

*Our*  
*Pioneer Heritage*

Compiled by  
**KATE B. CARTER**



**Daughters of Utah Pioneers**  
Salt Lake City, Utah  
1960  
VOLUME THREE

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Genealogy

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Daughters of Utah Pioneers



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## Foreword

Here is another significant volume compiled by Kate B. Carter for the Daughters of Utah Pioneers. These volumes in succession constitute the chronicles of a great people. As the shelf of books grows, one is reminded that the significance of this enterprise may not be fully appreciated until some future historian senses what is here represented.

But these volumes are more than a resource for the future historian. They are more than a major contribution to the annals of the West. They represent living material. By making them available to the thousands of women in the educational program of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers, the human experience represented finds its way continuously into contemporary culture. No society can claim much of a future without an appreciation of the past. In the present volume one meets the wagons trains of a century ago. The development of an economic system, so vital to many young nations in Africa and Asia today, can here be studied. The range of interests, from stock raising, to the tobacco leaf, the Bowring Theatre, the Scandinavian mother of Utah's great senator, Reed Smoot, constitute a treasure house.

Here, indeed, are the chronicles of the people of Utah and the West, prepared by one who loves this history. Scholars and all who can or will read will find much in these pages.

DR. G. HOMER DURHAM  
Vice-president University of Utah

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## Introduction

In this, the third volume of *Our Pioneer Heritage*, there has been assembled invaluable information for historians as well as stimulating reading for young and old alike. It is our hope that the contents of each chapter will increase the appreciation of every reader for western history and that it will be as well received as our preceding volumes. Each book is complete within itself for it gives authentic statistics, factual history of pioneer achievements, pathos and humor. These publications are unique for they are the result of an organization of women dedicated to the preservation of the stories of their pioneer forebears.

As Daughters, we consider the publishing of their histories a major educational project, for through our research we are permitted to glimpse the greatness that was theirs and to learn through their own words the part they played, large or small, in their search for religious freedom and the building of this great western commonwealth. We promise those who carefully study these chapters they too will receive knowledge and inspiration, for with each passing year we realize more completely that we are blessed with a heritage unexcelled by any other people.

The Utah Centennial Pony Express booklet is included in this volume as one of its chapters, also the diary of Thomas Briggs, pioneer humanitarian, the Ship Brooklyn Saints, a treasury of Indian stories and individual accounts of the first settlers of Utah.

Each contributor is held responsible for the authenticity of names, dates and facts.

KATE B. CARTER



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TORA NIELSEN JACOBSEN STARKIE 1866-1960  
Surviving immigrant pioneer



## *They Came in 1859*

*Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.*

*Proverbs 3:5-6*



ON JANUARY 1, 1859 the Millennial Star announced to the Saints in Europe that emigration was again open for those who had the money to pay their expenses across the ocean, from their landing place to the frontier, then across the plains to Utah. Many responded, for James Brown, one of the captains, in his records claimed that in his company he had people from nearly every country in Europe.

Realizing that homes based on agricultural pursuits must be made to meet the needs of these newly arrived immigrants, settlements were made in both the northern and southern sections of the Territory. More land had been put under cultivation and improved and every home, no matter how humble, was surrounded with gardens, planted with fruit trees, berries, vegetables and flowers. Urged by their president to plant beautiful trees that would supply much needed shade, many varieties such as boxelders, poplars and cottonwoods were planted in the yard of every home and along the streets of the towns and cities.

During the first seven months of the year 1859, John Milton Bernhisel was still Utah's delegate to the United States Congress having been elected in 1851. After the biennial election on August 1st, he retired and was succeeded by William H. Hooper. The governor, Alfred Cumming, had won the respect of the people of Utah who honored him in his position. His wife, daughter of a prominent Boston physician, was accepted by the women of the

Territory. President Brigham Young by his diplomacy in dealing with the United States Army had grown in stature and strength among all people. There were but few Saints in the Valley who would not have given their all to protect him from harm. A. O. Smoot, pioneer of 1847, was mayor of Salt Lake City. His influence for good was felt not only in the city but throughout the Territory, for he was recognized everywhere as a power in the building of home industries.

In addition to the *Deseret News*, Utah at this time had two other newspapers, *The Valley Tan* first published November 5, 1858 by Kirk Anderson in Salt Lake City, although it originated at Camp Floyd. It was the first non-Mormon printed material published in the Territory and lent its influence to the federal judges and General Johnston in their hatred of President Young and Governor Cumming. On August 27, 1859 *The Mountaineer* made its first appearance and its owners and editors were James Ferguson, Seth M. Blair and Hosea Stout. Its purpose was to answer the charges directed against the Mormon people which were published in *The Valley Tan*. On February 20, 1860 *The Valley Tan* was discontinued while *The Mountaineer* published its last edition June 1, 1861.

Never was there a more grateful people than those who resided in the Territory in the year 1859. They expanded their industries, brought new machinery into the Valley, built historic Eagle Gate, and dedicated the Meridian Rock which to the present time is the center from which all markings and surveys of the west are made.

#### CHRONOLOGY OF 1859

The Federal judges in Utah exercised undue authority and caused considerable difficulty by instituting court proceedings against the leaders of the Church and others. A number of settlements were founded in Cache Valley, where a Stake of Zion was organized. Provo Valley, Utah, was settled at Heber, Midway and Charleston.

January. Saturday 1st. The *Millennial Star* announced to the Saints in Europe that emigration to Utah was again open for those who had means to take them through.

Tuesday 11th. A legislative act, changing the county seat of Washington County from Harmony to the town of Washington, was approved.

Wednesday 19th. An act passed by the Utah legislature reorganizing Carson and Green River Counties and attaching St. Mary's and Humboldt Counties to Carson County, was approved. Genoa was made the county seat of Carson and Ft. Bridger of Green River County.

February—The *Deseret Alphabet* was first introduced in Utah.

Thursday 3rd. The 59th quorum of Seventy was organized by Joseph Young at North Willow Creek (Willard), Box Elder Co., Utah, with George J. Marsh, Thomas W. Brewerton, John M. McCrary,



A. O. Smoot  
Mayor of Salt Lake City, 1859

Richard J. Davis, Elisha Mal-lory, Mathew W. Dalton and Peter Greenhalgh as presidents.

Friday 11th. The 60th quorum of Seventy was organized at Ogden, Weber Co., Utah with Luman A. Shurtliff as senior president.

Friday 25th. The 61st quorum of Seventy was organized at Mill Creek, G.S.L. Co., with John Scott, James Cragun; William Casto, James P. Park, Andrew J. Ryncarson, Dudley J. Merrill and Thurston Larson as presidents.

March. Plain City, Weber Co., Utah, was settled by Jeppe G. Folkman, Christopher O. Folkman, Jens Peter Folkman, ——— Skeen, Daniel Collet, John Joseph Spiers, John Carver, William Geddes and others.

Tuesday 8th. Associate Justice John Cradlebaugh, in his charge to the grand jury, composed of "Mormons," at Provo, called them "fools," "dupes," "instruments of a tyrannical church depotism," etc. Provo was occupied by a detachment of U. S. troops.

Wednesday 9th. A small company of Saints under the leadership of Joseph Humphreys, sailed from Port Elizabeth, South Africa, bound for America. They arrived at Boston early in May, 1859.

Monday 21st. A small company of Saints from Australia arrived at San Francisco, California, enroute for Great Salt Lake City.

Tuesday 22nd. Howard O. Spencer, a Mormon youth, was assaulted and brutally beaten on the head by Sergeant Ralph Pike, of the U. S. army, in Rush Valley, Utah.

Sunday 27th. Governor Cumming issued a proclamation against the presence of troops in Provo. About this time it was reported that certain U. S. officials had entered into a conspiracy to secure the arrest of President Brigham Young, and that Col. Johnston had promised the assistance of U. S. troops under his command to effect the arrest. As a consequence Governor Cumming notified General Daniel H. Wells to hold the militia in readiness to prevent the outrage, should it be attempted; 5,000 troops (militia) were placed under arms.

April. Monday 4th. The U. S. troops evacuated Provo.

Wednesday 6th. The 29th annual conference of the Church was commenced at Great Salt Lake City. Benjamin L. Clapp, one of the

presidents of the Seventies was excommunicated from the Church on the 7th, for apostasy.

Monday 11th. The ship *William Tappscott* sailed from Liverpool, England, with 725 Saints, under the direction of Robert F. Neslen. The company arrived at New York May 14th, and at Florence, Neb., May 25th.

May. Tuesday 10th. General Albert Sidney Johnston promised protection to all persons who wished to leave the Territory of Utah.

Wednesday 11th. Isaac Allred was assaulted and killed by Thomas Ivie, at Mount Pleasant, Sanpete Co., Utah.

Wednesday 18th. Joseph Abbott was killed by lightning, while engaged in planting corn on the "Old Fort Square," Great Salt Lake City.

Thursday 26th. James Johnson, a son of Luke S. Johnson, of Shambip County, was shot and mortally wounded by Delos Gibson in Great Salt Lake City. Death ensued the following day. A number of other murders, principally among bad characters who infested the Territory, took place about the same time.

Sunday 29th. Leo Hawkins, clerk at the Historian's office, died in Great Salt Lake City.

June. Sunday 10th. Logan, Cache County, was first settled.

July. Sunday 10th. Hon. Horace Greeley, editor of the New York Tribune, arrived at Great Salt Lake City en route from California.

The ship *Antarctic* sailed from Liverpool, England, with 30 Saints, under the direction of James Chaplow. It arrived at New York August 21st.

Thursday 14th. George W. Bradley was ordained Bishop of Moroni, Sanpete Co., which place had recently been settled.

August. Monday 1st. William H. Hooper was elected Utah's second delegate to Congress, Hon. John K. Bernhisel having served in that capacity since the organization of the Territory.

Thursday 11th. Sergeant Ralph Pike, a U. S. soldier, was shot in Great Salt Lake City, in supposed retaliation for having cracked the skull of Howard O. Spencer with a musket, five months previously.

Monday 15th. U. S. soldiers set fire to a hay stack at Cedar Fort, Cedar Valley, Utah, and fired upon the citizens in the night. The soldiers were excited over the killing of Sergeant Pike.

Saturday 20th. The ship *Emerald Isle* sailed from Liverpool, England, with 54 Saints, mostly Swiss, under the direction of Henry Hug.

Saturday 27th. The first number of the *Mountaineer*, a weekly newspaper, was published in Great Salt Lake City; Messrs. Blair, Ferguson & Stout editors and proprietors.

Monday 29th. Captain James Brown's company of immigrants, which had left Florence June 13th, and consisted of 353 souls with 59 wagons, arrived at Great Salt Lake City.

September. Thursday 1st. Captain Horton D. Haight's wagon company (called the Church train), bringing merchandise and 134 immigrants, arrived at Great Salt Lake City.

Sunday 4th. Captain George Rowley's handcart company, which had left Florence June 9th, with 235 souls, 60 handcarts, and 6 wagons arrived in G. S. L. City.

Thursday 15th. Captain Robert F. Neslen's company of immigrants, consisting of 372 souls, with 58 wagons, which had left Florence June 26th, arrived in G. S. L. City.

Friday 16th. Captain Edward Stevenson's immigrating company, consisting of about three hundred and fifty souls, with fifty-four wagons, arrived at G. S. L. City. It had started from Florence June 26th.

Saturday 17th. Alexander Carpenter was shot and mortally wounded by Thomas H. Ferguson in Great Salt Lake City. Both were non-Mormons.

October. Monday 10th. Smithfield, Cache Co., was settled by Seth Langton and Robert and John Thornley.

Friday 28th. Thos. H. Ferguson, a murderer, was executed in Great Salt Lake City. This was the first execution of a criminal in Utah.

November. Monday 14th. A Stake of Zion was partly organized in Cache Valley, Utah. Peter Maughan was appointed presiding Bishop in Cache Valley. Logan Ward was organized, with Wm. B. Preston as Bishop.

December. Monday 12th. The ninth annual session of the Utah legislature convened in Great Salt Lake City and organized by electing Daniel H. Wells president of the Council and John Taylor Speaker of the House.

This year Spring City, Sanpete Co., Utah, was resettled under the name of Little Denmark.

#### MERCHANDISING — 1859

When peace seemed to have returned to the valley those who were interested in the mercantile business started plans with renewed efforts to bring about an expansion of their various lines. Horace A. Eldredge had formed a partnership with William H. Hooper in the fall of 1856 to engage in the mercantile business. In 1858 he started east to purchase merchandise and machinery. Mr. Eldredge returned to Utah in the fall of 1859 and the firm of Eldredge and Hooper opened a store in Salt Lake City with a large stock of goods. In our files is a letter written by President Young showing that he also was making purchases of machinery and goods for the Church.

Great Salt Lake City  
April 28, 1859.

Elder J. W. Cloward,  
St. Louis, Missouri.

Dear Brother:

The last Eastern mail which arrived on the 24th instant brought letters from you dated February 11th, March 12 and 19, and one from Br. Horace, March 26; all received since my last to you, dated April 15.

By the first reliable and safe opportunity some \$10 to \$11,000 in available funds will be forwarded to Br. Horace which, with what has been and may yet be in his control, will probably enable him to fill the bills, or so nearly as to answer every necessary purpose for the present. Br. Horace is advised how to cut down the bills, should he find himself obliged to do so.

The snow in Big Mountain, the water in Weber Canyon and other matters still prevent my being able to advise how many teams will start from here for Florence, or when they will start, or finally whether it will be best to send any, but will inform you after this point is determined. Say to Br. Horace do not buy any more goods than he can purchase teams to haul, and if teams do not go from here they can stay long enough to buy their loading. If he wishes to know what makes me feel well in business matters it is to not have goods bought and strewn along the way to be damaged and lost; and to know that no debts of ours, either there or here are oppressing anyone, and then we can sleep soundly and sweetly. And whether Br. Horace purchases and forwards much or little, it will be all right so he keeps his spirits up to the mountain standard and does not permit the feelings to droop. Should affairs here and in the states continue as favorable as at present, and Br. Horace should deem it prudent and advisable to incur a small amount of indebtedness for articles of much use or real necessity, to be forwarded as above specified, it will be right; but if convenient I would prefer such indebtedness be outside of St. Louis.

Notwithstanding many flying rumors and the persistent efforts of army settlers, camp followers, etc., to the contrary, affairs here at present are very quiet. Two companies of infantry and one of dragoons, accompanied by Judge Cradlebaugh, left Camp Floyd on the 21st inst. to meet and escort Major Prince on the *Santa Clara* who is returning from California where he has been for money to pay the troops. Whether Judge Cradlebaugh accompanied the escort to act as a committeeing magistrate in Iron or Washington counties, or whether, as some say, on his way to Sonora, Arizona or California is not yet known by us. Spring is at length here, and plowing and seeding are in active operation, with excellent prospects for an abundant harvest.



Your relatives and friends and those of the brethren in the States, are well, so far as I am aware and also are the people generally. Please inform Br. George Q. Cannon that I have before me letters from him bearing date January 9 and 26, and March 4, and shall write to him fully at the first opportunity.

Praying for your welfare in every good work, I remain your Brother in the Gospel.

(Signed) Brigham Young

*Merchandise:* Merchant trains have been coming in so thick and fast of late that their arrival has almost ceased to attract attention, and if there is not some depreciation in the price of goods offered for sale in this market ere long, there is more money in the territory and a greater demand for merchandise than has been seen of late. Among the trains that have arrived lately is that of Mr. Randall, freighter for Livingston, Bell & Co. consisting of some fifty wagons and about one hundred and fifty yoke of oxen. There are many other trains on the road from the Missouri River, some freighted with goods for the regular merchants, and others for transient traders, who are coming out here to pick up some of Uncle Sam's cash, which they suppose



Wagon Train — 1859

will be scattered about profusely. If the latter succeed in gathering many of the golden eagles that are uncaged, they will have to be very expert and sell their trappings at more reasonable prices, than have been demanded by dealers since the war. *Deseret News*, July 27th.

*Goods at best:* It will be seen by referring to our advertising columns that Messrs. Staines & Co. have purchased the stock of merchandise that remained unsold, imported by Messrs. Ewing, Winsor & Letton, and

offer the same for sale at the **LOWEST FIGURES**. Messrs. Cronyn & Co. are also offering for sale a choice stock of groceries and dry goods at reasonable prices, and so are our neighbors J. C. Little & Co.

If neither of these establishments have got what you want, or if they have and will not sell at fair prices, wait a day or two, 'till Capt. Miller's train arrives and try them; tho' there is no necessity for being in a hurry, as there is any amount of merchandise on the way to this market that will be sold at less prices than are now asked by the cheapest firm in the city. In fact, the universal motto of merchants and traders just now, seems to be "cost and carriage," which will be explained ere long. *Deseret News, Aug. 17th*

*Merchants and Monetary Affairs:* For several months past, mercantile business has been considerably on the decline in this city, and merchants, transient traders, speculators, gamblers and others, who are generally about when and wherever money is plenty and business active, have been going away, one after another, till their numbers are greatly reduced and, comparatively speaking, there are few of them now seen in the streets or elsewhere about the city. Hotels, taverns, boarding houses, restaurants, stores, trading establishments, commission houses, groceries, liquor shops, and many other catch-penny concerns have been closing up for want of patronage, or their proprietors having foreseen what was in the future, have sold out or closed up before it was too late to wind up their business without great pecuniary loss.

Among the most prominent boarding and eating establishments that have been compelled, by force of circumstances, to discontinue business, is that popular restaurant the "Glove," which, on Monday last, once more ceased to revolve. The proprietor, Mr. Candland, well known as an accomplished and genteel restaurateur, who always takes delight in administering to the wants of his guests, whenever it will pay, wisely concluded that a business that was not reasonably remunerative had better be abandoned than kept up.

With few exceptions, the hotels and other kindred establishments in this Territory and more particularly in this city, have hitherto received most of their patronage from that transient and mobile class of people, who come and go, like birds of passage, arriving in the spring or summer and departing in the fall or before it is too cold to continue their journey, or retrace the way by which they came, in safety. Last winter, owing to the presence of a small portion of the United States Army in the Territory, was an exception, and some business men, and many gamblers and speculators were induced to remain here in hopes of reaping a rich pecuniary harvest, which, with the hosts of missionaries that came out to civilize and moralize the Mormons, greatly increased the population of this city, during the winter and 'till late in the summer.

Since the mercantile business in the city has been on the decline and many of the sojourners have left, there has been less roudyism, less

shooting, and we wish it could be said in truth, less horse-stealing going on, than there was before, and there is a fair prospect that ere long peace and quietude will again resume their former dominion throughout Utah, a state of things more to be desired than treasures of gold and silver or any pleasure that such wealth can bestow.

*Deseret News*—Nov. 16, '59

*Machinery:* Ex-governor Young has imported this season with other machinery that arrived in the Church Train, three sugar mills; two nail machines, and a button machine which are much needed in this Territory. Several other mills have been imported by individuals in this and other counties; but judging from the amount of sorghum we have been growing, there are not mills enough in this Territory to work up what has been raised this season.—*Deseret News*

### AGRICULTURE AND STOCK RAISING

As the immigration to Utah had been limited during the years of 1857-58, there had been little progress in the development of horticulture and stock raising. The move south and the spirit of unrest prevalent among the people at that time had prevented their expansion in these vital pursuits; but the year '59 proved to be a profitable one particularly in these two enterprises. Much of the press was devoted to encouraging the Saints in the application of the latest scientific methods which would bring improvement to their lands and stock.

*Lucerne:* Mr. John Parry, of the 16th Ward, G. S. L. City, writes us the following: Your paper for the last week (No. 23) contains a request to all that have any knowledge of any seed, plant or improved mode of cultivation that would be of benefit to the community, to communicate their ideas through the medium of the *Deseret News*. I was glad to see the request. What I have to say is in regard to some seed that was sent me from England some years ago which is called lucerne.

It seems that but few in this Territory know of this valuable plant. From the knowledge I have of its produce, I am enabled to state with certainty that it will produce from four to six times as much fodder as any other seed that I ever knew. If the ground is middling rich, you may have from four to six good crops every year—especially if it can be watered. I once took particular notice that it grew twenty inches in a fortnight, and I have seen it twenty inches high in April. I find it very valuable to have lucerne in my lot to cut every night to feed to the milk cows and working animals, when there is no other fodder that can be had for them. There is no occasion to put the seed in the ground more than once in a lifetime, so far as I know. Whether lucerne is grown by any other person in this Territory, I

do not know; but I expect to have a few pounds of seed that I can dispose of to those who may wish to experiment with it.

*Hungarian Millet:* Some ten days since, we saw a field of Hungarian Millet, belonging to President Brigham Young, of luxuriant growth, the stalks being generally about five feet high and some of the heads ten or eleven inches in length, standing even and thick on the ground, presenting a most beautiful appearance when viewed by the setting sun. It has since been cut and must have produced some two or three tons per acre of excellent feed, better by far than most of the wild grass that is cut for hay in this country. The field contained about ten acres, situated in the Big Field survey immediately south of the city. The millet was sowed the first of July and came to maturity in about eight weeks. If the farmers in this country would turn their attention to the raising of this species of millet and to the cultivation of Hungarian grass, the expense of feeding teams and wintering the stock where hay is as scarce as it is in this part of the Territory, would be materially diminished and they would do well to secure some of the seed the first opportunity and make the experiment. It is believed that if sowed earlier in the season, two crops can be raised in the same year, by irrigating the ground thoroughly after the first crop is taken off. At all events, some excellent pasturage could thus be produced.

*Cotton:* The following report is published in accordance with a vote passed in the Council by a committee on cotton culture in Utah to the Legislative Council of Utah Territory:

The cotton produced this year is of much better quality and greater in quantity per acre than any previous year, although the quantity sown was much less in consequence of the great influx of merchandise into the Territory, destroying the market for that raised the previous year. Few in 1859 planted more than they needed for their own consumption. Cotton was raised, last season, at Fort Clara, Washington, Harrisville, Virgin City and Toquerville.

George A. Smith

Chairman of Council Committee on agriculture, trade and manufactures, G. S. L. City, Dec. 27, 1859.

Mr. J. L. Workman has exhibited in our office a few cotton bolls grown in the 12th Ward this season, fully matured. The staple, though short, is very good. He says that if the frost holds off a little longer, he will have at least fifty pounds from a small piece cultivated in his garden. Why can it not be grown to some extent in this vicinity by selecting localities least subject to early frosts?

#### OPPOSITION IS THE LIFE OF TRADE

The subscriber having made important improvements in the manufacturing of whiskey, is now enabled to sell it at *Three*

*Dollars a Gallon.* His large rectifier is in successful operation, and he can now recommend it to the public as the most superior article ever brought into this market.

WILLIAM HOWARD, Big Cottonwood Distillery, three miles south of Sugar House, or at Mr. G. Clements', G. S. L. City.

#### TOBACCO LEAF WANTED.

I propose manufacturing *Chewing Tobacco, Cigars, Snuff, fine and coarse cut Smoking Tobacco*, in all their variety, from the plant grown in the valley.

Benj. Hampton, 16th Ward

If farmers will put in crops, they will find it will pay well.

*Sheep:* Col. T. S. Smith's drove of sheep, to which reference was made a few weeks since, passed through this city on Friday last. They were in excellent condition, as reported, looking nearly as well as those that have not been driven across the plains this season. The loss by the way was only about twelve and one-half percent, which was small indeed, the length of the way and all the difficulties attending the driving taken into consideration.

The importation of sheep into this Territory is a matter of great importance and will be, 'till the number of those useful animals is greatly increased above what it is at the present time, and if those who are engaged in the importation of merchandise into this inland region and are investing capital in the products and manufacture of other countries would turn their attention to the introduction of sheep, they would increase the wealth of the people generally, instead of impoverishing them as the present system is unquestionably tending. The raising of sheep in these mountains is admitted by all who have had experience in the business to be very profitable, and if the people of Utah ever become wealthy there will be more shepherds in the country and a less number of inhabitants. Others may think differently, but if the time does not come sooner or later when the man that has a "young cow and two sheep" will be more independent and possess more real wealth than the dealers in the fabrication of Babylon, we shall be mistaken. *Deseret News, Oct. 26th*

#### PUBLIC SALE OF MULES, WAGONS AND HARNESS, THURS., JULY 14th

Will be sold at PUBLIC AUCTION AT CAMP FLOYD, U. T. to the highest bidder for Specie or Government Funds, 2000 or more excellent DRAFT AND SADDLE MULES, with several hundred ARMY WAGONS, together with HARNESS for the same complete. The mules are all young, sound, thoroughly broken, and in good condition; and the wagons and harness are in complete repair, with all equipment for immediate service.

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

G. H. Grossman, Depy. Q. M. Genl.  
Camp Floyd, Utah Territory

It is reported and generally believed that after selling some sixty or eighty of the government mules at Camp Floyd on the 20th inst., as per advertisement, counter orders were received from the War Department; whereupon, the sale terminated immediately and that instead of selling anymore government animals, they wish to purchase nearly as many as they have sold. If such be the case, there may be some truth in the rumor that one of the regiments at Camp Floyd will soon be under marching orders for the Colorado, either to take a hand in the Mohave war, or to be ready for some other service in the spring. *Deseret News, Sept. 28th.*

#### SETTLEMENTS — 1859

An editorial in the *Deseret News* of July, 1859 notes that conditions now warranted the Saints turning their attention to building and improving their various localities. These were followed with other editorials and advertisements which give a clear picture of the happenings of 1859.

"This temporary cessation from building and improving was not the result of fear that if the houses were built and improvements made the owners might not long enjoy the labor of their hands, for every genuine Saint will plant and build and continue to improve, beautify and adorn his possessions to the extent of his ability and capacity, regardless of what the future may bring forth; but circumstances over which they have had no control have prevented the people from following their usual avocations, and although there has been no cessation from labor or toil, their time has been devoted to other duties more arduous and the performance of labors far less desirable than those which they have had to perform since they came to these valleys, in the building of towns and cities and converting the desert wastes into fruitful fields.

"In this city in particular there have been but few buildings erected since 1856, and many of the primitive habitations have during this time so decayed that they are untenable. But of late things begin to assume a different appearance from what they have for a long time past, so far as building operations are concerned, and quite extensive arrangements are being made for the erection of commodious habitations in every ward, especially in the more living parts of the city, and loads of stone, adobe, lumber, shingles and other building materials are seen daily passing through the streets in various directions, and before the return of winter the number of dwelling houses will be very materially increased, and many that were in an

unfinished state at the commencement of the Utah War will unquestionably be completed.

"Improvements are being made in all the towns and cities in this part of the Territory, and several new settlements have been made this season and more are in contemplation, showing conclusively that the people are not looking for the end of the world yet, and that they have not forgotten that the 'Lord helps those who help themselves.'"

Minersville is situated on Beaver Creek, at the mouth of Minersville Canyon, 18 miles southwest of Beaver. Most of the inhabitants of the settlement are agriculturalists, although mining of precious metals has occasionally been carried out somewhat extensively, making Minersville a supply center. The mines in the neighborhood suggested the name of the town. Nearly everything raised in the gardens and farms matures at Minersville about three weeks earlier than at Beaver. The agricultural lands of Minersville are irrigated from Beaver Creek, which stream is tapped on both sides. Minersville has a water-power flour mill situated on the edge of the town on the south side of Beaver Creek.

Isaac Grundy, Jesse N. Smith, Tarlton Lewis and William Barton discovered lead in the mountains northeast of where Minersville now stands in the fall of 1858. Specimens of the ore were taken to Pres. Young in Salt Lake City, who called upon some of the brethren to open up the mines and locate a settlement near by. Consequently, Minersville was first settled in the spring of 1859. The first meeting was held in June, 1859, Isaac Grundy taking temporary charge ecclesiastically of the new settlement. The present site of Minersville was chosen for a townsite in preference to a location known as the Lower Beaver, which had been selected by some of the brethren from Cedar City, about seven miles below or northwest of the present Minersville. Bro. Grundy presided in the settlement until April 7, 1860, when Minersville was organized as a ward with James H. Rollins as Bishop.

G. S. L. City, Nov. 28, 1859

Editor of the Deseret News.

Dear Brother:

On Thursday the 10th inst., at about 11 o'clock a.m., pursuant to instructions received from the Presidency of the Church, we proceeded to Cache valley, seventy-five miles north, to organize the settlements.

A president was duly elected by the people, to preside over all the branches or wards in the valley. Six bishops were also ordained and set apart to act in their calling, in their several wards. Twelve men were elected by the people to form a High Council and were set apart to their office. A proportionate number from each ward was elected by the people of those Wards, that an equal representation might be given in the High Council, as nearly as we could ascertain.

We found about one hundred and fifty families there, and more continually arriving; houses in every state of progress, from complete, comfortable log cabins, down to the logs on the wagon, being hauled from the Canyon. Many claims are taken, and the most desirable locations are fast being settled. We labored faithfully in every settlement. The place heretofore known as Maughan's Fort we named Wellsville. Spring Creek settlement, being situated in an elbow of the mountains and appearing to us somewhat of a providential place, we named Providence. The next settlement northward had been previously named Logan. The settlement on Summit Creek, six miles north of Logan we named Smithfield, and told the people there to be spiritually what their location really was—a city on a hill, that could not be hid. Five miles northward from Smithfield is a settlement on Cub creek, which we named Richmond. The settlement five miles north of Wellsville, on the opposite or west side of the valley, heretofore known as the north settlement we named Mendon . . . . We remain your brethren in the gospel.

*Orson Hyde, Ezra T. Benson*

*Mt. Pleasant.* Two new settlements have been formed in San Pete county this season. One about twenty-five miles east of north from Manti on Pleasant Creek, called I believe Mt. Pleasant. They have about one thousand acres of wheat growing. There is in that vicinity an abundance of wood, water, stone and timber, in fact every facility for an extensive settlement. The people were living in wagons and brush shanties, but had commenced a stone wall four feet thick at the bottom, which when completed is designed to be twelve feet high and two feet thick at the top, and to enclose six acres of ground, to be finished by the 24th inst. Within that enclosure they propose building their houses, and when that is done I think their families will be secure from Indian depredations.

The other new settlement lies about ten miles south of west from Mt. Pleasant, near the Sanpitch river, on the direct route from Salt Creek to Manti, and is called Moroni. They have sown about three hundred acres of wheat. They have also laid off a city and are building on their city lots instead of forting in. The facilities there are abundant for a large settlement.

*J. W. Cummings—Deseret News, July 20, 1859*

#### BOWRING THEATRE—1859

In 1857, due to Johnston's Army arriving in Utah, all thought of entertainment was banished from the minds of the Saints, and during the years 1857 to 1859, there is no record of the active functioning of dramatic associations. Some attempts were made to revive dramatic activities and Social Hall was reopened, but with little success. The probable reason for the failure was that a number of the old favorites were gone, some on missions, and some to other theatrical companies.



After attempts to revive dramatic activities at Social Hall had failed, in the fall of 1859, Philip Margetts organized a new company. Since the company had been organized without the suggestion of President Young, they had no place to present their plays. This problem was solved for them by Harry Bowring, who was then building a new home on First South between Third and Fourth East Streets in Salt Lake City. The partitions had not yet been put in, and so they used the entire ground floor. A stage was built in one end, and rising tiers of lumber seats were built in the auditorium.

There seems to be no written record concerning the lighting, scenery, and costumes used in this theatre, but Minnie, daughter of Phil Margetts, and George Margetts, her brother, give some information on the subject. They agree that tallow candles were borrowed from people who were fortunate enough to have them. Minnie remembers one occasion when her father borrowed a very fancy lamp that during the performance was broken. It cost Mr. Margetts one month's wages to pay for it. The first scenery consisted of rugs and sheets, but a little later calico curtains were used. The increasing popularity of the Mechanics' Dramatic Association, and consequent increasing box office receipts made it possible for them to replace the calico curtains with painted scenery. The new scenery, wings and back drop, and the front curtain were painted by William Morris. The costumes used were very elaborate, when the occasion required; some of them were made of velvet and satin.

Although the seating capacity was less than a hundred, this little theatre has a significance far beyond its size in the history of Utah dramatics. It will be noted that this was the first place in Salt Lake City to be called a "theatre." The Old Bowery and Social Hall had both been built and controlled by the church, and were used for church meetings as well as social gatherings and plays. The auditorium of Bowring's Theatre was too small to accommodate the increasing number of patrons. Phil Margetts, anxious to get the favor of President Young for his company, invited him and his family to witness a performance. President Young accepted the invitation and saw a performance of "Luke, the Laborer." The President was so well pleased that he accepted an invitation for himself and his counselor, Heber C. Kimball, and their families, for the following evening. "The Honeymoon" was the play presented. After seeing these plays, Brigham Young was impressed that the time was ripe to build a large theatre. After the performance, Phil Margetts made a curtain speech, to which Brigham Young responded complimentarily. In this speech, he said, "The people must have amusement as well as religion," a saying which has become almost proverbial with the Latter-day Saints. Immediately after this incident President Young instructed Hiram B. Clawson to negotiate for a suitable site upon which to build a great playhouse. To Philip Margetts, then, must be given the credit for being largely responsible for bringing about the decision to build a great theatre —

the renowned and much-loved Salt Lake Theatre, which was dedicated in 1862. — *Eva Jensen Olson*

### MASONRY IN UTAH — 1857

Among the soldiers of Col. Albert Sidney Johnston's command were several who had received the degree of masonry. After Camp Floyd was established they decided to organize a lodge and applied to the Grand Lodge of Missouri for dispensation. The lodge was organized at Camp Floyd on March 6, 1859, and on June 1, 1860, it was granted a charter as "Rocky Mountain Lodge, No. 205." This first Masonic Lodge in Utah was short-lived, as most of the members belonged to the Army, and when Johnston was ordered to leave Utah in 1861 the lodge surrendered its charter.

In October, 1862, Patrick E. Connor arrived in Salt Lake City at the head of two regiments of California troops and established Fort Douglas. Colonel Connor was active in prospecting for gold and silver and the reports of his discovery brought many miners into Utah. Among these miners, as well as among the soldiers of Colonel Connor's command, were a number of Masons. On November 11, 1865, a meeting was held in the Odd Fellow's Hall, at which time the first steps were taken to organize a lodge. A dispensation was obtained from the Nevada Grand Lodge and a little later Mount Moriah Lodge was instituted with James M. Ellis, worshipful master; William G. Higley, senior warden; William L. Halsey, junior warden. Among the charter members were Theo. F. Auerbach, Oliver Durant, James Thurmond, Louis Cohn, and the officers above named. The first regular meeting of the lodge was held on the evening of February 5, 1866.

### THE DESERET ALPHABET

In order that we may thoroughly understand this attempt to introduce an alphabet in Utah we give the following statements of Historian B. H. Roberts:

To this period (1853-1869) belongs an effort or a series of efforts, to introduce a new alphabet for the English language, called the Deseret Alphabet. It was a laudable undertaking to simplify the orthography and reading of the English language by establishing a determinate uniform relation between the sign and its sound — in a word, a "phonetic alphabet." This effort was begun in October, 1853, by the board of regents of the University of Deseret appointing a committee of whom Parley P. Pratt, Heber C. Kimball and George D. Watts were members, to prepare such a system. Various opinions were entertained, of course, as to what the system should attempt. Parley P. Pratt was in favor of each letter of the new alphabet representing a single sound invariable; but this it was urged, would make the alphabet too cumbersome. At a session of the board of regents in December, 1853, the alphabet was adopted under the name by

which it was ever afterward known, although it subsequently received various modifications. As finally adopted and used to a limited extent, the alphabet consisted of 32 letters or sounds of which the so-called vocal sounds were eleven, including six long, with short sounds to correspond; four double, and one aspirate and 21 articulate sounds.

As in all things relating to Mormon effort a variety of opinions obtained as to the purpose for which the alphabet was adopted. "Some persons," says Mr. Jules Remy, "have supposed that the object of the alphabet was to present access to the Mormon books and writings and their translation into as many languages as possible." Bancroft mentions as an additional motive, to simplify spelling and pronunciation of the English language. The further object of exclusiveness, "A separate people wishing to have a separate language and perhaps in time an independent literature, and this in the face of petitioning, during the time of introducing the alphabet, for the coming of the transcontinental telegraph and railroad lines, and repeated efforts for the admission of Utah into the Union, all of which would make for closer association of the Latter-day Saints with their fellow citizens of United States. Not exclusiveness, either in community life or in literature. There was no other purpose in the adoption of the Deseret Alphabet than a laudable desire to simplify the orthography and spelling of the English language, by the substitution of a simple phonetic, for the present complex and confessedly defective alphabet. The experiment however was unsuccessful, the difficulty of application, involving the effacement of etymologies and the disconnection of roots from their derivations, together with the limitations of the community, making it abortive.

The characters were a Mormon invention. Captain Burton saw in them, however, a stereographic modification of Pitmans, and other phonetic systems, and appeals to the facsimile of the characters which he publishes. Bancroft declares them to be borrowed from the Greek and appealed to the characters, a facsimile of which he also publishes. Bancroft also makes a fanciful allusion to a relationship between the alphabet and the characters in which the Book of Mormon was written, affecting ability to trace certain resemblances between some of the characters transcribed by the prophet from the Book of Mormon plates to the Greek characters, (pio-rho-tan, shi, chi.) A font of type was cast in St. Louis and some books. The Deseret second and first readers were published and to a limited extent were used in some of the schools.

In 1859 the new Alphabet was introduced in Salt Lake City.

We present to the people of Utah Territory the Deseret Alphabet, but have not adopted rules to bind the taste, judgment or preference of any. Such as it is you have it, and we are sanguine that the more it is practiced and the more intimately the people become acquainted with it, the more useful and beneficial it will appear.

The characters are designed to represent the sounds for which they stand, and are so used. Where one stands alone, the name of the character or letter is the word, it being the only sound heard. We make no classification into vowels, consonants, etc., considering that to be of little or no consequence; the student is therefore at liberty to deem all the characters vowels, or consonants, or starters, or stoppers, whatever else he pleases.

In the orthography of the published examples, Webster's pronunciation will be generally followed, though it will be varied from when general usage demands. All words having the same pronunciation will be spelled alike, and the reader will have to depend upon the context for the meaning of such words.

—*Deseret News, February 16, 1859*

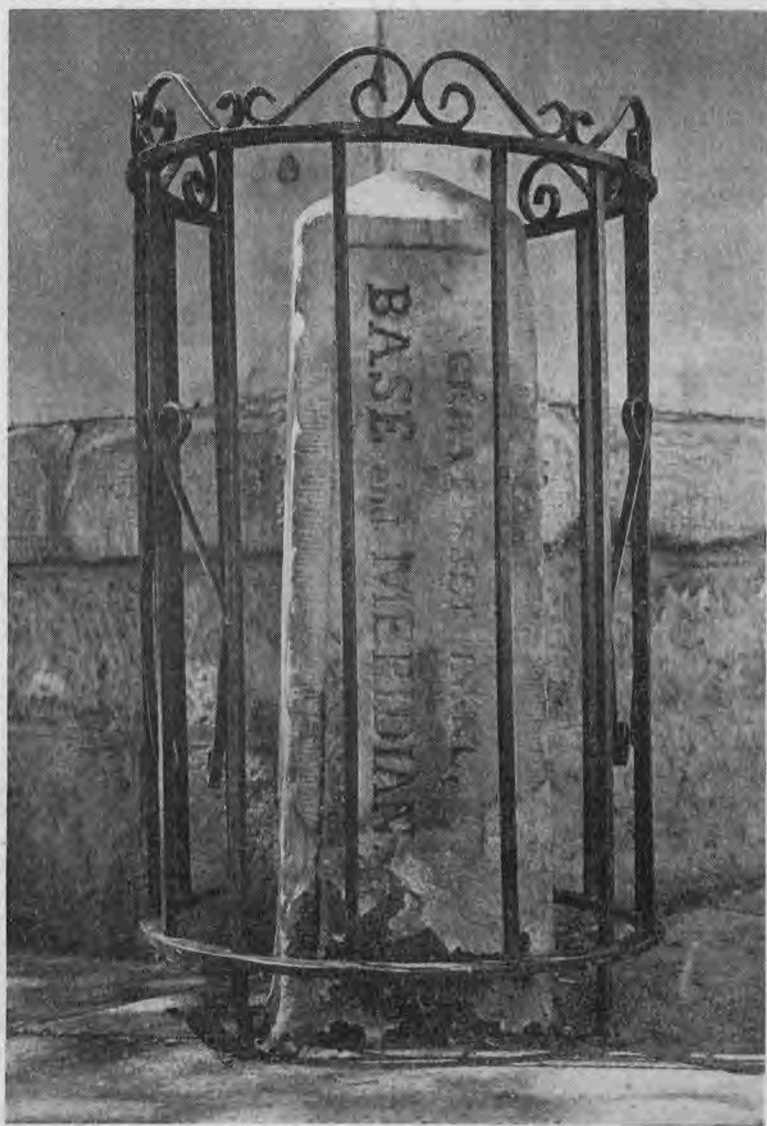


Meridian Rock — South Temple and Main Streets

### MERIDIAN ROCK

On August 3, 1847, ten days after the pioneers came into the Salt Lake Valley, an astronomical and meridian base was established on the Temple Block at South Temple and Main Streets. In 1859 a stone was placed and officially accepted by the government as the meridian line and is so marked today. This accuracy is a tribute to the work of Orson Pratt. Here was erected a small adobe observatory

where he worked out problems concerning the earth and the activities of the planet systems which startled the world, and brought him into prominence with Sir Isaac Newton and Professor Proctor of Great Britain.



Meridian Rock

The Meridian base established here is the center from which all marking and surveys of the west have been made. The government surveyors proved its accuracy and located it as one of the four bases as follows: Cambridge, Massachusetts; Omaha, Nebraska; Salt Lake City, Utah and San Francisco, California.

It was here that government observers, keeping in touch with Washington, D.C. by telegraph, were able to accurately determine the difference in time between the two cities.

The original stone marker still stands in position, with a protecting rail around it; and the bronze tablet placed on the east wall of the Temple Block near the south corner, designated this important location.

### EAGLE GATE

The Eagle Gate was erected in 1859 in Salt Lake City. It formed a part of a cobblestone wall, eight feet high and five hundred rods long, which surrounded the grounds of Brigham Young, and was built by him as a protection against Indians and to furnish employment for the pioneers. At that time there was no street running north from the Beehive corner and East South Temple as State Street now does.

Truman O. Angell designed the gate and Ralph Ramsey carved the wooden eagle. The bird was carved from five blocks of wood: one block was used for the body; from another the head and neck was formed; two more were used for the wings, while the fifth served for the beehive upon which the bird was placed.

In the early days it was the practice for citizens to drive up City Creek Canyon and bring loads of wood back through Eagle Gate. As a toll, every third load was delivered at the old sawmill at the mouth of the canyon, to keep the road in repair.

Eagle Gate was torn down in 1890, to widen the street and to permit the passage of electric cars. The wooden eagle was sent east, where it was electroplated and returned to Salt Lake City as a beautiful copper structure. In 1891, the newly plated bird was placed on the State Street arch. The piers were made of beautifully carved granite, and the curved supports for the beehive and the eagle were made longer, still retaining the same proportions to the whole as they had been in the beginning.

### HORACE GREELEY VISITS UTAH — 1859

The famous editor of the New York Tribune, Horace Greeley, described Camp Floyd under date of July 21, 1859 as follows:

"Camp Floyd, forty miles south of Salt Lake City, is located on the west side of a dry valley, perhaps ten miles wide by thirty miles long, separated by high hills from Lake Utah, some fifteen to twenty miles distant on the northeast. This valley would be fertile were it not doomed to sterility by drouth. A small stream takes its rise in

copious springs at the foot of the western hills just north of the camp, but it is soon drunk up by the thirsty plain. Water in this stream, and wood, low cedar, on the adjacent hills, probably dictated the selection of this site for a camp, although I believe a desire, if not a secret compact, to locate the troops as far as possible from the Mormon settlements, had an influence in the premises. No Mormons live in this valley nor within sight of it; though all the roads leading from Salt Lake City, as well as from Provo and other settlements around Lake Utah, are within a day's march, and may be said to be commanded by the camp. The soil is easily pulverized when dry, and keeps the entire area enveloped, during the summer, in a dense cloud of dust, visible for miles in every direction. I saw it when eight miles away, as I came down from Salt Lake City yesterday.

"The camp is formed of low and neat adobe houses, generally small. I presume there are three or four hundreds of them — enough, at all events to make six or eight Kansas cities. "Frog Town" is a satellite, or suburb, whence frogs and other luxuries, including execrable whiskey at about ten dollars per gallon, is dispensed to thirsty soldiers, who have not already drunk up more than their pay amounts to. The valley is covered with sagebrush and greasewood but the camp has been freed from these, and is mainly level as a house floor. The adobes were made on the spot by Mexicans; the boards for roofs, finishing off, etc., supplied by Brigham Young and his son-in-law from the only canyon opening into Salt Lake Valley which abounds in timber, yellow pine, I believe, fit for sawing. The territorial legislature, which is another name for the Church, granted this canyon to Brigham, who runs three sawmills therein, at a clear profit of one hundred dollars or so per day."

After a two hour interview with President Brigham Young and his associates Mr. Greeley sent these impressions to the New York Tribune: "Brigham Young spoke readily, not always with grammatical accuracy, but with no appearance of hesitation or reserve, and with no apparent desire to conceal anything, nor did he repel any of my questions as impertinent. He was very plainly dressed in thin summer clothing, and with no air of sanctimony or fanaticism. In appearance, he is portly, frank, good natured, a rather thick-set man of fifty-five, seeming to enjoy life, and to be in no particular hurry to get to heaven. His associates are plain men, evidently born and reared to a life of labor and looking as little like crafty hypocrites as any body of men I ever met. These Mormons are in the main an industrious, frugal, hard working people. Few of them are habitual idlers; few live by professions or pursuits that require no physical exertion. They make work for but few lawyers — I know but four among them — their differences and disputes are usually settled in and by the Church; they have no female outcasts, few doctors, and pay no salaries to their preachers, at least the leaders say so.

"Utah has not a single export of any kind. The army now (1859) supplies her with cash; when that is gone her people will see harder times. She ought to manufacture almost everything she consumes, or foreign debts will overwhelm her. Yet, up to this hour, her manufacturing energies have been most unhappily directed. Some \$200,000 was expended in preparation for iron making at a place called Cedar City, but the ore, though rich, would not flux and the enterprise had to be totally abandoned, leaving the capital a dead loss. Wool and flax can be grown here cheaply and abundantly; yet, owing to the troubles of last year, no spinning and weaving machinery has yet been put in operation; I believe some is now coming up from St. Louis. An attempt to grow cotton is likely to prove a

failure as might have been predicted. The winters are long and cold here for the latitude and the Saints must make cloth or shiver. I trust they will soon be able to clothe themselves.

Sugar is another necessity which they have had bad luck with. They can grow the beets very well but it is said they yield little or no sugar—because it is supposed of an excess of alkali in the soil.

"Undoubtedly this people are steadily increasing in wealth and comfort. Still the average life in Utah is a hard one. Many more days faithful labor are required to support a family here than in Kansas or in any of the states. The climate is severe and capricious—now intensely hot and dry; in winter cold and stormy and though cattle are usually allowed to shirk for themselves in the valley they



Horace Greeley  
Editor, New York Tribune

are apt to resent the insult of dying. Crickets and grasshoppers swarm in myriads and often devour all before them. Wood is scarce and poor. Irrigation is laborious and expensive; as yet, it has not been found practicable to irrigate one-fourth of the arable land at all. Ultimately, the valleys will be generally irrigated, so far as water for the purpose can be obtained; but this will require very costly dams and canals."

Mr. Greeley then voiced his displeasure concerning the government mail service in these words: "The mail from Missouri to Salt Lake has hitherto been carried weekly in good six-mule wagons; the



contract time being twenty-two days. Army necessities seemed to require it. Yet the new Postmaster-General has cut down the mail service on this important central route from weekly to semi-monthly. Nevertheless, the contractors, who are obliged to run their stages weekly because of their passenger business, and because they have to keep their stock and pay their men, whether they work or play, find they cannot carry the mail every other week so cheaply as they can every week. For instance, mail from the states now often consists of twelve to sixteen heavy sacks, most of them filled with franked documents, weighing as many hundred pounds. Double this, and no six-mule team would draw it at the requisite pace, and no mail wagon stand the jerks and jolts of an unmade road. So they say, 'please let us carry the mail weekly, though you only pay us for carrying it semi-monthly' But no! This is strictly forbidden. The postmaster at Salt Lake has express, written orders to refuse it, and, of course, he at St. Joseph also. And thus all this central region embracing, at least a dozen important military posts, and countless Indian agencies, is reduced to semi-monthly mail service, though the contractor would gladly make it a week at the same price." At Sweetwater the stage driver had orders to kill a day or two in order to avoid running into Salt Lake City ahead of schedule, which led the Tribune editor to cogitate: 'I am but a passenger and must study patience. Of the seventeen bags on which I have ridden for the last four days and better, at least sixteen are filled with large bound books, mainly Patent Office Reports, I judge, but all of them undoubtedly works ordered printed at the public cost — your cost, reader!'

#### GOVERNOR CUMMING — GENERAL JOHNSTON

Much has been written concerning the disputes between Governor Cumming and General Johnston in the year 1859. The territorial militia during this period was under the jurisdiction of Governor Cumming, while at the same time the United States Army under General Johnston, and aided by federal judges, was the source of continuous perplexity. Bancroft in his History of Utah states:

During the disputes between Governor Cumming and General Johnston the latter being aided, as reported, by the federal judges, there was constant fear that the troops would come into collision with the territorial militia. After the arrival of the army President Young never appeared in public without a bodyguard of his own intimate friends, and for many months he attended no public assemblies. At the door of his residence sentries kept watch by day, and at night a strong guard was stationed within the walls. Nor were these precautions unnecessary. About the end of March, 1859 a writ was issued for his apprehension on a groundless charge of complicity in forging notes on the United States treasury. The officers deputed to make the arrest repaired to the governor's quarters and besought his cooperation; but were promptly refused, Cumming

protesting against the measure as an unjustifiable outrage, whereupon they returned in discomfiture to Camp Floyd.

But the trouble was not yet ended. In May, Judge Sinclair was to open his court in Salt Lake City, and threatened to station there a detachment of troops. On Sunday the 17th of April it was reported that two regiments were on their way to the city for the purpose of making arrests, whereat General Wells at once ordered out the militia; and within a few hours five thousand men were under arms. It was now expected and almost hoped that the Nauvoo Legion would measure its strength with the army of Utah, but by a little timely forbearance on both sides the threatened encounter was averted. Soon afterward the judges were instructed as to their duty in an official letter from the attorney-general, and were ordered to confine themselves within their official sphere, which was to try causes, and not to intermeddle with the movements of the troops, the latter responsibility resting only with the governor. "In a territory like Utah," he remarked, "the person who exercises this power can make war and peace when he pleases, and holds in his hands the issues of life and death for thousands. Surely it was not intended to clothe each one of the judges, as well as the marshal and all his deputies, with this tremendous authority. Especially does this construction seem erroneous when we reflect that these different officers might make requisitions conflicting with one another, and all of them crossing the path of the governor." The judges were superseded a few months later; and thus the matter was finally set at rest, the action of the governor being sustained, although he became so unpopular with the cabinet that for a time his removal was also under consideration.

Judge John Cradlebaugh was assigned to the Second Judicial District, comprising the southern part of the Territory by the United States government. He should have gone to Fillmore to hold court, but instead he went to Provo which change it is presumed was made in order that he might have Federal troops near at hand. Court was convened in the new Provo Seminary on Main Street, now Fifth West, in March 1859. In his instructions to the grand jury he called attention to the Mountain Meadow massacre, and several other murders which had recently been committed and sought to fasten the blame for such crimes on the leaders of the Church. Jacob Forney, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, in a report submitted in August of that year stated, "there is a greater anxiety to connect Brigham Young and other Church dignitaries with every criminal offense, than diligent endeavor to punish the actual perpetrators of the crime."

During the time Judge Cradlebaugh was delivering his accusations to the jury, a detachment of soldiers from Camp Floyd came upon the grounds and camped without the permission of the authorities of the city who owned the building. The officers took up their quarters in the lower part of the Seminary. Mayor B. K. Bullock, the city officials and the citizens of Provo resented the soldiers'

appearance and demanded that they be removed from the city. The Judge declined to comply with their request saying that they were a matter of necessity to watch the prisoners who were to be tried before the court. The Judge was informed there was a jail that could take care of any prisoners and protested the superseding of the civil authorities by the United States military. All Utah county was aroused and protests came in from every part of the state. These the Judge ignored and showed his contempt by bringing in eight companies of infantry, one of cavalry and one of artillery.

Governor Cumming was not in sympathy with the actions of Judge Cradlebaugh and requested that General Albert Sydney Johnston in command of U. S. troops order their release from Provo. This the General refused to do as he was in sympathy with Judge Cradlebaugh. The Governor then issued a proclamation protesting "against this military movement and also against all movement of troops incompatible with the letter and spirit of the annexed extract from the instructions received by me from the government for my guidance while Governor of the Territory of Utah." The 'annexed extract' authorized the Governor to call out troops as the occasion might require and place them under the direction of the proper civil officer to act in conformity with such instructions as the Chief Executive Magistrate of the Territory might give.

The grand jury did not present the indictments; therefore, Judge Cradlebaugh began issuing warrants for the apprehension of certain persons suspected of crimes. Said warrants were served by the United States marshal accompanied by a squad of soldiers. Several men were arrested including a number of Indians and a few gentiles. Angered at the grand jury for their refusal to comply with his wishes the Judge dismissed them and the jury prepared a reply remonstrating against the abuse heaped upon them. As a result the court was closed and soon the troops were withdrawn from Provo. Judge Cradlebaugh had failed to saddle on the Mormon Church and its leaders the crimes of a few individuals. Neither the Church nor its leaders could be held responsible for such actions. It was not long before Judge Cradlebaugh left Utah.

#### DEATH OF CHIEF TINTIC—1859

Tintic, the notorious Ute Chief, died on the morning of the 15th inst. The Indians had a big pow-wow on the occasion and killed eight horses to accompany him to the world of spirits. The citizens of this Territory who have been acquainted with his history will not much deplore his death.

Arapene, Petetneet and Sanpitch with a large number of Indians are encamped four miles south of this place and are a heavy tax upon the people as they are destitute of food and have to be fed by the citizens. They are waiting for the superintendent, Dr. Forney, to visit them, and hope that his coming will not be prolonged and that

he will do something to relieve their necessities. The United States troops that have been quartered at Ephraim have been ordered to other points.—*Deseret News*

### SHIPS BRINGING EMIGRANTS FROM EUROPE

	Departure Date	Ship	Captain	Souls	Landing
Liverpool, Eng.	April 11, 1859	Wm. Tappscott	Robt. F. Neslen	725	New York
Liverpool, Eng.	July 10, 1859	Antarctic	James Chaplow	30	New York
Liverpool, Eng.	Aug. 20, 1859	Emerald Isle	Henry Hug	54	New York

### ORGANIZED COMPANIES OF 1859

Outfitting Station	Departure Date	Captain Company	Total Souls	Wagons	Arrival Date
Florence, Neb.	June 9, 1859	George Rowley	225	8	Sept. 4
Florence, Neb.	June 13, 1859	James Brown,	387	66	Aug. 29
Florence, Neb.	June 26, 1859	Robert F. Neslen	380	56	Sept. 15
Florence, Neb.	June 1859	Horton D. Haight	154	71	Sept. 1
Florence, Neb.	June 26, 1859	Edward Stevenson	285	54	Sept. 16

### EMIGRATION OF 1859

As soon as the Johnston army troubles were over, and local affairs in Utah began to assume their wonted normal condition, the edict against emigration of European Saints to the valley was recalled, and instructions were sent out that the way was again open for the 'gathering of Israel.' Under date of September 10th, 1858, President Young wrote from Salt Lake City to Elder Asa Calkin, president of the European mission, to the effect that considerable emigration to the valley was expected in 1859, although it was not the intention to operate any through the Perpetual Emigration fund. The President announced that the Church would establish its business agency in Chicago, instead of St. Louis, and that perhaps another agency would be opened at Iowa City. This change was done with a view of escaping dangers of the fevers and epidemics generally so prevalent in the more southern latitudes.

Elders Horace S. Eldredge, Joseph W. Young, George Q. Cannon and Frederick Kesler were sent east to locate as Church Emigration agents at Chicago.

A communication, dated Salt Lake City, October 21, 1858, from President Young to Elder Asa Calkin states:

"Urge on the emigration so far as you have the power. Wherein the Saints are not able to come all the way through, let them come to the States, and then make their way through as soon as they can. We would like to strengthen at Genoa and Florence, and to make a large settlement at Deer Creek, in the Black Hills, and would not object seeing about ten thousand Saints find their way to Utah the ensuing year, if they have the means and are disposed to come.

"Concerning the sailing of emigrants, you will do well to advise Brother George Q. Cannon, so that timely arrangements can

be made for them to get places to work, be forwarded to their destination, etc."

*The Millennial Star* of January 1, 1859

"We are pleased to be able at length to say to the Saints that emigration is again opened for all those who have means at their command to gather to Zion. As we have before said, no one will receive any help whatever from the P. E. Fund. The deliverance of the Saints depends entirely upon themselves, and we hope that those who have the means will go, and that those who can assist their brethren will stretch forth a helping hand. There will be an opportunity for all to go with hand-carts this season, as usual, who cannot raise the amount necessary to procure a team. Those who have the means, and prefer it, can go through to the valley, but those who feel desirous to go to the United States and assist in strengthening the settlements on the route, will have an opportunity after the through emigration shall have closed."

The reopening of emigration was hailed with delight by the Saints in Europe, but as most of them were poor, and no material help was promised by the Perpetual Emigrating Fund Company, the "through emigration" of 1859 was confined to one ship-load of Saints, who sailed from Liverpool on the *William Tappscott*, April 11, 1859. This with two other small companies bound for the States, which crossed the Atlantic in the *Antarctic* and the *Emerald Isle* comprised the whole of that season's emigration. Thus, only eight hundred and nine European Saints sailed for America in 1859. Of these fifty-four were P. E. Fund emigrants, who, together with one hundred and ninety-six others, expected to cross the plains with hand-carts that season; one hundred and forty-nine were to make the overland journey with teams. The remainder intended to stop in the States temporarily, not having means enough to go on to Utah; but it is supposed that a number of them, through the kindness of their more well-to-do-fellow passengers, were enabled to reach the valley the same year.

*William Tappscott*. On Monday, April 11th, 1859, the ship *William Tappscott* sailed from Liverpool, England, with 725 British, Scandinavian and Swiss Saints on board. The Scandinavian portion of the company, consisting of 355 souls, had sailed from Copenhagen, Denmark, on the steamer *L. N. Hvedt* April 1st, 1859, in charge of Elders Carl Widerborg and Niels Wilhelmsen, and reached Grimsby, England, on the sixth, after a rather long and stormy passage over the North Sea. From Grimsby the emigrants continued by rail to Liverpool, when they, on the seventh, went on board the *William Tappscott*, and were joined by the British and Swiss emigrants. Elder Robert F. Neslen was appointed President of the company, with Henry H. Harris and George Rowley as counselors.

After going through the process of government inspection, clearing, etc., President Neslen, in connection with his counselors, proceeded to organize the company into ten wards, namely, five English and five Scandinavian, appointing a president over each, to see to the faithful observance of cleanliness, good order, etc. The Scandinavian Saints occupied one side of the vessel, and the British and Swiss the other. The company was blessed with a most pleasant and agreeable voyage, which lasted only thirty-one days. The health of the passengers was exceptionally good, which was demonstrated by the fact that only one death occurred on board, and that was a Swedish sister by the name of Inger Olsen Hagg, sixty-one years of age, who had been afflicted for upwards of five years previous to her embarkation. This was counterbalanced by two births. In the matrimonial department the company did exceedingly well, as no less than nineteen marriages were solemnized on board; of these five couples were English, one Swiss and thirteen Scandinavian.

During the long voyage the people were called together for prayer every morning and evening at eight o'clock. On Sundays three meetings were held on deck, and fellowship meetings in each ward two nights a week. The monotony of the voyage was also enlivened by singing, instrumental music, dancing, games, etc., in which, as a matter of course, the junior portion took a prominent part, while the more sedate enjoyed themselves in seeing and hearing the happyfying recreations.

About fifty of the Saints who crossed the Atlantic in the *William Tappscott* stopped temporarily in New York and other parts of the United States.

*Antarctic.* The ship *Antarctic*, under Captain Sloufer, sailed from Liverpool, July 10, 1859, with thirty Saints on board, in charge of Elder James Chaplow. After a successful voyage, this little company arrived in New York, August 21, 1859, and the emigrants scattered in search of employment, intending to go to the Valley as soon as they had earned sufficient means to do so.

*Emerald Isle.* The ship *Emerald Isle*, under Captain Cornish, cleared from the port of Liverpool, August 18, 1859, and sailed on the twentieth with fifty-four Saints on board, namely fifty from the Swiss and Italian Mission, and four from England, under the presidency of Elder Henry Hug. There is no account on hand of the voyage of this company, who like those crossing in the *Antarctic* emigrated to the States where they expected to earn means to enable them to continue the journey to Utah. This was the one hundred and sixth organized company to cross the Atlantic Ocean.

#### THE OVERLAND JOURNEY, 1859

In 1859 the first attempt was made to send teams from the Valley to the Missouri River and back again the same season. The

possibility of the plan, when first introduced by Elder Joseph W. Young, was doubted by many on the ground that two thousand miles was too great a distance for teams to travel during one short summer, considering the early and late snowfall in the mountains, and scarcity of grass. President Young, decided in favor of the experiment, and early in May an ox-train left Salt Lake City for Florence, with orders to load back with mill machinery and other goods stored on the frontiers, and also with emigrants. This train, which became known in history of that season's emigration as the Church train, arrived at Florence in safety, and started on the return trip some time in June, in charge of Elder Horton D. Haight and Bishop Frederick Kesler. During the return journey the company lost about sixty head of cattle, principally or wholly from disease, out of four hundred and forty-eight with which they left Florence. Only a few families (one hundred and fifty-four souls) crossed the plains in this train, as it was freighted with merchandise, machinery, etc., for the First Presidency, the public works and others; several wagons were also loaded with printing material and paper for the Deseret News office, etc. On Thursday, September 1st, the company arrived in Salt Lake City in good condition.

In the beginning of June the handcart emigrants who had crossed the Atlantic in the *William Tappscott*, and a few others, were organized for the overland journey; the company consisting of two hundred and twenty-five souls with sixty handcarts, broke up their encampment at Florence on the ninth of June and started for the mountains under the direction of Captain George Rowley. For each cart there were four or six persons, twenty pounds baggage and half the provisions needed for the journey. Eight wagons drawn by oxen, followed with the supplies.

Besides the European emigration which mainly crossed the Atlantic in the *William Tappscott*, a large number of Saints emigrated to Utah from the States in 1859; this, of course, included many who had previously come from Europe, but had stopped in the States in order to obtain means wherewith to defray the expenses of the overland journey. Elder George Q. Cannon was successful in making satisfactory arrangements for shipping the emigrants all the way by rail to St. Joseph, Missouri, and thence by steamboat up the Missouri River. Florence, Nebraska, was chosen as the outfitting place for the season, and from that place most, if not the whole of the emigration of 1859 commenced the journey across the plains.

The *Council Bluffs Press*, a newspaper published in Council Bluffs, Iowa, stated that on the last day of May, there were about thirteen hundred "Mormon" emigrants at Florence, en route for Utah from different parts of the world; and that about two hundred and fifty of them were coming over the plains with handcarts of which the company had sixty with iron axles. General Horace S. Eldredge had one hundred and fifty splendid Chicago and St. Louis wagons at

Florence loaded with merchandise and various kinds of machinery for Salt Lake City, each wagon having about 2,500 pounds of freight, in the aggregate nearly 200 tons.

#### GEORGE ROWLEY — CAPTAIN 1859

George Rowley was born September 20, 1827, the son of Richard and Rachel Oaks Rowley of Thornhill, Yorkshire, England. He was baptized a member of the Latter-day Saint Church in 1847. George married Ann Brown and both were desirous of emigrating to America. An opportunity arose which would enable him to pay his passage across the ocean but he was not permitted to take his family. On January 18, 1855 he sailed on the ship *Charles Buck*, and since he was an excellent musician, President Ballantyne put George in charge of the singing on the ship and a choir was organized. On March 14, 1855 the ship docked in New Orleans where George remained some five weeks. He drove a team to St. Louis and worked in the Jackson foundry for a time, then on July 24th started for Atchinson, Kansas where he arrived four days later. On the 5th of August he drove one of the wagons westward as far as Mormon Grove. He arrived in Utah November, 1855.

George spent the next two years in the valley working, singing, preaching and always praying that his wife and family might be brought to Utah. On April 23, 1857 he was chosen as one of the handcart missionaries to go to Europe. There were twenty-six handcarts and approximately seventy men in the company. After a trying journey they reached Florence, Nebraska June 9th and on August 15th George Rowley, Jabe Taylor and John Y. Pinder sailed on the ship *Philadelphia* to labor in Wales. After George had been in Wales a few months his wife and children joined him.

Mr. Rowley was called back to Utah in 1859. The family left Liverpool, England April 11, 1859 on the *William Tappscott*. When they arrived in New York they immediately journeyed on to Florence, Nebraska where he was appointed captain of a handcart company consisting of two hundred and twenty-five souls, and eight wagons carrying their supplies and meager provisions. One pound of flour per person was allowed each day. The three sons of Captain Rowley walked most of the way. The youngest, Alma, was six years old. Shoes gave out and they had to tie rags around their feet. Through all the trials the ever abiding faith of George and Ann made them say, "The Lord did bless us." Several members of the company were excellent singers and their songs helped to keep up the morale of the others on the long journey. The company arrived in the valley September 4, 1859.

In January, 1860 George Rowley married a second wife, Sarah Tuffley. He was hired by President Young to work in the woolen mills. George was made organist of the Rowley Concert company in 1871, and they became a well known traveling troupe, adding



views and lectures to the music. On many occasions he was church organist. George lost his eyesight in 1868, but he never lost the pioneer spirit. He died in February, 1908 survived by two sons and one daughter.—*Pearl R. Cunningham*

### THOMAS C. CHRISTENSEN FAUTIN

Thomas C. Christensen Fautin, was born June 17, 1825 in Franholmpi, Hjorring, Denmark. The name Fautin comes from an ancestor who lived in the town of Fautin. His wife, Inger C. O. Jensen, was born November 9, 1835 in Elling, Fyen, Denmark. They with many others, joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, in Fyen, Denmark in 1857, and were advised by their Conference President, Carl Widerborg, to save means for their emigration to Zion, which was now opened again for the gathering of Israel. They sold their farms and placed in the bank the sum of 3,029 regsdaler. The Scandinavian newspaper of January 1st, announced the cost of each adult who crossed the plains, with hand-carts, would be 150 regsdaler, (\$75.00) and they were to advance \$20.00 for each handcart emigrant. This money was to be sent to America to purchase the necessary outfit for the journey across the plains, which included handcarts, provisions, etc. With their children, Charles, age 3; Amazene, 9 months old and Inger's parents, Ole and Annie Hedvig Jensen, they sailed from Copenhagen, April 1, 1859 on the steamer, *L. N. Hvedt*. Their voyage over the North Sea to Liverpool, England was very rough. On April 7th they went on board the ship *William Tappscott*. April 11, 1859 the ship sailed out to sea, with 725 precious souls from many nations. Songs of joy resounded from all parts of the ship as it left the dock. Only one death occurred on board, two births and nineteen marriages. Thirteen of the marriages were Scandinavian couples. Elder Robert F. Neslen was appointed president of the company of Saints aboard. He recorded it was quite difficult to take charge of so many people speaking nine different languages, but through faithfulness and diligence of the Saints, he found the task easier than anticipated.

Arriving safely in New York harbor after a thirty-one day voyage, the emigrants stepped on American soil at Castle Garden May 14th and were pronounced by doctors and government officers to be one of the healthiest, best disciplined, and most agreeable companies ever to arrive in port. The evening of the same day most of them continued the journey by steamboat up the Hudson River to Albany, New York. The company went by rail to Niagara, Windsor, Canada; Detroit, Michigan; Quincy, Illinois; on to St. Joseph, Missouri where they arrived May 21st, and the afternoon of that day boarded the steamboat *St. Mary*, which brought them to Florence, Nebraska, May 25th. This route through the states was one which no former company of emigrating Saints had ever taken. On their arrival at Florence, the Saints were organized into temporary districts with presiding

officers over each, whose duty it was to look after the comfort and welfare of the people while encamped here. Because of unfavorable conditions, Charles was left with his grandparents Ole and Anna Hedvig Jensen, to come to Utah a year later.

The company had fifteen days to get their handcarts ready. On the 9th of June they left Florence, Nebraska under the leadership of Captain George Rowley. Each handcart had 80 pounds of precious baggage; eight wagons pulled by oxen followed the handcarts with the rest of the provisions. Thomas pulled his cart all the way across the plains and Inger walked by his side carrying a nine month old child, Amazene most of the way. As the days passed, provisions ran low and they were put on half rations. Thomas and Inger, with others, put a little food aside from each meal for the nursing mothers.

As the company drew near the trading post at Fort Laramie, Inger said, "I'm going for food, I'm strong and can walk fast." She took her child and walked toward the fort. The baby fell asleep. She put the child down near the road under some trees and went on to buy or trade for food. When she came back to the place where she thought she had left the child all the trees and brush looked alike. She prayed, "Show me the place of my child, let me not lose the way." The answer came. "Rest, and wait for the child to cry." After a time she heard the little one and overjoyed she ran toward the sound. Inger then strapped the food on her back, and with Amazene safe in her arms, retraced her steps to the camp where she shared the provisions she had obtained with other members of the company.

As soon as it became known the handcart company was approaching, thousands of the inhabitants of the city went out to meet them. The company entered the Valley September 4th. They were greeted at Union Square where a feast was served.

The Fautin's lived in Salt Lake City for some time. They worked for Brigham Young on his farm and gardens, living in a cellar or dugout in Mill Creek. With them on this handcart journey were friends, Christian William Sorensen and wife, Christene. Thomas and Christian had worked together on a large farm in Denmark and had joined the Church at the same time. They also worked together for Brigham Young, living side by side, in Mill Creek. When Brigham Young gave permission to some of the Ephraim pioneers to again try to build a settlement on Pleasant Creek, now Mt. Pleasant, Thomas and Christian walked to the proposed site in San Pete County. They were pleased with the location, and decided to make this their permanent home. They walked back to Salt Lake, made two more trips and then brought their families to Spring Town, now Spring City, then on to Mt. Pleasant. They lived in dugouts and helped complete the Fort. Thomas was one of the men chosen to guard the fort and to work in the fields. He had had previous military training in Denmark, having been with the Danish Army guarding their posses-

sions in the West Indies. He was a Minute Man and 1st Lieutenant in the Black Hawk War.

