, 1842 he married *Nancy Crosby*, daughter of William and Elizabeth Coleman Crosby. They continued to make their home in Tennessee until three children were born to them. At this



George Bankhead — John Bankhead

time they were converted to the gospel of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints through the preachings of Elder John Brown, and it was the decision of the family to join with the Saints in their new-found home in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake.

The Bankhead children who accompanied their parents were *George* and *John*. Another child, *James*, was born while the family was sailing up the Mississippi River. John was the owner of a number of slaves on his large plantation in his native Tennessee, and when the family was making preparations for the westward-trek, he gave them their choice of liberty or going with them across the plains. Eleven of these colored people came with the Bankhead family, among

them *Nate* and *Nancy Banks*. They joined the Heber C. Kimball company in Winter Quarters, Nebraska, May 29, 1848.

They arrived in Salt Lake City in September, 1848. A few days later they planted some potatoes but it was so late in the season the crop did not mature. Tragedy came to the family after a few months in the valley when the baby, James, died after a short illness. Heber C. Kimball came to them with comforting words: "This little man-child has lived to find the resting place of the Saints."

In the spring of 1849 the family moved to Cottonwood where they established a home and planted crops, but with the coming of the crickets, these were almost entirely destroyed. Nancy was an eye-witness to the miracle of the seagulls. After the Johnston Army episode her testimony was strengthened and she was fully convinced that if the Saints obeyed the counsel of the leaders of the Church they could surmount any obstacles.

When John was called to explore southern Utah with a group of men they moved to the Dixie country, and when their mission was completed the Bankhead family moved to Willard in Box Elder county. Another child was born to them at this place April 1, 1858. In the spring of 1860 they were called to settle Cache Valley where they helped to build Maughan's Fort in Wellsville. Nancy was very active during these pioneer days and having some knowledge of nursing, often attended those in need of her services.

When the slaves were freed they refused to leave the Bankhead family, so John gave them a place of their own. They took their masters name and were always on hand to serve him if needed. They were a great source of entertainment on various occasions with their singing and dancing talents. In later years most of them moved to Murray, Utah.

John H. Bankhead died November 1, 1884, a faithful Latter-day Saint and was buried in the Wellsville cemetery. Nancy died February 26, 1916 at the age of ninety-one years and was laid to rest by the side of her husband. They were the parents of sixteen children: Margaret, George, John, James, Heber, Jane, Lavina, Erastus, Lucina, Nancy, Elvira, William, Melinda, Mary and Martha (twins) and Hyrum.—*Evan Haslam Bankhead*

Judge Colborn,  
Salt Lake City, Utah

Mercur City, Utah  
May 11, 1897.

Dear Sir:

I am acquainted with an old pioneer now living at Wellsville, Cache county, Utah by name of Nancy Bankhead and her two sons George and John Bankhead. The old lady has a few old relics of pioneer days. They brought the pioneer colored people to Utah and she may be able to give you some interesting items of pioneer days.

Yours respectfully,  
(Signed) Fred Kesler

## THE LOCKHARTS — 1848

*Margaret Towery* was born about 1812 in the state of Mississippi. When she was a very young girl, a cousin wrote to her saying that she had given birth to a little daughter, but she could not recover and requested that Margaret come and see her before it was too late. She rode the thirty miles on horseback to the home of her cousin who asked her to take the infant and rear it as her own. The baby's father gave his consent. Shortly after the young mother passed away and after the funeral Margaret wrapped the baby in warm blankets, mounted her horse and returned home.

About this time John Lockhart's family was having difficulties settling his father's estate. He became disgusted with the bickering and told them that if they would give him one hundred dollars and one of the best saddle horses, he would leave and they could have his share. This was agreed upon and John left Alabama and went to Mississippi where he met his future bride, Margaret Towery, daughter of a large plantation owner and after their marriage they settled on an extensive tract of land. Children born to them were *Hulda, Mary, Cyniba, Margaret* and *Jasper*. Soon after hearing the teachings of the Elders the family joined the Mormon Church.

During the winter of 1847 the Lockhart family made preparations for the westward journey. They sold their land, cattle and household furnishings for whatever they could get. A week before their departure the father of the little girl, whom they had adopted, came and asked permission to take his daughter home for a few days. He said they could call for her on their way. Arriving in the city where the father lived, the Lockharts found that he had gone away with the child. Several days were spent looking for them, then they had to leave without her. They arrived in Salt Lake City in the fall of 1848 in the Heber C. Kimball company, settling in Cottonwood..

In the year 1855, John Lockhart died, leaving Margaret to rear the family. She was one of the first schoolteachers in Oxford, Idaho. About one year after his father's death, Jasper, then nineteen years of age, died of typhoid fever. The three eldest girls had married and Margaret was left alone to take care of her mother whose health was failing. It was decided to transport her by wagon to the home of the eldest daughter in Peoa, but just as they entered the little town Margaret Towery Lockhart passed away.

## FRANCIS AND MARGARET McKNOWN — 1848

*Margaret*, wife of *Francis McKnown*, became a member of the Latter-day Saint Church April 24, 1844. She was baptized by Elder John Brown. She died September 24, 1848 while en route to Utah and was laid to rest in a lonely grave on the plains. According to John Brown's autobiography there were ten people in the McKnown company when they left Mississippi, and it is presumed that the family, together with other Mississippi Saints, arrived in Utah, settling in Holladay then left for San Bernardino, California.



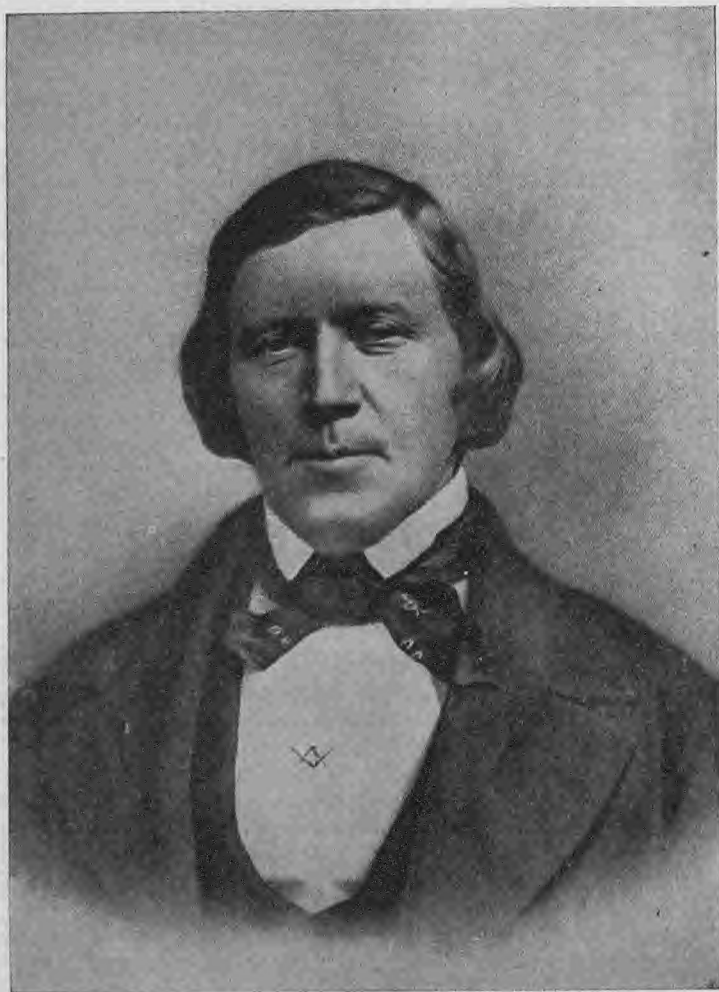
## DAUGHTERS OF UTAH PIONEERS

### *The First Company To Enter Salt Lake Valley*



IMMEDIATELY after the call of the Mormon Battalion the Saints agreed that they did not have enough provisions, wagons, and other needed properties to start the journey to the Rocky Mountains; hence, Winter Quarters, a temporary settlement, was founded on the west bank of the Missouri River about six miles north of the present site of Omaha, Nebraska. By December of that year the town consisted of five hundred forty-eight log houses and eighty-eight sod houses, inhabited by nearly four thousand people. The place was divided into twenty-two ecclesiastical wards, each presided over by a bishop.

During this period the leaders had acquired valuable information concerning western United States, securing maps and data of the route to the Rocky Mountains, and other valuable facts pertinent to the area of the Great Basin. History relates that Justin Grosclande, a Frenchman, had visited the pioneer camp and offered to pilot them across the plains after giving freely of his information concerning the west. The Catholic Priest, Pierre Jean de Smet, in his memoirs, wrote that he had visited the Mormons and described the basin of the Great Salt Lake to them. The prophecy made by Joseph Smith that the Saints would find refuge in the Rocky Mountains guided their actions, to a great extent, in choosing the Great Salt Lake Valley



Brigham Young—The Leader

as their future home. Their limited resources brought about thoughtful and careful consideration as to when the great migration should start. A plan was made and successfully carried out to send one hundred and forty-four men to make the initial journey westward, locate the promised land, and make preparations to house several companies of men, women and children who would start across the plains about June. Members of the party who so desired could return to Winter Quarters, and secure the necessary equipment and supplies to bring their families to the new Zion the next year.



As early as January 4, 1847 President Young wrote Charles C. Rich who was at Mt. Pisgah, saying, "We have commenced preparations for our spring move — our council met at Christmas and decided to send on a pioneer company as early as possible with plows, seed, grain, etc., and make preparations for eatables at the foot of the mountains, *on this side*; and when grass starts we will follow on with as many as can go, or as many as it is wisdom to take and be sustained at that point; for we consider it best, as far as practicable, to raise grain ahead instead of carting it; as we have before said to you we shall want to gather up all the able-bodied men who can leave, to go in the pioneer company, and we expect soon to send a delegation to your place to explain all particulars, accompanied probably by some of the Twelve."

In February instructions were given to Lt. General John Scott, "to immediately put in perfect order the cannon, equipage, cartridges, appendages belonging thereto; that are under your command. Therefore fail not, and make return of this order with your other doings hereon."

While the material needs of life were considered and precautions taken to insure that there would be no shortage of provisions and clothing, there were numerous evidences that to a great degree they depended on Deity for guidance. One time in making ready for the journey President Young said: "I informed the brethren that in relation to our movements we should be dictated by the spirit of God and if the brethren were humble and pliable all would be well."

The following words and will of the Lord concerning the Camp of Israel in their journeying to the West were issued by President Young at Winter Quarters on the 14th of January, 1847:

Let all the people of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and those who journey with them, be organized into companies, with a covenant and promise to keep all the commandments and statutes of the Lord our God.

Let the companies be organized with captains of hundreds, captains of fifties, and captains of tens, with a president and his two counselors at their head, under the direction of the Twelve Apostles; and this shall be our covenant, that we will walk in all the ordinances of the Lord.

Let each company provide themselves with all the teams, wagons, provisions, clothing, and other necessities for the journey that they can.

When the companies are organized, let them go to with their might, to prepare for those who are to tarry.

Let each company with their captains and presidents decide how many can go next spring; and then choose a sufficient number of able-bodied and expert men, to take teams, seeds, and farming utensils, to go as pioneers to prepare for putting in spring crops.

Let each company bear an equal proportion, according to the dividend of their property, in taking the poor, the widows, the fatherless, and the families of those who have gone into the army, that the cries of the widow and the fatherless come not up into the ears of the Lord against this people.

Let each company prepare houses, and fields for raising grain, for those who are to remain behind this season, and this is the will of the Lord concerning His people.

Let every man use all his influence and property to remove this people to the place where the Lord shall locate a Stake of Zion. And if ye do this with a pure heart, in all faithfulness, ye shall be blessed; you shall be blessed in your flocks, and in your herds, and in your fields, and in your houses, and in your families.

\* \* \* \* \*

Seek ye and keep all your pledges one with another, and covet not that which is thy brother's.

Keep yourselves from evil to take the name of the Lord in vain, for "I am the Lord your God, even the God of your fathers, the God of Abraham, and of Isaac and of Jacob. I am He who led the children of Israel out of the land of Egypt, and my arm is stretched out in the last days to save my people Israel."

Cease to contend one with another, cease to speak evil one of another.

Cease drunkenness and let your words tend to edifying one another.

If thou borrowest of thy neighbor, thou shalt return that which thou hast borrowed; and if thou canst not repay, then go straightway and tell thy neighbor, lest he condemn thee.

If thou shalt find that which thy neighbor hast lost, thou shalt make diligent search till thou shalt deliver it to him again.

Thou shalt be diligent in preserving what thou hast, that thou mayest be a wise steward; for it is the free gift of the Lord thy God, and thou art His steward.

If thou art merry, praise the Lord with singing, with music, with dancing, and with a prayer of praise and thanksgiving.

If thou art sorrowful, call on the Lord thy God with supplication, that your souls may be joyful.

Fear not thine enemies, for they are in mine hands, and I will do my pleasure with them.

My people must be tried in all things, that they may be prepared to receive the glory that I have for them, even the glory of Zion, and he that will not bear chastisement, is not worthy of my kingdom.

#### THE SELECTION

Great wisdom was shown by President Young and his associates in the selection of the men who were to comprise the pioneer band. They were chosen for their ability to make roads, to build bridges,

to erect temporary quarters and to provide food by hunting. There were builders, mechanics, masons, and many other trades so necessary for the journey across the plains and the first years in the valley. Fourteen companies were organized into tens with a captain over each. In addition there were captains of hundreds and fifties appointed. The captains of the hundreds were: *Stephen Markham* and *Albert P. Rockwood*; of fifties, *Addison Everett*, *Tarlton Lewis* and *James Case*. There was also a military organization the officers of which were: *Brigham Young*, Lieutenant-General; *Jesse C. Little*, Adjutant; *Stephen Markham*, Colonel; *John Pack* and *Sbadrach Roundy*, Majors; *Thomas Tanner*, Captain of the Artillery. The artillery consisted of one cannon carried first in a wagon and later mounted on a pair of separate wheels. Captain Tanner had eight men to assist him in its management. At least five men had previously made part of the trip, *John Brown*, *Thomas Woolsey*, *John H. Tippetts*, *Roswell Stevens* and *Howard Egan*.

Since there were eight horses that were not attached to teams, President Young named eight men to hunt on horseback. They were *Thomas Woolsey*, *Thomas Brown*, *John Brown*, *Orrin Porter Rockwell*, *John S. Higbee*, *Joseph Mathews* and two others. Eleven men were selected to hunt on foot, namely; *John Pack*, *Phineas H. Young*, *Tarlton Lewis*, *Barnabas L. Adams*, *Benjamin F. Stewart*, *R. Jackson Redden*, *Eric Glines*, *Joseph Hancock*, *Edmund Ellsworth*, *Roswell Stevens* and *Edson Whipple*.



The Three Pioneer Women

It was not at first intended that any women or children should join the pioneer company because of the hardships and dangers which necessarily must be faced on so long and hard a journey, but *Harriet*,

the wife of Lorenzo Young, pleaded so earnestly to accompany her husband, because of the damp malarial climate on the Missouri bottoms which aggravated the condition of her health, that permission was finally granted by President Young for her to make the journey with him. *Clara Decker Young*, wife of Brigham Young, and *Ellen Saunders Kimball*, wife of Heber C. Kimball, and two children, *Isaac Perry Decker Young* and *Sobieski Young* also made the journey with the pioneer company. The women were ministering angels to the sick along the route.

### LAWS AND RULES

"April 16th. This morning the wind was north and it was cloudy. Brothers Little, Rockwood and Redden went to Winter Quarters to bring on Brother Little's things. At 7:30 the brethren were called together in order to organize them. The meeting was opened with prayer by President Young, after which G. A. Smith made some remarks: also H. C. Kimball, N. K. Whitney and others. The camp was divided into two divisions, seventy-two in each division; A. P. Rockwood captain of the First, and S. Markham of the Second Division. Night guard was started and on the 17th the camp was organized under regiment." On the 19th the Council of Captains made laws regulating the camp as follows:

1. After this date the horn or bugle shall be blown every morning at 5 a.m., when every man is expected to arise and pray; then attend to his team, get breakfast and have everything finished so that the camp may start by 7 o'clock.

2. Each extra man is to travel on the off side of the team with his gun on his shoulder, loaded, and each driver have his gun so placed that he can lay hold of it at a moment's warning. Every man must have a piece of leather over the nipple of his gun, or if it is a flintlock, in the pan, having caps and powder flask ready.

3. The brethren will halt for an hour about noon, and they must have their dinner ready cooked so as not to detain the camp for cooking.

4. The camp shall halt for the night, wagons are to be drawn in a circle, and the horses to be all secured inside the circle when necessary.

5. The horn will blow at 8:30 p.m., when every man must return to his wagon and pray, except the night guard, and be in bed by 9 o'clock, at which time all fires must be put out.

6. The camp is to travel in close order, and no man to leave the camp 20 rods without orders from the Captain.

7. Every man is to put as much interest in taking care of his brother's cattle, in preserving them, as he would his own, and no man will be indulged in idleness.

8. Every man is to have his gun and pistol in perfect order.

9. Let all start and keep together, and let the cannon bring up

the rear, and the company guard to attend it, traveling along with the gun, and see that nothing is left behind at each stopping place.

### INVENTORY

The number of oxen in the camp 66, horses, 89, mules 52, cows 19, dogs 17. Teams belonging to H. C. Kimball: horses 5, mules 7, oxen 6, cows 2, dogs 2, wagons 6. List of provisions: flour 1228 lbs., meat 864 lbs., sea biscuits 125 lbs., beans 296 lbs., bacon 241 lbs., corn for teams 2869 lbs., buckwheat 300 lbs., dried beef 25 lbs., groceries 290 $\frac{3}{4}$  lbs., sole leather 15 lbs., oats 10 bu., rape 40 lbs., seeds 71 lbs., cross-cut saw 1, axes 6, scythe 1, hoes 3, log chains 5, spade 1, crowbar 1, tent 1, keg of powder 25 lbs., lead 20 lbs., codfish 40 lbs., garden seeds 50 lbs., plows 2, bran 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  bu., 1 side harness leather, whip-saw 1, iron 16 lbs., nails 16 lbs., 1 sack of salt 200 lbs., saddles 2, tool chest worth \$75.00, 6 pair of double harness worth \$200. Total amount of breadstuff 2507 lbs. at \$55.40, 241 lbs. of bacon at 6 cents, \$14.46; 2869 lbs. feed corn \$29.69; 300 lbs. seeds \$3.00; 300 lbs. buckwheat \$6.00; 25 lbs. dried beef \$3.12 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; groceries \$35.00, sole leather \$4.00, oats \$4.00, rape \$10.00, seed \$10.00; hoes \$2.00, axes, \$8.00, keg of powder \$10.00, lead \$2.00, codfish \$2.00, 200 lbs. salt \$8.00, tool chest \$75.00, cross-cut saw \$5.00, whip-saw \$5.00, scythe \$2.00, hoes \$5.50, 5 log chains \$20.00, spade \$2.00, crowbar \$3.00, 2 plows \$24.00, side of harness leather \$4.00, 16 lbs. iron \$2.00, 16 lbs. nails \$2.00, tent \$10.00, harness \$20.00, 5 horses \$360.00, 7 mules \$350.00, 6 wagons \$600.00, 2 saddles \$30.00, bran \$1.00, 3 yoke of cattle \$120.00, 2 cows \$24.00. Total \$1592.87 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

### CHANGES IN PERSONNEL ALONG THE ROUTE

When the original company of Utah Pioneers left Winter Quarters they numbered one hundred forty-eight souls, but en route several changes were made in the group. Andrew Jenson in his *Day by Day with the Utah Pioneers* relates the following:

June 3rd., Fort Laramie: The brethren made up a mail of three hundred forty-nine letters to the Battalion and gave it to Thomas Woolsey, appointing him deputy postmaster. At 11 a.m. Elders *Amasa Lyman, Thomas Woolsey, John H. Tippetts* and *Roswell Stevens* started on horses and mules for Pueblo.

June 4th. About 11:30 a.m. Robert Crow's company of Mississippi and Illinois Saints, consisting of seventeen persons, joined the second division of the Pioneer company. With the addition of these seventeen persons, and the deduction of the four pioneers who had started for Pueblo, the Pioneer company, when leaving Fort Laramie, consisted of one hundred sixty one souls.

June 18th. Pioneer camp on the Platte. A council was held in the afternoon, at which it was resolved to leave nine men, and a

blacksmith, to tend to the ferry and cross other Missouri companies over, and also the Saints who would follow the pioneers later in the season. The names of those who were appointed to tarry were as follows: *Thomas Grover, Captain, John S. Higbee, Luke S. Johnson, Appleton M. Harmon, Edmund Ellsworth, Francis M. Pomeroy, William Empey, James Davenport and Benjamin Stewart.* These ten men left at the ferry reduced the Pioneer company to 151 souls. (Blacksmith not named)

July 3rd. In the evening the brethren were called together in the new camp and such of the men who had felt desirous of returning to meet their families were given permission to do so. The families were expected to be in the next emigration camp, supposed to be several hundred miles in the rear. Five volunteered to return, namely, *Phineas H. Young, George Woodward, Aaron F. Farr, Eric Glines and Rodney Badger.* The five men were to take the *Revenue Cutter* wagon instead of a horse each, as so many animals could not be spared by the camp. They left the pioneer camp the next morning and started for the Green River ferry.

July 4th. When President Young and his party and the five returning pioneers reached the ferry on the west bank of the Green River, they saw thirteen horsemen on the opposite bank with their baggage on one of the pioneer rafts. They were thirteen of the Battalion brethren who had been detached by Captain Brown to go in advance of the main body to obtain some horses which had been stolen from them at Pueblo. The men had overtaken the thieves and retrieved all the horses but one, and were now seeking the final animal. After a short visit the five pioneer brethren, accompanied by William H. Walker, one of the Battalion boys who had learned that his wife was coming on with the next company, started on their eastward journey. The loss of the five and the addition of the twelve men to the Pioneer camp made another change. The camp now consisted of one hundred fifty nine souls.

The following are the names of the twelve Battalion boys who joined the camp: *Sgt. Thomas H. S. Williams, John Buchanan, Allen Hampton, Jesse J. Terrill, Francillo Durfee, Andrew J. Shupe, Samuel Gould, Benjamin Roberts, James Odkey, George S. Clark, Thomas Bingham and William W. Casto.*

July 9th. *Sergeant Thomas H. S. William* of the Battalion and *Samuel Brannan*, who with his escort had joined the pioneers on the Green River, left the pioneer camp to travel east toward the South Pass to meet the sick detachment of the Mormon Battalion. The rest of the Battalion boys continued westward with the pioneers. With the departure of these two men the Pioneer company now consisted of one hundred fifty seven souls, and there are no further changes recorded until after they reached the Valley of the Great Salt Lake.

## WILFORD WOODRUFF — CAPTAIN OF FIRST TEN

Wilford Woodruff was born March 1, 1807 in the town of Farmington, Hartford county, Connecticut. His father, Aphek Woodruff, was a miller and Wilford assisted him in running the Farmington grist mills. Although of a religious mind he did not join any denomination until he was twenty-six years of age, when he accepted the principles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and

from that time on labored in every capacity of the Church from deacon to president, the office which he held at the time of his death. He passed away while visiting friends in San Francisco, California, at the age of ninety-three years.

At the time of the pioneer trek to the Valley Wilford Woodruff was a member of the Council of the Twelve Apostles. During the entire journey he was one of the most energetic and best informed men in the company. On June 20th, when the company was still some distance from its destination, it was reported: "There was much anxiety in the camp because Wilford Woodruff and John



Wilford Woodruff

Brown had not returned to camp from a trip looking for a suitable camping place; however, after some time both men returned safely."

Apostle Woodruff brought with him to the Valley one-half bushel of potatoes which he immediately planted, hoping through the blessings of God, to save enough for seed the following year. He wrote in his journal: "The Lord has truly been with us during this journey. We have had peace and union in our midst; our horses and cattle have been wonderfully preserved from death and accident on the way, and our wagons from breaking down. Great good will grow out of this mission if we are faithful in keeping the commandments of God."

The Woodruff farm south of the city was always under a high state of cultivation, for he was as enthusiastic and energetic on this piece of land as he was at a celebration or as he was when preaching the Gospel which he had accepted. With a cradle in his hands, he went to the work of the harvest with singular pleasure, and with the aid of his two sons he built a two-room cabin. In 1864 a molasses mill was erected which proved to be an important adjunct to his farm.

Sugar was scarce and prices high. Molasses was a necessity and one of the common articles of the settlers. He kept his mill running, not only with the cane raised on his own farm, but by the patronage of his neighbors. Almost every fall and winter he had large quantities of molasses to sell. He raised his own mutton and beef and his family made their clothing from the wool of the sheep. He took great pride in the fact that he lived by the labor of his hands and was self-sustaining.

The 14th of February, 1853, he witnessed the dedication of the site for the Salt Lake temple. Forty years later, Wilford Woodruff more than eighty-six years of age at the time, presided at its completion and dedication. On January 1, 1877 the St. George Temple was dedicated by him. He was sustained fourth president of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints at the conference held in 1889, being then eighty-three years of age. During the fifty-one years of his life in Utah he performed many missions at home and abroad. He was often designated as "Wilford the Faithful" which title he deserved and maintained until the end of his life.

—*Emmarose W. Christiansen*

### JACOB D. BURNHAM

Jacob Burnham, one of the original pioneers of Utah, remained only a short time with the Saints in Great Salt Lake Valley. He went on to California where he died in 1850.

### JOSEPH EGBERT — TEAMSTER

Joseph Egbert was born in Vincennes, Indiana, March 10, 1818, one of a family of twelve children. His parents were John and Susan Hahn. The family joined the Latter-day Saints Church when he was a small boy and subsequently followed its migrations to Nauvoo, Illinois. While living a typical frontier life in Illinois, Joseph became an excellent marksman and also learned carpentry. On December 6, 1840 he married Caroline Allred, he being twenty-two years of age and she not quite sixteen. In the spring of 1846 Joseph left Nauvoo, with other exiled Saints, accompanied by his wife and two children. During the following months he was busily engaged in wagon making and preparing an outfit for the westward journey.

In the spring of 1847 he was called by Brigham Young to leave his family and join the pioneer company. Joseph was appointed driver of Orson Pratt's wagon and also did the cooking. An incident reported along the route is as follows: A few of the men had been hunting in this particular place without much success, so Joseph volunteered to go after game. Following an old trail for some distance he came upon a few buffalo and succeeded in shooting a cow and a calf. Instead of the herd running off they circled around the dead animals. Finally he shot another thinking it would frighten the others. He



waited for sometime but still they did not leave. He crawled along the ground quite a distance before he dared get up. On his way back to camp he shot a deer but was too exhausted to carry even a hind quarter of the animal, so he hung it in a tree, marking the place so the other men would have no difficulty finding it. Thus he provided plenty of meat for the camp at this time.



Joseph Egbert

out of the canyon with which to build a small house. Shortly after they moved to South Cottonwood. Here Joseph met Louisa Taylor Warrick whom he married June 17, 1852.

In 1854, he with his two families moved to Kaysville where he built an adobe house with two rooms downstairs and two rooms upstairs. Other settlers told him it was foolish to build such a high house as the wind would blow it down. When the news came telling of the approach of Johnston's army he took his first wife, Caroline, to Pond Town (Salem) where shortly after a little daughter was born. Louisa remained in Kaysville, expecting word to come at any time which would mean the destruction of their home. When peace returned to the valley the two families were reunited. At times the Egbert home was opened to travelers for board and lodging. One young engineer stopping there for a few days was somewhat puzzled as to which woman was the mother of the children playing around the house. He finally questioned one of the little girls who answered: "That is my mother and that is my other mother."

Mr. Egbert owned two hundred acres of land and planted one of the first orchards in this community. He was road supervisor of the district for thirty-five years and constable of the town for two

Joseph is numbered among Orson Pratt's advance company arriving in the valley on the 22nd of July. He returned to the States a short time later with President Young for the purpose of bringing his family to the site of their future home. He had profited by his former experience and was therefore able to give his family greater comfort on the long journey across the plains than would otherwise have been the case. Two more children had come to bless their lives, but the youngest died and was buried near the Platte River.

The family lived in the fort the first winter and in the spring Joseph commenced getting logs

years. He also assisted in building one of the first toll bridges in that section.

April 29, 1880, Caroline Allred Egbert passed away and the following year, November 4th, Louisa Warrick Egbert died. On March 4, 1884, Joseph married Annie Marie Iverson who was a wonderful companion to him in his old age. Shortly after this marriage he moved to Ogden where he died March 24, 1898. He was the father of twenty-two children.—*Elsie Egbert Greaves*

### JOHN MONROE FREEMAN

At the time of the exodus of the Mormon people from Nauvoo, John Monroe Freeman was among those who left that city due to persecutions heaped upon the Saints. He had apparently resided there for sometime for Church records show he became a member of the 31st Quorum of Seventies. Four years after his arrival in Salt Lake Valley with the original group, he went to Carson Valley, Nevada where it is said he died from the effects of cholera.

### JOHN SHERMAN FOWLER

Born in New York City July 12, 1819, John S. Fowler was among those who accepted the teachings of the Mormon Elders in that vicinity and was baptized into the Church. After his arrival in Nauvoo, he received a patriarchal blessing under the hands of Asahel Smith in February, 1846, and became a member of the 2nd Quorum of Seventies. He was selected by Brigham Young and his counselors as one of the men to join the original company to the regions of the Rocky Mountains.

Upon his arrival in the Valley he, with the others, made his home in the fort. Times were hard and seeing little hope that the next few years would bring much improvement in the conditions of the first settlers, Mr. Fowler left for California, where he felt there were greater opportunities for advancement. It is believed that he spent the remainder of his life in that state.

### ORSON PRATT — SCIENTIST

Orson Pratt played an important role in this history-making initial journey to the Valley of the Great Salt Lake for it was he, when weather permitted, who took astronomical and other scientific observations, determining by the aid of the sextant and circle of reflection, the latitude and longitude of the most prominent places and the altitude of the various elevations above sea level along the



Orson Pratt

route. The instruments used in these calculations had been purchased in Paris, France and given into his keeping on the eve of his departure from the camp a few miles from Winter Quarters. He was born September 19, 1811, in Hartford, Washington county, New York, the son of Jared and Charity Dickinson. Orson lived with his parents on a farm and had little opportunity of securing even a limited education.

On September 19, 1830 he was baptized a member of the Latter-day Saint Church, and the following December was ordained an Elder under the hands of the Prophet Joseph Smith. In the early days of 1831 he

went to Kirtland on foot, a distance of several hundred miles, where the Prophet had removed. He then performed missionary duties in the states of Ohio, Illinois and Missouri, baptizing over a hundred souls and establishing several branches of the Church. From 1836 to 1844 he occupied much of his time studying higher mathematics, in which he was keenly interested, without the assistance of a teacher.

Orson Pratt was a member of the Council of Twelve Apostles at the time of the westward trek, having been sustained as such in 1835. To him fell the honor of being in the lead of the pioneer company from Winter Quarters to Salt Lake Valley. When President Brigham Young became ill with mountain fever, it was decided by the leading authorities of the Church, that Orson Pratt should form the advance company of twenty-three wagons with forty-two men and make his way through the mountains to Salt Lake Valley. Some years later he said: "I gazed on the surrounding country with peculiar feelings in my heart. I felt as though it was the place for which we had so long sought."

In 1848 Orson Pratt was appointed president over all the branches of the Church in England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland and adjacent countries. In 1850 he returned to Salt Lake City. He was elected a member of the Legislative Assembly during its first session, and at each successive session when he was in the Territory. Seven times he was chosen Speaker of the House.

On July 18, 1874 he once more left home to cross the ocean, this time to transcribe and publish an edition of the Book of Mormon in Pitman phonetic characters called the Deseret Alphabet, but re-

turned September 27th. On December 3rd of that same year he started again for England to stereotype the Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants, which he arranged in verses with footnotes and references. From this important and laborious mission he returned September 2, 1879. On Sunday, September 18, 1881 he delivered his last public address speaking to a large congregation in the tabernacle. Orson Pratt was the last of the original Council of Twelve Apostles of the Church. He died October 3, 1881 after a long and distinguished career.

#### GEORGE A. SMITH — COLONIZER

George A. Smith was born in Potsdam, St. Lawrence county, New York, June 26, 1817, the son of John Smith and Clarissa Lyman. He was baptized the 10th of September, 1832. For several years he had performed the greater part of the labor on his father's farm, but in the winter of 1832-33, he was given the opportunity of attending school where he gave considerable attention to studying the Gospel and its requirements. On the first of May, 1833 he started with his parents for Kirtland, Ohio where they arrived on the 25th of that month, and were warmly greeted by the Prophet Joseph Smith and the Saints who had gathered there, numbering about five hundred. His father purchased a small farm and George helped to clear ten acres of heavily wooded land and commence the building of a small home. Brigham Young, who had learned carpentry, was hired to lay the floors and do some of the finishing work. While thus employed George A. Smith met the man with whom he was destined to be associated over a long period of time, filled with some of the most trying scenes and thrilling events which ever fell to the lot of man.



George A. Smith

The following was taken from his own writings: "In 1847 I accompanied President Young and the company of pioneers in searching out and making the road to and finding the location for the Church in the Great Basin. During this journey I walked seventeen hundred miles, and rode, mostly on horseback, eight hundred—much of the distance with raw hide soles on my shoes. I was six weeks without bread, though I was better off than most of the pioneer

company, for I had twenty-five pounds of flour locked up in my trunk, unknown to anyone. I lived as the rest, on buffalo bulls and other wild meat, which was not always plentiful. I issued my reserved flour by the cup to the sick, some of whom attribute to this circumstance the preservation of their lives. I planted some of the first potatoes in the ground in Salt Lake Valley and built a house for my father in the fort before starting on my return.

"In 1849 I took charge of the emigration at Council Bluffs, organizing and starting the companies. With the last, on the fourth of July, I started westward with my family. Our teams were heavily laden. We encountered hail and rain storms. Our cattle stampeded, and at the South Pass of the Platte, we were overtaken by heavy storms, in which seventy of our animals were frozen. We made our journey to Salt Lake City, one thousand thirty-four miles in one hundred and fifty-five days, arriving October 27th.

"In December, 1850, I raised a company of one hundred and eighteen volunteers, accompanied by about thirty families, and started for the purpose of planting a colony near the Little Salt Lake. This place had been designated by Elder Parley P. Pratt and company of explorers, as the place in the Little Salt Lake Valley for a settlement at Center Creek, two hundred and sixty-five miles from Salt Lake City. As soon as the site of the town was determined, we cut down a ninety-nine foot pole which we erected and on which we raised our country's flag—the stars and stripes. We dedicated the ground by prayer and saluted the emblem of religious liberty by the firing of a cannon."

During the years between 1850 and 1868, George A. Smith performed many church and civic duties. At the October Conference of 1868, he was appointed to succeed the late President Heber C. Kimball as first counselor to President Young. The political career of George A. Smith covered almost the whole period of his residence in Utah. He was an earnest worker in establishing the provisional government of the State of Deseret, and afterwards in organizing and enacting the laws for the government of the Territory of Utah. He was recognized as the father of the southern settlements, the chief of which, St. George, was named in his honor. He died September 1, 1875 in that city.

#### MARCUS BALL THORPE

Marcus Ball Thorpe was twenty-five years of age when he journeyed westward with the pioneer company. He was born June 12, 1822 at New Haven, Connecticut, and having become a member of the Latter-day Saint Church, he left his native state and joined the exiled Saints in Winter Quarters, Nebraska. He arrived in Great Salt Lake Valley in July, 1847 and returned to Winter Quarters later the same year with President Young. He came back in 1848 and the following year went to California. By 1851 he had earned

what he considered enough money to bring his parents and family to Utah. This money he placed in a belt which he wore. Mr. Thorpe decided to make the return trip to the eastern coast around the Horn by sailing vessel, instead of the long and arduous journey overland. Unfortunately, it is reported, he fell overboard and his body was never recovered.

### GEORGE WARDLE—MUSICIAN

George Wardle was one of the first men to look down into the Valley of the Great Salt Lake on the morning of the 21st of July, 1847 after that memorable trek across the plains. He was a native of England where he was born in Leek, Staffordshire county, February 3, 1820, and was also baptized a member of the Mormon Church in that country by Elder George A. Smith. In 1842 he sailed for America to join with the body of the Church in Nauvoo, Illinois, bringing with him his wife of two weeks, Fannie Rushton. He immediately engaged in his trade of wheelwright having learned how to do this work in his father's shop in England. His services were in great demand and he was busily engaged in repairing wagons when anti-Mormon mobs drove the Saints from that city. At Winter Quarters he was selected to go with the pioneer group.

Arriving in the Valley he performed whatever labors were asked of him until the time of his return to the states for his wife. He had been an ardent student of music in England and Brigham Young learning of his talents along that line, asked him, on his arrival in the valley the second time, to teach a class in dancing. He started his dancing school in Marcy Thompson's log house while a hall was being built. Among his students were President Brigham Young, George Q. Cannon, George A. Smith and other leading brethren of the Church. He also helped to organize the first choir and the first brass band in Salt Lake City.

When land was allotted to the Saints as their inheritance in Zion, he was given a piece of ground in Sugar House Ward. The dancing school, choir and band were reaching a stage of perfection when President Young called him to go to Provo and start a dancing school in that vicinity. He moved his family, built a house and



George Wardle

had hardly gotten himself established when he was called to Midway, Wasatch county to assist in the same profession. True to every call made by the church authorities, he again moved his family, and while residing there was instrumental in having a small rock meetinghouse erected with a stage in one end which could be used for social events as well as meetings. But again the call came to go to Glenwood in Sevier county. This time he built a large colonial house as his family now consisted of three wives and a number of small children. He, and his sons, also erected a small blacksmith shop and it is said that they were the first men in that part of the country to shoe the Indians' ponies. For this work they were paid in venison, both fresh and dried, buckskin or sometimes a pony.

Mr. Wardle was prospering, when once more a request came from President Taylor, who had assumed the presidency of the Church after the death of Brigham Young, to return to Midway as the settlers were having difficulties with the project begun by him. A few years later he was called to go to Vernal, Uintah County, and again George, although advanced in years, organized a school for dancing and vocal lessons. On November 25, 1901 this talented musician passed away at his home in Vernal survived by a large family.

#### EZRA TAFT BENSON—CAPTAIN OF SECOND TEN

Ezra Taft Benson was a member of the original Council of Twelve Apostles and was selected by Brigham Young and his associates as Captain of the Second Ten because of his special capabilities in leadership. He was born February 23, 1811, in Mendon, Worcester county, Massachusetts, the son of John Benson and Chloe Taft. After arriving in the Great Salt Lake Valley with the pioneer company, he returned

to Winter Quarters that same season with President Young and was appointed to preside over the Saints in Pottawattamie county, Iowa with Orson Hyde and George A. Smith.

In 1849, in company with Elder Smith, he returned to the valley. En route he became dangerously ill and was not expected to live, but through the faith and prayers of the members of the camp he recovered. In 1851 he returned to the Indian country and the following year brought back a company of Latter-day Saint converts. In 1856 he was appointed to a European mission and with Elder Orson Pratt presided over the British



Ezra Taft Benson

Mission until 1857, when he returned home. In 1860 he was appointed to preside in Cache Valley at which place he made his home until his death.