The Fautin's and Sorensen's lived in the fort and had their land joining each other. Thomas made wooden wheels and a kiln to make axle grease from the pine tar. Inger, and other women in the Fort, cooked on large fireplaces, carded and spun wool, made clothing, worked in the fields gleaning every precious head of grain. Inger loved to card, spin and weave. It was a means of livelihood for her and family of ten children until 1918, when an accident crushed her hip bone. She was an invalid until her death January 5, 1925 at Mt. Pleasant.

Thomas served on a mission to Denmark in the Aarhus district from 1881 to 1883. He died July 17, 1895 in Mt. Pleasant.

*Myrtle Marquardson*

### SARAH ELIZABETH WILDE STALLINGS

Sarah Elizabeth Wilde Stallings was born in Bishopstoke, Hampshire, England, February 19, 1851, the youngest of eight children born to William and Eliza Phillips Wilde. In September 1850, William became a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Two sons, John and Fredrick, preceded their father to Utah and later, while preparations were being made for the family to emigrate, Eliza, the mother passed away. William and his family left England, April 11, 1859 on the ship *William Tappscott*. When the doctor examined the passengers on the ship, just prior to their sailing, Sarah Elizabeth feared she might not pass the examination, so she rubbed her cheeks vigorously with her cape until they were pink, thinking that rosy cheeks would be a sure sign of good health. She walked most of the way across the plains coming in the Rowley Handcart Company. When the family arrived in Echo Canyon in September, they were met by John and Fredrick, who brought them loaves of white bread, which Sarah said tasted better than any cake she had ever eaten.

The Wilde family settled in Coalville, Summit County, where they had a small farm. Four years after their arrival, Mary, Sarah's beloved sister, died as a result of a scorpion's sting.

On November 2, 1867, Sarah married Joseph Heber Stallings, in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City. Soon after their marriage they moved to Wellsville, Cache County, where they had a small farm. In the early part of 1869 they returned to Coalville. Here eight of her ten children were born, two died in infancy. On August 14, 1889, she passed away at her home in Coalville, at the birth of her tenth child, leaving her husband and children to mourn her loss. — *Files of D.U.P.*

### JANE CARTER HARRIS

Jane Carter Harris was born February 16, 1840, at Prince Rock near Devonshire, England, the fourth child of Mary Ann Stockdale

and Edwin Carter. For many years Edwin had worked at the stone quarry, but when Jane was two years old her father was killed when a blast of dynamite was set off without warning. Her mother though ill with grief immediately undertook the responsibilities of raising her small family alone. She had to work hard to provide the necessities of life; at one time she had her beautiful long hair cut and sold it to buy food.

Jane was fourteen years of age when the family embraced the gospel of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Two years later on May 4th, 1856 the family set sail for America on the ship *Thornton*. After arriving in Castle Gardens, New York, Jane went with her family to New York City. Here they remained until 1859, where she went to work in a tailor's shop. While living here she met William Martin Harris, and on July 4, 1858 they were married by Elder Kirby; both were eighteen years of age. As the Saints were counseled to go to Florence, Nebraska, the young couple were soon on their way. They expected to find some kind of work to obtain needed money and provisions that would take them on to Zion. But there was no work to be had, so they set about making handcarts while waiting for orders to continue the long journey. On June 9th, 1859 the call came for all who desired to go with the handcart company to be ready in two and one half hours. Jane and William joined the company. *George Rowley* was captain over the whole company and William was chosen captain over the wagons and cattle.

The wagons were loaded with food staples such as tea, bacon, flour, rice and brown sugar. Each handcart was allowed eighty pounds of luggage, clothes, etc., counting the provisions which were given out every four days. Children and the sick were allowed to ride in the handcarts. Jane and William had a difficult time choosing which of their belongings, which consisted of 180 lbs., they should take. They disposed of the excess 100 lbs. as best they could. Everyone was in happy spirits for they knew the Lord would guide them to the place where they would find security. Shortly after starting Jane was taken ill and rode the greater part of the time in the wagon, called the "Great Western." The roads were dusty and the days hot and dry, making the journey an exhausting one. At night the pioneers were always ready to stop when the captain called halt. At camping time the wagons and handcarts were placed in a circle forming a corral for the animals. Wood and sticks were gathered and a large community fire built outside the circle. The majority of their suppers consisted of fried pancakes and bacon; on occasions rice was boiled and served with a little brown sugar. Nothing could be wasted — food was too scarce.

Jane especially remembered one little old white haired lady, because she was so courageous and showed such faith in spite of her illness. Enroute she passed away. They wrapped her in the best cloth they had and laid her remains in a shallow grave. During the

evenings, plans for the following day were made and prayers were said. Sometimes there was singing and dancing. Always a guard was posted to warn the camp of Indians and wild animals. On the evening of July 9th they saw a band of Indians marching past the camp. Their faces were painted black and red to signify they were on the war path. Above their heads on long slim poles were tied many human scalps, illustrating the day's hideous activities. In front of them, they drove an Indian woman and two young Indian boys who must have known their doom for they looked so helpless and frightened. The camp watched anxiously till they had passed out of sight. Early the next morning Mr. Harris and one of the men went back about a mile to find an oxen which had been left to rest because it was sore footed. On their way they passed a grove of trees and there they found the bodies of the woman and the boys.

The company camped at Chimney Rock and when they were ready to resume their journey they were detained because of the illness of Jane Harris. There was no doctor but the kind wife of Captain Rowley helped, and at three o'clock that afternoon, July 21, 1859, Jane gave birth to a baby boy. When the baby was ten days old, Jane was taken ill with rheumatic fever. Her husband would go away by himself and with a humble heart pray for her recovery. His prayers were heard and answered and Jane began the slow road to recovery. Time was of utmost importance and the company had to push on. When they reached the North Platte River, the driver of the lead wagon, in which Mrs. Harris and her young baby lay, refused to follow the crossing previously marked out by Captain Harris, and started straight across the river instead of going with the current and directing his course to the opposite bank. Mr. Harris looked back in midstream and saw that the man was not following him and the lead yoke of oxen was apparently drowning in a deep hole. The driver, seeing his folly, quickly stopped the second yoke of oxen. Sensing the danger to his wife and baby, Mr. Harris raced back to their rescue. Getting on the wagon tongue he unhitched the chain of the first oxen for the other men to "Haw" the cattle around and hitch them to the back of the wagon and draw it backwards, while he stayed on the end of the tongue and batted the eyes of the second yoke of oxen to keep them from going forward. Mr. Harris's mother and sister, Adeline, sat in the back ready to jump if the wagon went into a hole, while his wife and baby lay helpless on the wagon floor. The men were successful in pulling it back to safety.

At Devil's Gate the animals were so sore footed the company was forced to stop. Captain Rowley then divided the small amount of the food they had left. A dispatch was sent to Great Salt Lake by horsemen for aid. The Saints next stopped at Fort Bridger where some of the young women of the handcart company married non-Mormons who were hired to build the fort. The Rowley Company left Fort Bridger and traveled on for several days when they

were met by Joseph Robbins leading several wagons loaded with flour and provisions which were gratefully received. Going over the rocky roads down Emigration Canyon was more than Jane could endure so with the help of her sister-in-law, Adeline, she walked while others took her baby with them in the wagons ahead. The two women walked nearly all morning trying to catch up but by afternoon Jane fell on the ground exhausted. Finally, they came to a junction of roads and not knowing which road to take, it was decided that Jane should stop and rest while Adeline ran on ahead to see if she could reach the wagons. Mrs. Harris said, "After I had rested I got up and tried to follow her, I would go a few steps thinking that I would see her but always a turn in the road or tall shrubbery would block the way between us. Then suddenly I heard the screaming of a woman echoing through the canyon. It cried, 'Oh! Murder! My first thoughts were that something had happened to Adeline. I got to my feet as quickly as I could and went in the direction of the cries. It sounded as though she was calling for help and I thought the Indians or wolves had overtaken her. I suddenly became more frightened for if I went on I thought the Indians would capture me and if I left the road the wolves would surely devour me. So I stood there praying for help to come, and suddenly I heard the sound of horses coming toward me. I thought it was Indians and that surely they would kill me. But as they came near I saw to my surprise and joy that it was my husband and his brother Edwin. I fainted. They gave me water to revive me and tried to help me on a horse, but I was too weak so they had to carry me into camp. My husband told me that he had gone to our wagon and saw that Adeline and I were missing. Adeline had screamed when she arrived at the crossroads with William and Edwin, whom she had met on the road. Finding me gone, she thought as I, that the Indians had taken me. The next morning after a good night's rest we continued on our journey."

Many friends came from Salt Lake to meet the weary travelers and all were happy to learn that one more day's journey would bring them to their destination. It was September 4, 1859, when they came out of the canyon and saw with joy and yet with great disappointment, the scattered houses and ranches of "The Salt Lake Valley." The streets were wide and dusty with straggling trees growing along the sides. There were very few people in sight. Thinking of this town as a future home, one which they had so long planned and suffered for, a town with only a few stores and the bare necessities of life, Jane wept for she realized many hardships and trials were yet to come. She said, "I thought of my home in England and New York and how the people would throng the streets on holidays and felt completely lost in this lonely valley. Then I thought of all I had gone through on the way to get to this and how I had longed to come to Zion to live with the Saints of God and I knew in my heart that in spite of my disappointment, I would

be glad to make my humble home in Salt Lake Valley. After all, I I would not be alone for I had my wonderful husband." (Many times she longed to see her dear mother, who was in New York. Two years later her wish was granted, for her mother came to Zion, and they met in Kaysville.)

It was September 4th, 1859, just after the return of the move South when this company entered the valley. The company arrived too late to secure supplies and establish homes before winter. The first home William and Jane lived in was that of a kind friend, Mr. Gallaway, where they stayed for three days. The Harris family moved to the canyon to work for Mr. Edmund and Libby Ellsworth, President Brigham Young's son-in-law. After working there three months, they returned to the city and spent the rest of the winter at the home of Mr. Russell. At one time, while living in Mill Creek, provisions were so short that Jane had only one quart of flour and a large onion for three days. With these she made a thin gruel, using a small amount of flour and the onion as seasoning. After living in Mill Creek for about a year, the family moved to Kaysville, where their daughter Mary was born; a year later they returned to Mill Creek where Adeline, Sarah and William were born. Adeline died in infancy.

When Thomas Showell, Jane's brother-in-law, and William Harris arrived in Curlew Sinks there was sagebrush as far as the eye could see, broken only by the little house which was the stage station. There was one inhabitant in the valley, a Mr. Robbins, whose acquaintance they formed. He had come to the valley June 1, 1869. Mr. Robbins had planted the first garden and had taken water to the valley from Deep Creek for irrigation. Six months later Jane and her five children arrived from Salt Lake City. It was a constant struggle against the elements and there were many things to threaten crop failures, and the loss of animals. Other settlers came to the valley but soon became discouraged and Jane could see them passing her cabin on their way back to a more prosperous community. Jane, William and their small family were happy, in spite of their lack of facilities, neighbors and entertainments.

One Friday morning, when Lucy was 16 months old, William became ill, by Sunday he was bedfast, early Monday morning he could only speak in a whisper. He asked his wife to bless and pray for him. She knelt tearfully by him and prayed as she had never prayed before. At the close of her prayer, he said "Amen" as clearly as a well man. Then feeling easier he asked for the children to be called in. He kissed them all fondly and bade them good-bye. His last words were to his oldest son, Charlie, "Be a good boy!" and while still supported in a sitting position he bowed his head and breathed his last, leaving his little family grief-stricken. His illness had been caused by white lead which he had inhaled while working at the printing office in New York. He died April 11, 1870, thirty-one years of age.

July 14, 1872, Mrs. Harris was married to William Robbins. They remained at Curlew Sinks for about five years during which time three children were born, Rosella, who died shortly after birth; Bert Bross, born June 29, 1874 and Arthur William born September 18, 1876. In 1880 twin girls were born, but died shortly after birth. October 19, 1881 another daughter was born whom they named Pearl.

Jane, with her husband, son Bert and daughter Pearl, attended the dedication of the Salt Lake Temple. Later Jane was taken ill and for nineteen years suffered intensely. On August 7, 1933 she died at Stone, Oneida County, Idaho, and was buried August 11th at Snowville, Box Elder County, Utah.—*Mary J. Harris*

### THE JAMES STEPHENS BROWN COMPANY

James Stephens Brown was born July 4, 1828 in Davidson County, North Carolina. When he was three years of age his parents moved from North California to Brown County, Illinois. It was here that the parents became converts of the Latter-day Saint Church. The family moved to Iowa where James, after hearing the leaders of the Church with regard to the raising of the Mormon Battalion, was baptized and immediately enlisted with that group in Company D and made the historic trek to the West Coast. After arriving in Utah he did extensive missionary work and also brought many emigrants to Utah. The following, relative to the trip in 1859, was taken from his journal:

On Sunday, June 12th, Elders Eldredge and Cannon visited the camp and held a meeting, then organized the company, naming James S. Brown for president and captain, the selection being unanimously sustained. George L. Farrell was made sergeant of the guard, William Wright, chaplain, and John Gordon, secretary. A captain was appointed over each ten wagons, namely: first, Wm. Steel; second, W. Williams; third, Christopher Funk; fourth, Newbury; fifth, Kent; sixth, Giddens. These names were suggested by Messrs. Eldredge and Cannon, and were unanimously sustained by the company of three hundred and fifty-three souls. The outfit consisted of fifty-nine wagons and one hundred and four yoke of oxen, eleven horses, thirty-five cows, and forty-one head of young cattle that were driven loose. We had provisions for seventy-five days.

One June 13, 1859, the company set out for Salt Lake City, Utah. There were nine different nationalities of people represented, namely: *English, Irish, Scotch, Welsh, Danish, Swedish, Norwegians* and *Icelanders*; we also had some Americans from the Eastern, Middle and Southern States, all mixed together. Many of them had never driven an ox one mile in their lives, and the result was almost like herding a train on the plains. If it had not been for G. L. Farrell, James Nickson, Samuel Garnet and Willis Brown, all excellent ox teamsters, besides some five or six others that were quite handy, we



would doubtless have had most destructive stampedes. As it was, the company did not have any serious mishaps. In a few days the train became regulated and we had more system and order in travel. For the first five or six days of the journey the stock seemed in danger of being destroyed by flies and mosquitoes, and the people suffered much from the same cause. On the 18th we passed Captain Rowley with the handcart company.

On June 19th the camp stopped on the Loup Fork, a tributary to the Platte River. There was a small town there called Columbus. On the 20th the company moved up the river and camped on a small stream, Looking Glass Creek. That afternoon I baptized and re-baptized eighty souls, and other Elders confirmed them, while some men of the company bridged the stream. On the 21st we proceeded to Genoa Ferry, where we were joined by Captain Walding's company of thirty-seven souls and ten more wagons, increasing my company to three hundred ninety people, with sixty-nine wagons, with cattle and other property in proportion. At that place we chartered the ferry boat from J. Johnston and did the work ourselves. We paid seventy-five cents a wagon, and it took fifteen hours hard labor to cross. The stock all swam safely over, and the company proceeded up the river.

We met with a company of Sioux Indians on the 24th. These formed a line of battle across the road ahead of the company, and sent two men to meet us. I was traveling in advance of the company, and although I had never been among the Sioux Indians in my life for an hour, nor had I ever been where I had an opportunity to study their language, I had not the slightest difficulty in talking to them, or they to me. Consequently, I learned at once that these Indians were on the war path, and were hunting the Omahas and Poncas. They were hungry and said they must have food from the company; so they were told to form a line parallel with the road, and to keep one-fourth of a mile back, so as not to stampede the train or frighten the women and children. They were allowed to send two men on foot to spread blankets where the company could put such food as we had to spare.

Meanwhile, I gave orders to the sergeant of the guard, G. L. Farrell, and the several captains to draw up in close order, have every teamster in his place, and all the women and children in the wagons, and for each man to have his gun where he could lay his hand on it without a moment's delay. Each family was to place some food on the blankets by the roadside. Not one team was to stop without orders. The wagons were to be corralled as quickly as possible, if they must be, at the first signal from the captain to do so; for the Indians appeared very warlike in their paint and feathers.

When the red men learned that it was a company of Mormons they had met, they readily complied with the captain's terms, and a number rode up and shook hands. As the company passed their

lines of not more than one hundred and fifty warriors, there came fourteen buffalo in sight, quite close, and attention was turned to them so much that the Indians took what the company had placed on their blankets and we passed on without further interruption.

It was about this date that the teamsters had become acquainted with their teams and the latter acquainted with their drivers, so that things began to work more orderly than before. The camp was called together every evening for prayers, and for instructions for the next day.

About the 26th the company started across from the Loup Fork of Wood River. That night the stock took fright and gave some trouble before they were recovered; but the next morning the company resumed its journey, leaving Wood Birdno to pursue two valuable young fillies, one his own and the other belonging to Capt. Brown. Br. Birdno did not overtake the company till the fifth day.

One evening the company camped on a tributary of the Platte River, where Almon W. Babbitt was killed by the Sioux Indians some eighteen months or two years before. The company crossed the stream and camped just opposite where that terrible tragedy occurred, and just as the cattle were being unyoked the Sioux Indians flocked into camp, all well-armed warriors. I saw that it was quite possible that they meant mischief, as there were no Indian families in sight; so I called to the company to continue their camp duties as if nothing unusual had happened, but for every man to see to his firearms quietly and be ready to use them if an emergency should arise. Then I turned to the chief, and it being again given to me to talk and understand the Indians, I asked what their visit meant, if it was peace, that they go with me to the middle of the corral of wagons and smoke the pipe of peace and have a friendly talk, as myself and people were Mormons and friends to the Indians, and that I wished them to be good friends to me and my people.

The chief readily responded, and called his peace council of smokers to the center of the corral, where they seated themselves in a circle. I took a seat to the right hand of the chief and then the smoking and talking commenced. The chief assured me that their visit was a friendly one, and to trade with the emigrants. I inquired of him why, if their visit meant peace, they all came so well armed. He answered that his people had just pitched camp a short distance back in the hills, and not knowing who we were had come down before laying down their arms.

By this time it seemed that there were about three Indians to one white person in the camp. I told the chief that it was getting too late to trade, my people were all busy in camp duties, and I was going to send our stock to where there was good feed for them. It was my custom, I said, to send armed men to watch over them, and the guards always had orders to shoot any wild beast that might disturb them, and if anybody were to come among the stock in the

night, we thought them to be thieves and our enemies. If they attempted to drive off our stock, the guards had orders to shoot, and our camp guards also were ordered to shoot any thief that might come prowling around camp at night. I said that, as we did not desire to do the Indians any harm, we wished the chief and his men to go to their camp, as it was now too late to trade, but in the morning, when the sun shone on our tents and wagon covers, not when it shone on the mountain tops in the west, they could leave their arms behind and come down with their robes, pelts and furs and we would trade with them as friends; but he was not to allow any of his men to visit our camp or stock at night. The chief said that was heap good talk, and ordered his people to return to their own camp. They promptly obeyed, to the great relief of the company, which had been very nervous, as scarcely one of them except myself had ever witnessed such a sight before.

Next morning, between daylight and sunrise, the Indians appeared on the brow of the hill northeast of camp. There seemed to be hundreds of them formed in a long line and making a very formidable array. Just as the sunlight shone on the tents and wagon covers they made a descent on us that sent a thrill through every heart in camp, until it was seen that they had left their weapons of war behind, and had brought only articles of trade. They came into the center of the corral, the people gathered with what they had to trade, and for a while great bargaining was carried on. For once I had more than I could do in assisting them to understand each other, and see that there was no disturbance or wrong done in the great zeal of both parties.

The trading was over without any trouble, and there was a hearty shaking of hands, and the company resumed its journey up the river, passing and being repassed by numerous companies moving west to Pike's Peak and to Utah, California or Oregon. There were gold seekers, freighters, and a host of families of emigrants and as the company advanced to the west we met many people going to the east. They were traveling all ways, with ox, horse and mule teams, as well as by pack trains of horses and mules; while some were floating down the Platte River in small row boats.

I have omitted many dates, but feel that I must say that some time in July we came up with Captain Horton Haight, who started two weeks ahead of us, with a Church train of seventy-one wagons of freight. Both trains passed Fort Laramie that same day. Mine camped seven miles above the fort on the river, where we laid over the next day, and had our wagons unloaded and thoroughly cleaned from the dust and dirt; then they were reloaded so as to balance their loading anew. All sick cattle were doctored, while the female portion of camp washed and did considerable baking. The next day we proceeded on to the Black Hills, in good spirits, the people generally well and encouraged. The road then began to be rough and gravelly,

so that the cattle began to get sore-footed, and that changed the tone of feelings of some of the people.

We went on in peace over hills and dales to the Sweetwater, thence up that stream to what we called the last crossing, where we stopped one day, and again overhauled our load, doctored sick cattle, baked, etc. From there we crossed the summit of the great Rocky Mountains to Pacific Springs, so called because their waters flow down the plains and saleratus deserts, to the Little Sandy, then to what was called the Big Sandy, and thence to Green River, the last hundred miles being the most soul-trying of the whole journey, owing to being sandy and poisonous to the stock. We traveled day and night, all that the cattle could endure, and, in fact, more than many of the people did endure without much complaint and fault-finding.

After a day's rest on the Green River, however, and being told that there was no more such country to cross, the train entered on the last hundred and fifty miles of the journey, crossing over to Ham's Fork, then to Fort Bridger on Black's Fork, and on to the two Muddy's and to Quaking Asp Ridge, the highest point to be crossed by the emigrant road. From there we went down into Echo Canyon, thence to Weber River, crossed it and over the foothills to East Canyon Creek and to the foot of the Big Mountain, where we met Apostles John Taylor and F. D. Richards. A halt was called to listen to the hearty welcome and words of cheer from the Apostles. Then the company passed over the Big Mountain to the foot of Little Mountain, where we camped. Many of the people were sick from eating chokecherries and wild berries found along the roadside.

Next day we proceeded to the top of Little Mountain. When I saw the last wagon on the summit, I left the Sergeant G. L. Farrell, in charge, and went ahead to report the approach of my company and their condition, as there were one hundred or more without food for their supper. I called first on General H. S. Eldredge, and took dinner with him. He received me very kindly, and accompanied me to President Brigham Young's office. The President welcomed us as cordially as a father could. After he had inquired and was told the condition of the company, he sent word to Bishop Edward Hunter to have the tithing yard cleared for the cattle, to have cooked food for all who needed it, and to have the company camp in Union Square.

When steps had been taken to carry out these orders, I called on my father-in-law in the Fourteenth Ward, where I learned that my family was well. Then I went back, met the company on the bench east of the city, and conducted it down to the square where we found Bishop Hunter and a number of other Bishops and people of the several wards, with an abundance of cooked food for supper and breakfast for the whole company. Several of the Twelve Apostles were on the ground to bid the company a hearty welcome, and delivered short addresses of good cheer.

Next morning, Orson Hyde, Orson Pratt, Wilford Woodruff, Ezra T. Benson, Charles C. Rich and Erastus Snow of the Twelve Apostles, Bishop Hunter and other prominent officers of the Church, came to the camp, called the people together, and again bade the Saints welcome to our mountain home. They advised the people where to go, and what to do to support themselves for the winter.

#### CAPTAIN HORTON DAVID HAIGHT — 1859

Moravia, Cayuga county, New York was the birthplace of Horton David Haight where he was born to Hector Caleb and Julia Van Orden Haight in the year 1832. The Haight family heard of a new religion called Mormonism and that the leader of the church was Joseph Smith who had translated golden plates called the Book of Mormon. Isaac Haight, another son of Caleb, was selected to go to Nauvoo, Illinois and investigate. He became so convinced of the divinity of its teachings that he accepted the gospel and was baptized. Returning home he interested the entire family in its principles and soon they migrated to Nauvoo where all the other members of the family joined the Church.

On February 6, 1846 the Mormon people began their journey westward to the Missouri River, among them the Haight's. Although new converts yet they never hesitated to cast their lot with the older members. Horton undertook the duties of the camp and the oxen with equal skill and when called to do so, assisted the older men. The second company to come into the valley, September 22, 1847 included the entire Haight family. They settled on a stream which they called Haight Creek. This place was later named Farmington in Davis county. In 1852 Horton married Louisa Leavitt. She was an excellent housekeeper, self reliant and hospitable.

A colony of Latter-day Saints had established a settlement at Fort Lemhi in the northern part of Idaho. For a time all went well but the Indians became troublesome so others were called to strengthen the mission. It was on one of these expeditions that Horton was called to help settle the difficulties. In 1858 he served under the command of Lot Smith in an effort to prevent the U. S. Army from marching into Utah.

It is said that Mr. Haight crossed the plains fourteen times, either as a member of the expedition or as one of the captains in the train. In 1859 he was appointed captain to lead a company consisting of one hundred and fifty four people, seventy-one wagons. They left Florence, Nebraska in June and arrived in Salt Lake City September 1st. Two things stand out as characteristic of Captain Haight's leadership, namely, his kind treatment of the people under his supervision, and his humane treatment of the oxen and horses. Many men remarked how clean and well fed the animals of the Haight train appeared after being brought home from a three thousand mile trip. He had a great capacity for understanding the Indians.

Ofttimes before the company reached an Indian camp he rode alone to meet them always bringing presents and food which never failed to win the respect and confidence of the redmen. He had such blue eyes and light hair they called him Pi-up Anicum. Besides the trips east he went to Carson City, Nevada for flour and supplies for the Church. In 1872 he was captain of a company assisting in the colonization of Arizona.

Mr. Haight occupied himself with farming and civic work. He was a member of the first Provisional Legislature for Utah Territory. In 1887 he was named as the first president of Cassia Stake, Idaho, which extended north into the Wood River Mountains over a hundred miles, eastward to Oneida Stake, westward no limit, and south into Utah and Nevada. While visiting different wards in the stake Horton and his counselors took camping equipment for several weeks' journey.

Horton David Haight died January 19, 1900. An old Indian called Captain Jim who had often talked to Captain Haight, came to view the body. No one knew just what the old fellow thought of Mr. Haight. Standing by the coffin he cried unashamedly, saying: "My good white father is dead." On his tombstone are inscribed these words, "Father where thou goest we will go, thy people will be our people, Thy God, our God."

### JOHN KING

John King was born September 27, 1835, at Hockley, Essex, England, a son of John and Hannah Hall King. He was the only boy in the family of eight children. When he was nineteen years of age he first heard of Mormonism. The religion appealed to him and after investigating it thoroughly he was baptized September 24, 1854 by Elder Charles W. Penrose.

John crossed the Atlantic in a sailing vessel *George Washington* where he saw the fulfillment of a remarkable prophecy uttered by Apostle Orson Pratt on the ship before it left Liverpool. He predicted that the vessel would make the quickest trip across the Atlantic Ocean carrying a company of Latter-day Saints, if they would be humble and faithful in the observance of their prayers. The ship sailed at 7 a.m. March 27, 1857 and crossed in twenty-one days, two days and nights of that time the ship lay becalmed in mid-ocean. They arrived in Boston harbor April 17, at 7 a.m. This was a very fast trip for a vessel as the usual sailing time was six weeks or more. John King and William Hymas left Boston the next morning heading westward. They walked for sometime then they stopped to pray that the Lord would direct them to a place where they could obtain work. Within twenty minutes they were hired by a farmer for whom they worked for two months. They then journeyed to Iowa City, Iowa. In 1858, while still in Iowa, John had a severe attack of typhoid

fever. The doctor told his friend he could not live more than a few days, but the Lord blessed him and his health was restored.

In the spring of 1859 John left Iowa City and walked to Florence, Nebraska. Here he was engaged by Horace Eldredge to drive a church team across the plains, receiving only his board and clothing for pay. They left in May, 1859, in the *Horton Haight* church train, passing through many exciting scenes during the trip. They arrived in the Valley September 1st, and here he was employed by Claudius Spencer.

John married Eliza Hannah Sermon on November 15, 1861, and moved to Millville, Cache County, in the spring of 1865. By this marriage he had one daughter who died at birth and his wife died two weeks later. On November 1, 1868, John married Elizabeth Griffin. He was a counselor in the Bishopric for over 30 years; a school trustee for fifteen years, Justice of the Peace and a Notary Public. He was appointed and commissioned by Governor Cumming as Captain of fifty men in the territorial militia. When the wife of John Riggs died Mr. and Mrs. King took their baby which they reared to manhood as their own. He was named Theodore King Riggs. John King died September 13, 1919 at Millville, Utah.

—*Grace King Yeates*

#### CAPTAIN ROBERT FRANCIS NESLEN—1859

Robert Francis Neslen, son of Samuel Neslen and Eunice Francis, was born at Lowestoft, County of Suffolk, England, December 10, 1832. In November 1852, he was baptized into the Mormon Church and two weeks later ordained to the Priesthood. He did missionary work in England until 1853, then emigrated to Utah, crossing the Atlantic on the ship "*Golconda*," which sailed from Liverpool, England, January 23, 1853 and arrived at New Orleans March 26th. He was appointed to assist in purchasing cattle and outfits for the season's emigration, and traveled from Iowa to Fort Bridger in C. V. Spencer's company. Robert remained at Fort Bridger about five weeks doing military duty, then continued on to Salt Lake City arriving September 30th. He returned to England to do missionary work in 1855, but was recalled to Utah in 1858 because of the Johnston Army trouble. However, he remained in New Jersey and Connecticut proselyting the Mormon faith. He again was called to England and arrived at Liverpool June 17, 1858. On March 10, 1859 Robert married Eleanor Stevens Trewella. Together they sailed from Liverpool on the ship *William Tappscott*, April 11, 1859, having charge of a large company of Saints, 725 in number. On the voyage, he solemnized nineteen marriages. On reaching Winter Quarters Robert was appointed to assist George Q. Cannon in the general emigration business. He left Winter Quarters June 28th, as captain of three hundred and eighty persons, fifty six wagons and arrived in Salt Lake City, September 15, 1859.

Robert Neslen was appointed a bishop's agent to collect tithing in Utah, Juab and Sanpete Counties. When the Salt Lake Theatre opened in 1862, he was engaged as costumer. He was also one of the actors. In 1870 he again was called to fill a mission in Europe; meantime his wife had died and left five children. Mr. Neslen returned home in June, 1871 and in August married Eliza Saville. For many years he was engaged in the mercantile business in Salt Lake City and was known by the familiar name of "Uncle Robert." He died at Salt Lake City June 3, 1912.

#### MARIE ELIZABETH DESSOULAVY

Marie Elizabeth Dessoulavy, was born June 19, 1794, at Fenin, Cantou de Newchatell, Switzerland. When she was twenty four years of age Marie married Daniel Henri DeSaules. After their marriage they moved to Saules, where her husband took up farming. The principal crop was flax, from which she made all the household linen. Marie was the mother of nine children. After the death of her second son, whose wife had died previously, she reared their child, Adele. (Adelaide).

In 1852, Marie became a convert to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. At first her husband was much in favor of the Church, but later was lead away through misunderstandings. Because of their different beliefs they mutually decided to separate. She moved with her granddaughter, Adele, to an adjoining settlement, and finally settled in Geneva, Switzerland in 1857. In 1859 Marie and the child left Geneva to join the Saints at Liverpool, England. They boarded the ship *William Tappscott* leaving Liverpool April 11, 1859 under the leadership of Robert Neslen. After landing in New York they went to Florence, Nebraska, where they were met by her son, Henri Edward, who had previously emigrated to America. While here they secured ox teams and wagons and crossed the plains with the Robert Neslen Company arriving September 15, 1859. They settled in a one room log house in the Eleventh ward, Salt Lake City.

Henri was a builder and carpenter, and worked for Elder John Taylor, making pickets for some of the first fences put up in Salt Lake City. He received produce for pay. In the winter of 1860 and 1861, Marie taught Elder Taylor's children and Adele to spin. In 1862 she moved to Provo, Utah where her son found work more plentiful. Marie died and was buried at Provo, April, 1863.

—*Sophia S. Bingham*

#### HELENA ANDERSON PEDERSON KJIER

Helena Anderson Pederson Kjier, pioneer of 1859, from Denmark was the only member of her immediate family to join the Latter-day Saint Church. Her husband, Jesper Pederson Kjier, did not accept the Gospel. They were the parents of five children, Catherine Magdalene, Anders Peter, Fredrikke, Caroline and Niels. Health and



prosperity shone on their pathway and for years they lived in peace and plenty. In the course of time, Mormon Elders came to their neighborhood; Helena listened to the new doctrine and was converted. The Elders, in those days, advised their converts to forsake their native land and gather to Zion where they might escape the judgments which God was about to pour out upon the nations.

After obtaining a divorce, Helena left her home and children that she might obey the instructions of the Elders and dwell in Zion. Her husband gave her one thousand dollars. Those converts who had means were asked to help others less fortunate; consequently she paid passage for four other people. Some of her people criticised her for leaving her husband and family until they read her journal: "My husband and children have had the opportunity and did not join the Church, but if I leave some will follow and their children and grandchildren will join the Church."

When they arrived at Florence she purchased the necessary equipment and the five people journeyed to Utah together. After her arrival in Salt Lake City, she traded the oxen and wagon and other belongings for a small piece of land and a log house. This was a critical time for her as she was in poor health and the added privations brought on a severe illness. Elder Jorgen Swanner, her ward teacher, came to her assistance and after her recovery she became his plural wife. She lived in one room of her husband's home until the arrival of her son, Anders Peter Jespersen and his family from Denmark. Some years later her son moved to Huntsville and she secured a house nearby and resided there for several years.

In 1871 she learned that her daughter, Maren, and husband, Jens Rasmussen had lost their extensive holdings in Denmark and desired to migrate to Utah. Helena sold all her possessions for four hundred dollars and sent it to them for transportation. In the summer of 1873 they, with their four younger children, arrived in Utah. It was understood that they would return the money as soon as possible. Jens was to return only his share and the children were to pay theirs to the Perpetual Emigrating Fund which they did out of their meager earnings.

In 1876 Helena returned from Weston to Huntsville and obtained a life lease on the home she had formerly owned. After a short illness she passed away October 31, 1878. Her personal property was given to her family and her money, which amounted to several hundred dollars, was, in accordance with her will bequeathed to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.—*D. U. P. Files*

#### CAPTAIN EDWARD STEVENSON — 1859

Edward Stevenson, captain of a company leaving Florence, Nebraska June 26, 1859, with two hundred eighty five persons and fifty-four wagons, arrived in Great Salt Lake Valley September 16th.

He was born May 1, 1820 on the Rock of Gibraltar, the son of Joseph Stevenson and Elizabeth Stevens. His father was master cooper for the government ordnance department at that place. In the year 1827 Mr. Stevenson decided to emigrate to America with his family and shortly thereafter set sail on the United States frigate Constitution, a three decker ship leaving Gibraltar port for Boston in May of that year.

While living in Michigan Edward heard the gospel as preached by Mormon Elders Jared Carter and Joseph Woods. He accepted their teachings and was baptized December 20, 1833 by Elder Japhet Fosdick. On May 1, 1845 he was ordained a Seventy by President Young and subsequently became president of the 30th quorum of Seventies, serving for a number of years as its senior president.

Mr. Stevenson first came to Utah in 1847 as a captain of ten in the Charles C. Rich company. During the succeeding years he crossed the plains eighteen times and the Atlantic Ocean nine times in the interests of the Church. It is believed that he traveled and preached more on his own expense than any other Elder in the Church. He was an efficient and convincing public speaker and one of the most faithful and energetic missionaries who ever preached the gospel in this dispensation. He was the husband of four wives and the father of twenty-eight children. Death came to him January 27, 1897 in Salt Lake City, Utah.

#### THOMAS HULL — IRELAND

Thomas Hull was born in Antrim County, Ireland, on November 4, 1805, the second son of Thomas and Elizabeth Miller Hull. The family owned two woolen mills, but the brothers disagreed over the division of the property after their father's death and the settlement case was in the court for seven years. By this time Thomas became discouraged and moved his family to Scotland, where he and his older sons worked in the coal mine. Here Thomas, his wife, Mary Benson, their children and two children by a former marriage, heard and accepted the Gospel and were baptized in the River Garney, near Delry, by Elder William Sterrett in 1849. An incident in connection with their receiving the gospel is rather interesting. Mary Hull was a leader of the women in the community. She heard that the Elders were holding a meeting in the woods, so she gathered a group of women and armed with rotten eggs, etc., they marched to the spot determined to break up the meeting. At a given signal from Mrs. Hull, the women were to bombard the Elders with their missiles, but the signal never came. Mary became interested in what the Elders were saying and was converted.

In 1855 the Hull family went by boat to Liverpool, England where they boarded the sailing vessel *William Stetson*; thirty one days later they landed in New York City. From New York they

went to Peoria, Illinois, and here they worked until 1859 when they had accumulated adequate funds for the trip to Utah. They walked the seven hundred and fifty miles to Florence, Nebraska where they joined the *Edward Stevenson Company*, entering the Valley September 16, 1859. Thomas was very ill when they arrived but soon afterward the family moved to Kays Creek, where Thomas, through faith and prayer was made well. Soon after this he moved his family to Cache Valley. Thomas Hull died February 2, 1877 at Weston, Idaho.

— *Annie Beckstead Tanner*

### CAROLINE CHRISTINE ELIZA REICHE WILCKEN

Eliza Reiche Wilcken was born March 1, 1830 in New Staltdt, Germany on the North Sea. She was the daughter of Fredrick Joacken and Madelaine Margaret Dorothea Weber Reiche. Fredrick Reiche was a well-to-do miller. Eliza had received an education common to the children of Germany and later was sent to a finishing school in the home of an aristocratic family. The trades in Germany required a boy to be apprenticed to a man who is a master in the trade, after which he is a journeyman and goes from one master to another getting experience until he is able to establish a business of his own.

Charles Henry Wilcken was a journeyman in the mill owned by Eliza's father. Charles had previously won renown in the service of his country and had been awarded the Iron Cross for his valor in the Schleswig-Holstein War. Eliza and Charles were immediately attracted to each other and soon married, establishing a home and a mill of their own in Dahma, northern Germany. Two children, Anna Johanna Dorothea and Charles Henry were born to them. Then one day Charles, the father, was informed that he had been chosen to serve as a bodyguard to the kaiser. This would mean a lifetime of servitude which he did not want. He took the money they had accumulated and started out with the idea of joining his brother who was then in South America.

"God moves in a mysterious way" for instead of going to South America, Charles Henry found himself stranded in New York City; then he joined Johnston's Army who were on their way to Utah. He later deserted and was made a prisoner by Lot Smith. He was taken to the home of Brigham Young where he resided for the next two years. President Young taught him the Gospel which he accepted and also secured for him a job as millwright at the Chase Mill in Liberty Park. As soon as sufficient funds could be saved he sent for Eliza and the children.

Eliza joined an emigrant company in England en route to Utah. She had money enough for first class passage on the boat but she entrusted it to an officer of the company, confident that he would do the right thing. However, he appropriated her means and she found herself and children traveling steerage without any provisions. She was sick and her plight would have been precarious had it not been

for one of the ship's mates who spoke German. He made her condition known to the captain who gave her a stateroom. A young girl from Scotland by the name of Mary McCombee was kind enough to care for Eliza and the children throughout the journey. The ship docked in New York harbor and from there the Saints took a train to St. Joseph, Missouri and on to an outfitting station in Florence, Nebraska where they started the westward journey. Eliza's outfit consisted of a wagon, horse and cow which she shared with another family. The cow was milked in the morning and the milk left over from breakfast was hung in a bucket under the wagon. Sometimes there was butter and buttermilk for the evening meal. Several days before their arrival in the valley this family was reunited when the father came to meet them. Eliza was happily surprised upon arriving in Salt Lake to find that a little home had been provided for her near the Chase Mill. The two children were put in school and the mother studied the Primer along with the children. Together they learned to speak the English language. Six more children were sent to bless their home, Alma, Bartha, Minnie, Fred, May and Emma, twins.

Charles Henry was called to establish a mill in Heber City. From there he was called to serve on a mission to England and Germany. The responsibility of providing for the family fell upon the two older children, Dorothea and Charles, as Eliza was taken ill with arthritis. She was a semi-invalid for twenty years, but although so afflicted her faith never wavered. One evening while visiting her daughters Dora and Bertha in Mexico Eliza announced that she believed she could walk if she had the support of her son-in-law and her grandson. The attempt proved unsuccessful for she could not straighten her legs. Her only remark was "I suppose my faith isn't strong enough."

Charles Henry had two other wives; Mary McCombee who became the mother of four children. Later she severed connections with the family. The second plural wife, also Mary, died and left three daughters whom Eliza cheerfully took into her heart and home and gave them a thorough training in the art of homemaking. Two sons of Mary McCombee chose to stay with Eliza and their father. This fine woman passed away in August, 1907 in Salt Lake City.

— *Amy Pratt Romney*

#### AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF IDA FREDRICA KRUGER

I, Ida Fredrica Kruger Tietjen, your grandmother, was born in Mecklenburg Strelitz Loun of Lepreen, Germany September 8, 1825. I am the daughter of Andreas Kruger and Darthea Linstead. When I was two years old, my parents moved from Mecklenburg Stralitz to Mecklenburg Schuvin and my mother died there the same year. My parents belonged to the Lutheran church and I was taught to believe in the same. When I was six years old I commenced to go to school,

and when I was twelve years old I went to live with my step-mother. Being alone I was led to seek the Lord.

When I was fifteen years old I left school and my step-grandmother taught me the dairy business. When I was eighteen I left her and went and superintended the dairy and housekeeping of Baron Van Malgen and there I formed the acquaintance of August Henery Tietjen who was the steward and another young man. I rather thought that the latter suited me better but I was undecided which one to accept. One night I had a dream that August Henery Tietjen was the right one,

and on October 22, 1847, I was married to him, being then 22 years old. On the 22nd of Oct. 1847 we moved to Sweden.

My husband is the son of Fredrick Christian Tietjen and Dortheen Christine Sophia Hellmar. He was born December 9, 1814 in Mecklenburg Schrwen Ton, Germany. In 1857 I first heard of the Latter-day Saints and I felt very much opposed to them, thinking they were the false prophets, I had read of who would come. I had been a Bible reader. My husband believed in Mormonsim as soon as he heard it; then he was baptized June 24, 1857. He then got the spirit of gathering to Zion in Utah.



Ida Fredrica Kruger

I did not want to be separated from my husband so I prayed to the Lord. I would go and get baptized, and if it was right, I

wanted him to give me a testimony, and if I was wrong I wanted him to forgive me. As soon as I was baptized and had hands laid upon me for the Gift of the Holy Ghost, I received a testimony and I began to preach and teach the gospel to all with whom I came in contact. I thought when I could see it that all would know the gospel was true. They who had been my friends now turned to be my enemies. They told evil things about me and they would not speak or believe the truth. I read the Scriptures in their true light. I saw fulfillment, when the Lord promised that signs should follow those who believed. I saw the healing power of my own family, especially with my oldest son, He had lost the sight of his left eye. The Elders administered to him and the sight was restored. As soon as I was baptized I wanted to gather with the Saints in Utah. On the first day of April 1859, myself, husband and five children left Sweden and went to England, where we

joined a large Conference of Saints and crossed the sea. We were five weeks crossing and docked in New York harbor. Then we traveled by railroad and steamboat to Florence, Nebraska where we waited five days for our outfits to cross the plains. We traveled across the plains with ox teams. We arrived in Salt Lake City, Utah September 15, 1859. We had a great many trials to pass through but still I felt satisfied with the way I found things here (in Zion) for they preached the same Gospel here as they did in the Old Country. Our means were soon spent as we were counseled to help the poor to immigrate and give other donations. The rest of our property we lost, so that we came down to know what poverty was. I had never known what it was to be poor until this time and it was quite a trial for me but still my faith strengthened in the principles of the Gospel.

Nearly the whole of the first year we were in the country my husband was sick and we had to sell our clothing to buy bread. I worked very hard to take care of my family. We had to make most of our clothing, and during that time we had three children born to us. Since that time we have been able to get along very well and have enough to make us comfortable.

The Relief Society of the Santaquin Ward was organized August 25, 1868. I was one of its first members. I was also one of the first teachers who was appointed to visit the ward. In 1871 I was released from being a teacher and appointed treasurer which office I hold at present. I am second counselor to the president of the Silk Association.

I will now write to those of my offspring who may be living 50 years hence.

"My dear beloved children: I have written you a short sketch of my life hoping it will be interesting to you and that you will preserve it and hand it down to your posterity for generations. I say unto you all, be humble and prayerful and always under all circumstances put your trust in the Lord and He will not forsake you. I want to testify to you that I know this to be the true church and kingdom of God, established upon the earth never to be thrown down and I hope that all future generations may live so as to have a testimony for themselves of this work. It is my desire that you may further carry out and establish the work that I have commenced, so that when we have finished our probation we may receive an exaltation in our Father's Kingdom. I do testify to you that I believe the principle of plural marriage to be a divine principle of God delivered to Joseph Smith (the prophet). My husband is a strong believer in this principle. The reason we have not practiced it is owing to our circumstances.

"I will say goodbye to you all and I hope we shall all meet on the Golden Shore with our Heavenly Father who has sent us here, after we have finished our mission here on earth. I do pray that we may live faithful so that we may be worthy to enter the Celestial Kingdom of our God."

She passed away June 14, 1877.—*Lulu Tietjen Hermansen*



## The Lonely Trail

*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.*

—Jeremiah 3:14-15.



GREAT majority of those who accepted Mormonism, as presented by the missionaries in eastern United States and foreign countries, knew full well their future home would be among the Saints in Utah. The story of their lives reveal the fact that as soon as they entered the waters of baptism, the "spirit of gathering to Zion" entered their hearts. Most of the early converts were without means to bring the entire family; hence, plans were made for one or two members to join a company, the others to follow as soon as enough money had been accumulated to bring them on to their ultimate destination. It took courageous hearts to bear the parting, but faith and trust in their Heavenly Father, as well as in their leaders, made the separation easier.

Individual accounts of the day by day living of those heroic pioneers who traveled the lonely trail stimulate our faith as it stirs our sympathies. Truly, it can be said of them they gave their *all* that they might reach their Zion.

## ANNE K. SMOOT

In the southern part of the far-off country of Norway is a quiet, rural district known as Onsu, situated some three or four miles from the seaport town of Fredrickstadt. Agriculture is the chief industry of its inhabitants. At the time Norway was invaded by the Swedes, Morris Arverson served as one of the guards to protect his country, he being then only fifteen years old. At the age of thirty he was married to Anne Maline Meilson, an orphan girl broken in health and spirits through having had the responsibility of caring for a family of four children. Morris and Anne became the parents of six children, three girls and three boys. The father supported his family by farming; the mother helping as she could. They were strictly Lutheran in their faith, and reared their children to believe in that doctrine.

On the 19th of December, 1833, when everything seemed bleak and dreary, a baby girl came to claim the parents love and care. According to the custom of their religion, when but a few weeks old, she was taken to the church, sprinkled and christened Anne Kirstine Morrison. Being the eldest daughter and unusually bright, she was always the pride and favorite of her father and received an equal share of her mother's love and affection. Anne willingly shared the household cares and responsibilities. When she was twelve years of age she could prepare and weave a piece of cloth equally as well as the older members. When fourteen she entered a class preparatory to becoming a full member of the Lutheran Church. She was very zealous in her religion and the Priest had such confidence in her that he placed her at the head of a class of ninety young ladies. But always there was within her a great anxiety concerning the salvation of her soul, and as she grew older and began to reason things out in her own mind, there came a feeling that something was lacking in the religion she had embraced. Whenever the opportunity presented itself she investigated other religions, but none of them gave her satisfaction. Her eldest brother Nelse had already become dissatisfied with the Lutheran faith and had broken away from the church, much to the sorrow of his parents.

Although Anne saw and felt the inconsistencies of the doctrine of her church, yet she was connected with it still in the summer of 1852, when it was rumored that eight or ten Mormon Elders from Denmark had come to their country. It caused great excitement, for the people had been led to believe they were vile, wicked men, who had come to make converts, and persuade them to emigrate to America; then, after they got there, make slaves of them.

It was not until the fall of 1852, that two Elders, John Dorius and Knud Peterson of Ephraim, Utah, visited the country village of Onsu. At that time there were no public buildings excepting the Lutheran Church; and the prejudice was so great against the Mormons, they were not permitted to hold meetings except in a very few private





ANN KIRSTINE SMOOT

homes where the people were willing to investigate their principles before condemning them. As soon as it was generally known that the Elders were holding meetings and baptizing some, they were imprisoned; not because they preached the doctrine of plural marriage, for it was not known to them at that time, but because they advanced the principles of the true and everlasting Gospel. But the time they spent in prison was not lost as far as furthering the cause of God was concerned, for they converted the jailer and his family.

Nelse had attended some of the meetings of the Saints and was impressed; but it was through no persuasion of his that Anne went to a meeting held at the home of Nelse's father-in-law, rather partially through curiosity, and under the impression that she could convince them of the error of their ways. The first hymn they sang was one composed by W. W. Phelps, commencing with the words: "The spirit of God like a fire is burning, etc." She was very much impressed with it. She listened attentively until the services were ended, then requested the privilege of an interview, which Elder Dorius granted in the presence of all. He had advanced some ideas that contradicted the principles of her religion, and she desired him to give an explanation. At the close of the discussion, she acknowledged the doctrines he advocated were more in accordance with the Bible teaching than those she had been taught; yet she did not wish to believe, and tried to convince herself that he was an impostor, and even attended meetings that were called for the purpose of poisoning the minds of individuals against the Mormons.

Anne was now nineteen years old and a great favorite with her numerous friends. Her father was, at this time, very independent, and she had bright prospects for the future for she was engaged to an exemplary young man; therefore, she sought to divert her mind by mingling in society, and attending, frequently, places of amusement. But all to no purpose, for in her heart and soul the germ of truth had been planted and it must flourish and grow to maturity. Her mind was never at ease, and when she could no longer satisfy herself that the Elders were in the wrong, she earnestly prayed to the Lord to show her what was right; promising if He would do so, she would willingly sacrifice home, family associations, friends and future prospects for the truth's sake.

Her prayers were answered. She was very soon convinced of the divine truth, and on the night of the 27th of April, 1853, she and her brother Nelse went to the seashore and there, under the hands of Elder Swen Larsen, a native of Norway, received the ordinance of baptism. When it became known to the officers of the place that some had been baptized then Nelse and Anne, with others, were summoned to appear before the magistrate of the law, and required to tell where, and by whom they were baptized, and why they had forsaken their parents' religion. It was a very unhappy day for the father and mother when they learned that their son and daughter

had joined the Mormons. They seemed not to care so much about Nelse, for they thought he could easily be persuaded he was wrong; but it was a cruel blow to know that Anne, whom they had such confidence in, had, in their opinion, become so deluded. They used all the persuasion they could to convince her of her folly, but when they saw she was adamant in her convictions, they, in their desperation, shamefully abused her. But she did not blame them for she understood, too well, under what stress they did so. Her parents did not wish her to leave home, yet she concluded that perhaps her continual presence kept their minds in turmoil; so she went to live with Nelse and family, which was not far from her father's house. Often the anxious mother would send for her daughter in the night, and, with aching heart and tearful eyes, entreat her not to go to America. Then her father would angrily tell her how she was crushing the life out of her poor mother.

Anne later said that such heartrending scenes were repeatedly enacted; that sometimes the pressure and influence were so great against her, she would kneel in their presence, and pray aloud to the Lord to give her sufficient strength to pass through the trying ordeal. It was at this time her two younger sisters became converted through her testimony, which made her parents' troubles still greater. But the law of the land would not permit anyone to be baptized unless they were nineteen years old; therefore, the sisters, Ellen and Juliana, never became connected with the Mormon Church, and soon drifted away entirely, when they were not longer under its influence.

Although the parents had great sympathy shown them in consequence of the course their children had taken; yet, on one occasion they were very much censured for their unchristianlike conduct. It was in the spring of 1854, and Anne was past her twentieth year. She had gone to Fredrickstadt to make some purchases; her parents followed, and found her at a shop in a great public thoroughfare. Although she told them she would follow peaceably wherever they wished, they would not listen to her, but dragged her into the street, and there before the curious gaze of hundreds, tore clothing from her body, at the same time using abusive language. They seemingly could not endure the thought that their daughter was a Mormon; therefore, they let prejudice sway them from the path of right, and, for a time, forgot to be the kind, indulgent parents they had always been. But amidst it all, Anne bravely defended her cause and sought to show them wherein they were wrong.

It was in the summer of 1854, when all nature was clothed in its most beautiful garments, that Nelse and his family, with Anne, concluded to bid farewell to their native land and seek a home with God's chosen people. It would have been comforting if they could have said "goodbye—God bless you"; but they were even denied that much consolation for the parents were still unrelenting. Anne made a still greater sacrifice for her religion's sake. She and her

lover were devotedly attached to each other, yet she told him if he would not be convinced of Mormonism, he must forget her; then they reluctantly said farewell, which forever separated them. Just after arriving in Utah, Anne received a letter from him, the contents of which were held sacred to her last breath. At her request, the letter, yellow with age, was carefully placed in the folds of her robe and buried with her.

Nelse sold all his worldly possessions, and promised his sister he would pay her way. They went to Drammon, a town some fifty miles away, to make the necessary preparations, previous to setting sail for the new and strange country of America. While still in Drammon, she wrote a letter to her parents. Just how it was conveyed to them is unknown; but while her son Reed was visiting at the old homestead in Onsu, he saw his mother's name written in the Bible, as if signed to some document. He was anxious to know what the contents were, so he marked the page and asked Apostle John A. Widtsoe, who accompanied him on the trip and who spoke the Norwegian language, to copy the document if he had the opportunity. He was fortunate in obtaining the contents, and the interpretation is as follows:

My dear parents:

A few words from your daughter Kirstine: Pray God for courage to accept this great truth contained in this book, and now restored, so that rejected knowledge may not be a testimony against you on God's great day to come. I pray God that on that great day we may be able to gather together in joy and happiness, and that we may then be crowned to God's glory, and that He may say to us all, come now my faithful children, you shall be rewarded for your labors;

This matter and my desire that you may know the truth and accept it, had made me shed, in secret, many burning tears, and they have been increased when I thought of the ungodliness of mankind. The years are speeding on; the day is approaching when all must listen to the Shepherd, and render obedience to His will or receive punishment. The Great King is coming to reign and to rule; sin and evil will be banished. May God grant that you may be among the worthy ones. My heart grows tender when I think of these things. God gives that all mankind may repent. I shall pray to my Heavenly Father that all who read these lines may comprehend the true purpose of this Holy Book, and may lay down the burden of sin. That which I have written is for all who may read these lines. I pray God to lead you into eternal life.

Anne Kirstine—Mauritz, Drammon.  
September 1st, 1854.

In November of the same year, they left Drammon in a fisherman's boat. At the end of a day and a half they arrived at a place called Moss, stayed there one day, then took passage on the steamboat *Noarcop* for Denmark, reaching there after two days voyage. They were detained two weeks then embarked on the steamship *Zimbria*, which should have made the trip across the North Sea in five days; but on account of contrary winds and rough weather, it was forced to turn back four times, and once barely escaped being run into by a large sailing vessel. After a five weeks voyage they reached Hull, England, their destination, on Christmas day. In a short time they were seated in the first train they had ever seen, which was hurrying them onward to the great city of Liverpool where they arrived in the evening. There they spent one week, and on the 1st day of January, 1855, they, with other Saints, boarded the sailing vessel *James Nesmith*. It did not leave the harbor for one week, and during that time a physician examined the company, and he decided that Nelse's oldest child was too ill to go on; therefore, Anne, her brother, his wife and two children went into the city again, and it was then they fully realized they were "strangers in a strange land." They secured a room in some building, and, by signs, made the people understand what they wanted, thereby procuring light and fire. All they did for the little sufferer seemed of no avail, for before morning the little spirit went to the Maker who gave it. The next day they tenderly buried the child; then went on board the vessel again, which launched out on the broad Atlantic the following day. Elder Peter O. Hansen had charge of the company of Saints, which consisted of people from the following countries: Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Germany and Ireland. When they had been three weeks on the ocean Nelse's second and only child took sick, and before many hours, the bereaved parents were called upon to part with another loved one. It was indeed a trying time for them, yet they never wavered in their faith.

They were on the ocean five weeks, and during that time, there was only one day's storm; otherwise the voyage was uneventful. The ship landed at New Orleans toward the last of February, and the passengers were immediately transferred to a steamboat, which carried them up the Mississippi River as far as St. Louis. There they stayed overnight, and attended an English meeting for the first time. Apostle Erastus Snow was the speaker, but they could not understand much of what he was saying. The day following they went on another steamer on the Missouri River which took them to Leavenworth, Kansas. Not a very inviting place it looked, for it was snowing hard, and the mud already deep; but they did not feel discouraged, for they realized they were slowly but surely making their way toward the City of the Saints. They camped for nearly three months at a place called Mormon Grove. Anne, industrious as always, sought and found a situation in a private family where she worked and earned

good wages. It was not long before the cholera broke out in camp. Many were stricken with it, suffered cruelly, and, in most instances, died.

On June 14th, an independent company of Saints, with a German Elder as captain, started on the long and tedious journey across the plains with ox teams, their final destination being Utah, "the home of the free." When they had gone only a short distance the captain, Jacob Secrist, took sick and died; his body was tenderly laid in a silent grave, and the company moved on after appointing Elder Guyman to fill the place of the sacred dead. When they had gone about half the distance, Nelse's wife was suddenly attacked with the cholera and in twenty-four hours succumbed to that dread disease. Nelse was now left without family ties; but, he had Anne's warmest sympathy, for she had indeed lost a sister and a friend. Many hearts were to mourn through similar cause, yet the living did not forget to offer thanksgiving unto the Lord. Several times the cattle stampeded; otherwise, nothing occurred to impede their onward march, and on the 7th day of September of the same year they arrived in Salt Lake City.

There Nelse and Anne separated. He went to Carson City, Nevada and there married again and had quite a large family. He left the Church. Anne only saw him a time or two after that. Anne secured a situation as housemaid in the home of Apostle Orson Pratt. Soon she became ill and was kindly cared for until she recovered. They, being supplied with all necessary help, she then went to live with Elder John Needham's family. They were kind people, but not being very strong, she was unable to do the work that was required of her; so she concluded to enquire for a situation as a weaver, being an expert in that line.

Hearing of a family in Sugar House Ward who was desirous of hiring such a person, she at once made application. She was introduced to Margaret T. and Emily Smoot, wives of Bishop A. O. Smoot, who agreed to give her a home and employment for awhile, perhaps all winter, providing her work proved satisfactory. At the end of the week all doubts as to her ability were removed. From that time on she became as one of the family. Bishop Smoot also had a third wife, Diana E. Smoot, and they all three lived together in love and harmony.

Anne, with her industry, frugality, and good nature, soon became a favorite with all. The first wife, "Ma" Smoot as she was called, especially took a great interest in Anne's welfare. She, indeed, proved a second mother to her and Anne looked upon and loved her as such. Ma Smoot often said to her, "I've got as good and kind a husband as anybody; why don't you marry him and always live with us?" Anne, taking it as a joke, would reply: "I have never thought of marriage."

Time and circumstance often bring changes which we little dream, and so it was in Anne's case. The friendship between her and the family deepened into a holier, purer affection. So, with the consent and approval of his wives, Bishop Smoot asked Anne to become one of the family by entering the marriage covenant with him. She, having the highest regard for him, accepted. On the 17th day of February, 1856, A. O. Smoot's birthday, in the presence of several witnesses, including his first two wives, the sacred ceremony was performed by President Brigham Young. They all lived together until the spring of 1857, at which time he moved part of his family to Salt Lake City, he having been appointed acting mayor in place of Jedediah M. Grant, deceased.

In the spring of 1858, when the call was made to move south, A. O. Smoot and family went as far as Salem, known then as Pond Town. There, on the 7th day of June, of the same year, in a crude cabin on the banks of the pond, Anne's first child, a daughter, was born. When eight days old the babe was blessed and named Anne Christine, that being the suggestion of the father.

In a few weeks, Bishop Smoot and family returned to Salt Lake county, living the same as before "the move." Margaret and Diana made their home in Salt Lake City; Emily and Anne in Sugar House Ward, until 1859, when he provided a comfortable home for his families in the city. There they lived and worked harmoniously together for ten years; at the end of which time he moved part of his family to Provo. Here it was, on the 6th day of February, 1860 that another daughter was born to Anne. She was blessed with the name of Alice, that being Ma Smoot's choice.

The family formed an almost independent kingdom of their own. They picked wool and dyed it; spun and wove most of the cloth they wore. Another important event occurred in the family January 10, 1862, for Anne's first son was born. Reed was the name selected for him, in honor of his Uncle Reed Smoot, brother of A. O. Smoot. (In later years this child became a distinguished member of the United States Senate serving in that capacity from 1903 to 1933.)

Ma Smoot loved her husband's children and could not have felt, nor taken more interest in them, if they had been her own. Contentment reigned in that household. Another son was added to Anne's family January 9, 1864. George Morrison was the name given to him—George for his grandfather Smoot. Anne's next child was a black-eyed girl. She came July 3, 1866 and they blessed her with the name of Agnes May.

In 1868, A. O. Smoot was called to Provo and took part of his family with him; but his wife, Anne, was one to remain at the old home until such time as he could make it comfortable for all to be together again.

On June 15, 1869, a fair haired boy arrived, bringing love and sunshine to Anne's heart and home. They named him Brigham.

Her family numbered six, until May 5th, 1872 when another daughter came to share their love. She was given the name of Ida Maline. In September of that same year, Anne and her family were removed to Provo, where her home became the gathering place for dozens of young people who came to Provo to attend the Brigham Young Academy. She was "Aunt Anne" to all. Such men as George Sutherland, William H. King, David Evans, Joshua Greenwood and many other Utah notables visited in her home. Her public work started after her last child had claimed her attention during infancy. Anne was one of the first to be placed in charge of the Primary work in the First Ward, Provo. She afterwards became president of the Primary Association of Utah Stake, which took in the whole of Utah County at that time. This position she held until her death. Her whole heart and soul was in the work; it was her thought by day, and her dream by night, to find something original that would hold the interest of the children and be an advancement for them. She staged a 24th of July entertainment at which time she wrote an original song "Brigham Young." The music was composed by Evan Stephens and it was sung by Professor J. R. Boshard.

On another occasion she planned a County Primary Fair, and in order to create interest, she asked each child to donate a piece of silk or velvet with some of their handiwork on it. She had the pieces put together in the form of a crazy-patch quilt; the work of putting it together meant days and weeks of constant labor.

At the time preparations were being made for the World's Fair, she conceived the idea of having each child in the Utah Stake Primary represented. Each one was asked to secure an unusual tiny pebble which would represent a grain of sand and send it to her together with their name and where they had found it. The results were astonishing; when they were put together there was a large cup full. She then had a glass globe made at a glass factory in Salt Lake City and secured Utah silver to make a receptacle for the globe. A form of rustic table was made from the limbs of the locust tree grown in front of the old home, the table top was made of Utah onyx. A small drawer was made in the table and the name of each child and a record of the grain of sand she or he procured was recorded in a white book and placed in the drawer for reference purposes. This was exhibited in Chicago in 1893. When she could no longer do the physical work she organized, planned, and prepared outlines which her counselors carried out.

After a life of stern realities and disappointments, followed by a happy home with joy and love, then the successful results of her labor of love for her Primary children, she passed to the Great Beyond January 20, 1894, at the home of her daughter Alice Newell in the presence of her husband and all of her children. Funeral services were held in the Utah Stake Tabernacle. Orson F. Whitney delivered the funeral sermon. A great many Primary children from all parts of



the Stake marched past the casket and dropped a flower upon it, as a token of their love. One hundred children dressed in white, sang with their sweet voices her favorite hymn, "O My Father." As those who came to pay their last respects to this remarkable woman listened to the words of praise accorded her as wife, mother and public servant, they were reminded of other pioneer women, who, with strength and determination, played such an important part in the cultural advancement of the settlements. A large cortege followed her remains to its final resting place.

The following tribute was taken from a Provo City newspaper published January 24, 1894.

Yesterday, the people of Provo laid away in the grave, with tender regret and touching ceremonies, the last remains of a lady whose life had been spent in unselfish service to her people. She came from a distant land, her hand bearing good gifts to the people of Utah, a pure-minded, noble woman—noble as a wife, as a mother and as a friend. Her special mission was to the young and innocent. These she loved with deathless devotion, and scattered all over this lovely county are found young men and maidens who will never cease calling blessings upon the memory of Anne K. Smoot. A gentle touch here, a softly breathed word there, a timely admonition to this one, a loving reproof to that one. These were her weapons of warfare, and what a glorious victory she won with her gentle weapons, let yesterday's general sorrow and the great concourse at the Tabernacle attest. There was healing in her touch, in her gentle voice, in the soft glance of her eyes. "Well done thou good and faithful servant" was the plaudit she received from the Master. It is over for her but her glorious example remains to us here. Shall we use it and always be grateful for it? Shall we profit by it?

Suppose every woman in Utah County lived the true, unselfish and blameless life this good woman has lived, how long do you think it would be until ignorance, vice, drunkenness, vulgarity and selfishness would be vanished from the community. It was easy for Anne K. Smoot to live this life. May it not be just as easy for others? Suppose there were a hundred such women at work in Utah County; how long would it be until its moral excellence, its general intelligence, its virtuous maidens and manly men would attract attention from all parts of the territory. What power has this beautiful life exerted in this narrow sphere? How long will its gentle memory remain to make womankind purer and mankind nobler, gentler and more tolerant. In cases of this kind we get glimpses of what the world could be made were all noble, honest and earnest in doing good instead of evil. It is a good thing for Provo and Utah County that this good lady lived; that her home and sphere of labor were located here; that her death occurred here, so that her life's splendid example may be driven, completed and perfected, as it is, deep into the minds and memories of the people among whom she worked and whom she loved with a deep affection.

—D.U.P. Files

## MARGARET ROBERTS MORGAN

Of humble parentage and birth  
Yet firm and strong for truth and right;  
A noble woman of the earth,  
A bearer of the Gospel's light.

Such a woman was Margaret Roberts Morgan, born May 17, 1841 at Eglwysbach, Denbighshire, Wales. She was the daughter of Hugh and Mary Owens Roberts, being the sixth child in a family of ten. Eglwysbach consisted of a group of homes, a few stores, blacksmith shop, shoe shop, grist mill, three taverns, Church of England surrounded by the village cemetery, a Wesleyan Church, Methodist Church and a Church of Dissenters. It was to this latter church that the Roberts family belonged.

Hugh Roberts was a shoemaker by trade, having a thriving business and employing several apprentices. Among these was a young man named Robert Evans, who, on a visit to South Wales had heard the Gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints from Elder Daniel Jones. Robert Evans presented this new religion to Hugh Roberts and his family and it was accepted almost immediately. One member of the family, Owen, who was sorely afflicted with dropsy at the time believed so firmly in the power of the Priesthood, and was so insistent that he be baptized, he was wrapped in a quilt and taken to a place where the ordinance could be performed. Mr. Roberts was baptized at the same time, it being done under the cover of night because of the persecutions which members of the Church were being subjected to at this time. Margaret, too, was a person of great faith and, in spite of her extreme youth, was permitted to be baptized in her seventh year.

Because of the fervor with which Hugh Roberts proclaimed the Gospel to his neighbors and friends, he, and his family, incurred much enmity which resulted in an almost complete loss of his shoe trade. This made it impossible for him to support the family and they were sent to the work house. However, this sojourn lasted only a week, because Hugh began to proselyte the Gospel among the inmates with such vigor, and was progressing so favorably, that the officers of the institution decided to move the family back to their old home and to assist Hugh with means to resume his trade. However, the work was still insufficient for the support of the family and it was necessary for Margaret and the older children to obtain employment.

Because of the bitter persecutions against the Mormon people the children were unable to attend classes, consequently Margaret received very little schooling. As she grew older, she obtained work in the homes of the more well-to-do people, who were glad to have her take care of their children as she was naturally adapted for this work. She was also hired as a maid and oftentimes her honesty

was tested by leaving pieces of money laying around. She always picked it up and returned it to her mistress.

In the spring of 1861 Mr. Roberts decided to send another member of the family to Zion, Elizabeth having already gone in 1855. Elder Lewis suggested that it be Catherine, an older sister. However, Catherine was rather delicate and lacked confidence in her ability to go alone, and it was finally decided to send Margaret, who had developed more independence. Her father felt that this was the wiser plan and remarked that in time Margaret would be a blessing to the entire family.

Margaret, who was then nineteen years of age, left Wales for Liverpool, England in company with six other Saints from that section of the country who were also going to Zion. This was during the first week of April, 1861. On the 16th she took passage on the ship *Manchester* which sailed with 380 passengers on board under the presidency of Claudius V. Spencer. The company arrived in New York May 18, 1861. They traveled from New York to St. Joseph, Missouri by train; thence by boat to the vicinity of Florence, Nebraska, where the members acquired the houses of earlier pioneers who had since gone to the Valley of the Great Salt Lake. Margaret joined the *Homer Duncan company* on June 25, 1861, walking the entire distance of more than a thousand miles across the plains.

One incident impressed itself on Margaret's memory and she often related it in later years. As they were nearing the North Platte River she and several companions located many bushes of native currants. They picked and ate the luscious fruit to their heart's content, filling their aprons, hats and pockets as well. Time passed and the wagon train went by unnoticed. When they discovered they had been left, they hastened as fast as they could to catch up with the company. After walking a short distance they were confronted by two Indians. Members of the company had been warned repeatedly never to leave the train and these young folks had disobeyed. Frightened, they threw away the fruit, and stood there not knowing what to do. The Indians eyed them stoically, suddenly smiled at them, then left without a word. They quickly rejoined the company, determined never to disobey counsel again. They firmly believed that God had brought about their deliverance.

The Homer Duncan company arrived in Salt Lake City on September 13th and Margaret went to live with a Mr. and Mrs. Mathews. Later, while living with a family near Ogden, she had her first experience with red peppers. Having never seen or heard of such a thing, and finding some growing in the garden, she judged from their appearance they must be good to eat. She tasted one. It was sufficient to satisfy her appetite for red peppers the remainder of her life. Sometime later Margaret went to live with her sister Betsy in Henefer where she became acquainted with Evan Samuel

Morgan. Shortly after he sought her hand in marriage, which important event took place May 1, 1863. The first years of their married life were spent in Shambip, Rush Valley, Tooele County, Utah. Their home consisted of one room constructed of logs. It was sparsely furnished but Margaret kept it spotless, and, being always resourceful, soon gave it a touch of elegance, hanging white linen curtains at the windows. They were once her petticoats.

In April, 1864 Evan went to Bear Lake Valley, Idaho to look for a new home, leaving his wife at Shambip. During the summer she raised garden produce which she sold for a good price to soldiers who were camped not far away. Hugh Evan, their first child, was born September 12th, one month before the father returned from seeking a new location. On April 1, 1865 Evan and Margaret received their endowments in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City. That same spring Mr. Morgan returned to Bear Lake Valley taking his stock with him preparatory to the move north. In the fall he returned to Rush Valley and in October, he, with his family, journeyed to Bear Lake Valley to make their home. Their team consisted of two yoke of oxen. En route the tongue of the wagon broke and they were forced to make camp, as night came on before it could be fixed. Other travelers were camped at the same spot, which was known as a "dry camp" because of the lack of water. These people had several cows and were giving the excess milk to their animals. Margaret, seeing the abundance of milk they had, went to the camp and asked if she could get a little for her baby. She was refused. The little family reached its destination November 1, 1865 after a trying journey. Their first home was one room built of logs with a lean-to. This shelter Evan had constructed on his earlier trips to the valley. Other rooms were added as their needs increased.

Life in Bear Lake Valley was one of hardships as was characteristic of all early pioneer settlements. They had a few cows which furnished milk and butter. Any surplus butter was salted down in crocks. Each fall this was molded and taken to Salt Lake City to be sold, as this was the nearest trading center and market. A good price was received for the butter and other produce, but prices of commodities to be purchased were equally high; calico, for example, often selling at one dollar per yard, and other cloth comparatively expensive. Not a scrap was ever wasted. Pins and needles were carefully guarded and it was indeed a tragedy to lose those rare articles. All the sewing was done by hand after the children had retired; at first by candle and later by lamp light. But those early years were not all work. Just as recreation was considered a necessary part of the program while crossing the plains, so, in those early settlements, recreation was a vital part of community life. They had dances, stage plays, quilting and rag bees, harvest bees, home socials and holiday festivities. Since the Morgan home was located near the mouth of the canyon,

travelers who came over the mountains from the lower valley, as well as church authorities from Salt Lake City, were given hospitality.

Margaret possessed many of the gifts of the Gospel. Especially was she endowed with the gift of discernment. Many with whom she came in contact, even strangers, made a confidant of her. Though her education was limited she possessed a rich store of knowledge. She was a careful observer, an attentive listener, and a deep thinker. For thirty-two years Mrs. Morgan served as president of the Relief Society of Liberty Ward, Bear Lake Stake, Idaho. In addition to the regular duties of this position, it was necessary in those days for the president to serve as doctor, nurse and mortician to the members of the ward. Much of her life was spent ministering to the sick, often being away from home two or three days at a time. On several occasions children's lives have been saved through her untiring efforts. One remarkable instance occurred in her brother, John Robert's, family. Two of the children had died of membranous croup. Reuben, the third child, was given up to die by the doctors when Margaret was called in. Through faith, prayers and her unceasing care, day and night, the child's life was spared. He grew to manhood but gave his life for his country in World War I.

The Morgan family consisted of four boys and two girls, all of whom have been active members of the Church. Truly did Margaret Morgan fulfill the words of the Savior when He said: "Inasmuch as ye do it unto the least one of these, ye do it unto me." She passed away March 20, 1918, a noble pioneer in both words and deeds.

—D. U. P. Files

### NICOLENA MARIE

Neils Bertlesen, his wife Marie, and their family were quiet God-fearing fisherfolk of the thriving port city of Aalborg, Denmark. In the early 1850's, Latter-day Saint missionaries visited their home proselyting the Mormon faith. The Bertlesen parents became converts and their major problem from then on was to find a way to get themselves and their children to Zion. They were not financially able to make the change all at once, so decided that the children should be sent first and they would follow as soon as possible.

Nicolena Marie, the third child to go, was born January 26, 1845. She was then seven years of age. Plans were made for her to accompany two Elders returning to Utah from the Danish Mission. She did not like the thought of leaving her beloved father and family, for Neils Bertlesen was a tender-hearted, gentle parent. It was Marie, the mother, who talked him into sending the children one at a time, or in pairs, and it was little Nicolena's fate to be one to go alone. She was mystified by the talk of salvation and Zion; but she had faith in her parents, she must go if they said so!

As she watched the stolid, exact, and dreadfully certain preparations of dock and deck crews, she wished with all her heart that her

father would change his mind. But no, there was mother telling her to be a good girl, to pray every day, to keep clean, to wait on herself and never cry. The Elders were there, too, with bags and bundles. Nicolena's younger sister Ottominni had come to the dock to bid her goodbye. These two girls, so near the same age, were inseparable companions. Nicolena was a blonde with blue eyes and yellow curls while Minnie was dark-haired.

Three months on the Atlantic at the mercy of storms and no, not seasickness, but loneliness and misery. The poor food nauseated her and the sleeping conditions nearly unbearable. The Elders, in whose care she had been placed, were not unkind but they were indifferent to her childish needs. They lacked the tact and understanding necessary to win her affection and confidence.

Weeks passed and Nicolena found herself in the amazing spectacle of New York City, and then in St. Louis her troubles really began. The Elders announced that they must leave her there; they were unable to take her any further on her journey to Zion. However, they did inform her that they had found a place with a family and when they arrived in Utah they would notify her brother Lars and sister Letty of her whereabouts. Months went by and the child did not hear either from her brother and sister in Utah or from her parents in Denmark. She was treated kindly by the family who had taken her into their home and was given the opportunity of staying with them as their own child; but, in her steadfast mind, was the idea that she had been sent to go to Utah by her parents and she must get there somehow.

After two years of working and saving she had enough money to buy her transportation to Council Bluffs, Iowa. She had been told that was the starting point for the covered wagons en route to Utah. By this time she had also learned to read and write the English language to some extent. Nine years old now, and venturing alone into another great unknown. At Council Bluffs, Nicolena was told she must go to Florence, Nebraska. It was four or five miles across the state line but, undauntedly, she started on her way.

At Florence she found a company ready to begin the long journey westward but every outfit was loaded. No room for a little girl who had no money to pay her way. Finally, Cyrus Snell listened to the child long enough to realize her desperate predicament. Rhoda, his wife, was ill with a new baby, and if Nicolena would help them with the other little ones, she could ride in their wagon. But as it turned out the riding was reduced to a minimum. The little girl walked with the two Snell boys, somewhere near her own age, nearly the entire distance to Salt Lake City. The journey was replete with incident and adventure. In her memories later she never alluded to it as a hardship, except that she was hourly afraid of Indian attacks. She was after all a child with a child's naturally happy outlook. The inward hurt of leaving her family had by this time partially healed.

During the long trek west, the great outdoors, the lure of unaccustomed scenes, and activities, and the knowledge that she was at last on her way to Zion, made the trip almost entirely a glorious adventure. They arrived at their destination in the fall of 1854.

The period of Nicolena Marie's growing from childhood to young womanhood in Utah is vague as to details. She rejoiced in her reunion with Lars and Letty, and prayed daily that the other members of her family might soon come to Utah, which they did a few years later. Letty, who had received a common school education in Denmark, helped Nicolena continue her education. She learned quickly and also mastered the pioneer pursuits common to all, cleaning, spinning, weaving, dyeing and finally sewing wearables from the raw wool she was sometimes required to take as pay for her services as nurse or hired girl. Good taste in her own dress, and an inborn genius for sewing, soon won her the reputation of seamstress, from which trade she was able to earn many extra dollars. In spare times she went with other girls to the fields to glean and they were sometimes able to winnow sufficient grain to pay for enough "states goods" for a new dress. Her resourcefulness and thrift taught her to braid wheat straw into plaits which she cleverly sewed into hats and bonnets.

When she was in her early twenties, and then residing in Richfield, she became acquainted with a young man of her own nationality, a Mr. Christensen. Lena, as she was usually called, became engaged to him. Her happiness now seemed complete. Then tragedy struck! Indian troubles! Mr. Christensen was called with other men of the town to put down an Indian uprising at Marysvale. He was wounded and brought back to Richfield near death. When it was seen that he could not possibly live he and Lena, according to Church rituals, were sealed to each other for time and eternity, which was little enough consolation to two young hearts beset with grief and longing. This marriage performed in such haste was later set aside in the Salt Lake temple by President Wilford Woodruff, and Lena was sealed to William G. Baker, the father of her ten children.

In her loneliness and grief over her unhappy marriage, Lena Marie had two sources of refuge and comfort, her beloved sister Ottominnie and her religion. It was, it seemed to her, God's will that her sweetheart had been taken and she never complained. She then went to work in a hotel in Richfield which was owned and operated by Mr. and Mrs. William George Baker. Mr. Baker was Justice of the Peace, a practical lawyer and business man of the small but growing community. Among other projects he held contracts for the delivery of Uncle Sam's mail from Manti to Marysvale. On one of his layovers at the Richfield House he noticed Lena and was greatly impressed by her cleanliness, efficiency and fresh beauty. He also was impressed by her loyalty to her beliefs, her sense of duty to her Church,

and to her family. He said to himself, that with his wife's consent, he would woo and win her for himself—a second wife.

William G. Baker was an Englishman. He had black, curly hair and blue eyes. He had come to Utah with his three brothers, Charles, John and Walter and his widowed mother, Jean Rio Baker, when he was sixteen. He had been born and reared in London in a home of considerable wealth. His mother was a concert singer and had joined the church after the death of her husband. Young William also possessed a fine singing voice and gave generously of his time and talents in promoting amateur theatricals and concerts in the little town.

On June 1, 1867, Lena Marie Bertlesen became Lena Marie Baker. Her "bride's nest" was a dugout a few blocks southwest of the hotel on a lot purchased by her husband. It was his purpose to build a home on it for her later. Becoming the wife of William G. Baker added much to the life of Lena Marie. She was the type of girl who hungered and thirsted for knowledge, culture and beauty. William filled that need. He was ever kind, considerate, and gallant despite the difficulties of celestial marriage. The new Mrs. Baker made her little home so neat, clean, and cosily beautiful, that it was the admiration of many of her neighbors. There is neither time nor space to go into the details of her life as a plural wife. The little happinesses, the large griefs, the moves from town to town, the uncertainties of life as a second wife, the sorrows and ecstasies of mothering and rearing ten children, poverty, sickness and death, with the ever-present consolation and hope of her beloved religion.

Her first child was a girl. Is it any wonder that she named her Minnie for her beloved sister? Then came the others, Louis, Nelson, Anna, Ida, Arthur, Ralph, Ruth, Albert and Hazel. Anna and Ida died in infancy, Albert at the age of four succumbed of whooping cough. The other seven grew to adulthood.

The Manifesto was issued by President Wilford Woodruff in 1890. It meant that the first wife only was to be legally recognized, but the husbands must divide their property and cash among their several families and continue to take care of them financially. William's varied interests had not progressed any too well, and he had little property or cash to divide, but Lena Marie did have a comfortable home. After the older children married and went to homes of their own, the younger ones helped with the cows, chickens, fruit and garden while Lena sewed for friends and neighbors, made and trimmed hats, and took boarders. She was one of the town's busiest women, but whether busy or not, her religion always came first. Her services were ever in demand for designing and making costumes for plays and character balls. She donated generously of her earnings to the building of the old Sevier Stake Tabernacle. In one of her letters to her son Ralph, then in Salt Lake City, she wrote: "The Tabernacle is getting along nicely again. I hope you will be able to spare a



dollar or two to help it along. It will be quite a task to get the building done and paid for this time."

In the late nineties she boldly ventured into a business of her own selling a piece of land for enough cash to open a millinery store. The little shop prospered under her efficient management. Three years after the death of her husband in 1902, Lena Marie sold the millinery store and moved to Salt Lake City. On the morning of July 17, 1905 she passed away, another of those children who walked the lonely trail to Utah.—*Geneva B. Russell*

### THE INDEPENDENT FAMILY

In the little town of Alston, Cumberland County, England near the Scottish border, lived the Wanless and Bell families. The family of Jackson Wanless and Mary Russell consisted of two boys and two girls: William, Jackson, Isabella and Ann. On May 31, 1826 Mary Russell died, leaving Jackson with the care of the children. He later married Ann White.

*Jackson Wanless, Sr.* and *William Bell* were both miners by trade. They were honest, hard working, home loving people and it was in this peaceful environment the children grew to maturity. When William Wanless was twenty-two he married a beautiful girl by the name of Isabella Bell. They were blessed with four lovely children, but as each little spirit came into the world, it was only privileged to stay a little while. The eldest child, a boy, lived to be six. The mother, stricken with grief at the loss of her children, passed away two years later; so William broke up his home and went back to live with his parents. By this time Jackson had married Sarah Bell, and they were blessed with two children, a boy and a girl. The boy, who was christened William after his uncle, passed away at eleven months, and a year later the mother died, leaving her husband with one little girl, Mary, age three.

The Gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was brought to Alston in the early 1850's, and Jackson Wanless Sr. and William Bell were the first to be baptized into the Church in that vicinity. Immediately the spirit of gathering took possession of them, and as money was very hard to get, each family member pledged themselves to help each other financially should they decide to emigrate to the New World. Inasmuch as William had lost his family and had no dependents, he decided to go and try his luck in America. He sailed across the ocean and finally took up his abode in Richmond, Ray County, Missouri in the year 1850. A year or two after his arrival he helped finance the passage of his brother, Jackson, and family. Jackson, by this time, had married his wife's older sister, Jane Bell, and they had been blessed with two children, Jackson and Sarah. This little family, together with Mary, who was now eight years of age, decided to migrate to America and join William.

They left Liverpool, England November 18, 1856 on the sailing vessel *Columbia* under the leadership of J. Williams. The weather was very bad, as winter had already commenced, and there was a great deal of sickness and several deaths during the crossing. However, they made the voyage in forty-five days, landing at Castle Garden, New York January 1, 1857. Castle Garden is now known as Battery Park. It was previously an old fort.

Mary remembered how cross the custom's officers were with them, and how they threw everything overboard, including their bedding, because there had been so much sickness on board. After a short stay in New York, they took a train to St. Louis where they were met by William and a half-sister, Ellen Wanless Sharp, who had moved down from Canada to Missouri. What a time of rejoicing—so much news to hear as to the condition of father and the other members of the family.

In a few days, through the help of Robert Sharp, Ellen's husband, Jackson succeeded in obtaining a lease on some ground. He immediately started clearing it for farming. At this time the question of slavery was at its height and there was a great deal of contention and unrest among the people. Jackson had been a coal miner in England and he found it extremely difficult to adjust himself to life on the farm. The ground that he had been trying to make produce food, looked more favorable for coal to him, so he finally gave way to his impulse and started digging in the hillside. He had not dug long until he struck coal. At this time little interest was taken in his find, as wood was plentiful and much cleaner to burn; therefore, it became necessary to haul the coal to the city to sell. He hauled it in a donkey cart where it sold for from seven to ten cents a bushel. Mary helped her father by pushing the little homemade car in and out of the mine. In crawling behind the car the coal skinned her knees, and to her death her knees were black from the fine coal dust under the skin.

Shortly before the twins, Sam and Annie, were born, Jackson mounted Old Bobby, the mule, and made his usual Saturday trip to town to collect for the coal he had sold and to buy some groceries. On the way home he suffered a stroke which paralyzed his left side, and his speech. He managed to hang onto the faithful old mule, and the animal finally got him home. The family heard them come but when the usual call of "hello" was not heard, they were frightened. The unrest was as bad before the Civil war started as after, and they were afraid it was bushwackers. Finally the donkey brayed and this gave them courage to open the door. Jackson had fallen from the donkey and was lying on the ground. They dragged him into the house. As he could not speak or move, they knew he had suffered a severe stroke. It took Jane and Mary months to nurse him back to partial health. The strain and anxiety of all this proved to be too much for his wife. She became very ill and in spite of all

the family could do for her gradually grew worse and passed away the 6th of June, 1862 and was buried in the Richmond cemetery.

Mary now had to assume the role of mother and housekeeper. What an enormous responsibility for a girl of fourteen—twins, four years of age, a little sister, six, a brother, nine and a bedridden father. However, with all this added responsibility she never lost sight of the fact that they had left their comfortable home in England to go to Zion; and up until now they had gotten only as far as Missouri. She couldn't forget how her stepmother had pleaded to go on, and even on her death bed had turned to Mary and said, "Don't give your father any peace till he goes to the Rocky Mountains." So she vowed within herself to take the children to the Rockies, even if she had to go alone. She told her father what she intended to do with such earnestness that he believed she meant it, and sold all his holdings for enough money to buy a wagon, a yoke of young steers, a yoke of cows, and a few provisions. Ellen Sharp made the children some new clothes and helped them with the arrangements. Finally, when all was in readiness, they bade goodbye to their loved ones and started the journey west. An emigrant train of non-Mormon settlers, going to Oregon to escape the ravages of war, had been made up at St. Louis, and Jackson made arrangements to go with them as far as Iowa. Here he expected to join a company of Saints. Soon after they started the father suffered another partial stroke of the left side which made him entirely bedfast, and it was necessary for them to drop behind until he was able to travel. They were detained for more than a week, and by the time they were able to continue their journey, they were so far behind, they never did catch up with anyone. The three small children were placed on the backs of oxen and the nine year old boy acted as the pilot.

Day after day they trudged over the country, meeting lawless men who had deserted both armies and were foraging for themselves. They pushed on until the last settlement was left behind and nothing but a treeless and trackless wilderness lay before them. When they reached the Platte River, they should have crossed it, but instead they continued on the north side, which, unknowingly, isolated them from the white people and led them through hostile country. They saw Indians every day. Sometimes they were friendly, while at other times they were sullen. On several occasions young warriors would rush upon them, shout and wave their blankets at the cattle to stampede them, but the cattle only plodded on, and the Indians would ride away. Many times the cattle would be driven off in the night; but in the morning they were always found in a nearby wash, or behind a hill. When they made camp at night, the Indians would come from every direction, and sit around the fire or on the wagon tongue. Mary's only fear was that the wagon tongue might break under their weight; then they would surely be stalled. The hand of the Lord was manifest in their behalf throughout the whole journey, but more especially so

on several occasions. The Indians knew her father was bedfast, because they would raise the wagon cover and look in. In poor English they asked if her pappy was sick? When she nodded they would ride away, only to return later with rabbits or wild ducks for her to cook for him.

Whirlwinds were very common on the plains and one evening, when they were camped on the banks of the Platte, they encountered an extra strong one. It picked up Annie, one of the twins, and dropped her in the middle of the river. The other children screamed and Mary, who was getting supper, turned around just in time to see Annie drop. She immediately plunged in, clothes and all, and brought her out. How, she did not know, because she knew nothing about swimming and her brother was busy tending the cattle. Whenever they camped by water they let the cattle drink as often and as much as they could, because sometimes it was a long time before they reached water again. The little black heifer that helped pull the wagon each day was the one that supplied the twins with milk, and the only feed she got was what she could forage at night. After the twins were fed, the remainder was put in a jar, and at the end of the day, sometimes it was taken out in the form of butter, thus the rough roads did the churning. Along the way they gathered buffalo chips for fuel and put them in a sack which hung at the back of the wagon. If wood was plentiful at the next stop, they saved the chips for another campsite where there was no fuel. On one occasion a herd of buffalo came directly toward them. As they neared the wagon they parted, going on either side. This made the cattle very nervous and Mary was afraid they would try to get away from the wagon, but they soon quieted down and stood still while the herd passed.

Days wore on, and so did weeks, with the same anxiety and routine, and finally what first appeared as clouds on the western horizon, afterwards took the form of mountains. Each night they would be a little closer, and the mountains seemed a little higher, until, by continuous plodding, they reached the foot hills. The wagon by this time showed signs of wear, and the cattle were poor and tired. The going now was harder than ever, because the grade was steep and rocky. Happily, when the summit was reached and they started down the other side, they met the first white man they had seen since they left Missouri. The man was Fred Trane, from Lehi, and he was driving a freight wagon back to Omaha, Nebraska. He told them the name of the canyon they were in was Echo Canyon; also that he knew their Uncle William Wanless in Lehi. He said the quickest way to reach Lehi would be to cut across the pass to the head waters of the Provo river, then follow the river right into the valley. They did as he suggested, and while the road was very poor, they cut several days off the time of their journey. Upon reaching the valley, by still following Mr. Trane's directions, they soon came to Lehi and found their Uncle William's place. Words cannot express the

joy and gratitude at the meeting of these two families. For the first time in months they slept without fear of Indians, or their cattle being stolen in the night.

William's home was located on the corner of First South and First East. He helped to build them a little dugout on his property, and this, together with their wagon, served as living quarters for the first winter. In the spring they secured a vacant spot on the corner of Third East and Main Street, and with the help of Uncle William again, they built a larger dugout, which was to be their home. It was twelve feet square and six feet deep. They dug down three feet below the ground level, and the walls, which were made from the mud removed from the excavation, extended three feet above the ground. A pole was placed across the top of the walls in the center to hold willows, on which was placed mud. A mud fireplace was put in the west end, and in the south was a small window and a door, over which they hung blankets to keep out the cold.

The father recovered a little and was able to do a few odd jobs, but he could not speak plainly and it was hard for him to walk. He lived only a year after his arrival. He died October 31, 1864 and was buried in the present cemetery. At that time the people were buried in rows and the graves leveled, so that the Indians wouldn't molest them. As a result, no one could ever find his grave. Lawrence Hill, a cousin of the Hutchings, was sexton at the time the roads were put in the cemetery, and when they were clearing the brush away they uncovered fourteen graves. Indications were that the coffins uncovered had been made of wagon boxes and very crude lumber. These graves were in the southeast corner of the cemetery, just even with the sexton's tool house. The southern end of the cemetery did not extend to the road then as it does now, and it is thought that one of the bodies must have been that of Jackson Wanless.

The family was in very poor circumstances at this time and starvation faced them so each child went to live with a friend. *Mary* married William L. Hutchings; *Jackson* went to Cottonwood canyon to work in the sawmill for Francis Armstrong. He married *Julia Phillips*. *Sarah* went to Cottonwood also and worked at Dr. *Hullinger's* home for seven years. She later met and married *Millen Atwood*. *Ann Jane*, who became Mrs. *Adrian Mayberry*, stayed at the home of *William Bell*, and *Samuel* went to work for some people in Bear River vicinity.—*Eunice Colledge Hutchings*

#### THOMAS GREEN

On the 27th of January, 1802 a son was born to *Edward and Jane Savage Green* of Lower Walton, Cheshire, England whom they named *Thomas*. Little is known of his early life except for a time he was a sailor, presumably in the British navy and his training was that of an ironworker. *Sarah Pierce* became his wife and two

sons were born to them, one named Edward and another who died in infancy. Shortly after the baby died, Sarah passed away, and little Edward was taken by the parents of Sarah to rear and Thomas lost contact with them. Even after he came to America he continued his search but was never able to locate his son. Following Sarah's death, Thomas married Margaret Connelly Clark, a widow with two children, Ann and Jane. This marriage also ended in sorrow, as she, too, passed away.

Sometime later he married Mary Ann Gibson and of this union three children were born. He, and his family, heard the Gospel preached by Heber C. Kimball during his first mission to England. Thomas and his wife were baptized the 16th of March, 1839 at Manchester Lane, England. It is presumed they left England for America with other Saints in June, 1840.

In the year 1850 Thomas, accompanied by his wife and children, began the journey across the plains. When he left Winter Quarters his possessions consisted of a wagon, two yoke of oxen and a cow. During this long, toilsome trek they were free from persecution but disease and death beset them. Mary Ann and her three children died on the plains of cholera; also Jane, sixteen year old daughter of Margaret Connelly. Thomas took the top boards of his wagon and fashioned a coffin for Mary Ann, and Jane was laid to rest in a coffin made of the bark of a tree. One of Mary Ann's children was named Joseph Nephi, the names of the others are not known. They sleep in unmarked graves on the plains.

When Thomas reached the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, he had nothing left of his possessions or family except one young step-daughter *Ann Clark*, but his faith and testimony never wavered by so much loss and suffering. Ann was sixteen years of age when she became his wife. Eleven children were born of this union. When they were first married, they lived in a wagon box and tent on what was known as the "Square" in Salt Lake City. Thomas made adobes for many of the houses in Sugarhouse. In 1853 he was called on a mission to go to Iron County. In *Journal History*, 1853, is recorded an inventory of goods which the men were to take with them. Thomas Green's list reads as follows: Thomas Green, age 50. Years in Church, 15; November 9, 1853, High Priest. Two married ladies, one wagon, three oxen, two cows, one calf, three sheep, three spades and shovels, 1100 bu. seed grain, one musket, one pistol, 50 rounds ammunition, one plow. The Iron County project was soon abandoned and Thomas Green was recalled. He was then sent to Wellsville, Cache County and later settled in Portage, Boxelder County.

Thomas Green was a successful farmer, a good provider and a leader among his fellowmen. He took special pride in his fine horses and livestock. He remained faithful and true to the Gospel and its teachings until the end of his life. He died in Portage March 10, 1874, and was buried in the Portage cemetery.

## ANNA HESS MILNE

Anna, daughter of *Anna Marie Dietschweiler*, and John Hess, was born March 8, 1854 in Switzerland. Six weeks after her birth her father died as a result of a severe cold. They had a comfortable home, a good orchard and vineyard which provided a livelihood for the family which now consisted of the mother, two children, *Anna* and *Elizabeth* and Anna Marie's crippled father. When Anna was six year of age, her mother joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. She was a popular young woman in the community, so in order to prevent other people from joining the despised church, some of the residents of that city decided to make an example of her by handcuffing her and marching her through the streets. Later she was imprisoned but still she would not denounce her conviction that Mormonism was true.

In May, 1860, Anna Marie decided to take her two daughters and her father to the land of Zion. They left their beautiful Switzerland, relatives and friends and sailed for America. It took the vessel seven weeks to make the voyage. After their arrival in this country, they journeyed to Florence, Nebraska where they joined the *Daniel Robinson* handcart company, and started the wearisome journey to the Valley. The father was permitted to ride in one of the wagons, but the courageous mother with her two little girls constantly at her side, pushed a handcart. Anna never forgot the hunger they endured, and in after years could not see even a crust of bread wasted.

One day, one of the little girls lagged far behind, but the captain would not permit Anna Marie to go back for her child, assuring her that Anna was still safe in the company. When camp was made in the evening the child was not to be found; so the mother retraced her steps several miles until she came upon the little girl fast asleep under a bush. The company arrived in the valley August 27, 1860.

A few months later Anna Marie married John Gubler and he took the family to Bingham Fort in Weber County. They remained there long enough to plant and harvest a crop. In the fall of 1861, Mr. Gubler was called to the Dixie Mission. Their first home in St. George was a dugout, then a log cabin with a red rock floor. Furniture consisted of a homemade bed, table, two chairs and a bench. Anna did all the carding and Elizabeth did the spinning and weaving. Later the people of St. George purchased a cotton-gin which extracted the seed, proving a great convenience. Corn, wheat, vegetables and sugar cane were raised by the thrifty family, and, in time, the fruit trees they had planted began to produce. Real hardships began when their clothing wore out and supplies were reduced to a minimum. Mr. Gubler knew little about the making of shoes, but for a number of years he made all the footwear for his family. He was an energetic farmer and a good father to the girls. One day, as he and Anna were going to the fields, he drove his mule team through the flooding

waters of the Virgin River. Anna was bounced from the wagon and swept down stream. John plunged in after her, and succeeded in bringing her to safety but his best mule was drowned.

Anna carried all the adobes which went into the building of their four-room home. She often recalled how they danced by candlelight, and how the tallow would drip on their clothing if they happened to get beneath one of them fastened so crudely on the wall. Her first knowledge of reading was when Orpha Everett taught her the letters of the alphabet.

When Anna was seventeen years of age, she was married to Bishop David Milne. She was in love with a young man who lived near Salt Lake, but her mother persuaded her to marry the bishop. In later years she was asked by her granddaughter "why she married into polygamy when she was so young." She answered, "Why, Romania, he was the Bishop." She was his third and last wife. The marriage took place in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City October 8, 1871. Seven children came to bless their home, two died in infancy. Anna attended school after her marriage.

David Milne was an interior decorator, and, in 1884, was called to Manti to supervise the painting and decorating of the Temple. He took Anna and the family with him and here they lived for four years. After the completion of the temple, they went to Nephi where David had the contract for painting the new courthouse. After the completion of this building, they returned to St. George.

After the Manifesto, Anna knew that she would have to be the provider for her family. She was advised to go to Salt Lake City and study nursing and obstetrics. Leaving the children with her mother, she made arrangements to enter the Deseret Hospital for training. Within a short time she was made a matron, thus enabling her to send money to her mother to help support the children. Mary, the eldest child, helped by working in the Post Office and Kenneth contributed whatever he could by working for a sheep raiser.

April 8, 1893 was a red letter day for Anna. She had passed the State Board examinations with the highest honors in her class. Now she had her certificate and could carry the burden of rearing and educating her family. She returned to St. George where for a time she was the only registered nurse in southern Utah. She not only took care of the maternity cases in St. George, but went to many of the surrounding towns. She delivered the baby, then cared for the mother and child for ten days, going in the mornings to bathe them, and again in the evening to prepare them for the night. At first the charge was five dollars, which was later raised to ten dollars, but the pay was usually in the form of produce. Everyone loved her and the women often remarked, "As soon as Sister Milne walked in the door all fears left us because we knew we would be well cared for." It was a great responsibility, and she always gave the credit to her Heavenly Father, because she said she could not have



accomplished it without His help. Ann was pleased when Dr. Clift, and later Dr. Afflick came to St. George to practice, because they could work together and all share the responsibility. The Bishop of the Ward said he could always count the babies born each month by looking up Sister Milne's tithing record. She paid an honest tithe, giving one-tenth of the money she earned, and one-tenth of the things she produced, such as the first and best potatoes, the plumpest chickens, the best melons and the largest hams. She was richly blessed as the family had little sickness and never knew hunger. Jokingly, the children often said they wondered if she had had ten children, which one would have been turned in for tithing. She not only served on maternity cases but did other nursing as well.

Anna's only son, Kenneth, fourteen years of age, met a tragic death while duck hunting with two companions, Charles and Sam Sullivan. A sudden jar of the wagon caused his gun to discharge killing him instantly. She never became quite reconciled to his loss.

Anna Milne's granddaughter, Romania Fawcett Rider writes, "I am happy and grateful that our family lived near our grandmother. During my early life we lived two blocks away. When I was in High School we bought her home and moved there as she had a much larger place. I was her first grandchild. When I was born she asked my mother to name me Romania. She had studied under Dr. Romania Pratt while at nursing school and she was very fond of her. I was always very close to her and went to her often for advice and counsel. I don't believe Mother could have reared her family without grandmother's help when we were young. Whenever we were ill, we always sent for her, and we were soon made well. She was an angel of mercy wherever she went. She came to visit me one time after I was married and living at Kanab, Utah. One afternoon we were visiting some friends when one of the little girls had a convulsion. My friend became frightened and cried, 'Send for the doctor!' Grandmother said very calmly, 'No need for a doctor, put her in a tub of water and give me a spoon.' In a few minutes the child was playing. She told her mother that she had been eating green apricots. It would take a book to tell about all the people she nursed back to health. I must tell you about my sister Ruth's illness. She had pneumonia and mother had sent for father who was out of town. The doctor said, 'Sister Milne, I have done all I can, the child is dying.' He left. Grandmother said to my mother, 'As long as there is life there is hope. Keep bringing me warm mustard plasters and warm senna tea.' In a few hours the doctor came back and was surprised to find my sister still alive and the crisis passed. She also helped mother nurse all eight of us through the 1918 flu epidemic, which included my two month old baby girl, Ramona. I was living at home as my husband, Rowland, was in the service.

"Among the many things Grandma Milne taught us: 'It was better to wear out than to rust out; and that no matter what happens

to you in this life it will be for the best.' I have found that to be true, not only for me but for other people as well. She also said hardships were a blessing. It is wanting things you haven't the money for that makes a person poor.

"On October 10, 1921, as the shadows of evening were falling, she was called home. She was 67 years of age. I had visited her a month before, and when I bid her goodbye, she said with tears in her eyes, 'Romania, I will never see you again because I haven't long to live.' I couldn't believe it as she seemed well enough then. She was staying with her youngest daughter, Nan Watson, at the time of her death. She had been ill only a few days."

#### DORA W. PRATT

Dora, the eldest child of Charles Henry and *Eliza Rieche Wilcken*, was born in Echorst, Germany, July 25, 1854. While she was still a small child her father was forced to leave the fatherland or serve the rest of his life as a bodyguard to the Kaiser. Thus deprived of the love and protection of husband and father, the mother and her two children disposed of their home and went to live with relatives. In 1860, *Dora* with her mother and brother *Carl*, left their native land for America. Some incidents of the voyage across the Atlantic Ocean impressed themselves indelibly upon *Dora's* mind; particularly, she remembered a school of golden-backed fish following the ship, and a child who had died being placed in a canvas bag and buried in the sea. En route the mother became seriously ill and the stewards carried her to a chair placed by the deck railing. The little girl became so filled with fear she clung to her mother's skirt, begging the men not to throw her overboard as they had the child.

Mrs. Wilcken, not being able to speak the English language, entrusted sufficient money to the captain of the emigrant company for first class passage for herself and children; but, nevertheless, they were put in steerage and had but little food except the few rations she had brought on board. The children had begged their mother to buy some "lovely looking golden cornbread and round shiny tomatoes" from a negro vender who peddled his wares at the entrance port. The mother protested they would not like the food but finally relented. After the first bite of cornbread, the children, expecting it to be a sweet cake, were very disappointed for instead they had a mouthful of "dry, sawdusty stuff"; then biting into the tomato, *Dora* wept bitterly at the "insipid tasting thing." The voyage was a long, tiresome one and everything seemed to smell and to taste of the sea.

Upon reaching Florence, Nebraska, a wagon, cow and provisions were purchased for the westward journey. After the children had been given their milk in the morning, the remainder was put in a bucket with a tight lid and hung under the wagon. Sometimes there was butter and buttermilk to serve with the evening meal. News

reached the immigrant train one morning that a company of men from Salt Lake City were coming to meet them. The father of this little family, who had previously made his way to Utah, was among the number. He had been away from them so long the children scarcely recognized him. The first home of the Wilcken family in Salt Lake was near the old Chase Mill in Liberty Park. Mr. Wilcken worked at the mill.

In 1865, Mr. Wilcken, in company with R. R. Burton, was called to Heber City, and here they built one of the first grist mills in that vicinity. Dora, now a young woman, taught school, taking most of her pay in produce. While living in Heber City, twin girls were born to the Wilckens's family, thus putting a great deal of responsibility upon Dora; that of helping her invalid mother take care of the infants, partially providing for the family, and supporting a missionary father who was then laboring in England. Dora received her education in the common schools of Salt Lake. She later went to "Miss May Cook's Selected School for Young Ladies." After finishing the course, she assisted Miss Cook in primary school work, and also taught one year under Professor Karl G. Maeser in the old 20th Ward School.

In 1874, Dora married Helaman Pratt, son of Parley P. Pratt and Mary Wood. The wedding reception was held on the lawn opposite the caretaker's home in Liberty Park. Helaman always said it was the cornmeal mush of Dora's making that he fell in love with first and then later with her. Soon the young couple were called to help settle Sevier county, but after a year of pioneering this area they returned to Salt Lake. Before long her husband was called to the Mexican Mission. In 1876 their first child, a daughter, was born in the home of Dora's parents.

After Helaman's return they purchased a home in City Creek Canyon, and were well established on a small dairy and fruit farm, when a letter came informing him that he was to preside over the Mexican Mission. Dora uncomplainingly supported the little family and her husband from the farm and dairy products. Twins, a boy and a girl, were added to the growing family.

In 1887, Helaman was released from his duties presiding over the mission in the interior; but was sustained on a life mission to the Mexican colonies. The responsibility of disposing of the property, and making preparations for the long journey to the new home, rested upon Dora. They took up their abode, the second country by adoption as Mormon colonists, and pioneers, in Chihuahua, Old Mexico. Dora endured bravely and cheerfully the hardships of pioneer life, for she was capable of making a real home out of the poorest hovel. The doors of their dwelling were always open to the poorest wayfarer as well as to church, state and national officials.

During the succeeding years she served as president of the Young Ladies' Association in Juarez, and, in 1893, was made Stake President

which position she held until 1912, the time of the exodus of the Saints from that colony. This remarkable woman, who had traveled alone with her children to Utah that she might rear a family in the principles of the church of her choice, died at Colonia Dublan, Chihuahua, Mexico June 22, 1929.—*Amy Pratt Romney*

#### CATHERINE HOUTZ BOYER

The seventh child in a family of ten children, Catherine Houtz was born in Pennsylvania, September 18, 1816 to Christian Houtz and Ann Elizabeth Zeller. Her parents were of German descent. She lived a sheltered life in a home of plenty, and was taught to spin, weave, sew, knit and other useful household arts. She was always kind and obedient to her parents and loved by her friends for her sweet disposition. Catherine was married, when twenty-three years of age, to Augustus Sell Boyer, who owned a plantation located at Middle Creek, between Freeburg and Sellingsgrove. They worked hard and were happy. Seven children, four girls and three boys, were born to them and the parents were ever desirous of providing the best possible opportunities for them. One of the little girls died at an early age.

Mr. Boyer had a tooth extracted in the spring of 1851, at which time his jaw bone was broken. Complications resulted and early in April he realized he was slowly dying. To spare his wife the responsibility of their sons' welfare and education, he arranged to have them "bound out" to his brothers until they should come of age. He died May 2, 1851, leaving six young children, the eldest, Philip, eleven years of age and the youngest, Maria, six months. Catherine was distressed with the thought of being separated from her sons, but realizing her husband's thought was to shield her all he could from the trials of life by having the boys live with their uncles, she tried to make the best of the situation.

The next year Catherine's brother, Jacob, of Salt Lake City, and his companion, Orson Spencer, were on their way to Germany to fill a mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and stopped in Pennsylvania to visit relatives. She began to study the Mormon doctrines and told her brother that if she was satisfied with these teachings, she would accompany him to Utah when he returned from his mission. The Elders were not permitted to introduce the Gospel to the inhabitants of Berlin at that time and returned in about six months instead of the usual two years. When it was learned that Catherine was considering taking her family to Utah, there was much opposition among the relatives. They expressed the belief that she would be doing a great wrong to join the Mormons. However, when they found she was determined to go, they were generous enough to assist her in disposing of her possessions. There was also considerable legal difficulty in securing the release of her three sons from the agreement her husband had made. The boys

insisted that they would go with their mother in spite of the legal status under which they were bound.

Preparations were finally completed and the time came for departure in May 1853. The family bade goodbye to relatives, friends and their home, and set their faces to the west to begin a new life. They traveled by team about forty miles to Lewiston, then by railway nearly two hundred miles to Pittsburgh and then by steamboat to Council Bluffs. They met with delay in getting an outfit ready to cross the plains, but eventually an independent company was formed. It consisted of seven wagons: one for the Boyer family, two for the William Roylance family, three for Woodmansee families, and one for Elders Houtz and Spencer. Five of the wagons were drawn by ox team and the other two light wagons by horses. Several days later the company camped at a stream called Loup Fork, where Catherine and her two sons, Philip and John, were baptized and confirmed members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by Elder Jacob Houtz. They encountered hardships and trials, but were blessed with good health and congenial dispositions, so that there was harmony among the members of the group.

An incident happened during the journey across the plains that frightened the company considerably, but no real harm was done. A band of rather hostile Indians surrounded them and brought them to a halt. The chief then spread a blanket on the ground and demanded various articles of food. He drew a circle in the center of the blanket which was to be covered with sugar. After meeting the demands of the Indians, the company was permitted to continue on its way. They met other Indians, but none did them any harm and their fear decreased.

The family consisted of Catherine and the following children, *Philip H., John S., Francis C., Emma E., Lydia M., and Mariah C.* They arrived in Salt Lake City August 17, 1853. They lived with Jacob Houtz at first, then a little later in a home in the Fourth Ward of Salt Lake City. The boys went to school that winter and in the spring worked at anything they could find to do. John came to Springville and herded cows for William Huggins. He never forgot his mother's words of appreciation when he returned in the fall with enough earnings to provide flour for the entire winter, "God bless you for the good work, John."

She and her family moved to Springville in April 1856 and purchased the lot located on the corner of First West and First North, where there was a small house consisting of an adobe room and a log room. The boys worked at odd jobs and assisted their Uncle Jacob, who had also moved to Springville, by caring for his stock, working on his farm, or at his grist mill located on Spring Creek. The mother taught her children to be industrious and independent. They had a garden, fruit trees, and kept a number of cows, selling milk and butter to buy other necessities. She made all their clothes

by hand, even spinning and weaving the cloth from which they were made. She taught her daughters the domestic arts and inspired all her children with her fearless courage, her gentle speech, quiet manner, sympathetic counsel, cheerful and friendly disposition.

Catherine thought a great deal of her brother Jacob and often expressed her appreciation for his many kindnesses to her family. At the time her own parents died in Pennsylvania, she was notified that her portion of the estate would amount to \$3,000, which was being sent to her. She was delighted at the prospect of receiving this money as it would help in giving her children education and other advantages. However, the money never did come and she was never able to find what became of it, except that it had been sent. She did not complain, but had a ready sense of humor and an optimistic view of life which helped her over the rough spots.

The children grew to maturity and married as follows: Philip married Sarah Ann Sanderson; Francis (Frank) married Elizabeth Devenish; Colista Ann, Don C. Johnson and John S., Julia Ann Crandall. Emma died in 1874 leaving two small daughters, Effie and Viola, who made their home with their grandmother.

Catherine's health began to fail in the fall of 1893 and she went to Mapleton to spend the winter with her daughter, Mariah Mendenhall and family, who made her welcome and provided for her in every way possible. She died the following spring, May 5, 1894 as fearless and quietly as she had lived.—*Thelma Boyer Carter*

#### FANNY ELIZABETH GOODMAN MOSS

Fanny Elizabeth Goodman Moss was born December 29, 1839 in Aspley, Bedfordshire, England, an only child of William and Matilda Crisp Goodman. Her parents, having embraced the Gospel during her early childhood, had her baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints when she was eight years old. When Fanny was twenty-one years of age, she married Thomas Moss of London, England and a year later a son, *William*, was born. He was a very delicate baby. When he was six months old Fanny began making preparations for the beginning of her journey to Zion; but before leaving she took the baby to the doctor, who advised her against taking the infant on such a long journey. Financial circumstances made it impossible for her husband to accompany her at this time. Nevertheless, Fanny was determined to go, so she made her way to Liverpool. One pound, or approximately five dollars, was all the money she had left. Upon reaching the dock she learned that the vessel upon which they were to sail was declared unseaworthy. En route the boat sprung a leak and some of the passengers were called upon to help dip out water. After a long and trying voyage they docked in New York harbor.

Fanny found traveling from New York westward very difficult as the Civil War was then beginning. Upon arriving at Florence,

Nebraska she joined the *Isaac Canfield company*, one of the smaller groups, with one hundred and twenty-five souls and twenty wagons. Fanny walked beside the wagon most of the way carrying her baby. At times it was almost impossible to get milk to satisfy the infant's needs. The young mother was fortunate in having made friends with a Maria Robson who was in delicate health. Often this lady cared for the baby while Fanny gathered fuel which consisted mostly of buffalo chips. She also became acquainted with a young English girl who was ill, homesick, and discouraged. Many times she lagged behind the others, wanting to turn back, and Fanny practically pulled her into camp at the end of each day's journey. One morning a shallow grave was dug and the girl laid to rest.

Upon arriving in Salt Lake City October 16, 1862, Fanny was taken to the Eighth Ward Square. She had no friends to whom she could turn for assistance. Finally she secured a position taking care of an invalid lady. One day she noticed a man passing the window who seemed vaguely familiar. He proved to be an old friend from England by the name of William Rogers. A few days later Mr. Rogers moved her belongings to his home, and she lived with Mr. Rogers and his wife, Emily, until she obtained employment in the Townsend Hotel on First South and West Temple. Fanny hired a woman to take care of William for twenty five cents a day, plus the used tea leaves and coffee grounds which they gave her at the hotel. Her wages were \$2.50 per week, room and board. From this small amount she succeeded in keeping herself and child, and also saving a little each week to help bring her husband to Utah.

Thomas sailed for America bringing his parents and a brother, Joseph, with him. When he arrived in the Valley, he immediately resumed his trade of harness maker and succeeded in making a meager living for his family. On June 9, 1864 a daughter, Elizabeth, was born. Two years later they purchased a piece of land on South Temple and M. Street and here they made a dugout. This dugout was no different from others in the valley, just a hole dug into the side of a hill with a dirt roof and one window. Thomas planted many beautiful flowers around it which were much admired. While living in this crude shelter four more children were born, Mary, Katie, Annie and Matilda.

William Tuddenham, a close friend, visited the Moss home one rainy day and rather an odd sight met his eyes when he entered the room. The children were playing under a table, the rest of the floor being a puddle of mud. Mr. Tuddenham said to Fanny, "What are the children doing under the table?" "Oh, I'm just trying to keep them dry," she laughingly replied. "Well, I don't see anything to laugh at." In her usual cheerful manner she answered, "Well, Tom, it won't do any good for me to cry about it either." It was a glorious day for the Moss family when they moved into a lumber house,

even though it had only one room. Here another son, James Edward, was born.

Soon they were called to Central Utah to help with the settlement of Castle Valley. They felt this a wonderful opportunity but were loathe to leave their new home. The decision to go was made and the home sold for \$750.00. It was in October, 1875, when James was six weeks old, that the family set out on their long journey to Castle Valley. On their way they met another group of settlers who were going to Grass Valley, the present site of Koosharem. The Moss family decided to join them. As soon as they arrived Thomas took up land and built a log cabin. It had one room, a fireplace for cooking and heating purposes, a bed, table and chairs. The children slept on the floor. Another son, Joseph, was born here. Soon the group was organized and lived the United Order. The Moss family remained in Grass Valley for six years enduring untold hardships. In the fall the crops were harvested. The brethren were to divide the produce according to the size of the family, but the Order did not prove successful for some took more than their share.

The following incidents were told by James E. Moss: "I remember when I was a boy watching my sisters, Jane and Mary, using grubbing hoes to clear the big field for the crops. It was fun to see them dig up the sagebrush for I knew there would be a big bonfire later. The Indians used to gather around these fires. They were friendly and interesting. I remember the squaws would come and sit on the ground for a long time. If anyone said anything to them, they would just grunt. Mother, in her usual kind way, made friends with them. Whenever the bucks returned from a hunting trip they would always give some to 'Tom's Squaw.' Mother often said we would have starved had it not been for her good Indian friends.

"One year the jackrabbits were very numerous and were destroying the crops. The grain was just about ready to be harvested. We called for the Indians to come and kill the rabbits with their bows and arrows. How delighted I was to see an Indian pull his bow and down would come a jackrabbit. While they were hunting them they were careful not to tromp on the grain. They killed many of them, and as long as the meat could be kept sweet, we enjoyed plenty of food.

"When my brother William was thirteen years old my parents sent him to Fish Lake with a small herd of sheep to pasture for the summer. A group of Indians came and set up camp nearby. They were of a different tribe and frightened him with their wild antics. He abandoned the sheep and left for Salt Lake. When he arrived there he knew no one. He found work at a slaughter house and never went back to his old home again. When winter came mother went to Salt Lake and Will gave her money to buy shoes for the rest of us down in the valley. One winter, for some reason, we did not get shoes. My sister Millie had to go on an errand to one of our



neighbors. She made the trip there and back barefoot. Finally we were forced to come back to Salt Lake City in 1881, or remain there and face starvation."

Fanny took the baby Joseph and came to Salt Lake with some of the Church authorities who were coming from St. George. She secured a three-room adobe house on First Avenue and M. Street. Then she sent for the family. Thomas resumed his trade of harness maker, and Fanny went out nursing, for which she received five dollars for nine day's work. She was always an ardent and active Church worker, having been a Relief Society teacher for twenty-one years in the Twenty-first Ward. She was ever willing and ready to answer a call for help, especially during an epidemic of diphtheria when so many homes were made desolate. Mrs. Moss was elected the most popular lady in the ward and presented with a gold watch. On another occasion, when the family planned to show their deep affection for her, they presented her with a fine rocking chair.

On October 9, 1909, Fanny was called to part with her beloved husband, Thomas Moss. On March 2, 1912 she passed away. She was the mother of ten children, four of whom preceded her in death. The only remaining member of the family in 1959 is a son, James E. Moss.—*Lucille C. Jones*

#### LOUISA GITTENS CLEGG

These experiences, so typical of pioneer life, are taken from the story of Louisa Gittens Clegg, third daughter of James and Mary Gittens. She was born August 1, 1847 at Greenhill, Cradley Herefordshire, England. Her parents were members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and when Louisa was old enough, she was baptized and confirmed the same day by Elder Thomas Harris. For some unknown reason Louisa was unable to attend the Mormon Sunday School, but when she was ten years of age she was allowed to attend a Methodist school, and here she was given a beautiful Bible as a reward for fidelity to studies. At times she also attended a Catholic day school.

Since her father's wage was only eight shillings a week as a day laborer, the mother found it necessary to work as a glover. The little money earned had to be used for groceries and other necessities for the growing family. As Louisa grew older she was required to help her mother enough to earn her own clothing and part of her board or do outside work. She preferred to stay at home where she could help take care of her younger brothers and sisters, attend day school, and the recently established Latter-day Saint Sunday School. Her eldest sister was going to America and wanted very much for Louisa to accompany her; so her father paid part of the fare and her sister the balance. They left Liverpool on the 6th of May, 1862, and after a seven weeks' voyage arrived at Castle Garden, New York. Here her sister sadly informed her that she did not have enough money to

pay Louisa's fare any farther, and she would have to stay there until she earned enough money to go on. Louisa was crying as she left the group, not knowing what to do, but she remembered that her mother had taught her to ask her Heavenly Father for help when in trouble. She felt much better when she rejoined her sister. As they were talking a young man, John Griffin, who had come on the same boat and had known them well in England, approached. He told the elder sister it would be unwise to leave Louisa alone in New York and offered to pay her fare to the place where the teams from Salt Lake were to meet the Saints. In a few days they left New York and journeyed through the states by train until they reached the Mississippi River, which they crossed on a steamboat. After two days' travel they came to the Missouri River where they spent three days on a flat boat. When they landed the sand was up to their shoe tops. Willows were gathered to spread on the sand to make their beds.

The company was told it would be six weeks before the teams would arrive. When two weeks had passed, three men came to the camp wanting to hire some girls and a young man to work their way to Salt Lake. The men spoke to the captain and they were sent to the camp where Louisa and her sister were staying. As there were three girls and one young man in this camp who wanted to go, all were hired. One man, when he saw Louisa said, "All right, my girl, I will take you." The second hired her sister and the third hired the other girl. John Griffin was chosen as teamster. They were taken to a camp three miles up the river. Here they were informed that all the people were not Mormons but they were honest men and had families.

The following is Louisa's story in her own words: "My sister was not entirely satisfied being among strangers as she did not know how we would be treated. I said, 'Let us put our trust in the Lord and we will be all right: we shall be in the Land of Zion.' At that time I was not quite fifteen and my sister was twenty-four years old, but I thought I would rather take the chance, than stay there with not much to live on and nothing to do. In three days we started on our journey leaving all our friends behind. Now, just imagine my feelings when I got up to that camp and saw so many people with so many wagons and buggies. There were seventy-two in all. The family I was going to go with included husband, wife, four children, a teamster and myself—eight persons in all. I don't remember the date we started on our journey towards Zion.

"The first few days were all right as all of us rode most of the time. In the evenings the captain called all to order, then we sang, prayed and all went to our own tents. In the morning everyone was moving around quite early. One day we traveled until noon and then we camped. The wife told me to go and get some water, which I did. She told me that would be my chore everyday during the journey. The next day most of the young people had to walk includ-

ing myself. The ground was so hot because of the sun. The poor cattle were going along with their tongues hanging out. It was pitiful to see them. We walked alongside of the wagons until noon. I was so tired but I had my work to do.

"Right here I will say the family had two loaded wagons, a light one loaded with clothing where the man, his wife and children would ride. They had a large yoke of cattle for that wagon. The other was a government wagon loaded with provisions drawn by four yoke of cattle and one yoke of cows which were milked morning and night. In that wagon the teamster, their eldest boy and myself rode when we could, but very little did I ride as they said there was too much of a load. Sometimes we would reach water about five or six in the evening and at other times after dark, then we would get supper by the light of a lantern. The captain, *E. C. Martin*, had a guide book which told how far it was to good feed and water. In this way each day would bring its trials. Some days were good with me and other times not so good. The wife's sister's husband was a very sickly and fretful person, and the journey made him worse. I felt sorry for them and tried to do all I could.

"If it had not been for the hired man I should have fared very poorly before the journey was through. He sometimes helped me to get the wood and water, but at times he had a hard time, too. He had to see to all the cattle, making sure that they were properly yoked and in their places. At noon and in the evening he helped with the tents. The oldest boy, who was sixteen years of age, would not do anything except lay around while in camp and boss others who were doing the work. But through it all I tried to be faithful to my duties and do my best. Tired as I was when we got to camp, I would go to the water and bathe my feet; but still they ached all night so that sometimes it was impossible for me to sleep. Sometimes, on a bright moonlight night, a few of the young folks would clear a place to dance while others would take milk pans of molasses and make candy. At twelve the captain would call all to order. We would then sing, have prayer and retire.

"At times the Indians would break in upon us and the women and children were hurried to the wagons. We lost some of our cattle, as they would take anything they could lay their hands on in spite of the guards. It was all we could do the next day and sometimes longer to get the cattle together again. In two or three cases we did not recover all the cattle which would make it bad for the people to travel. Sometimes the cattle would get sick, then the men would have to work with them or leave them behind. At times we found some that other people had left, so we would use them where they were most needed. In that way we went along from day to day. I remember one stormy night when a sister by the name of *Robinson* was taken ill and the Indians were very troublesome. The sister was confined with a baby girl. A few days after a sister was

taken sick and died. We buried her on the hillside. The men made a coffin out of some boards they had with them. Another time a young man took sick so we camped for a few days. He also died and they buried him the same way. I don't remember their names. One day we were going through a narrow place between the mountains and we had to ford the Platte River seven times. From then on, about every other day, we had to stop to cut brush and timber for making rafts and building bridges. Oh, it was a long, miserable time.

"After arriving in Salt Lake, I met and married William Clegg on September 4, 1864. We were married by William Wall at Heber City, Utah. We were endowed in Salt Lake City, Utah in 1873. A patriarchal blessing was given me by John Smith on November 4, 1879, and by James J. Chandler of Rigby, Idaho on August 23, 1914. I was the mother of five boys and six girls. I was interested in fancy work and especially interested in genealogical work. We migrated from Provo to Heber City, then to Shelton, Idaho, and last to Rigby in the year 1893."

Louisa Gittens Clegg died in Rigby, Idaho November 24, 1930.

#### ANNA MATILDA DOOLITTLE

Anna Matilda Doolittle was born December 24, 1820 in Wallingford, New Haven County, Connecticut. Her father, John Doolittle was a mechanic and cabinet maker. Her mother, Ruth Davis was a small woman, an efficient homemaker and possessed of a lovable disposition. Anna Matilda came west from her birthplace to Nauvoo, Illinois and, in that city, at the age of twenty-six, became the bride of Amos Philemon Rogers. They were married in the temple January 12, 1846 by Brigham Young. The Rogers family resided in Nauvoo about six years when they moved on with the Saints to Sugar Creek, Garden Grove, Mt. Pisgah, Council Bluffs and Winter Quarters, from which point they began the journey to Utah with oxteam—those who were left of them.

Trials and difficulties seemed their lot. They endured much sickness and were grief stricken when called upon to part with an Uncle Noah at Mt. Pisgah, and also with Amos Philemon, the newly married member of their party, when death came to him after a brief five months of married life, June 26, 1846, following several weeks illness. He was buried near his uncle on the lonely mountain side at Mt. Pisgah.

Anna Matilda moved westward with the family, and at Council Bluffs October 14, 1846, became the proud mother of a baby girl, *Amanda Jane* by name. The birth of her daughter helped to pass the lonely hours while still camped on the plains. The infant was a great blessing to all the family after having been called to mourn the loss of the father and grandfather who died October 1, 1846. This additional loss decreased the family to the mother, a son, Mark, a daughter, *Sarah*, and the daughter-in-law, Anna Matilda, as the

other son, Samuel, was serving in the Mormon Battalion. They missed him greatly at this time, but felt to accept the will of the Lord, and with faith and courage felt the way would be opened for them to reach the valley and be reunited. But tragedy again visited the family for the mother and Mark became ill with cholera and lived only twenty-four hours after being stricken. The mother passed away at ten and Mark at 1 o'clock of the same day, May 11, 1849 and they were buried in a common grave.

After this tragic happening the responsibility of moving westward rested upon Anna Matilda. The burden seemed almost more than she could carry with only herself, the baby, and Sarah, still in her teens, the surviving members of the family to make the journey to Utah. Mark's wife chose to stay and come with her parents. The trail seemed more than lonely now, and added to this were the problems of securing food for themselves and oxen, sufficient clothing for warmth and the possibility of sickness along the route; but she accepted the challenge, and with the counsel and aid of George A. Smith, started westward early in June, 1849.

When the opportunity afforded she wrote to her brother-in-law, Samuel Rogers, who had been released from the Mormon Battalion and was now in Salt Lake City, telling them of their condition. She stated she had team enough to take them through to the valley if none of the oxen died, but they would be most happy and relieved to meet him if circumstances would permit. In late September Anna Matilda, Sarah and the baby, reached the valley safely with the help of Samuel who had come to meet them.

The following year Anna Matilda and Samuel were married. They made their first home in Salt Lake City but after a year or two they were called to Parowan. Here they built a comfortable home, which still stands, and reared a family of seven children. Both were active in church and civic affairs, and later did much work in the St. George Temple. Anna Matilda was an excellent home maker. She did spinning, weaving and sewing and oftentimes made cloth for men's suits which she cut and tailored. With all these extra duties she was never too busy to teach her children the principles of the Gospel by word and example. She was understanding of the needs and interests of her children. Her family loved, honored and respected her. The long trek for Anna Matilda Doolittle Rogers ended in Snowflake, Arizona September 23, 1887 at the age of sixty-seven years.

#### CHRISTINA McNEIL REYNOLDS

On September 22, 1832 a tiny lassie with black hair and dark eyes arrived at the home of Daniel and Christina McNeil in Perth, Scotland. The new baby was christened Christina. Her father was a coopersmith by trade and her mother a corset maker. When Christina was still a small child her father died, and she, and her mother,

worked hard to provide for the family. From the time she was seven years old she worked in a factory.

When a young woman, Christina met the Mormon Elders and listened to their message. Her mother was bitterly opposed to the new religion and pled with her daughter not to accept it; but the gospel burned in Christina's heart, and after serious study she knew that baptism must be the answer. For this action she was refused entrance into her home. After earning sufficient money to pay her passage, and for other immediate expenses, she left Scotland to follow the dictates of her heart to the new world. Just before sailing time a sister and brother-in-law secretly bid her farewell.

Upon arriving in America with other Latter-day Saint converts, Christina started for Iowa, and on July 15, 1856 left for Florence, Nebraska a distance of five hundred and seventy-seven miles, in two companies composed of five hundred and fifty-six persons, one hundred and forty-five handcarts, seven wagons, six mules and horses and fifty cows and beef animals. To each company was assigned two wagons hauled by oxen in which to carry provisions and tents. The companies were consolidated at Florence, Nebraska with *Edward Martin* as captain and *Daniel Tyler* as assistant. On August 25th they broke camp and started their tedious one-thousand mile across the plains to Utah. They toiled on day after day pulling or pushing their handcarts loaded with personal belongings and little children unable to walk through the deep sands, over rocky roads and the fording of streams. Each evening they would reach another camp, prepare the scanty meal, and retire for the night only to pursue their monotonous journey when daylight came. On November 30th the long journey was over and they entered the site of their new home.

Christina made her way to a friend whom she had known in Scotland, and who now lived at the Howard home in Big Cottonwood. While visiting there she met Warren Reynolds, his wife, Edna and their family. On June 28, 1857, the marriage of Christina and Warren Reynolds took place in the Endowment House, and once again she was happy in a home with loved ones. Warren built a new home for Christina and in due time seven children were born to them. Everything the two families needed in the way of food and clothing was provided by the thrifty father from his garden and stock. The boys and girls of each family attended school during the winter months, and in the summer helped with the work on the farm. The two families lived close to each other and Christina and Edna assumed equal responsibilities. They had a large spinning wheel, and while one would spin yarn for a week, the other would do the cooking. All the sewing was done by hand and their shoes were made by a Mr. Tran who came to their home, sometimes staying several weeks, while he made two pairs of shoes for each member of the two families. The milking was done in large brass buckets and it was the chore of the girls every Saturday to polish them to a gleaming finish with

buttermilk and sand. Christmas was always spent together as Warren took great delight in playing Santa Claus for the little ones.

When the Edmunds-Tucker law was put into effect there were many sad times for the families, as Warren was forced to spend months away from his loved ones. Christina never complained of the hardships she had gone through in Utah for the sake of her religion, but was ever thankful for the many blessings she had received. She passed away in August, 1901 at the age of 69 years.—*Mabel R. Baker*

### GEORGE AND EMMA WHALEY CURTIS

Prior to the departure of one of the companies of 1847 for the Valley, George Curtis was approached by a man he had never met before, who asked him if he would assume the responsibility of taking charge of two young English Latter-day Saint converts who were desirous of joining the company on its westward journey. He was also to take the stranger's outfit, since Brigham Young had requested that he stay and assist other companies the following year. A short time later George was introduced to *Emma Whaley* and *Elizabeth Turner*. Being exceedingly busy during the next few months, George saw little of the ladies. When the time came for the commencement of the journey he had a good outfit, well provisioned, and favorable weather.

As they traveled mile after mile over the plains the three young people became good friends. George was especially interested in Emma. Sometimes he wondered if he were betraying the trust of the man who gave him this chance to go to the Valley. In the evenings, the members of the company would gather around the fire for prayer and instructions, and oftentimes singing and dancing were enjoyed. George could neither sing nor dance, but Emma did both, and she loved to mingle with her fellow travelers. Still, she was not adverse to accepting George's invitation to a stroll in the moonlight. In due time the company arrived in Salt Lake. Occasionally the two met at Church or at a public picnic, and George always contrived to sit next to Emma and to see that she was escorted home. The bond of love grew steadily.

As the months went by George wondered why the man did not come to claim the girls and his outfit. One evening a knock came at his door, and he was advised by the messenger that President Young wished him to come to his home in the morning and to bring Emma Whaley. At the appointed time George and Emma appeared at the Young residence and were invited in by the great leader. He informed them that the man who had allowed George to take his outfit to bring the young ladies to Zion, had met and married a lovely girl soon after their departure, and since she did not wish to live in polygamy, he was desirous of freeing Emma and Elizabeth from their promise to marry him. Shortly after George and Emma,

happy at this turn of events, were married in the Endowment House, the ceremony being performed October 30, 1850. They settled in Payson, Utah, built a home and reared a family.

Emma Whaley was born October 12, 1823 in Sheffield, Yorkshire, England, daughter of Emma Johnson and William Whaley. She was the only member of her family to join the Mormon Church. On September 3, 1894 she passed away at her home in Payson.

George Curtis was born October 27, 1823 at Silver Lake, Michigan, a son of Millicent Waite and Naham Curtis. George, his parents, five brothers and two sisters joined the Church in 1833. They moved from Michigan to Missouri where the mother died. The family then went to Nauvoo, Illinois and here the father died. The children came to Utah in the *Stephen Markham company*. George Curtis died in Payson, Utah February 5, 1911.—*Lexia Curtis Harris*

#### ELSA SORENSON CHRISTENSEN

Elsa Sorenson first saw the light of day September 5, 1842 in Denmark. Her parents were Nettie and Christen Sorenson. At the age of thirteen, she left her native land with her father, mother, and seven brothers and sisters en route to Zion, the family having become members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Three of her brothers were buried in the ocean. The family arrived in Illinois, and here her mother and eldest sister died of cholera. Elsa was very ill at the time but through faith and prayers was made well. Mr. Sorenson, discouraged and heartsick at the loss of so many members of his family, joined the Josephite Church; but Elsa, believing firmly in the principles of the Church to which she had affiliated herself, took her little sister *Mary*, then nine years of age, and journeyed on to Zion in the *Christiansen Handcart Company*. They arrived in the Valley September 13, 1857.

The two sisters made their home for a time in Brigham City; but with the coming of Johnston's Army, they joined the move south and traveled to Lehi. While staying there Elsa met Jeppy Christensen, and after a short courtship, they were married August 15, 1858 in Brigham Young's office in Salt Lake City. The young couple settled in Moroni where their first home was a dugout.

During the years Elsa became the mother of eight children, and securing clothing for her young family was a major consideration. She sheared sheep and received for pay a small amount of wool which she carefully washed, carded and spun into cloth. Dyes, not being available in the pioneer home, she used rabbit brush and red bark to color the fabric. Later she made two dresses of brown calico which she bought in exchange for wheat. One bushel bought one yard of material. These little dresses were made and remade for all the members of the family as long as the material lasted.

Elsa's husband, Jeppy, died leaving her with four girls to support and educate. Four other children had preceded him in death. She



worked in the fields with the older girl raking and binding grain and doing any other kind of work available. On February 9, 1932, at the age of ninety years, this sturdy pioneer woman passed away, always true to the faith which had brought her to Zion.—*Mae Hardy*

### TRAVELING THE LONELY TRAIL

*Johanna Elggren*—In the city of Alma, Tillings Soken, Uplands lan, Sweden, Johanna Christina Samuelson was born December 14, 1836, a daughter of Samuel Samuelson and Christian Johanson. When Johanna was five years of age her parents moved to Stockholm; thence to Sodertelz, and finally located at Norrkoping. Her father worked in an iron factory, but, in 1857, he passed away. At this time Johanna was employed at the Standard Hotel and it was there she met Adolph Lundstrom. The young people fell in love and shortly afterwards took their marriage vows. Adolph died six months later.

Mormon Elders were preaching in that vicinity and Johanna, accompanied by a girl friend, attended several of their meetings. Investigation of the principles they taught followed, and on Easter evening, 1864, Johanna was baptized and confirmed the following day a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. After that she aided the Elders greatly, encouraging her friends to listen to their message.

On April 25, 1865 Johanna left her native land and went to Hamburg, Germany, where on May 8th, she boarded the ship *B. S. Kimball* with other Saints under the leadership of Elder A. W. Winberg for the New World. After their arrival in New York they immediately journeyed on to Wyoming, Nebraska, where they remained some five weeks, preparing teams and provisions for the long, strenuous journey across the plains. On July 31st, under the leadership of *Captain Miner G. Atwood*, the company started for Utah. Arriving in Salt Lake City November 8th, Johanna made her home with Apostle Orson Hyde's family. While learning the new language and becoming accustomed to a new mode of life, many amusing things happened, but Johanna, having a happy disposition, always saw the humorous side.

Traveling in the same company from Sweden was Adolph Elggren whom Johanna had known in her native land. His wife had refused to accompany him to Utah. When they arrived at Coalville, Wasatch County, Adolph left the company in order to find work before coming on to Salt Lake. On the morning of her departure from that place, Adolph told Johanna that if his wife again refused to come to him, he would see her in Salt Lake. At Christmas time Adolph arrived in Salt Lake, and true to his promise, called on Johanna. On April 18, 1866 they were married by Bishop Davis of the 17th Ward, and that evening a reception was held in the home of Apostle Hyde.

Their first home consisted of one room furnished with a square kitchen table, one rocking chair, and a slide lounge which served as the bed. Adolph worked at his carpentry trade for the Dinwoodey Furniture Company and earned the above named articles. At times, wool was taken in by the store in exchange for merchandise, and Adolph was allowed to take some home. Johanna made a mattress out of the wool. She was an excellent cook and adapted herself readily to pioneer conditions.

The first ten years of their married life were spent in Salt Lake, during which time five of their nine children were born. About 1866 they moved to Malad, Idaho, on a homestead, where three more children were added to the family. Death took its toll when three of the children died, two within one month. One of the children died while Johanna was visiting in Salt Lake. She did not learn the sad news until she returned home after the funeral. There were many frightening experiences with Indians while living in this lonely region. Their home was a one-room cabin made of round logs just as they had been cut. It had a slab door six feet high and three feet wide, a dirt floor and roof. Johanna made a window by cutting out a square section of the logs. She was very fond of flowers and tried to beautify this barren spot with a garden of several varieties.

In 1880, the Elggren family returned to Salt Lake and here their last child was born the following year. Three years later they moved to Hooper where they remained thirteen years, working in a store part time. Johanna also made hats of cardboard and velvet which she sold to milliners in Ogden. Many beautiful wedding gowns and wedding cakes were the result of her labors. She helped in the Relief Society and was often called upon to make burial robes. When Hooper Ward erected their meetinghouse, Adolph did a great deal of the work, donating all his labor, and Johanna boarded the hired workmen. For each dollar she received she gave fifty cents toward the completion of the building.

Adolph was called on a mission to Sweden in 1897, so he sold the farm and moved his family back to Salt Lake. Johanna took in boarders to help pay expenses and to clothe, feed and educate her children. Two of their children graduated from the University. At the age of sixty four years, Johanna Elggren passed away in Salt Lake City, July 7, 1910.—*Esther Elggren Morrison*

*Helena Swaner*—In the little town of Hofby in Lidkoping, Sweden situated at the edge of a forest, was the quaint and picturesque home of Severn Hogberg and his wife Catherine Setterberg. To this family was born a girl April 18, 1835 whom they named Helena Gustafa. When Helena was eight years of age her mother's health began to fail, and the family savings were spent in an endeavor to restore it, but to no avail, for after much suffering she died the following year. Her elder sister and two brothers were married, thus Helena

became housekeeper for her father and another brother, which responsibility she carried until her father married again. Helena then went to live with her sister, helping in the care of the family. Later she worked as a housemaid at a neighboring estate where she remained a year.