Apostle Benson performed many important missions at home and abroad during his lifetime, among them one to the Sandwich Island in 1864, which was the last time he left Utah. He served as a member of the Provisional State of Deseret; a member of the Territorial House of Representatives and during the last ten years of his life was elected to the Territorial Council every term. He died September 2, 1869 and was interred in the Logan cemetery.

### BARNABAS L. ADAMS—NIGHT GUARD

One of the necessary jobs done by the men of the pioneer trek was that of night guard. In instances where the cattle were staked out to graze at night some distance from the camp, extra guards were chosen to attend to this duty as the standing guard was not permitted to leave the immediate vicinity of the wagons. Barnabas L. Adams was one of the men selected for this important task. Besides this assignment he rendered great service to the camp in numerous ways, particularly when there were streams to ford, as he had been accustomed to river work while engaged in floating logs down the Mississippi River to St. Louis.

Barnabas was born August 28, 1812, near Perth, Upper Canada of Vermont-born parents and was educated in the Methodist faith. He became a convert of Mormonism at the age of twenty-three and afterwards gathered to Missouri in the so-called "Canada Camp" led by Elder John E. Page. In June, 1846, he married Julia Ann Bawker of Montrose, Lee county, Iowa. He came into the valley with Brigham Young's company and immediately made preparations to return to Winter Quarters that same season for his family.

In the fall of 1848, Mr. Adams arrived in Salt Lake Valley for the second time and settled in the mouth of Little Cottonwood canyon. He furnished timber for the tabernacle, Salt Lake theater and other public buildings. While lifting the bed of a wagon he injured



Barnabas L. Adams



himself internally, and a few days later, on June 2, 1869, expired suddenly from the effects of the accident. Mr. Adams was known as a kind-hearted, unobtrusive, industrious man and left many friends to mourn his untimely death besides his large family.

### GEORGE WASHINGTON BROWN—FRONTIERSMAN

George Washington Brown had a broad knowledge of little settled regions, having accompanied his father who was a hardy frontiersman into the interior of the United States, felled timber in primitive forests and helped prepare the way for the advance of civilization which was rapidly moving westward. Brigham Young and his associates felt that Mr. Brown could be helpful in locating the most accessible trails



George Washington Brown

for the companies to follow. He was born January 25, 1827 at Newburg, Cuyahoga county, Ohio, the son of Nathaniel Brown. After the death of his father in 1837, George W. moved with the other members of the family to New York and settled in Chautauqua county, where his mother became a member of the Mormon Church. George was baptized in Sugar Creek, Iowa but spent considerable time in Nauvoo, Illinois where he served as bodyguard to Joseph Smith.

In 1847, he was chosen a member of the original company under the leadership of Brigham Young and returned with him to Council Bluffs later in the summer. In the spring of 1848, he went to Missouri and rented a piece of land which he farmed until 1850, when he returned to the valley bringing his mother, brother and sister with him. Elizabeth Amy Hancock became his wife in December, 1852, by whom he had four children. She died July 29, 1862. His second wife was Emma Barrows, who bore him one son. His nomadic proclivities led him to change residences a number of times. In 1866 he located in Wallsburg and, in 1867, purchased a farm in Charleston where he resided the remainder of his days. In 1877 he was ordained a High Priest by President John Taylor and set apart as a member of the Wasatch Stake of Zion. Mr. Brown passed away December 19, 1906. Letter written by him to the Semi-Centennial Committee, December 29, 1896 on file in the Pioneer Memorial Museum:

In answer to your letter, the pioneers came in July 21st. Camped on Mill Creek. The morning of the 22nd they hitched up and came to the Temple Block, that was the day they done the plowing. The Indians seemed to be afraid of us, they stayed around on the benches looking at us. Some of the men would go out towards them, they would start and run. It wasn't many days before some of them came into camp and gave the men some dried service berries and crickets to eat. There are many instances I might relate but my memory is bad. I am the only pioneer in this county.

I remain very respectfully your friend,

George W. Brown

P.S. I will be 70 years old in January, 1897.

### THOMAS BULLOCK—CLERK

Thomas Bullock was chosen to accompany the pioneer band because of his clerical ability. A son of Thomas and Mary Hall Bullock, he was born December 23, 1816 in Leek, Staffordshire, England. He commenced his career as a clerk with John Cruso, a solicitor in that city on March 15, 1830, and continued in his employ for over eight years, at which time he took up the position of exciseman, laboring in the various districts of England. Mr. Bullock accepted the teachings of the Mormon Elders and was baptized in Leek, November 20, 1841. Shortly after he was ordained an Elder and assisted in organizing a branch of the Church in Briarly Hill, Staffordshire. On March 8, 1853 he crossed the ocean on the *Yorkshire* having charge of a company of emigrating Saints.



Thomas Bullock

After his arrival in Nauvoo he filled the position of clerk to Joseph Smith until the martyrdom of the Prophet. When the exodus from that city was completed, he traveled through Iowa with a group of Saints and soon was selected as one of the original company. He returned to Winter Quarters in the fall of 1847, coming again to the valley the following year. Among other important positions, he served as recorder for Salt Lake county, Chief Clerk of the House of Representatives, Chief Clerk of the

Church Historian's office and was one of the four men chosen to publish the first edition of the *Deseret News*.

Mr. Bullock was married three times, first to Henrietta Rushton in 1838; then to Lucy Clayton in 1843, and finally to Betsy Howard in 1856. He was the father of twenty-five children. In 1868, he moved to Wanship, Summit county, where he served as clerk of the Probate Court and Recorder of that county. He died in Coalville, February 10, 1855 and was interred in the Salt Lake City cemetery.

The following is the complete text of a letter written by Mr. Bullock to a cousin in England: Letter on file in Pioneer Museum.

Great Salt Lake City  
Deseret, North American Cont.  
September 21, 1850.

Dear Cousin Thomas:

A few days ago my eyes were gladdened with the sight of your letter dated January 18, 1849, which came to hand by one of the companies of emigrating Saints to this place; and I shall be happy to render any favor that lies in my power to your former servant, Mr. Eyres, when you see him, and from whom I hope to learn many particulars about my relatives in Cheshire; for they are many, and I do hope and expect when you have received this, you will enter into correspondence with me, which may prove of great benefit to the living.

I am happy that your recollections of me have been revived and I thank you and my uncle very kindly indeed for the genealogical sheet which you so kindly sent me; and if it is not too great a tax on your labors, I should be happier still to see the fullest list that you can possibly make, both of the living and the dead, that I can have posted in my office and have it as a daily "remembrancer" that I am the representative of as numerous a family as any other man can boast of. If it is too tedious for you, feel assured that my dear cousins, your sisters, will cheerfully assist you in this undertaking and any request for assistance they may make upon me, I shall cheerfully endeavor to comply with.

I remember well when the Bullock family alone carried the election for recorder of Macclesfield in 1829 and that was the foundation of my life; for you no doubt heard that in March, 1830, I was taken into the law office of John Cruso, Esq. in Leek, where I continued until 1838, when I entered the excise department and advanced through every grade and every place with satisfaction to my superior officers and all with whom I was connected. I officiated in Herefordshire, Monmouthshire, Worcestershire, Shropshire, then went to Carrickmacross Distillery in Moneghan county, Ireland; was then promoted to a ride in the Island of Anglesea; from thence I petitioned for removal to some place where I could speak the same language, and they

made a new ride near Shurbridge where I had as pleasant a berth as a man could desire. Here "Mormonism" came along. I received an ordination as an Elder and commenced preaching the same principles that caused your Mr. Al Eyres to leave your employ and no doubt he is much respected by you.

I was respected by all I had to do with, and they felt sorry when the time came for me to leave, but I did leave all; father, brother, uncles, aunts, cousins, house, possessions and friends in order to serve the Lord by gathering to where his people lived. In crossing the ocean I saw the wonders of the deep, knowing what it is to be shipwrecked; every mast and sail being carried away in a squall, but yet the Lord was with us and delivered us out of that trial. I went to Nauvoo and built a good house, made improvements and was then driven from them by a ruthless mob at the point of a bayonet with the merciful hint that they would shoot me down for being a Mormon. I was sick and afflicted nigh unto death, my wife and children, my blind mother-in-law all shaking with the fever and ague. In this condition we were carried down the Mississippi River and put over on the west side without one pound of bread to eat. Although persecuted by men, thank God, I was not forsaken by Him, for lo, as in days of old, the quails came from heaven and flew into our midst and the little children from six to ten years old caught them alive with their hands; and we were fed by Him who fed Elijah in the wilderness. From that moment, all the sick began to improve until we all got well, praise the Lord.

I was one of the 143 (144) pioneers who started out, led by President Brigham Young, to search out a place where the Saints could settle down in peace. We were guided to this valley in the mountains, over mountains, and deserts and through canyons where no living white man had been before. After staying about five weeks and establishing a colony where we laid the foundation for a fort which enclosed forty-eight acres of ground, broke over one hundred and eighty acres of ground and planted it in all manner of seeds, we then left the valley and returned to our families. We traveled to and fro 2,060 miles with our wagons, all alive, not an accident to anyone, which is unparalleled in modern history. The next Spring we resumed our journey with our families and again traversed the distance without any serious accident. My family arrived on the 22nd of September, 1848, and on the 25th of July last, she gave me a lovely boy. I might mention that one week after arriving in Deseret, my wife presented me with a daughter.

As I have given you a short sketch of my life, you may ask "and what do you now do for a living?" I am sworn in as recorder of lands for Great Salt Lake county, I am also clerk of Great Salt Lake City court. I am recorder for the Perpetual

Emigrating Fund to remove the poor to this place. I am honored with the office of Secretary to the First Presidency, and have the privilege of receiving instructions which tens of thousands of people will be glad to have. I am secretary of the mint in this place under President Young. More than all, I have been ordained as one of the Seventies and am empowered to preach the gospel of life and salvation to my fellow men, which is contained in these few words. Belief in Jesus Christ as the Son of God, His birth, crucifixion, resurrection, and ascension into heaven, repentance of all former sins with a determined desire to live the remainder of your lives to His honor and glory, baptism for the remission of your past sins, and laying on of hands by the Elders of Israel for the gift of the Holy Ghost, and to prepare for the second coming of Christ to reign in triumph on the earth.

Give my love and kind regards to your father, brother and sisters and I shall anxiously await your answer.

#### ALBERT CARRINGTON—TOPOGRAPHER AND SURVEYOR

Albert Carrington, because of his knowledge of topography, was a valuable member of the camp. He was born January 8, 1813 in Royalton, Windsor county, Vermont and graduated from the Dartmouth College in the class of 1833. He taught school and studied law for a few years in Pennsylvania, from which place he removed to Wisconsin where he was engaged in lead mining. In July, 1841, he joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Wiotia, Wisconsin and three years later went to Nauvoo, Illinois. After the exodus of the Mormons from that state he was chosen as a member of the company to make the initial westward trek.

Shortly after his arrival in the valley he was selected to accompany Captain Howard Stansbury of the U. S. Topographical unit on his exploration of the Great Salt Lake, as surveyor for the party, and was highly commended by him for his contribution to this important work. He was one of the first men to ascend Twin Peaks in 1847, and, in 1849, headed a com-



Albert Carrington

mittee to draft a constitution for the State of Deseret. Mr. Carrington served as editor of the *Deseret News* from 1854 to 1859, and again from 1863 to 1867. For over twenty years he was secretary to President Brigham Young. He held many high governmental, civic and church positions, having presided over the European Mission three different times.

Mr. Carrington married Rhoda Maria Woods December 6, 1838, at Hamilton Settlement, Iowa county, Wisconsin. He died in Salt Lake City, Utah September 19, 1889 at the age of seventy-six years.

### STARLING DRIGGS—FRONTIERSMAN

Starling Graves Driggs was chosen a member of this initial band because he possessed the ingenuity, courage and foresightedness so necessary in a frontiersman. He was born February 12, 1822 in Pennsylvania, the son of Uriel Driggs and Hannah Ford. After his baptism into the Mormon Church he went to Nauvoo, Illinois and during the expulsion of the Saints from their beloved city, assisted in every way he could to lead them to safety. His parents were among these persecuted people. Shortly after his father died in Lee county, Iowa, the Driggs family, including several brothers and their families, journeyed to Kaneshville, Iowa, arriving in the fall of 1846 where they located temporarily in what was known as the Thomas camp.

On arriving with the pioneer vanguard in Utah, Starling lived in the home of Apostle Amasa Lyman for two years. During this time he received word that his mother had died. There was much to be done in the valley during those first years and Starling Driggs joined wholeheartedly in helping to

build a new Zion for the thousands of Saints who would come to the valley seeking religious freedom. He was called as a member of the exploring expedition into southern Utah headed by Parley P. Pratt and with other young pioneers took this testing trip with its cold and hunger courageously and returned from it with valuable information as to the regions they had traversed.

Two years later, in 1851, with Apostles Amasa Lyman and Charles C. Rich, Starling Driggs journeyed to California to assist in



Starling Driggs

the settlement of San Bernardino. Again it was hard work from early 'till late for his days were filled with helping to build the fort and hauling timber from the sawmills to the ships in San Pedro harbor, a distance of ninety miles. He was also a freighter, going back and forth over the desert trails from California to Utah hauling merchandise to the settlers in the territory. During one of these trips he met Sarah Rogers whom he married in Salt Lake City in 1855. He returned to California the following spring with his wife and nephew, Benjamin W. Driggs. Their first child, a daughter, Olivia was born there. When the Saints were called back to Utah, the Driggs family settled in Parowan and here two more children were born, Starling, Jr., and Amanda. Mr. Driggs passed away December 3, 1860 from the effects of an accident which occurred while operating a primitive threshing machine on his farm, and was laid to rest beside his first-born son who died in infancy.

#### THOMAS GROVER—SUPERINTENDENT OF FERRY

Thomas Grover was undoubtedly selected to accompany the pioneer company because of his wide experience with boats, for President Brigham Young knew there would be need of experienced ferrymen in crossing the rivers between them and their final destination. Mr. Grover was born July 22, 1807 in Whitehall, New York, the son of Thomas and Polly Spaulding Grover. His father died



Thomas Grover

when he was an infant leaving his mother to rear and provide for a large family. When Thomas was twelve years of age he worked as a cabin boy on a boat on the Erie Canal, and twelve years later he became the captain of the boat. In 1828 he married Caroline Whiting, the daughter of Nathaniel Whiting and Mercey Young. A few years later he moved his wife and daughter to Freedom, New York and it was here he heard and accepted the teachings of the Mormon Elders.

When the pioneer company reached the North Fork of the Platte River, Thomas Grover was appointed superintendent of the ferry by order of President Brigham Young. Those who were appointed to stay with the ferry were called together by President Young, namely, Captain Thomas Grover, John Higbee, Appleton M. Harmon, William Empey, Luke Johnson,

Edmund Ellsworth, F. M. Pomeroy, James Davenport and Benjamin F. Stewart. They received verbal instructions, also instructions in writing to which they all agreed:

North Fork of the Platte River, Upper Ferry, June 18, 1847,  
125 miles west of Fort Laramie.

Instructions to the above names are repeated, brethren, as you are about to stop at this place for a little season, for the purpose of passing emigrants over the river and assisting the Saints, we have thought fit to appoint *Thomas Grover, Superintendent of the Ferry*, and of your company. If you approve, we want you to agree that you will follow his counsel implicitly and without gainsaying and we desire that you should be agreed in all your operations, acting in concert, keeping together continually and not scattering to hunt.

At your leisure, put yourselves up a comfortable room that will afford yourselves and horses protection against the Indians should a war party pass this way. But first of all see that your boats are properly secured by fastening raw hides over the tops of the canoes or some better process. Complete the landings, and be careful of lives and property of all you labor for, remembering that you are responsible for all accidents through your carelessness or negligence and that you retain not that which belongs to the traveler.

For one family wagon, you will charge \$1.50, payment in flour and provisions as stated prices or \$3.00 in cash. You had better take young stock at a fair valuation instead of cash and a team if you should want the same to remove. Should emigration cease before our brethren arrive, cache your effects and return to Laramie and wait their arrival, and come on with them to the place of location. We promise you that the superintendent of the ferry shall never lack wisdom or knowledge to devise and counsel you in righteousness and for your best good, if you will always be agreed and in all humility, watch and pray without ceasing. When our emigration companies arrive, if the river is fordable, ferry them and let them who are able pay a reasonable price. The council of their camp will decide who are able to pay.

Let a strict account be kept of every man's labor, also of all wagons and teams ferried and of all receipts and expenditures allowing each man according to his labor and justice, and if anyone feels aggrieved let him not murmur, but be patient until you come up and let the council decide. The way not to be aggrieved is for every man to love his brother as himself.

The following is a copy of a letter sent by Thomas Grover's son to the Semi-Centennial Committee telling of his father's experiences at the ferry and later life.



Our family crossed the Mississippi River in February, 1846 and traveled with the Saints to Winter Quarters now Florence, Nebraska where father, during the winter of '46-'47 done the butchering for the Saints and in the spring of '47 he was chosen one of the pioneers and went with that company as far as the North Platte where a stop was made. President Young called a meeting for the purpose of devising means of crossing the river, in this meeting a plan was put forth which father did not think would work and he left the meeting and went to bed. At the close of the meeting Stephen Markham, father's bunk mate, came to bed, and one of the brethren came with him to hear what father said of the plan. Father told Marcus he had forgotten more about water than President Young knew. This man who came to the wagon with Marcus went to President Young with what father said and the President called father to account.

The next morning father told him he had forgotten more about water than he ever knew. Father had been a canal boat captain all his life and knew nothing but water. President Young rigged their ferry and started it, when President Kimball standing with his hand on father's shoulders said, "Brother Thomas, it runs nice." "Yes," said father, "but when it strikes the current it will go under." He had hardly spoken when it went under. "Now," said President Young, "Brother Grover, my plan has failed, what is yours?" Father said, "I will take two four-mule teams and six men and go to the grove of timber yonder and I will get two trees and bring them here and will hew them out canoe fashion and lash them together, and tomorrow morning at daylight will have a boat that will carry us safe across the river." President Young told him to get his men and teams and be off. He started with the men and when they arrived at the grove they made the selection of the trees and on getting near they found them surrounded with rattle snakes and they killed snakes for three hours before they could get near the trees; but they got them down and went to camp and the next morning the boat was in the water as he said it would be.

After the camp had all crossed the President left father and nine others there to run the ferry and father remained until the company came which his family was in. We were in General C. C. Rich's company.

We arrived in Salt Lake Valley October 3, 1847. We remained in the city that winter, then in the spring of 1848, we located on the creek where Centerville now is, then to Farmington in Davis county on Devil Creek. I remember seeing the Indian ponies feeding by the side of our corn and did not eat the corn. In the fall of 1848 father was sent by the President to California to settle some business for the Church. He went by way of lower California and settled the business;

then went into the mines until the fall of 1849, when he returned in company with Thomas Rhodes and others. My father and the others turned over to the Church on their arrival a half bushel measure full of gold. We have lived in the valley since that time.

In October, 1840, Caroline Whiting died leaving six children. On February 20, 1841, he married Eliza Nickerson Hubbard. Hannah Tupper became his wife December 17, 1844, and shortly after he married her sister, Laduska Tupper. The first winter was spent in Salt Lake, but the following spring he moved to Duel Creek or Centerville; thence to Farmington. In the fall of 1848, as he, and thirty other men, were starting for California, he was asked to use his influence with this company to pay for 500 head of Texas cattle which had been brought to Utah "to help keep the Mormons from starvation." This he did, each man agreeing to pay \$4.00 a head for the cattle after they had earned it in California. He was also asked by President Young to help settle the accounts of the Saints who had come around the Horn on the ship *Brooklyn*. In 1856 he married Emma and Elizabeth Walker, young English converts. He served three years in the Utah Legislature, part of the time was during its session in Fillmore. Mr. Grover held many high civic and church offices before his death February 20, 1886.

### JESSE CARTER LITTLE—AMBASSADOR FOR THE CHURCH

In the selection of the original pioneers it was necessary to include such men as Jesse C. Little who possessed experience in organization. He was born September 26, 1815 in Belmont, Waldo county, Maine, a son of Thomas and Relief Little. He joined the Church in the Eastern States and was ordained a High Priest by Parley P. Pratt April 17, 1845. In 1846 he served as president of the Eastern States Mission. The following is the copy of a letter written to him by President Young while serving there:



Jesse Carter Little

Temple of God

Nauvoo January 20, 1846.

Brother Little:

You are hereby appointed to travel among the Eastern branches of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and to take charge and preside over them in the room and place of Elder Brannan who is probably gone to the western coast. Let the organization of the branches be kept up wherever it is practicable and consistent. Let the Saints in the East, who are left under your charge, be faithful and diligent, and so soon as you can fit out another company to follow Elder Brannan, let them sail after him under your charge and presidency, and appoint some good man to succeed you in the East, or take them all along if possible.

Be thou faithful over a few things and thou shalt be made ruler over many. It is generally better for the Saints to go round by water than come this way by land. Their voyage will be easier, and attended with less expense. Inasmuch as possible take mill irons, farming utensils, machinery, goods, etc., iron steel, nails and tools of various kinds. It will require your whole time to attend to these matters, and you must depend upon your labors for your support.

If our government shall offer any facilities for emigrating to the western coast, *embrace these facilities* if possible. As a wise and faithful man, take every honorable advantage of the times you can. Be thou a savior and deliverer of that people and let virtue, integrity and truth be your motto; salvation and glory the prize for which you contend.

May heaven bless you through your thoughtfulness, and all under your charge, forever and ever, is the prayer and blessing of your brethren in Christ Jesus.

Hearing that President Polk was contemplating sending a company of militia to the seat of war in California he suggested that since the Latter-day Saints were expecting to locate in the near future in Western United States, this company should be drawn from the ranks of the Mormons encamped on the banks of the Missouri River. This action led to the call of the Mormon Battalion whose army pay helped to finance the migration of the first Saints to Utah. After completing his mission in the East, Elder Little was called to be one of the original pioneers. In the fall he journeyed from Utah territory back to Winter Quarters with President Young and was assigned to his former post as president of the Eastern States mission. He did not return to the valley until 1852. Mr. Little was prominently identified with the early ecclesiastical, civil and military affairs of the territory until his death which occurred in Salt Lake City, December 23, 1893.

## AMASA LYMAN—COLONIZER

Amasa Lyman, third son of Roswell and Martha Mason Lyman, was born in Lyman Township, Grafton county, New Hampshire, May 30, 1813. He was baptized into the Mormon Church by Elder Lyman E. Johnson April 27, 1832 and continued his missionary labors in the vicinity until July 31, 1844 when he arrived in Nauvoo, Illinois. Having attended the special meeting held there August 8, 1844, in which the Twelve Apostles were acknowledged as the presiding quorum of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Apostle Lyman, as a member of that quorum, continued to take an active part in all the affairs of the Church. He rendered efficient aid during the exodus of the Saints from Nauvoo in 1846 and was one of the original Utah pioneers of 1847.

Apostle Lyman traveled only half the distance with the pioneers for he, with several others, left the party at Laramie, Wyoming and started for Pueblo to meet the Mississippi Saints who were en route to the valley. For this reason he did

not arrive with the main body, but came in on July 29th, joining the pioneers at the camp in City Creek. He returned to Winter Quarters with President Young later that season and the following year led a large company of immigrants to the Valley.

In 1851 Amasa Lyman and Charles C. Rich were called to lead a company to California. In September they purchased the San Bernardino Ranch, containing 100,000 acres and founded the settlement naming it San Bernardino. Death came to Amasa Lyman February 4, 1877 in Fillmore, Millard county, Utah.



Amasa Lyman

## WILLARD RICHARDS—COUNSELOR

Willard Richards, second counselor to Brigham Young from 1847 to 1854, was the son of Joseph and Rhoda Howe Richards. He was born June 24, 1804, at Hopkinton, Middlesex county, Massachusetts. While practicing medicine near Boston, Willard was given the opportunity of studying a copy of the Book of Mormon, and so firm was his conviction of its truthfulness that he "immediately commenced



Willard Richards

Rev. John Richards. Willard was ordained one of the Twelve Apostles, April 14, 1840. After the publication of the *Millennial Star* by Parley P. Pratt had begun, he assisted in the editorial department.

On August 16, 1841 he returned to Nauvoo, Illinois where he was recorder for the Temple, private secretary to Joseph Smith and general Church clerk until the martyrdom of the Prophet. At the time of the expulsion from Nauvoo, he acted as Church Historian. His wife died at the age of twenty-eight years in Nauvoo, leaving two small children.

In the spring of 1847 Apostle Richards was enrolled in the memorable band of pioneers that first marked out a highway for the immigrating Saints to the Valley of the Great Salt Lake. After his return to Winter Quarters later that season he was elected second counselor to President Young in which capacity he continued throughout his life. In the fall of 1848 he arrived in the Valley a second time as captain of a large company of Saints.

During the years that followed he served as secretary to the government in the State of Deseret and later of the Territory of Utah. He also served as postmaster of Salt Lake City and was an efficient member of the Perpetual Emigrating Fund committee. Other duties included editor and proprietor of the *Deseret News* and general historian and recorder of the Church. He married Nannie Longstroth, and on November 30, 1851, married Rhoda Harriet Foss. Throughout his life Apostle Richards was devoted to his family and friends.

settling his accounts, selling his medicine and freeing himself from every incumbrance that he might go to Kirtland, Ohio and investigate further." It was not until October, 1836, that he finally arrived at Kirtland having been stricken in the meantime with palsy. He was most cordially received by his cousin, Brigham Young with whom he tarried while making a thorough investigation of Mormonism. On December 31, 1836 he was baptized by Brigham Young and ordained an Elder on March 6, 1837. On June 12th he was sent to England in company with Heber C. Kimball and Orson Hyde and while there married Jennetta Richards, daughter of

Beloved and respected by all who knew him he passed away in Salt Lake City March 11, 1854.

### ROSWELL STEVENS—MORMON BATTALION

Roswell Stevens was born October 17, 1809, at Grand River, Upper Canada, a son of Roswell and Sybil Spencer Stevens. He was converted to the Mormon faith through the teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon, and was baptized in the spring of 1834 by John Y. Greene. Mary Ann Peterson became his wife. Some years later he moved his wife and their five children to Nauvoo where he served as a member of the police force. After the exodus of the Saints from that city, he was among those men who enlisted in the Mormon Battalion, serving as a 4th corporal in Company E. He traveled with his company as far as Santa Fe, New Mexico, when he and Samuel Gully, a 3rd lieutenant in the same company, were appointed to accompany John D. Lee and Howard Egan back to Winter Quarters to take money contributed by members of the Battalion to assist the Saints to the Valley. From the book *Pioneering the West* by Howard Egan we quote: October 16th. "In the afternoon Company B. drew 1½ months pay, \$2.60 to each person in money, the rest in check." October 17th: "Bros. Lee and Egan were making preparations to return to the Bluffs. They received \$4000 from the Battalion to take back with them to the Church. About a month later, November 21st, John Lee and Howard Egan arrived at Winter Quarters, as special messengers from the camps of the Mormon Battalion beyond Santa Fe."—*Deseret News*.

In the spring of 1847, Mr. Stevens was selected as one of the pioneer company. He returned to Winter Quarters later the same year with Brigham Young, where he was appointed to help care for the families of the men of the Mormon Battalion until such time as they could be reunited with husbands and fathers in the valley of the Great Salt Lake.

After his return to Utah, Mr. Stevens moved his family to Alpine, and in the spring of 1855 moved them to Weber Valley. A daughter, Martha, was the first white child born in this place. His son, Charles Russell, was also born there. In the spring of 1879 President John Taylor, of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, sent an expedition into southern Utah to explore possible sites for future settlements. Roswell Stevens was a member of that party. The men selected a place on the San Juan River in southeastern Utah which they named Bluff. Shortly after their arrival Mr. Stevens passed away, May 4, 1880. Since there was no lumber available a crude coffin was made out of his wagon box and he was buried in a spot selected for the pioneer cemetery. Throughout his life he remained faithful to the principles of the Church of his choice.

—*Harriet Stevens*

## PHINEAS HOWE YOUNG—CAPTAIN OF THIRD TEN

Phineas Howe Young, brother of Brigham Young was born February 16, 1799 in Hopkinton, Middlesex county, Massachusetts. When he was three years of age his parents moved to Vermont; then to Syracuse and later Genoa, New York where Phineas learned the printing trade and assisted his father on the farm. At that time he was a member of the Methodist Church, but, in 1830, accepted the



Phineas Howe Young

teachings of the Mormon Elders as the true faith and was baptized. He married Clarissa Hamilton on the 28th of September, 1818, and after her death married Lucy Cowdery, half-sister of Oliver Cowdery. In 1841, he, in company with Franklin Richards, filled a mission to Ohio.

When the westward migration was planned in 1847 Phineas gladly accepted the responsibility of leadership over the third ten. He loved hunting and along the route often supplied the train with fresh meat and game. On reaching Emigration Canyon he was sent back to assist the oncoming Saints to the Valley. Three times he traveled

the lonely stretch between Utah and the Missouri River for this purpose, enduring many hardships.

When Phineas was given his allotment for a home in Salt Lake, it was on what is now First South, between Second and Third East. He built a crude log cabin and later erected a two-story adobe house with an upper and lower veranda and surrounded it with a high stone wall. Here he planted one of the first orchards in Salt Lake. Lucy had refused to come to Utah and remained in the East with the two little girls. He married an English convert, Phebe Clark, and the following year married Marie James. In 1853 he received his license to practice law, but shortly after was called on a mission to England and Scotland. After his return he served as the bishop of the Second Ward.

In 1871, Mr. Young moved to Summit county, where he remained until 1875, when he again established a home in Salt Lake City. He died October 10, 1880 survived by a large family.

—*Celestia Young Pack*

## TRUMAN OSBORN ANGELL—ARCHITECT AND BUILDER

"As long as the Salt Lake Temple stands, there will be a magnificent monument to the skill and patience and dedication of its humble architect" is a fitting tribute paid to one of this band of original pioneers, Truman Osborn Angell. He was born June 5, 1810 to James and Phebe Morton in North Providence, Rhode Island. His parents were poor farmers and unable to give him any educational advantages, but at the age of seventeen he was given the opportunity of learning the trade of carpentry and joiner. In January, 1833, he became a member of the Latter-day Saint Church and for a number of years worked on the Kirtland and Nauvoo temples. He followed the Saints in their subsequent migrations and was one of those chosen at Winter Quarters by Brigham Young and his counselors to make the initial trek westward, seeking a place where the Saints could build anew.

Within a few weeks after his arrival in the valley he returned to Winter Quarters for his wife, Polly Johnson whom he had married in western New

York a short time before they both joined the church, and their three children. He built a one-room log cabin in which to house them and then resumed his carpentry. The talent Truman O. Angell possessed as an architect and builder came into full fruition in the valley, for many of the beautiful buildings in Salt Lake City were erected under his guidance and supervision, among them the Bee Hive House, Lion House, Council House, a sugar factory, which included the assembling of the machinery, but the greatest of all his achievements is the world famous Mormon Temple.

Work was begun in 1853 and proceeded slowly during the first years because of the poverty of the people and the difficulty in obtaining suitable materials. During a lull in the building Mr. Angell was sent on a mission to Europe, and while fulfilling his church duties found ample opportunity to study the architecture of notable buildings in that country. Upon his return to the valley May 29, 1857 he again took up his work on the temple.

During the many years of construction Truman Angell drew plans and supervised the work of erecting the tabernacle, the Latter-day Saint



Truman Osborn Angell



temple at Saint George as well as several other buildings and homes. In penciling the plans for these structures he always sought the counsel of Brigham Young. "He is a man," wrote Mr. Angell in his diary, "counseled by the Lord and he has learned by his own wisdom more than all the wisdom I ever saw in other men put together. This is my feeling." Even after the death of his beloved leader in 1877 he continued with the work, but never lived to see his masterpiece completed. On October 16, 1887, Patriarch Truman O. Angell passed away at his home in Salt Lake City, leaving others to finish this "House of the Lord in the desert" built through forty years of toil and personal sacrifice. He was survived by two wives, Susan Eliza Savage and Mary Ann Johnson, Polly having preceded him in death.

#### ADDISON EVERETT — CARPENTER

Another member of this group trained along the lines of carpentry, which trade so many times proved useful in repairing the wagons along the route, was Addison Everett who had been a ship carpenter in his native state. He was born in Wallkill, Orange county, New York, October 10, 1805, to Ephraim and Deborah Carwin Everett, and was among the first Latter-day Saint Church converts in that area.

He was baptized by Elijah Fordham and confirmed by Elder Parley P. Pratt, later becoming president of that branch of the church.

Mr. Everett gathered with other Saints in Nauvoo in 1844, and after the exodus of his co-religionists from that city, he was chosen by President Young as one of the pioneer company. He started back to Winter Quarters that same season, but met his wife, Orpha Maria Redfield, and family near the Sweetwater and brought them into the valley in the fall. He served as bishop of the Eighth Ward for a number of years, then, in 1861, was called to the Dixie Mission, where he did much toward the



Addison Everett

settlement and growth of that part of the territory. He assisted in building Fort Supply and was always considered an honored friend of

the Indians. He worked on the St. George Temple and after its completion, labored just as diligently in doing the work for his kindred dead. He died in St. George January 2, 1885.—*Milton Moody*

### JOHN YOUNG GREENE—TEAMSTER

Men having an expert knowledge of the handling of animals must necessarily be included as a part of this pioneer company, for they must drive the wagons carrying the other members of the various groups, and also the vehicles filled with supplies. When the first company was making preparations for the westward journey, John Young Green was selected as one of the men for this arduous job. He was asked to drive President Young's team to the valley, which duty he faithfully performed.

John was born September 2, 1826 in the state of New York, a son of John P. and Rhoda Young Greene. In his early youth he heard and accepted the teachings of the Mormon Elders. Ten years after his arrival in the Valley he was called on a mission to Europe where he labored in the Scandinavian countries. He gained many friends among the warm-hearted Danish people, learning their language and teaching them the fulness of the Gospel. In 1858 he returned to Utah after completing a successful mission.



John Young Greene

Mr. Greene died at his home in Salt Lake City May 24, 1880 after many years of faithful service to his community and to his church.

### ALBERT PERRY ROCKWOOD—MILITARY MAN

Albert Perry Rockwood was born June 9, 1805 in Holliston, Middlesex county, Massachusetts, the son of Luther and Ruth Perry Rockwood. His mother died two months after he was born, so Albert lived with his half-brothers and sisters in the old home until 1827, when he married Nancy Haven. Their first child, Elizabeth, died at the age of eleven years. Ellen Ackland Rockwood, the second daugh-



Albert Perry Rockwood

ter, was born March 23, 1829. She later became the wife of Brigham Young. Four other children were born to this couple but all died in infancy.

During the year 1837, Brigham Young and Willard Richards came to Holliston, converting many of the people to the Mormon faith, among whom were Albert and Nancy. Soon after they moved to Kirtland, Ohio where the Saints were then located. Because of his interest and knowledge of military tactics he was appointed to command the Prophet's body guard and later ranked as general in the Nauvoo Legion. Having been called to fill a vacancy in the First Council of Seventies

ter, Elder Rockwood was ordained and set apart as one of the First Presidents of Seventies at Nauvoo, December 2, 1845. In 1846, he married Elvira T. Wheeler and Angeline Horne.

When the Saints left Nauvoo Mr. Rockwood was with Brigham Young on the first trip, serving as his body guard. He was chosen as one of the men to accompany the pioneer trek, Brigham Young and two of his brothers, Phineas and Lorenzo D., being in the same company. Phineas was chosen as captain of this group. En route Albert assisted in ferrying the pioneers across the Platte River, but came on with his company.

It is known that on July 12 Brigham Young became ill with mountain fever. On Thursday, July 13, Elder Kimball reported that President Young was a little better. He also said that A. P. Rockwood was a very, very sick man. Quoting from the journal on July 14th: "In the fore part of the day, Wilford Woodruff and Barnabas L. Adams rode back about seven miles to visit President Young at his camp on Coyote Creek. They found him much improved in health and quite cheerful, but they also found Brother Albert P. Rockwood the sickest man of all who had suffered illness in the pioneer company. Wilford Woodruff returned to the main camp for his carriage, which was the easiest riding vehicle in the pioneer camp, so that President Young and Brother Rockwood could ride in it the following day." July 15th: "Found the President and Brother Rockwood much improved in health and the ride seemed to refresh the sick brethren."

Mr. Rockwood accompanied Brigham Young on the return trip to Winter Quarters on August 26th. In July 1849, he returned to the valley with his three wives and a daughter, Mary Ann, who had been born to Elvira Wheeler Rockwood, October 15, 1847. When the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Utah convened in its first session at Salt Lake City on the 22nd of September 1851, A. P. Rockwood was one of that body. He was elected and served as a member of this assembly in every session up to the time of his death. He was elected to the office of warden of the penitentiary January 24, 1862, and it was he who instigated and opened many of the roads in the valley with prison labor. He was a director and organizer of the Deseret Agricultural and Manufacturing Society; served as watermaster of the 13th Ward, and in 1870 was appointed Road Commissioner of District 11, Salt Lake county. In February 1871, he, and a group of other men, incorporated and sold stock in a fish company. This led to his appointment by Brigham Young in 1876 as Fish Commissioner for the Territory.

Mr. Rockwood married his fourth wife, Juliana Sophia Olson in April, 1863, and in June, 1870, married Susanna Cornwall. He was the father of twenty-two children. His death occurred November 25, 1879, at the age of 74 years in his home in Sugar House Ward, Salt Lake City, Utah.—*Ardella Rockwood Lowry*

#### JOSEPH S. SCOFIELD—CARPENTER

Joseph S. was the son of Elijah and Hannah Thompson Scofield of Windham, Green county, New York where he was born August 2, 1809. After his father's death in 1828, he learned the joiners trade and became a skilled carpenter. He moved to Michigan but returned to New York and it was here he married Clarissa Aurilla Terry, July 11, 1838. The young couple became identified with the Mormon Church, and Joseph served as a clerk of the branch in their community which consisted of twenty members. Shortly after they moved to Nauvoo where they established a home; but like many others who had accepted the new religion they left their all in search of religious freedom.

When the time came for the first group of Saints to commence the long and hazardous



Joseph S. Scofield

journey to the west in quest of the promised land, Joseph was one of the men chosen, perhaps because of his special training in a trade so necessary in their future home. When they arrived in the valley he was soon employed erecting public buildings and homes. He assisted in the building of the Salt Lake Temple, Salt Lake Theatre, Social Hall and then was called by the Church authorities to work on the St. George Temple, the masonry of which was commenced March 10, 1873. He did not live to see the completion of the temple, having passed away March 8, 1875. He was laid to rest in the Salt Lake City Cemetery.

—*Julia Roseline Scofield Shirley*

#### BRIANT STRINGHAM—STOCKMAN

Briant Stringham, son of George and Polly Hendricksen was born March 28, 1823 at Coalville, Broome county, New York. The following beautiful letter was written by him to his family whom he had left in Winter Quarters when he was chosen to accompany the pioneer vanguard to Utah:

Separated as we are by mountains, rivers, hills, deserts of sand, and many wandering tribes of Indians, yet my thoughts reach you by day and my dreams by night, and my prayer is that you may be blessed and prospered and enjoy life and health and that you may be able to come to this land the ensuing year and rejoice with the people of God in this beautiful valley, for it is truly a lovely place, and I believe the garden spot of the world.