Having grown to young womanhood, she worked as an apprentice to a tailor and later to a glove maker, learning both trades. Wishing to live in a larger city she, and her girl friend, journeyed to Gotenberg. After a time, she began hearing many adverse tales concerning a new religion called "Mormonism," but she was urged by some friends, who were members of the Church, to attend their meetings and hear the Elders preach. Shortly after she was baptized the ordinance being performed on April 18, 1860. Helena rejoiced in her new found faith, and went back to her native town, thinking her family would be as pleased with this new religion as she was; but to her great disappointment and sorrow they would have none of it. Helena's eldest brother was particularly strong in his denunciation of the new sect, saying that Helena was "now a disgrace to the family."

Being of an independent nature, Helena went back to Gotenberg, and here she encountered more difficulties because of the lack of employment. She then went to the mission headquarters and helped with the cooking, washing and mending for the missionaries. The desire to go to Zion grew stronger each passing day, but not having the necessary funds, she did not see how this could be accomplished. There was a large branch of the church in Gotenberg at this time, and a few of its members had means which they shared with others less fortunate. The president of the branch informed the authorities at Great Salt Lake City of their condition and money was sent from the Church fund to help bring worthy Saints to Zion. Immediately a large company began the long journey to Utah. After an eight weeks' voyage, Helena beheld the shores of the promised land. Landing at New York she went by train to Florence, Nebraska where the company was met by oxteams sent by the Church, and there began the never-to-be-forgotten trek across the plains.

Nothing of great importance happened to this company as all the drivers were experienced in handling oxen; however, an independent train that was traveling ahead of the Church train had considerable trouble as their teamsters were not familiar with this mode of travel. A young woman with a family of small children had been run over and killed in a stampede. One of the drivers came to the Church train, and asked for help in caring for the motherless children. Helena volunteered, supervising the children the remainder of the journey. Being of a robust constitution, she walked most of the way across the plains without serious illness or other misfortune. The company entered the valley September 11, 1863, and here she was met by a family of Scandinavians with whom she

made her home, doing all kinds of work in order to repay her immigration fare to the Church.

On October 3, 1863, Helena became the second wife of Jorgen Jensen Swaner in the Endowment House. Jorgen and Helena lived for a few years in Salt Lake City, and later moved to Ogden where they took up farming land. Being so far from church headquarters, Jorgen traded his farm for one in Big Cottonwood, where he could more easily attend meetings. Much of this land was uncultivated and their home now consisted of a one-room dugout. Soon they were able to procure better living quarters. Enjoying as he did the privilege of having a home of his own in Zion, Jorgen wished to share his good fortune with friends, named Peterson, who were still in Denmark. He informed them of the advantages to be had in the new land and urged them to come to Zion, offering to share his home with them. The offer was accepted and they made their home with the Swaners who now had seven children. Later the farm was divided and a home built for the Peterson family. Jorgen made furniture from native trees which proved strong and useful. The farm was improved, fruit trees, vegetables and flowers planted. Once more the home was shared with another immigrant family, the Wayman's, until they could build a home of their own.

In April, 1876 Jorgen Jensen Swaner passed away, and six months later a girl was born to Helena, making eight children left without a father. Although not trained for pioneer life, Helena went forward, and with the help of the older children continued to improve the farm, even buying a mower and cutting the hay herself. This she hauled to Salt Lake City where there was a ready market.

During the years, Helena did not neglect the religious training of her children, and she also accepted the responsibility of teaching a Sunday School class. She was never too busy to teach the principles of the Gospel or to help a friend or neighbor in sickness or trouble. She loved the beauty of Utah's glorious sunsets, its changing skies, and the lofty mountains which surrounded her home. Death claimed her in her eightieth year, February 14, 1915.—*Sarah J. Johnson*

*Henrietta Bell*—Among those who came to Utah alone in 1862 was Henrietta Eufemia Lundquist, who was born in Malmo, Shona, Sweden on November 2, 1845, daughter of Hans and Johanna Jacobson Lundquist. Her father was a glazier by trade. Both parents were members of the Lutheran Church. Henrietta became interested in the principles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints as taught by its missionaries in her native land. She frequently attended their meetings much against the wishes of her father. On one occasion he angrily took her from a meeting, threatening her life with a gun, in an attempt to stop her from disobeying his orders. Another time he locked her in her room for three months, but she finally

became ill through long confinement and he had to release her. As soon as she recovered her strength, she again found her way to the meetings. Then her father, in desperation, took her to the home of her sister, forty miles away, but after awhile she walked back to Malmo where she could again hear the Elders.

At the age of sixteen Henrietta went to Copenhagen, Denmark and found work in the home of a Mr. Hennesy. A few months later in company with friends and Latter-day Saint Elders, she sailed for the United States. Nothing is known of her voyage across the ocean, or of her journey across the plains, except that she arrived safely in the Salt Lake Valley in 1862.

Henrietta worked for a time in the homes of Heber C. Kimball and Albert Carrington. She experienced great difficulty in hearing any news of her parents, as the prejudice against her and the Mormon religion had not been overcome. In 1862, Henrietta was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and confirmed the same day by Niels Rosengren. At that time she was living with the family of Thomas Raddon. Later, at the suggestion of a friend, she went to Glenwood, Sevier county where provisions were made for her to live with the Thomas Bell family, a half-brother of Thomas Raddon. On November 7, 1865 Henrietta became the plural wife of Thomas Bell in a ceremony performed by George Q. Cannon in Salt Lake City. On their return home, the occasion was deeply saddened when they learned that Mahala, his first wife, had died on November 12th. Because of the slow method of transmitting news in pioneer days it was impossible to get word to them. Henrietta bravely assumed the responsibility of mothering five small boys. But this was not the only mission given to her, for eight children came to bless and crown her mother. Three weeks after the birth of a son, Henrietta passed away February 4, 1889 at her home in Elsinore, Sevier county, Utah, leaving a husband and a large family to mourn her passing.—*Vera Moore Jalley*

*Maren Thompson Peterson* was born near Fredricksharm, Denmark in 1797. Her first husband, Christian Christensen (Fautin) was a merchant and owned extensive lands. One son, Thomas C. Christensen (Fautin) was born. Maren later married Hans Peter Peterson and of this union one son, *Eskild Christian*, and a daughter, *Annetta Carlina*, were born. Maren and the children joined the Church in 1857, but her husband never accepted Mormonism.

At the Danish Conference President Carl Widerborg told the Saints a way was now opened for emigration to America, so Maren and her children sailed from Copenhagen April 1, 1859. Her husband came to the ship to bid them goodbye, but would not go with them. They sailed on the ship *L. N. Hvedt* over the North Sea to England, and then boarded the *William Tappscott*, April 11, 1859. Songs of joy were sung by the other Latter-day Saints as they sailed out to sea,

but Maren was sad, wondering if she had done the right thing in leaving her husband. The voyage across the Atlantic was made in safety. Several cities were visited by boat and rail before sailing up the Missouri River to Florence, Nebraska where they arrived May 25th. Thomas, his wife Inger, and a nine month grandson, left on June 9th for Utah with *Captain George Rowley's* handcart company. Due to illness, Maren stayed with the Saints at Florence until 1862; then came in the oxteam company of *Captain Lewis Brunson*. Eskild was twenty years of age, and Annetta, thirteen. They entered Great Salt Lake Valley August 29th.

Maren stayed in Salt Lake City two winters then moved to Mt. Pleasant where she lived in the fort during the Indian troubles in that vicinity. Her sons served as minute men. Their first dwelling was a one-room adobe house attached to the wall of the fort. It had a large fireplace used for heating and cooking purposes. Later she and the other pioneer women of Mt. Pleasant took an active part in the work of the harvest such as raking, binding and gleaning in the fields. The grain was bound by hand, then threshed either by being tromped on by oxen or flailed with willows. The chaff was blown away by the wind.

Maren was a tall woman. She was an expert at weaving fine cloth and making clothing. Her daughter, Annetta, helped with the spinning of yarn. They also became efficient in the making of willow baskets. Maren died in Mt. Pleasant, Utah leaving a large posterity, many of whom are known by the name of Fautin or Foutin.

In later years her grandson, Charles, told how he enjoyed drinking a cup of Brigham tea with her and of the many trips taken with her, and other settlers, when they went by oxteam to gather saleratus.

—*Myrtle C. Fautin Marquardson*

*Christina Nielsen* was seventeen years of age when she left her native land and loved ones to journey across oceans, plains, and mountains to the Zion of the Latter-day Saints in the valley of the Great Salt Lake. She was one of six children born to Andreas and Trine Olsen in Sjagelese, Soro, Denmark, her birth date being January 23, 1845. The mother was baptized March 7, 1850, but her father never joined the Church. Christina was baptized April 13, 1858, and her brothers and sisters as they became of age.

President John Van Cott at that time was president of the Danish Mission, and it was he who took charge of the details for the emigrating Saints, changing their money into American coin and making the necessary arrangements for the long voyage. The company traveled by railroad to Korsor, by steamboat to Kiel, by rail to Altona and on to Hamburg, Germany where they set sail April 25, 1862 on the ship *Athenia* with D. Schilling as captain. There were four hundred and eighty-four converts on board with Ola N. Liljenquist in charge. Smooth sailing was encountered until they reached the

Atlantic Ocean; then at times it became very rough and many suffered from seasickness. When they reached the Gulf Stream, about three hundred miles south of New Foundland, the ocean became calm and the temperature rose to between 70 and 80 degrees. This sudden change from the cool northern climate, together with water which had become stagnant, caused much sickness among the Saints. The measles broke out and there were thirty-three children and many adults who contracted the disease. Others suffered from bowel complaint. As soon as the winds became more favorable the captain steered the ship to the north into a cooler zone. Oatmeal porridge was ordered served to the sick for breakfast, rice for noon, and sego porridge for the evening meal. Five adults died on the voyage across the Atlantic.

Christina was a beautiful girl with large black eyes and dark hair. This was an unusual combination for a Scandinavian, but her father was of Jewish descent and from him she inherited her coloring. On the 7th of June, 1862 the *Albenia* arrived in New York harbor where they were met by *Elder Soren Christofferson's* company, it having sailed from Hamburg one week earlier on the ship *Electric*. Both companies left for Florence, Nebraska arriving there on the 19th. The Saints remained at this place until the 14th of July, making the necessary arrangements for the trip across the plains. Christina bought a wagon and two oxen. The company, consisting of two hundred and fifty Saints and forty wagons, left Florence with *Ola N. Liljenquist* still in charge. Christina had much difficulty driving her oxen as the Scandinavian people were not used to handling such animals. She walked by their side most of the way across the plains. After hundreds of miles of weary travel the company entered the valley September 23, 1862, and Christina went to live with a family in the Cottonwood area for the next several months.

One night, while attending a dance, she met Gustave Nielsen, a countryman, who was born in Christiania September 1831. He had arrived in the valley September 24, 1860, a member of Oscar O. Stoddard's handcart company. An accomplished violinist he played for all the dances in the small community. Six months later Christina and Gustave were married and settled on a thirty-six acre tract of land near the present Vine Street and Highland Drive area in Murray. The men, at the time of their endowment, were encouraged to take plural wives and Christina wanted her husband to take as a wife a young girl who had come from Denmark with her. He did not want to do this. In 1886, when he was called on a mission to Norway he made the suggestion that he might bring a wife back with him. Christina was very upset and told him if he did she would leave him. She had reared her family of nine children and was much opposed to the idea of the added responsibility of helping to care for another family. However, the Manifesto was given to the Saints

not long after and Gustave was spared the necessity of making such a decision.

The Nielsen's had quite a few chickens and Christina saved her egg money for tithing and to help pay her mother's transportation to Utah. Since wheat was very scarce, she made little pellets from dough, dried them, and used them for food for the "setting" hens. Gustave continued to play for the dances. After the birth of the first two children Christina could still accompany her husband, each carrying one child, but after the birth of the third she had to stay home and care for them.

As the years went by Gustave became a prosperous farmer and he was also a stone mason by trade. The first home was a small one and as the family grew other rooms were added. The buildings were all substantially constructed of stone, and some are still standing today in excellent condition. Later he built a larger home which was among the finest in Utah. Twenty feet from the rear of the house was a small building used for washing, ironing and bathing. It contained a large copper tub, and as the house was built about a foot above the ground, it contained a drain which was quite advanced for that time. They had the best of farm machinery and implements, and were also the owners of a beautiful black victoria with red satin upholstery, round glass windows, and square glass lanterns. This was only used on very special occasions. A section of the Cottonwood Creek ran through their property, and during the winter months, ice was chopped from it and stored in an ice house which Gustave had erected on the property. Christina was an excellent cook and delighted in entertaining her family and friends. When their daughter Emma was married in 1887, over a hundred people were invited to attend the reception. A beautiful wedding cake was prepared, the layers having been baked at home, then sent to Salt Lake City to be decorated.

Among the first converts to come to Utah by train from the East was Christina's mother. They drove to Ogden to meet her. Several years later two sisters, Mary and Anna Katherine, also came to make their home in the valley. Gustave built a home for his mother-in-law on a section of their property which faced Highland Drive. Shortly after her arrival Trine met Peter Nielsen and was married to him. After their death many years later, the home was used by Christina's children until they were able to build homes of their own. The little house was recently torn down and replaced by a modern dwelling.

When the first surreys were to be had Gustave bought one for Christina so that she could ride to church. As they drove along others on their way to meeting were given a ride. Soon there were too many who expected to be taken, feelings were hurt, and it became necessary to leave the surrey home and walk until other families were able to buy one of their own. During the years the Niensens



fed, clothed and housed many Saints from their native land. The old rock granary was fitted up for this purpose, and the newcomers stayed until they could find other homes.

After her husband's death November 10, 1908, Christina moved into the home of her daughter Emma. She passed away September 22, 1917 at the age of seventy-two years and was laid to rest in the Murray cemetery beside her mate. Both were deeply religious people and highly esteemed in their community.—*Doris Baxter Fry*

*Susannah Gazy Neff*, born February 10, 1806 in Banbury, Oxford, England, married William Beer. Five children, *John, William, Robert, Ann* and *Mary* had been born to her before she was converted and baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints through the teachings of the traveling Elders. As a result, her father disinherited her, and all the other members of the family turned against her. It was generally the case that as soon as people joined the Church they desired to come to its headquarters in the United States. Accordingly, Susannah entreated her husband to take her and their family to America, although he was not a member of the Church. During their stay in New York City a son, *Franklin*, was born, and soon after the journey continued, their destination being Nauvoo, Illinois. Within a short time after their arrival, William left his family and no further mention is made of him in her history.

In 1848, Susannah with her six children, crossed the plains with a company of Saints arriving in Salt Lake in the fall. Two years later she moved to Pleasant Grove where she established a home. Her brother, who was mayor of Banbury Cross, England, wrote asking her to come home on a visit. Taking her son Franklin with her, she sailed for England. During her absence from home she learned that her parents had passed away, but there were other kinfolk to welcome her. Just before her departure her brother gave her \$1000.00 in gold coins which she gratefully accepted.

Several years after her return to Utah, Susannah married John Neff in the old Endowment House. They bought a few acres of choice ground in Pleasant Grove. Franklin had brought back from England some starts of walnut trees, and one of these was transplanted on this land. Today, this tree still stands, being over one hundred years old. (1959).

When the Relief Society was organized in Pleasant Grove, Elizabeth Walker was chosen president, Laura Frampton, first counselor and Susannah Beer Neff, second counselor. At the time of its reorganization in 1868, Susannah was chosen first counselor to President Elizabeth Brown. In the record her name appears regularly on the monthly donation list: Susannah Neff, 12 lbs. flour;  $\frac{1}{2}$  gallon molasses, etc.

After many years of service to her church and community, Susannah died October 27, 1874 and was interred in the Pleasant Grove cemetery.—*Mary Beer Browning*

*Puah Sarah Collins* was born in Bath, Somersetshire, England on March 12, 1828, the daughter of John and Sarah Holloway Collins. Her father was a professor of music and leader of several bands; therefore, was financially able to provide a good living for his family. Puah joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in her native city, and in her twenty-fourth year married Walter Holley, also a Latter-day Saint convert. In February, 1853 they left their native land for America where they joined a group of pioneers en route to the Salt Lake Valley. Sarah was in delicate condition, but she never faltered or complained at the hardships which she had to endure. In August, while they were still many hundreds of miles from their destination, her husband died. He was wrapped in a blanket and laid to rest in a lonely grave along the trail. Two weeks afterwards she gave birth to a baby girl. It only lived a few hours. She was then permitted to ride for nine days, then walked the rest of the way until she reached the Valley in October, 1854.

Now loneliness engulfed her. All was strange to her, as relatives and friends of the journey had scattered and gone to other places to make their home; but being an excellent needle woman she soon secured work. In 1855 she married John Isaac Hart who had come to the Valley in 1853. The next year, on February 15, 1856, a daughter was born to them whom they named Elizabeth. That winter has been designated as a "hard winter," crickets destroyed their crops, cattle starved or froze to death, but through it all, with the help of their Heavenly Father, they managed to survive.

The summer of 1856, the crops did not do very well, and the grain was too short to cut so it had to be pulled by the roots. The young mother took her baby of six months and crawled on one knee while she pulled the wheat, then she threshed it by beating out the kernels on a wagon cover. After the wind had blown away the chaff, she put the kernels in a sack and took them to the mill to be made into flour—the first she had had for many months. In the spring of 1858, she took part in the general move of the Saints to Utah County, walking all the way to Spanish Fork where she remained until the first of July, when the call came for the Saints to return to their homes. Her baby was born one day after reaching Ogden. It lived only half an hour.

Pioneer Hart became very efficient in the making of straw hats and bonnets from which trade she earned the greater part of her livelihood. She made beautiful hats for Mrs. Farr, wife of Mayor Lorin Farr, and other prominent people. Her husband worked at blacksmithing, making such tools as hoes, rakes, pitchforks and digging forks. He helped to build many houses in Ogden and the

surrounding communities, which were constructed of concrete, adobe and rock, and also assisted in the building of bridges and the making of canals in various parts of Utah and Oregon. This work took him away from home a great deal of the time, leaving additional responsibilities for her to cope with.

In 1859 she moved with the rest of the family to West Weber and contributed much hard labor toward the pioneering of this community. She served as secretary of the Relief Society, and also was a visiting teacher until the fall of 1894, when she went to Hooper to live with her daughter, Elizabeth. She worked in the Relief Society of this Ward until her death, which occurred in Ogden while she was visiting at the home of friends, on September 27, 1900. She was seventy-two years of age, and although only one of her children lived to maturity, her posterity numbered sixty at the time of her demise.—*Elizabeth Hart Manning*

*Eliza Newbury Rawlings* was born in Grafton, England, June 16, 1836 to William and Jane Stagg Newbury. Nine years after the death of Jacob Choules' first wife, Elizabeth Smart, Eliza married him. Their home was a meeting place for the Elders and other members of the Latter-day Saint Church. After a long illness Jacob died at the age of forty-eight years, leaving Eliza in dire poverty with six children and a stepson, George, to provide for. Not long after her youngest son passed away. The minister of the Church of England offered to provide for the family if she would leave the Mormon Church, but Eliza held firm in her faith and prayed for strength to go on. Had it not been for Eliza's ambition and resourcefulness, and the help received from the older children and George, she would have been unable to keep the family together.

After two years of struggling for a meager existence she received aid from the Church, which enabled her to leave England with other converts, and take her children to the home of the Saints in America. When she finally arrived in Utah there were many more hard years ahead, but land and work were plentiful. With her ability, her faith and love of God, she kept her family together and established a heritage for her posterity. She did some practical nursing and served as a midwife, not only delivering the new born babe and caring for the mother, but also giving needed attention to other members of the family.

Several years later Eliza married Richard Rawlings who had a number of children. They moved to Fairview, Idaho and here she reared the two families on a homestead. Always energetic and sympathetic, she helped with the problems of the growing community, grateful that God had blessed her and her family. Eliza was president of the Relief Society and Primary and served in various other organizations. She was very intolerant of indolence and

untidiness. Her carriage and mannerisms were correct even in her declining years.

Richard Rawlings died in 1912 and four years later, September 9, 1916, Eliza passed away in Fairview, Idaho.—*Myrtle T. Choules*

*Susannah Daybell Carlisle*, daughter of Finity and Mary Draper Daybell, was born August 14, 1848 at Lincolnshire, England. At eleven years of age she worked for a shilling or twenty-four cents a week to help support the family. On June 4, 1863 she left her parents and sailed for America on the ship *Amazon*, arriving at New York harbor seven weeks later. The emigrants had difficulty getting on their way as it was during the time of the Civil War and the government was very strict concerning emigration laws. "Aunt Suie" as she was called rode in a cattle car from New York to Florence, Nebraska. The trains were delayed several times while new sections of track were laid after a battle had torn them loose.

From the outfitting station in Florence to Salt Lake City, Utah Susannah traveled in the oxteam company of *Captain Daniel D. McArthur*, arriving in the Valley October 3, 1863. The first night in Salt Lake, she slept on the ground in the Eighth Ward Square, and the following morning journeyed to Payson with a lady and her daughter who had traveled across the plains in the same company. There was no place for Susannah to stay and earn a living in Payson, so the son took her to Provo where she stayed for a few days in the home of a Mr. Twelves, who had been a guest in her parent's home in England. William Giles offered to take her to Charleston where she could live with the Thacker family, but he had just taken a plural wife, and conditions were such that she could not remain there. A few days later Mrs. Thacker decided to leave with Susannah for Salt Lake. The two women started walking, and when they had nearly reached Heber City, they caught a ride with a Mr. Decker who took them as far as his home at the mouth of Parley's Canyon. From there they headed toward the Jordan River but lost their way. Finally arriving at the home where Mrs. Thacker's daughter was employed, they found there was no room for Susannah; but a Mrs. Myers took her in, and she stayed with this kind lady during the winter.

In March, a Scotch peddler came to the home. He recognized Susannah as one of the passengers on the *Amazon*. She told him she was staying there only temporarily and must find employment. He said he knew a woman who had recently had a baby and who was in need of hired help. Susannah contacted Eliza Broadhead Summers and was given the job.

Later that same year she went to Kimball's Ranch in Parleys Canyon to meet her parents, brother and sisters who were en route to the Valley. After a joyful reunion, she returned to the Summer's home where she remained for three years. Susannah's next position

was in the home of Apostle Wilford Woodruff. While living there she met and married John Pollard May 3, 1866. That fall she received word her brother Robert was lost while crossing the plains. He, his wife, and one child, were riding in a wagon with Robert Duke of Heber City. It was believed that he had drowned.

John and Suie moved to Heber City, settled in the southwest section of the town, and here they resided until John died June 9, 1892. Susannah then married George Carlisle March 31, 1894. On July 3, 1897 Nellie Simmons, a child of five years, was taken into their home. She lived with them until her death May 2, 1902. This left the home childless again until Ross Moore, the seven year old grandson of her husband, George, came to live with them. When Mr. Carlisle died January 29, 1909, Ross remained and helped Susannah with the work on the farm. On April 27, 1918 he was called to serve his country in World War I, where he made the supreme sacrifice. After his death, Susannah sold her possessions and went to live with her sisters, Lizzie and Sarah Giles. Death came to her November 12, 1932 and she was interred in the Heber City cemetery.

—*Ida R. Watkins*

*Elizabeth Walmsley Marshall*, daughter of William and Mary Slater Walmsley, was born December 7, 1816 in Lancashire, England. She married James Corbridge in England in 1835. Having affiliated themselves with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, they, with their three children, *Mary Ann*, *William* and *James*, set sail for America in the year 1840. Crossing the ocean James Jr., died, and was buried at sea. While living in Nauvoo, Illinois in 1843, James Corbridge and their son, *William*, became very ill with cholera. James died and was buried there. Three years later Elizabeth married John Walker and three sons were born of this union: Joseph, who lived one month, *Solomon* and *Hyrum Alonzo*. John Walker took a plural wife and crossed the plains to Utah in 1850, leaving Elizabeth and her family at Pottawattamie, Iowa. Putting all her earthly possessions into a wagon, she joined a company of Saints west in 1852.

Mary Ann had journeyed to Utah a year before her mother in the Bishop Edward Hunter company. Although very young she drove an oxteam all the way. En route she had a serious accident, being run over by one of the wagons, and those who witnessed it marveled at her miraculous escape from death.

William, being the eldest, helped Elizabeth with the children as much as he could. He walked across the plains, driving loose cattle belonging to other members of the company, and for which service he received 25 cents a day. The company averaged about ten miles each day. After her arrival in the Valley, Elizabeth could not reconcile herself to living in polygamy, so when she heard of a company going to Tooele, she and her children went with them. In 1853, she met and married a widower, George Marshall. Of this union two sons,

George and Ephraim, were born. Theirs was a life of privation and hardships in spite of the combined efforts of the family. A poorly constructed log cabin, inadequate to protect them from the chilling blasts of winter, was home to this pioneer family. Many a meal was furnished from sego lily roots or a few dried wild berries gathered on the hillsides.

When Solomon was twelve years old, George Marshall entered into plural marriage. Elizabeth did not approve of this action, so she sent Solomon to Salt Lake City to see his sister Mary Ann, who had married Oscar Hamblin, seeking information as to the date of their departure for the Santa Clara Valley where they had been called on a mission by the Church authorities. When they were ready to leave Elizabeth and her children went with them.

When the two families reached Santa Clara in the autumn of 1855, a townsite was chosen and shelters built. William erected a log cabin and took up a small amount of land. The boys did their best to support their mother and the younger members of the family. Since money was a novelty in this part of the territory they worked for produce, wool, or anything, that could be used for food and clothing. In the spring of 1862, the Santa Clara River, swollen by the spring thaw and rains, lashed its fury against the town and washed most of it away. The people camped on a hillside, but after several weeks were able to return and salvage what they could from the wreckage. A twenty foot gully had washed through the town. As soon as possible homes were rebuilt on the bench. They, with other settlers, struggled on eking out a meager livelihood, but conditions proved so unsatisfactory both families decided to move again, and Minersville was the place selected.

Elizabeth's family and the Hamblin family lived in a one room log cabin for a time. This crude home served also as the first school house in Minersville. Long benches were moved in during the daytime and Elizabeth conducted the classes. William built the first brick home in Minersville. Hyrum often told about the scarcity of clothing during those first years, and how his mother had made him a hat of blue denim which she washed, starched and ironed Saturday night so that it would be ready for Sunday School. Again, there was little food, and the children's lunch, as they worked in the fields, often consisted of no more than bread spread with lard.

William was called three times to go back to the States to help bring emigrants to Utah. He was very young when he received his first call to aid in bringing in one of the first handcart companies. Eliza Jane Zabriskie became his wife. She died at the age of twenty-nine years, leaving William with eight small children. Elizabeth lived with him to help care for the children until he married Hannah Alice Conford, a convert from England.

Elizabeth died in Minersville on April 13, 1896.

—*Alvaritta C. Robinson*

*Elizabeth Frances Duncan* was the eldest child of Daniel and Elizabeth Gower Clark. She was born September 17, 1840 at Colchester, Essex County, England. In 1848 her parents joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Prejudice was very strong against the Mormons and the family was ostracized. Since the children were forbidden to attend school, the parents used what means they had to have them taught in their home. Elizabeth was baptized February 22, 1851.

The Clark family, which consisted of the father, mother and five little girls, left Colchester settling in Barking, Essex County, seven miles east of London. Daniel Clark was a maker of shoes and soon established a good business making footwear for the people of the community. Elizabeth's mother was a professional draper and found work in homes and shops. The girls also became efficient seamstresses.

A branch of the Latter-day Saint Church was organized in that community and Daniel Clark was made the presiding Elder. The visiting Elders, who oftentimes held meetings in their home, told them much about Utah, and soon they felt a great desire to emigrate and join with the body of the Church in Zion. Not having sufficient means to pay passage for the entire family, it was decided that the three eldest girls should go first. Accordingly, in April, 1861, *Elizabeth*, age 20; *Sarah*, 18, and *Rebecca*, 16, left their home to go to a strange land, not knowing whether they would ever see their loved ones again. The girls arrived in Liverpool and set sail April 23, 1861 on the ship *Underwriter*, docking in New York harbor May 22nd. On June 2nd they arrived at Florence, Nebraska where they joined the *Joseph Horne* company leaving that point seven days later. Walking most of the way the three girls reached Salt Lake City September 13th.

By the end of the year the two younger sisters had married, each one to a widower with two children. Sarah married Alma Hale of Grantsville, and Rebecca married Thomas Stayner of Salt Lake City and later of Ogden. On June 7, 1862 Elizabeth married Caleb Ebenezer Crouch as his plural wife. Elizabeth was an ambitious woman, and it was her foremost desire to assist in every way possible to bring the other members of her family to Utah. By gleanng wheat, which sold for five dollars a bushel, she was able to earn one hundred dollars. This money she sent to her father.

On June 3, 1864 Daniel Clark, his wife and five children boarded the ship *Hudson*, with John M. Kay in charge of the Saints, and sailed for America. After arriving in New York City it was necessary for this company to detour through Canada and again enter the United States at Chicago, because of the Civil War then raging. They joined the *William Hyde* company at Wyoming, Nebraska, August 9th. There was much sickness and many deaths, Daniel Clark being one of the victims. He was buried near the first

crossing of the North Platte River. When Elizabeth knew her family should be nearing the Valley she started walking to meet them. With deep sorrow she learned of her father's passing.

In the meantime Ebenezer had sold his business in Salt Lake to William Eddington and took in payment a piece of land in Weber Valley. In November, 1863 he moved his family there and built the first home in what is now South Morgan. It is not known whether Elizabeth went to Morgan then or a few months later. Elizabeth helped her mother by taking two of the youngest children, Rosa, seven and Frederick, four, to live with her. Industrious as ever, Elizabeth made the first American flag in Morgan and for a short time taught school in her home. She did the spinning and knitting for the family, also braided straw which she made into hats and sold. She excelled in the making of ladies gloves from the finest buckskin, lined with silk. Some had wide cuffs of beaver, or lace and ribbon, while the backs were often embroidered in silk flowers. For these she received five dollars a pair.

In 1866, John Wood, his wife and family, settled in Richville, near Morgan and shortly thereafter he and his wife separated. Elizabeth's mother met and married Mr. Wood in 1867. This helped both families as it provided a home for her and the children, and the older boys could help on the farm.

On June 1, 1866 Elizabeth's first child, Emeline, was born, followed by Charles Edwin, born May 23, 1868, and William Arthur, born March 11, 1870. In spite of all her efforts to maintain a happy home, and probably because of the great difference in their ages, a rift appeared in their marriage which resulted in a separation. Elizabeth took Emeline and William and went to Ogden, leaving Charles with her mother. Not long after she met James Duncan who worked for the railroad. Although he was not a member of the Latter-day Saint Church, they grew to love each other, and were married. On June 2, 1872, a son, James, was born but died two days later. Complications after birth set in and within three weeks, on June 25, 1872, Elizabeth passed away. Ironically, Ebenezer, Elizabeth's first husband died the same day as her infant son. The three Crouch children were reared by their Grandmother Wood.

—Birdice Crouch

*Hannah Clegg Smith*, born April 30, 1820 at Hull, Yorkshire, England was the fourth of ten children of Nathaniel Clegg and wife, Ann Leaf. Very little information about her life is available. She was unmarried and living at home when she and her parents joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints through the efforts of her brother, William, who had joined the Church in October, 1850.

The Cleggs made plans to emigrate to Utah in May, 1862. About two weeks before the time of their departure, April 28th, the father died, but Hannah and her aged mother went on with a



company under the leadership of Isaac Canfield. A few miles west of Laramie, Wyoming, completely exhausted and suffering from dysentery, the mother died September 18th and was buried in a shallow grave by the roadside. Hannah, now alone, continued on with the company, arriving in Salt Lake City October 16th. She spent some time with her sister, Ann Clarkson and family who had arrived two years earlier. After her marriage to Abram Smith she went with him to establish a home in Parowan. The couple had no children. Hannah spent the rest of her life at Parowan, where she died in 1896 at the age of 76 years.

Hannah's brother, *William*, came to Utah with his family in 1863, and her other two sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, remained in England. The other brothers and sisters had died in infancy or childhood and were buried in England.—*Thelma B. Carter*

*Ada Winchell Clements* was born December 24, 1801 at Hebson, Washington County, New York. On January 21, 1821 she married Albert Nephi Clements and the young couple made their home in Fort Anne, New York until 1832. While Albert was on a business trip he met Sidney Rigdon, a Mormon missionary. The members of the Clement family were all baptized and very soon moved to Ohio to be near the Saints. Seven children were born to them; two died in infancy, but their greatest sorrow came when their son Paul, then a young man, was killed during the persecutions of the Saints in Missouri. Soon after the family moved to Nauvoo, Illinois, and here another son was born whom they named Albert Nephi.

When Joseph and Hyrum Smith were martyred, Albert was away from home, working for the Church interests and also the support of his family. When he heard the terrible news he immediately started for home. On the way his horse took sick and he stopped at a store to obtain medicine. Here he met his friend Sidney Rigdon. Sidney told Albert he was hurrying back to Nauvoo to be with the Saints during this time of sorrow, and to take his place as their leader. Albert was happy to learn of Mr. Rigdon's decision. On August 15, 1844, Albert arrived home, and Ada immediately told him all that had happened, including the meeting she had attended wherein the Saints had chosen Brigham Young as their leader. He seemed shocked at the news and appeared deeply concerned. This difference of opinion soon led to a rift in the once happy marriage, as Ada was convinced that Brigham Young was the right man to assume the leadership of the Saints, while Albert favored Mr. Rigdon.

When the Saints began preparations for the westward journey, Albert asked his wife if she were going to leave him as he refused to follow Brigham Young. Ada was sure in her heart that she must go with the Saints and share their fate even unto death. Ada begged her husband to come with her saying "she would never cease to love him, and would always pray for him to see the truth and

follow them to the Rocky Mountains." Ada and the children were in the exodus to Winter Quarters. Albert helped all he could to provide food and other necessities to make his family comfortable, and then bade them goodbye in great sorrow.

It was some time before Ada could leave for Zion. *Albert Nephi*, the youngest son, nine years of age drove the ox team most of the way across the plains. The family came in Captain James C. Snow's company arriving in Salt Lake October 9, 1852. Ada never forgot her husband and prayed always for him, with the hope that he would, in time, join them. Some years later he sent a letter by an Elder asking his wife for a divorce which she granted. He then remarried. His son Nephi visited him twice while on trips back for immigrants, and the last time, in 1866, he left a purse, saying, "Father, here is a purse, I wish to give to you as a token, and pray it will ever be filled."

In the meantime, Ada had married James Steers. After his death she married a Mr. Wilbur who also passed away. Then Nephi received a letter from his father, saying if he could send the money, he would come to the valley as he had lost his wife and was very lonely. Nephi sold a yoke of oxen for \$100.00, borrowed a like sum, and sent for his father. Nephi, and his wife, had Ada come to their home for a visit. Neither the mother or father knew of the meeting planned for them at their son's home. A complete and sincere reconciliation followed; and the Clements family, and his many friends, rejoiced in receiving him back into the fold. Soon after Nephi accompanied his father and mother to the Endowment House in Salt Lake City.

Ada W. Clements passed away at the age of ninety years in Oxford, Idaho.—*Bertha M. Linebarger*

*Elizabeth Clements Kendall* was born at Liberty, Clay County, Missouri on May 17, 1836, a daughter of Ada Winchell and Albert Nephi Clements. "Mother" Clements washed and ironed for the Prophet Joseph Smith's family, and Elizabeth and her brothers delivered the finished articles in a little wagon. Many times they took popcorn and apples with them to give to members of the Smith family which seemed to please them very much. On one of these deliveries the Prophet asked Elizabeth if she would like to see the "mummies" which were kept in the attic. Naturally, she was thrilled and curious. At first Elizabeth was frightened when she saw them, but Joseph, noticing this, came to her side and laying his hand on her shoulder said, "If you will touch them you will never be afraid of the dead." This she did and he then placed his hand on her head and gave her a blessing. He told her she would be a great nurse and would care for and administer to many, and that she would accomplish various other needed services during her lifetime.

Elizabeth was grief stricken when her mother and brothers and sisters left for the home of the Saints in the Rocky Mountains and she could not accompany them. However, in 1852, she joined *Captain Zabriskie's* company helping to care for his wife who was a semi-invalid. All those who were able to walk did so to relieve the weight of the heavily loaded wagons. At times, the young people were allowed to walk ahead with the guides, helping to find and to prepare suitable camping grounds. After an evening of merriment, the company would unite in prayers of thankfulness and ask for help and guidance for the day ahead.

One day while Elizabeth was sitting quietly knitting, she was conscious of the eyes of an Indian intently watching her. He disappeared shortly thereafter, but came back and began talking to the captain. After he had left Captain Zabriskie told her the Indian had offered him two horses in exchange for her. When the Indian returned the second time, he brought more horses and robes and demanded that Elizabeth be given to him. Captain Zabriskie told him that she wasn't his girl and that he could not trade people for horses and blankets. The Indian departed in anger threatening to return and kidnap her. After this incident Elizabeth was asked to ride in a covered wagon, which was a great disappointment to her as she loved to be with the other young folks. The journey continued without any further trouble from the Indian.

Soon after the company entered the valley, Elizabeth found her mother and other members of the family. She learned that her sister Eliza had married Levi Newell Kendall. Elizabeth had an opportunity to go to Grantsville to work; but her mother refused to let her go, saying she wished her to be the plural wife of Mr. Kendall. Elizabeth was very unhappy at this decision, but being an obedient daughter, she married him November 7, 1852. During the period of twenty-five years twelve children were born to them. They moved to Springville in 1858, and true to the Prophet's blessing, Elizabeth, besides rearing her own large family, was called to do nursing, and also to help prepare the dead for burial. She became a midwife and delivered hundreds of babies for which service she usually received farm produce in lieu of money.

In 1880 she and her husband separated. Several years later she moved to Mapleton, Idaho. At eighty-eight years of age Elizabeth was still actively engaged in nursing, but during the winter of 1924 she contracted pneumonia and died February 23rd at Oxford, Idaho.

—*Bertha M. Linebarger*

*Harrison Perry Fugate* was born June 10, 1821, in Clinton County, Ohio, a son of Thomas Fugate and Mary Wilkersham. Just where and how he heard of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is not known, but their records show he was baptized in 1843 by F. S. Ball and rebaptized in 1848. He crossed the plains in 1848

at the age of twenty-seven. The following year he married Sarah (Sally) Shoemaker, daughter of Jezreel Shoemaker and Nancy Golden, born July 16, 1830 in Bennington County, Kentucky. Her family were pioneers of 1847. Shortly after their marriage, they, with the Shoemaker family, journeyed to Manti, Sanpete County, arriving there on November 19, 1849. They went into camp on the south side and at the foot of Quarry Hill, where the Manti Temple now stands. The first winter was extremely severe. In the spring of 1850 the season was so late, and the animals so weak from lack of food, that Mr. Fugate's team was the only team able to do the plowing for the other people. It was June before any planting could be done. As spring broke, the company found they were camped over dens of rattlesnakes. In one day they killed five hundred and not one person was bitten.

Harrison Fugate was a jolly, kindly man. He loved to fish and spent many hours on Funk's Lake, many times provoking his wife by his lack of responsibility. Among his papers was found this notation: "April 9, 1873 she got up jawing me because I spit on the floor and would not milk the cows." He made friends with the Indians, especially those around the lake, who called him "Quiont" or Grizzly Bear, because they said his gray beard gave him a similar appearance.

The family moved to Richfield, Sevier County, in 1866 where Thomas, the fourth son, was born October 4, 1866. However, their home was soon broken up, when in the spring of 1867, they were forced to return to Manti because of Indian uprisings.

In 1880 Harrison and Sarah again ventured into the unknown, when they took their family into Castle Valley, eastward over the Wasatch Mountains. There, in Emery County, they built their new home in Paradise, on Ferron Creek, two miles east of Molen and six miles from Ferron. It was situated several miles above the junction of Huntington, Cottonwood and Ferron Creek to make the San Rafael River. Also, it was not many miles from where the old Spanish Trail crossed southwest from Green River to Salina Canyon and to California.

During the first years on Ferron Creek the settlers would gather at the home of William Taylor, whose log house had the first board floors made with lumber brought from American Fork, to have social gatherings and dances. Mr. Fugate played for the dancers on his violin. Later the family moved to Ferron where he opened up the first coal mine in Ferron Canyon in the early 1880's. The vein was thin and the coal of poor quality so it was soon abandoned.

Harrison Perry Fugate was ordained a Seventy May 17, 1857, in Manti, by Joseph Young and he received a Patriarchal blessing by Isaac Morley March 15, 1854 in Manti. He spent his last years in Ferron, Utah, passing away January 2, 1902 at the age of eighty-one years. He was the father of five children.—*Zetta Fugate Dewey*

*Sarah Ann Leigh* was born May 25, 1833 in Manchester, England. When Sarah was twelve years of age she was apprenticed to a tailor to learn the trade. At the age of sixteen she married Samuel C. Hart. Six children were born to them in England, two of whom passed away. Sarah and Samuel joined the Latter-day Saint Church after they were married. In May, 1864 Sarah Ann with the four children sailed from Liverpool with other converts to make a new home in America where she and her family could enjoy religious freedom.

On the trek across the plains Sarah Ann and the eldest boy walked the entire distance in order that the smaller children could ride. After their arrival in the valley they secured a dugout which was home to them until the arrival of the husband and father who had remained at his job in England until he had earned sufficient money to join his family in Utah. Their first real home was located on First South between Main and West Temple. Samuel opened a store on the ground floor while the family lived in the rooms above. After a few years they were financially able to buy a farm in Bountiful where Samuel built an adobe house for his family.

Sarah Ann made coats and suits and took pay in molasses, pork or other necessities to augment the family supplies. She also went out nursing in Bountiful and surrounding communities. Samuel taught some of the older boys around the neighborhood who did not go to the public schools. It is said that the Hart home boasted the first screen doors in Bountiful. They were made of lath and dark green mosquito netting and were considered quite a luxury in early days. Sarah and Samuel, with their growing family, were happy in their new home and always true to the Gospel which had brought them to Utah.—*Ada Hammond*

*Mary Aikens Smith*—One of the early pioneers of Utah, Mary Aikens Smith was born in Barnard, Windsor County, Vermont, August 13, 1797. She was a school teacher in her native state and in northern New York. While teaching at Stockholm, New York she became acquainted with Silas Smith to whom she was married March 4, 1828. In the summer of 1830, Joseph Smith, Sr., her husband's brother visited them and taught them the Gospel, which they later accepted, being baptized July 18, 1837 by Hyrum Smith. They migrated to Kirtland, Ohio and during the next ten years this family, Silas, Mary, and two sons, *Silas, Jr.*, and *Jesse*, suffered many privations and much persecutions because of their religious beliefs. From Kirtland the Smith family joined with other Saints in the move to Far West, Missouri and because of continuing persecutions the family camped at a little place called Pittsfield, Pike County, Illinois. Silas, with other Saints, attended a conference held in Commerce where he met three of his brothers and visited with the Prophet Joseph Smith, a

nephew. Soon after his return to Pittsfield, he became ill and passed away September 13, 1839.

Mary was a courageous woman of unusual faith and strength of character, struggling heroically to rear her two boys. She seemed to know intuitively that a great destiny awaited them. She taught them to read and write and gave them the incentive to continue their studies and improve themselves in every way possible. Through her teachings and wonderful example, she helped her sons to acquire a firm testimony of the truthfulness of Mormonism. To Mary Aikens Smith and her sons, the Gospel of Jesus Christ was always of foremost importance. She had been slow to accept the principles of the Latter-day Saint Church, being a devout Presbyterian, but once converted she never wavered in her faith.

In October, 1846, Mary, with her sons, started the trek toward the west leaving many valued possessions, among them an heirloom clock, a book of Ashhel Smith's writings, and other objects endeared by association. Her brother-in-law, John Smith furnished a wagon and team. Young Silas drove the team and Jesse drove the cows. The camp, with O. M. Allen as captain, was composed of nearly two hundred souls, many of them invalids, whom sickness had prevented from going on sooner. Several of the men had been wounded in the fighting in Nauvoo, Illinois. Jesse was given the responsibility of helping to drive and to tend the cattle. This belated band reached Winter Quarters November 30, 1846, and here the Smith family moved into one room of John Smith's cabin. Mary continued to teach school for the children in these limited quarters, and when the camp moved on, she taught them in her wagon.

When the company was organized *Peregrine Sessions* was made captain of fifty. Upon reaching the Elk Horn river, which was very high, the cattle were swam over and the wagons ferried on rafts. Great herds of buffalo were encountered as they traveled over the plains, and there was no lack of meat, both fresh and dried. At the Little Sandy they met several of the Mormon Battalion boys returning to Winter Quarters. George A. Smith was among those on their way back to help other companies, and his description of the "Land of Promise" was most encouraging. He told them they had laid out a city and named it Great Salt Lake City, Great Basin, North America.

On September 24, 1847 the company reached the end of their journey. The little settlement now consisted of a log and adobe fort enclosing ten acres, with cabins built against the fort wall. Here Mary acquired a building spot and the boys, with the help of John Smith and others, erected their first home in the Valley. It was a battle for survival for all the early settlers, there being few supplies of any kind and the harvest time still weeks away. "Our wheat did poorly, because we were unused to irrigation and we did not apply the water properly. We harvested only eight bushels of which we saved half for seed."

In the summer of 1851, Silas and Jesse were called by President Young to help with the settlement of Parowan, Iron County; whereupon, they sold their holdings in Salt Lake, and with their mother, moved to the new place. From this time on, with the exception of a few visits to the city, Mary spent the remaining twenty-six years of her life in the home of her son Jesse. All through the years she was active as a teacher among her grandchildren and taught them many valuable lessons in good behavior and good habits. In a letter she gave the following admonition to her son, "Strive to live daily in such a way you can feel an assurance that you are accepted of your Father in Heaven; that your heart is pure and your walk is just as becomes a Saint of the Most High God."

Mary Aikens Smith died April 27, 1877 at Parowan, Utah.

*Abigail Mead McBride* descended from a long line of devout Quakers. She was born the 5th or 29th of January, 1770, at Nine Partners, Dutchess County, New York to Gideon and Martha Mead. When she was seventeen years of age she married the Reverend Daniel McBride. Because of the nature of his work as a minister, they moved from parish to parish and from town to town. She was the mother of nine children, seven boys and two girls. They lived happily together for thirty-six years, and then he passed away September 1, 1832. She had been a widow about ten years when she was first contacted by missionaries of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Evan Green, secretary to the Prophet Joseph Smith, Amasa Lyman and William Cahoon were traveling in the state of New York as missionaries, and found the McBrides to be willing listeners. They joined the Church in June, 1833 at Villanova, Chautauqua County, New York, and soon after made the decision to gather with other members of the Church who were then established in Kirtland, Ohio, one hundred and thirty-five miles away. Here they assisted in the building of the city and gave of their means to help erect the temple. Reuben, son of Abigail, was one of the custodians of the temple.

Abigail received a patriarchal blessing when she was sixty-six years old, given by Joseph Smith Sr., first Patriarch of the Church in this dispensation, in which she was promised that she would be in good health and would go to Zion, (in the mountains.) Among other things she was told: "on the heads of thy posterity, I confer a blessing."

The McBrides were in Nauvoo, Illinois at the time of the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph, and his brother, Hyrum Smith, and endured the many trials and sorrows along with other Saints who were driven from their homes. Abigail left Nauvoo in 1846 with her two sons, *John*, and *Reuben*, and families, and prepared to go west, although she was then seventy-seven years of age. She crossed the plains in *Edward Hunter's company* and arrived in Salt Lake Valley in September, 1847. When Ogden was first settled the McBrides

went there to live, and there Abigail spent her remaining years. She died March 12, 1854 and was buried in the Ogden cemetery.

Two of her sons settled in Fillmore, Utah. John McBride lived for a time in Springville, where he died, and is buried in the city cemetery. Some of the family lived at Hyrum, Utah. *George* was killed by Indians in Idaho. *Martha* married Vinson Knight and lived in northern Utah.—*Eva C. Johnson*

*Sarah Hannah Garrett Fackrell* was born February 5, 1856 at Willenhall, Warwickshire, England, a daughter of William and Maria Maycock Garrett. Her father was president of the Coventry Branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Their home was always open to the Elders among whom were Elders Budge, Joseph F. Smith, Parley P. Pratt, Joseph Rich, Charles and David Kimball and Brigham Young.

When Hannah was six years of age her parents sent her, an older sister *Lizzie*, and a brother *James* with their Grandmother *Lucy Maycock* to Utah. One of the missionaries was returning home, so they felt this an opportune time to send some of the members of the family with him, and, since they had adequate money saved for their transportation, arrangements were quickly made. They set sail from Liverpool, England April 23, 1862 on the ship *John J. Boyd*. All went well for about two weeks, then Hannah, along with many other passengers, contracted black measles. One member of their company died and was buried at sea. As the days passed she became increasingly homesick and especially longed for her mother; but everyone was kind to her and told her everything would be all right when she arrived in Utah. They were eight weeks on the water before they docked in New York harbor; thence, they traveled by rail to Florence, Nebraska where they joined with a company of Saints under the supervision of *Homer Duncan*. While at Florence a missionary friend was struck by lightning and burned quite severely. The wagons were so heavily loaded almost everyone had to walk, and although she was only six years old, Hannah walked almost all of the way.

On September 24, 1862 they arrived in Salt Lake City. Little Hannah was tired and homesick, but she was among friends and she knew that her mother and father and other members were to follow as soon as possible. Until they came she was to make her home with her father's sister, Hannah Ringrose at Bountiful, Utah. She had never seen her aunt before but felt near to her because of her relationship to her father. Soon after her arrival she found she had to work to earn her board and the things she was to enjoy. Uncle Ringrose, as she called him, was a gardener, so she worked in the field, led the horse to cultivate the garden and early each morning was required to go through the potato patch and tomato vines looking for and killing the worms which would destroy the plants. No matter how hard she tried not to be afraid of the worms she was never able to overcome her fear



and the sick feeling that came over her when she encountered one. Her uncle was very strict and demanded much of the child expecting her to work with him from early morning until late at night. She went barefoot all the time, except when her feet became so sore that he smoothed out two small pieces of wood, fastened a strap to them and tied them on her feet. One Christmas morning she found a lump of sugar and a quarter of an apple in her stocking. These small gifts brought her much happiness as she had been disappointed so many times.

In 1866, four years after her arrival in Utah, her parents came. She was wearing her first pair of shoes since coming to Zion and was suitably dressed for that eventful day. Her father made a home for his family in Bountiful where they lived for three years; then moved to Nephi where Mr. Garrett went into the brick making business. Since he was financially unable to hire help it was Hannah's chore to carry off the brick. For three years she did this hard labor and then returned to Bountiful.

In 1874 Hannah went to Randolph, Utah to live with a sister, Lucy, and her husband Jasper Perkins. She helped with the household duties for her board and additional money was earned doing washing and other tasks for different families in the vicinity. While living in Randolph she met David Edwin Fackrell, formerly a resident of West Bountiful, who was homesteading a ranch four miles north of the city on Otter Creek. On May 27, 1877 they were married by a Justice of the Peace and, on October 2, 1879, the ceremony was performed in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City. Hannah became the mother of two boys and six girls. She died January 15, 1941 in Bountiful, Utah.—*Lucy F. Christensen - Vera F. Day*

*Isabella Graham* was born January 31, 1818 in Carlisle, Cumberland, England. When she was nineteen years of age she married John Blain. Her husband bought and sold cattle, sheep and hogs. The ground floor of their home was made into a store and between these enterprises John and Isabella were able to make a fairly comfortable living for themselves and their family of seven boys and four girls, namely, *William, Mary, Robert, George, Jane, Joseph, Thomas, James, Sarah, Elizabeth* and *Isabelle*. After being converted to the principles of Mormonism their home became a haven for visiting Elders. Isabella was baptized and confirmed by John Sanders on February 20, 1841, and from that time on her every effort was directed toward saving enough money for the family to gather to Zion.

At the age of forty-five John Blain suffered a stroke which affected his speech and all conversation between him and his family was carried on through writing. He seemed to know that he would never see Utah, but he still urged his family to carry out their plans. He made the statement that he would start with them, and if he could not complete the journey he would die happy knowing they were on

their way. Not long after he suffered another stroke which proved fatal.

Isabella kept the store going, selling homemade candy and other items which enabled her to save money to send three of her sons, William, Robert and George to Utah with returning missionaries. They were to go first and prepare a home for her and their brothers and sisters. Opposition was strong against the new religion in England and, consequently, even friends were afraid to purchase merchandise from her; so it was quite some time before she could accumulate even part of the necessary funds. Isabella had a sister in Liverpool and for a week prior to their departure they stayed in her home.

When the ship John J. Boyd docked in New York harbor in the year 1863, Isabella and the remaining children were among its passengers, having been given additional assistance through the Perpetual Emigrating Fund. Isabella, many years later, told her grandchildren that whenever she thought of New York she could see herself walking down the street "with a baby in her arms, one child on each side and four following along behind." From New York they journeyed on to Florence, Nebraska where she and the children joined an oxteam company under the supervision of *John R. Murdock*, leaving Florence June 29, 1863 and arriving in Salt Lake City August 29th. She was very ill with mountain fever the latter part of the journey.

William met them with an oxteam and took them to Spring City where he had married and established a home. Isabella struggled alone to make a living for herself and family doing all kinds of work. She was especially known for her yeast-making, which product she sold to many of the settlers or traded for flour. As the children grew older they were able to take part of the burden from her shoulders and to help her repay the immigration fees. Besides rearing her own large family, she opened her heart and home to two grandchildren and an Indian boy whom Robert had brought from the sheep camp. The lad called himself George Rich Blain.

Isabella Blain, truly a pioneer, lived to be eighty-nine years of age. The last three years of her life were spent in darkness, but she was tenderly cared for by her daughter Isabelle. She died December 10, 1907, strong in the Latter-day Saint faith to the end, and all her children were and are members of the church which brought their mother so far from her native land.—*Mina Blain Watson*.



## Historic Letters of The Past

*How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth! — Isaiah 52:7*



UTAH pioneers wrote many letters that play an important part in the compiling of its history. Ofttimes they trace the movements of the members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints from place to place and describe their rejoicings at having reached, in safety, their Zion in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake. These missives also disclose the happenings of civic, church and family affairs, each adding factual data not available from any other sources. Of equal value are the letters to their former homes, and those sent between the widely separated communities within the territory, describing living conditions, births, marriages and deaths. In many instances only one or two members of a family had accepted the gospel message and the words they wrote make known the longing for their loved ones and the hope that someday they might be reunited. It was not unusual for six months to elapse before mail was received from those residing in the states or across the ocean; hence, they were prized documents read and reread with eagerness, then carefully saved to be handed down to us as legacies from which to glean these choice bits of history. We publish these letters verbatim.

On October 11, 1838, Joseph Smith and his people vacated DeWitt, Missouri, pursued by angry mobs. Some weeks later Governor Boggs issued an order of extermination against the Mormon people and their leading men were arrested. Brigham Young, then

president of the Council of Twelve, accompanied by some of the Saints, went to Quincy, Adams County, Illinois. Here the persecuted people received the "hand of kindness." Meanwhile, the majority of the members of the Church were scattered and their Prophet, with several others, imprisoned.

Quincy, March 29, 1839

Dear Brethren,

The distance that separates us nor our difficulties here do not cause us to forget you in your extreme labor and travail in trying to accomplish that arduous undertaking in which you are engaged. We are sensible, brethren, that you have done all that you could do in removing the poor Saints, and the vast number of Saints that have been removed under the peculiar circumstances in which you and they have been placed is evidence to us of a promptness, perseverance and fidelity almost unparalleled in the history of our Church—nor have we, brethren, been backward in exerting our energies for the accomplishment of the same thing. We pray for you, brethren, that God may bless you, deliver you out of the hands of your enemies, and cause the hearts of the poor to rejoice.

At a council convened in this place for the purpose of deliberating on the best means for delivering you in your present peculiar situation, we thought that considering the bad state of the roads, the expense of ferrage in consequence of high water, that the teams are all nearly worn out, and the brethren here very poor and very much scattered that it would be the best way to forward the remainder of the poor brethren by water, that the expense would be less by judicious arrangements than the expense money that would be necessary to remove them by land. The council thought that if one or two of your committee were to come with the families, make a contract with the captain of a steam boat, and make all necessary arrangements for the brethren that the poor brethren might all be removed at once, and you released of that burden under which you have labored for so long a time. We have also thought it best to dispatch a messenger with \$10.00 all that we are at present able to raise for the accomplishment of this thing. We suggest the propriety of making a bargain with a captain of a boat on his way up the river as it might be made to better advantage if the captain knew of a load on his return.

Written by order of the committee by your brother on the bond of the everlasting Covenant,

John Taylor  
Brigham Young  
Isaac Higbee  
Israel Barlow  
John H. Greene

Quincy, March 31, 1839.

Since the above, the committee have conferred with Elder O. Granger. He will go to St. Louis and from there to Richmond and

will make the necessary arrangements, and confer with you on the subject. The more we think of the propriety of the gathering coming by water, the more we believe in the propriety of the same.

John P. Greene

Elder William Burton, the bearer, is one of the committee at Quincy and will be able to give you a general knowledge of all things in this place.

—Original—D.U.P. Manuscript Room

#### FROM NEW LIBERTY, ILLINOIS

Olive Boynton was born in Bradford, Massachusetts in 1805. In 1825 she married Jonathan Harriman Hale. They were converted to the Mormon faith and, in 1834, came west to be with the body of the Saints. In March, 1841, while living in New Liberty, near Quincy, Illinois, she wrote the following letter to her husband's mother in Bradford. The original letter is on file in the Church Historian's office in Salt Lake City. Submitted by *Louie Hale Call*.  
New Liberty, Illinois

March, 1841

Dearly Beloved and affectionate Mother:

As I sat musing this morning upon the scenes that had transpired for the five or six past years and among the multitude was one that took place on my own native land on the day of my departure, the separation of a beloved mother from her son and daughter and their little ones, is one that can never be forgotten by me neither the promise I made respecting writing to her therefore Dear Mother I continue to adress you by writting, nothwithstanding I have not received as much as one letter since Jonathan returned from the Islands although we have both wrote several times and feel very ancious to have you or some of our beloved brothers or sisters write to us immediately after the reception of this. All we have heard from you was from Jonathan Homes to Milten stating that you had a bad sore on one of your hands and was unable to keep house and that you was living with Rachel. I assure you we felt to mourn your love, and wish that you could be with us, not that I think that we could do any better for you than sister Rachel has done, but would like to be in your company once more, and at another time that Sarah had lost two of her children which I was very sorry to hear as death had once before visited her family. I wish that you should write where you are and where your children all live, the names of your grand children and the deaths of our relations in that country.

If you have received letters from Brother Kisom and Sister Cathrine or if they have visited you as they expected to when Jonathan was there last winter, if her health would permit which was poor then. If you have seen her I think you could but admire her pleasant disposition, a sister worthy of all our love and respect. If you have not heard

anything from them do write to them soon for he told Jonathan that he had wrote a number of letters and had no answer from them and if you thought much of him you would write. On Jonathan's return from Indiana he called on Mr. J. Hardy found his whole family with the exception of Caroline in that part of the country handsomely situated and in good health excepting Raley he had a bad cough. Please write if Brother Odgood is in Haverhill and if he and his family are well. We have no letter from him since John's wife returned from her visit to Toco Maine, she called on them when on her journey to Davenport, Iowa Territory, where we now live 100 miles from Nauvoo, where Jonathan has bought land and is there now building and fencing and will probably be there two or three weeks longer. He wishes me to write before he returned and give his love to you and all brothern and sisters and all enquiring friends.

I expect we will move next month as our year is out and I wish to direct your letters to Nauvoo, Hancock County, Illinois. Jonathan visited father one year ago last September, found them all well and in good spirits. John's wife and little boy in company with her brother, arrived there the day we left Davenport. Henry and Clancy are well and wish to be remembered. They visited Satter's father last June found Mother sick with the fever and Ague, she was sick several weeks, but when she recovered from the ague her health was better than in the eastern country for the sick headache turns have left her entirely.

I expect Jonathan will visit them with all the family next summer which is so in number. If you have received our last letter you have heard we have a fine great boy whose name is Solomon, he will be two years old the 30th of April. He is solid and in blooming health, his mouth is nearly filled with teeth, he talks very plain with great earnestness and sobriety. Alma is a smart little fellow, he often wishes he could see his dear grandmother and help her and fetch in wood for her as he does for his mother. Rachel is healthy and perserving but is rather small. Jonathan often says she is the very image of me when I was her age, she frequently says if you could live with us, she would like to wait upon you. She says to give you her best wishes and her love. Aroet enjoys good health, large for his age, steady and industrious He can do more than half the labor of his father. He has attended one quarter of school in company with Rachel and taken care of the creatures, done the chores, set traps, he has caught rabbits so fat that the kidneys were covered; prairie hens and quails more than we could eat in our family. He has sold six dozen of the latter for 50c a dozen. He desires to be remembered to you and says if he has his health that not more than a dozen years will roll away before he will visit that part of the country. I have wrote about all the family but myself. My health is rather poor this winter which is accompanied by a bad cold, my spirits are good.

We have a plenty of everything to make us comfortable, we have three good cows and cover, plenty of milk so that we churn twice a week, and make about ten pounds of butter a week to sell, more than we can use. We have had a shilling and twenty cents for all we sold. We have eight hogs and shoats, pork, lard, all kinds of garden stuff a plenty. We have a good wagon and two horses, many farming equipment, but our wheat we will save. Next year if we all have our health as we have, over thirty acres of good land that is not cultivated and if it can be plowed this summer we can put in good fall wheat, perhaps you think I am bragging, but I don't wish you to think we are suffering in anything.

Jonathan has sent Sister Rachel several papers of history of the Missouri trouble which if you received has informed you of some of the trouble that we have had to pass through. You think that any being called to pass through so many trials and afflictions might cause me to doubt the truth of the great work that is rolling through the earth with mighty power which thousands are embracing and rejoicing that they have been enabled to receive in these the last days, and I feel to rejoice with those that do rejoice in the Latter-day kingdom which I do know is the work of the Lord and it will continue to roll on until Christ Jesus our Lord will descend in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory when the Saints shall be caught up to meet him in the air. I pray this may be our happy lot.

Yours in love, Olive B. Hale to Mother Hale.

#### TO ORSON PRATT FROM THE MOTHER OF THE PROPHET

Nauvoo, Feb. 4, 1854.

Mr. Pratt:

Your letter of Jan. 16th came safely to hand accompanied by eight volumes of your work, the other two either never came or were taken by some person not entitled to them. For these favors allow me to express my warmest thanks and give you my best wishes.

You write about the manuscripts. I have studied over the matter and have finally concluded that you may make use of them in anyway you see proper. I am not in a situation to have any printing done and you may as well receive benefit from it as anyone. And you are hereby authorized to print, sell in this or any other country all those manuscripts you have once belonging to me.

I am sincerely happy to receive such expressions of respect from you and I am also grateful for the favor you say you are going to do me, and I assure you that it will be received with thanks to the Almighty for His mercy to you and through you to me. May God help you my son, Orson is the earnest prayer of an aged mother.

Lucy Smith

Original in possession of Mrs. A. E. Winward.

On December 31, 1836 Willard Richards was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and a year later was sent on a mission to England. Here he met Jennetta Richards, daughter of Reverend John Richards, whom he married September 24, 1838. In 1841, Elder Richards returned to America bringing his

FROM THE WILLARD RICHARDS LETTER COLLECTION



Heber John—Willard—Jennetta Richards

wife and child. The following letters tell of Jennetta's loneliness, her constant desire that other members of her family would accept the Gospel and journey to the New World, their life in Nauvoo during the days of its crises; her untimely death and Elder Richard's



journey to the Valley with their two small children. His devotion to his wife and children as revealed in the letters make unforgettable reading.—Submitted by *Geneve Pingree*

Rev. John Richards in care of  
Mr. R. C. Richards, Chemist & Druggist,  
Kirkham, Lanchashire, England.

Richmond, Oct. 26th, 1841

My Dear Parents, Sisters and Brothers,

I received your kind and most welcome letter on the third of this month, and should have answered it sooner only I was daily expecting one from Mr. Richards, he is at Illinois in the West and is expecting to take us there in the Spring. He has made choice of a piece of land but had not had an answer when he wrote me on the 20th of September. He has enjoyed very good health, has not had one day's sickness since he left England. I was very happy to hear that you were all well and I hope this will find you the same. Sister wishes to know if Mr. Richards Sisters intend going West with us and what we intend doing when we get there. Sister Rhoda intends going and Sister Peirson expects to go but Mr. Peirson has not sold his land, consequently I cannot say whether they will go with us in the Spring or in the Fall. With respect to the first question I can only answer for myself, I intend to eat when I am hungry and drink when I am thirsty and sleep on a good feather bed when I am sleepy (for Mother left us an excellent one). With respect to those individuals you speak of I cannot tell, for we are fifteen hundred miles from Nauvoo, the place where they intended going when they left England. Father says if there be anything I want that he can get I must let him know. I am very much obliged to him for his kind offer and should feel greatly obliged if he would send me some shoes, or boots for Heber John, you may think it very strange I should send more than three thousand miles for shoes but the leather is very bad (I should advise all who come to America to bring a good supply along with them.) They wear very bad indeed. Bro. William Richards has a little girl three years old first of this month and she cannot wear a pair more than a month before they have to get another pair. I tried to get Heber John a pair I sent to several places. Could not get a light pair but what was bound with cotton tape or thin kid, such as those Sister Rhoda sent to England fit for a child three months old. His Uncle brought him a pair from Pitsfield they are as heavy as a pair of clogs. I pity to see the little fellow running around in them. I would rather have colored ones than black, his foot measures  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches in length—now do not send them all of one size. I should like as much silk like the enclosed as would make me a large cape for my cloak, I cannot get any like it under 4 or 4:6 per yard here and unless I go to New York, 150 miles. Should Sister make it, Susannah will bring it free of duty. If you do not make it send it in a petticoat and

Susannah may put it on when she leaves the vessel. It is colder here in Winter and warmer in Summer than in England, have had to wear thick white dresses and go without capes. I find clothing much dearer here than in England, the Miss Peirsons have had three dresses this summer each, a silk one, Muslin deleine and Shally. They gave 4:6 per yard, the wide gingham they cut in two pieces and sell it for more than you give for the full width. 1:6 for cotton stockings for H. J. 3:6 for a nice pair for myself. Common prints about the same price here as with you. Clothing is higher but provisions are cheaper, butter 6d, cheese 2½d, beef 3d, pork 2d lb. apples 6d per bushel. I have made Elder Wine, it cost 10½d per gallon, rum 4:6 per gallon, brandy 5s per gallon. If spirits was as cheap in England I fear there would be many kill themselves. I have not seen one tipsy person since I came here. There is only one public house in Richmond about 1,000 inhabitants, so you see we are not quite so bad here as you are in Lancashire. Sister says in her letter that business is very dull in Kirkham. I do not doubt it and I fear it will be worse before it is better, perhaps you will come to see me when business is finished. Tell father if he will come and live with me I will make him some good rie bread and will eat with him, too, for I am very proud of it, would much rather have it than wheat. Tell Mother she may have a cow and make as much butter and cheese as she could from two where she now is. *Father, will you come. Mother, will you come?* Brothers, Sisters, little Ann will you come. *My beloved friends, do come do come* you will never repent if you *do come*. "Do come I will be a very good boy and say my prayers to Grandpapa and kiss Grandmama, talk with Uncle and Aunts and play with Cousin Ann, *do come*." You see H. J. has given you an invitation and sends a lock of his hair for Grandma and would send you all a kiss if you could receive it in paper. I should like to send you something from here. I hope to have a chance soon but I would rather you would come fetch it—come and receive it. I would say I should like you to send me some Garden Seeds of all kinds of flowers, do not forget some Collyflower seed. I am very fond of them have not seen any here you may think strange of me wanting seeds but I intend to have a large garden and I want some seeds from father's garden, should like some Cherry stones to plant from father's tree. Mother I wish you to send me that bed quilt you pieced before Joshua was born and I will finish it, send some pieces like all your dresses, I want it to remember you by. Mr. Richards' Mother left us some and I want to put them together. I want Sister to send some like hers and Ann's and Sister Betty send some of yours and I will put them all together. Father and Brothers send something and little Ann can make me something. Ann, cannot you make Aunt Jennetta a bag of some kind? I should like to have something from all my friends, I assure you I think of you all every day and should like to see you and should like to go to England to see you. I should not think it too far but I

should not like to go and stay there, no: money would not hire me. *O my beloved friends, how happy I should be if you were here with me.* Jane has got a good home, they have no children. She has 4 6 per week. They have made her a good many presents and will take her with them to the West when they go.

Then we could rejoice together in the goodness of God, but as that is not our privilege now let our prayers united ascend to the throne of our Heavenly Father, so that whether we meet here or not, we may meet at the Celestial Kingdom. I should like to know in your next letter how you are enjoying yourselves in the things of God, for if we never meet in this life (but I hope we shall) to talk of his goodness we can write of it. And though our voices cannot unite at present in singing his praises yet our prayers may and I trust they do and I pray our Heavenly Father to bless you all, both temporally and spiritually, and believe me my beloved Parents Brothers and Sisters and Niece, that I remain as ever your affectionate Daughter, Sister, and Aunt, J. Richards.

I hope my friends will grant me one favour, that is that they will not expose my letters or that they will first sit down and correct them. The last one I never read and I hardly dare read this for if I do I fear I shall be ashamed to send it, but if you will not receive such let me know and I will try to do better, you know tis good to have a task sometimes and I think tis one to read my letters.

October 27: I take the pen in hand this morning to write a little more to you, my dear friends, tis a very pleasant morning I wish you were all here. You will think I have said but little about Heber John, he is enjoying very good health, I wish you could see him, he is busy playing with his cousin Susan, they enjoy each other's society very much. He fears nothing, you would have been diverted with him had you seen him before he was nine months old, his cousin Levi brought him a pail of living fish, he put his hands into the water, took them into his pinafore. They leaped into his face, he took them one in each hand, struck them together like two sticks, then looked at us and shut his eyes and laughed just like his uncle R. C. does when anything pleases him. He is very fond of a book, when he has one he will sit down and try to read as his Cousin Ann used to do, can show me it and only was a year old the 1st of this month. I wish his Cousin Ann could come and play with him and his Cousin Susan. They could go into the barn and have as many nice apples as they could eat. (They have a great many here). Cousin Ann, cannot you send Heber John a little book like yours with birds and fishes in? I cannot find any here like yours. He would be very much pleased with one, you must write his name in it and let Aunt Jennetta see how well she can write.

Now Sister, as Brother says you are fond of writing will you do me one favour? Will you take some paper and make a book and write me some receipts to make wines, (I thank you for one you

sent me) pickles, preserves, jellies, cakes, puddings, pies, and everything you can think of. You need not be particular how you write them, perhaps Brother will assist you in writing them, it will keep his hand in practise so that he need not leave so many letters unanswered. You have not given me half a letter, I could have put as much again in yours. I like a good letter. Tell Mother to write something to me. Mother, you have not forgotten how to write, have you? Brother says he intends to write every month. I hope he will remember, *Do not forget!* You know tis not right to break a promise. I was happy to hear father has heard once more from his Sister, Aunt Jones. I should like to see Cousin, does he come himself to America? If he does, where does he land, in New York, Boston, or where. If I knew I would go to see him. I should think nothing of going a few hundred miles to see some of my relations, please let me know next time you write.

Bro. John, when you receive this please see Susannah and her husband before you answer this, give my kind love to them, tell them I should have written before this but I did not know where to direct. If I shall have time to write before they leave England, when you answer this send me their directions and I will write them. Let me know when they are coming, if by New York I will meet them, if my New Orleans I cannot see them before I go west, for it is 1600 miles from here, New York is only 150. Tell them the passage to New York will be as long as they will like to be on the water unless they are very fond of sailing. When you direct yours, direct Ship in one corner, Single in another, Via New York in another, or it will not come direct. The last was a month longer than it ought to have been. Remember me affectionately to Aunt Atkinson, Paul, and all Cousins, also to Uncle James and John and families. Give my respects to Mr. Griffith, Mr. and Mrs. Bowdler, Mr. Preston, Miss Hall, Mr. Tomlinson, and Kitching's families, and to all enquiring friends. I will conclude or I shall weary your patience if I do please tell me, and I shall be more brief in my next. I sent my last one a week before I received yours.

Will thank you Sister if you will buy me a nice white collar for my neck, you may give 5 or 6 shillings for one and Susannah may pay you and I will settle with her. I should have to give 12 for such here, have to give 1/6 per yard for not what you give threepence for.

Nauvoo, Hancock County, Ill.

July 8th, 1844

My Dearly Beloved Parents, Sisters & Brothers,

As. Mr. Parsons intends leaving this place tomorrow morning for England I embrace the opportunity of sending a few lines to you, my beloved friends. You will no doubt ere this reaches you have heard of the awful assasination of the two Brothers, Hiram and Joseph Smith: Yea the most awful Murder that could be thought of in this world,

two as good men as ever was on the earth taken from their wives, children and friends, cast into prison; and because they were innocent of the crimes brought against them, they were murdered in cold blood in open daylight, by a mob, June 27th, while the Governor of the State was making a speech at Nauvoo to the families and friends. They were to have had their trial on Saturday, but their enemies knew that they were innocent, and would not wait, but murdered them on the Thursday afternoon. There were about two hundred men painted red, black and yellow,, and the cry was "the Mormons are coming to rescue the prisoners," when they commenced firing at the door of the jail. Mr. Richards and Mr. Taylor were with Hiram and Joseph in the room, at the time. After the mob commenced firing, Hiram and others held the door until the mob fired through, and Mr. Richards and Mr. Taylor took their walking sticks and struck their guns and bayonets as the mob thrust them through the doorway. Hiram was shot through the head and fell backwards, saying, "I am a dead man," then Mr. Taylor ran to the window to leap out, when a ball came and threw him back and had it not been for his watch it would have gone through his heart. Joseph received one ball in the back, and went to leap through the window when he received another, and fell on his side dead, on the outside — about 20 feet. The mob was not satisfied with this, but some struck him on his face, damning him, cursing and swearing, and then raised him against the wall of the well and shot him after he was dead. Mr. Richards got his body half way through the window to follow after Joseph (knowing Hiram was dead and expecting the mob in the room every moment) but seeing Joseph fall dead and more than a hundred bayonets to leap on, he retreated and found Hiram dead and Mr. Taylor under the bed, with a ball in his left arm and three in his left limb, he ran (the mob retreated from the door when they saw Joseph leave the window, which was two stories) through a passage into the dungeon to see if the door was locked; when he found it open, he ran back into the dungeon, laid him on the floor, and covered him with a straw bed, so that if the mob pursued he might be spared to tell the story, if they did not find him; as Mr. Richards expected every moment to be shot himself. He heard the mob in the room they had just left, but I suppose they were driven away before they had time to search the dungeon. Mr. Taylor and Mr. Richards were not prisoners, but were only there as company. Mr. Taylor was severely wounded, but he is slowly recovering. Mr. Richards was not wounded only a ball passed under his left ear, seared his neck and took a little off the tip of his ear. The dead bodies of the two Brothers were brought home on Friday, and interred on Saturday, and such a time of mourning I durst say never was witnessed. There were thousands of people to see them from all parts, and I believe they all sympathized with the bereaved family and friends. What a sight to see a poor aged mother, upwards of 80, weeping over her two sons who had been slain in one day. For what? For

preaching the gospel. By whom? Time will tell, but I will venture to say by those whom they pleaded with and entreated to forsake their iniquities, and for whom I have heard them pray time and again. Wives and children, sisters and brothers, mourning over their nearest and dearest friends. Oh! What a sight! My heart bleeds at the thought. Those very friends who only a few years before were dragged from their bosoms by a ruthless mob, cast into a dungeon with heavy chains upon them, and human flesh offered to them to eat, yea, flesh of some of their own brethren in the gospel, who had been slain. Oh! Could I picture the whole scene to you, and could you only have been acquainted with those two men I know you would say with me they were men of God. They never taught me anything but what was the most virtuous principles. How many times have I heard Joseph entreat of us to watch and pray, never take God's name in vain, never using light and vain conversation, but to prove to all by our lives and conversations that we were born of God. I wish I could see you all a little while. I should like to write to you all that has taken place here the past two months, so that you might judge for yourselves. We send you the papers every week, but I suppose you have not received all, for the mob stopped the post at Warsaw or Carthage so that we could not hear nor send to our friends. That was the reason we did not write to you at the commencement of the trouble; will send you the papers giving an account of the whole affair. I think I never can praise my Heavenly Father sufficiently for his mercies to me in preserving and restoring Mr. Richards safe and sound again. It seemed to me as though the children realized it in a great measure, they made so much work with him when he came home.

They are both very well. Rhoda Ann grows very much like little Ann. You remember how her teeth grew; this one just looks the same, she had six when she was seven months old. I shall expect to hear from you in the fall, and my beloved friends, believe me just the same as ever. Oh how I long to see you and converse with you. I did flatter myself I should go to England soon; had not this taken place Hiram Smith and his family intended going next fall, or spring, and I think very likely you would have had a visit from us, but I do not know how Mr. Richards will be situated in future, but I hope to see you soon. Life is very uncertain and if we should never meet in this life I pray my Heavenly Father we may all meet in his celestial kingdom where parting will be no more. Do write soon. Mr. R. and H. J. join with me in kind love to you all. Little Ann would say send my love if she could speak, she is a dear little one, so still we scarcely know we have a child in the house, day or night.

Enclosed you will find some of Hiram's and Joseph's hair; I do not send it thinking there is any virtue in it, but thinking it might please you to preserve it, as there has been so much said about them. If you do not think it is, *you may send it back to me in your next.*

I have also picked out some of Mr. Richards' white hairs. So you may distinguish one from the other, the long light coloured is Joseph's, the dark short is Hiram's, and the white is Mr. R. I must conclude with our joint love to you all, and believe me ever to remain your most affectionate daughter and sister, Jennetta Richards.

P. S. I will write soon, be sure you do the same. H. John often wishes to go to see Grandpa and Ma and Uncles, Aunts, and Cousins.

Give my kind love to all Uncles, Aunts, and Cousins, also all enquiring friends. I often look at the portraits and fancy I am in your midst. Will send you ours as soon as we can have them done. The person from New York I named to you has not arrived here yet; I hope we can have them look as perfect to you as yours do to us. Goodby, *God bless you all.*

Nauvoo, Illinois, July 18, 1845.

Beloved Father and Mother, Brothers and Sisters,

About the 9th of June, (according to the best of my recollection) I wrote you, a part of the letter being dictated by Jennetta, and part by the children, which I sent by Mr. Amos Fielding, and you will no doubt be surprised at my writing again so soon, and that you see none of Jennetta's hand writing. But so it is, as I wrote you then, she was sick, not able to write, and I wrote all she dictated, and more, and with it sent you her profile in Daguerreotype, also Heber John's and my own. She was then convalescent, and none of us had any doubts of her recovery, and of her being able to write you herself in a short time, but the Lord's ways are not as our ways, and whatever may be the dispensations of his providence concerning us, or our friends, we ought cheerfully to submit, and say, Father, thy will be done, the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord.

Jennetta's symptoms, although somewhat variable, appeared to improve, and we anticipated a recovery to better health than she had enjoyed for many years, and we anticipated nothing but life and health, till the morning of the 9th of July, when some more unfavorable indications presented themselves, and before we were aware, at 15 minutes past 10 o'clock, she went to sleep, she stopped breathing, without a struggle, sigh, or groan, or a muscle of her countenance moving from its natural position.

And is as she will ever be

From pain and sorrow wholly free.

She died as she lived, an heir of heaven. She was one of whom the world was not worthy, and our Heavenly Father has taken her to himself. Presuming that you will wish to know all you can concerning her last days, I will descend to particulars, so far as in my power. During her sickness I attended to no business but watch her and minister to her necessities. I did not even keep up my daily journal, which I now regret, as I should then have many little circumstances

before my mind, which will now be lost. With the great prospect of her recovery I thought of nothing but to nurse her, and get her well as quick as possible.

May 21, Jennetta had an attack of the Pleurisy, from which she speedily recovered, and on the morning of the 24th she was about the house quite comfortable. My business required my absence, and I did not return till dusk. About 11 A.M., while she was sitting with the family, and looking at the funeral procession of the Wife of Elder William Smith, which was passing, she spoke cheerfully and proposed calling a carriage and following the procession to the place of preaching, when she instantly complained of a pain in the right side. Sister Ann Fox, from the South of England, who has been with us the past year as seamstress, nurse, company for Jennetta, &c., and Susan Bayliss, the housekeeper, immediately helped her to bed, and nursed her. Sending immediately for my brother Levi, who is one of the best Physicians in this Country, and who staid by her, and administered through the day, apparently with but little effect, her pain was acute and breathing difficult. I returned at dusk, saw her situation and learned her treatment, which was satisfactory, but her distress continued, and I discovered that when all other means fail, God must help. Agreeably to her wish, the Elders were called and prayed for her, according to the counsel of St. James, from which she gained some relief, and during the night rested a little, the pain changing its position to her left side, then to the back, then to the stomach, &c. The liver appeared affected at first, then the lungs, &c., to the heart (palpitation) kidneys &c., first one part, and as that recovered another would be attacked, and taking the sickness through as though her whole system was about to be renewed, and that she would come up a healthy woman, and our anticipations in this thing were increased by her *delicate situation*, which often produces great changes for the better. A few days after my last letter, (before referred to), a great irritation of the stomach arose, and she could bear very little food or nourishment, for some days nothing would stay on her stomach — on recovering from this in a measure she drank a great deal of Ginger Beer, composed of Ginger, Water, Loaf Sugar, Lemon, and Cream of Tartar, very rich and nourishing. The trees you sent her bore red and white currants, purple and green gooseberries; which she ate during some of her last days, with great pleasure, and in cheerful remembrance of her dear friends in England. The night before she died, she asked if Father and Mother was at home, and appeared rather bewildered for a few moments, as she seemed to arouse from a little rest. Although her head was generally clear and unusually free from pain during her sickness. Her hair on the back of her head became somewhat matted, and it was cut, but the front remains entire. Jennetta had the best of watchers and nurses, most of them elderly women which seemed "like mothers" to her, but I trusted her to the care of no one. My clothes were not off, or I in bed for six weeks,



and not out of her room, except the nights of 6th & 7th July, she was so comfortable, and such tried help, (Mrs. Wilcox), at her urgent request, I consented to leave the room and lay down a part of each night, and no one but my Heavenly Father had power to sustain me so long, with so little rest, for which I humbly thank *Him*. I watched her thus closely not so much because I felt she was in danger as because I ever delighted to comfort and do her good, and it was always her delight to make me happy, and here you will pardon the remark, when I tell you we were one in our feeling from the first moment we saw each other, and further, if you are not acquainted with the fact, we saw each other in visions long before we met, and our course was marked for us in the Eternal world. Jennetta has often said within 2 or 3 years, she "did not desire life, only for her husband and children's sake, and see the work of the Lord roll on". Death had no terrors for her; she knew in whom she had believed, and that he was able to save her.

The evening before she ceased to breathe, an action took place in the bowels, such as I had hoped to see when her disease should take a favorable turn, connected with an unusual coldness of the hands and feet, though not particularly alarming, or more than is usual in many cases. In the morning they were warmer, and grew cooler again as she ceased to breathe. During the night I was constantly by her side; she rested but little. Once I stepped in the Kitchen to mix some Medicine, and in a moment she asked the nurse "where is the Dr.? I do love that man. I want him with me all the time." A few minutes before her last, she asked me for a peach. I told her there was none ripe in the City, but I had ordered some from St. Louis, (200 miles distance) and they would be in soon, which satisfied her, for I had sent to St. Louis several times for fruit, &c &c for her, by the Steamers during her sickness, and there was nothing she asked for, which love or money could bring, but what she had it.

When she ceased to breathe, she appeared like a person asleep — during her life she had often said to me, if I should ever die, keep me as long as you can, which led me to examine her body very critically. There was a little discoloration under the nails of the fingers, which soon disappeared, and they soon resumed their natural color and warmth. I caused her to remain in bed, and be bathed and rubbed &c as though she were alive, or in suspended animation, until one or two o'clock on the morning of the 10th, and it was only till about midnight that she began to grow cold, and soon after a bloating of the body commenced, these were the first equivocal signs that she was dead, for she had remained warm and looked like a person asleep. Indeed I suppose her symptoms for life were better than Mr. Tenant's were for days, and yet he recovered.

When hope became hopeless, I caused the body to be washed, wrapped in clean linen wet in spirits, and carefully relaid on the bed, and the clothes to be re-wet with Spirits once in 15 minutes. Little

Heber John came to me and said, "Pa, will you bury Ma in the garden? If you do I can bear it, if you do not I cannot bear it." Jennetta had said if she ever died in Nauvoo, she wanted to be buried in her own garden.

I ordered a coffin, which arrived a little before Sunset on the 10th, when (the weather was warm, Mercury ranging from 96 to 100 Fahrenheit) my Sister Rhoda, assisted by 5 others, dressed the body and laid it in the coffin, which was made of deal or pine, our most durable timber, lined throughout with flannel, and counterlined with fine linen, the outside was covered with black velvet. Her dress was probably something different from English fashion, and I might not easily describe so as you would understand, suffice it to say, it was such an Angel might not be ashamed of — as you may judge by the finishing of the Coffin and Burial, after the body was deposited in the Coffin. I took the children to see it, who took great notice, shook hands with Mother, and kissed her, and wept aloud. This may appear strange, but let me tell you, that every thing unnatural about Jennetta's limbs when put in the Coffin was a coldness, every joint was perfectly limber, and her flesh as soft and delicate as when alive, though she had but little flesh comparatively, she had wasted away much.

Little Rhoda Ann took her Mother's wedding ring and guard from off her finger, with her own hand, just before she was laid in the Coffin. She is 21 months old and will never forget it. When everything was adjusted to the satisfaction of all, a false lid was placed on the Coffin, air and water tight, containing a large spherical or oval Glass over the face &c, over that the velvet covered lid, with a folding front — until this period her features remained unchanged. The Coffin was then placed in a *cool* position in the garden, until late in the eve, when it was removed on to the stoop attached to the house and closely watched till morning, when the heat of the day began, it was returned to her bedroom, which is, perhaps, the coolest and most comfortable in the city, for I built my house expressly for the comfort and convenience of my Dearest Jennetta.

Friday July 11th I caused a vault to be prepared in the southwest corner of the door yard, at the angle of the garden, about 20 feet from the southwest corner of the house, 6 feet deep, walled up with brick, wide enough for about 2 Coffins. I did not intend to bury her till the morning of the 12th, but the weather was extremely warm, and the friends thought prudent for the health of the people to make the deposit on the eve of the 11th — although the Coffin was air and water tight it scented a little, but the features were so swollen few would know her, and I did not let the children see her this day, for I wanted them to retain a perfect impression. On account of the great heat it was not thought wisdom to give very extended notice of the Burial, which would have called out *thousands* of people, and no place could have accommodated them. With the little notice given, more assembled than could be accommodated in the house, and as many

as could listen to the speakers. At 6 P.M. Elder John Taylor prayed, an appropriate hymn was sung by the choir, Elder Heber C. Kimball gave a history of Jennetta from his first acquaintance, followed by my Cousin, Elder Brigham Young, on the subject of the resurrection, then singing, and prayer by Elder Young. The Coffin was then removed to the Stoop, and those who wished took the last look, when the lid was secured, and with my own hands, assisted by Elder Young and others, placed the Coffin in another strong pine Coffin, secured it fast, and placed in it the vault, when Little Rhoda threw a large Dahlia Flower on the head of the Coffin, saying, "I'll give that to Mother; she will come again and fetch it with her". A stone sill was placed across the vault and all covered with a matched pine plank 8 feet 4 inches long, and 4 feet 4 inches wide, over which dirt was placed about four feet deep. And now if I have been too particular, pardon me. I have done it for your gratification. While we were eating our dinner in silence, Rhoda Ann spoke out very cheerfully, "Mother is gone away — she is gone to see Uncle Joseph, and Hyrum, and my little brother." I was particularly struck with this observation of the little prattler, and when I thought of the happy meeting of Jennetta and her eldest babe, which lies in England, I wept for joy; she has left one part of her family to go to the other; she is not alone, neither has she lived in vain; her works will follow her to the end of time, and I pray my heavenly Father that her lovely offspring may continue to the latest generation, - - -

Nauvoo, October 15th, 1845.

Mr. R. C. Richards,

Dear Brother:

Yours of the 17th August was received at an early date, and knowing your anxiety for the little ones, would have complied with your request sooner had circumstances permitted. Heber John was very sick in the summer, but is now getting very smart, he is an active intelligent lad, and listens to everything from England with a great deal of interest; Rhoda Ann Jennetta (you will perceive I have made an addition to her name) has been very feeble for some months with teething and summer complaint, but is now far convalescent, she is very cheerful and happy, eyes and ears open to everything, and converses freely on any subject. I have Jennetta's portrait completed, the size of life, she appears sitting on a sofa. Heber John comes in, and says give my love to Grandpa and Grandma and my uncles and aunts, and ask them when they are coming to see me, and ask them when my little Brother is coming (meaning the one in Ellswick Chapel Yard), Rhoda Ann says she loves Grandma 100,000,000 dollars and says she is going to be painted with her Kitten, and Heber with Trip.

Since my last communication the whole face of the subject has changed relative to my visiting England at present. Since the first of

September the mob have burned, as near as we have been able to ascertain, toward 200 Houses in this County, with other Buildings, stacks of grain, etc., all belonging to the Saints, and they did not cease their operations until the Sheriff ordered his posse to fire upon them, and killed two or three. No action has been taken against the house burners by the authorities of the land: the Sheriff of our County is not a member of our Church, but he is a noble man, and has boldly stood forth in defense of law and order at the risk of his life, and restored peace.

Franklin A. Worrell, who commanded the Guards at Carthage jail when Joseph and Hyrum were murdered, who had it in his power and should have protected us, but was himself accessory to the murder, pursued our sheriff at the speed of his horse several miles on the prairie, and while levelling his gun to shoot the sheriff, Mr. Backentos ordered his posse to fire, and Worrell fell dead, this was a justifiable act as the sheriff was obliged to do it, to save his own life, but for this thing Mr. Backentos has been arraigned before Judge Purple, one of the Supreme Judges of the State, and by him bound over for further trial, while the house burners are running at large and no attempt is made by the Government to arrest one of them; our Sheriff would have arrested them or killed them, as the law requires, but the Governor has taken a course which has stayed his proceedings.

Thus I have given you a brief history of American freedom; what think you of it? I will tell you what we think of it. The Saints in General Conference have voted unanimously to remove from this across the Rocky Mountains, as early next spring as they can get away; we are tired of a land boasting of liberty, and practising mobocracy and death.

Our Temple is progressing rapidly; we held our General Conference in it on the 6th of October, and expect it will be completed for dedication early in the spring. There were about 5000 people present at the conference, in the first story of the building. The second story is of the same dimensions, the third or attic story has the same number of rooms but they are not so large, the basement story is as large as either but not so high. The walls of the Nauvoo House, presenting a front of 120 feet on the south and 120 feet on the west, are raised to nearly the third story above the basement. There are two stories more which we hope to add before we leave. Our houses and lands are for sale, even the whole city, the most splendid establishment in all the western world.

All my real estate is deeded to Jennetta and her heirs, consequently cannot be sold, and is for rent for a term of years; there are a few other states in a similar situation, otherwise the City is for sale, except the Temple and other public buildings which may be rented. We do not wish to sell the Temple, and if we did we could hardly expect to find the man who has his millions to pay for it.

We are not going beyond the bounds of time and space, but we shall go out hence, not knowing precisely whither we do, but locate where we may on the shores of the Pacific. There will be an overland communication through the United States to England, also across the Isthmus of Darien, also around Cape Horn, at the annual season of passing that point, but a more direct and universal communication may be by Good Hope and through the Indian Ocean, which is passable at all seasons of the year.

And now, Brother Roger, if you are in want of Business, if you want to make money out of a nutshell, fit out your Ship with such Goods as are wanted in a mild climate, run across the Indian Ocean and meet us on the shores of the Pacific next Summer; co-change your goods for hides, tallow, etc., etc., and return for another cargo. By that time you will have formed acquaintance, and be prepared for as an extensive business as you will want; the traffic is already great and lucrative on the Coast.

Permit me again to remind you of my former request, that *without delay* you send me Jennetta's Family Record, I mean the names of all her relatives with their Births, Deaths, etc., and those of her associates to whom she was so particularly attached.

Remember me Affectionately to Father, Mother, Brother, and Sisters, for I remain as ever your Brother, *Willard Richards*

Nauvoo, January 26th, 1846.

To Mr. R. C. Richards,

Dear Brother:

As I have an opportunity to send a Letter on Shipboard in the morning by private conveyance, I steal the time to dictate a few lines to you. Your last letter was duly received, but now mislaid, in that you very kindly and urgently solicited the care of Jennetta's Children for a season; I appreciate your kind offer and most gladly would comply with it, if circumstances would permit; at present it is impossible, if they went I should have to take them, for I would trust them with no one on the passage, or rather than trust them with any one that I am acquainted that's going, I choose to take them with me to the wilderness, where I can see to them myself. Were they safely with you, most gladly would I let them remain for a season, but in remembrance of her who is gone, I think too much of the little ones to trust them in the hands of strangers on such a tedious journey; and for me to take them to you at present is impossible: I am compelled to travel in an opposite direction.

Jennetta's Portrait is completed and is a very good one considering the circumstances under which it was taken, Heber and Rhoda's Portraits are now being painted on one canvas the size of life. The health of the children is excellent this winter. This is the last letter you may expect from me dated in the United States, for misery, misrule, violence, mobocracy, murder, and death, are fast gaining the supreme

ascendancy in this Nation, and I choose to step out upon the mountains, into the wilderness, or some fertile valley of the West, where I can plant my own corn, eat the wild grape off the bush, head my own Wine vats and worship the God of Abraham as I have a mind to, so long as I have a mind to do right.

When you receive this I wish you to write me immediately, directing to Nauvoo as usual: I shall doubtless leave this, long before this letter reaches you; but when your letter arrives here, another company will start for the same destination, and will bring it to me. I shall write you again after arriving at my destination the first opportunity.

I was satisfied with the family Record you sent to me, so far as it went, but I wish to obtain a record of all the Brothers and Sisters of our Father & Mother, the date of their births, marriages, and deaths, and that of their companions, and also the same with regard to our Grand Parents, and their relatives as far back as possible. This was Jennetta's particular wish before she died, to obtain such a Record for her family; and it is my desire that her wishes may be carried out, and hope you will feel interested enough in the subject for her sake, and that of the children, to grant me every assistance possible. You mention the name of Miss Forsyth, please give me her whole name, this is one of her particular associates which I have often heard her mention, and there are some half a dozen more to whom she was peculiarly attached, perhaps sister Elizabeth may recollect them, if so, please write their names in full.

The following is purely the production of Heber John, and without my knowledge until completed, & I copy it here for his and your gratification.

City of Joseph, Dec. 1, 1845.

Grandfather and Grandmother

Heber John sends you a few lines to let you know that we are going on our journey in the Spring, we are all well, except Pa. Accept Aunt Rhoda's and Aunt Sarah's love and respects, also Helen's and little Levi's. Little Rhoda is from home on a visit, she is quite well.

We expect to have plenty of Fishes when we go West in Spring, and I am going to catch and tame a little Deer on the Journey, and I want you to send me a little Bell to put on my Deer's neck.

The Temple is nearly finished and many are receiving their endowments. I wish you to come and see us when we get to the end of our journey. Amos Fielding promised to bring me a knife with three blades in it. I wish him to do so if he pleases. I have got the Policeman to write this letter but I indite the same. Cousin Franklin will convey this letter to you.—*Heber John Richards*

Cousin Franklin did not leave so soon as expected. You will please present my best wishes to Father and Mother, brother and sisters, while I Remain most Affectionately,

Yours,

*Willard Richards.*

P. S. The messenger left without taking this letter with him, and on the evening before taking my departure from this place for the Western Ocean or the Wilds of America, I write this line and shall cause the same to be deposited in the Post Office — the Children are well — and I start in the morning with my family in a family carriage, and three two horse baggage Waggons.

Cutler's Park, Omaha Nation,  
Council Bluffs, West Side of  
Missouri River, Camp of Israel.

September 8, 1846, 1 o'clock A.M.

Mr. R. C. Richards, and to his father, mother, brother, and sisters—

Dearly Beloved Friends, for Jennetta's sake I embrace a moment at an untimely hour to write you a line to inform you that Heber John and Rhoda Ann Jennetta (which I have added since her mother's death) are well and enjoy their journey, their health has been better than when we lived in the city. We have been detained and shall not pass over the mountains till spring, shall stay where we are, now in a tent, shall soon be in a winter cabin. The little ones are lively, cheerful, and happy, talk often of Mother, Grandpa, Ma, &c in England, a word or anything from you is dear to them, and I endeavor to cherish your remembrance in their hearts with the greatest pleasure, hoping the time will come when I can present them to you as some of the choice gems of unfading love. They would fill a sheet with love and tales were they awake, but the Messenger starts early and suddenly. My Sister's daughter, Amelia Elizabeth Peirson, has charge of Heber John, and Sarah Longstroth, of Clitheroe, who is going West with us, has care of R. A. Jennetta, to each of whom they are much attached and from whom they receive, as it were maternal kindness and attention. Did the little creatures know I was writing to you they would be all over me, but this cannot be. When you receive this please write me immediately, for my sake if you please, if not for the children's. You will recollect how delicate little Jennetta was last year. She now wears little Cousin Ann's clothes without alteration, and is so careful she will cry if she gets water on her frock. I need not tell you there are no more interesting children than Jennetta left.

After writing me as before mentioned you can make any communication the latter part of winter by Elders O. Hyde, P. P. Pratt, or John Taylor, members of my quorum, now in England, who will be here very early in Spring. They will probably make headquarters

in Liverpool, as the brothers there can tell you. I have not time to read what I have written & can only say that the attachment of a son and brother must ever dwell in my bosom, & shall ever be happy to find it reciprocated.

I must just say to you that on the first of July last there were upwards of 2500 wagons loaded with our friends and their provisions &c between this and Nauvoo going West. Many have come out since and many more will this fall and when we shall have arrived over the mountains we shall leave this a great thoroughfare — such as hardly has been since the exit of Moses.

Winter Quarters, Camp of Israel,  
24 April, 1848.

Beloved Father & Mother and Brothers & Sisters:

As I am just on the eve of an opportunity of forwarding this safely, so far toward you as a little selfish narrow circumscribed law of nations will permit, by private conveyance, and as my goods are mostly packed, and I expect to start this week with my family for the interior of the continent, and as I have often written you by mail, and have received no answer, I might well be in doubt whether it is your wish to cease all communication with me, or whether one or both of our letters have miscarried; were the former the fact and I possessed of the knowledge, you would not be troubled with this, but supposing it possible to be otherwise you would not wonder at me writing this once more, could you listen to the repeated enquiries which are often made by Heber John and Rhoda Ann Jennetta concerning their Grandpa and Grandma and Uncles Roger and John and Aunt Elizabeth to know where they are, and how they are, &c, &c, &c, and it is for their sakes I write at the present time, but notwithstanding all their childish anxiety and affectionate regard for their Mother's relatives, their desire to see them, to know them, and to associate with them, I am loath to write as I do for I am sure of this, that if any of you have a thousandth part of the regard for those little ones, the descendants of your departed daughter and sister, that they have for you, young as they are, you would communicate to me oftener for their sake. At a venture I once more say to you that the children are in good health. They had the Measles last Winter in the worst form and were very sick, but now have as good prospect of living as any other, and I expect speedily to remove them to a more healthy climate. Rhoda Ann Jennetta is daily partaking more and more of the qualities of her mother — talking, singing, and dancing are her principal amusements, of which she never appears weary, and her wisdom is far above her youth. I know that these things will be pleasing to her aged Grandmother, and they may be equally so to you all, but if they were, I should think you would make it manifest. I do not expect mother to write much, for she is aged and but little accustomed to write, if I remember correctly, neither do I believe that natural affection has ever



forsaken her for a moment, or that it ever can or will, and could she once see the little prattlers, she would be strongly reminded of her dear Jennetta. Father also, if living, must be very infirm and but little accustomed to the pen, but the rest of you know how to write, and if you have a desire to continue acquaintance and to make yourself known to your sister's children I shall expect to hear from some of you before I write you again; and that is the reason why I address you all in this communication.

I have not time to give you any details of events concerning myself or people, and shall supersede the necessity thereof by enclosing our last General Epistle, originally from my pen, which will give you a general idea of our future location. My future address will be

Dr. Willard Richards,  
Kane Postoffice, Pottawatomie County,  
Iowa, North America.

The Kanesville Postmaster will please forward to the  
Great Salt Lake City, Great Basin.

Your letters to me will have to pass thro' the whole length of the United States Office, and be taken more than one thousand miles from Kanesville by our private mail. Sister Alice Wilding is living within one mile of this. Brother Wilding was here this morning they are all well, but do not move West this season. Alice has visited at my house twice this past Winter, and wished to be particularly remembered to you all when I wrote, and much more which I do not now recollect.

I remain

Yours most Respectfully  
Willard Richards.

P. S. 25 May. Since writing the above I have received a verbal report of father's death. If true I would like to learn the particulars.

Salt Lake City, Utah, May 1, 1864

Dear Aunt,—

I feel that I ought to apologize for neglecting you so long but believe me it is not because I do not often think of and wish to hear from you, it always gives me great pleasure to hear from any of my Dear Mother's relatives and I have wished many times that I could hear from them oftener than I have heretofore. I received a letter from you on the 8th of October, 1862, dated just one month before, inclosed with one from Cousin James to Brother Heber. On the 8th of the month following I received a copy of your letter and one from Cousin James to myself; if I mistake not I answered them both the next day, whether you ever received them or not I do not know as I have never had a line from any of you since. Immediately after visiting you Brother Heber wrote informing me of Uncle Roger's kind offer to him and myself, of the chance of a good education.

That, my Dear Aunt is something we have not had and I have always regretted it ever since I have been old enough to fully feel the need of it, and I presume I shall never regret it less than at the present time. This Country does not afford the same advantages in that respect as many others, but what little opportunity I have had I have tried to improve according to the best of my ability. I scarcely know how to reply to Uncle Roger's kind and generous offer. I presume you understood the doctrines my Father taught, the system of Faith and Worship he believed in and practiced as long as he lived and the same my Brother is striving to teach to all who desire to learn. My religion and my *faith* in the principles of our gospel is and ever will be the same as theirs. You have, I believe held out the greatest inducement that could be offered to make me forget it, but even that, great as it is, could not make me swerve for an instant in the course I am now pursuing. If I could have the same opportunities and advantages here I would embrace them gladly but as it is I can only thank you all *kindly* and *sincerely* for the good I feel you desire to do me were it in your power. I have answered you now my Dear Aunt just as I should have done if I had written immediately after the receipt of my Brother's letter. I am now married, but I suppose Heber has told you before this time. He no doubt has or will give you all the information you wish on that point as he was well acquainted with the Gentleman I married previous to his departure from home. I have got a good kind Husband and we are very happy together. We have been living the past winter in Heber's house with his wife and little girl and also Aunt Rhoda, Father's only living Sister. Heber's little daughter is now running all over the house; she is a sweet child and we are all very much attached to her. She has just been in the room where I am writing and stood by me talking (in her way) and pointing at Father's and Mother's portraits on the wall, then she wanted me to lift her up to kiss them. I have had a likeness of myself taken for you and have given it to a Gentleman this morning who expects to see Brother Heber in a short time, and he will forward it to you. I did not get the kind of a one that I wanted as the Artist had not the materials on hand for taking such, but I thought I would not wait any longer but get the best I could. I should really like to have yours, my Uncle's and Cousins': I had the ones Mother had but I should like to know how you look now, and have those I have not got. Please write as soon as you can and accept this with best love to yourself and all my Dear Mother's relatives, from your affectionate niece, Rhoda Ann Jennetta.

LETTERS TO RHODA Y. GREENE, SISTER OF  
PRESIDENT YOUNG

Evan M. Greene, born December 22, 1814 in New York state, was the son of John P. and Rhoda Young Greene, a sister of Brigham Young. She was born September 10, 1798 in New York. The

family accepted the gospel as taught by the Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and John was baptized by his father in June, 1832. Evan married his cousin, Susan Kent, whose mother, Nancy Young Kent was the eldest sister of Brigham Young. The first letter was written by President Young to Mrs. Greene and contains instructions for her journey across the plains to Zion. The second letter was written by Evan.—*Original — Files of D. U. P.*

Camp of Israel, Council Bluffs, June 17, '46

Sister Greene:

I understand that you're with Br. Cutter and that you have a wagon and team. I wish you to come on with Br. Cutter. If he should not come (which I wish him to do) you had better come with someone else. If Sisters Powers is in any of the companies, I want her to come with you. Sister Greene, I wish you not to engage to bring any with you but a teamster. Sister Nancy is here. I shall want her to go with you. I want to buy a stove for cooking, a good one. If you know of any one that has one they wish to sell, tell them to bring it to me and I will buy. I cannot write for the want of paper.

May God bless you,  
Brigham Young

Kane Iowa Oct. 30th 1848

Dear Mother:

It is with satisfaction I received your favor. I was glad to hear that you were thro' your journey and well and had got a chance to do something to help yourself to a living. My health has been very poor all the summer, as cold weather approaches I begin to feel somewhat better. Susan's health is quite poor, she has to work too hard having no one to help her. The children are all well, have had the hooping cough since you left here. Nancy has been an assistant in our school this summer. She is now with Aunt Fanny, her health and Aunt's is much as usual. Elisa is with us, about as she was when you left.

We have good tidings from the Valley, crops are first rate, health of the Brethren good, been but three deaths in the Valley since the Brethren settled there. Many of the teams have returned that went to help up the Brethren. Your waggon has come back, and I have it, but few oxen have come back, many died on the way. No private letters from Brigham or Heber came in their general epistle. They said as soon as they were through and settled they should send another mail by which they should send private letters. They propose to have the Brethren that start next spring come to Fort Laramie with their teams from here, where they will meet us with teams that have become acclimated to the mountains and exchange teams and thus save

exposing new teams to that climate and thereby save the lives of hundreds of cattle that would die by a change of climate. We look for the next mail in about three weeks, and then I will write you again. Elder Hyde has returned. The Brethren are in general health, times are much as when you left, the crops are good and abundant.

Write when you get this and let me know how you get along and what you think about going to the Valley in the Spring. Susan sends her love to you and Mary Eliza, the children all join in love to you both. My love to Emma.

Yours with due respect,  
Evan M. Greene

Dear Mother, as Evan has not sent his letter, I thought I would write a little to you. We received your letter by the hand of Brother Wheelock yesterday. I was truly glad to hear from you and to hear that you were doing well. I hope you will prosper and get you a good fitout for the Mountains. I will send the things you sent for as soon as I have a chance to send them. Brother Needham will come down sometime but when as yet it is uncertain but the first opportunity that offers, we will send them to you. Your lincydress I have worn some. I was so unwell and cold that I suffered and I thought I would recompence you for what I wore it by letting you have some stocking yarn and so I will when I see you again. Do not think hard of me for it for I do not wish to wrong you in no way, your cow and heifer are doing first rate, the heifer has growne so you would not know her. The old cow never gave any milk after you left, we milked her or tryed to about three weeks she did not give a tea cup full to a time and her milk soon tasted salt and we stoped milking her but she is fat and well. We had a letter from Rhoda not long since she was well write as soon as you get this. My love to Mary E. and yourself, so adue

yours respectfully  
Susan Greene

Addressed to:  
Mrs. Mary E. Green  
St. Louis,  
Mo.

E. M. Greene P.N.

Free

#### SAMUEL W. RICHARDS' LETTERS

Samuel Whitney Richards was born August 9, 1824 in Richmond, Massachusetts, the son of Phineas and Wealthy Dewey Richards. He spent sixteen years of his life as a missionary for the LDS Church at home and abroad. On January 29, 1846 Samuel was united in marriage to Mary Haskin who died in Salt Lake City June 3, 1860. The following two letters were written by Mary to her husband; one written by Samuel to his mother and the others are concerning Church business.

Samuel W. Richards  
Liverpool, England

September 30, 1846

My dear, though far absent husband:—

It is with pleasure I once more take my pen in hand to address a few lines to you, which I trust my dear will find you enjoying health, peace and the spirit of God to comfort, and strengthen you in the discharge of every duty until you have completed your mission and returned in safety to your home, although I do not know where you will find it. But, I trust it will be according to your prayers — that is, in the bosom of your Mary. Oh, my dear, I do ever think of you and as I cannot be with you I pray my heavenly Father to preserve our lives and permit us once more to enjoy each others society. It has pleased Him to bless me with health for which I feel truly gratefull. I think I have gained with interest, all the flesh I lost during my illness before you left me. I wrote you a long letter and sent it by Bro. Taylor and I trust by this time you have received it. In it I wrote some of the particulars concerning our arrival at the Bluffs. Also that there had been a Company of 500 men sent into the service of the U.S., for one year; that Joseph had gone — we had a letter from him on the 15th of August and he had the chills but was getting better.

October 1st — The place where we have settled for winter quarters is one of the most beautiful flats I have ever seen. It is about one mile square. The east side borders on the Missouri river and most of the north, south and west side is bounded with a ridge or bluff, from the top of which it descends gradually to the river. We are about a quarter of a mile from the meeting ground, about  $\frac{1}{2}$  from Uncle Willard. Father's folks are yet at Council Point, but expect them to move here the fore part of next week. I heard from them yesterday. Maria was blest with a little daughter on Sunday the 26th of July. She is handsome and her name is Synthe Maria.

William Cutler arrived here on the 26th of August, six days from Nauvoo, bringing information concerning a battle fought in that City on the 12th between 100 of the brethren and ten 100 of the mob. The former had 5 cannons and the mob had six. The battle lasted one hour and 20 minutes in which time the brethren fired the cannon. The mob retreated to their camp. A few of our brethren were slain; the number slain in the mob is not known. They are trying to keep it secret; one sister saw them throw 16 into one wagon. The battle was fought in the rear of store.

October 2nd — My dear Samuel, if you can read and make sense of what I have written I shall feel glad. It is written in a rush and unconnected manner. I trust you will bear with my imperfections and excuse all my mistakes. You wrote to me that I might go and assist Jane if she stood in need of me. I have been with her ever since the 2nd of August. I have watched her by day and by night when it seems almost impossible for her to live. Also my dear little Wealthy,

I have spent some happy hours with her, and many gloomy ones during her sickness. Give my love to Franklin; tell him when he prays for Jane to remember me and I will try to comfort her all I can, and keep her alive if possible for a comfort for me and also for him when he returns. I do not know how long I shall remain with her. I suppose father's folks will expect me to live with them when they come but 'twill be so near, 'twill be almost the same. I expect I shall sleep with her this winter. Father's folks have sold all their feather beds save one. When we got to Farmington our load was so heavy father sold one bed and left another unsold.

Samuel dear, have you forgot me? Surely not, but why should the letter that brings intelligence from you my dearest, be delayed so long. I was glad to hear that you had got some new clothes. My prayers shall be for the welfare of those who administer to your necessities; but how was it my dear, that you had to go so long without eating. Can it be there was one so unfeeling as to enjoy food and withhold it from you. Was also exceeding glad to hear that you was well and prosperity attended you, which blessings I pray may ever abide with you.

October 3rd — Samuel dear, receive my thanks for the presents you sent me by Jane, and especially for the one that bears your likeness. 'Tis a comfort to see anything that resembles you, though I sometimes say it is an aggravation for I would much rather see the original, but forgive me, I love to gaze upon it. Though it returns a cool sober look the folks say you had been looking at Mary when it was taken or you would have looked more pleasant.

Give my love to all my brothers and sisters. Tell Edward, Alice, William and Ellen that I say if they do not come, before or when you come I shall begin to think they never mean to. Tell the rest of the family, if they love me and ever wish to do anything that would add to my comfort, they must comfort and take good care of my Samuel, for should I ever learn that they treated him with disrespect, it would almost break my heart, but, I have too much confidence in them to believe they would ever mistreat my husband. I would dearly love to see all my nephews and nieces and hear them say "Uncle Samuel and Aunt Mary." How pleasant 'twould seem to have all my fathers children with their children planted together in some pleasant spot they could call their own and that spot in the midst of the saints, they all believing in the truth and my aged father in their midst. If wishing or praying could ever bring us all together again I would never cease. There are many things I would love to write concerning them but have not room. I leave them in the hands of Him who rules our destiny and hope all things will work together for our good and I have all confidence that my Samuel will do his part. Deary, I enjoy myself as well as you can expect, yet there is no solid happiness for me without you. I find your place is vacant

wherever I go. Samuel, accept my kindest love and bless me. I remain as ever,

Your affectionate wife,  
Mary H. Richards.

Salt Lake City  
July 27th, 1854

Samuel W. Richards  
Ft. Laramie, Wyoming  
My dear husband:

It no doubt seems long to you that you do not hear from me. I wrote two months ago to St. Louis but the mail was drowned. I thought of writing last mail but I spoke about it to Br. Cain and he thought it was too late to write to St. Louis and too early to write to Ft. Laramie so I did not write. The last mail brought me no letter from you and I confess I feel disappointed. I do not know when I have felt so anxious to hear from you. We have been looking for mail this week but I have not heard of it coming in. Should have been glad to have heard from you before I wrote that myself and little ones are well at present. The relatives I believe are all well. I saw Bro. Taylor on the 24th and he sent love to you and says he thinks he shall be likely to meet you about the same place as he did when you came in last time. They intend to leave about the 1st of September. I should be glad to have you do as I dreamed you did, which was to get in by the last of August and so give them a surprise. I met Bro. Kimball yesterday and he asked me when I should look for you. I told him I supposed about the last of September but I really hoped within myself that you would fulfill my dream.

When we last heard from Henry he was in good health and spirits; prospering on his journey somewhere in California. Linerva has a little daughter, calls her Henryetta. She was here a week ago and spent three days with me. Since I last wrote I have been to Ogden City and spent a week with Joseph Young and some other friends. Joseph and wife brought me home in the carriage and on our way home we called and took dinner at Br. Haight's. He has the prettiest place I have seen in the Valley. You see I do make a break out into the country every once in a while. We had a fine day on the 24th, the best we have ever had. I did think of sending you the program but I have concluded that you can wait. The time is so short I should not like your appetite for Valley news to get associated back there lest you should take a notion to wait the slow motion of some of the Company's and so not get in until late. You see that self is predominant. The rain has been poring profusely and were it not for the mud that has accompanied it through the roof I should have enjoyed quite a shower bath. I must now go and give the children a douse in the wash tub and put them to bed, so good night dear Samuel and may you be visited with pleasant dreams of your home, wife and children.

Sunday the 30th at 6 o'clock:

Since returning from meeting the rain has been falling in torrents but its now cleared off and a beautiful evening. I have got quite a cold in my head today, which makes me feel rather uncomfortable. The children are singing and playing on the carpet and appear quite happy. How often when I see them so, do I feel like wishing that you could gaze upon them and then comes ever fresh before me the vacant place of him who has left us for a better world. I begin to feel now that the time is drawing near when we shall behold you once more. May God grant that you may return in peace. My prayers ascend for you daily, that you may enjoy health and may be enabled to overcome all the temptations that may be thrown in you way. Your name is spoken of with praise now and I trust that you will never prove unworthy of the esteem and confidence of this people. I am ambitious to see you one of the best of them, if not among the greatest of them.

July 31st — We are all well except my cold and Amelia has a cough at present. I hope you have not neglected to write to me because you are coming home for I feel more anxious to hear from you than ever. I want something to help pass off the time now, for it seems so long. You will excuse this short note for I only designed it to let you know that all was well with us and that we are living in hopes to have a husband and father here soon. All the relations are usually well. The children send love and kisses to you. Samuel is building a bedroom; he says you will be pleased to see his calculations. The children talk a good deal about you and Samuel is already threatening to tell his papa on Mary when she don't do things to please him.

I am still the same — your wife, Mary H. Richards.

Scotland

Jan. 13, 1847

Wealthy D. Richards,  
My dear Mother:

I was glad to have one word from you in Mary's letter. Was glad to hear that you were well and it is a comfort to me to know that Mary is a comfort to you. Was in hopes to have had that letter from Father before this, but it has not come. And, though your boys are taken from you for a while you may have the satisfaction of knowing there is none more honoured than they in being taken from home. Bro. Franklin was last week called to fill the Presidency and Editorial chair to all the saints in this country or the British Isles, while I remain here in charge of all the saints in Scotland, throwing the greatest charge upon us by far of any other two in this land. We have found favor in the eyes of God as well as man. Great men, men of talent and wisdom and of the priesthood of God, listen to us as children to a parent, not of necessity, but with cheerfulness, having found favour in their eyes. I say not these things to boast, but to comfort your



heart, for thousands will honor our father and mother, as well as us and our wives, for our labour of love to them in this mission.

Father and Mother Kerr are a father and mother to us. They do all they can for us and love us as their own children, if possible. They live alone and we could not be more welcome in a Father's house than with them. Fear not for us, neither sorrow, 'tis the Lord we serve, and he is no bankrupt, neither is he poor that he cannot sustain us, but his liberal hand has rebuked the evils of want and we know them not. My health has been so as to allow me to labour all the time, though I have suffered a great deal of inconveniences from hard colds and coughs which has affected my lungs. The air is impure in this country, hence disagreeable to me, having been used to other, and my labours so constant that I have but little rest, being much of the time as tonight, two o'clock, before I get to bed and I have to take ship for Liverpool at nine in the morn.

Then good night Mother, Mary and all.

Samuel W. Richards

Great Salt Lake City,  
June 30th, 1853.

To Elder S. W. Richards,  
Welton Street,  
Liverpool, England.

Dear Brother:—

Yours of April 22nd arrived on the 27th inst., and I was much rejoiced with the wisdom of your movements thus far, and by the success that has attended your labors, and I feel to praise our God continually for his great blessings and mercies unto His people, and for his kind providence unto the children of men. I think your plan of borrowing money payable here in cattle and other property is very good, as it enlarges the field for emigration.

I wish to swell the emigration funds as much as possible this season; you will therefore apply to that purpose all the avails that may arise from the sale or disposal of all publications belonging to the Church.

Would you dare publish this to the brethren? Please ask those who were so fearful last season whither this arrangement also troubles their delicate nerves, and say to them, "I think it would be wise for them to learn to have confidence in their Presidency and to rest assured that the Lord, through his servants, will guide the old Ship Zion in safety."

Mr. John L. Sibley, assistant librarian at Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass., has written to me for copies of our publications for that Library, and I have written to Prof. Pratt to furnish such works as he may have on hand, and to notify you of the kinds he has supplied and I wish you to put up and forward to that Library, one copy each of any books or pamphlets not furnished by Prof. Pratt; also the current

Vol. of the Star, regularly and back volumes if you can consistently do so and inform me what you furnish.

We are all well and the Lord is abundantly prospering our efforts to roll on his work. Praying God the Eternal Father to guide you constantly in the ways of truth. I remain as ever, your Brother in the Gospel of Peace.

Brigham Young.

28 Nov. 1853

15 Wilton St.,

Liverpool, England.

President Brigham Young:—

Dear brother:—

Since my last to you of general information I have received yours of August 31st and Sept. 30th, also one by the Sept. mail containing many names of persons to be forwarded by the Perpetual Emigration Fund Company—the one of the latest date containing orders for Mill Laws, copying books, which shall receive my attention. The books which you wished supplied to the Cambridge Institution have no doubt been forwarded by Elder Pratt, as he has ordered books from me without requesting me to attend to your wishes in that respect. I have been advised by Elder Pratt of your wishes respecting the manner the books which are being printed here for the Valley should be forwarded. I will endeavor to find brethren who will take them upon the terms mentioned. There will be 10,000 Hymn books, 5,000 Books of Mormon and 5,000 Doctrine and Covenants. It was signified to me by Elder Pratt that you wished more of the two last named works printed than he had arranged for and I have increased the number two thousand each, though I will have to pay the additional expense from the official funds if Bro. Pratt does not furnish it.

Elder Daniel Spencer has been with me some days and we have been considering the work of the coming winter relating to emigration; the release of presiding Elders who have been long in the work in this country and the changes which would necessarily take place, etc., the general features of which you will no doubt see in the Star, but a little further explanation upon the same may be satisfactory to you. We anticipated the general features of your instructions upon the subject of emigration, that it would not be advisable to undertake the removal of the Saints for the same amount as was done last year, knowing that everything was and is much higher than when the arrangement was determined upon and as soon as your letter arrived the Saints were informed that none would be emigrated this year for less than 13 pounds each. Having received your approbation to the plan of borrowing money here of the Brethren who have more means than they wish to use for their own emigration, we concluded it was a very favorable time to extend the P. E. Fund operations and have therefore proposed to make all who can furnish ten pounds, and furnish three pounds per head extra by their giving bonds and coming under the same regula-

tions as all other Fund passengers do. So many as may feel disposed to accept this offer will be under obligation to the Company for assisting them, and upon the strength of this obligation we have recommended that class to make a donation of their ten pounds to the P. E. Fund Company instead of having it placed to their credit on settlement in the Valley. By so doing they are obligated to pay the full cost of their emigration to the Company in the Valley, instead of the three pounds only. I learn from several of the Conferences that this proposition has been well received by them, and if it is generally adopted the actual wealth of the Company will be greatly increased the coming winter and can be made to increase the Company's advantages very materially in about two years.

Another very small consideration is that inasmuch as some few every year seem inclined to apostatise at about St. Louis and the Bluffs, that those who furnish ten pounds and leave the company will necessarily leave money on the Company's hands which will balance the expenditures on those who are helped altogether to St. Louis and then leave the Company. The gain in this respect will probably more than balance the loss. These plans for securing and increasing the Company's wealth have appeared very feasible to Elder Spencer and myself and all with whom we have spoken upon the subject.

The past year has been very unfavorable for the saints generally to accumulate means for their emigration. Many strikes have occurred throughout the country and of long duration by which many of the saints have been out of employ; while at the same time the question of war between Turkey and Russia has had the effect of raising prices of almost everything which the poor require to live upon. The price of bread is more than double what it was six months since, which is a specimen of the difficulties which are increasing upon the poor almost daily in this country. Many of the saints feel quite punished as it were, that they cannot be counselled to go to the States, when they look at the gloomy prospects which are before them for even a chance to live and keep their families alive. I find that a man has to harden his heart sometimes to be able to withstand the entreaties of those who plead to go by the Fund when they tell how they and their families have to go without bread. We read about the miseries of the damned, but this world certainly presents a picture most awful to look upon. It presents a scene of wretchedness which depicts the miseries of the damned. When I seriously contemplate the scene, I almost loathe my being in such a world for I cannot but feel for my fellow creatures for the sufferings of humanity.

I am happy to say that in all our plans and arrangements thus far, Bro. Spencer and myself have been able to see eye to eye and our spirits feel satisfied in all our conclusions and this gives us joy. We leave the results in the hands of God who has said it is his business to provide for his saints. I am happy to say that Bro. Spencer seems to enjoy himself in his labours, although they have of late been of rather an unpleasant nature in examining the cases of several of the

Elders, by my direction. The latter have been cut off the Church for adultery while president of the Norwich Conference and two farmers disfellowshipped from the Church.

At present all is peace throughout the British Isles so far as the Church is concerned; no cases of unpleasantness existing in any quarter that I am aware of. Through the Kingdom a spirit of inquiry seems to exist and the saints meetings are more generally attended by strangers that has been the case for a year past, yet, but few seem inclined to obey the Gospel message. I can only hope that the present attention may result the coming winter in the believing of many. I believe the Elders generally feel as spirited in their labours as at any previous period. All that is gained under the existing influences, seems to be more permanent gain. People now have to look at a great many things before they conclude to be Mormons. This however, cannot be helped; truth claims nothing but its own.

My health continues pretty good, though it is not so permanent since the cold weather has come in as I could wish, considering what is before me this winter. I shall however, go at business with less anxiety of mind. The Elders generally are well with only one or two slight exceptions that I am aware of. The brethren in the office with me are all well. With praise and thanksgiving to our heavenly Father for his many mercies and blessings to me and His people everywhere, I close for the present, desiring a kind remembrance to Brothers Heber and Willard, and others who delight to hear of my welfare. Praying that you may be richly endowed with the revelations of the Most High, to enable you to comprehend all things pertaining to this great work upon the Earth and the bringing in of everlasting righteousness, I remain,

Your fellow servant in the Gospel Ministry,  
Samuel W. Richards.

#### FROM NAUVOO TO SALT LAKE VALLEY

The following letters were written by Ellen Douglas to her mother, Isabell Briggs and family. Ellen was born November 7, 1806 at Lancashire, England. As a convert to Mormonism she and her husband, George, had left their home to join the Saints then living in Nauvoo. These letters were presented by *Annie W. Connell*.

Nauvoo, June 2, 1842.

Dear Fathers and Mothers:—

I now take up my pen for the third time to address you, hoping these lines will find you in good health, as it leaves us at present. I sent one letter from New Orleans, with an Englishman, which I expect you will get soon. He was not setting off for England until the beginning of May. I also sent another with one of our brethren who was coming to England to warn them for another time to prepare for the coming of Jesus Christ, which we believe is drawing nigh,

and I expect that you will get this first. I sent the other about a month since and I am going to send this by Amos Fielding. He has come over from England with some of the Saints and is returning to Liverpool, so I sent this letter by him so that you will have less to pay.

Dear Father and Mother:—

I am at a loss what I can say to you. I feel so thankful for what the Lord has done for me and my family, for truly all things has worked together for our good. You will see in our former letters, how all things did work for which I feel to praise my Heavenly Father, but I will now say something about our situation. We rented a house at 5 shillings a month and we have fire wood on at that, and a good garden, about an half an acre. It lies on the side of a hill close before our door. Our house is not such a fine one, but there are many that are much worse, and I prayed that we might have one to ourselves for there is three or four families in one room, and many have to pitch their tents in the woods or anywhere they can for it is impossible for all to get houses when they come in for they are coming in daily. Scores of houses have been built since we have come here and they still continue building and it is eight weeks this night since we came in.

We have got our garden plowed and planted. All our seeds have come up and look very well. We have planted corn, potatoes, beans, peas, onions, punkins, melons, cucumbers and many other things too numerous to mention, and we have also got a pig. A man came one day and wanted one of our boys to go and clear him off a piece of ground before he ploughed it, and he would give him a pig, so he went about one day and got it. In England it would cost fifteen or sixteen shillings at least. It was Ralph that got it. We also have got a flock of chickens. We have thirteen and I have bought eleven besides, so you have account of all our property, and I think we are far better here than in old England.

We wish all our fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters and all our friends were here, for there is plenty of work and plenty of meat and we can afford to play a day or two anytime when we please and not get into debt. Butter is five pence a pound. Sugar the same. We have not had much fresh meat, but we have had plenty of good bacon and ham. I wish the people in England could get as much as we can. As to prices of other goods I need not mention because you have heard before. I sent you word in my last letter what we all were doing but I will mention it again.

George and Ralph are working at the Nauvoo house and Richard has been working at a farm house close by and Isabell at the same place. Richard is now going to work for another man and I expect he will receive for wages five dollars a month beside his board, but we have not exactly agreed till we see how both sides likes. George is walling when he is at the Nauvoo house, but they are now waiting for some good work, so he is ditching until they want him again. They love their work at the Nauvoo house very well. I forgot to tell you what

Richard was going to work at; but he is going to plow and break up prairie. It has been his work ever since he came here.

James Smithes and his family are all in good health. Ann got another child on the 31st day of May. I have been over to see her and she is doing well. I also mention Hannah Thornber and her family. Henry is in good health at present. Jane has been sick, but she is beginning to mend. Ellen and her husband are well. Old John and Ellen Parker are both in good health and spirits and are expecting their daughter Mary every day. Give their kind love to all enquiring friends. Joe Spencer, Joe Elison and Alis Cotam and Ann and Joe Rushton and William and Betty Mors are all in good health and spirits. Wm. Moss is building him a house not far from where we live.

There is now in this city a Female Charity Society of which I am a member. Jos. Smith's wife is the head of our society and we meet on a Thursday at one o'clock where we receive instructions both temporally and spiritually. I must say something about the Prophet the Lord has raised up these last days. I feel to rejoice that I have been permitted to hear his voice, for I know that this is the work of the Lord and all the powers of earth or hell can not gain say it. The time is not far hence when all will know that this is the work of the Lord and not of man. The time is near at hand when all proud and they that do wickedly shall be as stubble and the day that cometh shall burn them saith the Lord of Hosts. I pray that the Lord may remove all darkness from your minds so that you may see clearly the way which you should go, that at last you may enter in at the gates into the city.

Give our kind love to all inquiring friends and to all our brothers and sisters. Tell Jo Thornber that Henry will write soon and we will send some particular word in his letter.

I would like you to send me a letter the first opportunity and let me know how you are going on and how my sister Mary is and all her family.

Tell all the Saints that come here to bring all these necessary things with them such as pots and pans and tubs and all your necessary things. Tell John Thornber to bring plenty of print and check light prints and a little patren of anything he pleases.

We remain,

Your affectionate son and daughter  
George and Ellen Douglas

Nauvoo, Feb. 1, 1843

My dear Father, Mother, Bros. and Sisters:—

I take the present opportunity of sending a few lines unto you, hoping they will find you in good health as they leave us at present. I know not whether you will have heard or not of the great and unremedied loss that I have sustained in the death of my husband, my children of the loss of the kindest, most affectionate father, and you, my fathers and mothers, of a son and brother, and sisters of a beloved

brother. What shall I say, my heart is too full to dwell on this subject by looking on the melancholy loss, as it were, from him being took from us. I should have informed you by letter before now but Bros. Thos. Cottam sent a letter to his friends and mentioned about George and all about us, but as to whether the man that brought it arrived safe or not we cannot tell. George had been working at the Nauvoo house and they were not so busy at harvest time, so a neighbor was going about twenty five miles to harvest and he was to take a man with him so George thought he would like to go, so he took Richard with him. This was on the 5th of July when he left us. He took sick on the 12th about noon and died in about six hours, the man that he went with took a horse and came to tell us. When I got there he was in the coffin, it being night he got to us, so I started in the morning early and brought him to Nauvoo to inter.

I will tell you that when he left us he was in perfect, good health and quite cheerful, felt to be quite pleased that he was going. A thot struck me as he was going, that if we could never see him again alive what a thing it would be, but if I had known that it would have been so he should not have gone, for I have thought that if he had not gone he would not have died then. You will perhaps want to know what he died on. I think he felt to be unwell, but did not give up working until it was too late, but he did not complain before he did give up. He felt to rejoice that he had got here and was firm in the faith, so I do not mourn as those that have no hope, for I trust that on the morn of the resurrection of the just I shall there behold him amongst the sanctified and have the privilege of enjoying with him in those things that remains for the people of God. Now my dear father, mother, brothers and sisters I would say do not mourn for him neither for me nor the children, but mourn for yourselves for the judgments that are coming upon the inhabitants of the earth unless they repent of their sins and do those things He requires at their hands and by those that have authority from God to execute his laws, for we know that this is the work of God, and unless we be obedient to those things which he requires at their hands the judgment of God will fall upon them as it did in the days of Noah, of Lot and many more I might mention, for I declare unto you and to all that hear this letter that this is the work of God and that Joseph Smith is a Prophet of the Most High God.

As respects a living. We can get our living without troubling anyone if we have our health and we have enjoyed good health as ever we did in England. Ralph can earn as much as will maintain us. I have all my family at home and have had all through the winter. The last work that Richard did he earned fifteen hundred brick toward building-us a house and since then I have had him at home. I can have an acre lot of land if I will without paying anything for it if I will, but I do not know whether I shall have it or not (belonging to the Church.) We have had plenty of beef, best kind at 1½ cent and some at a penny per pound and pork at a penny or two cents per

pound as good as any in England. We had twenty bushels of potatoes beside wheat we grew ourselves, potatoes is two bits or a shilling a bushel. Ann and Isabella was living off the most of it this summer.

Isabella came home sick. She was sick about three weeks and now is very well. Ralph is a very good boy and does the best he can to get us a living and so is Richard. Henry Thornber got a letter from John on the 25th of last month. I am very glad to hear they are all well. He sends his best respect to George, but is sorry he is not here to receive it but we are and desire to be remembered to him. Henry and his mother and Jane all well. Ellen got a son on the 30th and is doing well. Abraham and Margaret Shaw is well. James Smithes and family is well. He received a letter from Durham and am sorry to hear of sister Mary's misfortune. Wm. Moss and Betty, Thos. and Ann Cottam, John Rushton, John Ellison and wife, all from Waddingham is well. I would mention that John Rushton has made me a present of seven bushel of wheat. Give my respects to Thos. and Wilkinson of Liverpool and Alice and James at Accrington, Thomas and Nancy Sharp of Burnley, John and Nancy Dusbury of Harwood, and I want you to let them know that George is dead and I pray that the Lord may inspire their hearts to do his will and be obedient to his commandments that they may have a right to the tree of Life and enter in through the gates into the City. I will now give you a few lines of the feelings of my mind:

To my sister Mary I would say a few words, I am sorry to hear of her daughter Elizabeth being poorly and, likewise, of Henry having his leg cut off but I hope by the time these few lines reaches you they will be got well and as God has appointed means whereby those that had not the privilege of obeying the gospel, not having heard it, it is the privilege of men to be baptized for my friends. I shall then be baptised for her husband, so that she can please herself about preparing to meet him, for as Paul says,

"Why are they then baptised for the dead, if the dead rise not at all," 1st Cor. 15 c and 29 verse.

I send my kind love to her and all the family and hope you will either send her this letter or a copy of it, and hope they will be wise and do those things that God commands them to do and as there is but one way, one Lord, one faith, one baptism and one God and Father of all, so I hope she and all of you will seek where the authority is and be obedient so that we may all meet together in the Kingdom of God with those we love as is gone before.

I remain your affectionate daughter and sister

Ellen Douglas.

Nauvoo, April 14, 1844

Dear Fathers and Mothers and Sister and Brothers:—

I now take my pen to write a few lines to you to let you know that we received your kind letter dated Nov. 19th, hoping to find us all well in health. We received your letter on the 9th day of



Mar. How it came here we know not. We are all in good state of health and spirits at present, for which I feel thankful. We have had some sickness in our family since we wrote last. Ralph and his uncle went up the river about ten miles to work on a brick yard. They hired each for one month. They came home every week, and Ralph when he had done his time, came home in good health, but the next day was taken very ill. This was about the middle of Aug. He was very ill the first nine days, not able to sit up while I made his bed, after that he began to have the ague and fever which is a common complaint in this land. He was about ten weeks before he could work much and before he got well I was taken very ill with the same complaint but a great deal worse. I was four or five weeks very ill: indeed not to do anything. Ralph gave me some medicine to throw it off and I began to get a little better so that I would try to wash a few clothes and it just brought me down again. I was just thirteen weeks and never washed but that one time. Sometimes I thot I should die and then I thot of my poor children. I prayed for their sakes that I might live. I didn't pray alone, but many of my brothers and sisters prayed likewise and our prayers were answered and I now am living in a good state of health at present for which feel to praise my Heavenly Father.

Richard has been very healthy ever since we came to this land and he looks as well as ever you saw him. Ann and all the rest of the children but Isabella have had good health. Isabella has been ill two or three times, two or three weeks at a time. She looks about the same as she did when we left you. After I began to get well I went down into the city on a visit to where Ann lived and I staid two nights and I had a horse to ride home on. The woman where Ann lived would have me make application to the female Relief Society for some clothing which I needed for myself and family. I refused to do so, but she said I needed something and that I had been so long sick and if I would not do it myself she would do it for me. I agreed and we went to one of the sisters and she asked me what I needed most. I told her I needed many things. While I was sick my children wore out their clothes because I could not mend them so she said she would do the best she could for me. Ann came over in a few days and they brought a wagon and fetched me such a present as I never received before from no place in the world. I suppose the things they sent me were worth as much as thirty shillings. I wrote before and told you that I would have a house of my own before now by the assistance of the church but I have not got one yet. We was sick so long. Ralph and James got a cow up the river and we have kept her all winter without giving any milk but we expect her to have a calf every day. She has had one calf and is but three years old. She cost nine dollars in work. She is a very pretty cow. We live where we did when we first came here and expect to do till we get a place of our own. We raised about 35 chickens, we keep them for our own

use. How long do you think we might have stayed in England before we could have a cow?

Ralph and James is ditching on the prairie and Richard is sawing in a saw pit close by where we live. They have all of them earned a little money this spring. I have told you before that money was scarce. We can buy good strong cotton here now at five pence or six pence a yard, a yard wide, good print at six pence, thread and pots are the dearest of anything here.

You also want us to give you some account of Margaret Wilkinson. I expect you have heard of her death before now. She lived at a place called Happanooci, she had a very good place. She was sick about ten days and died. James was with her when she died. It was at the time that Ralph and James was working up the river and he came down to let us know that she had died. James Spencer and me went and brought her down to Nauvoo and had her buried close by my husband. They were very nice to her and thought a great deal of her. They said she was a good girl. She came to Nauvoo on the 4th of July on a visit and stopped one week. She was a night at my house and we went the next day to old John Parker's and Nancy Smith's and Jane Hall was there also. We had a happy day all together and did not think it was the last time we should meet on earth, but you see in the midst of life we are in death. She died firm in the faith that she professed. There is a letter at James Smithes she wrote herself and wished them to send along with one of their own, but they have never had the opportunity, but they will send it and then her friends will know how she enjoyed herself. You also wanted to know something about James Spencer. He is well and he is married about two months since and I was very glad of it because he is old and needed a home so that he could be comfortable in his old age, and I think he has acted wisely in choosing a companion, I mean near his age. She had a house and a cow, two horses and two mules, and she is a widow. Her husband died about the time Isabella died. She is a American, no children.

Dear parents there are many things which I would like to mention which would do you good, but I have not room. Ralph wants William to come to Nauvoo, and I say that he would do better here than in England. We should be glad to see any of you. I never in my life enjoyed myself better than I do now. We had conference here which began on the sixth day of April and lasted four or five days. I attended it four days and it is supposed that there was from fifteen to twenty thousand present and the teachings which we heard made our hearts to rejoice. I for one feel to rejoice and to praise my God that he ever sent the Elders of Israel to England and that He ever gave me a heart to believe them. I want to know whether you believe my testimony or not concerning the Prophet of the most High God, because the day will come when you will know that I have told you the truth.

I want you to send us some berry trees and a few choice plum stones. You may put them in a firkin (jar made of fur) and send them the first opportunity. I will pay anyone for the trouble of them. I should also be glad of a ball of twist, you may send them with Cottams at Waddington if they come. I hope you will forgive all my mistakes.

I remain your affectionate daughter,

Ellen Douglas

Dear Mother: My girls wishes you to send them a lock of your hair and they want some of you to send every one of them a doll. There is no dolls to sell here. There is almost everything here now. There is one or two hundred shops in this city now and when we came here there was not more than two or three. William Tomson said he would buy Vilate Ellen another when she had done with her other, so now is the time. George wants his grandfather to come. While I have been writing he has asked more than a half dozen times if I had sent for him. My children all join in sending their kind love to you all. V. Ellen wants Uncle Robert.

I remain yours affectionately,

Ellen Douglas

On March 29th, 1846 Ellen was married to John F. Parker. They left Nauvoo the middle of May the same year for St. Louis where they remained for six years, coming to Utah in 1862.

Saint Louis July 30, 1851

Dear Mother:

I now sit down to write to you, I hope you will excuse me for not writing sooner. I have wrote part of a letter several weeks since, but never finished it, so now I begin afresh with determination to finish this before I lay down my pen. We received your letter and one from my Brother Richard and was glad to hear that you was all well. We are at present all enjoying tolerable good health.

I must tell you how all my children are getting along, as far as I can. I can see them all every day with the exception of Ralph. He is in the Valley of the Great Lake and is expecting to see us there soon but will be disappointed this season. We are carrying on a very large business, I will put you a small piece which I cut out of the newspaper, which gives a description of our establishment and what hands we employ, but at present we employ more than it states. We have over forty. Our establishments is headed J. Cavins & Co. Soda Manufactures, Spice Street between Second and Third. This is the name of my husband's partner.

We have had two letters from Ralph since he got to the Valley. They was well and doing as well as they could expect for the time they had been there. Richard is driving soda wagon for us. We pay him one pound thirteen shillings a week. We pay all of our men every

Saturday night. Richard has one child. It walked when it was ten months old. It is now fifteen months old. The name is Ellen. Ann and her husband lives in a room upstairs that we rented to them and has done ever since she was married which is now over two years. Her husband works for us in the inside and has the same wages that Richard has. You will be surprised when I tell you Isabella has got married. She was married on the 3rd of last February and her husband drives a wagon for us and he has the same wages that Richard has.