I still live with Brother Lorenzo Young and expect to until you come. I am working and preparing timber for your house, and hope, by the time you get here, to have it ready for you. I am in hopes of raising an abundance of grain for you; at least I have as fair prospects as anyone. I shall try my best. At the same time I want you to do something for me, for by the time you get here I shall be literally naked, and bareheaded, without shoes or clothing. I hope therefore you will do all in your power whilst I am doing for you. If Jerry is there tell him to bring me a good wife, if he can. If Jed has any horses have him not fetch them, but trade them for steers and heifers, for they are the best team you can have to come with, and when you get here you can get horses cheap enough. I want you to bring a good harness and iron for a plough or two for such things cannot be got here at any price. Bring all the cattle you can and two pigs if possible, sugar, guns, cloth, leather, nails, glass, spices and such things for they cannot be got here. I hope to see you all in the Valley about the last of July.

The thought of seeing my brothers, sisters, and friends, together with my aged father and dear mother, to think of you all settled in your inheritance in this goodly land, fills my soul with joy that I cannot express with a pen. May that happy day soon arrive when we shall see each other's smiles and rejoice

together with none to molest or make afraid. We can build here and inhabit, plant vineyards and eat the fruit thereof, live and enjoy health and strength and be blessed together with the servants of God to teach us the ways and rules, wisdom and power of the Almighty; that we may walk in his paths and enjoy his blessings throughout the remaining days of our lives and our days be lengthened out to a good old age, that we may do much good all the days of our lives and prove ourselves wise stewards in the days of our probation; that we may come to the grave in peace, having fought the good fight so that in the morning of the resurrection, we can claim the promises that are promised to the faithful, willing and obedient servants of God.

I want you to start as early as possible and come in Brigham's company if you can and then you will be pretty apt to be safe, and I will try and meet you somewhere this side of Fort Bridger in the mountains. I cannot come a great way for I have to take care of my crops. You must fetch provisions enough to last you until you get here. It will take about one hundred and fifty pounds of flour to each one of you and meat enough to go with it. Try to get a small piece of a porker for me. It would taste excellent. May the Lord bless you in all your undertakings that are lawful to get you to this place which is the desire and prayer of your son.

After Briant Stringham's arrival in the valley he helped to plant trees, build houses and otherwise develop the small community. For fifteen years he had charge of the tithing stock of the Latter-day Saint Church, a great part of the time on Antelope Island. He died in Salt Lake City August 4, 1871 at the age of forty eight years. At the funeral it was suggested that Brigham Young be the speaker. With tears running down his cheeks he said he could not do it for Briant was far too near and dear to him to be able to say anything.

#### THOMAS TANNER—BLACKSMITH

On a journey of such duration over thousands of miles of rough terrain accidents were bound to happen to the wagons, therefore, it was thought wisdom on the part of the authorities to include men in the initial trek who were skilled in the trade of blacksmithing. Such a man was Thomas Tanner who was born March 31, 1804 in Bristol, Gloucestershire, England to William and Judea Tanner. He emigrated to America in 1831, was married in 1834 (wife unknown) and was baptized at New Rochelle, Winchester county, New York in 1841. He went to Nauvoo to be with the body of the Church and was in the exodus of 1846. While at Winter Quarters he was called by Brigham Young to join the first company in the Third Ten.

"On Monday April 25, 1847 it was reported that Captain Ezra T. Benson of the Second Ten, discovered that one of the iron axles of his wagon was broken. He shifted the load in the wagon so that

there should be no weight on the broken part and in this way traveled all day. In the evening the wagon was unloaded, the axle taken off and Thomas Tanner's forge set up. The axle was welded and fixed ready to put on the wagon again. This work was done in the short space of one hour after the encampment had been formed, the welding being done by Burr Frost."

Thomas returned to Winter Quarters with President Young and the following year brought his family to Utah. He then commenced making adobes with which to build a house and shop where he again took up his trade of blacksmithing. Later he became foreman of the Church blacksmith shop. The following information was taken from a newspaper article dated August 2, 1855: "Thomas Tanner, foreman of the Public Works Blacksmith Shop in Great Salt Lake City, and a pioneer of 1847, died from the effects of a fall which occurred on the 31st of July, 1855."

### BRIGHAM YOUNG—PRESIDENT

Much has been written and published concerning the life and accomplishments of Brigham Young under whose guidance the first company of pioneers made the famous trek to Salt Lake Valley. He was a member of the third ten but every person in that selected band acknowledged him as the man chosen by their Heavenly Father to lead them to the Promised Land.

Brigham Young was born June 1, 1801, in Whitingham, Windham county, Vermont, a son of John and Nabbie Howe Young. In the spring of 1830 he first saw a copy of the Book of Mormon, and after long and careful study was convinced of its divine origin, and baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints April 14, 1832. From that time on he became its tireless and fearless advocate. His first meeting with the Prophet Joseph Smith occurred in Kirtland, Ohio in the fall of 1832, and it was at that time the Prophet said: "The time will come when Brother Brigham Young will preside over this Church."

When the first quorum of the Twelve Apostles was chosen February 14, 1835 in Kirtland, Ohio, Brigham Young was numbered among them. Four years later in Nauvoo, Illinois, he was unanimously sustained as its president. While on a mission to the eastern states he learned of the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph Smith and Patriarch Hyrum Smith, and immediately returned to Nauvoo. The quorum of the Twelve stands next in authority to the presidency of the church, and in case of the decease of the president, the Twelve presides over the church with their president at the head; thus Brigham Young became the man who succeeded Joseph Smith.

Twenty thousand Saints were driven from their homes in Illinois and turned out on the prairies of Iowa in the dead of winter. Two camps were established, one in Garden Grove, and one at Mt. Pisgah, for these exiles. The main body of the Church with President Young

as their leader, reached Council Bluffs on the Missouri River in June, 1846, and shortly after came the call of the Mormon Battalion taking most of their young men to fight in the war against Mexico. Soon after he crossed the Mississippi River to the Nebraska side and established Winter Quarters, from whence he led the initial trek to the Rocky Mountains in search of a place of refuge for his faithful followers.

After his return to Winter Quarters, on December 5, 1847 Brigham Young was unanimously sustained 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 great colonizer served as the first territorial governor of Utah, beloved friend of all his people. On August 29, 1877 he passed away in the Lion House. He is buried in the Brigham Young plot located on the brow of the hill at 142 First Avenue, which was part of his private estate.

#### LORENZO DOW YOUNG — BISHOP

Lorenzo Dow Young was born October 19, 1807 in Smyrna, Chenango county, New York. He was the brother of Brigham and Phineas Young. Lorenzo remembered his mother as afflicted with consumption for many years and when he was about seven years of age she passed away. The family was in adverse financial circumstances and educational advantages were limited. When Lorenzo was ten years old he was apprenticed to James Little and remained with him five years, learning the trade of gardener and nurseryman which experience proved very valuable in later years in the Valley.

In 1832 he first came in contact with the Latter-day Saint religion through reading the Book of Mormon. He became thoroughly convinced of its divinity and the following summer settled his business affairs and started for the gathering place of the Saints in Missouri. Here he bought 160 acres of land and built a log house, and when he had brought the land under cultivation and harvested a good crop, he was driven out by anti-Mormon mobs. His next move was to Nauvoo Illinois and the following winter, 1846, was spent in the camp of the exiled Mormons on the west bank of the Missouri River.



Lorenzo Dow Young



The time had now come for the Saints to cross the plains to the Rocky Mountains in search of a place to build new homes. Lorenzo Dow Young was included in that historic band, also his wife, Harriet Page Wheeler Young, his son, Lorenzo Sobieski, and his stepson, Isaac Perry Decker, the latter two being the only children in the company.

His first act after the arrival of the company in the valley was to plant a few potatoes that he had brought with him across the plains. He succeeded in raising and saving a few small tubers for seed.

Early in 1849 he returned to the East, taking with him his wife Harriet and his stepson, Isaac Perry Decker. They traveled in company with Dr. John M. Bernhisel, who was en route to the nation's capital on business connected with the newly organized government of the State of Deseret. Lorenzo went only as far as Missouri and returned the following year bringing with him five hundred sheep, eighty head of cattle and several horses. Soon after Lorenzo took up a ranch on the west side of the Jordan River and there he located his sheep and cattle.

In 1851 he was ordained Bishop of the Eighteenth Ward, serving in that capacity until 1878, when he resigned on account of ill health. For the following three years he traveled, preached and visited most of the stakes of Zion, administering to the sick and afflicted and encouraging the wealthy to aid and befriend the poor. Shortly before the death of President Young in 1877, he was ordained by him a Patriarch, holding that office until he passed away November 21, 1895.



Lorenzo Sobieski Young



Isaac Perry Decker

Lorenzo Sobieski was only six years of age when he accompanied his parents on that memorable trip. He was born in Winchester, Morgan county, Illinois, March 9, 1841. In his later years he resided in Huntington, Emery county, Utah where he had a farm. With his death in Shelley, Idaho, March 24, 1924, all members of the original company of pioneers had passed away.

Isaac Perry Decker was the second child in the pioneer company. He was the son of Isaac Decker and Harriet Page Wheeler, who afterwards married Lorenzo Dow Young. Isaac was born in Winchester, Scott county, Illinois August 7, 1840. Most of his life was spent in Salt Lake City, but for a time he moved to the Teton country in Idaho, then returned to Provo, Utah, where he passed away January 24, 1916.

#### LUKE S. JOHNSON—CAPTAIN OF FOURTH TEN

Luke S. Johnson was appointed captain of the Fourth Ten in the pioneer company and also served as doctor of the group. He was born November 3, 1807 at Pomfret, Windsor, Vermont. Luke accompanied his parents and brothers and sisters to Kirtland and was baptized into the Church May 10, 1831 by Joseph Smith. Soon after he went on his first mission to southern Ohio, where he, with Sidney Rigdon, baptized sixty members and organized a branch of the church at New Portage, Ohio. He traveled through Ohio, Virginia and Kentucky baptizing over a hundred souls and organizing branches of the church. On November 1, 1833 he married Susan Harminda Poteet at Cabell county, Virginia. On the 17th of February, 1834, he was ordained one of the Twelve Apostles by Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer and Martin Harris. During the summer of 1835, he traveled through the Eastern States, holding conferences and preaching the gospel. The following winter he attended the Hebrew School and shortly after left on a mission to New York and Canada where he organized a branch of the church. For a time he was disfellowshipped from the church. He returned to Virginia where he studied medicine then returned to Kirtland as a physician. In 1846, he was rebaptized in Nauvoo, and journeyed to Council Bluffs where the Saints were being driven. About this time he married America Morgan Clark. She was a mother to his six motherless children, his wife, Susan, having died.

It appears that Luke had charge of the wagon which carried the *Revenue Cutter* a boat used for ferrying, fishing, gathering river wood, etc. At one time during the trip he shot a rattlesnake, extracted the oil and made a liniment. When they got to Fort Laramie he attended some of the inhabitants in his capacity of doctor, receiving pay in moccasins and skins. He is listed as one of the men left at the ferry.

Mr. Johnson returned to Winter Quarters with President Young where he lived until he led a company of Saints from Council Bluffs.

On August 11th they joined the John A. Miller and John W. Cooley ox train emigrants at the upper crossing of the Platte River.

The Johnson family lived in West Jordan for awhile, then moved to a cabin built by John Bennion in Rush Valley. In 1856, a few more families joined them. A settlement was formed two miles west of the present St. John Ward on a thirty acre farm. Luke was the first bishop of Clover Creek. He died while on a business trip to Salt Lake at the home of Orson Hyde, a brother-in-law, on the 9th of December 1861, leaving his wife, America, with eight children, the youngest eight months old.—*Susan M. J. Bullock Freeman*

### MILLEN ATWOOD—MASON

Skilled workers of every trade would be needed in their new home and such men as Millen Atwood, with a knowledge of masonry, must necessarily be in great demand; therefore, because of this special training and his ability to contribute aid along other lines he was a welcome addition to the pioneer company. Mr. Atwood was born in Wellington, Tolland county, Connecticut May 24, 1817, the third



Millen Atwood

son of Daniel Atwood and Polly Sawyer. Convinced of the truth of Mormonism he emigrated to Nauvoo, Illinois in 1841, and there became acquainted with the Prophet Joseph Smith and other leading men of the Church. He was baptized in the Mississippi River in August of that year and soon after was ordained to the office of Elder. He left Nauvoo, in company with James W. Cummings, July 7, 1842, and traveled extensively in the states of Illinois, Wisconsin, New York and Connecticut proselyting for the Church. In the fall of 1844 he was ordained into the 10th Quorum of Seventies. He labored considerably on the Temple and came west in February, 1846, at the time of the general exodus, spending the winter of 1846-47 at Winter Quarters. From this place he made two trips to Missouri after provisions for the Saints and one journey to Mt. Pisgah.

In 1847 he entered the valley with Brigham Young's company and returned with him to Winter Quarters that same year. Early in 1848 he went to Nauvoo to bring the Temple tools west. After his marriage to Relief Cram he immediately commenced making prepara-

son of Daniel Atwood and Polly Sawyer. Convinced of the truth of Mormonism he emigrated to Nauvoo, Illinois in 1841, and there became acquainted with the Prophet Joseph Smith and other leading men of the Church. He was baptized in the Mississippi River in August of that year and soon after was ordained to the office of Elder. He left Nauvoo, in company with James W. Cummings, July 7, 1842, and traveled extensively in the states of Illinois, Wisconsin, New York and Connecticut proselyting for the Church. In the fall of 1844 he was ordained into the 10th Quorum of Seventies. He labored considerably on the Temple and came west

tions to return to the valley. After his arrival he built a small house into which he moved his wife, December 23, 1848. It was built on the piece of ground where Mr. Atwood continued to reside until the time of his death.

During the early days in the territory he participated in skirmishes with the Indians and, about 1851, was assigned to the police force in Salt Lake in which capacity he served for a number of years. He was called on a mission to Europe laboring in Scotland and subsequently was appointed to take charge of the Carlisle and Bradford conferences. He finally filled the office of president over the South Wiltshire and Lands-End conferences in England until such time as he returned to America with a company of Saints on the ship *Thornton*, May 4, 1856. From Iowa City to the Valley he traveled with Captain James G. Willie's handcart company.

For many years Mr. Atwood was a ward teacher and home missionary in Salt Lake Stake. He was a member of the High Council from May 9, 1873 until December 25, 1881, when he was ordained to the office of bishop and appointed to succeed the late Edwin D. Woolley of the Thirteenth Ward. He held this position until the time of his death, December 17, 1890.

#### WILLIAM DYKES—SEVENTY

William Dykes, one of the original pioneers of Utah, was born November 18, 1815, in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, a son of Cynthia and Daniel Dykes. He became affiliated with the Mormon Church and was a member of the 31st Quorum of Seventies in Nauvoo, Illinois. After arriving in the valley he assisted in locating the group in their new home in the fort. He then returned to Winter Quarters in the late summer of 1847 with Brigham Young. In 1848 William Dykes is mentioned as having signed a petition for a postoffice on the Pottawattamie lands in Iowa. He is also mentioned as a member of the 31st Quorum of the Seventies in Salt Lake City as late as August 1856. He returned to the States in later years and died in Nebraska November 24, 1879.

#### EDMUND ELLSWORTH—HUNTER

Edmund Ellsworth, among the initial pioneers of Utah, was born July 1, 1819, in Paris, Oneida county, New York, a son of Jonathan Ellsworth and Sarah Gully. He was baptized February 20, 1840, ordained a Seventy, March 8, 1843, by Joseph Young and after the martyrdom of the Prophet and exodus from Nauvoo by the Saints, was called by Brigham Young to join that gallant band. He



Edmund Ellsworth

was a son-in-law of President Young having married his daughter, Elizabeth. The following information concerning the westward trek was taken from his writings:

"We crossed the Platte at Laramie, thence through the Black Hills to the upper crossing. By this time the river had swollen so much we could not ford. We were compelled to go to the timber where we hewed out three large canoes. These we framed together making a good ferry boat on which we ferried our wagons. Before we got our wagons ferried, the emigrants for Oregon began to arrive. President Young appointed ten of us to remain and ferry

them with the promise that we should share equally with them who went ahead to the valley in all the honors of the mission. The ten selected to stay there expected their families to arrive within a few days when we were to follow the pioneers. It was thought by so doing we could get some of the emigrants flour and bacon which would help the mission on its return. We were kept busy ferrying for about two weeks, expecting every day to hear that our families were near at hand. After waiting another week there came to us some ten or twelve men from the Battalion going back to meet their families. It was soon arranged that part of us, both companies, should start back to meet our families while the rest stayed to keep camp, no one thinking we would be gone over from two to five days. We only took provisions to last three days. When we arrived at Laramie the Indians had brought the news that there were wagons coming up the Platte with no idea of the distance. Provisions could not be bought. We went on 175 miles which we traveled with only one antelope and one hare for the company. This was less than half a meal each in seven days. I never expect to witness greater excitement than prevailed when we beheld at a distance a camp of wagons lying by for the Sabbath. Our horses did their best to carry us to breakfast where several of us found our families. Truly my soul was filled with joy at meeting my wife and two little ones in company with the Saints moving to Salt Lake. At Strawberry Creek we met and camped with the returning pioneers. This night the Indians stole 52 head of the pioneers' horses which greatly distressed the company on their return to Winter Quarters. I accompanied the

Saints to the valley where we arrived on the 12th of October, when for the first time I beheld the future home of the Saints."

Mr. Ellsworth filled a mission to England in 1854-56 and on returning home was instructed by Brigham Young to take charge of the first handcart company to cross the plains. The journey was made quite successfully. In 1880 he moved his family to Arizona where he died at Mesa, December 29, 1893.—*Elizabeth Jardine Andrus*

#### SAMUEL BRADFORD FOX—TEAMSTER

Samuel Bradford Fox was another of those important men who, perhaps in the early history of the territory, received little commendation for the part he played in the initial trek to Utah, for he also was one of the teamsters. He was born December 4, 1829 at Adams, Jefferson county, New York and became affiliated with the Mormon Church in his youth. His parents were faithful members of the Church until their death which occurred in Nauvoo.

Three years after his arrival in the valley Samuel went to California where he suffered a severe attack of smallpox. Because of the resultant disfigurement he never returned to Utah, and in 1870 was reported as living in Oregon.

#### GEORGE R. GRANT—MISSIONARY

Not much is known concerning the early life of George R. Grant except that he was selected as a member of the pioneer company. The journal of William Clayton states on Saturday, May 22nd, 1847, when about 440 miles from Winter Quarters, "that about 6:30, I observed a group of brethren standing together inside the camp. I went up and saw a young eagle which had been taken out of its nest on one of the high bluffs by George R. Grant and Orson Whitney. Although it is very young and its feathers have scarcely commenced growing, it measures from the tip of its wings when stretched, forty-six inches. Its head is about the size of my fist and it looks very ferocious."

Mr. Grant was among the men who accompanied President Young back to Winter Quarters and the following year was reported as being one of the signers of a petition presented to the government of the United States requesting the establishment of a postoffice on the Pottawattamie lands. It is believed that he returned to Utah with President Young that year. In the year 1852 he established a home in Kaysville, Davis county.

When the church authorities sent twenty-seven missionaries to the vicinity of the Salmon River in Idaho, in May, 1855, George R. Grant was numbered among this group. These men were directed 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 plant crops. For a time the mission

was quite successful and others joined the original company, but during the winter of 1857-58 the Indians were influenced by some white men to commit all manner of depredations against the Mormons, thus ending the Salmon River Mission.

The following information concerning George R. Grant's later life was taken from the journal of William Van Orden Carbine, whose uncle, Hector Haight was associated with Mr. Grant in the Salmon River venture. He writes: "In April, my uncle Hector Haight, of Kaysville, received a letter from George R. Grant in Carson City. It was sent by pony express telling him what cattle and wagons, also what butter, eggs and salt were worth. He could contract these things if they would let him know. My uncle answered by pony express that he and J. L. Stoddard would fit out a team. Alma Miller, later a brother-in-law, and I fitted out a team loaded mostly with salt. I went as night herder and Alma drove the team. Before we got to Carson City, Grant said he had just got a letter and everything was down in price. My cousin, Horton Haight, who had charge of the Haight and Stoddard outfit, sold his teams and salt and peddled the butter and eggs. We traded our team to George Grant—we were to get sixteen good mares and colts for it. He concluded to buy them for us. He had not got them before all the boys but us started home so we hired to him and the man who bought the Haight outfit to drive the team. They were partners. After working about two months we were in the hills after stump blocks. They were logs eight feet long and six feet through. Our wagons were very high. While unlocking a wheel that had been locked to go down a steep hill, the log rolled a little. The wagon tipped over and the square timber struck me, hurting me so that I was not able to work for a time. When I got better I concluded to go to Stockton, California, going to Sacramento with a friend who was freighting, then I went on foot a little over fifty miles in one day to Stockton, where Grant was to send the money to pay my wages and buy the mares. He only sent about one-half my wages so I could not buy the horses. He then sent Alma Miller over to help drive them over. He only sent him one-half his wages. We bought a horse and Alma went back to settle with him, but did not get a settlement and hired for the winter. I worked in a lumber yard. I got a letter from Grant. He wanted me to stay until spring and he would make it right with the horses. We did not get anything for our team. Alma worked where he kept the team. He lost nearly all the oxen and Alma threw the note away. I concluded to go home."

George R. Grant's last known residence was in Virginia City, Nevada.

#### SIDNEY ALVARUS HANKS—SCOUT

Sidney Alvarus Hanks was born August 16, 1820, at Madison, Lake Co., Ohio, a son of Benjamin Hanks and Martha Knowlton. After his arrival in Great Salt Lake Valley with the pioneers he did his

part to establish homes for the companies of Saints who should follow, and, in 1852, responded to a call to fill a mission to the Society Islands. From this mission he returned in 1860, and on June 1, 1862, married Mary Ann Cook, who became the mother of one son and two daughters. The family located at Snyderville, near Parley's Park. In March 1870, having lost a cow, he set out to look for her and froze to death. His body was not recovered until a month later.—*Lydia Hanks Parry*

### JOHN GREENLEAF HOLMAN—THE HORSEMAN

John Greenleaf Holman was nineteen years of age at the time he accompanied the initial group to Utah. He was an exceedingly strong young man and was helpful in tending the animals, driving the teams, and in performing the innumerable tasks of a pioneer camp. John was born October 18, 1828, at Byron Center, Genessee county, New York, the son of Joshua Sawyer and Rebecca Greenleaf Holman. At the age of eight years he was baptized a member of the Latter-day Saint Church, and accompanied his parents to Kirtland, Ohio, and thence to Missouri. In later years he often told an incident which happened along the route concerning one of Brigham Young's horses. Just before dark when the brethren were bringing in the teams, John, who was in charge of one of Brigham's best horses tried to prevent the horse from running away by jamming his gun into its side. The cock caught in his clothing and the gun was accidentally discharged. The horse managed to get to camp but it appeared to be in great pain. John rushed



John Greenleaf Holman

into the presence of the leader, exclaiming, "President Young, I have shot old John!" "John who?" asked Brigham Young in an excited manner. "Why, old John, your horse," replied the young man. "Oh," said President Young with a sigh of relief. "Never mind, my boy—we have more horses." He thought at first it was John Y. Greene who had been shot. The horse died during the night.

Mr. Holman returned to the East and remained there until 1850. The previous year he had married Nancy Clark, who bore her husband ten children. In 1856 he married Rachel Stevens who was the mother of seven children. In 1862-63 he filled a mission to Great Britain.



Sarah Loder Harris became his wife in 1875, and to them were born four children. After residing in Pleasant Grove for a time, he moved to Santaquin and several years later went to Rexburg, Idaho, where he died November 5, 1888. He served in many church and civic offices during his lifetime as well as making several trips to the terminus of the Union Pacific Railroad to bring other Saints to the valley.—*Annie Monson Thayne*

### ELY HARVEY PEIRCE—TEAMSTER

Eli Harvey Peirce was only twenty years of age when he was selected to accompany the pioneer band to the valley. He served as a teamster during the latter part of the journey and was actively engaged in all the movements of the camp. Eli was born July 29, 1827 in Uwchland, Chester county, Pennsylvania, the son of Robert and Hannah Harvey Peirce. He moved to Nauvoo with his parents



Eli Harvey Peirce

in 1841 and was baptized May 27, 1842 by Joseph Smith. He received his endowments in the Nauvoo Temple January 24, 1846 and was ordained a Seventy May 18, 1846.

Arriving in the valley he immediately helped to plant crops, build log and dirt homes, assisted in the building of the fort and whatever job was required of a pioneer man. Mr. Peirce made the return trip to Winter Quarters with President Young's company and at the Sweetwater met his mother and father and other relatives traveling toward Zion in the Edward Hunter company, so he returned with them, bearing a commission from President

Young to organize a company to go to California that same fall for seed grain to be used and planted in the valley the following spring. He made this successful trip in company with Captain Jefferson Hunt and others.

In the fall of 1850 he married Susannah Neff and four children were born of this union. The family moved to Box Elder in 1851, and during the time of the Indian depredations in that vicinity, moved into the old fort in the northwest part of the city. Later they moved into their own home. Mr. Peirce was ordained the second bishop of Box Elder (now Brigham City) in 1855 and served in that capacity until he was called on a mission to Europe. He left

Salt Lake City April 23, 1857, together with other missionaries who crossed the mountains and plains with handcars. He died at his father's home in Salt Lake City, August 12, 1858 at the age of 31 years.—*Jane E. Compton*

#### AMMON TUNIS RAPPLEYE—COLONIZER

Ammon Tunis Rappleye, son of John Ranson and Margaret Tillier, was born February 2, 1807 in Ovid, Seneca county, New York and was baptized a member of the Latter-day Saint Church November 20, 1832. He was the only member of his family who accepted the new religion. He took an active part in the building of the Kirtland Temple, and it is written in church history that he was among the seventy men who received a special blessing from Joseph Smith for the faithful performance of work assigned to them on this project. Shortly after he married Louise Elizabeth Cutler and their first child was born at Crooked River, Missouri, December 21, 1836.

Ammon Tunis Rappleye was chosen as a member of the first company and assisted in driving the teams across the plains. In August of that year he accompanied Shadrach Roundy and others on the return trip to Winter Quarters. President Young dispatched a letter of instructions to them, saying in part: "In regard to the



Ammon Tunis Rappleye

teams under your charge, it is our wish that the men who accompany them will use all the care and diligence that they can to preserve them and keep them in good condition; that you will not give way to an over-anxious spirit, so that your spirits arrive at Winter Quarters before the time that your bodies can possibly arrive there; but whenever you arrive at a good place for feed, let your cattle rest and fill themselves, that they may be prepared to go over the barren portion of the country; and use your best endeavors to provide meat at these times and places, that you may not be delayed on the other portion of the route."

Upon his return to Salt Lake City Mr. Rappleye was employed by Brigham Young some three years working in the gardens, unless assigned by him to help bring in immigrants from the states. He was prominently identified with the early settlements of Utah territory and was especially well known in Millard county. He died December 25, 1883 in Kanosh, Utah.

An amusing incident happened in 1903 during an old folks outing held in American Fork. An elderly man stood up and facing the participants said he was one of the original pioneers of Utah and that his name was Rappleye. One of the men who was attending the celebration and who later wrote the story, came over to the speaker and said: "Oh, how glad I am to meet one of the pioneers resurrected from the dead. It is well known that you died in Kanosh twenty years ago, and now that you are resurrected, please allow me to introduce you to this splendid gathering of people. There must be some who will recognize you." The man quickly disappeared.

—*Veatrice Mildred R. Poulson*

### JACOB WEILER—FARMER

Jacob Weiler was selected to accompany this pioneer group perhaps because of his ability to perform many labors. He was diligent and persevering, always ready and willing to do his part making roads through trackless desert and mountains, building bridges over rivers and helping in innumerable ways to solve the many problems of the camp. He was the son of Joseph and Rosannah Stylers Weiler

and was born in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania March 14, 1808. His parents had fourteen children, eight sons and six daughters. Jacob was the only member of his family to join the Mormon Church and for this he was disowned and disinherited.

On the 16th day of March 1841, he was baptized by Lorenzo D. Barnes and was ordained a priest the same month. Shortly after he started with several families for Nauvoo where he purchased a lot from Joseph Smith and built a home for his family, which by then consisted of his wife, Anna Maria Malin, and four children. September, 1846 found them in



Jacob Weiler

Winter Quarters where plans were being made for the first company to travel westward the following spring. Jacob was among this number.

On the 26th of August Mr. Weiler started back to Winter Quarters in Brigham Young's company to meet the families. At Pacific Springs he found his own family all in good health. He returned to the valley with them in Captain Edward Hunter's company arriving

in the latter part of September, 1847. It was too late in the season to harvest a crop but he immediately set to work and built a log house on the northeast corner of pioneer square. The following spring he made adobes and built a better home, doing most of the work himself. When the brethren drew lots for the land they were to occupy Jacob Weiler's "inheritance in Zion" was situated on Seventh South in the Third Ward. President Young gave him the privilege of exchanging it for land nearer the planned location of the city, but Jacob refused saying he was a farmer and this place was best suited for the purpose. He was said to have been one of the best early day farmers in this intermountain region and many received instructions from him as to how to plant, tend and harvest their crops.

In 1856 Jacob Weiler was ordained a High Priest and called to preside as Bishop of the Third Ward, which duty he faithfully performed until May 1895, when he was honorably released from service due to his age. He was known by all as a kindly man who contributed liberally of his possessions and means toward the building of Zion. He passed away March 24, 1896.—*Belle W. Lambourne*

#### STEPHEN H. GODDARD—CAPTAIN OF FIFTH TEN

Many times along the trail to Utah the tensions of the day were soothed by a prayer and a few songs around the campfire. Stephen H. Goddard was one of those men in this pioneer group who could lead in singing the pioneer songs and hymns of the Latter-day Saints. He was born August 24, 1810 in Champlain, Clinton county, New York, the son of Stephen G. and Sylvia Smith Goddard. He was the first leader of the Latter-day Saints choir when it occupied the old tabernacle. He took up land at the corner of Main Street and First South where he resided for a time then, in 1897, moved to California where he died one year later, September 10, 1898. It is said that he was the finest looking man in the pioneer company.



Stephen H. Goddard

The following letter was sent by him to the Semi-Centennial Committee March 7, 1897:

My dear friends:

Yours of February 17th came to hand all right, and you may believe that I felt as though I could dance for joy, to learn that

the way was being opened that I could get to Utah. I can truly state that I arrived ahead of the main body of pioneers from the Missouri River; being appointed to take a few men to build a raft across the North Platte River, which we had ready and crossed the pioneers safely when they came up. I was also appointed to go out to the lake and make some salt for the company, which I did, taking two hands with me. Brother Button was one, the other I forget. The brine was boiled down in kettles, and was pronounced the finest in the world. It was certainly beautiful. I think the knowledge of the prospect of returning to Utah has a good effect upon me, for I have improved in health ever since, and am now quite well. I have heard that Brother Button is dead. His home was in San Bernardino, California.

The pioneers were divided into two divisions and I was in the first of Brother Brigham's. It is hard for me to write. I will leave it to you to make such arrangements as are necessary and if there is any other information wanted I can give you, you will please let me know. My postal address is Fruitdale P.O., Alameda county, California. I will take the cars at the mole that is at the bay where people cross over to San Francisco. At the mole all trains are made up for the East, North and South. I live about five miles from the mole.

Original in D.U.P. Files

#### ZEBEDEE COLTRIN—BUILDER

Among those stalwart men who accompanied President Young to Utah in 1847 was Zebedee Coltrin,

son of John and Sarah Coltrin. He was born September 7, 1804 at Ovid, Seneca county, New York and was baptized into the Latter-day Saint Church soon after its organization. His first wife was Julia Ann Jennings and they were the parents of five children. After the death of his wife, and four of the children, he married Mary Mott. They became the parents of ten children.

He returned to the East for his family but was unable to come back to the valley until 1851, because of lack of sufficient funds. When he arrived in Salt Lake for the second time, he owned two lots on Main street which he sold for practically nothing, then moved his



Zebedee Coltrin

family to Spanish Fork, settling first in Palmyra. When the Indian depredations began he removed his family into the fort. Mr. Coltrin was an energetic man. He helped to survey the site for the city, assisted in the building of bridges, making roads and erecting school and meeting houses. He died in Spanish Fork after a brief illness July 20, 1887. At the time of his death the *Deseret News* said editorially:

"This respected and venerable man was one of the oldest members of the Church and was identified with many of the earliest incidents in the days of Kirtland. He was closely associated with the Prophet Joseph and has often testified to having been a witness of and participant in many marvelous spiritual manifestations. Father Coltrin has for many years past officiated as a patriarch, and has left an excellent record for faithfulness."—*Electra Coltrin Higginson*

#### JOHN DIXON—MAN OF GREAT FAITH

John Dixon was born July 26, 1818 in Cumberland, England, the son of Joseph and Sarah Dixon. He migrated to America and was with the exiled Saints at Winter Quarters when the members of President Young's pioneer band were selected. With this history making company he reached Great Salt Lake Valley July 24, 1847 where he took an active part in the erection of the fort and other labors necessary for the up-building of the small settlement.

In 1850 Elder Dixon accompanied George Q. Cannon and other missionaries on the first visit to the Hawaiian Islands by any members of the Latter-day Saints for the purpose of spreading the gospel among these people.

On August 17, 1853, as John Dixon and three other men were hauling wood to Snyder's mill near Parley's Park, a band of Indians fired at them, killing him, also John Quayle, and wounding another man.

#### SYLVESTER HENRY EARL—MISSIONARY

Sylvester Earl was born August 16, 1815 in Scioto county, Ohio to Joseph Earl and Dorcas Tabitha Wixom. At the age of seven years his father died and from the time he was twelve years of age, Sylvester assumed many of the responsibilities of the home. He remained at this post of duty until he was twenty-one years of age when he received a visit from his brothers, Asa and John, who had been living for some years in Illinois. From them he learned of the Latter-day Saint religion, they having already become members. He went with his brothers to Illinois, taking with him his younger brother, Wilbur J., and on February 29, 1837, was baptized into the Church by Elder C. C. Rich. From that time on he performed missionary labors in the surrounding states until 1842, when he moved to Hancock county, Illinois and located near Nauvoo at the little village called Morley Settlement. In 1846 he and his family crossed the river, and when he was chosen to be one of the advanced guard he

penned these words: "It is hard to leave my family here, sick and among howling wolves and the roaming savages of the west, but the servants of the Lord says go, and I feel as ever to leave all for the Gospel and the salvation of the people."



Sylvester Henry Earl

in company with Horace Thornton, went to a small band of Indians and sold the shirt off my back for some meat. I then took my wagon cover and cut and made me another. We then pursued our journey for forty miles and came to an immense herd of buffalo. We killed some and dried all the meat we wanted and took hundreds of pounds home. Ten miles above the head of Grand Island the Indians came on our front guard and took a horse from J. Redden, also his knife and some other things, but no one was hurt. When we came to the head of the Island we found a company of U. S. troops under General Kearney. They were building a fort. Further on we met a few of our brethren from Winter Quarters with provisions. We arrived at Winter Quarters on the 1st of October 1847 where, with great joy, I met my wife and three sweet little children, all well. During the winter our youngest child a little girl, Rhodenia, died of measles."

After returning to Utah with his family Mr. Earl moved into the 8th Ward and in the fall of 1851, moved to the 19th Ward. In 1852 he was called on a mission to England where he remained two years. In the summer of 1861 the family located in Pine Valley at the head of the Santa Clara River where he purchased a share in a sawmill. They sawed 200,000 feet of lumber and then the mill burned down. He wrote: "We then built another. I then sold out to Eli Whipple." Mr. Earl died July 23, 1873 at St. George, Utah.

On the return trip to the States for his family with the Brigham Young company he wrote: "Nothing of importance occurred until we came to the Platte River. Here we had our horses, seventeen in number, stolen. However we pursued our journey down to Fort Laramie. Here we learned that the balance of our company (who left the valley ten days after with horse teams) had their horses stolen at Strawberry Creek. We hired an interpreter who went with us to the Indians and we obtained sixteen head of horses which we immediately sent back to assist our brethren. While detained there, we became destitute of food, and I,

## WILLIAM EMPEY—FERRYMAN

William Empey was another of the men selected to remain at the Platte River to help build and operate a ferry for the benefit of the Saints already en route to the Valley, and to raise funds by ferrying other emigrants across the river. Born July 4, 1808 in Osnabrook Township, Stormont county, Canada, William later located at Nauvoo, Illinois with other co-religionists, and after being ordained a Seventy became a member of the 13th Quorum. With the exiled Saints he made a temporary home in Winter Quarters and was there chosen as one of the men to make the initial western trek.

On Monday, June 3, 1847, an exploring party returned and reported that ten or twelve miles off a drove of antelope could be seen. When William went to head them off, one of them started toward the river. In turning to look down the ravine for the animal, he saw a war party of Indians, numbering from two to three hundred. He wheeled his horse around and galloped to where some of the other men were hunting. They hurried to camp and informed President Young who immediately sent men to warn the hunters who were some distance from camp. But the day passed without incident. William remained at the ferry until Brigham Young and party reached this point on the way back to Winter Quarters when he returned east with them.

Returning to the Valley in 1848, he located in the 15th Ward, in Salt Lake City, where he became a member of the bishopric. From 1852 to 1854 he filled a mission to England and for a time presided over the Hull conference. After his return from this assignment he was called to help strengthen the settlements in southern Utah. He was one of the earliest settlers of Cedar City and also for a time resided in the Bear River country. Mr. Empey died in St. George, Utah August 19, 1890 survived by a large family.



William Empey

## WILLIAM HENRIE—SCOUT

William Henrie, aside from his strength of body and character, had several other qualities and capabilities needed for the westward trek of this initial group. He was an experienced frontiersman, woodman, excellent marksman and hunter and had done considerable



scouting, therefore was most useful in finding the easiest places to ford streams, sighting the best places for the cattle to graze, and keeping an alert eye on the movements of marauding Indians. William was born to Sara Mondel and Daniel Henrie September 11, 1799 either in Mareta, Pennsylvania or Mareta, Wood county, West Virginia. After the death of his father he went to Ohio, and here he married Myra Mayall November 16, 1823 at Cincinnati. They settled on a large tract of land and erected both a sawmill and a grist mill. Seven children were born to them. Parley P. Pratt and Samuel Smith brought the Mormon doctrine to their home and shortly after they became members of that church.

After his arrival in the valley with President Young's company he was active in exploring the regions of the Great Salt Lake. He also went with Mr. Pratt to explore the valley of Utah Lake, Cedar Valley and Tooele Valley, and, in 1849, was one of the fifty men who were chosen by Parley P. Pratt at the request of President Young and the Legislative Assembly of the State of Deseret, to explore the country between Salt Lake and the Santa Clara River. William helped build the pioneer fort. He was set apart as a counselor to the bishop of the 1st Ward and for a short time lived in the 8th Ward, but early in the year 1848 was sent to help Perrigrene Sessions settle what is now Bountiful. He was given or homesteaded land and built a log house in the old North Canyon or 3rd Ward. Here he made a pond with a mill wheel and sawed logs and timber. His wife and daughter, Margaret, and sons, Joseph and Samuel, came to Utah with the Heber C. Kimball company in 1848. In 1865 he was called on a mission to Panaca, a part of the old Dixie Mission. William had answered every call made by the church. He had built other homes only to leave them; he had pledged all his worldly goods to help the poor; he had sent his sons and his equipment on missions back to the Missouri River, also for supplies for the Church into Oregon. Now perhaps he was tired of pioneering. At any rate he refused to go. However his wife and sons felt differently about the matter so they went to Panaca and for six years suffered untold hardships. When the state was surveyed and Panaca was found to be in Nevada, they were advised to go to Panguitch where his wife, Myra, was a first school teacher, first Relief Society president and had established a flourishing co-op mercantile institution. William stayed in Bountiful, living alone, but was devoted to his church and willed all his earthly goods to it upon his death. He died December 18, 1883 at Bountiful.