We bought another place this spring and give twenty-one hundred dollars cash down and Isabella and her husband lives in it. They have their house free of rent for just stopping at the place. Mary is with me at home and does most of my work. Wm. Parker, that is one of my husband's sons, he goes on one of the wagons with another driver and has two dollars a week. George works in the inside and he gets two dollars a week and more when he works over time. Elizabeth is working with a lady and takes care of a baby and has three dollars a month. Mary Ann and Vilate Ellen goes to school. I have told you something about all of my children but my little Alis and if you could but see her it would do you good, for I am sure that she is one of the most intelligent children I ever saw in my life. I wish you could see her, dear mother, I have reason to be thankful that the Lord has blessed me with good children. I have reasons to thank my God that he ever sent a Latter-day Saint to England while my children was young, that they have received those things into their hearts, for it makes them good children, good men and women. Makes them happy in this life and happy to all eternity. A good example to children when they are young sometimes proves a benefit to them when they are old. I think I have said enough about my children but I know you often wonder how they get along.

I want you to be sure and write to me when you get this and perhaps I may have a little more news to tell you. Dear Mother, I was glad to hear that you enjoyed so good health and that you look so well in your old age. Give my love to mother Douglas at Downham. Tell her the last I heard from James he was in California. I also heard from the James Smithes last summer. They was well in health and spirits. I heard that Margaret Yate got married and had got a good husband and doing well. Tell my brother Wm. I am sorry he likes his spirits too well. I think if he was steady he might do well. He has no family and a good trade and I think it would be well for him to take care of what he owns and not give it away for that which will make him miserable both in time and eternity.

We live close by Joseph Boothman. He is well and his wife. You will have heard that he is married again, to Mary Smith. They seem very comfortable. Tell my brother Richard I was glad to have a line or two from him and would be glad to have wrote to him if I had time, but I will write all I can in this and you will let them all see it. I think my sister Mary might have wrote to me before now. It is nearly ten years since I seen her and I have not had one scratch of a

pen from her. I have only written once to her, but if she had answered I should have written again. Give my love to her and family and let them know how we are getting along. Give my love to my sister Susey and her husband and tell them I should like a word or two from them in your next letter. Give my love to Uncle Robert, Aunt Ellen and their family's and let them know how we are getting along. Tell Joseph Douglas I am much obliged to him for his kindness in writing for you. I do not think that I ever behaved bad to him or anyone that belongs to him but I expect it is all right. I should have wrote sooner, but you know that Edward Corbrig and family come this spring and they had a great deal of sickness. Two of their youngest children is dead and Alis has been sick and Edward has had the Cholera and come near dying, but they are able to attend to their work, but feel rather weak. If you know Richard Parker you will please mention it to him. His family work at the low moor. We expect to go to the Valley the next spring without fail and I expect all my children to go along with me. We shall not be less than ten or twelve wagons of our family connections, I shall be glad when we all get to the Valley, for there are many there that I love and respect, and if I live to land safe with my family I expect to spend many happy days there with those I have been acquainted with in days gone by. Richard often says that he would like to see his Uncle Wm. in this country, but I often think that I shall never see any of you in this world, but I don't know what may yet come to pass. I wish you could just come and see me and how I am situated, you would think I was well off. If I was to tell you perhaps you or someone might think I was proud or boasted. I am just as proud as I was when I left England.

Give my love to Sarah - - - and tell her that Thomas and all the rest are tolerable well for anything I know. Give my love to Susey Lonsdail, Susannah Hanson at Downham and to all enquiring friends. I might mention many names but give my love and respects to all that enquire after me. I will just tell you how many wagons and horses we have. Eleven wagons and thirteen horses, eight that is constantly carrying out soda, as that paper states and three that we use for anything else that we want. I have wrote you quite a long letter and made many mistakes but I hope you will excuse them all. Dear Mother I must bring my letter to a close, with love to yourself and to father. I remain

Your affectionate daughter  
Ellen Parker

Give my love to Ann Wiglesworth and tell her if all is well she may expect to have a few lines from me before winter. Be sure and write as soon as you get this.

Direct: John Parker,

Spruce Street No. 72

Saint Louis, December 28th, 1851

Dear Parents: I now take the opportunity of writing a few lines to you to let you know that we received your letter and was glad to hear that you was well. We are all intending to leave Saint Louis about the first of April. We have sold out everything belonging to our business and are making preparations for our journey to the Valley of the great Salt Lake. We are all enjoying good health and spirits at present and hope this will find you all the same. I think I told you in my last that I would tell you some news in my next. I have got another boy. It was born on the 2nd of Nov. We called his name John Samuel and Isabella has got a girl. It was born on the 9th of November. They call it Mary Ellen. I expect this will be news to you. I did not mention it in my last that I was expecting any such a thing for I know it would have made you feel bad, but now I have got him in my arms and he is just as welcome as any of the rest of my family. I have just heard from Ralph. He is well but his wife does not enjoy very good health. They are getting along tolerable well. Tell my mother-in-law that I can give no account of James any further than he is in California but when we get to the Valley I will try to find out and let you know if I can hear anything about him.

I wish many times that you could come and spend a day or two with me and see my family. I have them all so that I can see them every day if anything was not right. They all seem to claim their step-father as much as if he was their own father, and asks his council almost in everything they do. He has been a good father to them all, both those that are married and those that are not. My little Alis talks about her grandmother as if she had seen you and known you all her life. I know you would like to see her dance and hear her sing.

Give my love to Uncle Robert and to my Aunt Ellen, to my cousins and to all enquiring friends, also to my brother William and wife, to Susannah and family, to Richard and wife my kind love to my mother-in-law and to all my old acquaintance. I hope you will write when you get this one so that I can write you again before we leave for the Valley. Give my love to my sister Mary and family. Let her know how we are getting along and what our intentions is, so that if she desires to write to me before we leave here we should be glad to hear from them.

I shall have to make my remarks short for I am going to send it to Liverpool with Samuel W. Richards who is expecting to start for England this afternoon. It is very likely that we shall never see one another in the flesh, but the time will come when I believe we shall see one another, if it shall be thousands of years from now, for the gospel of Jesus Christ will draw all men to himself. The desire of my heart is that you may be able to discern between Truth and error and to choose the truth, that it may be well with you, which may God grant for Christ's sake, Amen.

We remain, Your affectionate son and daughter  
John and Ellen Parker.

Father Parker wishes to be remembered with love to his son Richard, as we have been informed you are acquainted with him.

### LIFE IN NAUVOO

Joseph Stacy Murdock, his wife Eunice, also his brother Nymphas Coridon Murdock and mother, Sally Stacy Murdock, came to Utah in September, 1847.

Nauvoo Hancock Co., Ill.

Jan. 24, 1844

Respected Cousin:

After an absence from New York State of about two years, I, with much pleasure, take my pen in hand, to let you know how it is with us. I think Mother's health is good for her. She is quite contented and likes this country very much.

We have been bereaved of a kind, affectionate and loving father and we all feel his loss most sincerely, although we know he has gone to the world where the weary are at rest and the wicked cease from troubling. He died like a man of God without a struggle or groan, and has gone to join the spirits of the friends he loved, to be parted no more forever. He left this world of sorrow with resigned feelings. We all lament his loss although we know our loss is his gain.

I will now say a few words about our affairs here. Father wanted we should keep what little property we have together as much as possible. He died the 10th of October 1843, with a bad fever after an illness of four weeks. Last winter and summer his health was very good and he took great pleasure in riding about the place with Mother and showing her the different parts. He regained his hearing so he could hear common talk until he died. He said he was glad he and his family were in Nauvoo.

We own one acre and a quarter of land in the city about a half a mile east of the Temple, 25 acres of prairie, and ten acres of wood land about three miles from our land in the city. We raised one hundred and twenty bushels of wheat, one hundred bushels of corn, about twenty five hundred pumpkins and two good stacks of oats on our land.

I went to Rock River last spring to see our land and pay the taxes, there is some first rate land and water there. I tell you what it is, John, if you should be on one of those large prairies you would think you was out of sight of land.

I will tell you about myself. I enjoy myself first rate and have been well ever since I came to this state. As for the Prophet, we have had some dealings with him and find him to be a man of his word. He is very punctual in all his dealings and there is no doubt in my mind that he is a prophet of God and as such called today; and for his taking the property of the Saints and converting it to his own use, it is not so. It is like a good many other stories told about him. I wish you could be here and see for yourself and know and understand for yourself and not from another.

I will tell you about your friends here. Uncle Lambert Fuller and Aunt Linda were at our house the other day and are in good health. Alphonso Green and Betsey and Alva, Mr. Moon and family, Newton and Freeman Russell are in usual health too. Luetta is married to Mr. Stoddard and lives in Walnut Grove, they are well. John, Nymphas and Erastus are well. Erastus says he would like to take a peep in your cellar and get some cider and apples.

The walls of the temple are about one-half completed; it will be a noble edifice when it is finished. The walls of the temple will be of cut stone.

There are between nineteen and twenty thousand inhabitants in this city and many are emigrating here from the north, east, south and west and from the islands of the sea more come daily—like doves to their windows—in flocks do they come. Although they come from different parts of the earth and are used to different customs, manners and modes of living, they are willing to do the things that are right and appear to be of one heart and mind. There are a great many beautiful buildings in this city. There has been one hundred and fifty brick buildings put up within our sight since we have been here and the rest of the city has increased accordingly.

Yours respectfully,  
Joseph Stacy Murdock

#### TO A MORMON BATTALION BOY

The following letters sent to us by *Jane R. Porter* were written to Samuel Rogers while he was serving in the Mormon Battalion. They are from the father and mother, Chandler and Amanda Rogers who were still at the camp of Israel. The last letter was from his sister-in-law, Amanda Matilda Doolittle, telling of the death of his mother and other members of the family.

Council Point, August 27, 1846

Beloved Son:

I take this opportunity to inform you that we are all well and hope these will find you well. We received yours the 13th.

We have all agreed that the committee should take the money and go to St. Louis and get such things as we shall want. I have swapped the mules and harness for 4 yoke of oxen, say three yoke of three year old and 1 yoke of five year old, which will make me a good team. It is some sickly about the Bluffs. Sister McOlney is dead, we understand that father Bent is dead.

We want you should clothe yourself well and make yourself as comfortable as you can. We understand Colonel Allen is dead.

There is a counsel of 12 appointed on this side of the river. As President, I think I shall stay on this side of the river. So write as often as you can and we will do so. Give my good wishes to all inquiring friends. Give us your prayers and you shall have ours.



May the Lord bless you and preserve you from all danger is my prayer. This from your father and mother, brother and sister.

Farewell,

Chandler Rogers

January 2, 1847

My dear Son:

As I have just learned that I have an opportunity of sending a letter over the river to the office I gladly improve it to let you know our circumstances. But I have hard news for you your father is dead, he died the 1st day of October. I hardly know how to name the disease. He and Mark went about  $\frac{1}{2}$  miles to draw a load of hay, was taken sick and never was able to get back. He died the 9th day. He never complained of a headache or any such thing, he said he thot he should get well. He had his senses perfectly well all the time. He went to sleep a little in the afternoon every day for the five last days. I could not wake him up until some time in the night. The last day went to sleep as usual died about 8 o'clock in the evening. We feel very lonesome. I assure you we desire your company very much, but as it is ordained otherwise we are willing to put up with it as it is the way we have to get along.

As to provisions since we have been left alone, it is much better than I expected. We have not wanted for bread. I do not feel that we shall. Mark takes hold like a man since his father died. He has built a house with our help, quilting and sewing. He has now gone to Missouri to work and buy some corn and such like things. Russel and Theodore have gone with him.

A little before your father died he swapped his mules and harness for four yokes of oxen so they will draw both wagons along in the spring, if it is counseled for us to go. We mean to be ready if possible. We received a letter dated in August stating that you had sent \$25 for our benefit, which was sent to St. Louis for goods. I was over the river the fore part of the week and traded it out which will enable me to cover my wagons and such like things. We wrote a letter to you on the receipt of it, but it appears that you did not get it. We received one from you dated in October stating that you sent some checks, Bro. Clayton said it was \$16. He said I should have it in money when it comes, so that will furnish my bread for the journey.

Give yourself no uneasyness about our getting along, for I think the way will open for us. We are on the side of the river. The reason we are here is because there were twelve men chosen for High counselors and your father was one of them and this seems to be his place, and we thot it would be better for us to stay here this winter.

Matilda has a daughter we call her Amanda Jane. They remain with us. I would inform you that we are well and in good spirits. Sarah has gone up to the Bluffs to Lucy Ann McOlney's wedding. Aunt Eda and family are all well. Sister McOlney is dead. Sister Sweat is dead and many others that we were acquainted with.

I have not time to write much. The church is building a mill and thinking of building a carding machine in the spring. The Indians and half breeds on this side of the river are very friendly. The Indians on the other side appear to be so but will steal everything they can lay their hands on.

There has been a battle in Nauvoo. The mob drove the Mormons that were left out of the place, several of the mob were killed, only two of the brethren. Bro. Brigham preached repentance in the camp, says this people has gone just as far as they can go only by council, so I do not know as it will be for me to go or not, for I am determined not to do anything only what is counsel. Uncle John Smith thot it would be right for me to go. Bro. Brigham thot that your Mormon officers have not heeded his counsel, but he says he thinks that there are some among you that will not cease to pray, and those that pray often will go straight. I hope you are one of those. Do not forget your duty toward God. I exhort you to be faithful till we again do meet.

I do remember you before the throne of Grace every day, for if anybody was near my heart it is you, although you are ever so far distant from me. So be of good cheer, let this comfort your heart. This from your affectionate mother to her son, Samuel H. Rogers.

Amanda Rogers

Council Point, April 13, 1849.

My son: Having an opportunity of sending a letter to you, I gladly improve it to let you know of our circumstances. We are all well except Mark who has a very lame hand, is not able to do anything, can't sleep on account of the pain. He went to Missouri to labor a little while he went to breaking hemp, blistered the inside of his right hand, still kept at work for a week. Whether it is just a cold, or whether it is a felon I know not but it is very painful. He returned yesterday.

We have sold our improvements for a yoke of oxen and are making all calculations to make our way to the valley this season, if we do not meet with any disappointment. I think we shall be there next fall. We shall not come as well prepared as we would like, but we will do the best we can.

We received your letter the 25 of December. Was glad to hear from you, and learned that you had arrived safe to the valley. It seems a long time since your absence from us, but hope it won't be a great while before we shall meet again if the Lord blesses us in our undertakings. I trust He will. I feel that He has blessed us all of the time.

Sarah talks a great deal about seeing you, so does little Amanda Jane, she says she is Uncle Samuel's Lady, is going to the valley to see Uncle Samuel. She speaks it over a number of times in a day.

I went to conference the 7th and 8th of the month, received much good instructions. The church is in good standing. All things goes on about right I believe.

We had a letter from your uncle Freeman. He wrote that he would like to be with the church but his property was all in a steam engine, was in debt \$1000.00, had been offered \$5,000 in land, did not like it, did not think near what it was worth. Said he was in hopes to sell by spring. Said he should not wait to get the full value if he could get it in property that would be profitable. We are expecting a letter from him every mail.

If there are teams sent from the valley to meet the company, we would like to have you send us two yoke of oxen if you can spare them, if you can't send two, send one, as that will be the worst end of the road, and Bro. Whitlock would like to have us send back a yoke of oxen to help him on next year. Mark is married to his daughter Sally R. They were married the 11th of Jan. He has got a good girl. I like her well.

We want you to get some timber, make a loom, need not make it till we come then Matilda will tell how she wants it made as she is the weaver. We shall bring the irons for a plow and some window glass. Get the timber and have it seasoned if you can. I have got a wheel. I intend to bring all but the bench and legs if I can.

Theodore and David has been to Missouri to work all winter with Mark. David was here today, said I might write that it was a doubtful whether they came or not, it might be that some of them would but is a matter of uncertainty. They are all well. They have plenty of provisions, if they could make out team enough, they would go. The oxen that Theodore let go last year both died before they got back. David bought a yoke in Missouri but that does not make enough. Tell Sister Smith I was much pleased with her letter. I have not forgotten her, my best respects to her and to all who may inquire after me. Tell them I will come and see them. Be faithful and of good cheer, the summer will soon pass away and by fall we shall meet again, if we live and are spared, I hope.

Please accept this from your mother, brother and sister.

I will send some potato seed that I saved out of the balls, don't know but it will be too late to plant them. I add no more.

Amanda Rogers

Letter from sister-in-law.

Camp of Isreal, July 5, 1849

Beloved Brother! It is with pleasure but with a heart full of grief that I now sit down to write a few lines to you to let you know how we are and what has happened since your mother wrote to you, which (letter) was sent by brother Egan. Your mother and Mark are dead. They died on the eleventh of May. Your mother about 10 and Mark at one with the cholery, they lived about 24 hrs. each after they were taken sick. They were both buried in one grave. The rest of us are well that are here. Mark's wife was when we left, which was on the 1st of June. She did not choose to come with us but to stay till her parents came on.

Tell Washington that his folks are coming all except Russel and Theodore. All are well. Had given up coming until your folks died and being counseled to do so by Bro. G. A. Smith. We received that gold dust that you sent back for which I got \$36.20. I will tell more about it when I see you.

We are about 200 miles from Winter Quarters. There has been some sickness in the camp. Since we started there has been five died since we left, two brethren and 3 that were not, one of the brothers was Bro. Samuel Gully, the other McCarty.

I write no more for fear I shall be too late to send it.

This from A. M. Rogers. We have team enough to take us to the valley, if none die, but we shall be glad to meet you if circumstances would permit.

#### TAKEN FROM COLLECTION OF FAMILY LETTERS

Samuel Walker West wrote the following letters to his daughter, Susan, who became the wife of George A. Smith October 28, 1857. Submitted by *Eva Darger*.

Washington, Washington Co. Jan. 15, 1866

Dear Daughter I write you a few lines in answer to your kind letter of Oct. 25th. I expect you have looked for an answer many times but neglect and sickness has prevented writing till now. I took chills again soon after George and Bathsheba left here and had them quite awhile and then got better and able to help make molasses and pick some cotton and then by some luck good or bad, as you may please to have it, I took them again and have them now every third day but they do not seem to hurt me much, only while the chill is on me. I have to lie down two or three hours every third day. It seems pretty hard for me to get seasoned to Dixie. I am almost disheartened some time and then look ahead and find there is better days ahead. The idea of raising fruit and cotton is pleasing to me and I have a little wine to drink when you come down to see us. Would make us all feel well. I was glad to get a letter from you and to hear that you were all well and doing so well; that you had plenty wood, coal, flour, apples, peaches, plums, apricots and a good many other good things. I know those are all good in their place and without them we are not very happy or glad. I hear that Clarissa was going to school and learning fast. My little ones are taking up their time this winter in having chills, but they are getting better now, will soon be able to go to school. Lehigh has the chills every third day, I think he is getting better. Christina and Mary is well. I received a letter from your Mother last mail, she writes they are all well, weather extremely cold, good slaying for some time past. She writes they do not much but slay ride and dance and dance and slay ride. She said she had taken one good slay ride. She said she had been to no dance, went to meeting regular, had good meetings. She had just heard from Nancy, she

was quite smart, had a son four weeks old the 7 January, wanted me to come and see them.

I think some of you has the Telegraph, it comes regular every mail. I also take the News. I received eleven No. of News, mail before last from Br. George. I suppose he thought I did not take the News. I thank him for it. I will write you a little about our winter. We have had about as cold weather here as I ever saw in Parowan or at least it seemed so. It was so cold that it froze my potatoes in the cellar  $5\frac{1}{2}$  feet below the floor. We have had 12 inches snow. The first fell about the first December. Last Monday night it commenced raining and has rained more or less every day and night. Since yesterday in afternoon it commenced snowing and snowed most of the night, and some this morning, but it did not lay on the ground. We are now most clear of snow, has the appearance of good weather at present.

I have since writing heard from Columbus and Lydia at Corn Creek. They are well. It seems while it was raining here melting our snow off, it was falling all the time north. They are in some places most snowed in. At Kanarra the word is you cannot see any of their fencing or corrells. We have a report here that Dr. Whitmore is killed and a young man by the name of Robert McIntyre, a stepson of Br. John ———. I will write the circumstance as I got it last Monday morning at his herd ground. He and this young man left early in the day and told the men at the house to have supper early that they would be in. They went to get some mules, thinking to start to Saint George next morning. There were some Indians seen around that day and some that night, but they bared up the door so they could not get in. The sheep was turned out and taken off. The men stayed at the house till Wednesday and then left without knowing anything more about them. They then went to Kanarra where they started to Saint George. Thursday night or Friday about noon there was a company of cavilry of seventy started out, they allowed to get more at the other settlements. They supposed the Indians to be Navajos.

I wish you would send me all the apple seeds you can and apricots and tell Bro. George to please send me thirty or forty graft cuttings from the best fruit you have there. Cut them about six or eight inches long. I think you can send them by Silas S. if you get these lines in time. Christina wishes you to send her a root or some seed.

Deliah Mary and Christina send their love to you all. I must close for I wrote a great deal more than I expected. You please write every good opportunity. I have forgotten the number of George's box, you please let me know when you write. I will direct this to George A. Give my respects to all the family and Silas S. Smith. Good by to Susan E. Smith.

Samuel West.

Washington, Sunday afternoon  
April 22nd, 1866

Dear Daughter: I write you a few lines. We are not very well, none of us. We have very bad colds. I have got clear of the

chills again. Isaac has the chills yet. Minervy Ann is dead, she took the Scarlet Fever on Saturday 14th and died last Thursday 19th about 1 o'clock. She suffered a great deal while she lived but could not tell us about her pain, she was so swollen in the throat and could hardly breathe for some time before she died. Death came where we was not expecting in the least. She was the most promising girl we had. I have had some fears of some of the rest. She was 3 years, 4 months, 23 days. Please have it put in the News.

I must stop writing bad news to you and write you something else. I received a letter yesterday from your Mother, Lydia and William, they were all well. William writes that he was at Panguitch a few days ago and the guard came in and said there was some Indians in sight. He said there was about ten or twelve of them, soon on their horses after them. They did not go far before they saw six Indians, he said they soon over took them. They proved to be friendly Indians. They have had several alarms but no enemy to meet as yet.

They have commenced building the Fort. Our garden looks well, soon have peas in bloom, lettuce and onions plenty. I have some apricots, most of them killed by frost, some as large as plums, a great crop of peaches, more so than I have ever seen since I have lived here. Some trees has from one to six peaches on from one bloom, which is a thing I never saw before nor heard of such a thing. We have the velvet pink out some days past and in a few days plenty of roses and the other kind of Pinks. Some of my California grape vines killed down last winter. I thank you for the apple seeds you sent me; they are coming up the best of any I have ever planted. The weather is cool for this time of year. Br. Young's factory is progressing well. We all join in sending love, kiss the children for us. I add no more.

Good bye to Susan E. Smith.

Samuel West

#### GEORGE A. SMITH TO HIS WIFE SUSAN

Historian's Office

G. S. L. City Sept. 22, '58

Dear Susan:

Your kind letter was received by last week's mail, but not in time to be answered. Our folks are usually well, Bathsheba & Zilpha have complained some of Cholera Morbus, probably the result of a visit to Brother Callister's peach orchard. It is rather dry living in the city, milk and vegetables are wanting. We have constant threats and annoyances from our gentile friends, but so far they seem to practice killing each other more than us. We have a vigilante police in the city which we think will keep things more quiet. Zilpha complains of wanting to go home. I keep in the office. The painters are at work in the upper part of the house, the joiners and plasterers

in the lower part. Reports say one gentile killed another last evening just below our house, but as long as they kill each other instead of us we feel somewhat better contented. "Civilization" is certainly on the gain. Our mayor has a court every day to try the rowdies.

Love to all our kind friends, reserving a liberal share for yourself. I have been to the head of City Creek Canyon today with President Young.

Geo. A. Smith

St. George, 11 Dec. 1870

Dear wife:

We are all well, endured the journey better than could be expected, had two slight storms, generally cold but pleasant weather, the roads dry, but rough. I suffered some annoyance from rheumatism or other pains in my shoulder and arm but which has abated since I stoped traveling. The weather is pleasant, though cold, ice half-inch thick. President Young found his house as neat as a pin. Moved right into it, and is putting up his furniture of which he has brought an abundance. Brigham Jr. moved into his house which was empty but unfurnished, but is borrowing and picking up an outfit for housekeeping. We are living with Pres. Snow. Have not as yet seen your father. Write to me and let me know how you fare. I have received two telegrams since I come here saying you were well. Love to the children, tell Clarissa to write. Does John Colton board with you? Remember me to Bathsheba and her children. You will take charge of the theatre tickets until they are recalled by the manager, which I do not expect will occur during my absence. As ever your affectionate husband,

Geo. A. Smith

St. George, December 15th 1871

Dear Susan Elizabeth:

Bro. Townsend leaves for the city this evening and I embrace the opportunity to say that we are well and enjoying the mild climate and dry air of St. George very much. President Young's health and my own is very much improved. The people here are going ahead with their Tabernacle, now putting on the roof, it really looks handsome.

The foundation of the Temple is being dug and several springs of brookish water have been found in it. The work progresses as rapidly as the scarcity of provisions and supplies in this country now permit. You know the grasshoppers harvested the wheat and the drouth shortened the corn.

I want to see you and the children and shall do so in due season. I hope you are well. Love to you and little ones. Remember me to your mother.

From your affectionate husband,

Geo. A. Smith

St. Nicholas Hotel  
New York  
Nov. 3rd, 1872

Dear Companion:

By Sister Eliza Snow I learned that you and the children, little Pearl improving, are in usual health. Feramorz Little and myself had an interview with the great man, Ulysses S. Grant, President of the United States, yesterday. Our conversation was in relation to mines, Railroads and Iron Works. The interview was cordial, however he was suffering from the effects of a severe cold. I expect to sail on Wednesday morning. I have endured travelling quite well, I have been afflicted sometimes with a cold but not severely. Love to you and the children. Tell Clarissa to write to me and address

42 Islington, Liverpool, England.

Eliza R. Snow and Mrs. Thompson have arrived here in good health.

Your affectionate Husband,  
George A. Smith

Margaret Cooper West to son-in-law, George A. Smith.

Parowan Feb. 15, 1863

Brother Smith, Dear Son-in-law

We acknowledge with thanks and gratitude the few lines you wrote to us 14 Dec. It brought the joyful intelligence that Susan was mother of another child, and what has made it more joyful, is the name, the darling child called for its Grandma West. All the children are very dear to me, both Clarissa and Margaret. Susan is a good child and she endears herself to us all the time, but we have neglected answering the letter and telling her what to take to make her give more milk. I should say, clear the system of morbid matter, and then take any nourishing food.

I have often told her to learn to take courses of medicine. The steaming will have a tendency to throw the cold matter out of the skin. Fill the stomach with warm teas, and quickly after, get in bed with a warm stone at the feet. Take warm tea with lobelia, whose sickening qualities will cause it to heave off. Then steam again is important. Wash and dress if well enough. After this a little bitters may be good. Then eat what you please if you can get it. Milk, porridge are very good with bread. Perhaps I have said more of this than you like to hear. I know that I feel a delicacy in writing to one like you, but you wrote to us, and Susan has not written since, so I must request you to read this to her. I have often thought of asking her to read her letters to you, but I know that she is bashful, and would be ashamed of my writing, and so am I. We received your letter 24 Dec. I was in Washington. Will and Rosetta went with father down to help pick out cotton, although at that cold season of



year, it was warm there. I had to take off my sack at noon most days in the cotton patch, it was so warm.

Brother Mace, who improved the lots above yours and Mr. Wests, wanted to sell out when I was there. His lots are the highest lots, and I think the healthiest. He had the foundation of his house layed and the dobies hawled about ten steps from a beautiful spring which runs down by Father's. Said to be the healthiest water in Washington. He said he would sell it for less than the improvements cost him. He had many vines and trees set out, but he wanted to go to St. George. I understand his selling fever is not so high as it was, but I think it will return. Perhaps you will care nothing for this, but I have written it. We are all well. Hope you are. Nancy is here. Susan, my dear, write to us.

My love to all,

Margaret West.

#### FROM SUSAN'S DAUGHTERS

Parowan, Oct. 25, 1877

Mrs. Susan E. Smith,

My dear, dear ma: We just received your welcome letter. We feel sorry to think you have worried about us, but of course it is natural that you should worry, when it was so stormy. We were all right though and have been well and hearty. We went to Beaver Monday with Aunt Nancy. We went over to the mill Tuesday to see Aunt Esther. She wants me to be sure and write to her and let her know when you will be at Beaver so she can come and see you. Esther Jane has moved from her mothers down near the Coop and Mr. Stokes said to tell you he had plenty of hay. When we told them I was married none of them would believe it. Alma said, when I told them Will had gone on a mission, that he pitied him. I told Alma he needed none of his, (Alma's) pity.

Uncle John West is talking some of starting for you about next Monday. We don't hardly know whether he will start then or not. It would be well for you to begin to get things picked up a little if he does come there. You must bring some plates and a few tumblers, knives and forks, two or three spoons, some dishes to put victuals on. Grandma has a few bowls. She has no other dishes only a few (three or four plates) and some spoons and knives and forks. It you could bring those strips of carpet it would make the room more comfortable. Also the little looking glass that hangs in the kitchen. You must bring some more sugar for it costs so much here. We won't need to have much but it will be better for you to bring it along than to buy it. Bring some fruit, as much as you can, for there is none at all to be had. Be sure and bring some tomatoes for soup for there will be plenty of meat.

The worst is that Uncle John don't want to go to the City at all. He wants you to put the things on the train and he will get them

either at Provo or the terminus. He has hardly made up his mind about that yet. If you do have to take all your things on the train you must get John Henry to help you fix them. It will be inconvenient but Uncle John wants to get back before Aunt Mary Jane is sick. Aunt Mary Jane says you had better bring soda, starch, black pepper, soap for washing hands and little notions like that for they cost just double what they do there. If you could bring some rice it would be awful nice for our Christmas dinner. I think it would be cheaper and better too, from what I can understand, to buy the winter shoes right up there. Priscilla has to wear her best shoes all the time for her others are not fit to wear this weather. It has been so cold and stormy here for the last two days. It is very pleasant today. I am writing in Aunt Mary Jane's. The sore on Prissy's head is no better. I have cut the hair off all around it so it wont spread any worse. Grandma has gone to the field today to pick up potatoes. I can't imagine why Will does not write. I do want to hear from him so badly. If you leave before long get Edith to go to the Post Office and inquire for me. I am just ripping up my gray dress today. Has Maggie got her a new hat? Why don't she write to me? Give my love to Auntie and the children Aunt Lucy, John's folks, Uncle Elias' girls and every one that inquires about us. Tell Maggie to remember me to Mel Phine and Alice, I must write some to Lizzie so I will close. Grandma says you might bring that dress along. All the folks wish to be remembered to you.

Kiss the children for us. Get fixed as soon as you can. Will write again soon.

Good bye, dear ma,  
 from your loving children  
 Clarissa and Priscilla

Be sure and bring some indigo or bluing.

Beaver, June 30, '76

Mrs. Susan E. Smith,

Dear ma: Here I am at Beaver yet and I don't know how I am going to get to Parowan. Aunt Esther says to tell you that she will have me go the first good chance. We are all looking out for an opportunity. Mr. Stokes said he would send me over with the mail if I wanted to go very badly. But I did not care to go in that for I felt a little timid about it, and besides I knew you would not want me to go in the stage. Uncle John L. went over to Parowan Monday but I did not know anything about it. I asked the folks why they did not send word over to me to Aunt Esther's, and they said they did not know where to find me, and besides they (the children) did not go to Barton's. I saw Uncle John C. Sunday morning but he got a telegram in the evening and started right off. I think it was real mean of them for they knew that I wanted to go the first good chance.

I told them the first night I stayed there that I wished they would look out for me a chance because I wanted to go about Monday, and that's the way they did it. I went down to the mill Thursday evening and stayed until Saturday. I like it so much down there. I stayed nights with Uncle William's other wife and part of the days at Alma's. His wife seems to be such a nice young woman. Alma and John have been real sick. They are not very well yet but they are a great deal better. Sunday morning I went to meeting and while there Uncle John C. preached. When he got through and sat down he pointed me out to all the men on the stand and I created quite an excitement and such a one as I did not particularly like. Maybe he thought it was quite flattering to him to have such a "good looking niece." Tuesday night there was a grand ball in the Court House. The hall was beautifully decorated. Esther and Mr. Stokes and I went down a little while. I danced three times. They had supper at Fennemore's Art Gallery and I never in my life saw such a banquet. About every yard, on the table, was a large bouquet of lovely flowers. They had bread, butter, ham, cold beef, salads, salmon, oysters, five or six different kinds of cakes, pies, tarts, strawberries and cream, candies, nuts, raisins, oranges, ice-cream, tea, coffee, water, lemonade, and several kinds of wine, besides lots of things that I can't think of. I met brother and sister Thompson there and they were very kind to me. I had a pleasant time. Was introduced to several people who knew you. Among them was Sister Knowers, or Sally Anderson before she was married. She was an old maid, or any way, you and she used to be great friends.

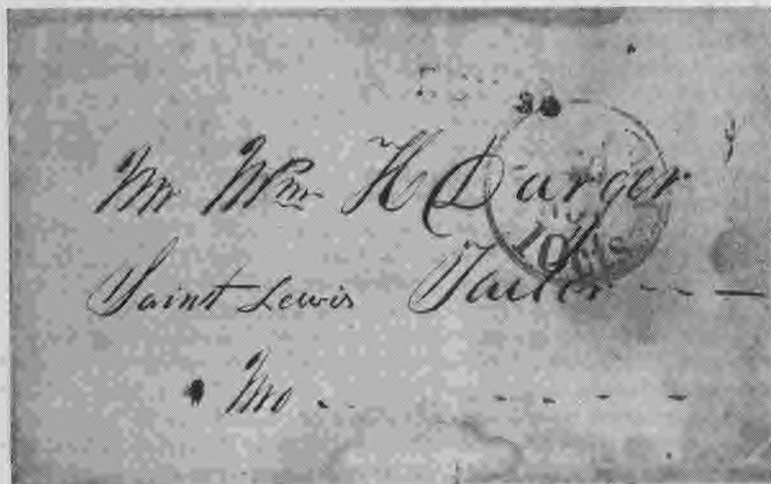
Aunt Esther is expecting Dan home tomorrow night and then she says he will take me over. They feel real bad about how mean Frank Brown has treated Dan. Dan had to telegraph to Mr. Stokes for money to come home with. I just feel like I could fly, I want to get to Parowan so bad. I have had such a nice visit here but I begin to feel like I was slighting the other folks but I can't help it, ma. I can't get any good chance to go and Aunt Esther isn't hardly willing to let me go with the mail if I wanted too. She says to tell you she will take care of me and send me over as soon as she can. I hope that will be pretty soon. I am going to write to the folks over there and see if they can't come after me, some of them. Give my love to all inquiring friends and tell the little sisters that I often think of them. They must write to me.

Love and kisses to you all,  
Your loving daughter, Clarissa

### ARMY UNIFORMS SOLD

Letter written to William Henry Darger, pioneer of 1862, by his friend James Cameron, Jr. Mr. Darger, who learned the tailoring trade as a youth in Germany, came to New York in 1835 at the age of twenty years. He secured employment in a tailor shop in New

York City where he met and married Martha Soper, a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He also accepted the Gospel and they moved to St. Louis to make preparations for the westward trek to Utah. While in New York Mr. Darger joined a military unit and this letter concerns the selling of his uniforms. The original letter is in the possession of *Eva Darger*.



New York, November 8, 1847

Mr. Darger, Dear Sir:

I take the liberty of addressing a few lines to you to inform you that we are all well and hoping that these few lines may find you the same as this leaves me at present. I have expected a letter from you the last 3 or 4 months, but looked and expected all in vain, till I have given up all hopes of ever hearing from you, and as the saying is out of sight, out of mind, and I have thought of this word many times and thought by word as it was. I thought it very true and I may guess that you have not as many serious thoughts about me. I have tried to sell your military clothes at any price and found it a hard task to do at any price. I have offered it at one time for 8 dollars and thought it doubtful at that. But I have had a chance at last and have sold it at the small sum of 9 dollars. Your captain has resigned his office as captain. I have to trust the man 2 or 3 months but that is nothing that you shall have to wait for. All that you have to do is to send me your address and where you will have it sent and you shall have it as fast as the mail can bring it on to you. I will explain more about your company next time that I write you which I hope will be soon. If you write to me soon as I hope to hear from you soon.

Mr. Vorse little child is dead, also Emma Butler has had a child and lived only one week, and their nurse let it fall and hurt it, what little time it did live. Also Charlottanne is married to Mr. Porter, the Mahogany sawer, and Aunt Anne says she never thought that she would marry a wood sawer when she carried her head so high in the world. I hope you will write and let me know how you like it there. Write by the first mail and let me know all about it for I expect it will be my home next.

My address is No. 30 White Street or 200 Millbery.

I remain you humble servant

James Cameron Jr.

#### HIS TESTIMONY

Albert Gregory was born September 15, 1802 at Norwalk, Connecticut. He, with his family were driven from Nauvoo, Illinois. In St. Louis, Missouri, Alfred obtained employment as a shoemaker, earning enough money to purchase an outfit with which to travel across the plains. They arrived in Salt Lake Valley in the fall of 1848 and settled in Fairfield, Utah where he tilled the soil, made and repaired shoes for pioneer families. Albert died May 13, 1855 at Atchison, Kansas. While in St. Louis Albert wrote the following letter to his father, Elijah Gregory, in Norwalk. It expresses his views on Mormonism. Original in D.U.P. Library.

Dec. 16, 1847

Dear Father:

I have concluded to write a few lines to you although it is such hard work to get a word from you but as the time has almost come for me to take my departure from this land, I thought perhaps you would like to hear from me once more, as in all probability it will be about the last time and I don't feel satisfied to leave without expressing my feelings in some few things, and as you are both a reading and reasoning man, I want to suggest to you the propriety of a wise being doing things in order. Well now you believe many things that I do. You believe that there is a Power that has sent Apostles and Prophets upon the Earth and made known the will of God and also works which he was about to perform upon the Earth. The Lord also foretold what should precede his second coming, things which have not been fulfilled. The Jews, the Chosen People of God, have been scattered among all nations which thing was spoken of by the Saviour. He also said they should be gathered and rebuild Jerusalem and all Nations should be gathered against it to Battle and at that time he will appear and set his foot upon the Mount of Olives and it shall separate and have a great valley between and he will fight for his people as when he fought in the Day of Battle. Almost all the Prophets which we have an account of spoke of things which should take place upon the Earth in the last Days. Well now the difference is you have dead

men's testimony and I have living ones which I consider the best. I believe that all things spoken by the Ancient Prophets which have not been fulfilled will be fulfilled in due time of the Lord according to the new Testament which you profess to believe. There is a principle by which man may know which are the works of God and which are of men. The Ancient Prophets spoke of a Kingdom which should be set up in the last days which should roll forth and fill the whole Earth and at that time the Kingdoms of this World will become the Kingdoms of God and the time will come that there will be Kings and Priests unto God, reigning upon the Earth and I have to say to you that that Kingdom has been set up on the Earth and invested with Power and Authority to minister in that Kingdom and that Authority is nothing more nor less than the Priesthood which Priesthood has always been upon the Earth when God has had a People upon it which he has spoken to. You may ask what is to become of all that have lived upon the Earth when God has been doing nothing upon the Earth. Well, People never will (be) condemned for what they never do but for what they have known this is condemnation that light has come into the World and men reject that light. My good old Grandfather lived upon the Earth when there was no light and, of course, will be judged accordingly but thank God I am a legal heir to that Priesthood of which I have been speaking and of which I have received a portion and will in due time receive the fulness provided I honor what I have received and by which Power I shall be able to bring them all up in their proper place and without which no man never did nor never will receive an exaltation in the Kingdom of God. You once wished to know whether I intend to follow the Mormons still further. I will tell you what my intentions now are. I intend to start in the spring and travel about 15 hundred miles farther west to the place appointed for the Gathering of the People of God for the time being for as I have told you before the Almighty is about to pour his judgments upon the inhabitants of the Earth and he never does that without warning his people and providing a place of refuge. The Saviour told his Deciples that he would go and provide a place for them and I will go and provide a place for you and others who are disposed to come after me. I would like to see Norwalk if I could consistently, but as it is I shall have to leave you in the hands of God. We are as well as we are in common and wish to be remembered to all who may feel an interest in our welfare,

Albert Gregory

#### A SISTER'S LETTER

This letter is one of a pack of 84, all written between 1852 and 1882 to Sarah Ann Gould Dixon, who died in Payson, Utah, in 1884 at age 54. A few of the letters are written by her father, John Gould, but most are from her sister, Harriet Gould Ingersoll, all from Cleveland, Ohio. Some of the letters were written to Sarah before

she crossed the plains to California, some while she lived in Napa Valley, Calif., and others after she and her husband, Edward Dixon, and daughters, Estella and Hattie, joined the saints in Utah, residing first in Farmington and thereafter in Payson.

Sarah's daughter, Estella Dixon Harper, Pioneer who died in Payson Dec. 28, 1957, at age 96, gave them to Madoline Cloward Dixon, Payson. Written in small handwriting with a fine point pen, it is contained in a single sheet of paper folded book-like and stamped in the upper corner with a coat-of-arms type of mark impressed into all four folds of the paper. The spelling is almost perfect but there is a lack of punctuation marks. Submitted by *Madoline C. Dixon*.

To Sarah Ann Gould Dixon, Napa Valley, California  
From Harriet Gould Ingersoll, Cleveland, Ohio.

Sunday Morning  
Aug. 28, 1864

Dear Sister Sarah:

Pa received your letter yesterday and oh! how glad we all were to hear from you once more, and hear that you still enjoyed your usual health and was blessed with another little one. How I wish I could see you and your little pets, how many many times I sit and think of you and wonder if we shall ever meet again in this world. Dear sister since I last wrote you death has once more visited us and taken from us Charlie. He had been sick a long time and the doctors had all told us that he could not live still when the hour came for us to have to part with him it was hard for us to give him up. Hard to have to lay him in the cold cold grave never more to see him again, but what a consolation it was to us to have him come home, and if it was the Lords will to take him that we could have the melancholy pleasure of doing for him untill the last. it is a pleasure to know that we done all for him that was in our power and gave him the best of care.

Dear sister mourning seems to be in the land, for months on months the wail has gone up for lost ones: here a home mourns a Husband and Father; here a Son and brother. Soldiers graves fill the land and fill thousands of hearts with a great mound of grief, But the war cry is still heard; five hundred thousand more. Alas others must go now; other households are made desolate; other hearts are weeping..... *Mothers wives* and Sisters hoping praying yearning, for the day when loved ones will come home, *Ab: but some* wont come home. (Alas no)

Dear Sister does not this war make you feel sad and gloomy, it does me, I feel sometimes as if my very life blood would stop its coursing through my veins. I can't express my feelings to you upon the subject, I *hear, read and see so much* that sometimes I can hardly believe that it is real How I do hope, and pray, for the day in which we shall see our armies *successful* in *putting down* this *rebellion* then indeed we shall have a day of great rejoicing a day long to be remembered..... Dear Sister you speak of your distant home of

being so pleasant and of being so healthful I am glad to think you are contented I many times wish that I were there with you; with my family. You say perhaps you will go to Salt Lake because your husbands friends are all there. Oh dear Sister mine, do not go there never give your consent to go amongst the Mormons, I have no doubt you have entire confidence in your husband, but still if he should get there amongst his friends he might be persuaded to do what he thinks now he would never do. *we are* all of us liable to err, and as he believes in their Religion he might gradually fall in with their other views, and your dear little girls can you ever think of having them become Mormons Oh dear sister I know you will never be happy if you should go there

Pa says tell Sarah for me never to go there never as long as he lives for it would all most kill him, If your Husband is not contented where he is come home come to your own native home where fond ones will give you a warm reception. I do not want to write anything that will make you feel discontented, but oh: how I do long for you to come back to us; how often I see you in my dreams of late. I have seen you nearly every night for the last two weeks . . . . Now dear Sister I suppose I must write some of the general news but first I must say that I am not very well *posted*. I received a letter from Canada a few days ago they were all well, they sent me four photographs one of Maria and Mr Oldfield and Mr Barker and Sarah they are splendid likenesses of the originals, Rodney wrote last week and he has moved from Milwaukie they had a little one but he writes they have lost it, he is now keeping a saloon . . . . Ann Bullock (or she that was) has got a young daughter her husband is still in the Army she sent me his Photograph he is a fine looking man. Anna was up a few weeks ago and made a long stay little Rodney grows fast he looks like Brother Harvey (or Henry) poor little fellow he is a cripple and I fear he will allways be, he walks just as Jimmie Oldfield used to I suppose you remember him dont you Annia is not married yet, Mr. Hempy is she says she could have had him but I rather disbelieve it for I know she wanted him bad enough. Philinda is at the Shakers yet, Hellen has been up to see her and I shall go before long. she goes to school and is improving fast so her teacher said. Hellen asked her if she liked living there she said she did and that she should allways stay with them. Henry is not with Pa at present he has gone to live on a farm in the southern part of this state. Pa says that if can get any chance of sending him to you he will do so he is allways looking for an opportunity. I have tryed two different families that was going to New York, but they both semed to have the same excuse that they were not going directly through I took it for granted they thought it would be some trouble . . . .

I have not seen any of the Kirtland folks this summer so I cannot say much about them Uncle Howel was here this spring they were all well then all the young folks are in the Army uncle says there is hardly a young man in the place . . . . I am glad that my little boys



are not old enough for the Army they are quite large boys you would hardly realize that they are the same little ones that you left four years ago if you could see them now; our little Ida grows fast she runs all over *we think she is just right* of course: I can't tell you how much I think of her. Oh: how I hope she may be spared me it seems as if I could never live if she should be taken from me. She is her father's pet I can tell you, he never corrects or speaks a cross word to her. I fear we all think too much of her. She is now standing by my side trying to tell me something I shall have to put my pen down and see what it is . . . Hellen is not married yet I often laugh at her and say she will have to wait until this cruel war is over. She is a good girl and a great help as well as a great deal of company for me She often speaks of you she sends her love to you and says she would like to see you. we have had a very dry season, everything has suffered for want of rain fruit is very scarce here there are no peaches at all everything is very high we have to pay fifty and seventy five cents a yard for cotton cloth and calico it takes 25 Dol (dollars) now to get what five Dol would have got before the war is it so with you I suppose it is however it is getting so dark that I shall have to light a light before I proceed. So you think some of calling your Baby Harriet. don't call her Harriet but *Hattie* (note: she did. This was Hattie Higham) Lenora is very pretty. Henry is as well as usual he sends his love to you and Edward Harriet Ingersoll (likely her husband's sister) is not married yet I guess she will live an old maid her Mother is very feeble thing and persons have not changed much since you left only you can see we are all growing *old* old times does not forget to put his mark upon us all. Now dear sister I hope you will do as I have done sit right down and write me a good long letter on the reception of this I am looking for an answer now to the last I wrote you you say if you received it write everything you can think of the same as I do tell me how far you live from town how far from the post office. Kiss the little ones for me and accept one for yourself.

Ever I remain your Sister  
Harriet.

#### JEZREEL SHOEMAKER

The following two letters submitted by *Zetta Fugate Devey* were received by Jezreel Shoemaker, pioneer of 1847. The family settled in Manti, Utah.

General Tithing Office G. S. L. City  
May 9, 1853

Brother Jezrul Shoemaker

Dear Brother. When I was at your place, you proposed to let us have a hundred bushels of wheat to help the work. If you can spare us that or any other amount, it will accomodate us very much, and we shall feel greatly obliged to you for it.

Wheat is scarce here and it is difficult to procure enough to bread the hands on the public works. Bishop I. Lowery is authorized to receive or draw order on you for the amount and forward it to us.

Your Brother in the Gospel

E. Hunte Bp.

J A Calkin

Carson Valley, Nevada

July the 26th 1856

My Dear Father, Mother, Brothers and Sisters and friends: I seat myself to write to you to let you know we are all well at present. I have not forgotten you nor will I forget you while time endure. I think of you often and I hope you think of me as often. I promised to write to you every opportunity. I have nothing to write about but I thought I would let you know I was alive so you could write to mee. I send my respects to sister Whitings family and all inquiring friends. I enjoy myself firstrate I sometimes get lonesom and would like to see my friends I left behind. Tell Father Billingses folks I send my respects to them all. Mr. Cerry and Lesse is here and Mr Sessions. I have seen them they are camped about three miles from us. My Sister Laura you must learn fast and write to Jerusha for I would like to read a letter from your hands. You must tell Laky to remember his sister and bee a good boy.

Mr. Cerry is going back this fall and I wish you would get your likenesses taken and send to mee the first opportunity. Marion tell Sarah Gemime Fredric and William that I remember them all and want them to write to mee. I want you all to write to mee every opportunity. Tell Gemima I wish her mutch joy. I have no more at present. I must fetch my letter to a close. I remain your affectionate Daughter—Jerusha Billings

#### HIS SONS

David O. Calder was born in Scotland June 18, 1823 and came to Utah in 1853. He served in many capacities both civic and religious. Early in 1884 he went to California seeking to regain his health. During that sojourn he wrote the following letter to his son. Mr. Calder passed away June 2, 1884. Submitted by *Catherine Calder Michael*

San Diego, Calif.

Feb. 6, 1884

My Dear Sons, David George, Daniel and Samuel:

I intended to have written each of you a letter but having written several long letter to friends abroad (in answer to favors received some months ago) during the past few days, I find that it hurts some to so apply myself, and I therefore deem it wisdom to write as little as possible for the time being, and, consequently, address you jointly.

Since you were born it has been my constant desire and prayer that each of you might be preserved from the evils of youth, that you might grow up healthy and strong, industrious, full of honor and integrity, and thus lay the foundation for the respect, esteem and confidence of all with whom you become acquainted, and prove thereby an honor and a blessing to your parents as well as to yourselves. I have surrounded you with my own acts, thereby teaching you by example as well as by respect. I have not thought it laborious to toil with all my might that you might be fed, clothed, educated and well housed, and even started in life under most favorable circumstances. I have contributed as much as was reasonable to your enjoyment and pleasure. Now, after many years close application to work, I begin to realize that it has had its wearing effect upon my system and that at 61 years I need not expect to be able to do the same amount of work that I could at 30 or 40 years of age with impunity. This specimen of my penmanship is evidence of how much my nerves have been impaired and how little I can use the pen; as well, to an extent the wear and tear of the body. I must look now to you to do your part to ease my labors in the future; to successfully carry on a business (Calder's Music Palace) that has taken me 23 years to establish it in its present condition. This you cannot do without thorough business principles and intelligent application of business. You will never have a better opportunity to acquire business ability than at the present time, and so long as I may be permitted to remain to advise and train you. Will you take advantage of the present opportunity to acquire the necessary information and of proving how much you are interested in the matter? I hope you will, and thereby give me additional pleasure during the remainder of the years that I may be permitted to remain in your midst, and hope and faith in your success in business and in your standing in the community after I am gone.

You ought to devote some time in attendance at the young men's mutual improvement society so that you might gain information that you will yet find highly necessary to possess and cannot get thru life very well without. You have access to one of the best private libraries in the city. If you understand the leading principles of grammar, could spell fairly, read tolerably well, and cipher the four first principles of arithmetic, and be careful in your reading to understand the meaning of the words and the correct pronounciation in which you could be assisted by the dictionary you would have an education that would enable you to get along very fairly. General information is to be gained by reading newspapers, magazines and books, and bestowing some thought on that which you read. In careful reading you can learn much of grammar, construction of sentences, style of composition, punctuation, and spelling. All these are necessary before you can write a simple letter to a friend. How necessary is it therefore that you should give some time to study.

May God bless you, and preserve you from all evil, and lead and strengthen you to do right is the prayer of

Your affectionate father,  
David O. Calder

### TWO WIVES

John Bushman was born June 7, 1843, a son of Martin Bushman and Elizabeth Degen. He came to Utah in 1851 with his parents and settled in Lehi. In 1865 he married Lois A. Smith. In 1876 he was called by President Young with two hundred other men to explore northern Arizona. He was appointed to go with William C. Allen's company to settle on the north side of Little Colorado, where they established Allen's Camp later named St. Joseph. In August of that year he returned to Utah, then made another trip to Arizona taking with him his second wife, Mary Peterson. In the spring of 1878 he sold his property in Lehi and brought Lois and their five children to Arizona. The following are musings of Mary, her letter to Lois, and a letter from Lois to Mary. Material contributed by *Adele Bushman Westover*.

Lehi City

Jan. 6th 1878

"I have been thinking today about how wonderful it was that Lois, my husband's first wife was willing to let her husband share his love with another woman and how she trusted us to bring her five year old daughter, Lois, with us out to this barren country that was just being pioneered and so far away from her Mother. I must write Lois now and tell her how we all are, and what we are doing."

Allen's Camp, Arizona

Aug. 31, 1877

Dear Sister Lois,

With pleasure I seat myself to write you a few lines to let you know how we are getting along, as John is not here to write. He has been in the harvest fields all this week and will not be back until tomorrow night, and I thought you would be anxious to hear from us. We are all well, and I hope these lines find you enjoying the same blessings. I have been helping Sister Richards sew today. She is going to Dixie on a visit. She is a nice woman, and I think everything of her.

Well, I hardly know what to write as there is no news here to write about. The men are very busy harvesting. All the wheat is ripe and only ten men to work, and it keeps them pretty busy. They have 85 acres of wheat to cut, all getting ripe at once. The crops all look splendid. I wish I had one of your apples, it would be quite a treat. Lois often says she wishes she was back home where all the good apples are, and she wants to know if you will save some for her till she comes. She is eating bread and milk for her supper, she is well and

hearty, she grows prettier every day. She says Ana must kiss those sweet baby boys for her and then they must kiss you.

Well, dear Lois I hope you will write soon for I cannot live if you do not write. We have received one letter from you this week. I looked for one today but did not get one. I am so glad you write so often, it is such a comfort to get a letter from you for they are always so good and interesting. I hope we can always feel as we do now. If we can it will be a blessing to us all, and I think we can if we will call on the Lord in secret and with a humble heart he will hear us and help us to do what is required of us. I hope you will pray for me, for I am young and foolish and fear myself very much, but I hope by the help of God, I will be able to do what is right. Lois has written a letter to Maria and wants her to write back. We write two letters nearly every week to you, but I do not think you get them all. John sends his kindest love to you and the children. He has not forgotten you, for when he speaks to me he calls me Lois more than Mary. Give my love to my folks and all my friends and accept a sack full for yourself & babies. Remember me to cousin Ellen. Have you gotten any money yet? I remain,

Your loving friend,  
Mary Bushman

Dear Mary,

Your welcome letter of the 19th found us in good health and spirits. I received yours and John's of the 21st on New Years Day, I considered them my New Years gift as I had no other and I duly appreciate them, am always thankful to hear from you all, glad my little girl's cheeks are rosy red and eyes of clearest, clearest blue and heart all innocent and true. I am glad she grows so fast, yes, I can read her writing; It says Lois isn't a very good girl when she meddles with Aunties pen and ink when she is out. Homer, Maria and Grandma are at meeting, and my babes are asleep and all nature is hushed in repose. Thank you for getting an apron for Lois. What do you have to pay a yard for calico there Am glad she is a comfort to you, I don't worry about her now that I have a promise that you will be home in the Spring, if your lives are spared; as for you I have never doubted but you would take as good care of her as I possibly could, that ought to be a proof to you, that I had all confidence and faith in you, to place a child of mine under your care; I am not afraid of your correcting her too much. Liza Holdsworth and James Grey are married; also Joe Suly & Emily Clark. Malissa Peterson has a son. I would like to go out sleigh riding, the weather is very cold and clear here, how is it there? Bells, bells, the jingling bells and the happy hearts go flitting by, their hopes are in the future, in the days of by and by, the past is in oblivion, as they give themselves up to the enjoyment of the hour; What memories the bells awaken in the past of long ago when I was beside the one on earth most dear to me. I hope you had a merry

time Christmas and New Years. The general health of the people is good. Mother, Homer and Maria join in kind love to you all.

Lois Bushman

### TO HIS PARENTS

The following letter was written by Phillip Baker to his father and mother, Phillip and Ann Bone Baker of East Durham, Norfolk, England prior to his departure from Council Bluffs to Salt Lake Valley. Contributed by *Harriet Marantha Edwards Pendleton*.

Council Bluffs, May 30, '51.

Dear Parents: I take this opportunity of writing to you, hoping to find you in good health, as it leaves me at the present, thank God for it. Our vessel set sail February 1st and landed in Orleans on the 6th of April. We left Orleans on the 9th of April and reached St. Louis on the 15th of April. We left Saint Louis on the 25th of April and reached Council Bluffs May 20th. Dear Mother, I am glad to inform you that I am going through to the valley with Brother Pratt (Orson) to drive for him. The reason I did not write sooner was because I wanted to know whether I was going through to the valley or not.

Give my love to all my brothers and sisters and tell them I expect to soon meet them in the valley of the mountains. Give my respects to Mister Stains and tell him I am quite satisfied with this country. Land is very cheap in this country and it does not cost much to keep cattle for there is plenty of land laying waste, no one to own it. Give my respects to Mister Bates and tell him it is a good land for him if he thinks to come. It is a good place for tailoring for people wear coats here, as well as elsewhere.

I write these few lines according to promise to satisfy Mister Bates, so I conclude, hoping for the best, so no more at present.

From your affectionate son,  
Phillip Baker

### THE FAMILY WHO WERE SEPARATED

Joseph Couzens and his wife Sara Jacques were early converts to Mormonism. They, with five children, left their home in Bath, England and arrived in Utah in 1852. In February, 1857 Joseph was killed by an Indian and his wife moved to Hooper, Utah where she remarried. The family became separated after their arrival in Salt Lake and through the years were lost to each other for a period of twenty-five years. The following letters concerning members of the family are self explanatory: They were sent to us by *Ila Lowe Bauer*.

Sangabril Township Los Angeles Co.  
April 20, 1855.

Dear Father and Mother, Brothers and Sisters:

I again take the opportunity of writing to you thinking it is very strange that you never answer any of my letters, but I expect that you

never received them as there is thots arises that they never go to Salt Lake, for it is very seldom any one gets an answer from there. I hope these few lines will find you all in good health as it leaves me at present, thanks be to God for it. I have never heard anything of George. I should like to know very well where he is. Well you may expect to see me in Salt Lake next spring if I have got my health and strength to earn enough, there is nothing at all going on here, this country is in an awful state of poverty. I have had very bad luck lately, I lost a mare 3 weeks ago value \$100.00 and last summer sunk in partnership with 2 others \$1,928. I have not been scarcely able to pay my board this last 4 months, but I think I shall be able to do better soon as the summer is coming. I have been trying mining 3 weeks and come 100% in det. Please send word how you get along and all of my old friends, give my respects to them all and except the same for yourselves, from me, your affectionate son.

William Couzens

Please direct William Couzens to be left at Monty P. O. near Los Angeles.

Dear Father and Mother, Brother and Sister, I received your welcome letter dated March and was sorry to hear you have been so afflicted with the boils but am glad to hear that you are doing well and all things prosper with you, as for me I can't complain considering these hard times it is a perfect failure in the wheat in this part of this country the rust took it all. Wages is getting very low here Brother Davies Miller wants me to go in with him and build a small mill 23 miles from Sanbarnardino but I don't now yet whither I shall or not I don't think there is mutch to be made at it it is so far from market. I am sorry to tell you that I have not heard any thing of George. I am going to advertise my name in the Sanfrancisco papers and directions and his name and asking the public if they know where he is or any thing about him but I hope that by the time that you answer my last letter that you will have heard from him. The news came that all the crops in Salt Lake eat up with the crickets and grasshoppers, if its so its a bad job for you. There is a gold mine found about 20 (80) miles from Sanbarnardino and I am going to try my luck at it as the failure on the wheat makes things very dull. I don't think there will be but very little building done this year here.

I was sorry to hear of the death of Sister Mosdell I am glad to hear that you are getting along well and that Samuel is a good boy. I expect that he thinks himself a man by this time and Jane a little lady I expect that they are growing a great deal since I saw them give my best respects to Brother and Sister Lowe and all the family and B. L. S. Marchant and S Barnes and Holley and Prichard and all my old friends and accept the same yourselves from your affectionate son

William Couzens

Please write as soon as possible and direct William Couzens Lescington near puebelo De Los Angeles, South California.

Dec. 14th 1880, San Francisco, Cal.

Mrs. Elizabeth Brown

Dear Sister Brown

Dear Sister Through an old friend of mine in Idaho, our sister Jane learned that I was living and she wrote me a letter to a place that I used to live which was forwarded to me. When she first wrote she did not know whether I was her brother or not but I soon convinced her that I was by telling the names of Father and Mother and all of their children I can assure you that I am very glad to have found you all but very sorry to learn the sad fate of our Dear Father and the death of our Mother so recently. 18 years ago I went to live in Eastern Oregon and if I had known at that time that you all were living I should certainly have come and saw you. I regret it very much that I did not find out 3 years ago, before I left Oregon, and then I should have seen my Dear Mother before she died. From what I could learn our brother George was killed on the Humbolt River by a drunken man. I married a widow lady 12 years ago with two boys aged 8 & 10 years which we have raised to young men, we have no more children. I have been afflicted these 8 years with a running sore on my leg caused by very cours veins. I came to this city two years ago and had the veins taken up and my leg got well but this fall it broke out again and that is the reason that I am in this City now. I have been very well off, but at present am rather short having lost \$15,000 last year in mining but if I have my health I will raise again. Please answer this and give me all the news and in my next letter to you I will send you my picture I would like to have yours. I have written this day to Samuel and Jane my wife and me send our love to you and all your family.

From your loving brother, W. J. Couzens

Please direct your letter; W. J. Couzens, No. 222½ O Farrell St San Francisco Calif.

San Francisco, Cal. Jan. 21, 1881

Mrs. Elizabeth Brown, My Dear Sister:

I received your kind and welcome letter a few days ago, and I can assure you it filled my eyes with tears when I read it, to think that our poor Father met with so sad a death and Brother Sam wounded so by the red devils and all so that our dear mother grieved so much for me and poor brother George. You ask me in your letter to give you all the particulars about George. I do not know only what I was told and that was that on the Humbolt when the train stopped for night, it was near a trading post, and a drunken fellow took up his violin and was sawing on it with the bow and George asked him for it and he would not give it to him, and George struck him and the fellow drew his pistol and killed him. I did not hear this untill about 3 years after. Then again I heard that he was not killed and that he was living in Washington Territory but I wrote there and could not hear nothing of him—this is all I know about it. I have made up my mind long ago that he is dead, or I think some of us would have heard something of him, but I want you if you can to find out the name



of the man that he left Salt Lake with, and what month and what year and what the man came with, winter cattle or sheep, and what George was to do whether to drive a team or something else, and then I will advertise again and try to find out something about him. You see I never knew who he came with and I had a poor chance to find out anything about him. Please give me all the information you can. I am proud of you to think what a nice large family you have and to know that you are a grandmother while I have no one to call me pa or grandpa. I tell you it ruined the future of thousands of young men a coming to Calif. There is not one in ten that came in an early day that is married and has children. You asked me what I think of the religion I used to belong to. I will tell you. I do not think anything about it. I have seen so much corruption in the religions that I became disgusted with them all, all they want is to grind a poor man down so that the teachers of the doctrine may live in splendour. You want to know what the meaning of the J. in my name is. There was a man in Mariposa county by the name of Williams Cousins and he took one of my letters and I took one of his, so that it should not happen again, I adopted my father's, from that time on I am known all over the coast by it. I send you me and my wife's picture in this mail, also both send our love to you and your husband

Your affectionate brother, William

Hooper City, Weber Co. U.T. April 6, 1877

My Dear daughter Elizabeth, I was very glad to hear by your letter that your health is better, but sorry you are so weak. That is the trouble with me. I feel so weak that I do not know how to live sometimes, or how to die. My health is a little better, but I am not able to get around scarcely, but obliged to. You was saying Jane ought to be ashamed to let me work so. Now she can't help it for she lives two miles from me and when she walks down she is not fit for much, she is weakly, and then two miles back which is 4. Lilley would take her back but she don't like to trouble him and her man likes her at home to wait on him he sais, and as to have them live with us perhaps in one month after he would be far going off someplace; he has Oregon on the brain now, but I do not know if he will go. You needn't say when you wright any about it or if you come up. I should be very happy to see you all if I could make out to come, but I could not leave home very well as I have no one that I could leave. I should like to come down and go to the Temple and work for the dead for I am not sure I shall live long enough until this Temple up here is finished, but it would be a great journey for me there and back. Janes does my washing and cleans floors when it is cleaned. Now Elizabeth, I should be glad to see you and Brown, but do not take the journey on account of coming to see me for it would be very hard on the Babys and if any thing happened to one or both of them I should be very unhappy. They are so very young yet, but do not think I don't want to see you.

I should be glad but I know it is expensive to travel as well as fataguing for it is a long journey. Sam is a little better. Phebe is better but weak. The child has been very nigh to death but is better all the children been sick with this complaint that been going round but they are better except Tennessee she is very puny and pale She was a great fat girl before she was sick. I hope she will get over it she was a help to her mother. I should not like the order the way you say it is. It is very different to how it was stated in the Deseret Weekly. Give my love to Brown and all the rest of the family, also to old friends send me all the news you can get in your next letter. You asked what we were doing with our farm. We have rented it, they have the half of the wheat in the half bushel, the corn half in the shock, the potatoes the same. They pay half the expences for thrashing. We get one calf and we shall have one mare this and 3 strippers. We have to put all our stock in herds as they are farming without fence and that takes the guilt off the gingerbread, it is very expensive here now with stock.

Lilley is weakley, he is not able to do much, and my feet is so weak in the ankles and insteps that when I sit a while and get up I can scarcely get around. So now I must close with my best love and wishes to you all from your ever loving Mother Sarah Couzens to Elizabeth Brown.

I hope Mary is a good girl. My love to her also Martha Roselia and Phebe and Brigham. I hope he is a good boy and brings lots of wood in for his poor mother.

#### PRECIOUS NOTES

Letter written by Amasa M. Lyman to Marie Louise Tanner to whom he was married June 10, 1835. She preserved the letter, but before she gave it to her son, Francis M. Lyman, many years later she cut a note in her own handwriting from the bottom of the page.

The second letter was written by Isabella Callister to her parents Thomas and Helen Mar Callister. The last letter by Caroline Amelia Owens Webb, was written to her son Francis Adelbert Webb. These letters were submitted by *Frances C. Yast*.

Kirtland, Ohio May 31, 1835

Dear Sister:

While the mantle of night is spread around the works of nature, I take my pen that through its silent language I might communicate to you some of the feelings of my heart.

Having been a wanderer, and desiring to enjoy the blessings that would result from the society of a companion who would participate with me in the changing scenes of life, if you desire or feel willing to converse with me on the subject of matrimony, please write your answer below.

It is with the belief that I would be happy in your company that I write you.

Receive this from your friend  
A. Lyman

To Miss L. M. Tanner

Please answer this tomorrow.

Fillmore City, July 10, 1870

Dear Mother and Father;

It seems longer than five days since you left us and will seem long before you get home again. Sarah, Milly, Susan and myself went to meeting and we had a good one, and then we went to Sunday school and when it was half out the wind commenced to blow and it rained.

Marion called the school to order and dismissed the school. The wind blowed so that we had to go up in the hall. When we were in the bowery we were all so scared that the bowery would fall on us. I said, "Brother Dutson, how will I get out. I know that the bowery will fall on me." I am sure I should have been blown away if Brother Dutson had not picked me up and carried me up the steps. And it rained and blowed but I was not afraid that the State House would fall on me. And so we sung and talked until the rain stopped and then we all went home, and I was glad to get there too, but I was happy when I got home.

Mary M. has not been very well since you left but she is better now. We are all well at home and hope you are the same. I cannot think of much to write and expect you can't read what I have written.

Good bye from your affectionate daughter

Isabella

P.S. Mother, Aunt Caroline wants you to bring Susie a doll if you can because Johnny broke hers.

Fillmore, Utah

June 2, 1889

My dear but far-off children:

You asked me if I had my cow yet. I have not, and as for clothes I am comfortable. I have a good home and everything is made as good and welcome as they are able to make me. Nelse is not a rich man but he is a hard worker, and he makes his family comfortable and he makes me feel welcome or I would not stay with them. Well, enough of that.

We have a good many strawberries but ours are most gone but Cordelia's are not. And Belle, I wish you would ask Delly and all the rest of the family to come and eat strawberries with us for we would all be glad to see you tonight.

Don is quite sick with a sore throat but is better now. Nelse and Stell have gone to the field to see if their hay is ready to cut. Nelse and Cell Warner are going to work on the railroad in a few weeks. Marcellus is going to build on his land this summer. He has 14 acres of lucern on it and he will be better off there. We had conference

here last Sunday and Monday. Neta, Alice and Effie was here. They are well. Well Delly, I can rejoice that you and Eddie have such good boys. Elsie spoke in great praise of them.

Delly, I can hardly realize that you are the little babe that came to me in my loneliness now that you have grown so old and have such a big family. But you proved a comfort to me and I am proud that I have two such good sons as you and Eddie for I have waded in the lowest depths of poverty to try and make good men and women of my children and when they are doing right it makes me rejoice. When you were born I dreamed that your father came to me and said that you would prove a comfort to me. And when your father died the spirit whispered that you would be a boy and that you, together with Eddie, would be a great blessing to me and it makes me feel well when you are, for if you are a long ways off I feel that you are trying to do right.

Well goodbye and you will pay me for all trouble by raising your own children in the right path and if you do that you will be in the right path yourself.

Write soon, from your loving mother to Dell and Belle Webb.

#### LETTERS WRITTEN BY MOSES FRANKLIN FARNSWORTH TO HIS WIFE

These were written while Lovina was hiding out on "the underground" and Mr. Farnsworth was also in hiding. She used the name, Jane Runyon, his mother's maiden name being Runyon.

Thursday, July 11, 1889

Lovina Jane Bulkley,  
My Dear Vina and Darlings:

I trust you you got through all right, and not over tired with your journey. I was down with cold and fever and staid in bed most of Monday and all day Tuesday. Was up and done a little yesterday and today am feeling pretty well, only weak and nerves all shook up.

Temple full to overflowing, 224 yesterday and 269 today, the largest company ever here. One more week and we will rest a little.

Take good care of yourself and darlings.

Love and heaps of kisses. God bless you

Lovingly, Frank.

Written while Mr. Farnsworth was Temple Recorder at Manti.

Sunday 29 Sept. 1889.

My Ever Dear Vina and Darlings:

All well as usual here. I have had no letters from Springville for quite a time. Do they write to you at Huntington? I hope not. I feel the greatest care is needed to keep your trail hid. So far they have not got any testimony against me, and they will try to find out something and find witnesses and it is caution that we should use.

I saw Charlie Bird 2 weeks ago. He told me Lute (Luther Whiting) was coming to Manti soon. I guess Lute has moved the granary a little nearer to Anna than Fanny, for Anna is thriving again, and Fanny feels bad to think she is not. So I don't know what the granary is doing. We have enough to look after our own interest. I had made up my mind for you to stay there this winter and hope for the best and that your retreat may be kept. We have to trust our friends, but we must also watch the mails. I sent you \$5.00 in my last and hope you got it, and also that you got the things at Benj. Johnson's.

We will get baby dears picture when there is a good chance, but I do not want you to expose yourself. Times are narrowing down and it seems that Old Nick is kicking his best, but we have much to live for, our two dear sweet pets that God has given us. I hope we may have wisdom to raise them to honor. Sometimes in my lonely hours I feel cast down, but I try to shake it off as soon as I can.

If I can stave off until Spring I will have more liberty. It will be hard this winter for me, for I cannot run out on the hill (Manti Temple Hill) for exercise when bad weather sets in.

Be of good cheer, keep up courage, for it cannot always be like this. As our family was so scattered expenses are increased, but God has blest us so far with means and we are not in debt, but I cannot save much. I have loaned your cupboard, two tables, and stove to brother Whitehead this winter. Mary Esther and children are here, but folks will talk so that I don't know how long she can stay. It seems so hard that we have to be broke up, but let us do the best we can and thank the Lord for his goodness. Brother Ahlstrom got 75 days.

If the folks do not take the papers I will send the "Semi" for 6 months, if you think you can stay there and get the benefit of it. I want to do all I can for the comfort and happiness of my dear ones. Do you get your mail every week? Write every chance you get, for it seems very long between times of getting letters from you. Kiss our sweet darling ones for Pa. Moses must not forget Pa. Papa sends many kisses to him, you and baby dear. x x x x x x x x.

Lovingly, Frank

Salt Lake City, Utah

May 12, 1882

Dear Brother Farnsworth:

Your letter of April 22nd arrived in good time, but I have not been able to answer before. In the first place I will say that we are calling for some Missionaries, perhaps 20 men, and as many women, to go to St. George at the opening of the temple in Sept., to learn to work in the temple so that they can be prepared to work in the temple at Logan at the commencement of work there. Among the rest we are going to send Samuel Roskelley to work with you for awhile so as to be able to take charge of the records at Logan when they open. He will be able to help you on the records through the winter, and at the same time we want you to give him what informa-

tion you have so that he will be qualified to take charge of the records of that temple. Pres. Taylor's been sure that we should have volunteer companies prepared to work in all our temples as the general workers, except the presidents, secretaries, engineers, etc. Some of the leading men who have to be stationery of necessity must be under pay. At the same time it is not always the case that volunteers would be suitable persons to work in the temple. There would have to be discretion used in the balance of people for that purpose.

Concerning your families, I think it would be wisdom for our brethren to have one wife under the roof where he lives, if his circumstances will permit it. But we do not intend to cast off any of our wives or children because of the Edmunds Bill, or any other Bill, but to exercise what prudence and wisdom we can in all these matters.

Give my love to your family, and all my Brethren and Sisters with you.

Your Brother in the Gospel,  
Wilford Woodruff.

#### TITHING WHEAT

Kanosh, March 3rd, 1885

Bp. J. S. Black Esq.

Dear Brother: I received your letter concerning the lending of the Tithing wheat. I am not allowed to loan the grain, but if you will drop a line to Bp. Preston I am satisfied he will loan you the grain with pleasure. I am better in health but not able to marry, but hope soon to be. Laura says I can get a widow at *Deseret*.

Bro. Hinckley or some one else reports the school at Meadow being in full blast again. Many thanks for your invitation to visit *Deseret*. I hope your health is improving. (All my family, Laura included.) Times are dull here. But weather fine. I am strong in the faith. If the officers get after you come to me. You will always find a true friend & Bro.

I am as ever your Bro.  
A. A. Kimball



## Happenings in the Valley

*But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you. St. Matthew 6:33*



THE records included in this chapter are of a people who enriched our lives by the glorious heritage which they have passed to us. Every pioneer whose story is included made a worthwhile contribution, and while they settled in different localities such as Old Mexico, California, Idaho, Arizona and throughout Utah, they took with them the religious standards which they had accepted, and were thus able to be an uplifting influence in the various communities. They had endured much and through their sacrifices had learned it was "better to give than to receive."

Our forbears were the kind who inspired other people in the performance of gentle deeds. They were the kind who comforted old age and filled the hearts of children with gladness. They felt the charm of each others society and they were brought more closely together by their dependence upon each other for the fullest enjoyment of life.

As the Christmas season approached their hearts were made glad for it was the time of the year when they would visit each other, remember those who had not much of this world's goods, mingle at the town's gaily lighted tree and the dances held for young and old alike. Many of the pioneers recall they would go out in sleighs drawn by horses with bells on the harness singing carols which all could hear and enjoy. To them Christmas meant not giving gifts but giving of themselves.

A Christmas greeting from our charter member follows:



*Christmas Spirit Divine.*

*Oh Christmas Spirit Divine,  
You touch with glory  
This soul of mine  
You bring back a song  
And a light from afar.  
The song of the angels  
The light of the star.*

*I watch with the shepherds  
And hear once again  
That anthem of glory  
"Good will toward men."  
I ride with the wise men,  
Their rich gifts to bring.  
I kneel as they kneel,  
To worship their King.*

*Oh Christmas Spirit Divine,  
Keep filled with glory  
This soul of mine.  
Leave me your song  
And your light from afar.  
The song of the angels  
The light of the Star.*

*May your Christmas and all  
the coming years be blessed.*

*Rachel G Taylor.*



## MARGARET McNEIL BALLARD

My birthplace, Tranent, was a small village near the seashore on the banks of the Firth of Forth River, not many miles from Edinburgh, Scotland. When I was eight years old my father baptized me a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The first ten years of my childhood were spent in Tranent, but because of being a "Mormon" I was not permitted to attend the schools, and so I was entirely deprived of schooling while in the old country. . . . During these ten years our family enjoyed the association of the Elders and Saints. My father was president of the Edinburgh Conference for a number of years. His name was Thomas McNeil and my mother was Janet Reid McNeil.

On the 27th of April, 1856, we left Liverpool, England for America. There was a large company leaving. My mother was not well and was taken on board ship before the time of sailing, while the sailors were still disinfecting and renovating the ship. Here my brother, Charles, was born, with only one woman on the ship to attend mother. . . . We were on the ocean six weeks and landed at Castle Garden, New York. Because of mother's condition and my being the eldest member of the family, and being blessed with good health, I had to share the responsibility with my father of taking care of the children.

After landing, we planned to go west with a handcart company, but President Franklin D. Richards counseled father not to go with that company, for which we were afterwards thankful. My father was then advised to go to St. Louis and spend the winter there and prepare to go to Utah the next year. We went to St. Louis. . . . He was then called to go on a mission to help make a new settlement, one hundred miles west of civilization, the place was called Genoa. We left St. Louis on a steamboat and came up the Missouri River. The measles broke out while we were on the boat and the children took them and were very sick, with the exception of myself. When we landed we camped on the bank of the river until our teams and wagons came. . . . The company had gone ahead and my mother was anxious to have me go with them, so she strapped my little brother, James, on my back with a shawl. He was only four years old and was still quite sick with the measles. Mother had all she could do to care for the other children, so I hurried on and caught up with the company. I traveled with them all day, and that night a kind lady helped me take my brother off my back. I sat up and held him on my lap with the shawl wrapped around him, alone, all night. He was a little better in the morning. The people in the camp were very good to us and gave us a little fried bacon and some bread for breakfast.

We traveled this way for about a week, my brother and I, not seeing our mother during this time. Each morning one of the men would write a note and put it in the slit of a willow stuck in the

ground, to tell how we were getting along. In this way mother knew we were all right. I arrived in the place, which was to be called Genoa, ahead of the company and was the first female in camp; thus becoming the first female resident of the present city of Genoa. The rest of the company arrived on the 19th day of May, 1857. We stayed in Genoa about two years. My father was then called to go and help make another settlement at Woodriver about one hundred miles west of Genoa. . . We did not stay at Woodriver very long. My father made all preparations to go on when the next company came. . . The captain was very pleased to have us travel



Margaret McNeil Ballard

with his company and was kind to us. We had to cross the Platte River, in which there were so many sand bars that it made the crossing very dangerous. The men were helping the women over, but my mother was so anxious to get over she started out with the baby in her arms, thinking she could get through herself. She had only gone a little way when she began sinking into the quicksand and was going down very fast. Some of the men saw her and ran to her assistance. It was a difficult task to get her out safely and she had a very narrow escape.

One night our cow ran away from camp and I was sent to bring her back. I was not watching where I was going and was

barefooted. All of a sudden I began to feel I was walking on something soft. I looked down to see what it could be, and to my horror found that I was standing in a bed of snakes, large ones and small ones. At the sight of them I became so weak I could scarcely move; all I could think of was to pray, and in some way I jumped out of them. The Lord blessed and cared for me. While crossing the plains my mother's health was very poor, so I tried to assist her as much as I could. Every morning I would rise early and get breakfast for the family, milk my cow, so that I could hurry and drive her ahead of the company, then let her eat in all the grassy places until they had passed on ahead, when I would hurry and catch up with them. The cow furnished our chief source of food, and it was therefore very important to see that she was fed as well as circumstances would permit. Had it not been for the milk, we would have starved. At the end

of each day's journey, I would milk my cow and help prepare our supper and then would be glad to go to sleep wherever my bed happened to be.

We had not gone far when we met Patriarch John Smith and Brother John P. Green. . . Brother Smith told father to leave the company and go on as fast as it was possible for it was getting cold and we were short of food. He also said to go through Weber Canyon to Ogden and stay there until he had earned enough food to put us through the winter. Then go to Cache Valley and take up land. We started out on our journey alone and had a very hard time of it. Our food gave out and we had nothing but milk and wild rose berries to eat. However, we had a good team and could travel fast.

We arrived in Ogden on the 4th day of October. We camped on the outskirts of the town while father went on into Ogden to find work. . . Across the field from where we were was a little house and out in the yard was a big pile of squash. We were all nearly starved to death. My mother sent me over to this place to beg a squash, for we did not have a cent of money and some of the children were very weak for the want of food. I knocked at the door and an old lady came and said, "Come in, come in, I knew you were coming and have been told to give you food." She gave me a large loaf of fresh bread and said to tell my mother that she would come over soon. It was not long until she came and brought us a nice cooked dinner, something we had not had for a long time. The woman was surely inspired of the Lord to help us and we were indeed grateful for her kindness. When father came back to us, he had found a man whom he had known in Scotland. This man took us to his home and we stayed there until we were ready to go to Cache Valley.

When we had sufficient supplies we left Ogden and had not gone far when we met Henry Ballard and Aaron DeWitt who had been to conference and were returning to their homes in Cache Valley. This was my first meeting with my future husband. At the time of this meeting I was a barefooted, sunburned little girl, driving my cow along the road, but it was made known to mother and my future husband at that time that I would someday be his wife. They helped us greatly on our journey and we traveled together to Cache Valley. We arrived in Logan on October 21st, 1859. We camped in a fort for protection against the Indians.

My father worked to get enough hay for the cattle for the winter and then went to the canyon and hauled logs to make a house. We had neither lumber nor glass, so for doors and windows we wove willows together and plastered them with clay. He used bulrushes and willows for the roof and bulrushes for the carpet, and we were very comfortable until spring. I carried water for the family all winter from the north branch of Logan River which was about three blocks away. I had very little clothing on my body and my feet were bare. Then I went out in the fields to glean so that we would have enough bread for the winter. . .

In January, Brother Ballard asked me to go to a dance with him over at Providence, a little village three miles from Logan. We had a yoke of oxen and a heavy sleigh and it was very cold. It snowed while we were in the canyon to the depth of three feet. We could not go home so we sat up all the rest of the night, for there was not room for so many of us to go to bed in one little log house. We had a very hard time to get home the next day, so you see even courting in pioneer days had its hardships.

I had been keeping company with Brother Ballard for sometime, and although I was but fifteen years old, he wanted me to marry him. He felt that he could take care of me and provide for me without having to work so hard. We were married on May 5, 1861. He was put in as Bishop of the Logan Second Ward on April 14th of that year, which position he held for nearly forty years, during which time I tried to assist and encourage him in his work.

A short time before my first baby was born I had my first experience in sewing. My husband had a fine young steer that he was saying to sell in order to get enough money to buy materials to make clothes for the baby we were expecting. One of the prominent brethren of Logan suffered a great financial loss at his time and was left destitute. The people were called upon to give what they could for the support of the unfortunate man's family. We had our winter's supply of food in the house, but no money, and this steer was the only thing we could dispose of to raise money. My husband came home feeling very badly and said, "Margaret, I am very sorry and disappointed but I have been called upon to raise some money to help out one of our brethren and the only thing I have that I can give is the steer. What shall I do?" I, too, was very much disappointed, but said, "Give it, Henry, we will find a way." My husband's gratitude for my willingness and his regrets affected him deeply and brought him to tears. It was a big sacrifice for me at the time but I knew it was right.

After my husband had left the house, I hunted out two of his old homespun woolen shirts, pulled down the blinds and locked the door, so that no one would see me try my hand at a new art. I spread the shirts on the floor and without a pattern, cut out two little dresses and sewed them by hand. This was about all the clothes I had for my first child. However, she was most welcome to us and was given as much love as two parents could bestow.

In 1864, my husband, with his team, went to help gather the poor coming across the plains. It was not until I received my husband's first letter that I learned to read and write. Up to this time I could do neither, but I was determined to learn to read his letters and to answer them. With many difficulties and obstacles to overcome I accomplished my desires. Early in the fall I took my babies, a daughter and son, and went to the bottoms to gather hops because we could get a good price for them in Salt Lake, ten dollars a pound.

My mother-in-law went with me and helped with the babies and, in this way, we were able to buy a few extra things.

The law of plural marriage had now been made manifest by revelation to the servants of God. My husband, being a Bishop, had been counseled by the authorities to set the example of obedience by entering into this law. The compliance of this was a greater trial to my husband than it was to me. He would say, "Margaret, you are the only woman in the world I ever want". . . While this was a trial for both of us we knew that the Lord expected us to be obedient in this law, as in all laws, as revealed in these, the latter days. After many weeks of pondering and praying for guidance, I persuaded my husband to enter into this law and suggested to him my sister, Emily, three years younger than myself, as his second wife. This was agreeable to him for she was a beautiful, lovable girl of eighteen years. During their courtship he was manly, honorable, and upright toward both me and my sister. Never once did he neglect me or leave me alone during this time. Many times he took me to my mother's with my babies to spend the evening while he took Emily to a dance, and at all times showed me every courtesy and consideration.

They decided to be married in October in the Endowment House. Henry asked me to go with them on this trip. I made a protest as I was in a delicate condition. Henry was grieved and said to me, "Margaret, unless you go with me and give your consent to this marriage and stand as a witness, I will not go." I went and made the trip in a covered wagon over a hundred miles of rough road and gave my consent and blessing to the union. Thus, on October 4, 1867, my husband married my sister, Emily, for his second wife, sealed for time and eternity. Although I loved my sister dearly, and we knew it was a commandment of God that we should live in celestial marriage, it was a great trial and sacrifice to me. But the Lord blessed and comforted me and we lived happily in this principle of the Gospel. On May 15th, 1868, I gave birth to twin babies, a boy and girl. The little girl died on September 18, 1869, and ten days later, September 28th, the little boy died.

During June, 1874, there was an epidemic of Scarlet Fever and many families were severely afflicted. My children all came down with it and were very sick. After being sick with the fever for about one week, my son, George Albert, died on July 7th. On July 13th, my oldest daughter, Margaret, also died of the same sickness. . . . Not long after this my son, Henry, was helping his father haul peas from the field. In some way he fell on the pitchfork and it ran through his bowels. His father prayed over him and asked the Lord to spare his life until he could get him home to me. When they brought him into the house he looked like he was dead. I hurried and made an herb plaster and put his whole body into it. We also offered up a mighty prayer for him, and he was restored to

health. We knew that it was the power of the Lord that saved him for at that time we had no doctors to help us.

A few weeks after this my husband was brought home from the canyon very sick, suffering with kidney trouble. The brethren had been in and administered to him but he was very, very bad and we thought he was surely dying. I was standing at the foot of his bed and was greatly grieved to see him in such agony. He looked at me and said he could die if I would only give him up. But a voice came to me and said, "Administer to him." I was very timid about doing this as the brethren had just administered to him. The voice came again, but I felt they would think me bold and I am very weak. The voice came to me a third time and I heeded its promptings and went and put my hands upon his head. . . I was filled with a divine strength in performing the ordinance, and when I had finished my husband had gone to sleep and slept quietly for two hours or more.

In 1878, my husband's mother and father came to live with us. They were with us about eight years before their deaths. They both lived to a good old age, his father being ninety-six and his mother eighty-six when they died. They were both very feeble and required a great deal of care and attention, but I was ever willing to help care for them and make their lives happy. They both died blessing me, which has always been a comfort to me.

From the first organization of the Relief Society in Cache Valley until 1880, I labored as a teacher, and on December 11, 1880, I was put in as president of this organization in the Second Ward. I labored in this capacity for over thirty years. During these years I tried to do my duty in caring for the sick and comforting the needy. I have walked for blocks through deep snow; I have been out in rains and winds on the darkest nights and in the earliest hours of the morning to comfort and minister to those who were afflicted and those who were sick and suffering, and sorrowing, and dying. I have sat up night after night with the sick, laid out the dead, made burial clothes, mothered orphans, comforted the widows and given advice to those in need. I have tried to be a peacemaker to those in trouble and through it all the Lord directed me, and I enjoyed His spirit as my companion in my labors. . . .

A family by the name of Phister, who lived in our ward, were left orphans. The father died leaving a wife and six small children, and in seven months after his death the mother gave birth to another baby and died while the baby was very young. After her death the seven children were brought to my home and stayed there until after the funeral, when Bishop Hardy of Salt Lake City, came up and distributed them among different people. I adopted one of the little girls, her name was Lena, and raised her as my own until she married.

Shortly after the Logan Temple had been dedicated, May 17, 1884, my father was called to be one of the officiators and while

performing this work, he was taken very ill and his life was despaired of. One morning early they sent for me and said that if I wanted to see my father alive again, I had better hurry down. I was not well myself, suffering with erysipelas, and had not been out of the house for a week or so. I wrapped up sufficiently and was taken down in a sleigh. When I got there mother was feeling very badly and could not be comforted. I went and looked at my father. When I saw the condition he was in it made me very sorrowful, for you could hear him breathe all over the house.

My husband was away on a mission to England for over two years. He arrived home in Logan in January, 1889 . . . . The following December my daughter, Ella, took very sick with membranous croup. She suffered terribly for several days and then died on December 13, 1889. She was fourteen years old. She was always a great comfort to me and was such a companion during her father's absence. The Lord blessed and comforted me so that I knew it was best that she be taken.

In the fall of 1891 my father took suddenly sick and died. This was a great sorrow to me as I loved my father very dearly and felt his loss keenly. His faith and power of healing through the spirit of God was wonderful. I relied upon him in trials and sorrows and sickness, and felt that I had truly lost a good friend and a loving father. My mother died December 6, 1900, after an illness which lasted over two years. During her sickness I endeavored to render willing service for her comfort and benefit. She lived with my sister, Jeanette, about three blocks from my home. Every day, during her two years sickness, I walked back and forth two and three times a day to assist my sister, who had been in very poor health, to care for my mother. It grieved me to see my mother afflicted for such a long time. I did everything I knew for her comfort and blessing, and, in return, I received her gratitude and blessing.

March 13, 1901, my sister, Jeanette, died leaving five orphan children, three boys and two girls. Her husband had died two years previously. Upon her dying bed she pleaded with me to take her two little girls and raise them as my own. After the funeral I brought the two girls, Edna, six, and Jeanette ten, to my home. I have done my duty by them as well as I know how. Now they are grown and I am proud of them. I love them and know that they love me. My sister, Emily, took sick about this time and suffered very severely for months. This was another trial for me. Although we had many misunderstandings and differences of opinion, she was very dear to me. We had traveled the road together for many years and had passed through trials and hardships together and had stood by each other in all the experiences of life. While we had our trials, living the law of plural marriage, I believe we lived it and got along as well as humans could be expected to live it. I know we will have cause for great rejoicing in the Great Hereafter for having

done so well. Since her death I have tried to do justice to her children in all our dealings. I have tried to give them motherly counsel. I love them next to my own and I know they love me.

My husband died February 26, 1908 after a brief illness. Although he had been a sufferer for many years and I was thankful to have him released from his sufferings, my life has been more lonely without him than anyone can imagine without having experienced it themselves. I have had a great deal of sickness to pass through both with my children and grandchildren, but I have always relied upon the Lord and He has never failed me. I have stood by my husband under all conditions, sickness, trials, poverty and prosperity. I feel that I have lived it the best I could with the knowledge I have had. End of Journal.

Margaret McNeil Ballard departed this life on July 21, 1918 at the age of seventy-two years. She was the mother of eleven children. Burial was beside her husband in the Logan Cemetery.

—Myrtle Ballard Shurtliff

#### NANNA AMELIA ERICKSON ANDERSON

I was born in Hogby, Linkoping, Sweden, on February 8, 1855. My parents, *Anders Johan Erickson* and *Greta Anderson*, were frugal, honest, and upright, and taught their children in like manner. We lived in the country. My father had a small plot of ground which he tilled with the aid of one ox. Our food consisted of dark bread, fish, potatoes and milk. Occasionally, my mother made white bread and it was surely a treat for us. We were allowed to play but very little. I could knit stockings and crochet a number of things by the time I was eight years old. Then, too, I was required to read some in the Bible each day.

I remember well my childhood home, it was built of lumber and painted a deep red. Along each side of the path to the front gate was a row of pansies. On one occasion my parents took me with them to a nearby city. To me that seemed to be the grandest place to live. We stayed overnight and during the night I heard the night watchman on each round call the hour and say "All is well", and I wondered why people should walk around all night saying those few words to themselves.

As near as I can remember I was five years old when the Mormon Elders came to our home. My parents received them very kindly, and it was not long before they accepted the Gospel the Elders taught. I always looked forward with a great deal of pleasure to their visits. I learned a number of their songs and loved to help sing them. Some of our relatives were very bitter towards the Elders. One aunt, in particular, was sure we would all be killed if we joined this church and went to America where those horrid Mormons lived. But my parents had a testimony that this Gospel was true.



With rejoicing in our hearts that we were going to the land of Zion, we prepared to leave our native land in the spring of 1863. Our family consisted of my father, my mother, grandmother, two sisters, one brother and myself. We came over in a sailing vessel. In crossing the North Sea it was so rough that no one but the sailors were allowed on deck. We were all so seasick that we could scarcely wait on one another. A number of the cattle and the sheep in the hold died from being tossed about. It was much smoother when we got out in Atlantic Ocean. One passenger died on the way and was buried at sea. It took us eleven weeks to cross. Our food supply ran short and we were forced to eat sea biscuits, which were very distasteful to us. But we had no choice; it was either eat them or starve. My mother had to help me dress when we left the ship because I had been sick so much of the time during the journey, but it seemed that as soon as we got on land I felt better. When land was first sighted we became greatly excited and happy.

We started our journey westward on the train to Council Bluffs. There we were met by men with ox teams and provisions sent by President Brigham Young to take us across the plains to Utah. We appreciated our teamster who was a good, kind man and did all he could to make us feel at home, strangers though we were to him. The journey seemed to be particularly hard on the babies, not one lived through it. My own little sister and grandmother both died and were buried by the roadside. No time was taken to build coffins for those who died. We were afraid our mother would not live to the end of the journey. She was very ill and the rough trip across the plains merely aggravated her suffering. Many times she begged us to leave her by the wayside to die. But the Lord spared her life and she reached the valley of the mountains and lived many years to enjoy her family and friends. My father and oldest sister who was fourteen walked almost the entire distance across the plains.

We arrived in Utah in the fall and settled in Fountain Green that winter. My father's health was not very good during the first winter, so my mother, my brother, my sister and I worked at various things to earn our living. I was just nine years old and small for my age, but I was good at knitting. My sister and I knit women's and children's hoods, men's scarfs, socks and mitts. In exchange we received flour, vegetables, meat and other food stuffs. Toward spring I had a very sick spell which confined me to my bed for several weeks. I became so weak that when I started getting up I could not walk alone; however, as soon as I was able I started my knitting again. The next year we moved to Spring City, Sanpete County, Utah. In the fall my sister and I went in the fields to glean wheat, from which we received about twenty bushels, enough for our winter's supply.

When I was eleven years old I learned to spin. Father made us a loom and I spun the yarn while mother wove the cloth for clothing for the family. I thought I was well-dressed when I had

two woven dresses at once. I was anxious to learn to weave, so every chance I got I would try my hand at it. Mother didn't want me to bother with the loom as I was too young. However, I persisted until I learned the art of weaving. I have woven a great many yards of cloth in my life.

At the age of fourteen I began to spin for other people. The wool was sent to a carding machine and made into little rolls ready for spinning. The summer I was sixteen I spun a hundred pounds of wool. I also learned to make tallow candles and soap. About this time I became acquainted with a young man named Peterson Anderson. His people came to America from Denmark in 1857. We were married in the old Endowment House in Salt Lake City, Utah, by Daniel H. Wells, on the sixth of May 1872, I was seventeen and my husband was twenty. Our first home was a one room granary with a fireplace where I did my cooking until we were able to get a little second-hand step stove. The little furniture we had my husband made. In about two years he built us a cosy two-room rock house. Here our first baby, Anna Amelia, was born. We were so happy and contented.

Then the call came from the leaders of the church for settlers to go to Arizona. We were among those called. It was a sad parting for me to leave my father, mother and dear ones to go and pioneer a new country. I was young and our baby was just a little over a year old. We left on February 11, 1876 so that we would reach there in time to plant crops. We were three months on the way. I can recall only part of the names of the company. Our Captain's name was Ballinger. In addition there were: Charles Whiting, his brother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Perry, Mr. Holt, Rastus Wakefield, Mr. Isaacson Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Johnson and a Mr. and Mrs. Peterson. Our traveling outfit consisted of two wagons, one trailed behind the other and two teams. One wagon was made into sort of a camp with a small stove and quite a comfortable bed; the other was loaded with seed grain, potatoes and provisions. When we neared the boundary line of Arizona the roads became very heavy because of snow. Some of the men had to go ahead and break a trail for the teams. Some days we traveled only one mile and finally we had to leave one of our wagons by the roadside. Of course, it had to be the one with the stove and bed in it. Also we had to leave some of our provisions. The remainder of the trip we had to sleep on top of our load and cook over the camp fire. I often wondered how little Amelia stood the trip, because at night when I put her to bed her feet were so very cold from being on the cold ground.

We arrived at our destination the end of April, 1876. It was a desolate looking place. There were only a few women in the company as most of the men came to look at the country first before bringing their families out to new place. My husband went back to get the wagon we had left, but found that someone had taken everything that was in it. When he returned with it we put the box

on the ground and this was our bedroom. We gathered some rushes and put them in a tick. We had a very hard bed with this mattress and only boards for springs. We built a little willow shanty for our kitchen and cooked over a campfire.

My husband was not much of a hand to stay home with us in the evenings, he usually went to some of the other camps and talked with the men. Night after night I would take little Amelia and go to bed and cry myself to sleep. I was not feeling very well as we were expecting another baby in a few months. I worried a lot about it because I knew that I would have to go through it with just the assistance of my neighbors but keep my trust in my Heavenly Father. The people were planning a pioneer celebration on the twenty-fourth of July. My neighbor said she was going to see that I got out to this celebration for I had been staying home so close. When the day came I celebrated all right—a fine son was born to us, and as a consequence broke up the party. He was the first baby born in the camp. We named him Lewis Le Roy.

Our little settlement was called Brigham City, built on the banks of the Little Colorado River. During the summer the men built a dam across the river so they could irrigate their land, but the high water washed it out. They built a second one, but it, too, was washed out, so the crops were a total failure. A wagon load of provisions was sent out to us by the church. The wagon had to cross the Big Colorado River on a ferry. While making this part of the journey the wagon tipped off. One man, Bishop Roundy, was drowned. The rest of the men continued the journey. One of these men was Daniel H. Wells, the man who performed our marriage ceremony. We were certainly glad to see them, even if our provisions were lost. They encouraged us to live the gospel and try to be contented and make permanent homes. We felt much better after their visit although the outlook for the winter was anything but promising. Our food was getting low, our crops had perished, and there were no paying jobs. Flour was twenty dollars per hundred pounds and other things were in proportion. With no money to buy anything with, the majority of the company thought it advisable to leave there, for the present at least. I didn't want to go for I felt we had been called to settle that country by the leaders of our church and we ought to stay.

I dreamed a number of times of going home and of being shunned by our families, but on our return we found them glad to see us and they welcomed us back. For a short time we lived with my parents. A kind neighbor let us live in one of her rooms and I did my cooking on her stove as I had none of my own. My husband built us a one-room house and we were soon located in a home of our own. In this house on August 20, 1878, our third child was born. We named her Margaret Amanda. As we had no means to buy

land, we decided to go over the mountains east of Spring City and take up a squatter's claim in Castle Valley.

In the spring of 1879 we took our few belongings and our three children and started out to seek a new home. My husband built us a one-room log house with a dirt floor and roof, and planted a little grain and garden. Then he went away to work leaving me alone with three small children. There were two other families living in the little valley, the nearest one being a mile away, the other two miles. When our men were away I would take my children and stay with my nearest neighbor at night. We lived in terror of Indians in those early times. They were sometimes very hostile. One time I had left my children with my neighbor and had gone to do my chores, on my way back I saw several Indians coming on horseback, they shouted at me but I just kept on going as if I did not hear them. When I got to the house my neighbor had the door locked and the children were under the bed badly frightened. At the house farther on they went in and ordered the woman to give them something to eat. She told us afterwards how terribly frightened she was.

We lived here for about two years and tried to make a living but we felt we were too far away from everything and everybody. We returned to our old town of Spring City, Utah where we still owned our little one-room log house. In this house on October 5, 1881 our fourth child was born. We named her Eva Romania after my Aunt Eva who was sure we would all be killed if we joined the Mormons and came to Utah. In the Spring of 1882 we rented a farm from Mart Bahannan a few miles northwest of Spring City. While we were here our son Le Roy got his leg badly burned while he was in the field with the hired man who was burning brush. My husband was away at the time and we had no doctor. With the help of the hired girl I managed to dress his wound. There were times when I felt I could not do it once more. I was expecting to be confined and it was about all I could stand. It took months to heal. We farmed this place two seasons. In the fall of 1883 we moved back to Spring City to our one-room log house where our fifth child, Hulda Savanna, was born September 23, 1883. In the Spring of 1884 we rented a farm from Bishop Allred in Chester, Sanpete County, Utah, which we farmed for two seasons. The house we lived in was a two-room log shack. It was here our sixth child was born on the 3 February, 1886, Luella Ruth was the name we gave her. We made enough from this farm to buy a 40-acre piece of land from James Monson, my husband's brother-in-law. Here we lived in a two-room log house for a year or so. We were then able to build a three-room frame house. We were about ready to move in when the children took the measles. Ruth had pneumonia and we feared she was going to die. For weeks she lay with her eyes closed, hovering between life and death. Our kind Heavenly Father spared her to us and once more we

were happy. We soon moved into our new house and our second son was born here on May 28, 1888. We christened him Junius Lamont.

I was happy and contented in our new home, but not for long. My husband felt we should return to Arizona and fulfill that mission we had formerly been called on. I did not want to leave my comfortable home, and also my mother's health was very poor and I hated to leave her. As always, I let him have his way. I had two sisters and their families living in that part of the country and they, too, wanted us to come out there. In the Spring of 1890 we sold our home and farm, fitted up two wagons, and driving several head of milch cows we started on our long, lonesome journey with our children. We cooked our meals over the campfire, using the "Dutch oven" to bake our bread in. When we arrived at the Big Colorado River at Lee's Ferry we found that the ferry boat had been washed down stream. Mr. Johnson, the man who ran the ferry, was building a new boat and it would be two or three weeks before it would be finished. My husband felt he couldn't wait that long, so he persuaded Mr. Johnson to take us across in just a small row boat. Mr. Johnson did not like the idea. He said he was risking his own life as well as ours. But he finally consented. It took us all day to get all our stuff across. The wagons had to be taken apart and a few pieces taken at a time. The animals had to swim across. One of the men in the boat held the rope which was tied around the animal's neck. One old cow refused to swim when about half way across. It looked as if they would have to let her go down stream as she was pulling the boat past the landing and below were the rapids. However, with determined effort they got across. It was a great relief when we got everything across, our wagons assembled and loaded and ready to continue on our journey. The road out of the river bed was very steep and two teams had to be hooked on one wagon. The horses seemed to be afraid of the river and almost backed the wagon into the river. Then we crossed what was known as "Lee's Backbone", a rough rocky ridge. On days when the road was very rough I walked as much as I could possibly stand. I was in a delicate condition and one time in particular, I had walked until I became so tired I could not walk any more. I had to ride regardless of how I felt. That night I thought our baby was going to be born. Out on that desert, hundreds of miles from a living soul, we made preparations for it. But I am sure the Lord heard and answered our prayers for I was spared that terrible ordeal.

On one occasion we had just gone to bed, with the exception of my husband, when three or four Indians rode up and wanted something to eat. We had baked enough bread for breakfast as we wanted to get an early start the next morning. But it soon disappeared when those hungry Indians got hold of it. We didn't dare refuse them. Another time two of them wanted a drink of water and we gave them every drop we had. Some of the children got pretty thirsty before we came to a place where there was water. The watering places were long distances apart. We had a barrel on the side of the wagons to

carry with us. Some places the water we had to use was out of a dirty puddle or holes in the rocks.

We reached our destination in September 1890, a small town called Alpine in the eastern part of Arizona. We were able to rent a fairly comfortable house for the winter. Our baby was born on the 15th October, a girl whom we named Josephine. We now had eight children to care for and not much to go on. One time we ran out of flour and my husband got some shorts from an old mill not in use. It was quite musty and not very palatable, but we managed, having plenty of milk and butter to go with it, to get through the winter. A year or so later we bought some land about a mile south of town and built a three-room log house. We raised a small crop and for a while that fall before we could get it threshed we had to flail a little wheat each day and then grind it in a small coffee mill.

Our oldest daughter, Amelia was married in November, 1892 to William B. Cross. They lived with us and did most of the grinding. It kept him busy as there were eleven of us, and when my sister and her three children arrived there were fifteen. We had another daughter born October 10, 1892. We gave her the name of Grace.

The next year my husband became dissatisfied again, so we sold out and moved to St. Johns, Arizona. We rented there for two seasons, but the country was so dry and the grasshoppers so bad that we decided to go back to Utah. We quite enjoyed our trip back as we had the company of a family and Amelia's husband. Fear of having to cope with Indians was our greatest worry. We felt we could not feed them on every occasion. One day a band of them rode up by our wagons and demanded something to eat. My husband tried to make them understand that we had so many "papooses" to feed that we could not give them anything. They became quite hostile until they saw that we had some guns with us, so they rode away. But that night some of the men kept watch all night for fear they might harm us. When we arrived at the Big Colorado River we were glad we had only to drive our wagons on the new ferry boat and in a few minutes reach the other side.

On arriving in Utah we lived in Circleville, a small town in Piute County. On March 15, 1897 our eleventh child was born in a log house, and we named her Verna. We had many kind friends here and I was quite content to settle down. But it was short lived. My husband thought he saw greener pastures over the hill. During the summer of 1897 we moved over into Clifton, Garfield County, a little old town from which most of the people had moved because of inability to get irrigation. But my husband and some other men thought they could build a dam that would hold. They were sadly disappointed for it washed out just at a time when we needed the water for our crops. Of course, there were no crops. We managed to raise some garden vegetables and fruit. There was no school or church here so we had to go to Tropic, a small town three miles distant. The children walked it most of the time.

Our twelfth child was born here on July 6, 1899, and we named him Osmond. He was a delicate little fellow and we were afraid we were not going to raise him. After a few months of good care he grew to be a fine baby. After having stayed here for two years we found we could not make a living, so in the fall of 1899 we moved back to Circleville. One of our old neighbors asked us to live in her home as she was going away for the winter. When Spring came the moving fever again attracted my husband and he could see great possibilities in Idaho, a new country. He was sure it was the place to get a start. Our oldest daughter and husband and two children came with us making a company of seventeen. We had a comfortable traveling wagon with a stove in it, a white top two-seated buggy, and a wagon loaded with provisions, some furniture and clothing. We quite enjoyed our trip. Occasionally we stopped for several days in some pretty places on the way, did our washing and let the animals rest. We traveled through some very beautiful country and, upon reaching our destination, Snake River Valley, Idaho, we camped near the Teton River for a week or so. The men got a contract to put up hay for Mr. Clark on his ranch, Medicine Lodge. We had an enjoyable time. Our family was with us, there were plenty of mountain trout in the small stream that ran through the meadow and it was fun to catch them, and there were lots of wild strawberries, currants and gooseberries to pick.

But there came a day when I was not so happy. A lady from DuBoise came to our camp looking for a hired girl, and it fell to the lot of our oldest girl, Margaret, to go. It was a sad day for me when she left home to go out among those not of our faith to work. She went from there to Lima, Montana, where she met a young man and was married June 12, 1902. In the fall we came back and rented a small shack on the Teton River. We were so far from school that our children did not go to school that winter.

Our next oldest girl, Eva, went to Teton City to work. From then on until she was married she was at home very little. She married one of God's noblemen. He died nine years later leaving her with four children. We surely spent a lonesome winter with our two oldest daughters away, and no neighbors or church to go to. I was hungry for spiritual food. My husband was becoming indifferent to things spiritual and it was a sorrow to me to know that my family were being deprived of the blessings of the Gospel because of his lack of interest.

In the Spring we bought a 40 acre piece of land four miles southeast of St. Anthony, Idaho, built a two room log house on it and lived there for two years. My husband thought it was not enough land for our big family and he had heard such glowing stories of what one could do in Canada; so, in May 1902, we started for the North Country. This time our oldest daughter and family did not come with us. It was one of the saddest days of my life to leave them, perhaps never to see them again in this life. During our long separation her

kind and loving letters have been a comfort and solace to me. I hope if we never see each other in this life we will live worthy to be near each other in the world to come.

We crossed into Canada on June 17th. There was three or four inches of snow where we made camp that night. Wood was so scarce I thought we would perish with the cold. Next day the snow soon melted and we had to travel in cold and mud. We passed through Cardston on to Macleod. When we arrived there the bridge over the Old River had been washed out by a flood a few weeks previously. We came back to Stand Off on the Belly River. It was raining every day so we thought we would stay here until it quit raining. But it continued to rain until the flood water took this bridge out, and there we were caught between two rivers and both bridges gone. Perhaps it was lucky after all. My husband and son, Roy, got work with their teams helping to build a new bridge. Our girls were able to get a little employment doing the washing and ironing for the bridge gang. We all had good health and enjoyed the summer in spite of the wind and rain.

In October we came to Raymond, much against my husband's wishes. We lived in our wagon and tent until almost Christmas. The men were building us a two-room house and we were surely glad when we could move in for the weather was cold and disagreeable. After about two years my husband wanted to go North and get a homestead. I was very much surprised at the stand I was brave enough to take, for I said, "If you want to go you may and stay as long as you like, but for me and the children we have moved around enough. When you get tired of roaming you can come back." We had bought a piece of land and made one payment on it. He thought we should give it up, that we would be better off if we took up some land instead of buying it. I have never been sorry for the stand I took. I think I was inspired to do so, for there was no telling where we would have been and what would have become of our children had we gone up there away from all Church organizations. Before we left Utah my husband had become very careless in his Church duties. I tried to show him where he was making a mistake, but he said, "We will go to a new country and I will turn over a new leaf." But it seems like he had got in with the wrong element so that things were no better after we came to Canada. In fact, it began to worry me a great deal: I turned to my patriarchal blessing and it said that through the gift of faith I should have the power to drive the destroyer from my habitation and through the blessings of the Lord the Priesthood should never depart from our home. Then I began to implore our Heavenly Father for His Divine guidance. My prayers were heard and answered in our behalf.

In the fall of 1909 my husband's health began to fail. We consulted a doctor and found he was suffering from a cancerous tumor and there was no hope for him. During the remaining time he be-



came more interested in spiritual things and was ordained a High Priest before he passed to the great beyond on September 6, 1910.

I was also promised in my blessing that I should be a comfort and help to the sick and afflicted which has been proven. I have been with those who could not do for themselves and have made many dear friends that I hope to meet in the life beyond. I have had the privilege of doing work in the Temple for the dead. I have tried to do all the good I could and as little as harm as possible. I thank the Lord that He has blessed me with faith and the ability to look on the bright side of life and also for a contented mind—that I have been able to put up with all the ups and downs in life.

Since starting to write this little history of my life, I have wondered what good it will be to my children and grandchildren, and if it will help them along the journey of life to do better than I have had the wisdom to do. I have tried to set a good example before my children and all with whom I have associated. I am thankful for my humble home in this goodly land surrounded by most of my children and a host of friends. I am proud to be called "Grandma" by all the children who know me.

Raymond, August 4, 1938

Before the day is over I want to jot down a line or two. This day has been a little sad for me. I have thought of my oldest daughter more because it is her 64th birthday. It is thirty-six years since we parted—that seems to be a long time to be away from each other. I have so many things to be thankful for. My health is not so good but I am not complaining. I am able to care for myself to some extent, but I cannot live alone or do any housework. I have my daughter to do for me, for which I am very thankful. It is a great blessing to me for I am not able to do things that have work attached to it. I can still knit, piece quilts and embroider. In the last six years I have pieced 30 quilt blocks, embroidered ten pair of pillow cases, three dresser scarfs, two table covers, besides knitting mitts, socks, and sweaters. I am in my eighty-fourth year and I cannot expect to be entirely well in this life. There are very few of the old people left that came here when Raymond was first settled. There was one dear old friend, Mrs. Hicks, passed away just a day or so ago, and will be laid to rest from her sorrow and suffering today. It is a little cooler today than for some weeks past. I have lived out-of-doors in the shade most of the summer.

I am so thankful for my little humble home, with some of my children around me, and one daughter with me. They come to see me often which makes me very happy and appreciative of their kindness. Without them life would be rather dull. I hardly ever leave the house and I am happy to have my children and friends call to see me often, for I feel like my time here will not be very long. I try to make the best use of the time allotted to me. We are all in His watchful care, and if we put our trust in Him all will be well with us.

September 11, 1938. It is over a month since last I wrote on my biography. I am anxious to finish it while I am able. It is getting quite hard for me to write, but I still keep on trying for I have children who love to hear from me. I am sitting out-of-doors enjoying the sunshine, flower and trees that our Heavenly Father has placed here for our pleasure and enjoyment. I thank Him for my home in this goodly land with kindred and friends to comfort and bless me in my declining years. I am thankful for my good eyesight, for I spend many hours reading and doing handiwork. My blessings are too numerous to mention. I pray day by day that the Lord will give me strength to live worthily so that when the time comes for me to leave this sphere of action it can be said of me, "Well done thou good and faithful servant. Enter into that rest which is prepared for the faithful." May this be my happy lot, I humbly ask.

—Contributed by *Grace Jensen—Alberta, Canada*

### MARTHA (MATTIE) HUGHES CANNON

One of the first Utah women to receive the degree of M.D. was *Martha Hughes Cannon*. She was born July 1, 1857 at Great Ormes Head, Wales, the daughter of *Peter Hughes* and *Elizabeth Evans*. Her parents, becoming converts to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints through the teachings of its missionaries, emigrated to America in 1858. For two years they remained in New York City because of the father's failing health, but were then advised by Apostle Erastus Snow to go on to Florence, Nebraska from which place, in 1860, they crossed the plains and mountains in a covered wagon, the mother walking most of the way so that her invalid husband and five little daughters might ride. Anne, the youngest, fifteen months old died and was buried by the trail. Three days after the family arrived in Great Salt Lake City the father, Peter Hughes, breathed his last. A year later Elizabeth Hughes married James P. Paul, a widower with four children.

Martha was an extremely studious and intelligent girl. At the age of fourteen she taught school and at fifteen was an efficient typesetter. She was employed on the *Deseret News* and *Women's Exponent* staff for five years. Having aspired to become a physician, she carefully saved her money to go East to study medicine. In 1878, she went to Ann Arbor and entered the medical department of the University of Michigan, working her way through college washing dishes, making beds and other menial jobs in the boarding house for students. Later she tutored and did secretarial work.

In 1880, Martha Hughes was graduated with the degree of M. D., after having taken, along with the prescribed courses, additional courses in electrotherapeutics and bacteriology. After her graduation she practiced medicine at Algonac, Michigan, her clientele coming from both the Canadian and American side of the St. Clair river. Her first case was the mentally ill wife of a riverboat captain. The

young doctor discovered and cured the underlying cause and the patient fully recovered. In the fall of 1881 Dr. Cannon went to Philadelphia where she entered the auxiliary medical department of the University of Pennsylvania, taking special post-graduate training. She also studied public speaking at the National School of Elocution and Oratory for she was firmly convinced that community health could be improved through lectures. She included classes in the School of Pharmacy which she attended in the evenings. In 1882, Martha Cannon graduated from the University of Pennsylvania with the degree of Bachelor of Science, at which time she also received a bachelor's degree from the National School of Oratory. She then returned to Utah, her health in jeopardy as a result of overwork. After her recovery she became a resident physician of the Deseret Hospital in Salt Lake City which position she held for three years.

In October 6, 1884, Martha Hughes became the wife of Angus M. Cannon, president of the Salt Lake Stake of Zion. She continued her medical studies that she might render more efficient service to her patients. In 1885 Dr. Cannon visited the Cotton Exposition at New Orleans, and also inspected the training schools for nurses in New York City and Boston, Massachusetts with a view to opening similar schools in the intermountain regions. In 1886, she visited leading hospitals in France, England, Switzerland, and upon her return to Salt Lake City established the first training school for nurses in Utah. In addition, she gave lectures on obstetrics, a subject of vital interest to pioneer communities where medical aid was not always immediately available.

In 1890, Dr. Cannon took her children and went into voluntary exile in San Francisco so that her husband might remain free to follow his various enterprises. Returning to Salt Lake City sometime later, she opened an office in a building located on South Temple and State Streets where she practiced with marked success. Being an ardent advocate of women's rights, Dr. Cannon belonged to the younger group who worked with the noted suffragist leaders, Susan B. Anthony and Anne Shaw, and in behalf of votes for women she addressed gatherings in Washington, D.C. and at the World's Exposition in Chicago. While in the national capital, by request, she appeared before a congressional committee giving a synopsis of the political work accomplished by women in Utah. In 1896 she was elected to the Utah State Senate, being the first woman in the United States to hold the office of senator. She introduced a number of important bills which later were incorporated into the government of the state, among them a bill for the establishment of the State Board of Health, a Pure Food Law, a bill compelling merchants to provide seats for the sales ladies, and a bill establishing a hospital ward for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind School. She later became a member of the Board of Directors for this institution, a member of the State Board of Health, and vice-president of the American Congress for Tuberculosis.

During the last twelve years of her life Dr. Cannon resided in Los Angeles where she worked in the orthopedic department of the Graves Clinic. She became a noted authority on narcotic addiction. This remarkable woman passed away in Los Angeles July 10, 1932 at the age of seventy-five years. Interment was in Salt Lake City.

The following is the story of the trunk she took with her when she left Salt Lake City to become a doctor.

"Mattie sat on the steps of the one-room schoolhouse on a hot day in June. It was the last day of school and the fifteen year old teacher heaved a sigh of relief over the departure of the 'three Jims', her most unmanageable pupils, who were as tall as she. The Paul homestead was situated on the banks of a canal on the east side of Salt Lake City. It was surrounded by young fruit trees which had been planted by her pioneer parents when they arrived in the Valley a dozen years before. They had brought the seeds with them. 'Thank goodness I won't have the three Jims next year' she murmured. 'Mary will have to wrestle with them if they come back.' Her older and larger sister would take over the school in the fall. Mattie already had a new job she would start in the morning. She was



Mattie's Trunk

going to set type for The Women's Exponent and the Deseret Evening News. This would lead the way to the fulfillment of the desire of her heart, she hoped.

"Above the drone of the insects in late afternoon came the steady drive of the hammer of her carpenter stepfather. He was making a

coffin for a small neighbor who had died of dysentery. Too many children died of cholera morbus. This boy had eaten a quantity of green berries of the native black currants which grew along the ditch banks. Both women and children of this pioneer community needed skilled medical help. That had to do with young Martha's secret project. She would become a doctor and bring scientific knowledge from the East to this valley in the western mountains. Her own baby sister, Annie, had died in the trek across the plains. Annie had been buried hastily and her grave heaped with rocks to keep away hungry animals. The other two small girls had ridden in half of a covered wagon with their tall father who was ill. Their sturdy English mother walked by its side. Three days after their arrival in Salt Lake Valley the father passed away.

"Mattie liked her new position and became adept at setting type. It gave her a knowledge of words. Her work on the Women's Exponent brought her in contact with the leading women of the Church, Emmeline B. Wells and Eliza R. Snow. The latter grew fond of the rosy cheeked girl. She knit Mattie a purse and put a twenty dollar gold piece in it. That was the beginning of Mattie's secret hoard, the 'open sesame' to her heart's desire.

"Father Paul did some carpentry work at Saratoga one winter for which he received 150 pounds of flour. On his return he made a small trunk for his ambitious daughter. Mattie lined it with scraps of wall paper. She paid her board at home and started a savings account. This latter suffered inroads as emergencies arose. Finally she placed an old umbrella cover in the bottom of the trunk and in this she hid any money she was able to save. At this time she was typesetting for the Scandinavian publications of the Church. It paid better than English and so she was able to put more money by. Mattie hoarded time as well as means. She bought medical books which she carefully tucked away in the little trunk.

"Sickness continued in the Valley. Home remedies were used and courageous midwives drove into the outlying settlements by way of horse and buggy to bring new lives into the community. The Relief Society aided with work and supplies. Everytime Mattie heard of a death in the Valley, surrounded with its rings of mountains, she wondered if skill and medicine could have prolonged the life. She purchased an organ, one of the first hauled across the plains, which she planned to sell to augment her medical education fund.

"Mattie worked in the printing office six years. The last three she attended the University of Deseret part of the day and worked overtime setting type. She practiced public speaking realizing they must be taught the rules of health through lectures. At last she secured her certificate from the Deseret Institution and learned that the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor would accept it for entrance. The Tenth Ward gave her a testimonial and the contributions were generous.

"During the years Mattie had changed the money in the old umbrella cover to larger denominations—from silver to gold. She counted it and found it amounted to a considerable sum; enough to start her on her medical studies. She bought a railroad ticket to the East; packed the small trunk with her belongings—with her books and sparse clothes it was less than half full."—*Elizabeth Cannon Porter*

### A CONVERT FROM SWEDEN

Three children Nels, Caroline Johanna, and Swen comprised the family of Bengt and Cecelia Malmgren in faraway Sweden. Caroline was born June 18, 1837 in Malmo. At the age of fifteen she heard the Mormon missionaries and was convinced of the truthfulness of their teachings. She was baptized the 26th of June 1852 by Elder Andrus Winberg. On the 25th of June, 1853 she attended the first Latter-day Saint conference held in Sweden. The largest building in



The Barn

the vicinity, a barn owned by Carl John Capson, was used for the meeting. It was necessary to hold meetings at night in most of the European countries where the Elders were proselyting the Mormon principles because of persecutions.

A short time after joining the church Caroline was arrested and put in jail. Nels tried to get her out on bond but was unable to do so. Leaving Sweden was the terms offered for her release, so Caroline consented and went to Denmark where she earned her livelihood for the next year. In Denmark she met a cousin who had a passport to America which she was unable to use because of illness. She gave it to Caroline, whose only asset was \$1.50. However, she was given the opportunity of tending one of the passengers who was ill. Caroline was a very attractive girl and the captain of the ship became infatuated with her and wanted to marry her. But Caroline told him she was a "Mormon" and that she was going to Utah where she could live her religion. The Saints were under the supervision of

Elder Peter O. Hansen, the ship being the *James Nesmith* which left Liverpool, England January 7, 1855 and docked in New Orleans.

Caroline walked most of the way across the plains. Carl John Capson, whom she had known in Sweden, met the company in Emigration Canyon. She entered Salt Lake City the seventh day of



Caroline

Carl John

September, 1855. On the 16th of October of that year she became the plural wife of Mr. Capson. They lived in Salt Lake City for six months then moved to Sugar House Ward. Carl had been a gardener in Sweden and he was now working for Brigham Young and Feramorz Little who were experimenting with the culture of plants suitable for Utah's climate.

For six years the Capsons made their home in Sugar House then moved to Midvale. They bought a small homestead in East Mill Creek where they spent the remainder of their lives. Caroline experienced all the hardships of pioneer life uncomplainingly. Being an efficient nurse she was called upon many times to care for the sick and many babies were delivered by her through the years. Eleven children were born to Caroline, six boys and five girls. One child died in infancy. Two grown sons and her eldest daughter preceded her in death, and in 1901, her husband passed away. When Caroline was ninety years of age, in 1927, she received a copy of "Ivanhoe", which she treasured highly, because of her ability to read without the aid of glasses.

The following memories of Mrs. Capson were contributed by a granddaughter, Myrtle Capson Drollinger: "I remember my grandmother. She was a nice looking woman with lovely, long, white hair. She would sit in an old rocking chair and put her hair over the back of it for me to brush. Her hair hung down to the seat of the rocker. She always dressed well and liked to go places with my father, her youngest son, and my mother. One day I remember Father teasing

her because she had on too much powder. She answered, 'Oh, de blowser off', meaning, 'Oh, the wind will blow it off.' We always loved to have grandmother come and stay with us and we were all grieved at her death."

Caroline Johanna Malmgren Capson died at her home in Blackfoot, Idaho in September 1927. It was Mrs. Capson's wish that she be buried in Utah so her remains were brought back to Salt Lake City for interment—*Betsy O. Capson*

### PIONEER TEMPLE RECORDER

St. George, June 2, 1877

Elder Frank Farnsworth,  
Kanab, Utah.

Dear Brother: Your services are required as a Recorder in the St. George Temple. Come at your earliest convenience. Terms: Put your trust in God, and we will do the best we can for you and your family. Wilford Woodruff.

I immediately responded and arrived at St. George June 14, and was set to work. President Woodruff said to me "Brother Farnsworth, you may wonder why I called you here. When President Brigham Young went away, leaving me to preside over the temple, he left me a list of names from which I could call for all the help I needed. Your name was on the list. We have tried recorders but they soon tire and it seems a task to get those who will stay. If I was to offer four or five dollars a day I could perhaps get men, but we don't want that class of men. I want men that will throw their whole heart into this work. Our records are crude, our boxes are full of papers piled up and I want you to take hold of them. Don't work too hard, this is hot country. When you feel you need a rest, take it. Work when you want to work, and quit when you want to. Now, will you take hold of this work and stay with it?" I replied, "I will try."

At that time temple work was new to the people. There were no proper books and no good form adopted. We had to do our own ruling and heading. It was an almost Herculean task, but by close application we were enabled to get things into a proper shape. I ruled the forms which were adopted and books made.

For eleven years I was at my post in the St. George temple and in close touch with Wilford Woodruff. I learned many precious things concernings the ways of the Lord. The Testimony of President Woodruff dated February 22, 1879, as printed in the Deseret News April 26th, following, was sent to me piecemeal to transcribe and prepare for the press. After I had written it, President Woodruff and I compared and read it over carefully. There were but two words in my copy which I had miscalled. He said to me, "Brother Farnsworth, this is most remarkable that you could decipher my hieroglyphics. What do I owe you?" I said, "Give me the original



manuscript." He placed it in an envelope and handed it to me and I have it yet. Many precious things I wrote for him, either copying from his manuscript, or taking it down as he spoke.

The crusade was one of the severe trials we had to pass through. He was in exile, and ere long I was in exile, too; but I did not leave St. George only at intervals. Soon it became so unpleasant for me that it was advised that I absent myself for a little season. We prepared a "Co-Hab-Code of Dixie". It might be of interest so I insert it in part:

Meaning	Key	Meaning	Key
Wilford Woodruff	Peter	Judge Boreman	Herod
Erastus Snow	James	Judge Zane	Nero
George Teasdale	John	Henry Eyring	Look
J. D. T. McAllister	Dan	U. S. Marshals	Ring
David H. Cannon	Gun	Indicted	Jug
W. H. Thompson	Steam	Arrested	Nailed
Convicted	Hung	Retreat discovered	Blowed up
Come home	Pike	Hunted for	Lost
Be very careful	Glasses	When you mean me	Canaan
Sent letters to you	Index	Temple	Zion
Records	Sticks	St. George	White
Beaver	Black	Washington	Clear
Any of the folks	Gold	My witness subpoenaed	Heads
Things lively	Splendid	On Bail	Money
Move your quarters	Pockets	Go south	Compass
Commission appointed	Hound	Silver Reef	Rocks

By this code we could post each other. Messengers were sent to some friend who knew the assumed name or where to find the party the message was intended for; so when we wanted to telegraph anyone we could say considerable in a few words. Example: "Canaan, glasses, splendid, rocks, blowed up, hound, heads, pocket." Meaning: "You be careful. Things lively at Silver Reef, your retreat discovered, move your quarters."

After four months I returned to St. George where I remained until called to Manti, Utah. I arrived May 15, 1887 in company with J. D. T. McAllister, D. D. McArthur, J. G. Bleak and George W. Worthen. We came to attend the private dedication ceremony of the Manti Temple which took place May 17, by President Woodruff and his brethren. We also attended the public dedication services May 21, 22, and 23. When the time came for selecting officers for the temple, I was chosen as Chief Recorder.

Moses Franklin Farnsworth remained in the Manti Temple as Chief Recorder until his death, February 25, 1906 at Manti, Utah. A total of eighteen years and nine months. This, plus eleven years at St. George, gives a total of practically thirty years as Chief Recorder. The forms he originated are still used.—*Roxana F. Hase*

## AS TOLD BY PIONEER EMILY SPENCER

It came at last, the quilt that I pieced at odd times when I was a girl. It was a toothache quilt for I seldom pieced a block only when my teeth were grumbling or aching. The delight I took in piecing blocks made me forget the toothache. Here are pieces of my dresses, mother's and sister's dresses. It is no mere common quilt to me. It speaks of days long gone by and brings up memories of home. It is pieced in saw-tooth fashion. Here is a piece of sister Julia's dress and a beautiful dress it was. I remember going with father to Snowville, five miles away. I enjoyed the ride, the shady wood that we soon passed, stopping at a store where we went in and father paid the storekeeper all we owed him. When that was done the storekeeper said, "Now, Mr. Bush, here is some beautiful calico that will make your girls some dresses." It was 25 cents a yard. Father chose one dress of blue and white ground covered with the most beautiful gay flowers that I thought extremely pretty, and then another of two shades of purple with a beautiful pattern on it. All were on the large order but that was the fashion then and many ladies came to meeting in large patterned calico dresses.

When we got home I wanted the lovely blue and white piece with the beautiful green leaves and graceful crimson flowers running all over the ground work, but mother said I was to have the purple one and Julia the blue, so like a good girl I took the purple, although I didn't like it near so well, but it was pretty, too. Mother disliked both pieces, said they were not fit for children, but because father liked them she made them up for everyday wear when I thought them nice enough to go anywhere in. It was the best of calico and lasted and out-lasting several dresses of common calico. Mother's word was law and we never thought it could be otherwise, although I looked wistfully at the blue and in my heart regretted that I couldn't have it. I always thought my sister looked like a butterfly as she ran about the flower garden and I took pleasure in looking at her. Pa and I liked the dresses and thought them pretty if all the rest disliked them. He had an eye for beauty and never thought that mother would object to his choice. The colors were brilliant and fashionable, too.

I look at the quilt again. There is the brilliant blue and purple but the bronze and dark red—I have entirely forgotten who had a dress like that—whether it was given to some child friend or older girl who wanted to encourage me in piecing quilts. The next block is a forgotten one and the next also. But the next, how well I remember it! When calico was dear in the first years of my life in that town a peddler came along and into our house. He pulled out his calicos from the pack and Mary Jane, my oldest sister, chose that dark calico of small red and brown checks and black stripes paying 18 cents a yard. Times were hard and she thought she had

got quite a bargain. The light saw-tooth of the next block is a piece of a gingham dress, blue, pink and white which I thought pretty. By that time I was full grown, which wasn't much after all, yet I could go to the store and select my own dresses. I had my growth, too, when the purple dress was made.

The next block is unrecognized—the next also. The three next are the same. The next, sister's beautiful dress. Long years have passed away since I pieced them, or have seen them, and would not have now if mother had not finished the quilt and sent it by my husband when he came from a mission. Little treasures, I thought, my scraps of calico. Little treasures are they now, bringing back twenty years ago. The next block is my gingham dress. The teeth of the next block are my dark blue calico dress which I had for my academy dress. I remember how it was made. I had the dress and there was a large blue apron the same as the dress worn over it. I had two aprons made with long sleeves which covered my dress and blue pantalettes and green overshoes. That was my academy dress. The next block is dark blue calico with yellow flowers in it like mother's dress. Here is another block of brilliant dyed calico like cashmere costing 25 cents a yard. My Sunday school teacher had a dress like that. She was a little woman, one I always loved. The pink piece is like a pink apron my sister gave me and made it up crossways of the cloth. She didn't like it, so it was a windfall to me. Here is a block of light blue from a dress George brought for me and here a lovely brown with a beautiful white flower in it that I used to wear when I first saw him. Here is a piece of dark red calico with a white flower in it that he bought for me to wear across the plains. I believe that is the end of the quilt but not the end of my memory. When a little child, how I wanted a red flannel dress but I never got it. Father bought me a black flannel dress or I could have a dull madder-red one. It wasn't my ideal. I chose the black. I had a black morning dress made of one that had been a beautiful purple but had been colored black. I used to have a sweet cashmere dress, cream colored ground with small red rosebuds and green leaves on it, that always was a favorite and a white dress that was too scant for me to think pretty. As my chum, Sally, had one made out of her baby dresses that hung full around her I noticed the difference and disliked mine. Such little things a child will notice. A dark red calico dress that Mary Jane made and when she put it on me always gave me a thump in the back—not enough to hurt—but it didn't feel good. A pale wavy-striped dress, a purple lawn dress, Anita's dresses, white ground with pink and blue checks. Another dress I never got, a pink and white check. How I longed for one. I liked the turkey red with the yellow flowers in it but never had that.

The silk walking dress made with bows in front and padded with cotton batting was my Sunday dress and cloak for one winter. I didn't think it very pretty as it was red, brown and white striped

and corn mingled in no nice pattern. The light blue silk dress my father bought for me, I liked, and the lawn dress my husband bought I thought pretty and both I have yet.—*Ellice Smith*

### ALMA

*Alma Platte Spilsbury* was born while his parents, *George and Fanny Smith Spilsbury*, converts from England were on their way to Utah. They left Nauvoo in July, 1850, and on August



Alma Platte Spilsbury

5, 1850, Alma was born. The heat was intense and the mother lay in the wagon with a blanket stretched over the bows for shade. The company had been almost without water for three days. The thirsty oxen, smelling the water, ran pell-mell for the river still some distance away. As they went down the bank the wagon over-turned in the shallow water. The baby was thrown from the mother and floated downstream on a feather bed. Bishop Edward Hunter, in whose company they were traveling, rescued the baby. He immediately blessed it Alma Platte, "Alma" for the prophet in the Book of Mormon and "Platte" for the river from which the child was rescued.

The Spilsbury family arrived in Salt Lake City in October, 1850 where they located, and where Alma attended the very meager schools during part of the winters. He was baptized August 5, 1858 by Edward Stevenson and confirmed by Bishop Heyland. Alma's parents lived in the 14th Ward, but in 1859 moved to Draper, twenty miles south, where his father was postmaster and assisted in establishing an irrigation system.

In 1862 his parents were called to settle the southern part of the state, known as Dixie. They settled at Grafton on the Virgin River. This ended Alma's school days as he was twelve years old and must go with them and help. His mother, being a very ambitious and resourceful woman, made hats, dresses and fancy work to sell. She also took in boarders but her work never kept her from attending to her church duties. On June 22, 1869 in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City, Alma married Sarah Ann Higbee. They were ac-

accompanied on the long journey by Fanny who helped pay expenses by selling dried and canned fruit and molasses along the way. Alma and Sarah Anne were blessed with five children Fanny Ann, David Moroni, Alma Platte, Ella and John. The mother died when John was very young, and the children were cared for by Grandmother Spilsbury, while the grief stricken father filled a mission to the northeastern states. The damp climate of Wisconsin brought on a severe illness and he was released from his labors and returned home. On October 6, 1880 Alma married Mary Jane Redd, daughter of Lemuel Hardison and Keziah Butler Redd, in the St. George Temple. Their first child, Katie Pearl, was born in Toquerville. On the 3rd of March, 1883 Alma married Margaret Jane Klingensmith, as plural wife in the St. George Temple. This was the cause which sent them to Arizona, where they went under the direction of Apostle Erastus Snow, settling in Salt River Valley and Alma was again put to the task of helping to build a new country. They helped build the beautiful city of Mesa.

The U. S. Marshals were now beginning to make trouble for the men who had entered into polygamy. Alma and six other men were arrested and sentenced to spend six months at the state penitentiary in Yuma. At the termination of his sentence he was given the choice of giving up one of his families or leaving the country. He chose the latter and in March left Mesa with Margaret Jane and her family of three. Mary Jane stayed in Mesa to finish her work and make preparations to follow them. By the time Alma came for them she was well prepared to go. She, and her family of six, traveled on the train to Deming, New Mexico where Alma met them with a team and wagon.

The family went first to Dublan then moved to Colonia Juarez. Alma had rented some of the church cattle, so went up on the Strawberry ranch, twenty five miles west of Colonia Juarez in the Sierra Madre mountains. The small amount of farmland was fertile and Alma was able to raise whatever vegetables his large family needed to last them through the winter. The cows furnished all the milk and dairy products needed for home consumption. Alma's family lived at Strawberry ranch for nine years when he purchased two homes in Colonia Juarez. One family lived on the west side and one of the east side. The beautiful little town was bisected in the center by the Piedras Verde river.

In 1899, Alma moved Mary Jane out on the San Diego flat, eight miles south of the town, on another ranch, known as Pale Quemade, where he had a contract to haul lumber from Hurst's sawmill to Terrazas. In the spring of 1905, Alma moved his families up in the mountains, buying a farm in Colonia Chuichupa and here he engaged in farming and stock raising. It turned out to be an unsuccessful move however, as the roads were rough, railroads were seventy miles away and his children needed the advantage of the high school which was in Colonia Juarez. He moved his family

to the town of Juarez where he had charge of the large town canal and the building of roads. During his stay in Mexico Alma learned to love the Mexican people and to understand their language and way of life, but during the revolutionary days some of the experiences the family lived through were rather unpleasant. In July, 1912, in compliance with instructions from the Church, the Mormon colonists left their homes and life savings and returned to the United States; but Alma felt it his duty to stay and take care of the property, especially the power plant. He and Byron MacDonald were the only white men left in the colonies. They were treated fairly well by the rebels.

Mary Jane was in Thatcher, Arizona and stayed there until November, 1912 when conditions in Mexico, having become better, she and the younger children went back as many other families had done. Margaret Jane had no desire to return to Mexico while conditions were so unsettled so she lived in Bisbee, Arizona with her daughter and husband.

Alma met his death June 12, 1920 in an accident while coming down the San Diego dugway with a large load of wool on a basket rack. He was alone at the time and his body was not discovered until thirty-six hours later where his wagon had tipped over the grade. He was seventy years old.

Margaret Jane died in 1934 at the home of her daughter in California. Mary Jane died July 7, 1945 at Colonia Juarez at the home of Bishop Ernest Hatch, her son-in-law. She was buried by her husband. Alma was the father of twenty-eight children.

—*Della Tucker—Ruby S. Brown*

#### GRANDMOTHER

*Margarett Bailey Bullock* was born at Polic Saws Eastwood Parish, Renfrewshire, Scotland April 30, 1837, the daughter of James Bailey and Sarah Sloan. She was the youngest of sixteen children. Her father died when she was six months old and her mother when she was nine years. A married sister, Cathrine, and her husband, Charles McGregor took her to live with them. At the age of eleven she went to work in a thread factory in Glasgow, Scotland, and here she was employed until she was twenty-four, receiving many promotions for her loyalty and efficiency. *Margarett* was a beautiful girl and possessed a lovely voice, often singing the solo parts in the Brighton church.

On January 1, 1861 James Bullock was presiding over the conference for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He especially noticed *Margarett*, who was singing in the choir and told his missionary friends that he was attracted by her modesty and charm as well as her voice. He added, "she is the sort of girl I would like for my wife." After one of these meetings James asked *Margarett* if "he could see her home." Their acquaintance grew into

friendship and she often accompanied him to church. He soon had the pleasure of baptizing Margaret and the McGregors, who were the only members of her family to ever come to America.

James and Margaret were married and from that time on she helped him immeasurably with his missionary labors. On September 29, 1861 their first son was born. He was named *Thomas James Bullock*. When the baby was twenty months old, the president of the mission advised the Elders to send their wives and children to Zion, while they remained preaching the gospel. On the 30th of May, 1863 Margaret and their little son started for America. Measles broke out on board and twenty-two children died as a result and were buried in the sea, among them Margaret's child. One hour after his burial she gave birth to a daughter who was christened *Elizabeth*.

When Margaret and the baby reached America they were transferred to a crowded cattle car which took them as far as the Missouri River, at which point she was met by her father-in-law, *James Bullock, Sr.* They sailed together up the Missouri River to Florence, Nebraska. Sand bars often interfered with the progress of the boat and before they reached their destination food supplies were exhausted. Upon their arrival kind friends aided them. As soon as the necessary provisions for their journey across the plains could be procured, Mr. Bullock, Margaret and Elizabeth started for Zion. En route the baby became very ill and they feared she, too, would die but the grandfather scouted around the camp, obtained milk for the child and she recovered.