—Callie O. Morley

#### TARLTON LEWIS—CARPENTER

Tarlton Lewis was born May 18, 1805, at Pendleton District, South Carolina. He was the fourth child in a family of twelve born to Neriah and Mary Moss Lewis. In 1809 the Lewis family moved to Kentucky and here Tarlton grew to young manhood. He married

Malinda Gimlin and they became the parents of eight children. The family accepted the teachings of the Latter-day Saint Church and, in 1839, moved to Nauvoo, Illinois where he was set apart as bishop of the 4th Ward by Joseph and Hiram Smith who also ordained him a High Priest. He was a skilled cabinet maker and carpenter and was also in charge of the large cranes hoisting materials for the erection of the temple. On the 26th of June, 1846, the Mormon Battalion was organized and Samuel, their eldest son, being seventeen, signed up and served in company C. Leaving his family in a covered wagon at Winter Quarters after the exodus from Nauvoo, Tarlton came to Utah as one of the original pioneers.



Tarlton Lewis

From the writings of Andrew Jenson: "Under the direction of Bishop Tarlton Lewis the brethren of the valley continued their labors on the houses which were being erected in the stockade in what is known as Pioneer Square. Most of the houses were built in the interest of the immigrant trains, soon to arrive from the east."

Mr. Lewis returned to Winter Quarters for his family and brought them to Utah. In December, 1850, he accompanied George A. Smith to Iron county where he later moved his family. He became bishop of Parowan. Excerpts from the writings of Mr. Smith: "January 20, 1851: Bishop Lewis and nine other men started up the canyon to cut timber for the meetinghouse. . . . May 24th: Tarlton Lewis and Brimhall took a walk up Red Break and took their spades with them. They made an excavation into a mound, found adobe wall and some human bones and timber. . . . June 16th: Brother Tarlton Lewis went south to examine the possibility of bringing water out of Red Breaks to water our fields. He reported rather unfavorably, then he and Joel H. Johnson and W. H. Dame examined Summit Peak and that was no good. June 27th: Brother Lewis, Grove and Elmer went out to meet their families and returned with them in the evening."

In 1858 Tarlton Lewis, Isaac Grundy, Jesse N. Smith and William Barton were sent to Beaver Valley. While exploring the surrounding territory they discovered rich deposits of lead and iron in the mountains. The specimens were taken to Brigham Young and the discovery caused much excitement. These men were ordered

to open the mines and also were instructed to locate a settlement nearby which they did the following year, naming it Minersville. At one time the settlement needed a lead weight for steelyards which were used in weighing their commodities. Several men went to the mountains and were able to get lead so rich that they melted and separated the lead from the rock over a pinewood fire.

The Lewis family lived in Minersville presumably for about fourteen years; then moved to Joseph City, where they lived in the United Order for a few years. Later they moved to Richfield, Sevier county and on July 16, 1877, Mr. Tarlton was set apart as bishop of Richfield 2nd Ward under the hands of Erastus Snow and Orson Hyde. Ill health forced him to resign a year later. He died at the ranch home of his son Beason Lewis about one and one-half miles from Teasdale, Wayne county, Utah November 29, 1890. He was a colorful figure in the early days of southern Utah and was often referred to as "The Grand Old Man."—*La Von A. Mons*

#### SAMUEL HARVEY MARBLE—GREEN RIVER PIONEER

Samuel Harvey Marble, a member of the first company, was born October 6, 1822, at Phelps, Ontario county, New York, one of eleven children born to Nathaniel and Mary (Polly) King Marble. He joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Nauvoo, Illinois, being baptized by Elder Chester Loveland.

After coming to the valley as one of the original pioneers he returned to Winter Quarters later in the season with Brigham Young's company. In 1849, after entering the valley for the second time, he was called as one of a company of nine men in charge of A. L. Lamoreaux to establish a ferry on Green River for the purpose of transporting California and Oregon emigrants to the opposite bank; also to help repair wagons and build a blacksmith shop. Later on he settled in Manti, Sanpete county where he was elected a city councilman in 1851. In 1853 he became a member of the 23rd Quorum of Seventies. Residing there a number of years he moved to Round Valley, Apache county, Arizona, where he died March 16, 1914 at the age of 92 years.

#### HENRY G. SHERWOOD—COMMISSARY GENERAL

Henry G. Sherwood became affiliated with the Latter-day Saints in the early days of Nauvoo and was one of those who contracted malaria fever when the Saints were first established there. He was healed through the administrations of the Prophet Joseph Smith. He served as city marshal until the expulsion of the Saints from that

place, and at Winter Quarters was appointed to the duty of commissary general by Brigham Young and his associates for the westward journey.

After his arrival in the valley he made the drawing of the first survey of the future Zion. Having no paper of suitable size, this important document was drawn on a prepared sheep skin. Elder Sherwood also became a member of the first High Council. He was a speaker at the Independence Day celebration in Salt Lake City July 4, 1852. In September of that year he left the city for San Bernardino, California to survey a ranch recently purchased by the Church as a place of settlement for the Saints, and, in July 1853, was appointed surveyor for San Bernardino county. He returned to Utah because of the Utah War and became agent for the Pony Express company. Later he returned to San Bernardino, California where he died in 1862.

### GEORGE SCHOLES—PLANTER

George Scholes was a man of the soil and therefore an important asset to the pioneer company. He was born February 2, 1812, at Chadderton, Lancashire, England, a son of George and Sarah Scholes. On November 3, 1839 he was baptized a member of the Latter-day Saint Church and shortly after emigrated to America, arriving at Nauvoo, Illinois April 18, 1841, with his wife and one child. He was ordained an Elder at the April conference of 1842 by George A. Smith, and three years later was ordained a member of the 23rd Quorum of Seventies.

Mr. Scholes bought a city lot in Nauvoo where he erected a brick house and on the land planted and cultivated a fine orchard. Here tragedy entered his life when his wife and his three children died. After the expulsion of the Saints from that city he was selected as one of the original pioneer band.

Upon his arrival in Great Salt Lake Valley he immediately prepared land for planting potatoes, peas, beans, and other vegetables, and also helped in the construction of the old fort. He went back to Winter Quarters with President Young that season, and then was appointed to attend to some specific business in St. Louis, Missouri. He did not return to Salt Lake City until 1850, when he brought with him Mary Spencer to whom he had been united in marriage at Council Bluffs by Elder Orson Hyde. The family located in Cottonwood, Salt Lake county where he died August 14, 1857, leaving a wife and four small children.

### CHARLES SHUMWAY—CAPTAIN OF SIXTH TEN

Charles Shumway was born in Oxford, Massachusetts August 1, 1806. His entire life, with the exception of the five years spent in Nauvoo, was lived in rural communities or on the wind-swept plains. He believed that living the gospel consisted in helping the needy and

administering to the comfort of the distressed. He was intensely practical, ever keeping in mind, however, that with a true Latter-day



Charles Shumway

Saint there can be no line of cleavage between the things generally termed temporal and those thought of as spiritual. He no doubt saw in his comparative isolation rich opportunities for spiritual growth not always afforded in the more densely populated areas. When he heard the Mormon doctrines preached he readily accepted it, and having done so, was willing to pay the cost, irrespective of physical comforts or even life itself. It was in the year 1841 that he became identified with "Mormonism" and he soon found himself established in Nauvoo. He was appointed by President Young as captain of a company and when the signal for departure from Nauvoo was given, he was the first to cross the Mississippi River.

On the trek across the plains Charles Shumway was ready and willing to do all the things asked of him and his training, gathered through years of out-of-door living, proved to be of much value on this long and arduous journey. Shortly after his arrival in the valley he was one of those who returned to Winter Quarters with Brigham Young to assist in the further migration of the Saints to the Rocky Mountains. This duty attended to, he returned to Salt Lake where he made his home, until the fall of 1849 when he was called with other pioneers to Sanpete, Sevier county. The following year Mr. Shumway wrote President Young from Sanpete stating that he had sufficient timber out and on the spot for framing a gristmill. He proposed to the President that he become part owner by furnishing the irons and some other equipment. Two weeks later the news reached him that the mill irons and leather for the belts had been shipped from Salt Lake in care of William Black. On January 12, 1851, it was reported that the mill was in operation. Mr. Shumway was also the builder of one of the first sawmills erected in Sanpete county, and he was so much in demand for this type of work that he was later called to Payson to construct a sawmill.

In 1854 he moved to South Cottonwood, and after a short mission to Canada, moved north to assist in the pioneering of Cache Valley. He first located in Wellsville, the mother colony of Cache Valley,

but it was not long until he moved a few miles north to assist in founding the settlement known as Mendon. During the time of his residence in this small community a three year old daughter was carried away by Indians and never heard of again.

In 1877 he moved his family to Kane county; thence to Taylor on the Little Colorado River in Arizona. There he built his last grist mill which was still being operated long after his death by one of his great-grandchildren. He returned to Thompson, Kane county, where he passed away on the 21st of May, 1898.—*Hazel C. Gilbert*

#### JAMES CRAIG—BUGLER

Not much is known concerning the life of James Craig before he joined the original pioneer company, except that he was born in Ireland in 1821 and was the son of David and Elizabeth Craig. He served as bugler on this momentous journey.

After his arrival in the Valley he located for a time in Mill Creek where he was appointed a member of a committee called for the purpose of assisting the settlers in the exterminations of predatory animals and poisonous reptiles. In 1854 he was called on a mission to Great Britain and served for a time as president of the Preston conference; later he labored in Ireland, his native land. He returned from this extended mission in 1858, and three years later was called to assist in establishing settlements in southern Utah. In time he located at Santa Clara where he raised cotton with considerable success. He died there March 2, 1868.

#### SIMEON FULLER HOWD—FRIEND OF THE LAMANITES

Simeon Howd was born May 13, 1813, at Camden, Oneida county, New York, the son of Samuel and Eunice Fuller Howd. On March 16, 1847 at Council Bluffs, Iowa he married Lucinda Morgan Turner, and a month later started west with Brigham Young's original company of Saints. His wife arrived in Zion in September and for the next four years they made their home in Salt Lake; then came a call to assist with the settlement of Parowan, Iron county. Simeon served as one of the Minute Men during the time of the Indian depredations and in spite of engaging in some of the skirmishes against them, he was a staunch friend



Simeon Fuller Howd

of many of these Lamanites.

In February 1856, he, accompanied by his wife and four children, went to the Beaver area where he cut logs in the surrounding canyons and built a home for his family. It was a two-roomed house, not very warm in the winter, and as a result they suffered much from the cold. During this time food was limited necessitating stretching their scanty supplies over long periods of time.

Once when he was out among the Indians he came across two bucks who were going to kill two little Indian boys, because their parents were dead and there was no one to care for them. Simeon offered to trade two horses for the children to which they agreed. One he named Charley and the other Jim. The boys lived with the Howd family for sometime, but finally he had to send Jim away because he stole so many things. Charley lived with them until he married an Indian girl of his own tribe and went away with her. Simeon served in a military capacity during the Black Hawk War. He passed away May 20, 1878 at the age of sixty three years.

—*Permelia G. Felix*

#### CHAUNCEY LOVELAND—FARMER

Chauncey Loveland was fifty years of age when he made the trek to Utah with the pioneer company. He was born in Glasgow, Connecticut in October 1795, the son of Levi and Esther Hill Loveland. He married Nancy Graham at Madison, Ohio and here six children were born. Later they moved to Carthage, Illinois and during the time of their residence in that city his wife and a son died. In the spring

of 1846 he married Sally Horn Crockett. Up to this time he had not affiliated himself and family with the Latter-day Saint Church, but was kindly disposed toward the Elders and aided them whenever he could. Soon after he accepted their teachings and while living at Mt. Pisgah was baptized into the Church. When the roster was made up for the men who were to accompany President Young on the initial trip to the Rocky Mountains, Chauncey Loveland's name was on that list.

After his arrival in the valley he stayed only a short time, then accompanied President Young back to Winter Quarters for the purpose of bringing



Chauncey Loveland

his family to Utah. They located in Bountiful on a tract of land and he engaged in farming and breeding fine horses. From the time of his arrival in 1848, Mr. Loveland proved himself a conscientious and energetic pioneer as well as being of an adventurous nature. When the gold rush to California was at its height he decided to join the gold seekers to explore the mining regions of that state. It is said that he traveled quite extensively but records left by his family fail to say whether the venture was successful. He returned to Utah and resumed his farming activities. Mr. Loveland passed away August 16, 1875 at the age of 79 years. He was a kindly, unassuming man never aspiring to positions in public life.

—*Juanita Loveland*

### SEELEY OWEN—MAN OF FAITH

The pioneer caravan was made up of such sturdy men as Seeley Owen who was born March 30, 1805 at Milton, Rutland county, Vermont, the son of Ethan and Hannah Owen. He married his cousin, Lydia Ann Owen, and they became the parents of one child, Ann Owen. As they made the journey westward Lydia was among those who died and were buried at Winter Quarters. Relatives brought the little girl to Utah.

Seeley Owen returned to Winter Quarters but soon came back to the valley. He is reported to have given a speech at the pioneer celebration in Union, Salt Lake county on July 21, 1854. It is believed that he later married Mina Durfree. For a time he lived in Provo where he built a home on 1st West near 1st North, which is still in use although it has undergone some changes in its original architecture. Mr. Owen was called to help with the settlement of Wallburg, in Provo Valley, and then moved to Arizona where he was accidentally killed while working on the Atlantic Pacific Railroad near Flagstaff in 1881.—*Alta L. Cowan*

### ANDREW PURLEY SHUMWAY—THE BOY PIONEER

Andrew Purley Shumway was the son of Charles and Julia Ann Hooker Shumway. He was born in the town of Sutton, Worcester county, Massachusetts February 20, 1833. The following is taken from a history written by him in later years:

"We lived there (Galena) Illinois until 1840 when Elder Elisha Grover came through that part of the country preaching the gospel. My father and mother believed and received the truth and were baptized by him. Shortly after my father went to Nauvoo to visit the Prophet



Joseph Smith. He returned bringing Elder Amasa Lyman with him. Soon after we moved on a flat boat down the river to Nauvoo where



Andrew Purley Shumway

we lived until the martyrdom of the Prophet and his brother Hyrum. In 1845 the word of the Lord came to the Saints for them to prepare to move to the Rocky Mountains. My father, being appointed captain of fifty, erected a shop for the manufacture of wagons. During the winter I worked with a team of mules hauling corn and provisions for the hands and hauling wood for their families to burn. I also hauled timber for the shop.

"All things ready in February, 1846, my father with his company crossed the Mississippi River on flat boats, his company being the first that crossed the river for the Rocky Mountains.

We went to Sugar Creek and stopped there three or four weeks waiting for the Saints to get together, after which President Young organized the different companies and we rolled out of camp sometime in March. After arriving in Winter Quarters we managed to get a log house put together to live in that winter. Many were sick including our family. My mother was hardly able to get in and out of the wagon. She gradually grew worse until the 14th of November when she called her family around her and told us she was going to die. She died as she had lived, beloved by all who knew her and was buried along with five hundred other Saints who died that winter from diseases of different kinds, and through the want of necessary food.

"In the spring of 1847, my father, with one hundred and forty-four others, was selected to start April 14th to pioneer the way to the Rocky Mountains. When father told me he was selected to go I burst into tears. My mother having just died, it seemed more than I could endure to be left. This affected my father very much and he went and told President Brigham Young how I felt and that I wished to go with him. The President said: "Let him go, it will be all right." The news gave me great joy. Brother John D. Lee furnished us with a span of mules and a light wagon for the journey. Accordingly, on the 14th we took leave of my sister Mary and sister Harriet who was lying on her deathbed at the time with canker. We went out a couple of days journey to a suitable camping place, here we waited a few days for

President Young and others to accompany us. While here we received information that my sister Harriet had died.

"Our wagons were loaded with provisions, some corn for our animals, farming implements, tools of different kinds, instruments for taking observations, one boat on a wagon to be used in crossing rivers, one cannon, one roadometer that might measure the distance we traveled every day. This we did by marking the distance on buffalo bones and skulls and sticking them up by the side of our trail for the benefit of those following us later in the season. We lengthened our provisions on the way by adding plenty of buffalo meat. We were forbid to kill anymore than we could consume as it was a sin to waste that which God had created for the good of man. When we started it was as much as my father and myself could both do to harness, drive, and take care of one span of mules, owing to the sickness we had passed through. But our health improved so that in a short time we were quite strong and well. . . . We often traveled two or three wagons abreast in order to consolidate our strength in case of attack by Indians. . . . Thus we continued our journey from day to day and from week to week.

"After traveling over plains and mountains and through mountain ranges a distance of 1100 miles we at length came to the valley of the Great Salt Lake. I was taken sick with mountain fever while encamped on the Big Sandy, but was healed through the prayers of faith and the laying on of hands by President Young. . . .

"During the first winter in the valley I assisted my father in a shop which he erected. Being a carpenter, he earned a little money which came in very useful. The next spring we put in grain and vegetables, commenced building and laying out the farms and making preparations to establish ourselves permanently in the land which God had led us to by the power of His hand. We toiled and labored hard and accomplished after many years the desired object.

"In the spring of 1854 my father moved to South Cottonwood and here I worked on the farm until the 20th of November, 1856, when I was called to take a mission to England, where I labored over a year and then was called home on account of the U. S. army being sent to Utah. . . . In March 1859 I married Amanda S. Graham, daughter of Thomas G. and Sarah Ann Graham."

Mr. Shumway moved his family to Mendon, Utah where he participated in many Church and civic activities. He died June 11, 1909.

#### ERASTUS SNOW—APOSTLE

Another member of the original Council of Twelve, Erastus Snow was instrumental in formulating the plans for the westward trek. He was born at St. Johnsbury, Caledonia county, Vermont, November 9, 1818, the son of Levi and Lucina Snow. Erastus was

fourteen years of age when he was baptized into the Latter-day Saint Church by his brother, William, February 3, 1833 and during the



Erastus Snow

following two years spent much of his time proselyting the Mormon religion in New York, New Hampshire and his native state. In 1835 he traveled in company with other Elders to Kirtland, Ohio where he met the Prophet Joseph Smith and lived in his home several weeks. Soon after he was ordained into the 2nd Quorum of Seventies. Again he took up his missionary labors in several states, at times meeting opposition, but nevertheless succeeding in making many converts for the Church.

When the decision was made to move the Saints to the Rocky Mountains, a special conference was held at Winter Quarters April 6, 1846, and the

following day President Young and others of the pioneer group began preparations for the westward journey. Elder Snow laid his hands on his wives and children and blessed them, and after giving them the necessary instructions and arranging for their comfort as best he could, joined the pioneer camp which was located on the prairie some seven miles distant. A few days later the journey began. Elder Snow writes:

"Many interesting episodes occurred on the journey, but among the most trying and affecting ones was the appearance of mountain fever among us. This affliction detained us so that, with the labor on the roads through the Wasatch mountains, we were unable to reach Great Salt Lake Valley until the 21st of July, when Orson Pratt and myself of the working parties, who were exploring, first emerged into the valley and visited the site of the future Salt Lake City, and when we ascended Red Butte, near the mouth of Emigration canyon, which gave us the first glimpse of the blue waters of Great Salt Lake, we simultaneously swung our hats, and shouted, 'hosannah!' for the spirit told us that here the Saints should find rest."

After about six weeks helping to lay out the city, Elder Snow started on the return trip to Winter Quarters, August 26th, and arrived at his destination the last day of October. Here he was reunited with his family. During his absence one little daughter had died. Many of the people remaining at Winter Quarters were comparatively destitute of clothing and other necessities to fit them for the journey

across the plains, and it was determined by the Council to send a few Elders into the Eastern and Southern States to solicit contributions of any kind which would be of help at this time in aiding the migration. Erastus Snow was one of those selected. Three months later he returned to Winter Quarters: He said: "Most of my oxen perished during the winter, or had been eaten up by the Indians, and I was under the necessity of yoking up my cows and all my young stock to work with the few oxen I had left, to haul the wagons for the journey. I traveled in company with Presidents Young and Kimball and had a very pleasant and agreeable journey, my teams holding out well and my family enjoying good health. We all wintered in the Old Fort which had been commenced and partly built by the pioneers, using our wagon beds chiefly for our sleeping rooms."

On February 12, 1849 he was ordained into the quorum of the Twelve Apostles, and during the succeeding years perhaps no other man in Church history traveled so extensively as did Erastus Snow. He devoted a great deal of his time to the interests of southern Utah over which he had presided spiritually for many years. He died at his home in Salt Lake City, May 27, 1888.

#### WILLIAM PERKINS VANCE—EXPLORER

One of the original pioneers of Utah, William Perkins Vance was born October 20, 1822 in Jackson county, Tennessee. He was the son of John Vance and Sarah Perkins. In 1842 he was baptized a member of the Mormon Church, and upon his arrival in Nauvoo lived in the home of the Prophet Joseph Smith for a time. After the expulsion of the Saints from that city he was selected by Brigham Young and his associates as one of the pioneer band.

He was a member of Parley P. Pratt's exploring party to southern Utah and later became one of the first settlers of Iron county. In 1884 he moved to St. George, Washington county and eight years later located in Lund, Nevada where he died December 5, 1914, survived by his wife, three sons and three daughters.

Among his writings was found this notation: "I went to school in a little town of our people called Ramus, afterwards named Macedonia, some five or six miles from Carthage in Hancock county, Illinois where a number of my mother's folks,



William Perkins Vance

the Perkins, lived. Went to a teacher, Joseph E. or H. Johnson, I disremember now which. He taught a class in stenography, the first time I ever heard the word. Eight of us young fellows were put into a class, and now I am going to tell you the truth whether you believe it or not—that everyone of them gave it up but myself."

### WILLIAM SHIN WARDSWORTH—ROAD AND BRIDGE BUILDER



William Shin Wardsworth

The work of ferrying the wagons over the Platte River took almost superhuman effort and the strong winds which were prone to blow the rafts further down stream, added to the difficulty. One such incident happened when William Shin Wardsworth and James Craig were ferrying a wagon across the stream. The pole Mr. Craig was using suddenly got stuck in the deep sand, flipping him into the river. He swam to safety but the wind and current carried the raft, with Mr. Wardsworth still on board, another two miles down the stream in spite of all his efforts to stop its progress. It was finally landed with the help of the men in the *Revenue Cutter*.

William Shin Wardsworth was born March 5, 1810 in Salem county, New Jersey. He was baptized by Elder George Adams at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, in the fall of 1841, and ordained a Seventy by Joseph Young in February, 1846. After his arrival in Utah with the pioneer band he rendered great service in making roads, building bridges, digging irrigation ditches and any other necessary labors he was called upon to do. He also assisted in the exploration of the surrounding country with a view to making new settlements. Mr. Wardsworth died in Springville, Utah, January 18, 1888.

### THOMAS WOOLSEY—MORMON BATTALION

Thomas Woolsey, son of Joseph and Abigail Schaffer Woolsey, was born at Pulaski, Fayette county, Kentucky, November 3, 1805. In his early manhood he embraced the Gospel and left his home to be with the Saints in Nauvoo. He married Julia Ann Mitchell. While

at Winter Quarters, Thomas enlisted in the Mormon Battalion in Company E, leaving his family housed in a dugout in dire circumstances.

Mr. Woolsey was one of the men sent back from Pueblo to Winter Quarters as a messenger from the Battalion boys. On the way these messengers were captured by Indians and condemned to die. They were liberated and helped by other Indians to complete the journey. He made this statement: "We knew we were in a trap, and only through the power of God could we hope to escape, and believe me, we did send up a petition to our God.. Our prayers were answered and on March 15, 1847 we arrived at Winter Quarters and in time to come west with the first company of Saints."

The day by day report on the progress of the company states "that on June 3rd the first division of the pioneer company commenced ferrying over the north fork of the Platte River before sunrise, Wilford Woodruff's ten being the first to cross over, and after that a wagon was taken over every fifteen minutes. In the afternoon Thomas Bullock made a duplicate of a letter addressed to Captain James Brown to be sent by Amasa Lyman. President Young wrote a note in pencil to be sent at the same time. He and Willard Richards also signed Elder Lyman's letter of authority and a duplicate to Captain James Brown, also a letter to Elder Thomas Dowdle, the presiding Elder at Pueblo. The brethren made up a mail of 349 letters to the Battalion and gave it to Thomas Woolsey, appointing him deputy postmaster. Dr. Richards instructed Brother Woolsey to bring back all the letters that he did not deliver. . . . At 11 a.m. Elders Amasa M. Lyman, Thomas Woolsey, John H. Tippetts and Roswell Stevens started on horses and mules for Pueblo. President Young, Heber C. Kimball, Willard Richards and Orson Pratt, accompanied them to Laramie fork, where they held a council meeting seated on a large tree which had fallen on the bank of a river, after which they knelt down and President Young blessed the brethren who were going on the journey and dedicated them to the Lord."

After arriving in Utah the Woolseys lived in several towns among them Mt. Pleasant, Ephraim, Kanosh, Fort Harmony and later in Wales where Thomas passed away in his ninety-first year and is buried in the Wales cemetery, Sanpete county, Utah beside his wife who died several years earlier.—*Julia Ann Mitchell Woolsey*



## *The First Company To Enter Salt Lake Valley*

*Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised  
in the city of our God, in the mountain of  
his holiness.—Psalms 48:1*



WHEN, in the summer of 1847, the Mormons first entered the Valley of the Great Salt Lake they were confronted with the barren country before them, which to men of lesser faith was a land unfit for human habitation, but to them this land was their Zion. Not only were they faced with establishing settlements based on agriculture, but they were the beginning of what has been called the largest planned migration ever to cross the plains and mountains of western America. At the same time their thinking was to build homes, churches, schools and industries. Theirs was the joy of surmounting obstacles which without an abiding faith that God was at the helm would have been impossible.

Wilford Woodruff states: "This, the 24th day of July, 1847, was an important day in the history of my life, and in the history of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. After traveling from our encampment six miles through the deep ravine valley ending with the canyon, we came in full view of the Valley of the Great

Salt Lake, or the Great Basin—the Land of Promise, held in reserve by the hand of God as a resting place for the Saints.

"After a hard journey from Winter Quarters of more than one thousand miles, through flats of the Platte River and plateaus of the Black Hills and Rocky Mountains and over the burning sands and eternal sagebrush regions, willow swales and rocky regions, to gaze upon a valley of such extent surrounded with a perfect chain of everlasting mountains covered with eternal snow, with their innumerable peaks like pyramids towering towards heaven, presented at one view to us the grandest scenery and prospect that we could have obtained on earth. Thoughts of pleasant meditation ran in rapid succession through our minds at the anticipation that not many years hence the House of God would be established in the mountains and exalted above the hills, while the valleys would be converted into orchards, vineyards, fields, etc., planted with cities, and the standard of Zion would be unfurled, unto which the nations would gather."

#### JAMES CASE—CAPTAIN OF SEVENTH TEN

James Case was chosen as captain of the seventh ten because he had the qualities necessary for leadership. He was born May 4, 1794, at Litchfield, Connecticut, the son of Joseph and Lydia Case. After spending a short time in Great Salt Lake Valley, he went to Sanpete, Utah territory in 1851, and in 1852 was appointed one of the representatives to the Utah Territorial Legislature from that county.

Mr. Case served as a missionary for the Latter-day Saint Church for several years, and although not much is known about this period of his life, the history of Nicholas Harmon Groesbeck states: "In the spring of 1855 a Mormon missionary by the name of James Case came to our home (Springfield, Sangamon county, Illinois), and as father and mother had previously belonged to the Mormon Church, they made him welcome. Elder Case taught them the principle of having their children baptized at eight years, and as myself and brother William were past eight years they immediately had us baptized."

Soon after returning from a successful mission to the Cherokee Indians in Oklahoma, Elder Case died in Sanpete county, Utah in 1858.

#### WILLIAM CARTER—SCOUT

This member of the original band was born September 12, 1821 in Herefordshire, England. His father was Thomas Carter and his mother Sarah Parker. At an early age William began work in a glass factory where he became quite efficient as a glass blower. Later he served as an apprentice in a blacksmith shop, and it was while working here that he first heard the singing and preaching of the





Wm. Carter

Mormon Elders. He attended their meetings and shortly afterwards was baptized by Edward Oakley on December 27, 1840. William sailed from Bristol, England; thence to Quebec, Canada, and from there journeyed to Nauvoo, Illinois, arriving July 11, 1841. Here he became acquainted with the Prophet Joseph Smith and for a time assisted in the erection of the Nauvoo Temple. On December 5, 1843 he married Ellen Benbow. They were among the Saints who crossed the River to Winter Quarters.

William was an energetic and useful member of the pioneer trek, serving in the advance group as a scout, and consequently was one of the men who entered the valley on July 22, 1847. In 1888 a gold medal was awarded him for plowing the first land in the Valley, but more important than plowing the first furrow was the act of turning the water on the land in which project he also assisted. In November, 1853, he married his second wife, Harriet T. Utley.

President Young called a group of missionaries to go to Quebec, Canada in 1858 and William was among those who accepted the assignment. He sold the only work animal he possessed, a gray mare, with which to buy the handcart. This mission proved unsuccessful and within a short time they were recalled to Utah because of the coming of Johnston's Army.

In February, 1857 he married his third wife, Sophronia Ellen Turnbow and before long was called to the Dixie Mission. He took his young wife with him and after building her a little home, returned to Salt Lake City for the other members of his family. After getting them safely settled in the Dixie country, he commenced work on the St. George temple where he labored for many years. One of the dominant notes in his character was his sublime faith in God, never doubting for an instant the Lord's promise to provide for the faithful. William Carter died June 22, 1896 and was interred in the cemetery in St. George.—*Catherine Zina Carter Squire*

#### BENJAMIN FRANKLIN DEWEY—YOUTHFUL PIONEER

With this first company came Benjamin Franklin Dewey, born in Westfield, Massachusetts, May 5, 1829 the son of Ashbel and

Harriet Adams Dewey. His parents were members of the Latter-day Saint Church and the children were baptized as they became of age. In the spring of 1846 the family moved to Nauvoo and then took up the line of march with the Nauvoo exiles to Winter Quarters.



Benjamin F. Dewey

During the time they lived here Ashbel, the father, passed away.

Benjamin came into the valley with the advanced company and shortly after went to California where he engaged in gold mining. Two years later he returned to Salt Lake City. In 1843 he was called to fill a mission to India. On January 26, he, in company with Nathaniel V. Jones, Amos Milton Musser, Richard Ballantyne, Robert Skelton, Robert Owen, William F. Carter, William Fotheringham, Truman Leonard, Samuel A. Woolley, Chauncey W. West, Elam Luddington and Levi Savage left Salt Lake City. After a voyage of eighty-six days he arrived in Calcutta, India

and from there was sent to Hindustan and Siam and different parts of China. The mission was not successful.

In 1855 he was called by President Young to go to California to help colonize San Bernardino. Sometime after laboring there he met Alzia Smithson, who was also an 1847 pioneer. They were married and six children came to bless this union, two boys and four girls. However, the marriage proved to be an unhappy one and Benjamin returned to Salt Lake City. He was a fine carpenter and assisted in the building of the Salt Lake temple and tabernacle. In 1869 he married Margaret ..... Two children were born to them. At that time he owned a home in the Eighth Ward Square. In 1885 he moved to Arizona where he engaged in mining. He died February 23, 1904 at Chloride at the age of seventy-five years and was buried at Kingman, Arizona.

Mr. Dewey's mother and two brothers, Albert Charles and John Henry came to Utah September 25, 1847 in the George B. Wallace company, his sister having married and presumably stayed in the East.

—Margaret Dewey Athay

## OZRO FRENCH EASTMAN—FRIEND OF BRIGHAM YOUNG

Ozro French Eastman, one of the men who accompanied the pioneer band to the Salt Lake valley, was not of the Latter-day Saint faith. His parents joined the Church in 1843, but he was never baptized although he always bore a strong testimony as to the noble character of Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball and other leaders of the Mormon Church. He was born November 18, 1828 in Windham



O. F. Eastman

county, Vermont, a son of James Eastman and Clarissa Goss. As exiles from Nauvoo the family found refuge in Winter Quarters. James was anxious for his son to accompany President Young to Utah on the initial trek, and having received the necessary permission, he immediately secured an outfit for him. Ozro proved himself a pioneer in every sense of the word. With President Young he returned to Winter Quarters after a location for the Saints had been made, but in the meantime his father, James, had died. He returned to Utah in 1848 with his mother and only sister Sylvia S., where Ozro erected a small house into which the family

moved on Christmas Day. It is said he established the first harness shop in Salt Lake City.

On February 22, 1857 he married Mary E. Whittle. They were the parents of ten children. In 1884 he moved to Eagle Rock, now Idaho Falls, where he continued in the harness business. He died in that city March 26, 1916 at the age of 88 years.

## HORACE DATUS ENSIGN—MECHANIC

Skilled as a mechanic and carpenter Horace Datus Ensign contributed his share of knowledge and labor to the pioneer company. He was born August 8, 1825, at Westfield, Hampton county, Massachusetts, a son of Horace and Mary Bronson Ensign. He was the eldest of six children and, in 1843, when the parents became members of the Mormon church, they moved with their little flock to Nauvoo,

Illinois, suffering all the hardships and persecutions heaped upon the Saints during their expulsion from the "City Beautiful." Horace Datus Ensign was baptized December 6, 1846. His father died during the enforced stay at Winter Quarters.

On the westward trek with Brigham Young's advance company Horace served as a scout. When his leader returned to the East later in the summer, Horace was among those who accompanied him; but, en route he met his mother, brothers and sisters who were on their way to the valley in Captain Daniel Spencer's company. With them he returned to Salt Lake, arriving September 22, 1847. Shortly after he was sent with Captain James Brown's sons as a carpenter to assist in repairing Goodyear Fort; returning to Salt Lake to spend part of the winter with his mother. In the early spring he was recalled to Ogden to assist Captain Brown and his sons in preparing a place for the Saints who were then on the plains. He settled just south of Goodyear Fort on the Weber River, but because of the overflow of water in the early spring, he moved to higher ground and later built a log house on the present site of Carnegie Library in Ogden. When the Church authorities decided to include this land in the public park, Horace was given another city lot in exchange for his property. There he built a home and there he resided until his death.

Eliza Jane Stewart became his wife in 1850. A short time before his death he built a loom for her, and after she was widowed, she made the greater part of the living on it for herself, her three sons and three daughters.—*Gladys E. Harbertson-Retta E. Williamson*

### HORACE MONROE FRINK

Another of the original pioneers about whom we have been unable to find any further records is Horace Monroe Frink. He accompanied President Young on his return trip to Winter Quarters later the same season after his arrival in the valley. It is known that he came again to Utah but did not stay any length of time. In 1860 he visited friends in Manti, Utah, then returned to San Bernardino, California where he had established a home. It is presumed that he spent the remainder of his life in California.

### BURR FROST—BLACKSMITH

The name of Burr Frost occurs almost daily in records of the pioneer trek. He was the blacksmith of the camp, and with Thomas Tanner, had charge of all the repair work of the pioneer caravan. When the Oregon emigrants were in need of a blacksmith, Mr. Frost's portable forge was quickly set up and the necessary repairs made. Payment was usually in flour, bacon and other provisions needed by the camp.



Burr Frost

Burr Frost was born March 4, 1816 at Waterbury, (or New Haven) Connecticut, a son of Alpheus and Elizabeth Frost. He became a member of the Latter-day Saint church, and early in 1847 willingly accepted his assignment to accompany the pioneer group to the regions of the Rocky Mountains. After his arrival in the valley he set up one of the first blacksmith shops in Salt Lake City.

President Young, soon after returning to Utah in 1848, emphasized the desperate need of iron to be used in the manufacture of machinery and for other purposes so vital to the development of the growing communities. Parley P. Pratt's

exploring expedition of 1849-1850 had made significant discoveries of iron in Iron county. From that time on President Brigham Young brought to the attention of the Legislature the location of inexhaustible beds of high grade iron ore in that area. In obedience to a call from the Church authorities men were sent to Iron county where, in time, they erected a small furnace. Records show "that from this initial furnace, Burr Frost, a Parowan blacksmith, made nails enough to shoe a horse."

He continued in this trade with the exception of two years, from 1852 to 1854, when he was called on a mission to Australia. His death occurred in Salt Lake City March 16, 1878. At that time he was one of the presidents of the 70th quorum of Seventies.

#### ERIC GLINES—SCOUT

Eric Glines, the son of John and Maria Mathews Glines was born in New Hampshire, October 5, 1822, but his childhood and early manhood were spent in Churchville, Ontario, Canada. The family left Canada about 1839, but just when they became affiliated with the Latter-day Saint Church is not known. However, Eric was chosen as one of the men to accompany the pioneer band to Utah. The Day by Day History of the Church gives the following records in which Mr. Glines is mentioned:

Sunday, April 27th: Pioneers remained in camp at Loup Fork for the Sabbath. Loup Fork was near Fullerton county west of Nance county, Nebraska, 14 miles from the main branch of

the Platte River. Soon after 5 o'clock p.m. a meeting was held at President Young's wagon and much instruction imparted. Later another assemblage convened and it was decided that eight men should be selected to ride eight horses of the company not used for teams, and hunt buffalo and other game upon the journey. Eleven hunters who were to proceed on foot were also chosen: John Park, Phineas H. Young, Tarlton Lewis, Joseph Hancock, Edmund Ellsworth, Roswell Stevens, Edson Whipple, Barnabas Adams, B. F. Stewart, Jackson Redden and Eric Glines.

Saturday, June 26th: While the camp was nooning Eric Glines, who, in disobedience to council had remained with his brethren at the ferry Wednesday morning previous, came in. He had camped one night alone and the other night with Missourians. It appears that he had repented of his disobedience and concluded to obey council. He set out to overtake his brethren.

Friday, July 2nd: The day was pleasant in pioneer camp, and ferrying across the Green River was commenced. In the afternoon of the 12th was held a council and decided to send four men back to act as guides for the camp of Saints in the rear, and pilot them across the Green River. The following guides were chosen: Orrin P. Rockwell, Phineas H. Young, Eric Glines and George Woodward.

July 3rd: The pioneers continued ferrying across Green River. Before noon all the wagons had got across without accident. Mosquitoes so numerous that they literally covered everything, made both men and beasts suffer. Camp called together and such men as felt desirous to return to get their families were privileged to do so. Families were expected to be in the next company. Five volunteered to return: Rodney Badger, Eric Glines, Phineas H. Young, Aaron Farr and George Woodward. Instructions were given to the men about trading at Fort Bridger. Not horses enough for every man to ride. Brother Young gave them a light wagon to carry provisions.

The following official letter was sent July 3, 1849 by Brigham Young to Elders Amasa Lyman, Charles C. Rich and Saints en route to California:

Beloved Brethren: Fully appreciating the difficulties of a camp traveling through a country incorrectly mapped without a guide, we herewith send to your assistance Brothers Phineas H. Young, Aaron Farr, George Woodward, Rodney Badger, Eric Glines, who will give you all the necessary information relative to your journey to this place so far as the enclosed distance shall prove deficient.

Brigham Young

Eric Glines did not remain in Utah but went on to California where he pioneered in Sacramento Valley and reared a large family. He was known throughout his life as a daring scout and made several

trips across the continent from California to the Eastern States before the advent of the railroad.—*Margaret J. Miner*

### ARTEMAS JOHNSON—HUNTER

Artemas Johnson was born April 18, 1809 at Remson, Oneida county, New York, a son of Artemas and Abia Johnson. He was ordained a Latter-day Saint Elder at a conference held in Nauvoo, October 5, 1839, and after being exiled with other Saints from that city, was chosen as one of President Young's original company of pioneers.

On June 12, 1847 William Clayton wrote in his journal: "The brethren say that the buffalo are very plentiful back in these hills. When I returned to camp I learned that Tunis Rappelye and Artemas Johnson were missing, the former having started for the hills to get a little snow; the latter having been hunting all day. A company was sent out with the bugle to find them. Brother Rappelye returned about eleven o'clock. Johnson was found by the brethren who returned still later, all agreeing with the report that the hills are eight or ten miles distance, although they do not appear to be more than one mile. There were four antelope killed by the brethren but divided according to the feelings of those who killed them."

Later that season Elder Johnson returned to Winter Quarters with President Young, and on December 2, 1847, received a patriarchal blessing at Council Bluffs, Iowa, under the hands of Patriarch Isaac Morley. It is believed that he came back to Utah.

### FRANKLIN G. LOSEE

Intensive research has failed to bring forth any further information concerning Franklin G. Losee, one of the original pioneers, except that he was born in 1815 at Belmont, Waldo county, Maine and that he died in Lehi, Utah, but this has not been authenticated.

### WILLIAM COCKHORN ADKINSON SMOOT

The next to the last survivor of the original pioneer company, William C. A. Smoot passed away January 31, 1920 shortly after celebrating his 92nd birthday. He was born January 30, 1828 in Tennessee, and became the adopted son of Abraham O. Smoot and Margaret Thompson. He was baptized a member of the Latter-day Saint Church February 8, 1836. After locating with his parents in Nauvoo, Illinois he cut stone for the temple and while there, although young, was ordained a Seventy. The following is a letter written by him telling of his experiences during the pioneer trek:

Dear Sirs: In reporting myself to your committee, I am proud to state that I was one of the first who entered this valley in 1847. There were just 143 men, 3 women and 2 boys. The company was one of the most complete organized camps



Wm. C. A. Smoot

ever recorded in history with our noble leaders, President Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball, who were ever on the alert looking after the interests and welfare of both man and beast. It is unnecessary for me to attempt to give a recital of our journey from day to day and the many startling incidents connected therewith, for that history has been written and will ever live in the minds and hearts of the people of Utah, even after what few of the now living pioneers have passed away and sleep with their fathers.

I started from Winter Quarters on the 6th day of April 1847. I was enrolled as one of the guards at Elk Horn and

stood guard every other third night, never missing but one night during the entire journey. I was 19 years of age when I reached the Salt Lake Valley. My traveling companion was Franklin Dewey and we were fitted out by our parents and placed under the immediate direction of President Wilford Woodruff.

I remained in the valley until the 18th or 19th of August when I returned to assist others to the valley coming in late in the fall. While I remained in camp I was employed guarding, herding, and other work incidental to camp life. I assisted in laying out Salt Lake City, carrying and driving stakes. I have lived in Salt Lake City continuously ever since and have been identified with its growth and development. I am delighted to know, God sparing my life, that I shall be afforded an opportunity to once more see the faces and shake the hands of the few remaining pioneers who formed that noble band.

It has been recorded that Mr. Smoot was the last person in the pioneer company to enter the Valley on that historic trek. After spending the winter of 1847-48 in the North Fort he moved to Canyon Creek and commenced farming. In 1850 he located temporarily in South Cottonwood, but went on the range with his stock some two years later. He served as a missionary to the Indians in the vicinity of Las Vegas and also made several trips across the plains to aid in bringing other converts to the Valley. Mr. Smoot was set apart as counselor to Abraham Smoot in Sugar House Ward. His first wife was Martha Sessions and after her death he married Matilda Garn. He was the father of seventeen children.



## BENJAMIN FRANKLIN STEWART—SCOUT

Benjamin Franklin Stewart was born October 12, 1817 in Jackson township, Monroe county, Ohio, the son of Philander Barrett Stewart and Sarah Scott. His parents were well-to-do farmers and also operated a mill. When Benjamin was six years of age his father was accidentally drowned in the Ohio River and soon after financial reverses made it necessary for the mother and her children to leave

their home and travel to the state of Illinois with the hope that there they could make a living.

In 1837 Benjamin married his childhood sweetheart, Polly Richardson and soon after the young couple moved to Van Buren, Iowa. Here they came in contact with the Elders of the Mormon church and Polly readily accepted their teachings and was baptized. It was three years before Benjamin became a member of the Church. In Winter Quarters, when the pioneer band was selected, Benjamin was chosen to accompany it to Utah. The following is an account of the trek as recorded by him:



Benjamin F. Stewart

On June 12, 1847 the pioneers reached the place where the Oregon trail crossed the Platte, being 124 miles from Fort Laramie. The Platte at this place was usually forded but this season it was particularly high. The company here encountered one of the foremost groups of Oregon emigrants. Three days before this the pioneer company had sent a small detachment of men in advance of the main camp and they arrived four hours ahead of the Oregon company. These Mormon scouts had a skiff that would carry 1500 to 1800 pounds, so they were employed by the Missourians to ferry the Oregon immigrants over. The immigrants paid the pioneer \$1.50 for each wagon and load in flour and \$2.50 per hundred pounds, yet flour was worth \$10.00 per hundred at least at the Platte River. The earnings were divided equally among the members of the pioneer camp which amounted to 5½ lbs. of flour each, 2 lbs. of meal and a small piece of bacon. "It looked as much of a miracle to me," writes Wilford Woodruff, "to see our flour and meal bags replenished in the Black Hills as it did to have the children of Israel fed with manna in the wilderness. But the Lord has been truly with us on our journey and wonderfully blessed and preserved us."

These little stores of flour were instrumental in saving the lives of many of the pioneers. While camped here, some of the men killed three buffalo and two antelopes which were distributed among the company. After repeated attempts with different methods of conveying the pioneer company across the river, a boat was made for ferrying the wagons over. It consisted of two large cottonwood canoes which were placed parallel to each other a few feet apart; then pinned firmly with cross pieces, on the top of which were nailed slabs running lengthwise of the canoes, then attaching a rudder and oars with a little iron work, the boat was made strong enough to carry over loaded wagons. Several companies of Missourians camped on the banks of the river. They offered to pay to the pioneer camp \$1.50 a load for every load ferried over and fifty cents per man, for each man who helped with the work. A meeting was held and nine men were chosen to stay behind and ferry over the numerous companies who were continually passing on their way to Oregon. . . . These men were further instructed to come on with the next company who were expected in a month or six weeks.

This commission Benjamin Stewart faithfully fulfilled and when he later was joined by his wife and children they traveled to Utah together. He first settled in Mill Creek and started a sawmill which he operated for several years. Mr. Stewart was a member of the exploratory expedition headed by Parley P. Pratt for the purpose of extending the pioneer settlements into southern Utah. After his return he became particularly interested in the area around Payson. Later he moved his family there, built and operated a sawmill in Payson canyon for several years and then built and operated a nail factory near the site of the town. On September 6, 1858 he married Elizabeth Davis as a plural wife.

After his return from a mission to Iowa and Illinois he moved his family to a settlement north of Payson where he acted as presiding Elder and it was at this time that the small community, Benjamin, was named in his honor. On June 22, 1885 he was struck by lightning at Benjamin and instantly killed.—*Susie S. Hand*

#### SETH TAFT—CAPTAIN OF EIGHTH TEN

A native of Massachusetts, Seth Taft was born August 11, 1796 in Mendon, Worcester county to Seth and Lydia Staples Taft. He was in his fifty-first year when he was chosen to supervise one of the larger groups consisting of twelve men on their journey to the Rocky Mountains. In early manhood he moved to Michigan where he married Harriet Ogden in 1826. In 1841, two Mormon Elders came to his home with the message of the restored Gospel of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and soon Seth, his wife, and two daughters were baptized. He then moved his family to Nauvoo, Illinois and was in the exodus to Winter Quarters.

On April 16, 1847, in that place, the pioneers were assembled at the rear of Brigham Young's wagon and addressed by George A. Smith, Heber C. Kimball, Newell K. Whitney and President Young. They formed a circle around President Young and when counted numbered one hundred and forty-four. Here Seth was chosen captain of the eighth ten. The weather at the pioneer camp on April 17th was severely cold with a strong northwest wind, and at noon when his company was camped close by a cottonwood grove, the men felled hundreds of trees to feed their teams in order to save the corn. At 5 p.m. the company was called together and organized in military order. President Young's instructions were: "After we start from this spot, every man must carry his gun loaded, or else have it in his wagon where he can seize it at a moment's notice. The wagons must keep together while traveling. Every man is to keep beside his own wagon and is not to leave it without permission."

Seth Taft came into the Valley of the Great Salt Lake with Orson Pratt's advance company and was a member of the committee appointed to select a place for the planting of potatoes, corn and beans. About 11:30 on the morning of July 22nd he, with others, reported that they found a piece of firm, fertile soil 40 rods by 20 rods for potatoes, and a suitable place for beans, corn and buckwheat, which they had staked off. Two hours later plowing commenced a short distance northeast of the camp.

On the 17th of August the return trip to Winter Quarters was started. Seth Taft was with them retracing the tracks over which he had so recently come. On Saturday, September 4th, at the Little Sandy he met the caravan of Latter-day Saints en route to the valley. His wife and daughter, Amelia, were with them. He returned with this company to the site of the future home of the Saints.

He was made bishop of the Ninth Ward February 22, 1849 in which capacity he officiated until 1856, when he was released and subsequently ordained a Patriarch April 18, 1861. He is mentioned as a member of a prayer circle held with Brigham Young each Monday evening. On November 23, 1863 Seth Taft passed away at the age of 67 years and was buried in the Salt Lake City cemetery.

—*Nina Beth Cunningham*

#### RUFUS ALLEN—NIGHT GUARD

Rufus Allen was born in Litchfield county, Connecticut March 22, 1814. His parents were Gideon and Rachel Allen. Rufus became a convert to Mormonism at an early age, and when strong and valiant men were chosen to seek a new home for the persecuted Saints in the regions of the Rocky Mountains, he was selected as one to accompany the original band. During the long trek across the plains Rufus was appointed as a guard of the camp, a responsible and exhausting job requiring unceasing vigilance in protecting the company and the stock from surprise attacks by marauding Indians.

After his arrival in the valley Mr. Allen helped in establishing the new settlement, then returned to Winter Quarters. When he came again to the Valley he went to Ogden, Utah and built a home. On October 8, 1852 Rufus accompanied Parley P. Pratt to Valparaiso, Chile, South America where the authorities of the Latter-day Saint Church sought to open a mission. This attempt proved unsuccessful and Rufus returned to San Francisco arriving May 21, 1852, homeward bound.

On June 7, 1857 it was reported that the 53rd and 54th quorum of Seventies were organized in Ogden, Utah by Joseph Young and Albert Rockwell with Rufus Allen and James Brown as senior presidents. Mr. Allen died in that city during the winter of 1888-1889.

#### CHARLES DAVID BARNUM—STONE MASON

Charles David Barnum was a stone mason by trade and also adept at wagon building. He was born near Brockville, County of Leeds, Canada, May 9, 1800, and baptized a member of the Mormon Church by Elder John E. Page, July 25, 1836. Two years later he sold his holdings in Canada and moved to Indiana where he established a home. The following spring he journeyed to Far West, Missouri



Charles David Barnum

and was instrumental in moving some of the Saints from that place to Quincy, Illinois. Returning to Indiana, he was unable to convince his family that it would be to their best interest to join with the body of the Church in Nauvoo, so he went on alone. One of his first tasks was quarrying rock for the temple. He also served as captain of the Nauvoo Legion. Three years later his family came to Nauvoo and they were reunited. While the Saints were making preparations to leave Nauvoo, he labored long and hard building wagons for the westward trek. When the time came for him to leave this beloved city, his family again refused to accompany him.

The following winter, having arrived at Winter Quarters, he married again, and in the spring of 1847 came to Salt Lake Valley as one of the original pioneers. After a few weeks he returned to Winter Quarters, and it was three years before he was able to come back to Zion, crossing the plains in William Snow's company. He located in the 15th Ward where he resided the rest of his life. Having previously

been ordained to the office of High Priest, he served as a counselor to acting bishop Andrew Cunningham from 1851 to 1853. Mr. Barnum passed away in Salt Lake City, Utah September 6, 1894.

#### FRANCIS BOGGS—CARPENTER

Francis Boggs was born May 17, 1807 in Belmont county, Ohio a son of Alexander Boggs and Hannah Martin. He was a carpenter by trade, and having spent many years on a farm was also familiar with the many problems encountered in making the soil productive. In 1842 he married Evalina Martin. Missionaries came to the Boggs home and Francis was baptized a member of the Mormon Church by John Cairn May 17, 1841. It is believed that several of his children died while residing in Ohio. Francis then went to Nauvoo and took an active part in the building of that city. A daughter, Mary, was born April 12, 1843 and a son, Francis, October 23, 1845. His family participated in the exodus from Nauvoo, Illinois to Winter Quarters, and there Francis was chosen to go with the first group.

In September, 1847 his family arrived in the valley. Francis established them in a home in the Eighth Ward and here two more children were born. The family went to Springville in 1850, then moved to Fillmore, and later to Parowan. Soon after arriving at the latter named place he was sent on a mission to Las Vegas, and after returning to Parowan, he took his family to Washington, Washington county, Utah in December 1861.

Mr. Boggs filled a number of positions of trust and responsibility in the communities in which he lived. He served one term in the Utah Legislature. He died in Washington county January 22, 1889.—*Ruby Snow Jensen*

#### JOHN SUNDERLIN ELDREDGE—TEAMSTER



John Sunderlin Eldredge

John Sunderlin Eldredge was born April 30, 1831, in Canaan, Columbia county, New York. His parents were Alanson and Esther Sunderlin Eldredge. John accompanied Brigham Young's first company to the Rocky Mountains serving as a teamster along the way.

After his arrival in the Valley, it is claimed that he was one of the first men to use a plow in preparing the arid soil for the planting of crops. He was also active in forwarding other pioneer industries. In 1852 he was called on a mission to Australia, and upon the return voyage three years later, Mr. El-

dredge, James Graham and twenty-eight Saints emigrating from Sydney, Australia were wrecked on a coral reef near the Society Islands. Five persons were drowned. After a harrowing experience on an uninhabited island for several weeks he, and the others, were finally rescued and landed in San Francisco.

After his return to Utah Mr. Eldredge again took up farming as a means of livelihood in Charleston, Wasatch county where he died suddenly of a heart attack while plowing in his field May 7, 1873.

—*Persis Higbee*

### DAVID GRANT—TAILOR

David Grant, son of Robert and Belle Mills Grant was born in Arbroath, Scotland, July 21, 1816. When David was eight years old his father moved the family to West Collinston Mills. At the age of fifteen he entered a tailoring establishment as an apprentice, which trade he took up as his life's vocation. He finished his apprenticeship at the age of nineteen and at that time moved to Edinburgh. In the year 1839 he left England for America, landing in New Orleans on the 12th day of July. He immediately traveled to Louisville, Kentucky where his brother Robert was already established in business. After three or four months he journeyed to Payson, Adams county, Illinois and the following year David heard and accepted the Latter-day Saint gospel and was baptized by Elder David Evans. He joined the Saints in Nauvoo, Illinois and for the next five or six years lived a life parallel to that of other Saints of the time, working earnestly at his trade, suffering the trials and hardships typical of Nauvoo days.

The first entry in his day book, which has been preserved by his family, is dated Nauvoo, June 9th, 1842, and is an itemized statement of tailoring work done for many of the Saints including the names of Chauncey Higbee, William Higbee, William Clayton and Angus Cahoon. These first entries aggregate \$88.27 with the notation below the balance, "Rec'ted for Tithing."

David Grant was married in Nauvoo September 18, 1843 to Mary Ann Hyde who was born September 18, 1820 in Livingston county, New York. Two children, David William and Mary Ann were born to them in Nauvoo. As a result of the hardships encountered on their journey to Winter Quarters, Mary Ann Hyde Grant passed away February 1, 1847 and was buried there.

Religion was a dominant factor in David Grant's life, and for it he was willing to make many sacrifices. He accepted the assignment to go with the original company over a thousand miles of trackless

desert in search of a new home that he might bring his two motherless children to a place of security. Shortly after his arrival in the valley he returned east with Brigham Young and brought them safely to Utah in the fall of 1848.

On September 24, 1848 he was married to Beulah Chipman, a recent convert from Upper Canada. Three years later his wife died leaving three small children. On March 8, 1852 he married Mary Hunsaker. David Grant was called on a mission to Great Britain returning to America on the ship *Samuel Curling*, April 18, 1856 with a large company of converts.

In the Day Book left by David Grant there are many interesting items such as a charge made to Brigham Young for the cutting of a buffalo coat, fifty cents; making coat \$3.50; and on the same page credit to Brigham Young of \$2.00 for four bushels of corn. There appears repeatedly a charge for cutting pants, 25 cents, or cutting a cloak or coat, or simply a vest, fifty or seventy-five cents; which tells the story of thrift, and necessary economy practiced by the Saints, the good housewives apparently making their husbands suits after the tailor had cut them. Daily notations throughout the journal indicate a regular exchange of merchandise for work, and work for work, the receipt of very little cash being recorded. There are credits for day labor, wood, pistols, cabbage, loads of brick, hauling posts, pickets, fence rails, laces, flour and meal, veal and sundry items, a Mr. Blunt being given credit for five dollars for five days' work. On page 35 of the day book is posted "Vest making and trimming, \$2.62 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; to repairing coat and shoes, .37 $\frac{1}{2}$  cents and, on page 72, "making a coat for W. Chipman \$5.33  $\frac{1}{3}$ ; making coat for John Neff, \$6.66  $\frac{2}{3}$ ."

David Grant is perhaps better known through his inspiring verse, for between stiches and after long hours of confining work, he was given to penning his thoughts which portray his real character—a character of devotion and sincerity. He was fifty-two years of age at the time of his death December 23, 1868 at Mill Creek, Utah.

—Margaret Grant N. Peterson

### STEPHEN KELSEY—THE YOUTH

At the time of his history-making trek to Utah Stephen Kelsey was sixteen years of age, the second child and only son born to Stephen and Rachel Allen Kelsey. In describing this important adventure in his life he says: "I was born December 23, 1830 in Montville, Geauga county, Ohio and in the year of 1842 left said state and settled in Illinois. In 1846 I moved from Illinois to Winter Quarters and in the



Stephen Kelsey

spring of 1847, although at that time not a member of the Mormon Church, I volunteered to join the band of pioneers in their proposed march to the Rocky Mountains under the leadership of Brigham Young. I left Winter Quarters about the 14th of April and camped on the Elkhorn River. I was in the advance company and reached Salt Lake Valley on the 22nd of July. After my arrival, I labored in the canyons, made adobes, etc., and worked with George A. Smith in building one of the first houses in Salt Lake City. In the fall of 1847 I returned to Winter Quarters and upon that trip endured many hardships which were more severe than the

pioneer trip going west, but the memory of that trip remains most pleasant; there was a fraternal feeling, a unity of purpose, and often after a hard day's tramp, the sound of music could be heard above the cry of the coyote, and the leaders of that band, by their self-sacrificing disposition and faithful labors, have engraved their names upon the tablets of memory that time itself cannot efface."

It was on or near the 18th of October, 1847 that Stephen Kelsey arrived in Winter Quarters in search of his family. His father had returned to Ohio the previous year, and he soon learned that his beloved mother and one sister had died and were buried in the cemetery in that place. The following spring he joined another company en route to the valley taking his four sisters with him.

Either in 1849 or 1850, Stephen joined in the California gold rush and worked in the vicinity of Sacramento. He succeeded in panning approximately \$500.00 in gold dust and then returned to Utah. A gulch in the area where he panned was named Kelsey Gulch for him. He located in Little Cottonwood and shortly thereafter he married Lydia Snyder, who had recently emigrated to Utah from Canada as a convert of the Church. One child was born while living at Cottonwood, and shortly after a move was made to the present site of Brigham City. The town at that time consisted of a dozen or so families, all engaged in farming and stock raising.

In the spring of 1864 Stephen was called by the Church authorities to help establish settlements in the Bear Lake country of southeastern Idaho. Loading their belongings in a covered wagon, drawn by four oxen, Stephen and Lydia with their six small children jour-



neyed northward. He took his mother-in-law, Jane Noble Snyder, and her son, John, with them on this journey. He built her a little cabin near his home where she lived until her death December 16, 1888.

Stephen located in Paris, Idaho where he built a small log cabin for his family. A year later his baby daughter, Rachel, died and was buried on the home lot. The establishment of a community in this new country was not an easy task for homes, schools, churches and roads had to be built and every man, woman and child had to take part in this undertaking. It can truly be said of Mr. Kelsey that he was an ordinary American citizen. He had no desire for political leadership, only wanting to be known as a good neighbor and a good townsman. Twelve children were born to the Kelsey's, eleven of whom survived. Stephen died May 22, 1900 in Paris, Idaho, faithful through all the years of his life to the Church into which he had been baptized the day after his arrival in the valley, July 23, 1847.—*Seth C. Kelsey*

#### LEVI NEWELL KENDALL—GUARD

Protecting the pioneer camp from marauding Indians and other dangers of the plains, seems, as a rule, to have been assigned to the younger men of the company. Levi Newell Kendall was among those selected for this work, being then in his seventeenth year. He was the son of Levi Kendall and Lorena Lyman and was born April 19, 1822 at Lockport, Niagara county, New York. Having accepted the teachings of Mormonism in Michigan he was baptized by Elder D. H. Hulbert. He was ordained a Seventy in April, 1844 at Nauvoo, Illinois under the hands of Joseph Smith and sent on a mission to Michigan from which he was called home at the time of the Prophet's martyrdom.



Levi Newell Kendall

On the trek over the plains with the original company, Levi, with John Eldredge and Stephen Kelsey, were on guard the night of June 5, 1847, when a band of fifteen Pawnee Indians entered the enclosure on the bank of the Loup Fork River. Levi discovered the Indians, and together with Stephen Kelsey, fired over their heads, frightening them

away. Alarming the camp, the men came pouring from their wagons with rifles in one hand and clothes in the other. The foresight and vigilance of these men prevented what might have been a dangerous stampede in the Black Hills. The cow herd with jingling bells, stampeded the head teams and the others followed in the direction of a deep ravine; but by vigorously plying their whips over the heads of the terrified oxen they compelled them to stop short of disaster.

After Mr. Kendall's arrival in the valley he was adopted by Brigham Young. In 1848 he married Eliza Clements. In 1851 he married her sister, Elizabeth Clements, daughters of Albert Clements and Ada Winchell. In 1856 he became a resident of Springville, Utah where he assisted in the construction of canyon roads and irrigation canals. From Springville, in 1861, he again went east to help bring immigrants to the Valley. Mr. Kendall's later years were spent in Mapleton, Utah county, Utah where he died March 10, 1902, one of the last of the pioneer band who made that journey in 1847.

—*Bertha Kendall Malmstrom*

#### ELIJAH NEWMAN—EXPLORER

Elijah Newman was born September 17, 1793 in Hampshire county, Virginia, a son of Solomon and Jane James Newman. After his arrival in the Valley with the original pioneers, he assisted in the construction of the fort and was called upon to provide gates for that enclosure. In 1850 Elijah was selected as one of the company appointed to colonize Little Salt Lake Valley. The journal of George A. Smith states, "Brother Elijah Newman and Aaron Johnson went three miles down Meadow Creek and obtained some chalk where it existed in abundance on each side of the creek about two feet underground."

Mr. Newman is listed among the first settlers of Parowan, arriving January 13, 1851. In March of that year he is reported as being one of the men who worked hard to build a hewn log house for President George A. Smith. In May of that year, President Smith reported "Elisha H. Groves, Elijah Newman, Aaron Farr, Samuel Bringham, Burr Frost, Robert Green and Peter Shirts went on an exploring trip for three days. They found coal in Summit canyon. The next day George A. Smith sent Peter Shirts and Elijah Newman in search of salt. The others went to Iron Spring for iron ore. Brother Shirts and Brother Newman brought in several bushels of beautiful salt."

In 1861 Elijah Newman was ordained a High Priest. On February 13, 1869 he was enrolled in the School of Prophets organized in Parowan under the supervision of Apostle Erastus Snow. People from all over the southern part of the territory came to attend the weekly meetings. On that day Elijah Newman bore his testimony saying that he had joined the Church in 1832 and had tried to be a faithful

member ever since. Mr. Newman served as Justice of the Peace in Parowan for several years and was also one of the first councilmen. He died December 12, 1872 in his seventy-ninth year.—*D.U.P. Files*

### JAMES WESLEY STEWART—MISSIONARY

Another of those men in the pioneer band perhaps not assigned to any specific task, but nevertheless a useful member of the company on its long journey to Utah, and also in helping to make livable those first months in the valley, was James Wesley Stewart. He was born May 19, 1825 in Fayette county, Alabama the son of George Stewart and Ruth Baker. His father was a man of wealth and consequently



James Wesley Stewart

he received a good education. The family at the time of the coming of the Mormon Elders to their community was not affiliated with any religious denomination, but upon hearing and investigating their teachings the father and mother, and the two oldest children, Cynthia Utley and James Wesley were baptized. They then left Alabama and went to Missouri where on January 14, 1845, the father died of fever, leaving the mother and nine children. Another child was born three months later. Mr. Stewart's last request was for his wife to stay with the Saints, even if it took all their earthly possessions.

In 1846 the family went to Winter Quarters where James Wesley was chosen to go with Brigham Young. He wrote: "I was one of that little band of pioneers that crossed the plains in 1847 and landed in Salt Lake Valley on the 22nd of July. It was a dreary place then. I helped make the first irrigation dam on City Creek. During the winter of 1847 it was hard picking for us, being without bread and a thousand miles to go for flour; so we lived on cowhides at times, and in the spring, sego roots."

Mr. Stewart filled a mission to the southern states where he met Jane Grover, a daughter of Thomas Grover, whom he married. The first home in Utah was made in Farmington, Davis county, later moving to Morgan county. He was ordained a High Priest, being a faithful worker in the church until his death which occurred in Cokeville, Wyoming, March 22, 1913.—*Mary Lorena Stewart*

## ROBERT THOMAS—WAGON MAKER

Robert Thomas, son of Henry and Esther Covington Thomas, was born January 8, 1822 in Richmond county, North Carolina, one of a family of twelve children. All the members of the Thomas family joined the Mormon Church in the year 1843. The following year they moved to Nauvoo, Illinois and here Robert was employed as a wagon maker preparatory to the westward trek. He was selected as

a member of the original company and of this memorable journey and his life in the valley he wrote as follows:



Robert T. Thomas

"We started from Winter Quarters on the 17th day of April, 1847, west, crossed the Elk Horn river and Loup Fork river and went on the north side of the Platte river until we came to the North Platte river. We crossed it on a boat at Fort Laramie and we traveled up the North Platte, made a boat, crossed two companies of Oregon emigrants over and they paid us in flour and meat. Then we crossed over and left ten men to keep the ferry. We passed over by Soda Springs to Independence Rock and Sweetwater river, went

up the stream to Pacific Springs, then down Green River; then made a raft and crossed the wagons and swam the cattle over; then came to Fort Bridger and down Echo Canyon. We arrived in the Promised Land, Salt Lake Valley, the 22nd day of July, 1847.

"I had not been in the valley long before we went bathing in the Great Salt Lake. William Stuart fitted me out as a pioneer when he came on. I lived with him in Salt Lake City until March 1848, and when I left him he gave me sixty pounds of shelled corn which was worth its weight in gold. I went and worked for Ferrigine Sessions and went in March with him up to Davis county. Throughout the week I hauled wood and on Sunday made mocassins out of elk skins, rawhide and sinew. One pair would only last me one week, working in the canyon getting logs out, so I would have to make a pair every Sunday.

"We plowed and planted twenty-seven acres in corn, wheat, peas, beans, melons and squash. We planted twenty-two acres of the twenty-seven in corn of my own which I got from William Stuart. His farm was where Bountiful is now. Then came the crickets . . . Perrigrine Sessions said I was the best hand he had ever had to work for him. He said if I would work for him another year he would fence me forty acres of land joining his land. I did not accept the offer.

"I went to Salt Lake City and took up a lot in the center part. I also went to school at W. W. Phelps and to night school at Mr. Pratt's and learned some "connacky" language. In the spring of 1849, I went with a company of thirty families south to set up a colony by Utah Lake. We brought provisions, seed and forty teams. We were three days reaching our destination. Three miles from the spot where the old fort was built, we were met by the Timpanogos Indians who were greatly excited by our advance upon their land. We crossed the old fork of the river and settled on the south side. We made a farm there, plowed, fenced and put in crops. We built a fort 300 feet long by 150 feet wide, and called it Fort Utah. By the middle of May we planted over one hundred and fifty acres of small grain. On the 23rd of May we had a severe snowstorm which lasted three hours and that night the frost was so severe that it destroyed the greatest part of the crops and vegetation. On the 2nd day of July we held a mass meeting and passed a law that any person found gambling with the Indians or shooting around the fort would be fined no less than \$25.00 and not more than \$100.00.

"The first school was taught in Utah county in the old Fort by Mary Ann Turner, the daughter of Chauncey Turner and Hannah Redfield. We were married in the old fort on the 18th day of April, 1850. I was elected Justice of the Peace August 6, 1860 which office I held for eleven years; and in the year 1861, I was also elected Alderman of Provo City and held that office until 1864.

"On the 20th of April, 1863 I married Annie Catherine Erickson. My first wife, Mary Ann, died December 16, 1869. In October, 1870 I surveyed a canal at the mouth of Spanish Fork around the bench toward Springville. My second wife, Annie Catherine died January 9, 1879. In the spring I planned a canal, surveyed it from the Provo River to the graveyard bench and from there to Spring Creek. I formed a company known as the Upper East Union Irrigation Company. I was appointed general watermaster of Provo in 1872 and continued until 1882." Robert Thomas was seventy years of age at the time of his death February 28, 1892.

## HORACE THORNTON—HUNTER AND GUARD



Horace Thornton

Horace Thornton played his part in the pioneer trek by helping to supply the companies with fresh meat and acting as night guard. He was born May 7, 1822 at Hinsdale, Catteraugus county, New York, the son of Ezra Thornton and Harriet Goodrich. In 1866 he joined the Latter-day Saint Church at Kirtland and later followed the body of the Church to Nauvoo. After his arrival in the valley he resided at various times in Springville, Parowan, Glenwood, and then obeying a call to do temple work, moved to St. George. Later he moved to Manti. The following letter was written by him to the Semi-Centennial committee from Manti, December 29, 1896:

In attempting to respond to the request of the honorable committee, I feel my inability to make out any instrument of writing that will be respectable enough to go into print as a matter of history in regard to that important and memorable event which took place in 1847; but will say to begin with that in the spring of the above named year I was attending a meeting in Winter Quarters, they talked about getting up a company of pioneers and after they had talked sufficiently they commenced calling names and some of the men whose names were called were sick (it will be remembered that the scurvy was raging and a good many down with it) and someone asked if they were going to call the sick men to go and H. C. Kimball answered and said "yes." Said he, "if you stay here you will die, but if you go you will get well." I well remember the busy time we had in getting ready to start, also the scarcity of grass on account of the backwardness of the season and how we had to do to keep the teams alive and able to travel. I well remember nooning near the Pawnee village and a good many Indians came to camp and wanted presents and we made quite a present consisting of ammunition and such other things as could be spared, but they did not seem to be altogether satisfied with it, consequently it was deemed advisable (to insure safety to the camp) for all to stand guard at

night, therefore President Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball took their turns with the rest of the company; after which they chose to select guards who guarded the balance of the way, each one coming on six hours every night. I was one of that number. I also did the cooking for myself. Vividly upon my mind is a certain time while we were stopping over Sunday and Brother Brigham was giving instructions in regard to how we should travel. He said we must have no quarreling in the camp.

Brothers Brigham and Kimball took a walk and when they returned to camp someone told them that one of the men had been back on the road a little way from the wagons and got a snake bite; and Brother Brigham said, "Well, if you all had done the way Brother Heber and I did you would not have got snake bit." I took my cane along and Brother Heber his hatchet and I calculated to pin every snake that came in our way to the ground and have Brother Heber chop their heads off with the hatchet. I was one of that number who happened to get into Salt Lake Valley on the 22nd of July where I remained until the latter part of August and then started back to Winter Quarters with the ox team company, driving three yoke of oxen belonging to H. S. Eldredge. I moved to Utah in 1850. Am now a temple worker in the Manti temple and have been ever since it opened. If you can make any good out of this you are welcome to it.

Mr. Thornton passed away at his home in Manti after a long and useful career March 21, 1914.

#### ALMON (ALMA) M. WILLIAMS

Almon or Alma M. Williams, one of the original pioneers of Utah, arrived in Great Salt Lake Valley with Pres. Brigham Young in July, 1847. Later the same year he returned to Winter Quarters in William Clayton's company, and in 1848 is mentioned as one of the signers of a petition to the U. S. government to establish a post-office on the Pottawattamie lands. He probably did not come back to Utah as we can find no further mention of him.

#### HOWARD EGAN—CAPTAIN NINTH TEN

Howard Egan born in Fillmore, King county, Ireland, June 15, 1815, was the son of Howard and Ann Meade Egan. At the age of twenty-three he married Tamson Parsley. In 1841 he received his naturalization papers and the following year was converted to the Mormon Church by Erastus Snow at Salem, Massachusetts. That same year he went to Nauvoo, Illinois where he was appointed a

major in the Nauvoo Legion and became a member of the Nauvoo police force. After the death of the Prophet Joseph Smith, Howard Egan followed the leadership of Brigham Young.

When the first group of pioneers was organized at Winter Quarters, Howard Egan was made captain of the Ninth Ten. He was also appointed a road scout, and general protector of the welfare of the people in his company. He kept a journal during this trip which has become valuable to students of Church history. In it he gives interesting accounts of each day's journey and a beautiful description of the Salt Lake Valley as he first saw it.

Major Egan was often called on by President Brigham Young to help with the entertaining. His first home was built on North Main Street. In the winter of 1849-50 he made a trip to California to purchase livestock and supplies for the Saints in the Valley. In 1860 he became a Pony Express rider and agent. Some years later,

after his return to Salt Lake City, he served as a member of the police force and as deputy sheriff. He also acted as guard at the home of Brigham Young and after the death of the Mormon leader, he was appointed to guard his grave. While still performing this duty he was stricken with pneumonia. Major Egan passed away March 16, 1878 in the valley which he had helped to colonize.

—*Vivian Egan Anbder*

**ROBERT E. BAIRD—  
COUNCILMAN**

Robert Erwing Baird was born May 15, 1817 in Londonberry, Ireland, a son of James Baird and Elizabeth Erwing. He married Hannah McCullough



Howard Egan



Robert E. Baird



July 23, 1840, the daughter of John McCullough and Sarah Rogers. Robert became a member of the Latter-day Saint Church and is listed among the original pioneers of Utah.

After his arrival in the valley he located in Weber county where he served as Justice of the Peace and City Councilman of Ogden. In 1857 he married Jane Hadley and the following year Mary Hadley became his plural wife. Serving as one of the school trustees in the 5th school district of Ogden, Utah which was organized in 1860, Robert E. Baird was instrumental, with others, in having a new log schoolhouse erected. This district later became known as Lynne and as Ogden expanded, it was at this point that five roads terminated and the community was then called Five Points.

Mr. Baird was a member of the 33rd Quorum of Seventies and made presiding Elder of the Lynne District. He passed away at his home August 24, 1875, leaving a large family.

#### GEORGE PIERCE BILLINGS—TEAMSTER

When George Pierce Billings joined the company he was nearly twenty years of age, six feet four inches in height, and with his great strength, was capable of performing any of the tasks required

of him along the route. From boyhood to young manhood he had labored on boats plying the Mississippi River and during those years had acquired a vast amount of knowledge which proved useful in this journey across the plains and in the Valley in later years.

George was born in Geauga county, Ohio, July 25, 1827. He went with his parents, Titus and Diantha Morley Billings, Mormon converts, to Kirtland, Ohio when he was four years of age. His father was a stonecutter, stone mason, and carpenter, and even though a small boy during the time of their migrations with the Church from Kirtland to Nauvoo, Illinois, George assisted

his father in every way he could in the erection of the Mormon temples in these cities. Titus Billings was also a gifted musician and instilled in his son's heart an appreciation of good music. George had an excellent baritone voice and could play several instruments.

Over the plains George was the driver of one of Heber C. Kimball's teams. The two men were cousins. The clothing he had



George Pierce Billings

started out with was fairly well worn out when he reached the valley; so Mrs. Kimball made him a shirt out of a striped bed tick and gave him some moccasins. A few weeks later he was selected as one of the men to meet and assist, as a scout, the Charles C. Rich company across the mountains. In his company were his parents and a young lady named Jerusha Shoemaker.

During the gold rush days of 1849 George, despite the advice of President Young, decided to go to California. He was young, full of energy, and had no ties, so the lure of a quick fortune outweighed his better judgment. It is said that he did find gold; then went to Old Mexico and bought cattle which he intended to drive back to Utah, but on the way the cattle and horses contracted a disease, prevalent at that time, and all of them died. Thus he returned to Farmington, where his folks now resided, much poorer and wiser than when he had left them.

Later he accompanied Isaac Morley to assist in the development of the small settlement of Manti. In May, 1852, he married Edith Patton and of this union nine children were born. About four years later he received a call to go to Carson Valley, now Nevada, and just before leaving, on April 27, 1856, in Provo, Utah, he married Jerusha Shoemaker, the girl whom he had met on the plains. She became the mother of eight children. He returned to Salt Lake City when word came that Johnston's army was about to invade Utah Territory. After peace was restored he again moved to Manti where he served in many important church and civic offices. He died at his home December 2, 1896 and was buried in the beautiful cemetery at the foot of the majestic temple which he had helped to build.—*Diantha Patton Ekins—Irene Patton Brailsford*

#### WILLIAM CLAYTON—SCRIBE

William Clayton was a methodical man truly believing that order was the first law of heaven; therefore, he was firmly convinced that an accurate account of this history-making trek should be kept for future posterity as well as a record for his own family. Along the route he wrote down the incidents of the day which he later placed in journal form. Ofttimes these notes were written by the light of a candle before retiring for the night after weary hours of travel. William was born July 17, 1814 at Penwortham, Lancashire, England and it was here he first heard the restored Gospel preached by Heber C. Kimball and Orson Hyde. His wife, Ruth Moon Clayton, readily accepted it; but there were many evenings of intensive study by William before he could believe in "Mormonism." He was ordained a Priest December 25, 1837, a High Priest April 1, 1838, and from that time on he became one of the most ardent workers in the Latter-day Saint Church.

At the age of twenty-six William Clayton left England September 8, 1840, on the packet ship *North America*, arriving in New



William Clayton

York October 10, 1840, and in Nauvoo, Illinois, November 24th of that same year. He became a trusted friend of the founder of the Church, so much so that on February 10, 1842 he was appointed secretary to the Prophet Joseph Smith. On October 7, 1842 he became Temple Recorder and Recorder of Revelations, and later that same year was appointed treasurer of the city of Nauvoo. All these appointments are indicative of the zeal with which William served the Church of his choice throughout his life.

Along the route of the original pioneer band to the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, history records that Mr. Clayton invented and had made a roadometer which he clamped on the wheel of Heber C. Kimball's wagon to count the number of revolutions made during the day. At the end of each day's journey he made a computation and left a record for the companies who were soon to follow.

Not long after his arrival in the valley he built a large home on the southeast corner of North Temple and West Temple Streets which was known as the "Big House" in early days. It had a very large living room and was the gathering place for old and young alike. The guests loved to dance and the orchestra was usually made up of the Clayton children, some of whom played two or three instruments. William's love for education prompted many sacrifices and he tried hard to give his children the essentials of good schooling.

In 1852 he received an appointment to take a mission to England. On Monday September 13, 1852, seventy-three missionaries, ten men on business, one woman and two children with twenty-nine wagons, sixty-nine horses and nineteen mules left Great Salt Lake City to cross the United States and the ocean back to England; again experiencing the same privations as they did to come to the Salt Lake Valley. William Clayton was appointed clerk of this mission and kept a record of this trip in his usual accurate and thorough way.

During the many years of his residence in Utah Mr. Clayton held many offices of responsibility. He was for several years treasurer of Zion's Cooperative Mercantile Institution; served many years as Territorial Recorder of Marks and Brands, and up to a few months before his death, when he resigned his office on account of ill health, served as Territorial auditor of public accounts. After an

extended illness he passed away December 4, 1879 in Salt Lake City survived by a large family.

### THOMAS POULSON CLOWARD—SHOEMAKER

Thomas P. Cloward was a pioneer in every sense of the word. He was born in Chester county, Pennsylvania December 10, 1823 and lived with his parents, Jacob and Anne Pluck Cloward, until he was fifteen years of age when he was apprenticed to Mr. Poulson, a shoemaker. Thomas remained with him until the spring of 1844,



Thomas Poulson Cloward

and it was at this time that he added Poulson to his name. After accepting the Mormon faith he went to Nauvoo, Illinois; and after his arrival in Winter Quarters with the exiled Saints, became acquainted with a young lady, Mary Page, whom he married on the 25th of March, 1847.

After his arrival in the valley with the pioneer company, Thomas is credited with making the first pair of shoes in Salt Lake. The wife of Heber C. Kimball, Ellen Saunders Kimball, was badly in need of shoes after the long journey. Thomas took an old pair of boot tops, sat down on the ground where the Z.C.M.I. now stands, and made her a pair of shoes, also a pair of moccasins from the scraps for the little one she was expecting.

In the fall of the same year, Mr. Cloward returned to Winter Quarters to assist the Saints in their exodus west. The following spring he crossed over to the east side of the Missouri river, there built a house and made some small improvements on government land. The winter of 1848 Thomas moved to St. Joseph, Missouri and remained there until the year 1852; then fitted himself out with a yoke of oxen, a yoke of cows, and a wagon. With his wife and two children, he joined Captain David Wood's company leaving Kanessville, Iowa in June and again crossed the plains to Utah.

Thomas left Salt Lake that same year and settled in Provo, and here he met and married Mary Amelia Gardner, daughter of Elias and Amy Pritchard Gardner in the year 1853. He remained in Provo nine years then moved to Payson, Utah where he set up a shoemaking establishment. According to a price list from one of the pioneer

mercantile establishments in that city, a pair of Thomas Cloward's ladies' shoes sold for \$7.50. A pair of high heeled shoes made by this artisan was to be highly prized; and "there was not a child in the settlement who wore neater footwear, or a young man at the dance who was more proud of his boots, than the boys whose father was Thomas P. Cloward. After the boys were married he made shoes for their wives. Often the young boys' boots were made of brown leather with bright red trim around the top."

When Mr. Cloward moved to Payson from Provo he erected a cabin on the highway, east of town. Later he built a cabin further west and still later built a fine brick home. When the Salem canal was started he left his shoemaker bench and took an active part in its building. He died in Payson, Utah January 16, 1908, being then in his eighty-fifth year.—*Pearl Cloward*

#### HOSEA CUSHING—CARPENTER

Hosea Cushing kept a journal for a short time after joining the Latter-day Saint Church. From its almost undecipherable pages comes this information concerning his part in the pioneer trek and arrival in the Valley:

"I, Hosea Cushing, son of Phillip and Mary Cushing was born in Boston, Massachusetts, April 2, 1826. I spent my infancy in Boston and then my family moved to Hingham, Massachusetts. In the year 1842 I was sent to Boston to serve as an apprentice in the carpenter trade, which apprenticeship was to last until I was twenty-one years old. I also learned the joiner and ship builder trade. Soon after I arrived in Boston I heard Elder J. Adams of the Church of Jesus Christ preach. I was much impressed and investigated this doctrine and found it to agree with the doctrine taught anciently. I believed it true. I was baptized in February 1844 by Elder J. Adams . . . On the 23rd of July 1844 I was ordained an Elder by Brigham Young and Lyman White at a conference in Boston.

"About a month later I went with Elder Lloyd to preach the Gospel at Hingham, where we were very successful. Having stayed there sometime I was counseled by Brother Wilford Woodruff to come to the city of Nauvoo. I obeyed and arrived there April 8th, 1845 where I worked on the temple . . . I continued to work on the temple until August 1st when I went to work on Brother Heber C. Kimball's home. On the 10th of January I received my endowments in the House of the Lord. Soon after I was adopted by Heber C. Kimball in the City of Joseph, Hancock county, Illinois.

"February 15, 1846 I crossed the Mississippi on the first part of my journey toward the west. I drove Heber C. Kimball's family."

According to the journal of Helen Janet Mutray, Hosea became engaged to her before his journey across the plains with the original pioneer company. He returned to Winter Quarters that same season

and they were married. In the spring of 1848 he brought his bride to the valley where he erected a small log house for her a block north of the temple grounds. Hosea, being a good carpenter, was kept busy during the early days.

During the time of the Walker War, Hosea and another man named Ging, were lost on the desert three days without food or water. When found he was in a serious condition. Every possible care was given him in the Kimball home but he never fully recovered from the effects of this terrible ordeal. He died in the early spring of 1855 at the age of twenty-nine years.

### PHILO JOHNSON—MASON

An original pioneer, Philo Johnson was born December 6, 1815 at Newton, Fairfield county, Connecticut. His parents were Samuel and Abigail Johnson. He was baptized into the Latter-day Saint Church in the month of December 1841, in the city of his birth, but moved to Nauvoo, Illinois June 11, 1842 where he served as a member of the Nauvoo Legion. When he was eighty years of age he wrote a

history of his life from which we have taken this short sketch.

"In the spring of '47 I was called by Brigham Young to go west with a company of pioneers to search out a location for the Saints to settle and make homes. Our company got ready and started on the sixth of April. We all had guns and forty rounds of ammunition to protect ourselves from Indians and wild beasts on the plains. We had a boat along to ferry over streams . . . We came to Fort Laramie, a station kept by French traders on the Platte River. After leaving Laramie station we had to find our own route and make our own road the best we could through the Black Hills.



Philo Johnson

We came to Independence Rock on the Sweetwater and we all wrote our names on this rock. We passed on up the stream eighty miles and came to South Pass and from there all the waters flow toward the Pacific Ocean. We came to Green River and forded that stream and came on to Fort Bridger. This was a trading post kept by French mountaineers. We told them that we were going to make our homes in the valley of the Great Salt Lake. The traders tried to discourage us by telling us we could not make a home in those

mountain valleys for there was a frost every month of the year. In that valley they had tried planting seeds several years but could not mature anything. Brigham Young said, 'We will try it and call on God to help us.' So we came on to the Wasatch Range of mountains and we found some difficulty in finding a pass over them. The next day after seeing the waters of the Great Salt Lake from the summit some of our company went down and entered the valley through Emigration Canyon.

"After about a week we made our first camp there on City Creek and President Young located what was called Old Fort block. We all went to work making adobes and hauling logs from the canyons and cleaning off the sagebrush and we commenced building houses in the fort. We soon had the ten acres surrounded with buildings fit to winter in. My work for the first two months was stalking guns so we could have guns to defend ourselves against the Indians as they gathered around us very thick. I then was employed in making adobes for houses and chimneys as I was a mason by trade. In the spring of 1848 there were eighty acres of land plowed and forty-six acres planted into all kinds of grain and vegetables.

"In the fall of 1849 I married a widow, Spedy Ellsworth. This lady bore me seven children and she had seven by a former husband, making us fourteen in all, and they were all members of the Church of Latter-day Saints.

"In the summer of 1850 I went with Captain William Kimball's command to Tooele Valley to chastise the Indians for killing cattle. We surrounded the camp and surprised the Indians before daylight. At daybreak we ordered them to surrender, but they fired on us and we returned their fire and killed seven of the Indians and the balance made their escape. We returned to Salt Lake City without losing a man or horse.

"I lived in Salt Lake City from 1849 to 1857 and carried on a shop and made hats with Joseph and Shelinerdine Haller. In the spring of 1857 the people were all called to move south and I went with them. I moved to Payson sixty five miles south and lived in that city from 1857 to 1894. I carried on a hatters business and made some thousands of hats for the people. I once traded six silk hats for two city blocks where I later built a home."

#### HEBER CHASE KIMBALL—COUNSELOR

In December, 1847, when Brigham Young was sustained president of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Apostle Kimball was chosen as his first counselor and through all the trying years of the Church now passed and the problems which their courageous leader must face in building a new Zion in the West, Heber C. Kimball stood solidly by his side. A great love and admiration for each other



Heber Chase Kimball

existed between these two men which endured throughout their lives.

Heber's birthplace was the town of Sheldon, Franklin county, Vermont, ten miles from the shores of Lake Champlain where he was born June 14, 1801. His father was Solomon Farnham Kimball and his mother Anna Spalding. The family engaged in farming, blacksmithing and carpentry work. The limited amount of schooling Heber received extended from his fifth to his fourteenth year, and was of the quality usually found in the primitive schools of the day. He was not an ardent lover of books but drew his lessons from life and nature in all their multi-

plied and varied phases. At the age of fourteen he was put to work in his father's blacksmith shop and there acquired a knowledge of that useful trade. When he was nineteen his father met with financial reverses and Heber was thrown on his own resources. His older brother Charles offered to teach him the potter's trade. He accepted and after he had learned how to make pottery he bought the business from his brother and prospered in it for ten years.

On November 7, 1822 he married Vilate Murray. Up to this time Heber had not affiliated himself with any religion; but in 1831, both he and his wife became members of the Baptist Church. Three weeks later he heard the message of the Mormon Elders, and on April 15, 1832 was baptized in a small stream in the woods. Brigham Young had been baptized the day before, and the two men became steadfast friends.

In the fall of 1833 Heber C. Kimball, in company with Brigham Young, moved to Kirtland, Ohio, and on February 14, 1833 Heber C. Kimball was ordained an apostle and his time and means were used in the erection of the Kirtland Temple. He later moved to Nauvoo, Illinois and after the expulsion of the Saints from that city, he accompanied President Young on the westward journey.

Two years after Apostle Kimball's arrival in the valley he was made Lieutenant General of the Provisional State of Deseret. In 1855, when famine fell upon the people of Utah, Heber C. Kimball shared with others his stores of grain. This act of generosity and fatherly care of the Saints was only in keeping with his general character. For a number of years he was a member and later president of the



Legislative Council. He visited every settlement in Utah, preached the gospel and uttered many prophecies which have received literal fulfillment. Seeing the brethren of the Church so poorly clad, he said, "It will not be three years before we can buy clothing cheaper in Salt Lake Valley than in the States." This was an amazing forecast at that time of distress and there were many unbelievers, but before three years were over hundreds of gold hunters on their way to California brought loads of good clothing and food and sold them here at wanton prices.

In May 1868 Apostle Kimball received a severe fall which resulted in his death June 22, 1868. He was ever constant in his devotion to his church, his state and his nation.—*Chloe C. Bennett*

### WILLIAM A. KING

Research has failed to bring to light any further information concerning William A. King, one of the original pioneers of Utah, except that he was a member of the 25th quorum of Seventies organized in Nauvoo, Illinois, and that after a short stay in the Valley he went back to Winter Quarters. It is not known whether he ever returned to Utah. Some reports indicate that he died in Boston, Massachusetts in 1862.

### EDSON WHIPPLE—GUARD

Edson Whipple was born February 2, 1805 in Dummerston, Windham county, Vermont, a son of John Whipple and Basmoth Hutchins. On February 16, 1832 he married Lavinia Goss, and becoming a convert to the restored Gospel, was baptized in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania June 15, 1840. After his removal to Nauvoo in September, 1842 he wrote: "I was called at the general conference held in Nauvoo in April 1844 to go on a mission to Pennsylvania to canvass the state and present to them Joseph Smith's views on the government and to advocate his candidacy for president of the United States. When I returned to Nauvoo the following November the Prophet and his brother had been martyred.

"During the winter of 1845-46 I worked under Charles C. Rich making wagons and was organized for traveling in his ten. I crossed the Mississippi River May 15, 1846 on my way to the Rocky Mountains with a family of four, consisting of myself, wife, child and my mother. We arrived at the Bluffs about the middle of May. We were counseled to locate on Pony Creek down the Missouri River about thirty miles. Upon our arrival there we found the place unhealthy and thus unfit for habitation. My mother, Basmoth Hutchins Whipple, died September 9, 1846, and a few days later, September 13th, my wife died. Of the whole camp, consisting of fourteen families, all but two persons were sick. While there we buried some whole families. We finally moved to another place

four miles distant. My little girl, Maria Blanch, when twenty-two months, died at our new location and her remains were taken to the place where her mother was buried. Thus my whole family died as martyrs to the cause of Christ.

"In the spring of 1847 I was called in company with one hundred and forty four others to lead the way to the wilderness in search of a new home for the Saints. I took my turn to guard the camp every third night for half the night." It is reported that en route the buffalo were very poor at that time of the year, yet Edson Whipple obtained enough fat from his portion of the meat which he had received in the morning of the day before, to make two candles. The candles burned very clear and the tallow smelled sweet and rich. He gave one of the candles to William Clayton, by the light of which Elder Clayton continued his journalizing.

Mr. Whipple continues: "I farmed for Heber C. Kimball for the first season and raised some four hundred bushels of grain for him. I started, in company with eleven others, for the States on business for myself and the discharged members of the Mormon Battalion. While in the States Elder Wilford Woodruff was sent back East with an epistle from the Twelve containing instructions to gather out the Saints from the Eastern states. I was called to assist him. Later I was requested to cross the plains in his company. I was appointed captain of fifty. We arrived in Salt Lake City October 13, 1850. Soon after I married again, having remained single from the time I buried my companion in the Pottawattamie lands in 1846. I was now called to go with George A. Smith to settle Iron county in January, 1851. When Iron county was organized I was appointed as an associate justice. In the military organization I was chosen captain of the company organized to do home duty. George A. Smith requested the brethren to present plans for laying off a fort and for building our houses. I, among others, presented a plan and mine was accepted and adopted and Parowan was built according to my plan. Brother Brimhall and I built the first threshing machine run by water power. We received a grant from Parowan City Council to use the water from the creek, and threshed the first crop raised in Parowan. I was elected a member of the Parowan City Council in May 1851. When President Young and company visited Parowan City in 1851, President Kimball advised me to move north, and consequently I settled in Provo."

Edson Whipple died May 11, 1894 at Colonia Juarez, Mexico.

—*Nina Carter Andrews*

#### APPLETON HARMON—CAPTAIN OF TENTH TEN

Appleton Harmon was an experienced mechanic and it was he who constructed the famous roadometer invented by William Clayton and used by the pioneer company to measure the distance traveled by a computation of wheel revolutions. He was born May 29, 1820 at

Conneaut, Pennsylvania, the son of Jesse P. Harmon and Anna Barnes. He married Elmeda Stringham in Nauvoo, Illinois. The following was taken from his journal:



Appleton M. Harmon

"Heavy draft for men to carry on the Mexican War, without a place to lay our heads, the task laying on our shoulders of finding a future resting place for those worn-out Saints. Thus in our forlorn condition, by request of Brother Kimball, I left my wife, child, father and brothers —my wife with her father's folks —and I started on the 17th of April with the pioneers and drove a team for Brother Heber C. Kimball . . . I completed a roadometer and attached it to the wheel of the wagon by which we could tell each night the distance traveled through the day. We arrived at Fort Laramie the

end of June and from the fort procured a flat boat in which we crossed the Platte to the south side, and proceeded on through the Black Hills until we came again to the Platte, making something like 600 miles that we had followed the course of this river. Here we had to recross it which took eight or nine days during which time we made a kind of ferry boat. Most of our company was ferried over by means of ropes and a small boat we had brought with us. . . We cleared about \$70 each ferrying over Oregon immigrants. By this time the river became fordable and we remained waiting for the arrival of our emigration company . . . We remained here until the 26th of August, the long looked for companies having arrived and passed; we also have heard from the remainder of the pioneers that they had proceeded via Fort Bridger to the Valley of the Great Salt Lake and there settled upon a permanent settlement, the destined place of our future home.

"We started to return to Winter Quarters for our families, traveling through the Black Hills we hunted game and killed ourselves one antelope, one deer, one elk and arrived at Fort Laramie about the 3rd of September, when an inducement was held out to me of \$300 a year for my services if I would accept it to work at my new trade of blacksmithing; having, during our impatient wait at the ferry, used the tools, coals and irons that would otherwise have lain idle and by so doing I acquired a practical knowledge sufficient to enable me to take charge of the work at the fort. On the 4th of September commenced and worked until the first of March, 1848.

On the first day of March, I, with several others, started for Winter Quarters. I had an Indian pony on which I packed my bedding, provisions, etc., and with my gun on my shoulder, made my way homeward. We depended upon the wild beasts of the prairie for our support and our rifles with our sharp shooting to bring them within our reach . . . On the 26th of March I arose at daybreak, saddled my horse and started. Arrived at Winter Quarters about 1 o'clock. Found my people all well and my wife at her father's. As soon as she saw me she began to weep. Looked for the cause, could not see my little boy and on enquiring was told that he was dead. Appleton Harmon Jr. was his name. He died September 20, 1847 at Winter Quarters."

After his return to the Valley in 1848 with his family Mr. Harmon filled a mission to England from 1850-1853. He later assisted in the erection of sawmills in Salt Lake, Millard and Washington counties, built a furniture factory at Toquerville and a woolen mill at Washington, Washington county. In these two important enterprises, he supervised the setting up of the machinery. During the later years of his life he made his home in Holden, Millard county where he died February 27, 1877.

#### NATHANIEL THOMAS BROWN

Research has failed to uncover any information on Nathaniel Thomas Brown, one of the original pioneers of Utah, except that he returned to Winter Quarters that same year with Brigham Young and was accidentally shot at Council Bluffs, Iowa in February, 1848 just as he was preparing to return to Salt Lake Valley. President Young was much distressed by the tragedy and is said to have remarked that "Brown's old shoes were worth more than the whole body of the man who killed him."

#### NATHANIEL FAIRBANKS—MASON AND STONECUTTER

Having completed a two years' apprenticeship in masonry and stonecutting in Glenn Falls, New York with his brother Jonathan, Nathaniel Fairbanks was a welcome addition to the pioneer camp. He was born May 10, 1823 in Queensbury, Washington county, New York to Joseph and Polly White Fairbanks. In his young manhood he became acquainted with the principles of the Latter-day Saint Church through the teachings of its Elders, and being religiously inclined he, accompanied by his brother Jonathan, journeyed to New York City where they were privileged to hear Brigham Young, Orson Pratt and John E. Page who were proselyting the Mormon faith in that area. Nathaniel joined in the migration of other Saints to Nauvoo, Illinois in July 1844, and was among those who were exiled from that city in 1846.

It was reported that "one Sunday while en route to Utah several of the men went exploring among the bluffs prior to the opening of the usual meeting.



Nathaniel Fairbanks

A particularly interesting part of the canyon, because of its resemblance to towers, chimneys and turrets was named Bluff Ruins by Brigham Young. About 11 a.m. Mr. Fairbanks returned to the camp after having been bitten by a rattlesnake. He had been on the bluffs with Aaron F. Farr and Benjamin Rolfe and the snake struck him as he was jumping off a small bluff. Within two minutes Mr. Fairbanks tongue began to feel numb and he was in much pain. His two companions bound tobacco leaves and turpentine to the swelling leg, and in camp Luke S. Johnson gave him a dose of lobelia after a strong drink of alcohol and water. The lobelia soon caused him to vomit powerfully. He suffered a great deal."

Mr. Fairbanks started to the States with Brigham Young's company but en route he met his brother Jonathan and family on their way to the valley in the Daniel Spencer company. He returned with them. In 1853, as he was driving a herd of cattle from Salt Lake to Sacramento, California, he was thrown from a mule and drowned while crossing a river a short distance from his destination.

#### AARON FREEMAN FARR—SCOUT

Aaron Freeman Farr was born in the Township of Waterford, Caledonia county, Vermont, October 31, 1818. His parents were Winslow and Olive Hovey Freeman Farr. Nothing of importance transpired in the life of Aaron Farr until the year 1832, when Orson Pratt and Lyman Johnson preached the gospel of the Latter-day Saints near their home and he and his younger brother, Lorin, were baptized. In 1837 he moved with his father's family to Kirtland, Ohio from which place he followed the body of the Church to Nauvoo, Illinois. On the 16th of January, 1844 he was married to Peris Atherton in the Mansion House by the Prophet Joseph Smith.

Brigham Young selected Aaron Farr among the first to be one of the vanguard of the Saints to the Rocky Mountains. The following letter written by Mr. Farr to the Semi-Centennial Commission January 7, 1897 tells the story of his contribution:



Aaron Freeman Farr

Dear Sir:

Replying to your solicitations to all pioneers to Utah in 1847, would state that my name is Aaron F. Farr, and was born in the State of Vermont, October 31, 1818, being now 78 years of age.

My first leader was Brigham Young. He was the leader of the pioneers who left Winter Quarters, on the Missouri River, April 7th and 8th, 1847. The company comprised 144 men, three women and two children in forty-three wagons. Nathaniel Fairbanks was my companion. We journeyed to Green River, (now in Wyoming) where we made rafts, and on the first three days of July ferried

over the river, and on the 4th of July celebrated on the west side.

President Young and his counselors thought it advisable to send several men back to meet the coming immigration that was following slowly after us, and to pilot them through the Black Hills from Laramie. I was selected, with four others, to return, noting each camping place on our way back. My companion, Fairbanks, took my mule team and outfit to Salt Lake with the pioneers proper. I met the immigration 200 miles east of old Fort Laramie. Met my wife and baby in the company. She had been driving two yoke of cattle hitched on to a wagon which contained our all. We were placed in Daniel Spencer's hundred and Horace S. Eldredge's fifty. We were in the lead of the immigration from there until we camped at some fine springs where Salt Lake City now stands, where we arrived September 20, 1847.

My companion had planted my half bushel of potatoes on July 27, also turnips and buckwheat. Frost came early and cut to the ground what appeared to be the showing of a fine crop. Later on I made a search for potatoes and succeeded in finding a half pint, some about the size of sparrow eggs, and the balance about as large as peas. My brother Lorin, in the spring of 1848, planted half of them where the Sixth Ward is now in Salt Lake City. I planted the other half near Big Cottonwood Creek, now Brinton Ward. My brother raised six bushels of excellent potatoes, while I raised three and one-half bushels. We distributed them in small lots for seed, and they were the only potatoes I saw

here in the year 1848. Captain Jefferson Hunt of the Mormon Battalion, left here in January for San Diego, California, and brought back with him, on horseback, one bushel of fine potatoes, and had to take great care of them for fear they should get frozen. He sold them for one dollar each, and as I was afraid mine might not come up, I bought one at this price.

After I had my house logs hauled to the middle fort ground, William Walker and myself, being stalwarts, thought we could make a sawmill for ourselves, so we went into Red Butte canyon, northeast of Fort Douglas, and cut two saw logs, squared them with a broad-axe, and lining them sawed 400 feet of fine lumber, with which we floored our houses and made the first panel doors and three-light windows in the country in the year 1847.

Now, Mr. Secretary, if any of these items can be made use of, you are welcome to them, but if not, please dump all this into the waste-paper basket, and no harm will be done.

Mr. Farr became one of the prominent citizens of Ogden, Utah contributing much time and effort towards its development. He died in Logan, Utah, November 8, 1903, while visiting at the home of his daughter. Burial was in the Ogden City cemetery.

#### CARLOS MURRAY—SCOUT

Although some of the men in the pioneer band were not trained in any specific trade or assigned to any particular duty, the long and arduous journey of over a thousand miles called for the utmost cooperation between all the members of the camp. Carlos Murray was one of the younger members of this group and was ever ready and willing to perform any task requested of him, but he was best known for his scouting activities. One incident is mentioned along the trek concerning Mr. Murray. On top of one of the towers or bluffs in Wyoming George R. Grant and Horace K. Whitney caught a young gray eagle and brought it into camp. Carlos Murray was trying to keep the eagle alive and after the encampment that night put it under one of the wagons for protection. Unfortunately, George Billings not knowing the eagle was there, backed his wagon and one of the wheels ran over the bird killing it instantly.

Upon the arrival of the company at their destination, Carlos assisted in establishing the colony and later that same year journeyed to the states with President Young. In 1848, he returned and when some little distance from the city, went ahead to secure needed supplies for the company. Sometime later he went to California and upon his return reported that one of his company had been killed by Indians. The man had gone back to the encampment of the previous night for his blanket and was killed by an arrow. In 1856, Carlos Murray, his wife and a Mr. Redden met a similar fate near the Humboldt River in what is now Nevada. The report of the tragedy was sent in by U. S. Surveyors, and investigation disclosed a gold pencil and an ear

ring which A. P. Haws identified as the property of his sister, wife of Carlos Murray. Mr. Murray's revolvers were found later in the possession of some travelers who said they had purchased them from Indians on the desert.—*D.U.P. Files*

### JOHN PACK—MAYOR

John Pack was born in St. John, New Brunswick, Canada, May 20, 1809, the son of George and Phylotte Green Pack. When John was six years of age his parents moved to Watertown, Jefferson county, New York. There he grew to manhood on his father's farm and it was in Watertown that he was married to Julia Ives on October 10, 1832. Latter-day Saint missionaries visited their home,



John Pack

and on the 8th of March, 1836, he and his wife were baptized. In the spring of 1837 John Pack sold his holdings in New York and moved to Kirtland, Ohio. The next year he joined a group of Saints in the long journey to Missouri. Here he purchased a farm and established himself; but within a year he was forced to leave the state and move to Illinois. In 1840 he settled in Nauvoo and while there served in the Nauvoo Legion and was commissioned a major.

John spent the winter of 1846-47 in Winter Quarters. When President Young selected the men who were to accompany him on that pioneer journey to Salt Lake Valley, John was among the number. In the military organization that was formed for the expedition, John was designated as a major. He was among the first to enter the valley and returning to Emigration Canyon on the evening of July 23rd, reported to Brigham Young that the companies ahead had cut their way through the mouth of the canyon, entered and explored the valley and made selection of ground in which to sow some seeds.

After taking part in the activities pertaining to the founding of Salt Lake City, Mr. Pack began the return journey to Winter Quarters, arriving late in October. The following year, 1848, he returned to the valley and established a home in the 17th Ward, where later the first classes of the University of Utah were conducted.

The following information was taken from *The Founding of Utah* by Young: "The old Pack home was located on the corner of



West Temple and First North Streets. Sessions of the school were held in the parlor and immediately across the hall was the first mercantile store in Utah, where the students were able to purchase copies of the Lindley Murray English Reader. It was at this place that Livingston and Kinkead deposited their stock of goods in 1849 which had been hauled over the plains from Independence, Missouri and which was valued at \$20,000. There were boots, shoes, grain, bacon, molasses, shirts, hats, calicos and many other items used in those days. They also advertised for sale pencils, ink and writing materials. Orson Pratt, Cyrus W. Collins and Orson Spencer formed the first faculty. This "Parent School" continued to meet in the John Pack home until the spring of 1851. The University of Deseret was opened November 11, 1856.

In 1856 Mr. Pack was asked to assist in the founding of a Mormon colony in Carson Valley, Nevada. He loyally responded and labored there until 1858 when he was called back to Utah. He died at his home in Salt Lake City April 4, 1885 after a long and distinguished career.—*Wanda Pack Jewkes*

#### FRANCIS MARTIN POMEROY—INDIAN MISSIONARY

Journal notations along the route to the Great Basin state "that while following the bank of the Platte River Francis M. Pomeroy and two other hunters killed three antelope to augment the supply of fresh meat for the companies." He was born February 20, 1820 at Somers, Connecticut, the son of Martin and Sybil Hunt Pomeroy and the third child in a family of nine. While still very



Francis Martin Pomeroy

young he was hired out to his uncle as a farm hand, and after enduring the hard work and harsh treatment accorded him until he was fifteen years of age, he determined to leave and strike out for himself. One night he tied his belongings in a red handkerchief and journeyed to the little seaport of New London. Here he made the acquaintance of a sailor from a whaling vessel, who introduced him to the captain and Francis then shipped with them on the next voyage. In time he became adept at handling the wheel and also an expert harpooner. Six years later the ship was dashed against the rocks in a storm off the coast of Peru, but Francis managed to

swim ashore and was found by the son of a Castillian family who took him home. He remained with this family for two years and during his stay learned to read and write the Spanish language.

Finally, leaving this kind family, Francis made his way to New Orleans and from there went to Salem, Massachusetts. Here he met Irene Ursula Haskell who, with her parents, had recently been baptized into the Latter-day Saint Church. After thoroughly investigating the teachings of the Mormon Elders he also became a member. Francis and Irene were married the following year and with his young wife and her parents he traveled by team to Nauvoo, Illinois to cast his lot with the Saints. When the pioneer band was selected Francis was listed among them, and being a large man of tireless energy and a broad knowledge of the out doors, he was especially valuable in helping the company along the rough trails and over the turbulent streams which disputed their way. He was an expert swimmer as well as an efficient oarsman.

Returning eastward with Brigham Young's company in August, he met his wife, Irene, with the first company following the pioneers and came with them to the Valley. Arriving in Salt Lake he settled in what became the Second Ward and later in the Twelfth Ward; he also owned a small farm in Cottonwood. In the spring of 1849 he went on a mission to California with Charles C. Rich, returning the following year. On April 3, 1853 Mr. Pomeroy married Sarah Matilda Colburn and in 1858 married Jessamine Routledge as plural wives. While living in Salt Lake City he acted as Spanish interpreter for Brigham Young, notably so when a delegation was sent from the City of Mexico by President Benito Juarez to confer with Brigham Young. On that occasion he not only acted as interpreter but housed the delegation while it was in the city.

June 15, 1860 Irene Haskell Pomeroy died. She had borne him seven children and was beloved by all who knew her. Two years later Francis sold his farm and city property and moved his family to Weber, Utah where he remained two years. Apostle Charles C. Rich, who had been called to pioneer Bear Lake Valley in Idaho, then persuaded Mr. Pomeroy to join him and become a partner in a sawmill and shingle mill enterprise. Moving his family to Paris, Idaho, he took personal charge of the building and construction of the first sawmill in that valley. He also cut out the first gristmill stones and built and operated the first gristmill in Paris; but continued cold weather soon compelled him to move to a warmer climate. Having heard glowing reports of the Salt River Valley in Arizona he determined to move there.

Eventually settling in Mesa, Arizona he was instrumental in helping to bring water to the arid land in that vicinity through the utilization of the old Montezuma canal; later becoming one of the directors of the canal. He was also made trustee of the township and justice of the peace. As "pacifier" in the district, not only among the white

population but also among the Indians and Spaniards, Francis was often called upon to help settle disputes which were brought to him for adjudication. This, no doubt, inspired the authorities of the Church to set him apart as Indian missionary. A year later he was made president of the Indian mission which position he filled until his death February 29, 1882.—*Francis T. Pomeroy*

### RETURN JACKSON REDDEN—TRAIL BLAZER

A valuable scout along the pioneer route was Return Jackson Redden for he was a fearless man, a good hunter, and capable of assisting in any of the advance work on the trail. He was the son of George Grant Redden and Adelina Higley. Born September 26, 1817 in Hiram, Portage county, Ohio he went to work when still a young lad selling wooden clocks, then new on the market and doing



menial jobs on a Mississippi River boat as a means of making a livelihood. Through the preachings of the Mormon Elders in that vicinity he became interested in the newly found religion and shortly afterwards was baptized a Mormon in the Ohio River. Laura Traske became his wife and two children were born to them, a daughter and a son. Soon after the birth of the latter the mother and infant both passed away. Mr. Redden then married Martha Whiting. She died at Winter Quarters where he had moved his family following the migrations and expulsions of the Latter-day Saint Church to that point.

Return Jackson Redden

Return Jackson Redden was closely associated with the Prophet Joseph Smith while living in Nauvoo, serving as one of his body guards. When the final decision was made as to whom should accompany President Young's westward vanguard, men of such adventuresome and experienced caliber as Mr. Redden were among the first called. In passing through Uinta county, Wyoming en route to Utah, Return Jackson Redden discovered a curious cave which seemed to be a place where trappers or traders were in the habit of caching their belongings. The cave was called Redden Cave for some time in his honor. It is now known as Cache Cave.

After Mr. Redden's arrival he assisted in planting crops and then returned to Winter Quarters with President Young. The following

spring he came again to Utah bringing with him his family. The next year he accompanied Apostle Amasa M. Lyman to California, and returning by way of Carson Valley lived there two years. He established a home for his family in Grantsville but about 1864 sold his possessions and started for the Bear River country. Heber C. Kimball advised him not to go there, so he went to Coalville, Summit county and homesteaded 160 acres of land. He also owned and operated a coal mine. In 1871 he moved to Hoytsville where he assisted in constructing many of the early buildings and serving in several civic enterprises. Mr. Redden lived successively in Tooele and Summit counties serving as Justice of the Peace in both places. He was a member of the 35th Quorum of Seventies at the time of his death in Hoytsville, Summit county, Utah August 30, 1891.—*Irene Redden*

#### ORRIN PORTER ROCKWELL—SCOUT

Orrin Porter Rockwell was born June 25, 1815 at Manchester, New York, the son of Orrin and Sarah Witt Rockwell. From his father's mother (Irene Porter) he received his middle name. The family lived near the Smith's in Manchester and were very good friends. Porter at this time was twelve years of age and Joseph twelve years older. He was so enraptured with Joseph's work that he gathered berries



Orrin Porter Rockwell

to help with the translation of the Book of Mormon, and when there were no berries to gather he chopped wood for the same purpose. Porter was baptized early in 1830 in Fayette, Seneca county, New York and in the spring of 1831 journeyed to Kirtland, Ohio in company with Joseph's mother. At the time of the Prophet's martyrdom in Carthage, Illinois Porter would have been at the side of his beloved leader, had it not been that he had received a special message from Joseph stating that he was to remain in Nauvoo. From the day of the Prophet's death he seemed to nourish a growing resentment against the type of men who permitted such outlawry.

Hardships were never too numerous for Porter Rockwell. He seems to have followed Brigham Young because he knew that was what the Prophet would have wanted him to do. He was one of the advance company who entered the valley ahead of the main body of

pioneers, having given invaluable service as a scout across the plains and over the mountains. He had considerable influence with the Indians and was often instrumental in making peace between them and the caravan.

Of all the figures in early Church history none is a more fascinating subject for character study than the noted scout Orrin Porter Rockwell. He was slight of build yet his gestures denoted a tremendous wiry strength and endurance. His low forehead, shaggy eyebrows over steel-gray eyes and the firm corners of his mouth were marks of character. His long gray hair was worn tightly braided and pinned in a compact plait at the back of his head. He was not a preacher of Church principles though he held the priesthood. With his peculiar talents as a missionary he helped to establish Zion in the tops of the mountain, and then became a terror to the lawless elements of Utah, riding thousands of miles in severest weather in the interests of the Church. His attendance at meetings was infrequent for he felt that his rough nature and habits were out of harmony. He lived in the saddle, and after being one of the first to enter the valley, was sent back to escort other companies.

In 1849 he was sent in company with Amasa Lyman and Jedediah Grant to learn the possibilities of Utah Valley stock raising. On March 3rd of that year the Nauvoo Legion was organized with Porter Rockwell as one of its officers. He operated a mail station 25 miles southeast of Salt Lake City and was also associated with the overland mail and the pony express riders. For a number of years he served as deputy marshal of Salt Lake City. He died June 9, 1878 at the age of 65 years in Salt Lake City.

#### HORACE KIMBALL WHITNEY—SCOUT

Among the first group of Utah Pioneers who entered Salt Lake Valley that memorable day of July 24, 1847 were two young brothers, Horace Kimball Whitney and Orson Kimball Whitney. They were the sons of Newell K. Whitney and Elizabeth Ann Smith who were still in Winter Quarters, Nebraska with their brothers and sisters, all waiting to make the long journey to Utah the following spring.

Horace was born July 25, 1823 in Kirtland, Ohio where his father was a merchant, a partner in the firm of Gilbert and Whitney at the time. Horace was to celebrate his twenty-first birthday the day after his arrival in the valley. Neither of these young men were strangers to flight or the gradual move west, so it is understandable that Brigham Young chose them as scouts for his company.

Horace worked diligently, aided by his younger brother, in preparing a home for his parents and family who arrived in Zion October 8, 1848. He served as a major of the Topographical Engineers in the Nauvoo Legion, and while his family went south to Provo in the move of 1858, he remained as one of the guards in Salt Lake City while Johnston's army passed through the all but deserted town. A

great lover of drama, he was for many years a member of the Deseret Dramatic Association, both at the Social Hall and the Salt Lake Theatre. He was also a gifted musician and played in the orchestra.

While living in Nauvoo, Illinois Horace had learned the printer's trade and when the small weekly sheet known as the Deseret News first made its appearance June 15, 1850, Horace K. Whitney was the printer. He served in the management of the paper for twenty-one continuous years, a period that witnessed tremendous growth in the News service and strength for which he, with other men who served under him, was responsible. The veteran manager retired in 1920 and was succeeded by Elias S. Woodruff.

Horace Kimball Whitney died November 22, 1884 in Salt Lake City, Utah and is buried in the City Cemetery.—*Olga Adair*

#### ORSON KIMBALL WHITNEY—MISSIONARY



Orson Kimball Whitney



Horace Kimball Whitney

Orson Kimball Whitney was born January 30, 1830 in Kirtland, Ohio. He had just passed his seventeenth birthday the January before he rode down Emigration Canyon—just a boy who was faced with a man's work. After the death of his father, Newell K. Whitney in 1852, Orson was called on a mission to the Hawaiian Islands to go without purse or scrip. It is not known how long it took Orson to reach his sailing point at San Francisco or how long it took him to earn his passage money, but he was trained in cabinet making and was willing to do any kind of work which would enable him to reach his final destination. On the 2nd of

August, 1854 the ship docked in Hawaii harbor. His work was among the poorest people on the islands, so poor, in fact, that he disliked taking the food they offered him from their own meager supplies. Sometimes he found a few carpentry jobs, often just the making of a simple wooden coffin.

When his mission was completed the struggle to return home began. Somehow he worked and scraped together his passage money. After his return to Utah he was appointed Adjutant to Colonel Jones of the Utah Infantry and sent to Echo Canyon, November 21, 1857. Later he fought in Indian skirmishes around Provo and Pleasant Grove. He died in Salt Lake City November 22, 1884 and is buried in the Whitney plot in the City Cemetery.—*Olga Adair.*

### JOHN SOMERS HIGBEE—CAPTAIN OF ELEVENTH TEN

John Somers Higbee was born in Tate Township, Clermont county, Ohio on March 7, 1804, the son of Isaac and Sophia Somers Higbee. He was a hunter in the pioneer company as well as a captain. Shortly after his birth his parents moved to New Jersey, and here he grew to manhood on his father's farm. On the 26th of February, 1826, John married Sarah Ann Voorhees. Four children were born to them. In



February, 1832 he, with his wife and family, and his parents, joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. A short time later he sold his farm and moved to Jackson county, Missouri. Trouble arose between the Saints and the settlers of that county and they were driven out. During the subsequent wanderings of the family both his mother and father died. The following is taken from Mr. Higbee's writings:

"In 1838 we moved to Nauvoo, Illinois, there we were abused more than ever. In 1846 I enlisted under Colonel Markham as a pioneer to go through the wilderness of California and was elected as captain of ten men;

John Somers Higbee

and, in February, commenced to ferry across the Mississippi River to Montrose, Iowa, all who wished to go. They loaded all their homes and left them with what little they could take along. We slowly marched west. I acted as hunter for game, stood guard, split rails for farmers in North Iowa to get horse feed and other necessities. At Sheridan River I was appointed

general hunter for Heber C. Kimball's company. Once I was lost all night, no fire, and wild animals all around. Next morning I went back to meet my family and traveled with them to Mt. Pisgah where we stopped and planted wheat and other crops. Here my wife, Sarah Ann Voorhees, died June 15, 1846 and I was left with the children to go to a far-off land.

"About this time, the government asked for five hundred men to fight against Mexico. I volunteered to go and take my son, John, a neighbor caring for the other children. When we reached Council Bluffs, the Battalion had been gone twenty-four hours; so the leaders of the camp appointed me to take charge of a ferry across the Missouri River, a rapid, whirling, boisterous stream, navigable most of the year for small steamers. This place was called Winter Quarters, and while here, I married Judith Ball, a widow from South Carolina. From here I volunteered to go with the pioneers to the Rocky Mountains, and again was chosen hunter. I put all my things in John Wheeler's wagon. They consisted of flour, cornmeal, corn for the horses, beans, potatoes, bacon, seed corn, garden seed, tools for bridge-making—the whole amounted to \$217.17.

"When we reached the upper crossing of the Platte River—I had killed buffalo and game along the way—there we made a boat to ferry our things across. After crossing, the Great Colonizer, Brigham Young, detailed myself and others to stay and ferry immigrants across on their way to California and Oregon until our families arrived, which they did on the 20th of August. Leaving there, we traveled on and arrived in Salt Lake Valley, September 26th, 1847. On the 22nd of December I was appointed to solicit assistance for the Battalion who had just returned. I obtained 35 lbs. of bread stuff and 26 lbs. of meat which was thankfully received.

"In the spring of 1849, I, with thirty other men, was sent to the Little Provo in Utah county. On March 18th a branch of the Church was organized with myself as president. In the fall of that year my brother Isaac was called to take charge at Provo, and I was called on a mission to Great Britain, leaving Salt Lake in October 1849. There I was appointed president of the Newcastle Conference and served until January 5, 1852 when I was released to come home. I was appointed to preside over the three hundred and thirty-three Saints on board the ship *Kennebec* which sailed from Liverpool, January 10, 1852. Among the passengers was Mrs. Jane Grainger with several children. She died and was buried at sea. I had married her daughter Ann."

Mr. Higbee was a member of a company sent to explore the Salmon River country. Following his return to Utah he lived for a time in Weber county, and in February, 1865 moved to Toquerville in southern Utah with his wife Ann and family. On October 27, 1877, Mr. Higbee passed away at his home in Toquerville.

—Mrs. Richard Higbee



## SOLOMON CHAMBERLAIN—COOPER

The following sketch was taken from the autobiography of Solomon Chamberlain:

"I was born July 30, 1788 in Old Canaan, Connecticut. My father's name was Joel Chamberlain and my mother's Sarah Dean. By her he had six sons and three daughters. When I was twenty years old I went to the house of Philip Haskins and took one of his daughters to wife by the name of Hopee Haskins. By her I had one son and two daughters . . . I soon learned the cooper's trade and worked the most of my days at that. . . .

"The Church was not yet organized but was soon after, April 6, 1830. A few days after I was baptized in the waters of Seneca Lake by Joseph Smith and emigrated same spring to Kirtland, Ohio, and in the fall of 1831 emigrated to Jackson county, Missouri. . . . We were driven from the state of Missouri and settled in Illinois, at Nauvoo, where we remained in peace several years; but about the year 1846, we were broken up and had to flee to the Rocky Mountains. . . . The pioneers began to leave Winter Quarters for the Valley of the Great Salt Lake to make the road and hunt a place for the Saints. I, being one of them, and unwell when I started, I suffered much from cold and hunger. When we got to the Green River I was taken sick with the mountain fever, the second time, got a little better and was taken down with cholera morbus, and was brought to the point of death. For six days and nights I took nothing into my stomach but cold water and that distressed me much. The road was new and rough and we continued to travel and it seemed I must die and I longed for death. My fare was coarse and scant. When we got to the valley July 24th many of us were out of provisions.

"August 26th, we started for Council Bluffs. For my outfit to go back with I had two quarts of parched corn, and three quarts of coarse corn meal. Many times I had nothing to eat and sometimes I had but a little poor buffalo bull meat. We returned back to the Bluffs about the last of October and I found my family well.

"In the summer of 1848 I moved to the Valley. The wife of my youth died at Winter Quarters just before I started to the valley with the Pioneers. I said then: 'All my happiness as to the things of this world is gone,' and so it has proved to this time. I am now alone except for my little daughter eight years old.

"Somewhere about the year 1850 I thought I would go to California, as gold digging was cried up very much, and to get gold to make myself and family comfortable, as I was in poor circumstances. I accordingly went, the northern route, and made my stand this side of Sacramento on Weber Creek. I went up this creek about five miles and began to dig gold. I made one dollar per day; board was one dollar per meal in this place. This morning I found myself in the woods and but one mule to help myself with. I now found if I stayed any longer I should have to sell my mule to live on the proceeds thereof. As

digging was poor at this time and the large streams were so high there could be no digging in them for a month or more, I now thought I would ask the Lord what to do as I was alone and far from home. I knelt down and asked the Lord in faith what I should do. The voice of the Lord came unto me as plain as though a man spake and said, 'If you will go home to your family you shall go in peace, and nothing shall harm you.' I rose and started with one mule, and left all I had, a chest of clothes and my rifle in a store and said nothing to no man where I was going. I took the Lord at His word and put myself over the California mountains with no weapon but my pocket knife. This year the Indians were more troublesome than ever they were before or since. They were killing and being killed every night. I put my trust in God and in the power of the Priesthood which carried me safe through, although I came all the way alone, me and one mule. So the Lord was as good as His word in bringing me through safely."

Solomon Chamberlain was fifty nine years of age when he made the pioneer trek, the oldest man in the company. He died in Washington county, Utah March 26, 1862.—*Artemesia M. Romney*

#### JAMES DAVENPORT—BLACKSMITH

Among the several men in the original company trained in blacksmithing was James Davenport. Born May 1, 1802 at Danesville, Caledonia county, Vermont, he was the son of Squire Davenport and Susanne Kitridge. He married Almira Phelps September 4, 1823 at Ocean Point, New York where he set up a blacksmith shop and also farmed. To them were born eleven children. Shortly after the

Mormon Church was organized, James and his family joined, and in 1845, records show he was located in Nauvoo, Illinois where he was ordained an Elder in the Church. After the exodus from that city he was called to go with the first company, rendering service as a blacksmith along the way.

One of the incidents related concerning the journey across the plains occurred on the evening of May 22, 1847. There was a full moon which made the campsite nearly as bright as day, some said that the white tops of their wagons looked almost like the billowing sails of a ship at sea. The members of the camp were gathered around listening



James Davenport

to the strains of the violin. "Then we had a mock trial at 9 p.m. in the case of the camp vs. James Davenport. He was charged with blockading the highway and turning ladies out of their course. We laughed until our sides split at R. Jackson Redden acting as presiding judge. Edson Whipple was the attorney for the defense and Luke S. Johnson as attorney for the people. This wonderful evening is the climax of a day filled with work, vigilance and weary travel but also filled with a sense of accomplishment."

After a short stay in the Valley, Mr. Davenport returned to Winter Quarters for his family. Another child had been born shortly after his departure for the west. It was almost three years before he was financially able to bring his wife and children to Utah. After a short stay in Salt Lake, he settled his family in Grantsville. James made two more trips across the plains to assist in bringing converts to Utah. A daughter, Sarah Mariah, married John Maughan, son of Peter Maughan, Cache Valley colonizer, so Mr. Davenport moved his family to Wellsville. Later he moved to Richmond, Utah where he died July 23, 1883, and was buried there by the side of his wife who had passed away in 1881.

—Maude Agnes Norton Wheatley

#### PERRY FITZGERALD—COLONIZER

Perry Fitzgerald, son of John Fitzgerald and Leah Phillips, was born December 23, 1815 at Fayette, Pennsylvania. He was of Scotch Irish descent. His opportunities for obtaining scholastic

training were very limited, but the home training which the parents instilled in their young son was of the most ennobling nature and had a profound influence on his later life.

Early in life Perry went to Illinois and there he met and married Mary Ann Cazot. In 1842 he became a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, sharing with his co-religionists all the persecutions heaped upon them in Nauvoo which resulted in the exodus to Winter Quarters. While Perry was temporarily located at Winter Quarters with his family, he was chosen by Brigham Young and his associates



Perry Fitzgerald

to be one of the one hundred and forty-four explorers and pathfinders who left that settlement in 1847 in search of a place of refuge for the homeless Saints.

Perry Fitzgerald was among those who returned to Winter Quarters after a few weeks in the Valley, for the purpose of bringing the families to the new location in Utah territory. Those men who anticipated returning to Zion the following spring immediately commenced making preparations for the long journey ahead, and on the 26th of May, 1848, President Young with many of the Saints under his able leadership, started west with their families. Perry Fitzgerald was among this group. He performed willingly every task asked of him in helping to build the small initial settlement. The following year he moved to Draper where he established a permanent home. When he arrived at South Willow Creek there were only five families. The water was so scarce there was not enough for culinary purposes and household tasks; so the family went to the mouth of the canyon where the stream was larger to do the washing and to water the animals.

Perry built a home for his family on the main creek. His first wife, Mary Ann, bore him five sons, three of whom died. She died in 1851 and later he married Ann Wilson. She bore him two daughters. Agnes Wadsworth became his third wife. She was the mother of thirteen children. During the time of the Walker War, Perry was active in any undertaking that would insure the safety and welfare of the settlers. He was a pillar of strength in every community in which he resided. He believed and practiced economy, buying only what he could pay for. A farmer, sheep, and cattle raiser of experience, he was a source of inspiration and knowledge to other citizens. He was particularly fond of fine horses and always drove a fine team. This modest, unassuming man died October 4, 1889 at the age of seventy four years at his home in Draper, Utah.

—Alta Fitzgerald A. Aylett

#### CONRAD KLEINMAN—COLONIZER

Conrad Kleinman, son of Konrad Kleinman and Ottilia Wissing, was born April 19, 1815 in Bergweiler, Laudau, a Province in Bavaria near the French border. When he was sixteen years of age he emigrated to America settling in Rush county, Indiana. It was here he first heard the gospel as preached by Mormon missionaries, and on August 26, 1844 was baptized a member of the Church by Dominicus Carter. Shortly after he journeyed to Nauvoo with his older brother, hoping to see the Prophet, but they arrived just after his martyrdom and found the Church in mourning. Conrad purchased a lot in Nauvoo and built a small log cabin and it was to this that he brought his young wife, Elizabeth Malholm, a girl of German descent, but born in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania. A little daughter was born of this union but died soon after birth. Elizabeth had no other children.



Conrad Kleinman

Among the memorable events that happened while the Saints were living in temporary homes in Winter Quarters was the visit of the Catholic Priest Father De Smet who had traversed the far reaches of the west in his missions to the Indians and was now en route east. He stopped for hospitality and lingered on in the enjoyment of such patriotic companionship. He called the Mormon Battalion enlistment one of loyalty beyond belief. He said: "A menace worse than any foe, will be the merciless elements, the trackless sands, the blistering winds, the hostile tribes, savage beasts, things no nation's flag could defend them from." He was shocked beyond

words at hearing of the Prophet's untimely death. He remembered the Prophet upon a former visit to Nauvoo, of his kindly bearing as commander of the Nauvoo Legion, a cultured gentleman and a fine statesman. In answer to their inquiry as to the region beyond the Rocky Mountains, Father de Smet declared there was a goodly land, a Promised Land awaiting the Saints, for he had traversed the Valley of the Great Basin and knew of the Inland Sea. There is in the fastnesses of the rugged mountains he had seen a verdant valley and he called it a refuge indeed. It was a heartening report for all who listened.

Conrad Kleinman was among the first to reach and cross the summit called Independence Rock. On the 26th of June the scouts were thrilled for they knew the backbone of the continent had been reached. The barometric reading found the altitude to be 7,085 feet above the level of the sea. The scouting party moved on and were the first to reach the valley, and the journey of over a thousand miles was ended. Mr. Kleinman wrote in the olden German script, which had to be interpreted into modern German and then into English.

Mr. Kleinman was one of the active colonizers in the building and expanding of Salt Lake City. He remained there until the wards were organized, he being counselor to Bishop Pettigrew of the Tenth Ward, where he owned a home. Soon after he was called to settle the town of Lehi. After his return from a mission to New York it was Elizabeth's wish that he marry again, and with her consent two young emigrant girls from Switzerland, Anna Benz and Mary Ann Germer became his plural wives. During their

sojourn in Lehi three children were born to Mary Ann Germer and three sons and three daughters to Anna Benz.

Again the call came to move to the southern settlements and assist in building up the Dixie country. He settled his family in the small town of Toquerville where he engaged in farming and set out many choice trees and vineyards. Four children were born to Anna in that place. Favorable reports occasionally came to the remote settlement from parts in Arizona where travelers had found conditions of climate, wide open ranges and spaces that sounded alluring. Conrad and his son Henry decided to go and see for themselves. They set off in a light wagon making a trip through the northern settlements, where they heard of the Salt River country far to the south, so they continued on looking over the vast wilderness of what is now the Great Salt River Valley. A few settlers had begun to try out their farming ability and had come to recognize this area as a land of opportunity. Conrad and Henry returned to Toquerville and began making preparations for the pilgrimage south, taking advantage of the winter season to avoid the heat of the desert. Elizabeth was left with his son to take care of the farm. Mary Ann preferred to return to Salt Lake City taking one son with her. With Anna, and other members of the family, he arrived at the new settlement of Mesa after eight weeks of travel and purchased an eighty-acre tract of land belonging to Tom Willis in exchange for one good work horse. Most of the seeds and cuttings had been brought with them from the Dixie country and soon everything planted was flourishing in the new soil. Here he lived through the joys and sorrows of pioneer life for many years.

In time, he and Anna decided to move back to St. George where they obtained a comfortable dwelling close to the temple. He was ordained a Patriarch in September, 1891. Upon returning home from one of the temple sessions he fell and broke his hip, an accident from which he never recovered. He died in St. George November 12, 1906 and his body was taken back to Toquerville for burial.

—Orson Conrad Kleinman

#### BENJAMIN WILLIAM ROLFE—MAIL CARRIER

Benjamin William Rolfe was born October 7, 1822 in Romford, Oxford county, Maine, the son of Samuel and Elizabeth Hathaway Rolfe. His parents having embraced the fullness of the Gospel in Maine, moved to Kirtland, Ohio in the fall of 1834 and later moved to Nauvoo, Illinois where the father and son helped with the construction of the Temple. Because of the poverty prevalent among so many of the Latter-day Saint families living there, including his own people, Benjamin went to Missouri in search of employment that would enable him to purchase an outfit for them on the westward journey. While he was away the pioneer company was organized and Samuel was selected as one of those to accompany the vanguard. Benjamin, upon

learning the news, returned at once and offered his services instead for he felt that his father was not physically strong enough to make such a rigorous trek. At that time he was not a member of the Church. He was accepted and along the route was commended by President Young for his excellent conduct.

After his arrival in the future Zion of the Saints he busied himself with the numerous tasks of a new settlement and a month later accompanied President Young back to Winter Quarters. When the company arrived at Chimney Rock, Benjamin was selected to accompany John Young Greene to Salt Lake City for the purpose of carrying mail.

A few years later Mr. Rolfe, having accepted Mormonism, was sent as a missionary to the Salmon River Indians to teach them the gospel and a better way of life. After this mission proved unsuccessful, he returned to Salt Lake City where he worked as a carpenter. He was ordained a member of the 16th Quorum of Seventies and was active in church work until the time of his death which occurred May 31, 1892.



Benjamin William Rolfe



Joseph Rooker

### JOSEPH ROOKER—PIONEER

Joseph Rooker, one of the original pioneers of Utah, remained in Salt Lake Valley for some time and was a member of a committee to take teams to meet the on-coming companies, relieve them of their loads and assist them to reach their destination. Later he resided at Black Rock, Salt Lake County, and was a member of the 9th Quorum

of Seventy. About 1857 he went to California. We can find no further information on the remainder of his life, but it is believed he died and was buried in southern California.

### JOHN HARVEY TIPPETS—MESSENGER

John Harvey Tippetts was born September 2, 1810, at Wittingham, Rockingham county, New Hampshire, the son of John Tippetts and Abigail Pierce. He was baptized into the Latter-day Saint Church in the fall of 1832 and shared with its members, the trials and vicissitudes that attended the Saints in Missouri and Illinois. When the call came for the Mormon Battalion, John Harvey enlisted in Company D., leaving his wife and children in straightened circumstances.



John Harvey Tippetts

He accompanied the sick detachment to Pueblo, Colorado and, in midwinter, he and a companion started with four days' provisions and two mules to carry money, mail and messages to the families and friends of the Battalion who were still in Winter Quarters. The journey occupied fifty-two days and was attended with much suffering. The last three days they were without food and after reaching their destination they went immediately to the home of Brigham Young where they were given a hearty meal. Mr. Tippetts soon located his family and there was much rejoicing.

In the spring of 1847 John Harvey was chosen as one of the men to accompany the pioneer band to the Rocky Mountains. They traveled some five hundred miles without incident when he, with five others, was sent ahead to find a trail. They were gone several days before returning to their company. At Fort Laramie Mr. Tippetts was one of the men sent to Pueblo to meet the detachment of the Mormon Battalion and the Mississippi Saints; therefore, his arrival in the valley was delayed until July 29th.

He journeyed to Winter Quarters that same year for his family and returned with them the following spring. Living was hard that first winter as he now had a wife and four children to care for. In the spring of this same year he built a small house on his inheritance in Zion where he lived until 1856, when he was called on a mission to England. He left in September and arrived in Liverpool the 1st of January, 1857. Later that year President Young sent word for



all the Latter-day Saint missionaries to return to Utah. Upon his return to Salt Lake City he found his family had moved to Springville. When peace was restored he moved to Farmington, Davis county where he took up a tract of land for farming. In 1878 he was ordained a Patriarch. During the last years of his life he suffered intensely, passing away February 14, 1890. During his life Patriarch Tippetts married three wives by whom he became the father of ten children. His wives were Jane Abigail Smith, Caroline Hawkins and Eleanor Wise.—*Eleanor H. Larson*

### HENSON WALKER—HUNTER

Henson Walker was a hunter and fisherman of wide experience. He grew up with his seven brothers and four sisters on his father's farm in Manchester, Ontario county, New York where he was born March 13, 1820 to Matilda Arnell and Henson Walker. During these years he heard the Gospel and was baptized in 1840. A year later he married Martha Ann Bouk and shortly after moved to Salem,



Henson Walker

New York. At the close of the year 1841, he was ordained an Elder and here began the duties of a life of devotion to the work of God. During his missionary labors he went to Nauvoo, Illinois where he first met the Prophet Joseph Smith and soon after he was ordained to the office of a Seventy by Joseph Young. In the early spring of 1843, five months after the birth of their first son, Martha died. On April 10, 1846 he married Elizabeth Foutz. In May, 1846 he started west with Elder Cutler's company and crossed the Missouri River. The company moved on to Winter Quarters. When the call came for the Mormon Battalion, Henson volunteered but was released from service and in the spring of 1847, although just recovering from a severe attack of fever was called by Church authorities to be one of the immortal band of pioneers.

Along the route Henson's skill in hunting and fishing proved invaluable. He stated years later that Wilford Woodruff was also an enthusiastic fisherman and whenever camp was made near a

stream he, too, would leave the camp with a fishing pole over his shoulder and nearly always returned with a sizeable string of fish.

A month after Mr. Walker's arrival in the Valley he started back to Winter Quarters, but at the Sweetwater in Wyoming met his wife and father-in-law. Her health was much improved. With them he returned to the site of their future home in Salt Lake.

Within a short time the presidency called Henson to go to California and he immediately sold the few things he had accumulated, but just before he was ready to leave they released him and he was given other responsibilities. When planting time came he, with others planted crops only to see them destroyed by crickets. In one of the Sunday meetings Jedediah M. Grant addressed the Saints thus: "I find many of the people are becoming discouraged. This present calamity will pass and we will have a bounteous harvest." When the seagulls came and saved the crops Henson Walker said: "I wept for joy when I saw how miraculously we had been saved from starvation, and how truly the words of the servant of God had been fulfilled."

In the spring of 1850 Mr. Walker was sent to the Platte River with others to start a ferry. He worked hard and at the close of the year was able to pay \$75.00 in tithing. After returning from his duty he took up land in Pleasant Grove and built a home for his family. In 1852 he married Sophronia Clark in that city. Four years later he married Mary Green and the following year, Margaret, a younger sister of his wife Elizabeth.

In 1863 he was called to carry the Gospel to the nations of the earth and while in Great Britain was president of the Scottish mission. After his return to Utah he was again called to fill two missions to the northern states. During his later years he served as president of the High Priests of Alpine Stake. He died January 24, 1894.—*D.U.P. Files*

### JOHN WHEELER—STOCKMAN

John Wheeler was among the members of the gallant band who entered the Valley of the Great Salt Lake July 24, 1847. He was born in Kean county, South Carolina February 3, 1802, a son of William and Lucy Wheeler. John returned to Winter Quarters with President Young's company a few weeks after their arrival and came back to the Valley in 1848. Records show that he was living in Great Salt Lake City in March, 1851, but little is known concerning him until 1861, when he was highly commended by the Deseret Agricultural and Manufacturing Society for the fine stock he exhibited in the Fair held in Salt Lake City that year. Later he went to California and it is presumed he stayed there since no further information on his return to Utah is available.

## NORTON JACOB—CAPTAIN OF THE TWELFTH TEN

Norton Jacob, one of the men assigned as a captain and also foot hunter in the original pioneer band, was born August 11, 1805 at Sheffield, Berkshire county, Massachusetts, a son of Udney Hay Jacob and Elizabeth Hubbard. In 1830 he married Emily Heaton. Both he and his wife became members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and received their endowments in the Nauvoo Temple.



Norton Jacob

camp, five days travel from Winter Quarters, with the care of six small children. A few months after his departure another little daughter was born. After a few weeks in the Valley Norton returned for his family and stated that he found them quite well.

The following year he brought his family across the plains in the Heber C. Kimball company. En route one of his sons, Oliver, became very ill. Norton had gone back some distance to help others and did not return to his own family until the boy had been ill five days. Three weeks later he was still in a precarious condition. Norton then repaired a wagon for a Dr. Sprague for which he received medical care but on August 14, 1848 Oliver passed away, having suffered "three months with black scurvy, black canker, and liver complaint, bearing it with patience and resignation." He was laid to rest and the journey westward continued.

After settling in Salt Lake Valley, Norton spent the next ten years in construction work on the temple block and various other projects, including a mill on Mill Creek and a bridge over the Weber River. He then moved to Heber City, Wasatch county and was elected Justice of the Peace in 1862. After several years at this place he moved

Norton's family was bitterly opposed to his acceptance of the new religion, but later the father was baptized a member of the Church and became an ardent worker in the cause. A carpenter and cabinet maker by trade, Norton worked diligently on the temple and when the time came for the exodus to Winter Quarters, he put forth all his efforts toward the building of wagons in preparation for the westward journey. The winter of 1846 was entirely given up to this work and in return for his labor he received one wagon.

When Norton was called to be a member of the first company he left his wife at Baker's

to American Fork; thence to Glenwood in Sevier county where he died January 30, 1879.—*Janet Gerber Bingham*

### LEWIS BARNEY—HUNTER

Lewis Barney was born the 8th of September, 1808 at Hollen Purchase, Niagara county, New York, the son of Charles Barney and Mercy Yeoman. He was distinguished as one of the best hunters in the pioneer camp. When Lewis was three years of age he moved with his parents to Knox county, Ohio and later moved with them to Fayette county, Ohio; thence to Sangamon county, Illinois; thence



Lewis Barney

to Henry county, Iowa where Charles secured title to 2000 acres of land. It was here Lewis first heard of the persecutions being waged against the Mormon people and began seriously to investigate the principles of the Church and the reasons for these actions against the defenseless Saints. He went to Nauvoo, Illinois and was baptized in the spring of 1840 by the Prophet Joseph Smith. From that time on he became one of its most energetic workers, furnishing teams and wagons to haul rock for the construction of the temple and donating liberally toward other projects. He purchased land in Nauvoo, built a home and lived there two years before the expulsion of the Saints from that city. In February, 1846, he crossed the Mississippi River with two wagons and teams to assist the Twelve and others on their way to the Rocky Mountains. Traveling as far as Garden Grove, he returned to Nauvoo for his family and with them journeyed to Winter Quarters. He spent the winter of 1846-47 hauling provisions from Missouri to the camps of the Saints on the plains.

In the spring of 1847 Lewis willingly accepted a call to go west with the original company. After his arrival in Salt Lake he soon returned East, but was unable to bring his family to Utah until 1852, when he established himself in the lumber business in Provo, Utah county. From there he moved to Spanish Fork and in 1861 went to Spring City. Three years later South Bend, now Monroe, Sevier county became his home. When that little community was abandoned because of Indian trouble he, with others, returned to Spring City. When peace was restored in Monroe he again settled

there. For a time his home was in Grass Valley, Sevier county; he then traveled to Arizona on foot where he resided one year. His last home was in Mancos, Colorado where he died November 5, 1894.—*Lorna Barney Jensen*

#### ANDREW SMITH GIBBONS—INDIAN MISSIONARY

Andrew Smith Gibbons, son of William Davidson Gibbons and Polly Hoover, was born March 12, 1825 in Union township, Licking county, Ohio. When a small boy his father and mother died leaving Andrew and his twin brother Richard. Andrew was taken into the family of Joshua Smith, a relative of Joseph Smith, where he remained until he was old enough to earn his own living. He accepted the principles of the Latter-day Saint Church, later went to Nauvoo, Illinois where he married Rispah Knight.

He was one of the men chosen for the purpose of establishing a new home in the regions of the Rocky Mountains. Andrew returned to Winter Quarters with Brigham Young, and in 1852 came again to Utah with his family locating in Davis county. He there engaged in ranching, planting orchards and doing missionary work. In 1854 he was called to strengthen the new settlements in Iron county.

Mr. Gibbons was one of a group on a dangerous expedition to the Indians of northeastern Arizona as early as 1858, headed by Jacob Hamblin, in the capacity of Indian missionary. In the fall of 1864 he was called to settle St. Thomas, then a part of Arizona, later acquired by Nevada and which is now covered by the waters of Lake Mead. On the first of November, 1868, starting from Cullville, on the Colorado River 20 miles south of St. Thomas, Andrew floated down the Colorado River in a fourteen foot boat in company with O. B. Gass to Yuma and then to Tucson, Arizona to attend the fifth session of the Arizona legislature, they being the representatives from that section of Piute county which later became a part of Nevada.

Andrew and Rispah Knight Gibbons became the parents of fifteen children, eight of whom died in childhood and infancy from the then most dreaded of diseases, diphtheria and scarlet fever.

In 1880 he was called to help settle St. Johns, Apache county, Arizona. He and his family left their home in Glendale, Utah on January 20th and arrived in St. Johns the middle of March, 1880. The first orchard in that community was planted by him. At the time of his death, February 9, 1886 he was a member of the High Council of Eastern Arizona Stake of Zion.—*Miriam Rotblisberger*

#### JOSEPH HANCOCK—HUNTER

Joseph Hancock, a member of that gallant band of 1847, was a hunter of exceptional ability, so much so that he had often been called "Nimrod," (mighty hunter) by the Prophet Joseph Smith. Springfield, Massachusetts was the birthplace of this pioneer where

he was born to Thomas and Amy Ward Hancock March 17, 1800, the sixth in a family of nine children. Joseph and his wife, the former Betsey Johnson, were baptized by Elder Daniel Stanton into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Mayfield, Ohio. She died a few months after her baptism leaving several small children. After her death Joseph moved to Kirtland, Ohio with the children where they were cared for by a sister, Clarissa Alger. Joseph was a brickmaker by trade and engaged in this occupation until he was called to join Zion's camp. During the subsequent migrations of the Church to Nauvoo, Illinois he followed his leader faithfully.

In the spring of 1848 Joseph, then in his forty seventh year, was called to be one of the vanguard to the regions of the Rocky Mountains. He gladly accepted this mission, leaving his wife, Experience Wheeler Rudd, and family, while he shouldered a musket and started on the westward trek. Along the route eleven men were selected as foot hunters among them Joseph Hancock. A notation from the movements of the camp on May 2nd states "that the weather was cold in the pioneer camp, half an inch of ice having formed on the water. During the night a buffalo and calf had come near the camp and the guard had wounded the calf in the hind leg; it was caught alive but afterwards killed. Joseph Hancock killed a buffalo over the bluff behind the camp and had to stay with it all the previous night to protect the carcass from the wolves. He had made a fire and scattered a little powder around the buffalo to keep off the wolves. Three of these, smelling the blood, visited him during the night, but were awed by the sight of the fire. Joseph shot one of them and the rest got away. After fencing his game with stakes he started for camp but could not find it. He, therefore, lay down on the prairie for the night and came into camp early the next morning. After he had eaten breakfast he started out in company with four others to bring in the meat on horseback, as no wagons could get over the bluffs to it. They found the wolves had devoured much of it but the balance the brethren brought along into camp. On the way back they added two antelope to the supply of fresh meat. The pioneers then busied themselves cutting up the buffalo meat into strips, partly drying it over the fire to preserve it for future use. The hides were cut up into ropes stretched with stakes. This made twelve buffalo which the hunters had killed in one day which was considered a very good showing, especially as the men were nearly all strangers to that mode of killing."

As the pioneers neared their journey's end and had arrived at East Canyon the meat supply was practically exhausted. Joseph Hancock left the camp early one morning in search of game. He climbed to the top of a high ridge which loomed up in the distance in the clear mountain air, weary from his climb over sharp rocks and dense underbrush, he reached the summit and there for the first

time was able to see a *portion* of the Great Salt Lake Valley. On top of this ridge, late in the evening he was successful in killing a large elk. To make it lighter he removed the entrails and then, with difficulty, he finally got the elk on his back and tried to walk. As he continued on he came to a creek which was too deep to wade but a short distance away was a dam made by some beavers. He attempted to cross but the dam broke through and he found himself astride a large log with his legs in the water. He was thus relieved of his burden as it slipped from his tired shoulders, in the fall, onto the log at his back. Joseph was so exhausted that he leaned his head resting it upon the elk and went to sleep. The company had passed by during the day not seeing the hunter from the road below and had camped at the fork. At day break he resumed his journey and soon discovered some of the men from the camp who helped him bring the elk in and prepare it for the hungry travelers.

On July 26th, Joseph Hancock and Lewis Barney went into the east mountains of Salt Lake Valley to explore for timber. They returned on the 28th and reported an abundance of good timber, principally pine, balsam, fir, and cottonwood, but they also said it would be difficult to get out. President Young encouraged the brethren to explore the surrounding country and predicted: "Explore all you like but you will come back converted that *this is the place.*"

In the division of property, Joseph was given a lot not far from the temple site as his inheritance and soon after he returned to Missouri for his family; but through sickness and poverty he was unable to bring them back for two years and his property was given to someone else. When he finally returned he was given a tract of land near Provo, Utah.

In the spring of 1852 Mr. Hancock left Utah for California. During his absence he was accused of leaving the Church but President Young said, "No, Joseph will never leave the Church, he will come back." After ten years in California and the East he returned to Utah where he lived three years. The latter part of 1867 he returned to Council Bluffs and there visited his children. In 1882 he again returned to Utah. In all his travels he was a faithful member of the Church defending it on every occasion against unbelievers. On July 5, 1893 he passed away and was interred in the Payson cemetery.

—*Aurora Hancock Duncan*

#### CHARLES ALFRED HARPER—WHEELWRIGHT

Charles Harper had learned the trade of wheelwright and carriage maker and was considered an almost indispensable man to the leaders of the Church on this westward trek in 1847, and to the persecuted Saints in Nauvoo previous to their expulsion from that city and

later in Winter Quarters. Wagons for the migration were hard to obtain and many had to be made without delay, so Charles was kept busy at this important trade almost day and night.



Charles Alfred Harper

When the company neared the crossing of the Platte River President Young prevailed upon Charles to drive "the canyon wagon" outfit. Along the route Charles filled a definite need with his knowledge of the wheelwright trade. He was placed in the advanced company and entered the Valley July 22nd.

Early in August, Mr. Harper returned to Winter Quarters to join his wife and family. With the arrival of Spring, 1848, he set out with them to rejoin the Saints in Salt Lake Valley. At old Fort Laramie, July 23, 1848, the emigrant train rested a few

days. In the covered wagon of Charles Alfred and Lovina Wollerton Dilworth Harper the birth of their second son and fifth child took place. One little daughter had been buried in Nauvoo.

Charles Alfred Harper was a man of striking personality and leadership. He was born in Upper Providence township, Montgomery county, Pennsylvania, the second child of Jesse Harper and Eleanor Evans. After his arrival in Utah he held many responsible positions in Holladay Ward where he was instrumental in starting the first public school in that area. Harriet Taylor became his second wife in 1855. The following was taken from a newspaper clipping (1897):

"Charles A. Harper, one of the 1847 pioneers, is still alive. His home is near Holladay, Big Cottonwood, where he lived for many years. Mr. Harper made a pleasant call at the Tribune office, and though in his eightieth year, is hale and hearty. Mr. Harper remembered many of the details of the great trip perfectly, and is an entertaining man in his recital of incidents of the journey. He was born in Montgomery, Pennsylvania, January 27, 1817. By his trade he was a carriage maker and in this work was a handy member of the pioneer band, remaining in Nauvoo until the very last to assist the Saints to outfit themselves for the trek . . . Mr. Harper said that Salt Lake Valley at that time was a most desolate country with only a patch of green



here and there along the banks of the creek, and the prospect was not inviting."

Charles Harper did considerable missionary work at home and abroad. He was a lover of music and dancing, his favorite dance being the Virginia Reel and his best loved tune "Leather Breeches." He was found dead in his home in Holladay April 24, 1900, apparently from a heart attack.—*Norma H. Morris*

#### STEPHEN MARKHAM—COLONIZER

Stephen Markham was born February 9, 1800 in Avon, Livingston county, New York. His father was David Markham and his mother Dinah Merry Markham. When he was two years of age his father was accidentally killed and his mother afterwards moved to Chester, Geauga county, Ohio where Stephen first heard the Gospel of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and was baptized by Elder Abel Lamb in July 1837. He followed the body of the Church to Nauvoo, Illinois and when they were exiled from that city, President Brigham Young appointed Stephen captain of two hundred pioneers taking them to Council Bluffs, Iowa.

In the spring of 1847 he was chosen to accompany the pioneer vanguard to Utah to help in the building of roads. While breaking in a pair of young cattle for this journey his forefinger was caught in a hook on the chain and torn from his hand. En route he was appointed captain of the guard. He returned to Winter Quarters, and seven days after arriving was put in charge of one hundred and forty persons at Council Bluffs. In 1850 he returned to Utah in charge of a company of fifty wagons. He spent upwards of two years on the frontier. Soon after his arrival in the valley for the second time he located in Utah county. In the fall of 1851, he, with approximately seventeen other families, settled in the Spanish Fork district and formed a settlement.

The following notations concerning his later life were taken from family history:

Sunday, December 21, 1851. The first Church organization was made in Spanish Fork with Stephen Markham as president. The organization was reported at the general conference in Salt Lake City. It was accepted and ordered on record March 15, 1852. The town of Palmyra was located in the fall of 1852 by Apostle George A. Smith. Stephen Markham was ordained bishop. There were some seventy families in Palmyra during the winter of 1852-53. A petition was sent to the Territorial Legislature asking for a city charter, which was granted. Stephen Markham was influential and assisted in every way he could to help build a city. He held many offices of trust in civic affairs. He helped build ditches, bridges and gave liberally of his time and means for every good cause. In the spring of 1853 he took all the money he could of his own and all he could borrow with which to buy seeds and loaned it to the people who were in need.

On January 17, 1855 the boundaries of Spanish Fork were established and Governor Young advised that the city of Palmyra should be broken up and its citizens move to Spanish Fork. Very reluctantly, Mr. Markham returned to Spanish Fork and soon moved back to his farm (Leland) where he remained until his death. He served as a colonel in the Walker War. In 1856 he was sent on a colonization mission to Fort Supply near Green River, and assisted in establishing the first express line across the plains.

Beloved and respected by all who knew him he died in Spanish Fork, March 10, 1878.—*Margaret Markham Morgan*

#### GEORGE MILLS

Little is known concerning George Mills either before his selection as one of the original pioneer company under the direction of President Brigham Young or after his entrance into the Valley. An operation performed on him in the hopes of alleviating the suffering from what proved to be an incurable disease resulted in his death August 29, 1854. He was buried in Salt Lake City, Utah.

#### JOHN WESLEY NORTON—FOOT HUNTER

John Wesley Norton, son of David and Elizabeth Heaton Norton, was born November 6, 1820 in Wayne county, Indiana. In 1836 he moved with his parents to Missouri where he remained until the expulsion of the Saints from that state. In the spring of 1839, still accompanied by his parents, he moved to Illinois and on November 5, 1844 was ordained an Elder and the following year, July

9th, ordained a Seventy in Nauvoo. May of 1846 found the Norton family exiled to Winter Quarters with their co-religionists and here John Wesley married Rebecca Hammer.

In the spring of 1847 he was selected as one of the pioneer company to serve as a foot-hunter, which duty he faithfully performed across the plains and mountains to the Valley. Within a few weeks he returned to Winter Quarters, but because of insufficient funds to bring his family to Utah the following spring he went to Missouri and worked during the winter, earning enough to pay their way as planned. John arrived in Salt Lake in September of 1848 ac-



John Wesley Norton

companied by his family and his father. He worked on the Public

Works in Salt Lake for two years. He was a member of the 29th quorum of Seventies. In 1852 he married Martha M. Reynolds. From 1854 to 1857 he filled a mission to Australia and upon his return home assisted in establishing settlements in southern Utah. For a time he resided in Panaca, Utah now in Nevada. He died in Panguitch, Garfield county, Utah October 20, 1901.

The following letter (verbatim) was sent to the Semi-Centennial commission by him April 18, 1897 from Panguitch:

I thought I would write you a few lines to let you know that I was on the land and among the living, and that I was one of the 144 men that helped blaze the route from civilization across the plains in 1847 to Salt Lake Valley. I arrived in the Valley July 24, 1847. I am getting old and feeble yet I have a desire of commemorating the day with my brethren, on the 50th year of our arrival in the valley. I am 76 years old, and crippled with rheumatics in my knees, but sound in my body, and if the way will be opened I want to come to Salt Lake City and have a good time with the heroes of 1847. My means is limited, my clothing is getting quite old and worse for wear, I have no means to pay my passage. I have two ladies that wants to visit their old pioneer home. Please correspond with me if you have time and let me know how the public is prospering.

#### GEORGE WOODWARD—MASON

The following was taken from the autobiography of George Woodward, pioneer of 1847: "On a farm in Monmouth county, New Jersey, I, George Woodward, son of George Woodward and



George Woodward

Jemima Shinn, was born the 9th day of September 1817. Under the parental roof my childhood and early youth were spent, receiving but a limited school education. At fifteen years of age, I went to live with my brother Isaac at Homers Town who carried on a merchandising business and acted as clerk until I was eighteen. Going to Philadelphia, I learned the mason and brick-laying trade. Whilst thus engaged at Philadelphia, and hearing the Latter-day Saint Elders preach the Gospel as revealed to Joseph the Prophet, I was baptized and confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints at Camden, New Jersey

by Elder Erastus Snow, on the 7th day of September, 1840. In the spring of 1841, in connection with a company of Saints from Philadelphia and New Jersey branches, I started for the then gathering place of the Saints, Nauvoo, Illinois.

"We traveled by railroad to Pittsburgh and there engaged a steamer to St. Louis; thence taking the Mississippi to Nauvoo where we arrived on the first of May, 1841. Here we found temporary shelter, thinking we had reached the place of our permanent abode . . . I assisted in building the temple and in laying the foundation of the Nauvoo House and passed through all the persecutions incident to establishing and maintaining our foothold for a period of time in Nauvoo.

"On the 14th of August, 1842 in this city I married Thomazin Downing. I was ordained to the office of Seventy and placed in the Twelfth quorum. The persecutions continued. . . Almost immediately we began preparations to leave the state of Illinois, getting teams, horses and cattle as best we could. . . After crossing the Missouri River, learning it was the intention of our leaders to go no farther this year, we went to cutting and putting up hay for winter use. Nearby a town called Winter Quarters was located. Here, as a shelter from the inclemency of winter, I built a log house. Here, also, the following spring a company was selected as pioneers to further prosecute the arduous journey and labors incident to finding a resting place in the west. . .

"I, being one of the select number, left my wife, my home, and team, and journeyed like Abraham of old, not knowing whither our positive destination, only I knew the lamp of God was never known to lead in a wrong path.

"Proceeding westward, toward the Rocky Mountains, we met Captain James Bridger. . . He thought it a rash venture to plant so large a colony of almost destitute people in the Salt Lake or Bear River Valley. . . We pursued our way to the Green River and here meeting Samuel Brannan, who had come by way of California, the latter sought to induce the pioneers to not stop short of that part of the country. His efforts, too, were futile. After crossing the Green River and driving out about one mile, we camped. President Young here remarked that they had left their families back with instructions to come on when they were able to fit out with sufficient provisions to last until more could be raised. Nothing having been heard from them his anxiety for their welfare was intense, resulting in the sending of four or five men back to see how they were getting along, I being one of them.

"A Brother Stewart, having a small wagon, laid some plank on the bolsters and we were quickly off to fulfill the given mission. To see us safely across, President Young went as far as the river. When we reached the ferry, at which point the ten men had been left to ferry the emigrants going to Oregon, it was found that the water had fallen so low that fording was possible and there was no longer a

necessity for them to stay. They not having heard of the company we were in search of, a few of them joined us. Reaching Fort Laramie, and our flour being out, we were fortunate in being able to borrow, so continued our journey towards Winter Quarters, 170 miles, before attaining the object of our mission. To my joy, my wife was in the company, and equally for the same reason, others of my accompanying brethren were made glad. The company being very large and making slow progress we advised them to travel in small groups through the mountains, the better to find feed for the animals, and warned them of the liability of being caught by perilous drifting snowstorms through the mountain passes. The company traveled much faster and arrived in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, some in the latter part of September and at different dates until finally the last was landed in November.

"It is but proper to state that the committee of the pioneer company called to return in search of the company of Saints and to bring them in, were accorded equal honors with the pioneers who entered the Valley on the 24th of July, 1847, and doubtless through the foresight of our leader, President Young, calling them, many lives were preserved that would have perished en route.

"In the spring of 1849, we moved out on our city lot and commenced to build a permanent residence in the Eighth Ward, Brother Addison Everett was appointed bishop, and I to the office work of teacher, which work I performed until the year 1850, when the ward was reorganized with Brother Elijah Sheets bishop, and I his first, and Jacob Houtz his second counselors. Laboring in this capacity until the fall of 1861, I was duly called to go to the southern part of the territory to assist in building up a city to be called St. George. Here at my trade I labored many years, and now reside.

During his last years George Woodward did much temple work. For twenty-three years he gave as a voluntary donation his services as a temple worker. He died December 12, 1903 in St. George, Washington county, Utah.—*D.U.P. Files*

### JOHN BROWN—CAPTAIN OF THIRTEENTH TEN

John Brown, son of John and Martha Chipman, was born October 23, 1820 in Sumner county, Tennessee. He was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by Elder George P. Dykes in July, 1841 in Perry county, Illinois and the following October located in Nauvoo. Soon after he was called to go on a mission to the southern states. Having been ordained an Elder, Mr. Brown labored in Alabama, Tennessee and Mississippi baptizing a large number of converts and establishing several branches of the Church. In Monroe county, Mississippi he married Elizabeth Crosby.

Mr. Brown returned to Nauvoo, Illinois March 25, 1845, and in late January, 1846 returned to Mississippi, where he gathered a company of fifteen families with whom he started for the Rocky

Mountains. Traveling through Missouri they were joined by three other families. This company, known as the Mississippi Saints, arrived at Fort Laramie in July where they expected to meet the Pioneer company under President Brigham Young; but finding the company had not proceeded westward as first planned, Mr. Brown turned his party southward, locating them on the banks of the Arkansas River at Pueblo, Colorado for the winter. He then returned with seven other men to his home in Mississippi.

On January 10, 1847 he started for Council Bluffs and arrived just in time to join the pioneer company on its westward journey. He assisted on this memorable trek as captain of the thirteenth group and also as a hunter. Having traveled the greater part of the route the previous year his services were invaluable to the company. Being with Orson Pratt in the advance company he was one of the first to look upon the Valley of the Great Salt Lake from Big Mountain. He returned to Winter Quarters in late summer and with his family came to the valley in 1848 settling in the Cottonwood area.

During the following years he served as a missionary at home and abroad; was a member of Parley P. Pratt's exploratory expedition to southern Utah and assisted in settling Indian disturbances in the Territory. For twenty years he served as mayor of Pleasant Grove where he had established a home, and was bishop of Pleasant Grove Ward for twenty nine years. On December 6, 1891 he was ordained a Patriarch. Mr. Brown died at his home in Pleasant Grove November 4, 1897 respected and beloved by all who knew him.

#### OSCAR CROSBY

Oscar Crosby was born about 1815 in Virginia. He was a servant in the home of William Crosby a wealthy plantation owner and member of the Latter-day Saint Church in Mississippi. He was most trustworthy and when the personnel of the first company was chosen William Crosby received permission to send his colored servant, Oscar, to the valley to secure a piece of ground, plant crops and make ready for the family who planned to arrive in 1848. It is said that he faithfully carried out his master's wishes.

Oscar accompanied Mr. Crosby to San Bernardino Valley, California to help establish a Latter-day Saint colony. As California was a free state he, with other negroes, was liberated. He died in Los Angeles in 1870.

#### LYMAN CURTIS—HUNTER

Lyman Curtis was born in Salem, Massachusetts, January 21, 1812, the eldest son of Nahum and Millicent Waite Curtis. After hearing the principles of the Mormon Church as taught by the Elders, Lyman was baptized March 14, 1833. The following year he married Charlotte Alvord. Lyman, with his father and brothers helped in the



Lyman Curtis

Lyman Curtis built a huge sagebrush fire, the first fire which could be seen by many of the others who were still camped in the canyon. The next day he went back and helped others over the rough road to the site of their future home.

He, with Levi Jackman and other men, started back across the plains to Winter Quarters. These men had 6 lbs. of flour each with one horse to carry their bedding. The men walked and carried their guns. One night while they were sleeping on the plains someone stole their horse, but a light snow had fallen and they followed the tracks to an Indian camp. After a consultation with the chief the horse was returned and the journey homeward resumed. Lyman started westward in the spring of 1850 with his family and en route a ninth child was born somewhere on the plains of Nebraska. The journey was completed in October and he immediately set to work to build an adobe house. He stayed in Salt Lake for a year then went to Santa Clara Mission in southern Utah. President Young called him to take charge of the construction of the canal from the Little Muddy River, now Moapa, into southern Nevada. After this work was successfully completed he then helped build a canal out of the Santa Clara River to the vicinity below St. George.

Years later he went back to the scene of his labors and when he saw the growing fields, fruitful orchards, vineyards and peaceful homes, tears of joy ran down his cheeks. After a five year mission among the Indians he went back to Utah county and located at what was then called Pond Town. He immediately saw the possibility of taking a canal out of Spanish Fork River and by so doing irrigate about 2000 acres of land between Spanish Fork and Payson. At first

building of the Kirtland Temple. Eventually he arrived at Winter Quarters with his family which now consisted of a wife and six small children. There Lyman was chosen to go with the first company of pioneers. He had at that time what was considered to be a good gun and was known as a fine hunter. Traveling in the same wagon as Levi Jackman, he entered the valley on the 22nd of July. This first company explored the valley and decided the best place to build the city was between the two forks of City Creek known as the two streams.

That first evening it is said that

he could get no one interested, so he and his two brothers Moses and George, worked all winter alone at the mouth of Spanish Fork Canyon. Some days they would work all day then the wind would blow and fill the ditch with sand. But by the next season a general enthusiasm was worked up and people from Payson, Spanish Fork and Pond Town labored with picks and shovels until seven miles of the canal was completed. Had he turned these gains to personal advantage he would have been a wealthy man but he chose differently. The settlers all shared alike. In later years when hundreds of people had made their home in this locality they showed their appreciation by changing the name of the community from Pond Town to Salem, in honor of his birthplace, Salem, Massachusetts.

Lyman Curtis died at his home in Salem, Utah August 3, 1897 at the age of 85 years.—*Julia V. Curtis Ellsworth*

#### HANS CHRISTIAN HANSEN—VIOLINIST

Hans Christian Hansen was born November 23, 1806, in Copenhagen, Denmark, the son of Ole Peter Hansen and Martha Margrete Osmundsen. He was the only man of Scandinavian birth among the original pioneers of 1847. During his boyhood and young manhood he followed the sea and had visited America several times. On one of these visits, while stopping over in Boston, Massachusetts, he became converted to "Mormonism" and was baptized in the summer of 1842 by Elder F. Nickerson. The following year he migrated to Nauvoo, Illinois where he became well acquainted with the Prophet Joseph Smith and worked on the temple. He was with the Saints in their exodus from that city to Winter Quarters and when the pioneer company was organized in the spring of 1847, Hans was chosen one of that body.

Mr. Hansen was an accomplished violinist and it is recorded "that after the evening camp chores were done, the pioneers would assemble around the campfire and Hans C. Hansen's violin would often be heard in the still night air, while a vocal selection would add to the merriment of the circle around the fire. There was at all times more or less sociability in the camp and at 9 p.m. the bugle call would bring to an end the day's activities."

Salina, Sevier county was chosen as the place to establish a home and he rendered great service in that small community playing for dances and social events. Mr. Hansen never married. In 1862-63 he filled a short mission to his native land, earning his passage both going and returning to America as a sailor. He died at Salina, Utah October 10, 1890.

#### MATHEW IVORY—MECHANIC

Mathew Ivory was born July 13, 1800 in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, a son of Mathew and Ann Ivory. During young manhood he investigated several religions but it was not until he was thirty years of age that he heard and accepted the principles of Mormonism, feeling



assured in his own mind that at last he had found the true Church. He was baptized February 1, 1840 by Joseph Newton and seven years later became one of that immortal band which left its imprint on the pages of history. Mathew was an expert mechanic and carpenter and gave freely of his services on that eventful journey.

In 1854 he married Mary Elizabeth Bemns of Manti, Utah and of this union seven children were born. In 1866 she was stricken with palsy and four years later passed away. Mathew struggled on with the help of the good Sisters of the Beaver Relief Society and managed to keep the family together. He performed a mission for the Church in 1879.

In 1885, although eighty-five years of age, he fitted up the mill stones in a newly erected grain chopper at Beaver. On the evening of October 17, 1885, as he was making the final check, one of the stones suddenly broke loose striking him and killing him almost instantly.—*Martha Hoopes*

#### LEVI JACKMAN—ROAD BUILDER

Levi Jackman was born July 28, 1797 in Orange county, Vermont the fifth son of Moses French Jackman and Elizabeth Carr. Three weeks before Levi's birth his father was killed by a falling tree leaving the family in dire circumstances. Selling the farm Levi's mother moved to New York state where she died in 1819. Levi was now twenty two years of age and had previously married a young

widow, Angeline Myers Brady who had one son. Five more children were born in New York, the youngest dying a few hours after birth, and then the family moved to Portage, Ohio. It was here Levi heard the Latter-day Saint Gospel and he and his wife were baptized. From that time on he followed the migrations of the Church to Nauvoo, Illinois. Having been ordained an Elder he performed missionary work in the surrounding areas until the death of the Prophet Joseph Smith.

Mr. Jackman then turned his energies toward the building of wagons. He received a pony and the necessary lumber for making a wagon as payment for his labors and these he traded for a wagon in fairly good condition and a yoke of oxen. Continuing his work he soon earned



Levi Jackman

his labors and these he traded for a wagon in fairly good condition and a yoke of oxen. Continuing his work he soon earned

provisions for the trip. Proceeding to Winter Quarters he joined the pioneers selected as the vanguard to Utah. Angelina died just prior to his leaving Nauvoo.

Levi Jackman was one of Orson Pratt's advance party. The following is taken from his journal:

Wed. July 21, 1847. We soon left the ravine and went up a steep hill about one-half a mile up. This is now called Little Mountain. From the top of this hill, like Moses on Pisgah's top, we could see a part of the Salt Lake Valley, our long anticipated home. We did truly rejoice at the sight. We then descended a steep hill into another ravine and camped.

Thurs. July 22. This morning a part of the camp that we had left came up with us. Our move was slow for it took all the able bodied men from  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the time to make the road so that we could possibly get along. It took us until 4 p.m. to fix the road and go about four miles. We had to pass through a canyon that was full of timber, and when we got through, it seemed like bursting from the confines of prison walls into the beauties of a world of pleasure and freedom. We had now entered the valley and our vision could extend far and wide. We were filled with joy and thanksgiving.

After his arrival in the valley Mr. Jackman, then fifty years of age, continued to help with the planting of crops and preparing for the future as best he could. It was thought advisable to send as many teams as could be spared back to Winter Quarters to help others start the next spring. Levi's ox team was taken over by one of the company. This left him without a team for his own work and he was soon down to one week's rations. He had noticed that the Indians were eating thistle roots, and decided to gather some to help solve the food problem. He had gathered only a bushel when snow fell covering the plants. He wrote in his journal "that he felt badly to think he could find no more for they were good and tasted quite a bit like parsnips."

Levi tells that his son Ammi came in with a group of pioneers who arrived September 30th. He was one of the seven men chosen to return to Winter Quarters with mail from the pioneers. Great concern was felt for their safety but the mission was accomplished without incident.

During his later years Mr. Jackman was a counselor to Bishop Shadrach Roundy of the 16th Ward and subsequently was ordained a Patriarch. In the City Directory and Business Guide published in 1869, he is listed as a maker of saddle trees. He also made chair seats, drums and window and door frames. When he was sixty-seven years of age he moved to Salem, Utah county where he passed away on the 23rd of July, 1876 and was buried in the Salem cemetery.

—Hazel Jackman Christiansen

## HARK LAY—MUSICIAN

Hark Lay was born about 1825 in Monroe county, Mississippi. He took the name of his master as he was born a slave in the William Lay household. It is said that he did his work nobly while crossing the plains to Utah and assisted in every way he could after their arrival in the valley.

The following taken from John Brown's autobiography gives an explanation of how three colored people came to be a part of the pioneer company:

"The necessary preparations were made and by the 10th of January all was ready, about which time we started. Daniel M. Thomas took his family along. Brother Crismon was in company with us all the way up. We had two wagons. As we traveled north, the weather grew colder. I called and saw my relatives in Perry county as we passed through Illinois.

"We purchased our wagons and teams, etc., at St. Louis. A few days' travel from this point, Brothers Jas. Stratton and Nowlin overtook us, also Brother Matthew Ivory, Brother Stratton had his family along. They had one wagon. The mud was so bad we were obliged to lay by several days. We now had six wagons. It finally turned cold and we had a very severe time of it. The negroes suffered most. My boy, whose name was Henry, took cold and finally the winter fever set in which caused his death on the road. I buried him in Andrew county, Missouri. In this neighborhood we purchased more cattle.

"We reached the Bluffs a few days before the Pioneers started and while I was lying there, Bankhead's negro died with the winter fever. It was the severest trip I had undertaken. I left one wagon and load with Brother Crismon to bring out the families. I took the other two wagons, the two black boys (Oscar Crosby and Hark Lay) who survived the trip, David Powell and Matthew Ivory and joined the pioneer camp."

Hark Lay was about twenty-two years of age when he made the pioneer trek. He was in Orson Pratt's vanguard who entered the valley July 22nd. He was well known for his wonderful voice and his kindness to all children. It is believed that he remained in the western country and died at Union, Salt Lake county, Utah about 1890.

## DAVID POWELL—A SEVENTY

David Powell, one of the original pioneers of Utah, was born May 26, 1822, in the Edgefield District, South Carolina, a son of John and Rebecca Powell. He was ordained a Seventy and became a member of the 24th Quorum of Seventy, organized in Nauvoo.

After arriving in Great Salt Lake Valley with the pioneers in July 1847, he returned to Winter Quarters with Pres. Brigham

Young later the same year. He returned to Utah in 1853 with his wife, Ann, and son David, Jr. Later he went to California and died near Santa Rosa sometime between 1881 and 1885.

### SHADRACH ROUNDY—ADVANCE PARTY

Shadrach Roundy was next to the oldest of the one hundred and forty three pioneers who arrived in Utah late in July, 1847. He was fifty eight years of age at that time, yet he was always ready and willing to take his part in this history-making trek. Shadrach was born January 1, 1789 in Rockingham, Windham county, Vermont, a son of Uriah and Lucretia Needham Roundy.



Shadrach Roundy

After his father's death in 1813, he went with his family to Spafford, New York and it was while living there that he heard of the newly established religion. In the winter of 1830-31 he left his home and traveled on horseback to see and talk to the Prophet Joseph Smith, who then resided in Fayette, Seneca county, New York, and becoming convinced of the truthfulness of his teachings was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He gave generously of his means and labor toward the construction of the Kirtland Temple and was one of those who received a special blessing for his part in its completion.

In the new struggle for existence in Nauvoo, Shadrach took a leading part, and after the death of his beloved Prophet he was chosen as one of the vanguard to the regions of the Rocky Mountains to help establish a home for the persecuted Saints.

Mr. Roundy was one of Orson Pratt's advance party and as he caught the first glimpse of his future home on the morning of July 22nd he later wrote: "There beneath them was a mirage in the desert, a vast undulating plain sloping gently down to the blue waters of the lake. Towering snow capped mountains seemed to hem them in on all sides while brilliant hued canyons gleamed in the bright sunshine."

On August 15th seventy-one of these pioneers were selected to make the return trip to Winter Quarters. Two days later they started on their way. They had traveled two weeks when they met Orson Spencer's oncoming company. In this company was Lorenzo Wesley

Roundy, son of Shadrach, a young man twenty-eight years of age. Shadrach and his son exchanged places and Shadrach returned to Salt Lake Valley, while Wesley went back to Winter Quarters.

Mr. Roundy was a member of the First High Council in the Salt Lake Stake of Zion and also a member of the first Territorial Legislature. He crossed the plains five times to assist poor emigrants to the Valley. He served as bishop of the Sixteenth Ward from April 14, 1849 to 1856. While living in Salt Lake City he was engaged in the mercantile business and was one of the organizers of the Zion's Cooperative Mercantile association. He owned land in Davis county but left the farming to his sons, making his home in Salt Lake City where he could attend to his church duties.

After a long and eventful life of service to his family, church, and state Shadrach Roundy died at the age of eighty-three years on July 2, 1872 and was buried in the Salt Lake City cemetery. Betsy Quimby was his only wife. She died at the age of eighty-seven, having lived in wedlock fifty-eight of those years.

—*Jessie Roundy Stevens*

#### JOSEPH LAZARUS MATHEWS—CAPTAIN OF FOURTEENTH TEN

Joseph Mathews was selected by Brigham Young to join the original company as a captain and scout. He was born in Jackson county, North Carolina January 29, 1809. Rhoda Carroll became his first wife. A short time after their marriage he moved to Neshoba county, Mississippi and here he, with many other southern people, accepted the teachings of Elder Benjamin Clapp and Elder Benjamin

Mathews (no relation) and was baptized a member of the Latter-day Saint Church. In the early part of 1845, when his third child was five years of age, he disposed of his property and purchased a lot in Nauvoo, Illinois. One year later he moved his family to a temporary abode in Winter Quarters.

Leaving his wife and children with little to sustain them during his absence, he started westward in the pioneer company. It is said that one day as they neared the mountainous country President Young picked up a pair of field glasses and after looking intently at a distant hill, remarked to one of the men: "Do you see that antelope over



Joseph Lazarus Mathews

there?" The man quickly answered in the affirmative. He then called to Joseph, making the same observation. Joseph scanned the hills then turned to his leader, saying, "No, I don't see an antelope and neither do you for there aren't any antelope over there to see." President Young turned to the men, "There is your answer; I never said there were any antelope, I merely said 'see the antelope'; but Brother Mathews has to see a thing. He would not see that antelope just to please me. I find his reports and judgment are always good."

On the 27th of April it was reported that O. P. Rockwell, Joseph Mathews, John Eldredge and Thomas Brown returned to camp about 6:30 p.m. after hunting two horses recently stolen by Indians. They told of a harrowing encounter with fifteen braves. The four men had gone back to within a couple of miles of the previous night's camping grounds, when one of the men noticed something moving in the brush at the foot of a high knoll. Thinking it to be a wolf they advanced to within some fourteen rods of the bushes. Porter Rockwell then stopped and directed his aim at the supposed animal when suddenly the Indians sprang to their feet. They moved slowly toward the men with bows and arrows aimed directly at the riders. The men motioned them to stop and at the same time had their rifles ready for action. When the Indians saw this they shouted, "bacco!, bacco!" They were told they had no tobacco. One of the Indians approached Joseph Mathews as if to greet him but his eyes were fastened covetously on the bridle of the horse. Mr. Brown cocked his pistol and pointing it at the redman shouted that if he did not leave immediately he would kill him. The Indian retreated and motioned for the other braves to follow him. As they left they shot several arrows but no one was hurt.

Joseph Mathews came into the Valley July 22, 1847 with Orson Pratt's advance company which entered the valley two days ahead of the main company of pioneers. Two years later he was commissioned to accompany Parley P. Pratt's exploring expedition into southern Utah, and in 1851 was called to California with Charles C. Rich and Amasa M. Lyman to aid in the establishment of the Mormon colony at San Bernardino. He remained there until the settlement was abandoned in 1857, when he returned to Utah settling his family in Santaquin. After returning from a mission to the southern states he again took up his work of farming and freighting until 1880 when he was called to Arizona. Here he passed away May 14, 1886 at Pima, survived by a large family. The second wife of Joseph Mathews was Polly Boss who was a well known midwife and pioneer doctor.—*George Mathews*

#### RODNEY BADGER—BISHOP

Rodney Badger was twenty-three years of age, a strong athletic type young man, well trained as a woodsman, frontier scout and excellent swimmer when he accepted the assignment to accompany the

pioneer company to Utah. He was born February 4, 1823 at Waterfore, Caledonia county, Vermont to John Badger and Lydia Chamberlain. Shortly before the death of his father in 1838 he, with other members of his family, accepted the principles of Mormonism. Left with the sole support of his invalid mother and two brothers and sisters, Rodney early learned the lessons of responsibility. He assisted in moving the family to Nauvoo, Illinois and here the mother died. On March 9, 1845 Rodney married Nancy Garr daughter of Fielding Garr and Paulina Turner. A daughter was born at La Harpe, Illinois the following year.

When the Pioneer band reached the Green River in what is now Wyoming, several men were chosen to go back and help the oncoming Saints who had left Winter Quarters in June. Rodney was among this number. Provisions were scarce, their supplies consisting of 8 lbs. of flour, 9 lbs. of meal and six lbs. of beans. Any additional food needed was expected to be procured as they went along. The men traveled as fast as possible taking little time out to hunt and consequently were in dire need of food when they at last encountered the pioneer camp. Rodney was reunited with his wife and child at the Sweetwater river in Wyoming, and came with them into the valley on the 2nd of October.

The next few years were busy ones for Mr. Badger. He was sustained a member of the bishopric of the 15th Ward; served in the Nauvoo Legion, and was sheriff of Great Salt Lake county. During the five years following their arrival three children were born to them. Rodney was fearless in the execution of his duties and took part in several Indian raids in protecting the early settlers. It was this fearless quality that cost him his life April 29, 1853. The following is a copy of a letter written by William H. Hooper to Mrs. Badger.

Weber, April 30, 1853

It becomes my melancholy duty to impart to you the supposed loss of your worthy husband. Yesterday in attempting to ford the Weber, an emigrant who was traveling in our train with his own wagon and family, made the attempt after one of our wagons had crossed safely; his wagon being light, our wagon-master with Mr. Badger, Allen Taylor and John Hess, insisted on his taking out the family, but he refused, and had I been present I should have advised the same; the cattle became unmanageable, and the wagon went into deep water, and the bed with his wife and six children floated off. Mr. Badger, without hesitation heroically threw himself into the stream, and risked and lost his own life to save others. The accident occurred yesterday at 2 o'clock, and yet the search has been and yet is making—he has not been found. To offer you condolence for such a loss would be useless, as my feelings while I write overpowers me, and what must be yours, his wife, to lose a husband who was

beloved by all men who knew him and as a proof of his worth and goodness of heart, risked his life for strangers. It is useless to say the shock to me is great and the camp is in gloom.  
P.S. The mother and four children were saved.

#### CHARLES ALLEN BURKE—CARPENTER

Charles Allen Burke was a carpenter by trade. He was born September 2, 1823 at Kirtland, Ohio where he spent his early life. His mother, Abigail Fellows Burke, died when he was nine years of age at St. Charles, Missouri and his father, John M. Burke later married Keziah Rollins. Charles accepted Mormonism and moved to Nauvoo, Illinois where he helped in the construction of the temple.



Charles Allen Burke

After the expulsion of the Saints from that city to Winter Quarters, he ably assisted in the making of coffins and the burial of the numerous dead during this time of bereavement for so many families.

Mr. Burke was among those who returned to Winter Quarters, after his entrance into the future Zion, for the purpose of bringing members of his family to Utah. An only sister died of cholera on the plains. Charles obtained work with a southern family by the name of Crosby in Cottonwood and here he met and married Lydia Tanner September 25, 1850.

In 1851, he and his wife left Utah for San Bernardino, Cali-

fornia and after living there six years were called back to Utah. He settled his family in Parowan, Iron county where he again took up the trade of carpentry. He helped build one of the first grist mills in the area and continued making coffins, window sashes, washboards and other needed articles. Mr. Burke passed away February 26, 1888.—*D.U.P. Files*

#### ALEXANDER PHILIP CHESLEY—LAWYER

Born in Fauquier county, Virginia October 22, 1814 Alexander Philip Chesley was the son of John Chesley and Elizabeth Brisker. When he was three years of age he was left an orphan and taken into the home of an uncle who operated a ferry boat across Chesapeake Bay. When Alexander was twelve years old he became dissatisfied with home conditions, and went to another relative who was



living in Kentucky and here he grew to manhood. It was his good fortune to become acquainted with Henry Clay, father of the man who became so famous in American history. Mr. Clay, who was a lawyer, encouraged Alexander to study law. He completed the course and it was not long before he was seeking newer and bigger fields in which to carry on his profession. Wayne county, Illinois was chosen as the place to open an office and not long after he met Eliza Haws. They were married, according to her wish, in Nauvoo. Eliza became a staunch convert and tried to interest her husband in the teachings of the Elders, but at that time he was more concerned with succeeding in his chosen profession. However, after investigating it for several months he was baptized.

When the Saints were driven from Illinois, Alexander with his wife and three small sons, William, John and James, journeyed to Winter Quarters. Here he married his wife's younger sister, Emily. Brigham Young performed the ceremony and also advised Alexander to leave his wives and children at Winter Quarters and accompany the pioneer group to Utah. At the time of his entrance into the Valley Alexander was thirty-three years of age, strong of body, dark complexioned and considered very handsome. He was one of the company's most daring Indian fighters. He did not stay in the valley long but hurried back to his family. It was not until 1851 that Mr. Chesley with his two wives and their families were ready to make the long trek across the plains to Utah. After they had traveled a short distance he was instructed by John Taylor to wait for a wagon train which was carrying equipment to start a sugar factory in Utah. Mr. Taylor had been to France to purchase the machinery and needed a guide across the wilderness.

Mr. Chesley and his family went to Provo. He was not only a lawyer at that place but also a school teacher. In 1856 he was called to fulfill a mission to Australia. Very little information concerning him has ever been correctly proven since he took passage from California to Australia. His families were left to care for themselves, knew poverty and hard work, but never learned what happened to their husband and father.—*June Chesley Farnsworth*

#### ELLIS EAMES

Ellis Eames, one of the men selected to accompany the pioneers to Utah, became ill shortly after the company left Winter Quarters on its westward trek. He returned to the main camp, thus leaving the number of men who completed this history-making journey from that point one hundred and forty three.

#### GREEN FLAKE—TEAMSTER

Green was born in January 1825 in Anson county, North Carolina on the plantation of John Flake. When Madison Flake married Agnes Love, his father gave him a young colored man about twenty

years of age by the name of Green. He took his master's name and was known thereafter as Green Flake. John Brown baptized him a member of the Latter-day Saint Church in the Mississippi River.



Green Flake

Green went with the Flake family to Nauvoo, Illinois. The following was taken from his history by Nell Bair of Nyssa, Oregon:

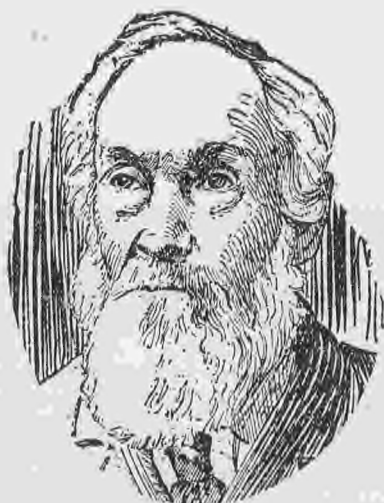
"Later when Brigham Young was fitting out the first wagon train to cross the plains and needed the best teams, James M. Flake, who had put his all on the altar, sent his slave, Green, with a team of white mules of which he was very proud. This team pulled a carriage to help the company to their destination. Green was to send the team and carriage back with some of the returning brethren, but was instructed to stay and build a house for

the Flake family. From family diaries and the memory of a grandson who is still living, they believe it was this carriage and team which Green drove that brought President Young to the valley. A log house was waiting for the family in Cottonwood which Green had built. He had faithfully carried out his instructions.

Green Flake moved to Idaho Falls in 1888 where he died October 20, 1903. His body was returned to Union, Salt Lake county for burial. Children born to him and his wife were: Lucinda Vilate, December 2, 1854, married George Stevens in 1872; and Abe Flake, born in 1857, who married Mary Steele.

#### JOHN STREATOR GLEASON—ROAD BUILDER

John Streator was the sixth child in a family of ten born to Polly Howard and Ezekiel Gleason on January 13, 1819 at Livonia, Livingston county, New York. When he was nineteen years of age he first heard about Mormonism and being convinced of its truthfulness, was baptized into the Church on June 21, 1839. At this time he was working on the farm of Isaac Chase, and had married



John Streator Gleason

his daughter, Desdemona, June 21, 1839. His wife lived with her parents while John fulfilled a mission in the Eastern States and in Canada where he remained until 1841. When he returned he moved his wife and her father's family to Nauvoo, Illinois and again worked on the Isaac Chase farm until he was called on another mission to the Eastern States. In the spring of 1844 he returned to his home in Nauvoo.

John was personally acquainted with Joseph Smith and was active in all the stirring events which transpired preceding his death. Brigham Young was now the leader of the Church, and in the spring of 1847 John

was selected by him to pioneer the west. When the company reached Emigration Canyon it was he who advocated the clearing out of dense growths of brush and the making of a permanent road for those who were to follow in subsequent immigrations.

In the valley Mr. Gleason did some plowing and getting out of logs until the time of his departure east for his family. The following year, 1848, he started the return trip to Salt Lake Valley. His son, Alvirus Horn Gleason was born on the banks of the Elk Horn River, July 5th. The Gleason family settled in Little Cottonwood near Union Fort and stayed there until the fall of 1849, when he moved his family to Salt Lake City. Here he operated a saw-mill for Isaac Chase in what is now Liberty Park. In the year 1852 he rented a farm in Centerville, but moved the following year to Tooele where he was appointed county commissioner.

In 1852 he married Eliza Ann Mailen. The following year he took his first wife and family back to Davis county where he took up farming land. He was appointed Major of the First Regiment of Militia which was organized about that time in Davis county. John began teaching in the public schools which vocation he followed until called to go with the handcart missionaries to Florence, Nebraska in 1857, returning home the next year. Known as an inspiring speaker, President Young once said of him: "If John were as good a financier as he was a speaker, he would be a wealthy man."

Mr. Gleason married Ann Sutherland in 1864 and during the subsequent years served as Justice of the Peace and Clerk of Davis county. After another mission to the Eastern States and Canada in 1869-70, he again took up farming. Three years later he traded his

mine, the Mountain Lion, in the Ophir District, southwest of Salt Lake City, for a farm in Pleasant Grove which he made his home until his death December 24, 1904.

### GILBROID SUMME—COLONIZER

Gilbroid (Gilbard) Summe, son of John and Caroline Summe, was born August 22, 1802 in Randolph county, North Carolina. Information is meager concerning his boyhood and young manhood, except that he was chosen to accompany the original pioneers to Utah. Nearly three years after his arrival in the valley, April 6, 1850, he was sustained a counselor in the general presidency of deacons. During that period in Utah history known as the Walker War, Gilbroid was actively engaged in preserving the safety of the settlers and their possessions from marauding Indians.

Mr. Summe was among the company who journeyed to San Bernardino, California where he assisted in establishing that little Mormon settlement. Later he worked for a time in the lead mines of the Mountain Spring area. He returned to Utah with other Saints when they were called home in 1857, and continued to aid in pioneering southern colonies. In 1865 he was called to the Muddy Mission and with his family resided at St. Joseph, a now defunct settlement in Moapa Valley. When that mission was closed Gilbroid Summe returned to the southern part of the state where he died June 13, 1867 at Harrisburg, Washington county.



Trail of the Mormon Pioneers From Nauvoo to Great Salt Lake

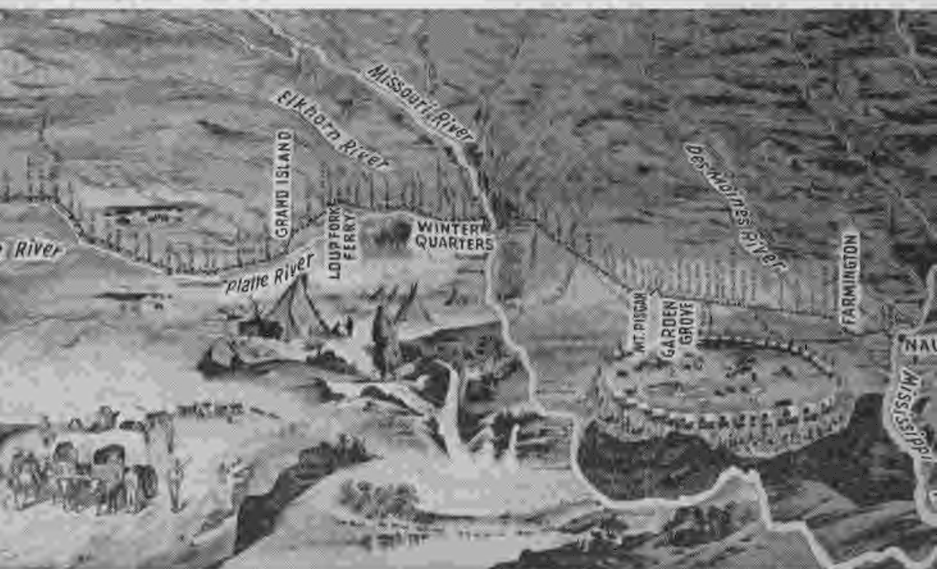
## NORMAN TAYLOR—TEAMSTER

Born in Grafton, Lorain county, Ohio, September 15, 1828 Norman was the son of Benjamin and Ann Mennel Taylor. He left with the pioneers when they were exiled from Nauvoo, Illinois and came through to Utah with the original company driving the second team to enter the valley which was owned jointly by himself and Nathan Chesley. Mr. Taylor started back four weeks later for Winter Quarters and while there married Laurana Forbush and within short time married her sister, Lydia. Between 1847 and 1850, when he brought his family to Utah, he made another trip to the valley.

In 1851 he was among those who went to San Bernardino, California and when he returned to Utah he settled in Santaquin. Jeanette Cushion became his wife in 1867. Mr. Taylor mov-



Norman Taylor



Naming Principal Landmarks, Cities, Rivers, and Mountains.

ed his family to Moab, Grand county, Utah in 1881 where he set up a blacksmith shop. He also ran a ranch and was the owner and operator of a ferry boat across the Colorado (Grand) River for many years.

It is said that Mr. Taylor was a very energetic man having driven his four horse team from Thompson Springs to Moab, a distance of forty miles with a five thousand-pound load in the wagon when he was seventy years of age. In 1894 he married Mrs. N. V. Tyler. In 1897 he drove a float from Grand county to be entered in the Jubilee parade in Salt Lake City. For a year Mr. Taylor lived in Missouri, then returned to Moab. He was in the mercantile business in later years and while on a business trip to Salt Lake City died November 23, 1899. He was interred in the Moab cemetery.

#### THE HILLS OF ZION

Here are the hills of Zion  
Standing before my eyes.  
Lifting their silent summits  
Against the Western skies.

Out in these open spaces  
Where the underbrush grows  
Men built a habitation  
With courage God only knows.

The sun drops by the salt sea  
The hills color with grey  
For me this Sabbath day.  
How long these hills lay waiting

—*Ida Isaacson*

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