After their arrival in the Valley Margaret went to live with an uncle, David Sloan. While living there she took care of his wife and child. Shortly after her husband arrived from England and took his family to Bountiful. A third child, James Sloan Bullock, was born July 4, 1865. A year later James was called to Providence, Utah by the Church authorities. At first they had only a sky for a roof, but by fall they were able to build a crude log cabin with a small fireplace for heating and cooking purposes. Mr. Bullock became the first school teacher and the first Sunday School superintendent of that tiny community. He was also a maker of shoes, many of which were purchased by the Z.C.M.I.

Margaret was an efficient nurse, having received considerable training from her mother-in-law who was a doctor and a midwife. She was especially helpful during the diphtheria epidemic in Cache Valley. Always one dress was kept in the barn which she wore while attending the sick and changed before returning to her own children. Because of her faith and caution not one of her eleven children contracted the disease.

"I will always remember with pleasure the respect and love we had for our little Scotch grandmother. I can hear her say, "Dress like a lady, keep clean and neat, comb your hair often." She always combed her hair straight back and usually wore a black

dress with a starched white apron, and sometimes a little cap. On one occasion Grandfather brought home a young lady and asked Grandmother if she would consent to their marriage. Grandmother said, "You take her home and don't you *ever* mention it again." And he never did.

"I remember when I was eight years old Grandmother came to our home for a visit. I was outside playing with my dolls. Soon she came out to me and said, 'Lillis, you are a big girl now and should be in the house helping your mother.' I went in and helped her. Her advice to mother concerning us children included, 'Violet let the girls' dresses down, their legs are showing too much.' Next day our dress would be lengthened.

"Grandfather was in the habit of taking too much time in bearing his testimony. When the bishop pulled his coat-tail Grandmother really became upset. Afterwards she scolded Grandfather, 'James, you always do it! You always do it!'

"In the winter father often took my sisters and I for a sleigh ride to Grandmother's house and along the way we sang, 'Over the river and through the woods, to Grandmother's house we go'. How I loved that song. We were always interested in hearing Grandmother tell stories of her childhood in Scotland and Ireland, and she often sang quaint songs in her native tongue. Mother sent me to her house at times for a start of yeast. It was so good I always drank some on the way home. One day mother asked why she sent such a little start. Dear Grandmother must have known what happened to the yeast but she answered, 'Well, Violet, you don't need a bucket full for a start do you?' And so it was never mentioned again.

"Other memories include Grandmother coming to our house with a basket of eggs. She would say to me, 'Lillis, if you will take these eggs to the store you can have one for yourself, but be sure to bring back the scrip.' Scrip was used for money but could only be used at the store where it was purchased. I bought honey candy with my egg and divided it among my brothers and sisters. Grandmother loved her tea. I was standing near the table one day when she offered me a taste, whereupon Mother said, 'don't let Lillis have tea.' Grandmother calmly answered, 'Violet, don't worry, Lillis will never know the taste of it by drinking any of the tea you make—for I would call it water bewitched and tea begrudged.'

"The memories of my Grandmother are among the sweetest of my life. To know her was to love her. She died December 19, 1916 in Providence, Utah at the age of eighty-six years. I was sixteen years old at the time. All of her children became leaders in the communities in which they resided and all were married in the Logan Temple."—*Lillis Thorpe Dotson*

#### MY JOURNAL FROM MEMORY

*I, Mary Hansen Sherwood, was born in Omaha, Nebraska, July 1, 1859. I was born of Godly parents because they left their friends*



and relatives for the sake of the Gospel, which was the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Benedikt and Ranghilda Steffensdotter left their native Iceland, and went to Copenhagen, Denmark where they were baptized December 10, 1852. My brother *Ephraim* was born in Copenhagen. My mother lost her first children after she joined the Church. Her friends told her it was because she had joined the Mormon Church. They left Copenhagen in 1859 and arrived in Omaha, Nebraska, where I first beheld the light of day. My father died when I was fourteen months old, leaving my mother alone with two children in a strange country. Finally we got to Salt Lake City where she knew no one and could not talk the English language. This was in 1862. Sister Harriet Eddington and her husband, Johan, took us to their home which was in Sugar House Ward. We stayed there three or four years. Several families had come from Iceland, who were mother's friends, as they had also joined the Church. They went to Spanish Fork, Utah and settled. How we did love them.

I now speak of a few things we went through so that my children and my grandchildren can see what we did *not* call hardships for we were always thankful for everything the Lord did for us. He gave us strength and courage to meet things. My mother had a hard time of it moving from one place to another. Sometimes the roof would leak and sometimes the stove would smoke on account of having green wood, but for all of that she never murmured. She was always thankful to her Father in Heaven for His loving kindness to her and that she was numbered with His chosen people.

When my brother Ephraim and myself got big enough to help, we did all kinds of labor, such as gleanng wheat, barley, oats and shucking corn, stripping sugar cane, picking up potatoes, drying fruits of all kinds and going over to Springville, Utah to gather saleratus which we sold. Perhaps you may wonder how we gathered saleratus. We made brooms out of rabbitbrush and duck wings with which we swept the saleratus on to a tin plate. Ephraim and I would get about three seamless sacks full. We would give one for having ours hauled home. When it was time to make molasses, Ephraim would get a job feeding the rollers and earn thirty to forty gallons of molasses. Our dear mother always taught us to pay our tithing out of whatever we earned and taught us that the Lord would always bless us. I can bear testimony of the truthfulness of this to those who will pay their tithing and remember the poor and needy. They will never come to want. Time went on and we were happy and God did bless us in all of our doings and my mother always paid her tithing. When she first got a cow that Eph had earned, she must pay in every tenth churning and she always made that a little bigger than the rest. I never knew her to bring in an egg unless she kept a strict account of it. William Robertson was the tithing clerk and he said to her, "Sister Hansen, I think we ought to give you tithing instead of taking it from you" She answered, "Brother Robertson, I don't want

to be robbed of the blessings that are attached to the paying of my tithing." And I did the same after she died.

Ephraim and I were getting into our teens and began to think we wanted to make greater progress; so we talked it over with mother about our going to Salt Lake City, as other young people were going there, and I knew we could come up to them in our daily labors. So we went. Well, I won't tell you quite all the difficulties we met up with; but I haven't told you about our school days. Of course, we went some, but it was hard to keep up the money to pay for our schooling. When a sheep herd passed through our community we would follow it for miles gathering bits of wool; bring it home and mother would wash, card and spin it into yarn. Then she would knit it into socks. She would always make soap and that is how we helped to pay our dear school teacher. Perhaps you would like to know how mother made soap. Times being pretty hard in those early days, she made her own lye out of wood ashes, and always saved all the soup bones or any fats and scraps of meat. I have known her to boil it for perhaps two or three days and finally she was rewarded with a kettle of soap. These things I tell you so that you can see the difference between my young days and yours—the blessed opportunities you have to what were mine. I will now return to the time when we went to Salt Lake.

My brother worked for Bishop Sheets on the Church Farm. He was paid some in cash, some in stock, and some in tithing. Some of the cash and all of the tithing he sent to mother. I gave her all my earnings until she died. We had no home of our own so what we earned through the summer was laid away to try to get a roof over our heads. We got a lot on the new bench, as it was called at that time, but it had no house on it. I will tell you about our house. It was partly dug in the ground and then it was built up with what they call slabs. I suppose none of you will know what slabs are so I will tell you. When they saw lumber it is sawed out of big trees and the outside is what they make slabs from. Well, we could get them for about \$3.00 a load and it took three or four loads to make our place. We had one room and a shanty and we were sure grateful for it, as we did not have a leaky roof and Eph was big enough to go to the canyon and haul wood on shares. He would haul two loads for whoever he could get a team from. Then he would take the third load for himself. We were getting along very nicely.

In 1874 and 1875 we went to Salt Lake again with the intention of earning enough to get our lot fenced and get some outside improvements, such as chicken coops and cow sheds, but that was not to be our happy lot. When we had been there three weeks our dear mother was taken sick and died, which left me and my brother alone to struggle in this world. I was then staying with Alma and Susie Y. Dunford. He, being called to go to St. George by President Brigham Young, I had my choice to go with them or stay in Salt Lake

and as Sister and Brother Dunford had promised my mother to take care of me, I went with them.

We went as far as York by train and the rest of the way we traveled in buggies. President Brigham Young and some of his families, and others of the leaders of the church, went and held meetings. All the way down to St. George our traveling was a little slow, but we had such a lovely time, we did not mind it, as every place we stopped the people surely did entertain the company royally. I was a nurse girl to my darling Leah and Bailey. I sure did love both of them and they also loved me. I can't tell all I would like to but I will say I enjoyed my trip as well as the others in the company. The Temple was finished while I was there. I, with the rest of the young girls and boys, helped to clean it and did our mite toward whatever we were told to do. I had the pleasure of being there at the dedication and it was there I first started doing temple work. I was then in my 16th year. I had my endowments in the old Endowment House in 1875. Mother had sent to Iceland the Spring before she died for some of her genealogy and it came to me in St. George. I will always cherish the memory of St. George as one of the happy times of my life.

We had been in St. George one year when President Young called Alma Dunford to go to Great Britain on a mission, so he went. Bless him. Things took a great change. We went to Salt Lake to see him off. Sister Dunford went to Bear Lake to Brother Dunford's father and mother to stay. She did not stay long but went back to St. George. Her affairs, I do not know, but Brother Dunford got an honorable release from his mission and then they separated. Who was to blame I never could tell, but it was a sorrow to me as I loved them both. That was the end of my happy home. I went to Sandy to stay with brother Ephraim as he was working there and boarded with Dick and Sallie Morris. Sallie was a San Francisco girl. She took up dressmaking and married Richard P. Morris. We always called him Dick for short. I also learned to love them as they were so good to me. Sallie's health was very poor. She had two children while I was there with her but they died. I was her nurse. When she did not need me so much I went to Mrs. Hollingsworth and the two of them kept me busy, first the one and then the other. Sandy was considered a rough place and in a way it was. It was mostly the boys from West Jordan and Draper and other surrounding places that gave Sandy such a bad name. Sandy men who lived there and worked there were not all angels either, but they always treated ladies as ladies, and if a woman kept her place, I tell you it would be woe to the man who said anything about her.

There is where I first met William Sherwood. I knew just as soon as I saw him that he was the man I would marry. You may ask how I knew. Sister Dunford always told me to make it matter of prayer and you would know when you met the right one. Well, I did, and when I first saw my husband to be I was at my first party

in Sandy. From then on I went with him till we were married and lived happily ever after. Then in two years Leah was born in Sandy; then Lettie was born in Murray. During the time we lived in Sandy and Murray we emigrated my husband's father, two sisters and one brother and wife and two children. We had very little help in getting his folks here.

My husband worked at the smelters until he ruined his health, then we came to Levan, Juab County. My husband worked for farmers and when fall came he started to work on the railroad on the section then in the roundhouse. My fourth daughter was born in Juab, Luella, so I had my girls, then I had my boys and I can tell you I was happy. The Lord blessed me with health and lots of work but with little money as my husband did not get big wages. He did the best he could. We paid our tithing and offerings to the poor and were thankful we had our ups and downs, our joys and our sorrows. I tried to keep my children clean. They never went hungry or cold but went to school and did as well as the rest of the children in Juab. I always taught them to pray and to go to Sunday School, trying in my weak way to raise them the very best I could.

Now, it has been a long time since I have done any writing, so I will try to finish this little sketch. I am going to Spanish Fork for the 2nd of August as that is the Icelanders' National Day. My parents were Icelanders and my mother was the first woman baptized into the church in Iceland. Goodbye for this time and love to all my dear friends.

### PIONEERS WE SHOULD REMEMBER

*Magdalena Zundel Moesser* arrived in Salt Lake Valley in the *Daniel Spencer* company September 24, 1847 with her five children *Henry*, 13, *Joseph*, 11, *George*, 7 and two small daughters, *Lizzie* and *Emma*, having left her husband, *Henry Moesser*, after his refusal to accompany the family to Utah. They experienced many hardships during the next two winters but somehow they existed. The children had no shoes for two years after reaching the valley, so the mother wrapped their feet in rags and burlap for protection. There was little clothing to be had. The era of grasshoppers and crickets was known to them. They dug sego and other roots for food. When an animal was killed every edible part was used and the hide utilized in making footwear. However, when the shoes, made of untanned leather, became wet they stretched out of shape.

When the city was laid out and the pioneers were given their inheritance in Zion, *Magdalena* and her family moved to their lot in the Sixth Ward but continued to live in the wagon. The two older boys went to Red Butte Canyon and hauled rock for the foundation of their house and sandstone for the lintels of the doors and windows. When it was finished it consisted of two rooms below and two rooms above, all built of adobe. *Magdalena* and the children set out fruit

trees and raised a garden of vegetables. The boys went to the canyons for firewood, one watching for Indians while the other worked.

In 1853 or '54 Magdalena exchanged her city property for eighty acres of farmland across the Jordan River three miles from the city. Nearby was a reservoir which attracted a great many ducks which the boys shot and sold on the market. They sold duck feathers and their earnings also included the sale of fish caught in the river. Magdalena raised chickens and ducks for market. She had several cows. Everyday she went to town delivering eggs and butter to her regular customers. Ofttimes she walked both ways but later was able to purchase a horse and buggy. She was an extremely energetic and efficient woman and took pride in the fact that she was able to support herself and children during those first years. The daughters did a great deal of work for President Young as they grew older. After nineteen years on the farm, she divided the land among her sons and moved back to the Sixth Ward where she lived until her death.

—*Madoline Cloward Dixon*

*Elizabeth Walker Coombs* was born in Hemsley, York, England 23 March 1833, the daughter of Christopher and Elizabeth Metcalf Walker. She was one of a family of fourteen children. Her mother made a home for Mormon Elders, and even though they were very poor, she often told of going to bed without supper so that they might have food. At the age of twelve Elizabeth worked part time in a woolen mill. They were allowed two hours off each day to go to school and in this way she was able to obtain a limited education. Many times she would go with the Elders to deliver tracts and assist them at cottage and street meetings, singing Latter-day Saint hymns.

Elizabeth left Liverpool, England 23 March 1857 by sailing vessel, the *George Washington*. Elder J. P. Park was leader of the company of Saints numbering 817. They landed at Boston, Massachusetts and here they were advised to take the northern route to New York, then to Iowa City, which was the western terminus of the railroad at that time. "The first two hundred miles of the journey from Iowa City will be through a settled grain growing country where it is expected that supplies of provisions can be obtained without the labor of hauling them any considerable distance."

No more dramatic episode in all our western history can be found than in these stories of the handcart companies. They answered the call of the First Presidency to "gird up their loins and walk through, and nothing shall hinder or stay them." Nothing but their sublime faith in God made them able to endure the trials and gave them the strength to go on, day after weary day, until their goal was reached. The handcarts were made in a small grove near Iowa City and preparations were made to start the long journey west. Elizabeth came across the plains in the *Israel Evans Company* with Benjamin Ashby as his assistant. They departed from Iowa City 22 May 1857 and arrived in Salt Lake City the 12th of September, 1857 during the fall conference.

Having no relatives and few friends Elizabeth found it very hard to obtain work, so she accepted an offer of marriage in polygamy to Erastus Rudd 27 March 1858. The marriage was full of hardships and sorrow and many times she did not have enough food for herself and babies. Two sons were born of this union, Erastus Harper and Joseph S. Rudd. She divorced Erastus Rudd and in May, 1862, he passed away.

In the year 1864, she married Frederick J. Coombs. She had six children by him, five sons and one daughter. Their names were Thomas Frederick, William Josiah, James C., John Edward, George Robert and Agnes. About 1874 Frederick Coombs purchased a two-story adobe house standing on Second North and Main Street in Farmington. He remodeled the house, making it more convenient for their needs. This house was built in the early 1850's by Hector Haight and at one time was the Union Hotel. In pioneer days there were few places where travelers could get a bite to eat or stay overnight between Salt Lake City and Ogden. Salesmen, traveling show companies, and other entertainers stayed at the hotel. One of interest was Madame Pianca, who had a cage of trained lions at Lagoon. Later this hotel became a rooming house. Then, when Davis County built up and methods of travel became more plentiful and faster, it became a family residence. The home was well constructed, some of the walls being eighteen inches thick. There were ten rooms of various sizes and a beautiful stairway of natural cherry wood highly polished by hard rubbing. The heating system was a coal stove in each room and required a lot of hard work to carry ashes out and coal in. In the northeast corner of the large dining room was a well curb with old wooden buckets, which was replaced with a pump. Later a new well was driven outside and the one in the house done away with.

Being a Latter-day Saint family the mother, daughter and sons worked in the various organizations of the Church and the large home, with its spacious rooms, was ideal for entertainments such as Sunday School and choir parties, Relief Society gatherings and social parties. The ladies could put on four or five quilts at a time and those who could not quilt, sewed carpet rags, starting early and working late. If not finished they could come again the next day. In this way a lot of work could be accomplished; even the children could pull ravelings from the rags. They were served a hot dinner and then a lunch before the close of the work day. Aunt Lizzy, as Mrs. Coombs was called, was noted for her cooking—especially her pies. Weddings were also held in the grand old home. One of the largest was the double wedding of one son and the Coomb's only daughter. Around two hundred guests were invited and a hot dinner served. One of the first organs in Farmington was in this home and is still there.

Outside this stately old house stands a large cherry tree which is a hundred or more years old and still bearing fruit; also, there is a red raspberry patch over fifty years old which still bears a large crop

of berries. The old house was always surrounded with shrubs, lawn and flowers, even when it was necessary to carry water some distance and later had to pump all the water used. Fruit trees, a variety of berries, and always a large garden to landscape the surroundings of the one-fourth block estate, has made it almost a landmark in the town.

Elizabeth Walker Coombs was light-hearted and of a happy disposition. She possessed a sweet voice and as she had assisted Elders to sing their hymns in far away England, now she went about her daily chores singing in her own home. For forty-five years she was a member of the Farmington Ward choir. She was industrious and active, believing in working not only for herself but in using her energy and talents to include her church. Mrs. Coombs died 31 December 1906 at the age of seventy-seven years and was interred in the Farmington cemetery.

*James McArthur* was born the 24th of November, 1812, at Haddington, Scotland, the son of Duncan McArthur and Agnes Barclay. When he was eight years of age he started his apprenticeship as a tailor. *Elizabeth Dickson* became his wife and they were the parents of four children before they embraced the gospel of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. After their baptism, they, with three of their children, *Agnes*, 16, *John D.*, 14, and *Elizabeth*, 11, set sail for America on the ship *William Tappscott*. *Jeanette*, the older daughter, had married Peter Dunn and gone to Australia.

At Florence, Nebraska they made preparations for their journey, purchasing a yoke of oxen and a wagon to continue on their way under the leadership of Captain Robert F. Neslen with whom they had sailed across the ocean. James knew little about handling oxen, young John did the driving across the plains. The company arrived in Salt Lake City September 15, 1859, camped on the Square for a few days, then went north to Cache Valley. As they camped at noon in Sardine Canyon, a band of Indians came to their camp asking for a knife with which to bleed a sick horse. At first they were frightened but the Indians soon returned the knife and went on their way. When they arrived at Maughan's Fort they met a Mr. Williamson whom they had known in Scotland. He took them in until they could make a dugout and in this crude shelter they passed the first winter. Later they moved to Willard, Boxelder County where they took up a homestead and built their first real home which still stands (1959). After the death of Elizabeth in 1877, James went back to Wellsville to live with his son, John. It was hard for him to adjust to pioneer conditions for he had always worked at his trade of tailoring and he knew nothing about farming. He peddled jewelry from house to house as long as he was physically able to do so. In 1878, he passed away and was buried in the Willard cemetery beside his wife.

*John D. McArthur*, son of James and Elizabeth McArthur, settled in Wellsville where he rode the range as a cowhand for Bishop Peter Maughan. He married Sarah Elizabeth Abbott on June 13, 1865 in the Endowment House. John served as one of the Minute Men of the community and when little Rosa Thurston was stolen by Indians he took the message to headquarters at Logan. As he approached the Pole Bridge over the river between the two settlements, Indians were camped on both sides. They, with their dogs, attempted to catch him but he out-rode them and delivered the message to President Maughan. When he was ready to start back, Mr. Maughan offered him a fresh animal, but John felt that his own horse, Blue, was faster and he knew he could trust him to take him safely home. They started at night and when the Indians heard them coming they mounted their horses and gave chase. They were right behind him when he entered Wellsville.

The parents were bowed in grief over the fate of the beautiful blond-haired child. Settlers endeavored to bribe the Indians into telling what they did with Rosa by giving them flour and meat but they refused to give her up or to tell her whereabouts. In later years some of the Indians said she had died because their food was so different than that of the white settlers. Another story told was she had become the wife of a chief of one of the tribes. They said she knew her name was Rosa, but remembered nothing of her early life and was content to remain with the Indians.

*Elizabeth McArthur*: Elizabeth, daughter of James and Elizabeth Dickson McArthur, married David Newman Bickmore January 13, 1865 in the Endowment House. They resided in Wellsville and here seven children were born to them, three girls and four boys. Two of the boys died. They moved to Paradise, Cache County in 1877, and the next fall their baby girl passed away. Two more sons were born. The youngest child was a year old when her husband died leaving her with six children to rear. Elizabeth kept the farm but moved into town where the children could go to school and attend Sunday School. She was an ardent church worker. She served in the Primary and then became president of the Young Ladies Mutual Improvement Association, also sang in the ward choir for many years. In July, 1885 Elizabeth was sustained president of the Relief Society of Paradise Ward in which capacity she served twenty-four years. The following was taken from a letter written by her daughter Maria:

"When Mother was president of the Relief Society she and her counselors would get a sleigh or wagon and go around and gather wheat. Each member would donate some wheat. At this time the granary was built and here the wheat was stored. In the spring, those needing wheat for planting, or for flour, would go to the Relief Society and borrow it. When they threshed in the fall they would bring back a peck in addition to every bushel they had borrowed. Mother, and her counselors, made endowment clothes for the people to rent who were going to get married or do work for the dead. They



had a sewing committee, Sister Elizabeth Humphreys was the chairman. They would do the buying of the materials. Mother, and her counselors, and some of the members would help out and sew these articles. Every spring they had a bazaar and would sell them. This helped to keep some money on hand for things that were needed."

During this time Elizabeth's eldest son David died leaving a wife and child. An incident regarding this son as a child was taken from one of the family letters.

"When Mother's second child was teething he (David) had a large swelling behind his ear. This made him real sick. An old Indian came to the house and asked, "Papoose sick?" Mother showed him the swelling and he told them he could cure David if grandfather would give him the shirt he was wearing. This they gladly did. The Indian came every day for nine days. Mother said he would take the seed pods (berries) from some rose bushes and other herbs and pound them to make a poultice. This cured David. Mother would always give him some corn to take home with him. He lost track of us when we moved to Paradise."

Elizabeth Newman, of whom it was said, "None knew her but to love her, nor named her but to praise," passed away September 21, 1918.—*Sarah Jane McArthur Smith*

*Julia Hansen Hall* was a pioneer of 1861 traveling to Utah in the David H. Cannon company. The following year the family was called to the Dixie mission and were among the first to settle Rockville, Washington County. It was here Julia was taught to live the golden rule by her widowed mother *Marilla Terry Hansen*. The following notations were taken from her autobiography.

"I was quite young when I learned a lesson which I never forgot. I had been sent to the extreme end of the town to Sister Hirschi's home on an errand. She gave me something, I don't remember just what it was, but I ran home very pleased with the gift. I showed it to my mother who looked at it for a moment then said, 'Did you thank her for it?' I immediately dropped my head for I had forgotten to thank Sister Hirschi. Mother took me back to her home and requested that I thank the kind lady. I did, and it taught me that I should always say thanks for even the slightest favor.

"A lesson I learned from a dear old Danish lady neighbor of ours was concerning the habit of borrowing. She said, 'Always see that your supply of groceries, etc., are replenished just before you get out. It will cost you no more and will save you the trouble of borrowing and your neighbor the inconvenience of getting it for you and putting it back when you return it.' I have tried to remember that and put it into practice during my life.

"There was another circumstance in my life which made a lasting impression on me and has been a great lesson to me. I was quite a good sized girl when one of our neighbors had a job to be done. It was pulling weeds. He told me that if I would help his children

do the work he would buy me a circle comb which in those days was considered quite an ornament. So I pitched right in and worked with all my might, but I never heard another word about the circle comb. It taught me a lesson that has gone with me through life—never make a promise, especially to a small child, which you do not expect to keep. *You may forget it, but the child never will.*"—*Nora Lund*

*Susan Ellen Johnson*, pioneer of 1850, was born 11 July 1836, the fifth child and second daughter of Joel Hill and Annie Pixley Johnson. In the month of June, 1850, Susan Ellen started across the plains with her mother's sister, *Sarah Johnson* and family. Her mother had died at the age of forty in Illinois, and her father had remarried and taken the other members of the family to Utah in 1848. Susan Ellen came in the *Stephen Markham company* which left Kanessville, Iowa with fifty wagons. The first morning out a woman died of cholera. She was an English convert who had recently arrived from her native land. From that time on until the 15th of July someone was buried almost every day. The husband of Sarah, his mother, and his sister, Mary, died July 11th of the dread disease and were buried by the roadside. Susan also had cholera but was healed through the administrations of the Elders.

On October 1st the company entered the valley. The members of this family who had survived the hardships of the trek, went immediately to the home of B. F. Johnson, with the exception of Sarah who, en route, had married William Mills and gone to her father's home in the Big Cottonwood district. Susan Ellen's only sister, Sariah was married to John Egar. Shortly after, her father with whom she was reunited, was called to go with the George A. Smith company to assist in the settling of Iron County. He took one of his families with him and Susan Ellen was to accompany the other wife and family as soon as he could make suitable arrangements for them. They arrived in Parowan September 1, 1851.

Four months later Susan Ellen, after a whirlwind courtship, married James Henry Martineau. She was then fifteen and a half years old and Henry eight years her senior. He was at that time the village school teacher. The young couple started life together with little of this world's goods but they were blessed with faith and wisdom. James was born in Upper New York state and was well educated. Besides teaching he was an excellent accountant and clerk and also a trained surveyor. During the next seven years four children were born to them. Two years before their last son was born Susan Ellen's greatest sorrow came when her husband married her cousin, Susan Julia Sherman, on the 18th of January, 1857 as a plural wife. In 1860 James was called to Cache Valley because his services as a surveyor were needed. Together the two families made the trip by covered wagon and settled in Logan. Here seven more children were born to Susan Ellen. One son, four years of age, died in 1863. James built a large, comfortable home for his families.

Death's second visit to this home took Susan Julia the plural wife, leaving six more children for Susan Ellen to rear. Her youngest son, James, died October 17, 1880 and two years later they adopted a baby girl, Dora, who had been abandoned on a neighbor's doorstep. There was always room in Susan Ellen's heart and home for as many as needed her.

In 1884, Mr. Martineau's skill as a surveyor was needed in the new settlements of Arizona, so Susan with the younger members of the family journeyed to a new frontier. They spent four years in Pima, Graham County, Arizona then moved to Old Mexico where they joined other Mormon colonists in Colonia Juarez. During the twenty years they lived here Susan Ellen endeared herself to all with whom she came in contact. She died December 5, 1918 in her eighty-second year. James said of her: "I married her a month after I met her. I believe that we were mated in pre-existence and chose each other there. We lived together sixty-seven years and not once did she complain. Her purity of heart was great and so was her faith and gift of healing. She was a true, loving wife and mother. She has gone to rest with a crown of glory. God bless and preserve her memory."—*Elzada Martineau Hurst*

*Sven Olson*, formerly spelled *Olsson*, was born of parents *Ola Svensson* and *Kerstin Persson* 16 April 1816 at Halmstad Malmohus, Sweden. He was 5 ft. 8 in. tall with blue eyes and sandy colored hair, strong, ambitious and deeply religious. *Anna* was born of parents *Pehr Persson* and *Johannas Benglsson* 19 June 1819 at Asmundtrop, Malmohus, Sweden. She had piercing dark blue eyes and brown hair. She was especially adept at cooking, nursing and weaving. They became the parents of three boys and three girls, namely, *Ola*, *Johannas*, *Johanna*, *Charsta*, *Hanna* and *Bengi*. Each day a passage from the Bible was read to the children.

The *Olsons* were large land owners at the time the Swedish government decided to break up the big estates and redistribute the land. They were offered other land or cash for their holdings. Since they had recently joined the Latter-day Saint Church they took the latter and booked passage for America. Crossing the stormy North Sea in the steamer *L. N. Hvedt* April 1, 1859, they landed at Grimsby, England and went by rail to Liverpool where they boarded the ship *William Tappscott* bound for the United States. They were on board thirty-one days and when they stopped for a medical check-up at Ellis Island *Anna* gave birth to a girl whom they named *Anna*. The next day at Castle Garden, New York, she walked off the ship while another woman carried the baby. This was one of the companies who took the northern route into Canada thence into the states at Detroit, Michigan. When they arrived at Florence, Nebraska handcarts were being constructed. They purchased one but before the caravan started they were able to secure a good wagon and a team of oxen. Leaving Nebraska with Captain Robert Neslen they arrived in

Salt Lake City September 15, 1859, after five months travel and settled in Sanpete County at Mt. Pleasant. The Moroni settlement had opened a few months previously so they decided to move there. They acquired land, built an adobe house, log granary and other out-buildings for the livestock. The Olsons were generous people and supplied free milk for the children of many poor immigrants who were destitute when they arrived in the settlement. They also supplied one family with a place to live free of rent for a year even though they were experiencing financial difficulties themselves.

Sorrow descended upon this family when the eldest son Ola, who had been a great help with the town cattle and fighting Indians, went to work for the Union Pacific railroad being built between Evanston, Wyoming and Ogden, Utah. Through an accident Ola's back was broken and he was brought home a helpless cripple to live out the rest of his life bedfast or in a wheel chair. He died at the age of seventy eight years.

Sven had charge of the Moroni cattle herd. It was organized out of necessity so that the settlers could accomplish a little work. Thieving Indians were a constant danger to the settlers and their livestock so prearranged signals for help were set up and often used. Sven, mounted on horseback, took the cattle to various places to pasture but sometimes had to feed them in the big corral joined on the west wall of the fort. Death came to Sven Olsen June 19, 1883 at his home in Moroni.

Anna was a hard working woman and if her husband or boys were not available for irrigating the farm she did it. She was well known for the hard crackers she made in her outdoor Swedish oven and with which she often supplied the Indian fighters. Her son, John, took a goodly supply of these with him on trips to the Missouri River for immigrants as they packed so well. This sturdy pioneer woman died March 4, 1898 and was buried in the city cemetery. All the children survived their parents and played an important part in the building of Moroni, except Anna who died at age seven during a diphtheria epidemic.—*Callie O. Morley*

*Caroline Louisa Durham* was the daughter of Allen and Hulda Wood Durham. She was born in St. Albans, Vermont March 16, 1807. In young womanhood she married Israel Brown and during the years several children were born to them. The Browns joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and shortly thereafter moved to Nauvoo, Illinois. In 1847 they began preparations to join the Saints in their trek across the plains to Utah. While on a trip up the Mississippi River to obtain teams and supplies, Israel contracted pneumonia and died. Some of the older married children came to Utah in 1849. One daughter, Ann Mariah who later married Anson Call, accompanied her older sister and brother-in-law. She drove a four-horse team all the way from Winter Quarters to Salt Lake Valley being then only in her fifteenth year.

In the Spring of 1851, Caroline Louisa with her four youngest children, started for Utah. During the journey she assisted a *Mr. Haws* with his family as his wife was an invalid. Mrs. Haws died along the way and shortly afterwards Caroline Louisa and Mr. Haws were married and brought the two families together into the valley. They later went to California in search of gold. Mr. Haws died there and Caroline Louisa returned to Utah to be near her children. She died September 30, 1884 in Springville, Utah and was buried in the Provo cemetery. Her life span covered a great and dramatic period in United States history. She saw and participated in the expansion of the country from the Atlantic seaboard to the vast country west of the Allegheny mountains, to the Mississippi Valley, over the Rocky Mountains to Salt Lake Valley and to the California coast. She suffered the trials and persecutions of the Mormons in Iowa, Illinois and the settlement of the West.—*Cleo C. Clark*

*Sarah Ann Bowser Snow* was born July 20, 1844 at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania the daughter of Joshua Bowser and Marie Wardell. Her father, a strict and pious man, was overseer of a silk weaving factory and when Sarah was eight years of age she was compelled to work there instead of being allowed to go to school. She taught herself to read and to spell. In 1860, she heard the Gospel as taught by Mormon missionaries and was baptized. Her parents strongly objected to her joining the church and a year later Sarah Ann decided to cross the plains to Utah with other Saints. Since she had no money she cooked for some of Captain Joseph W. Young's family in whose company she came. When she arrived in Salt Lake City she had no relatives but found a job doing housework for \$1.00 a week. Sometimes the pay was half in soap. Sarah had never learned to sew and in order to make her clothes fit she would pick an old dress to pieces, use it for a pattern, then sew it together again for further wear.

On April 15, 1865 Sarah married Willard Lycurgus Snow in the Endowment House with George Q. Cannon officiating. She was the mother of ten children, six of whom were born in Salt Lake City, and the other four in Draper where Mr. Snow moved his two families after the Church became involved in polygamy troubles. He was a member of the Draper bishopric for many years and Sarah was president of the Draper Relief Society for sixteen years. Bishop M. B. Andrus said of her: "I recall her coming down the road in a little buggy with a sorrel horse. She had food cooked up for us. Our whole family had the smallpox and at that time it was a serious illness." Mrs. Snow died at her home in Draper, Utah December 27, 1917.—*Phyllis D. Smith*

#### ISAAC'S NEW TROUSERS

*Isaac Black* danced noisily; clatteringly his big feet beat time to the rollicking music of the quadrille. Above the whirling noise of scuffling feet, laughing voices and scraping violin boomed his laugh,

as he in the very recklessness of joy, swung dainty *Nancy Allen* dizzily round and round, her feet scarcely touching the floor. The music ceased suddenly and the dancers laughingly scurried away to the corners of the big ugly room. Isaac, approaching one of these corners with Nancy, felt uncomfortably that the buzz of conversation had suddenly ceased and still more uncomfortably that the gay crowd in the corner had been laughing at him. He knew that they understood quite well his devotion to Nancy, and her seeming indifference to him. He knew also that there were others most devoted to Nancy, and on whom she smiled far more sweetly than she did on him. For Isaac, though very likeable had not been kindly endowed by nature; he was twenty and he was six feet three inches and as awkward as he was overgrown.

Nancy was immediately whisked away from Isaac, and his eyes were soon following her flitting through another quadrille. He groaned and then surveyed his long limbs sadly; his trousers were dishearteningly short and perilously tight; the shirt—well the shirt would do, but the trousers! Morosely, Isaac stooped and pulled at their fringy ends, just midway between his knee and ankle; sighed over the bulging knees and wondered bitterly, "Why the devil women couldn't put a little more cloth on his breeches when they knew he was bigger than any other man in the Order." In the Order all clothing was made from homespun cloth by the women and girls. And it must be admitted that the pattern for men's trousers was quite shapeless, or rather of a shape that caused a "home-mader" to blush whenever he found himself standing by a pair of "store-breeches." It was these "Order" breeches which so sorely tried Isaac. Too many times he had seen Nancy glance shudderingly at his scantily clad limbs and then turn to someone less likeable but more completely covered. For the rest of the evening Isaac moped in a corner, his eyes following Nancy's every movement, and at last he saw her depart with an adoring young man whose baggy trousers touched his heels. He felt resentfully that he did not have a fair chance with Nancy—his appearance and his work prevented it. He was the Order shepherd, and the shepherding kept him away from home. Moreover, he felt angrily that some young men wanted to keep him from home and Nancy.

To the sound of tinkling bells the sheep trailed slowly up the ridge, white dots against the gay autumn hillside, and behind them plodded Isaac. The glowing golden beauty of autumn made no appeal to him as he trudged bitterly up the steep slope, for in his soul was the deepest misery. He was leaving the Order for the winter—instead of noisy candy-pullings in the big kitchen, or tingling coasts down steep hills, he must spend his winter trailing sheep; but worst of all he must leave Nancy.

For three dreary months Isaac trailed wearily after his sheep by day, and at night staring sadly into the coals of his campfire. The pictures he saw in the red heart of the fire were many; yet with always

the same center—Nancy. Day after day he grew more miserable; his diet was bread and molasses and he grew to loathe both; he had no books, nothing to keep him company but his thoughts and they went round and round the same center until they dizzied him. The winter to Isaac was indefinite and a painful blur of snow and cold, lonesomeness and sheep, starved stomach and starved heart. And then as the weary days dragged themselves past they began to bring with them signs of spring. On one of these bright mornings a messenger arrived from the Order, and soon Isaac and the sheep were eagerly moving northward.

In two weeks they were in sight of Orderville. From the top of the mountain Isaac could see the smoke puffing up from the chimney of the big Order kitchen. He imagined Nancy with a crowd of jolly friends preparing huge pans of potatoes and great bubbling pots of gravy for supper. He groaned; he longed both for Nancy and a good supper, and gladly would he have thrown Order discipline to the winds and gone straight down to the kitchen had it not been for his trousers. They hung in ribbons around his stout legs, and were pinned together where it was possible to make the pieces meet, with wooden pegs. Indeed so dilapidated were they that Isaac tried to keep a bush between himself and the members of the shearing gang. He was camped with them and their merciless jests tortured him; their glowing stories of good times going on in the Order made him gloomy and sad. How much Isaac suffered the sheep shearers did not guess. Night after night he would slip away and watch the lights twinkling in the Order below, and over and over his heart cried for the same thing until it grew into a constant prayer, "Oh, Lord, give me some new trousers and Nancy."

One morning when the teasing was exceptionally severe, Isaac broke away from the crowd angrily and strode to a distant spot in which to sulk. Flinging himself down under a squaw bush he buried his head in a pile of sheep-tails and sobbed. Suddenly he sat up, picked up one of the tails reflectively and then grinned. The ground about him was strewn with them—it was here that the markers had cropped the long tailed lambs. Isaac pulled at the wool, laughed light-heartedly and began scrambling the sheep-tails in a pile. Gathering a brimming, wooly armful of them he slipped back unnoticed to his work.

The shearing was to be completed by the end of the week and its completion to be celebrated by a dance in the Order—a dance of such rollicking, jolly merriment that all cares and hardships would be forgotten in the very joy of it. Isaac received numberless invitations to attend and show the girls how well his trousers were mended but he merely blinked his eyes rapidly and said nothing, to the great amazement of the joke-loving shearers.

In the afternoon of the day before the dance, Isaac with a sack under his arm slipped away unobserved to the sunny spot where reposed the sheep-tails. Seating himself comfortably he began stripping the wool from the tails, which, due to drying, came off easily,

He waited till the shadows lay dark on the hillside, and then taking the big bulging sack on his back he slipped stealthily away. A tramp of two miles brought him near the road. Here he dropped the sack from his back, covered it with brush, and then began his return journey to the sheep camp.

The next day all was hurry and bustle, the camp was broken up, and to Isaac's unbounded relief a new herder was sent out. The men, feeling it was their last chance at Isaac for some time, made the day merry for themselves and a misery for him by their jokes. Escaping in midafternoon he ran recklessly and joyfully, his ribboned trousers flapping grotesquely as he leaped over boulders and bushes. At last he stopped, panting beside a heap of brush under which lay a fat wool sack. Shouldering the sack, Isaac glanced guiltily up and down the road. Seeing no one in sight he stepped boldly onto the highway, and half running and half walking, soon covered the four miles which separated Orderville from Glendale. Then he stopped, pulled his hat over his eyes, pegged together two yawning rents in his trousers, shouldered his wool sack again and fairly ran, straight to Homer Boughten's store.

In half an hour he emerged, a wonderfully changed Isaac. The wool sack was gone and he surveyed his long legs encased in yellow trousers which wrinkled around his ankles and had a belt which shone with brass buttons.

In the big Order dining-room the tables were pushed back against the walls, candles twinkled brightly, and the young people laughing happily, tripped briskly to the music of Jimmy Lamb's fiddle. In the midst of the merriment there fell a sudden hush. Everyone turned. In the door stood Isaac, radiant in a new shirt and store trousers. Nancy surveyed him wonderingly. She had missed him sorely during the long winter; had half forgotten his uncovered limbs; had better remembered his jolly good humor and genuine likeableness. Now, when she saw him standing there radiant, satisfyingly covered, delightfully buttoned, her heart jumped wildly and she choked. She held out her hands ever so little, but Isaac saw—"Nancy" he cried, and in two long strides had crossed the room and unblushingly folded Nancy's trim form close to his pounding heart. For a moment there was an astonished silence, then a tittering ripple spread over the crowd, which quickly changed to a deafening roar of laughter and a hand-clapping and stomping of feet. But Isaac held the floor bravely; with the two dearest desires of his heart realized he could face a hooting world undaunted. Jimmy Lamb came to the rescue by striking up a lively quadrille, and Isaac holding fast to Nancy, led her to the very center of the floor. He knew as he bowed grandly right and left, that he was the center of attraction. Shapeless trousered men glanced enviously and a bit angrily at him, (these last were the sheep-herders), but the girls openly smiled admiring approval and so Isaac was happy.



But in the very middle of a grand bow, a black shadow loomed up behind Isaac and a stern voice demanded, "Brother Black, where did you get those pants?" With his heart quaking guiltily, Isaac turned to confront the Bishop of the Order, and quailed before his stern, disapproving eyes. Again the Bishop demanded, "Where did you get those pants?"

Isaac gasped. Should he confess that he had stripped the wool from numberless lambs tails to trade for these trousers? Confess this before Nancy—never! He retreated slowly backward into a corner followed closely by the Bishop. Once in the corner the Bishop's voice again demanded, "Now then, Brother Black, will you tell where you got those trousers? I guess we'll let you keep them, provided (Isaac shivered) you will let the women take them for a pattern—they seem to fit pretty well." Quickly and gladly came Isaac's consent, and he hurried back to Nancy to whom he constantly grew comelier and more pleasing. What a good place the world was, he had made peace with the Bishop, the trousers were his, and Nancy—ah—Nancy! But what! was this another shadow? There was the Bishop again approaching and this time Allen Hardy was with him! They stood and stared at the new trousers in which Isaac fidgeted uneasily. The Bishop spoke, "Brother Black, (how Isaac longed to die) Brother Hardy would like to wear those trousers to Kanab tomorrow, he is going over to Conference." "Ah, is that all?" Isaac's hands ceased fumbling in his new pockets, came out with a jerk and his two long arms wrapped themselves in a mighty hug around the gasping Bishop and Allen Hardy. "Sure you can wear 'em," he shouted, "only hurry back with 'em." With Nancy's hand in his, Isaac stared at the retreating forms of the Bishop and Allen Hardy, and felt a great peace growing in his soul—the world was kind after all.

—*May B. Randall*

## OLD LETTERS (Verbatim)

### TO A GRANDSON

This letter was written and placed in a Relief Society chest to be opened fifty years later. It was addressed to John C. Taylor, a grandson, at Payson, Utah and was written by Mary Soar Taylor Moore, who crossed the plains in the ill-fated Martin Handcart Company, 1856.

Submitted by *Edith Taylor Davis*.

Payson Feb. 20, 1881

I, Mary Moore, desire to leave to my posterity a biographical sketch of my life to be read by them fifty years hence for their information and benefit. I was born in the village of Beauverlee Nottinghamshire, England, January 22, 1825.

My parents names are Henry Soar and Edith Burrows Soar. My parents at that time were of no religious denomination.

At an early age I joined the Methodist Society. At the age of eighteen I married William Jesse Taylor who was not a professor of religion. By him I had two sons named William Henry, and Jesse Soar. We lived very happy for a little over two years when I was left a widow. Three years from this time I joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and in the year 1856 I with my two sons started for Utah Territory. We left our home on the 26th of May and crossed the sea in the Ship Horizon. We had a prosperous voyage of nearly forty days and landed at Boston from which place we traveled by rail to Iowa City, State of Iowa. We left Iowa City in the month of August to cross the plains with a handcart in the company known as Martin Company. We had a perilous journey across the plains, had to endure many hardships. We encountered snow in the Black Hills which continued till we arrived in Salt Lake City. My son William was taken sick with the Mountain Fever 700 miles from Salt Lake City and myself and Jesse had to pull him on our cart till we arrived at the Sweet Water where teams from Salt Lake City met us, and there we left our carts. Previous to this time we had to subsist on four ounces of flour a day for nine days in the snow knee deep. It is said that six hundred started in our company and nearly one half died before we arrived at our destination. Many had their limbs badly frozen myself and William among the number.

We arrived in Salt Lake City on the last day of November of the same year after suffering many hardships and privations for the truths sake but I know my reward is sure. We arrived in Payson on the 2nd of December and were well treated by the people. I could not stand on my feet for three months after I arrived.

In the month of February 1858 I married John H. Moore being his third wife. In the year 1860 in the month of July my oldest son William died of a disease contracted while crossing the plains. In the year 1862 my father arrived in Payson having joined the Church and emigrated. In the year 1864 my son Jesse married Sarah A. Marsh who are living at this date and have six children living and have buried two. In the year 1868 the Female Relief Society was organized in Payson. I was appointed and set apart to act as Second Counsellor to Jane B. Simmons, President of said Relief Society which position I hold today. I also hold the position of Second Counselor to the President of the Silk Association of this Place. I have written this sketch of my life as stated for the benefit of my grandchildren and others and I also add my testimony of the divinity of this work. I know it is the work of God and I hope and trust that any of my posterity that may come in possession of this may be strengthened in their faith by it and be worthy of such parentage for truly we suffered much for the truth's sake but the reward of the faithful is sure. I have six living grandchildren, viz: Sarah Almira, William Jesse, Samuel E., Edith E., John C., and Eva May Taylor.

I will direct this to John Cyprian Taylor hoping that he may live and become an honorable and useful man.

I subscribe myself,  
Your loving grandmother,  
Mary Moore

Mary Soar Taylor Moore died on the 2nd day of September, 1885.

### LIFE IN THE VALLEY

Susannah Dalley Clark was born September 30, 1930 in England. She came to Utah in 1850 and, with her husband, George Sheffer Clark settled in Pleasant Grove, Utah. Mrs. Clark died April 9, 1891 in Pleasant Grove. The following letters were written by Susannah's mother, Ann Dalley. James, Edward, William and Mary who are mentioned are her brothers and sister.

Submitted by *Goldie Clark Dickerson*

Salt Lake Valley  
Friday, Sept. 6, 1850.

My dear Mother, Brothers and Sister:—

Knowing that you would be glad to hear from me, and having a good opportunity of sending it as Brother Orson Hyde is going to return on Monday, I scarce know how to commence. We arrived here on Tuesday, September 3rd, all in good health and spirits after a long and toilsome journey. The first part of the journey was rough, after that the roads were good until within seventy miles of the Valley. Our health has been mostly good. We had four deaths in our company, most of them were sick before they started. I can truly say that the Lord has blessed us. While hundreds were laid low on the prairie, we were preserved. Some days we would pass thirty graves, besides what were on the roads which we did not see. Most of them died in one month—June. They were gold-diggers, and most all of them from Missouri and Illinois, and no doubt those that had been the cause of the death of Joseph and Hyrum, and the mobbing of the Saints. Truly the words of our Prophet have been fulfilled, "That their bones should bleach on the prairies," which they do, for scarce a grave was there that had not been opened. They died of cholera. Some had slight attacks in our company. Brother Harvey took sick with the same complaint and was very sick, but through the laying on of hands he was healed, as were several others. Some think that the complaint is caused through drinking different kinds of water. Some of it is very bad. You must bring something along to put in your drinking water, such as ground ginger, composition, and acid or lemon. This will make the water better and be more healthy. Potatoes we found very good. We had a few the first part of the journey, but wished we had brought more. We saw many buffalo and killed six or seven in our company. George killed the first one. It is very much like beef. We dried a quantity of it. Well, of that I will say no more.

The next day after we came here I learned where Charlotte was and went to see her. She was surprized to see me. She had not heard of me being on the road. She was glad to see me. She said that she thought she should never again see anyone she knew. She was talking about us the week before, she said, and that next to her own folks, she would like to see the Dalley folks. She had not heard of me being married, but was glad to see I was. She was married a little while before Franklin went away. She is well and has a fine little girl, nine weeks old. She is happy and contented. She saw Jane Robinson. They went on to the gold mines.

Conference commences here today. I expect to go tomorrow. We are camped eight miles from the city, on account of grass and water (for stock). We will stay here till after Conference, and then they expect to look out for a place. We expect to go to a valley, south thirty miles from the city, and ten from Salt Lake Valley. The Valley is a pretty place. They have some pretty houses made of adobes. You have a pleasant view of it as first you enter it. It is very extensive. The houses are very scattered. I would like to live in the city, but the other valleys are better for farming. George intends to take up a lot for you. I want you to come on next Spring. If you come you can get plenty of work here and good pay — from a dollar to two dollars a day. Provisions are dear but if a person has a little to keep them a while, they may soon work and get more.

I have seen Margaret Yates that was. She is well and has a fine boy. James that was with Spencers has gone to the gold mines.

I think I have sent you all the news I can think of. If I had been here longer I might send more. Dear mother, brothers and sister, I often think of you with tears. Is it possible that I am separated so far from those that are dear to my heart? Yes, it is so, yet I have a hope of seeing them again. My prayer to God is that He will bless you and prosper you and soon bring you to this place. When I think of it, I can scarce bear it. I want you to pray for me that I may be blessed and comforted, and my prayers shall be for you continually. My love to James, Edward and William, his wife and all inquiring friends. Give my love to Mary, Robert and little Robert. Tell them that I would write to them but I shall not have time. When we get settled, I will write to them. Tell them to come, not wait to get rich, for if they would come here they would soon get plenty. Wages are good and a man may soon be independent. George sends his kind love to you, and Edward and James and all. His mother, likewise. They are all well. George is kind to me. I suppose James is married, if so remember us to his wife. I hope he will do well.

Mother, when you come, I want you to please bring me some dried fruit. There is not anything of wild fruit here, nor tame, that I have seen. We had some water melons and musk melons.

I think that if I keep on I shall fill the letter with one scrap or another, but I know that you want to know all. I have not yet seen

Brigham, but likely I shall tomorrow. He was not at home when we came in. The first I saw to know was Brother Hyde. He passed when we were on the journey. I was truly surprized to see him, as I did not think he was coming when we started. I believe he is coming (back) next spring. I would like for you to come with him.

I must bring my letter to a close, else I cannot send it. May God bless you all and soon bring you here, is my prayer to God, Amen.

From your son and daughter,  
George and Susannah Clark.

P.S. Since I wrote this letter, I have been to Conference, I saw Brigham Young and George A. Smith and Samuel Richards, and a great many that I was acquainted with. George and I were at Charlotte's and Jane Richard's yesterday. We stayed there all night. She sends her love to you and the boys. I am now at Margaret's. She sends her love to all. When you come make as little use of storing water as you can. The river water is healthiest, and you can get that nearly all the way from different rivers. Spring water is not considered healthy, it is mostly mineral water.

Farewell, till we all meet again.

To—Mrs. Ann Dalley  
Mosquito Creek  
20 miles from Kanestville  
Kanestville Post Office.

Pleasant Grove, Utah County,  
State of Deseret.  
October 23, 1851.

My dear Mother, Brothers and Sister:—

We received your kind letter which you sent by Philip Green's sister, which we were happy to receive. We had been waiting anxiously sometime, expecting to hear from you, and began to think we were forgotten. We have written two letters and received no answers. We were glad to hear you were all well, sometimes we thought you were all dead as the cholera has been so bad back there. We are all well and enjoying the blessings of a new world, with plenty around us to eat and plenty to spare. We are glad that you have not been troubled with the chills. We have been blessed with raising a good crop this year. We raised fourteen acres of good wheat, which will make about 400 bushels, one acre of oats (35 bushels), two acres of corn (60 bushels), half an acre of potatoes (100 bushels), half an acre of squash and pumpkins (10 wagon loads), fifteen bushels of beets and other vegetables in proportion. George has raised all this himself, excepting harvest. He has taken up one hundred-thirty acres of land and has fenced one hundred and broken up forty acres. He expects to sow forty acres this fall and next spring. I wish you had come on this season as things are cheap to what they will be next season, as

Brother Benson and Brother Grant have gone back to stir up the brethren to come from all parts of the world.

Now I will say a little about myself. I was confined with a fine boy on the 23rd of September, one month yesterday. His name is Joseph Brigham Clark, I am well, the Lord has blessed me with health. I was able to do my work in a fortnight and I now feel as strong as ever. There were four boys born within three weeks in this ward. Nancy Clark Holman has a boy and Margaret has a boy.

George is Bishop and President of this Ward and was elected Probate Judge and holds the office of First Lieutenant in the Military. There are about one hundred members in this ward.

I was pleased to hear that Ann and Baker are about to join the Church, I hope they will, and will come on here. You did not say whether they sent you anything. I was sorry to hear that they lost their little boy. I was sorry too, to hear that Denham had been sick, but glad that they have moved down with you. I hope they will come on here, they would do well here. Give our kind love to Mary and Denham, and James and Edward and William and their wives.

We have heard that Sarah Fox is dead. She died a year ago last August by breaking a blood vessel. Mrs. Fa—has come and she lives at Salt Lake Valley. Spilsburys have come—they live at Salt Lake Valley. Mrs. Spilsbury has been out with us a week visiting. They are good folks, we feel at home at their house.

We wrote you a letter last November, in which we stated where we had settled, but likely you did not receive it, as you said nothing about it in your letter. We live about thirty-six miles from Salt Lake City, Utah County is a pretty place, and good land.

I will draw my letter to a close, we might say more but time will not permit. You are remembered in our prayers and now may God of Heaven bless you and grant that you may withstand your trials and troubles and bring you here in health and safety. This is our prayer for you all. We desire an interest in all your prayers. Accept of our kind love and best wishes. Please write as often as you can. The mail comes out every month. Mrs. Clark (George's mother) sends her kind regards.

We remain, your son and daughter,  
George S. and Susannah Clark.

P.S. If you come out next season, write us at every opportunity on the road, and tell us what company you are in.

To—Mrs. Ann Dalley  
Kanesville  
Council Bluffs  
Ioway.

FROM JOHN ESPLIN'S BROTHER DAVID

Dumbarton Castle 7th Nov. 1855

My Dear Brother:

I hope you will excuse my carelessness in not writing to you

before this. The first reason was I did not have your address and after D. Annand sent it I thought it was so vague that a letter so addressed would never find you. Moreover, I have been shifting about from place to place, and when one is rather lazy, at any rate very little sufficeth for an excuse. So now, my dear brother, I will make no more apologies, but trusting to your usual good nature begin to give you an account of myself, your brothers and sisters, and our late father's effects.

With regards to myself you know that I was married in Ireland in '48, and I was promoted to Sergeant the following year and to Company Sergeant in February 1854. In April of this year I applied and was transferred to the Fife Militia Artillery, in which I am now Company and Pay Sergeant. My pay is 4/3, S, O, I am now stationed in Dumbarton Castle. It is situated on the Clyde about 15 miles west from Glasgow. We have only one boy 2½ years old. I named him after our lost brother William. He is a fine little fellow just like what you were yourself at his age.

I suppose that you are aware that William went to Australia in June '52 and landed after a very good passage out in Melbourne where he worked a month. He then wrote the only letter we have ever received, on the eve, he said, of his departure to the Diggings where he purposed staying a month when he would write home again, but from that day to this we have never heard anything of him except that the man he worked with sent home word that he subsequently returned for his tools and left again. He has been advertised and enquired for but we have never got any tidings of him up to this date, nor do I think ever will.

When our father died I was out on an out-command from Devonport in England and besides being at a great distance I could not possibly get away at the time so as to be in time for the funeral. D. Annand wrote to say that they had drawn the money to save the income tax, somewhere about L. 100, also that the houses were offered for sale at an upset price of L. 200. Subsequently, he wrote to say that the houses could not be sold without the authority from William or some certain word what had become of him. From that time until I joined the Militia I heard no more either of the money or the houses. But soon after my arrival in Cupar (Fife), I took a trip north to see how the land lay. I expected they would have volunteered an account of the whole affair, but no, I came away as wise as I went. I again paid them a visit in a few weeks after, and Isabell told me that they had paid the funeral expenses out of the money and divided the remainder among them, that is, George, Elizabeth and Isabell. Up to that time I thought the money had been put past until the houses could be sold and then the whole divided according to our father's will. So between you and me I think we have not been very well used among them, for they could have written and had an answer back from me in 4 or 5 days at the longest. Bell further told me that her husband

D. Annand had had the papers in his possession since our father's death, but now they were to put them into Thomas Webster's hand and let him take charge of the houses. Still the rent must be running on all this time and I suppose they are taking that also. At all events they seem to be taking what they can get and leaving us to look after the remainder.

Now my Dear Brother, I want you to send me word how we ought to proceed and whether I ought, in our names, to put it in the hands of a man of business, or not.

George and his family, Elizabeth and her family and Bell and hers are all well and apparently doing well. You must excuse me for not sending you the news about other acquaintances. I have been so long away that I know but very little about them or indeed our nearest relations.

My wife joins me in sending our kind love to you, hoping this will find you in the enjoyment of good health as it leaves us, thank God, and I remain,

Your Affectionate Brother,  
David Esplin

When you write please address me as under:

Co. Sergt. D. Esplin  
Fife Militia Artillery  
Dumbarton Castle, Scotland.

#### HIS REQUEST — HER ANSWER

The following notations and letters were taken from the diary of John Pulsipher and are self-explanatory. They were submitted by *Nora Lund*.

On Feb. 9, 1871 Rozilla Huffaker Pulsipher, wife of John Pulsipher, died in Hebron, Washington Co. Utah and left five young children. In October of that same year John took his children and went to Salt Lake to see the children's grandparents and to attend conference, and as he states: "To get me a wife and some other supplies." The diary continues:

"You may think this a short notice in regard to getting married. Well, it is short with me too, but knowing that it is not good for man to be alone, so when the Lord provides a helpmate we should be thankful.

"I met a young widow, Esther M. Murry Barnum, from East Weber at Father Huffakers, she being a sister of Bro. Lewis Huffaker's wife, and put up at the same place. She was brave enough to ride 9 miles to meeting with me and the children with a pair of little wild mules for a team. Well, we parted at the close of conference and I traveled homeward—but before reaching home I had sufficient evidence to satisfy me that it would be right for us to be married. I tore a leaf out of my memo book and wrote her a letter."



Cedar City, Iron County Utah

October 24, 1871

Esther, Dear Sister:

I will try to write you a few words before we get home to Hebron. All is well with us. We have been prospered on our journey, which is now nearing completion. I think much of the short, but happy acquaintance we have formed and if you would not think me rude or in haste, I would like to hear from you. As we live in the days of short prayers, short sermons and short courtships, I would like you to write a plain, mountain English letter and tell me truly if you think it would be best and proper for us to be joined in marriage? Do you think enough of me, almost a stranger that I am, to chose me before all other men?

Take as much time as you want to think and answer. Ask wisdom from the Lord. If I knew soon that you would like to come perhaps I could arrange my business so as to go back before long, so that we could talk face to face and get a better understanding than by this awkward writing. If you was satisfied to say yes, how long a time would you want to close up your business and be ready for a 'mission' in the south. I don't know that it is necessary for you to be married any more than you have been to secure an exaltation in the Eternal World. I don't know that you think it necessary.

I believe in free trade and woman's rights, without being coaxed, flattered, or hired. I am a poor hand to promise much, but pray the Lord to enable me to so live that no one will ever be sorry for becoming acquainted with me.

May the Lord bless you and yours forever.

John Pulsipher.

"In January 1872 I received an answer as follows:"

Wanship, November 3, 1871.

Dear Friend:

I received your welcome letter, was glad to hear from you. You asked if I could think enough of you to marry you? I think I can — you seem to be a good man and I can place confidence in you, altho our acquaintance has been short.

But you seem near to me, as tho our acquaintance had been for years. I hardly knew how to leave you the morning we parted. Hope it will not be long before we meet again. I can talk ever so much better than I can write. I can be ready to go in two weeks — have nothing to dispose of but my cows. Had I better sell them? I would rather go this fall if it is convenient with you.

Yours Truly,

Esther M. Barnum

## LETTERS WRITTEN BY PIONEERS OF 1847

All letters received by the Semi-Centennial Commission were placed in the custody of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers. They have been carefully indexed and filed. The following are published because of their human interest.

## JIM BAKER

James Baker, a trapper with the American Fur Company, came to this western country as early as 1839, and into Utah Territory in 1841. Returning to Wyoming Territory he remained in that vicinity for several years; then, in 1847, came again to Utah working in partnership with Miles Goodyear another early day trapper. The following letter was written by Mr. Baker to the Centennial Commission and gives an interesting account of his travels. Original on file in Daughters of Utah Pioneers Museum:

Dixon, Wyoming  
May 19th, 1897

Spencer Clawson—Sir:

Your letter and blanks are at hand but have been in such poor health that I never had the power and disposition to do anything at all. But will try and tell you what I can remember of the country. I first came into the Mountains in 1839 with American Fur Co., but did not get into Utah Valley until 1841 when I came in from Montana with 40 other men and seven Shoshones. We came from Bear River to Weaver Fork and from there to Provo's Fork and from there to Provo Valley. It was all covered with sun flowers, on which the Indians used to get the seeds and eat them with grass hoppers. They were pretty poor Indians. They were Utes but talked Shoshone. And when the Shoshone or the Utes went to war they would not kill these Indians. At this time we were on our way to Arizona to hunt Beaver. But while camped at Provo we had a little racket with the Indians which nearly ended in a fight with them, all on account of a gun. We came back from Arizona the next spring, '42, and we saw the same Indians when we camped at Provo. They saw us and they thought we were going to pitch on to them and they run off. Old Peg-Leg Smith was in charge of our company. We went out by the way of Henry's Fork and then went to the Wind River Country. The next time I went there was with Miles Goodyear as partners in the Indian trade in the year 1847. The Mormons came into the country the same summer along in July. Miles Goodyear sold his things, horses, cattle, and land grant to Capt. Brown. We had our headquarters on Weaver's Fork. In 1848 when I and Miles divided up on the Sevier, Miles and Andy Goodyear went to California and I went through Salt Lake City to Weaver's Fork to Fort Bridger. After this a petition was sent by the Mormons up to Fort Bridger to get signers to get a delegate to send to Washington. The man's name was, I think, Babbitt. This petition was for a territory named Deseret

but afterward changed. Babbitt was editor of the Deseret News, I think he was the man appointed delegate. The Petition was signed by about eighteen or twenty Mountaineers and Ole Lewis Vasques signed his name and also Lewis Vasques Jr. Old Vasques had a little child and he signed his name Jr. I signed my name, and also some of the French boys signed the petition. They were 18 or 20 of us. It was admitted as a Territory, but named Utah. In the year 1848, I think, Joshua Terry came up and went to work for Jim Bridger and Vasques and worked a couple of years and he quit and then Joshua and I went out trading around with the Indians for about four or five years and I got pretty well acquainted with Josh. And then he went down to Salt Lake City. He and I were chums as you can see for a long while, I have saw him occasionally since then. I am sorry I cannot attend your centennial as I would probably meet a great many acquaintances of old times gone by, but am so badly used up by a swelling in my legs from which I am getting a little better but awful slowly. You can give my compliments to Josh Terry. He came up with the first batch of Mormons, if this will do you any good. But sorry that I cannot attend as I could tell you more.

I remain yours Truly,  
Jas. Baker

Downey, Dec. 18th, 1896

E. G. Rognon,

Dear Sir:

I understand that the Semi-Centennial Commission wishes the names of the men that arrived in Salt Lake Valley in the year 1847. I am one of the men that arrived July 29, I believe, 1847 in a company led by Capt. Brown and called Company C. Mormon Battalion.

I helped to make the first Bowery made on the temple Block, also the first adbs. to bild the Fort for Winter Quarters, and also went with Capt. Hunt to California to bring Milk Cows and Calves for the Church, and seeds to plant for the Spring of 48. I cannot give you day and date that we left Salt Lake for California, neither can I give you the date of our arrival. This is perhaps all the information that is desired from me, But if there is anything more I can do for you I am at your Surves.

My Post Office is Downey and I reside in Cambridge Ward. I will now Close Wishing you a Grand success and hoping to be with you next July. I am Respectfully Yours,

Thurston Larson,

Downey Idaho,  
Bannac Co.

Salt Lake, Utah  
June 13, 1897

Mr. Spencer Clawson Esq.,  
City,

Dear Sir,

I have your esteemed favor of the 11th regarding the old hand press. In reply, I would say that the history of it is very clear and that it is so far as known, the press that printed the first newspaper this side of the river.

It was purchased by Orson Hyde in Cincinnati and first brought to Kanesville to print the Frontier Guardian, the first number of which was dated in February 1849. (I can get exact date)

My father bought it from him and published "The Council Bluffs Bugle," "The Omaha Arrow", "The Crescent City Oracle", "The Western Bugle", "The Rock Bottom", "The Emigrants Guide", and "The Huntsman's Echo". Afterwards, he had it brought across the plains and taken to Spring Lake Villa, about 1860 or 1861, where he published "The Farmer's Oracle" and printed also a "Guide to Pike's Peak" and a book of Shoshone language, The Press was next taken to St. George about 1865 where "Our Dixie Times", "The Rio Virgin Times", "The Utah Pomologist and Gardener" — "The Cactus" and "The Silver Reef Miner" were printed on it.

I bought it from the then owner, and brought it here as a souvenir of some of my Fathers labors.

Some of these papers I have, which I shall be pleased to loan to the Hall of Relics if you think them interesting. They are full of the current history of the people of Utah, containing things no doubt that are nowhere else written.

I have the Key of the Nauvoo Temple that locked the big Front Door. If it is considered interesting I will loan it also.

Respy. Yours,

C. E. Johnson

Spanish Fork, 6/4/97

Spencer Clawson Esq.,  
Salt Lake City,

Dear Sir:

There is an old colored man, Alexander Bankhead, living in this City, who came to Utah in September 1847. The old man called upon me this morning and stated he was very anxious to visit the Jubilee as a pioneer, and I assure you I would be glad to have him do so as he is one of the "whitest negros" living. If you will forward to him the necessary blanks for him to fill out and return — addressing Alex. Bankhead, Spanish Fork, Utah, I will arrange to have them promptly attended to and returned.

Very Truly Yours,

A. O. Smoot

Beaver City, Utah. May 18, 1897

Spencer Clawson Esq.,  
Salt Lake City  
Chairman, Jubilee Comitee

Dear Brother

I arrived in Salt Lake Valley on the 16th of October 1846 in A. J. Lytle's Company of returning Soldiers of the Mormon Battalion, remained in the "Old Fort" two days, leaving on the 18th to join my family at Council Bluffs Iowa, where I arrived just two months later, having completed a pioneering journey in round numbers of about five thousand four hundred miles in the short space of one year, five months and two days. Should you think me entitled to recognition under the rules of your noble organization, please enter my name on your list.

Yours Truly,  
Daniel Tyler

Toquerville, Washington Co, State of Utah,  
February 3rd, 1897

Honorable E. G. Rognon, Secretary Semi-Centennial Commission  
Salt Lake City, 305 Atlas Block,  
Utah.

Dear Sir, I here with send the name of My Daughter, Mrs. Young Elizabeth Steele Stapley, being the first White child born in Salt Lake Valley. Born in a Government tent on the South East Corner of what is now the Temple Block, Monday August the 9th, 1847 at 4 o'clock a.m. Married Mr. James Stapley, and now lives at Kanarra, Iron County, Utah and is mother of seven Children, five sons, and two Daughters, and grand mother to seven Grand Children, all alive and well.

I was one of the Mormon Battalion in Captain James Brown's Command, and came into the Valley of the Great Salt Lake July 29, 1847, and took part in all the Hardships of early pioneer life in Utah.

Very Respectfully yours Truly  
John Steele

P.S. We would like to be with you on July 24th 1847 — J. S.

Gray's Lake, Ida.

Mr. Clawson

Dere frind I reseved you most kind and wellcom leter an ticket an was glad to reseved it at an I will bee down to the Jubile

Yours truly  
friend Green Flake

## CORNELIA S. LUND

On June 26, 1959, Cornelia Sorenson Lund, outstanding Utah woman, passed away. From 1924, when Mrs. Lund became Captain of Camp 2, Salt Lake County, she was an active officer and member of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers. On the Central Company Board she served as secretary, vice-president and president and played an important part in the erection of the Pioneer Memorial Museum. For many years she wrote stories and histories of her pioneer ancestors and urged others to compile the records of their forebears. During the administrations of Governor Henry H. Blood and Governor Herbert B. Maw she served as a member of the Utah State Historical Society. She was active in organizations of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, having been president of both Stake and Ward Relief Societies. She also served as Salt Lake County recorder for many years.

Mrs. Lund was a beautiful woman, tall and stately in appearance. She was well educated and could talk intelligently upon almost any subject. She was a wonderful mother and although she served almost continuously in public life, her home and her children always came first. Seldom does one find a closer relationship than that which existed between Mrs. Lund and her family.

Cornelia was born March 8, 1882, the daughter of Niels and Sarah Capson Sorenson, early pioneers of Utah. She was married to Professor Anthony C. Lund December 24, 1902, former head of the department of music at the Brigham Young University at Provo, Utah and for seventeen years director of the Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir. She is survived by four sons and three daughters. The Daughters of Utah Pioneers know full well they and the people of Utah have parted with an outstanding citizen who gave willingly of her time and talents toward the betterment of the state.

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!



## The Diary and Journal of Thomas Briggs

*Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me. St. Matthew 25:40.*



HE autobiography of Thomas Briggs contains much of the kind of living a large percentage of the pioneers of Utah experienced. He was one of the worthy poor and yet from his meager stores he helped hundreds of others who had less. He understood people. From his early childhood he had known pain, and yet each day found him performing some task which would strengthen not only his body, but his determination to make his life one of accomplishment.

Thomas was born August 20, 1832 at Newark, Nottingham, England, the son of James and Ann Ordoyno Briggs. His father and mother were the only members of their families to join the Latter-day Saint Church, and throughout his life he felt a responsibility in living the principles of the gospel they had embraced.

His first wife, *Ann Kirkham*, was born May 29, 1832 at Spaulding, Lincolnshire, England, the daughter of John and Elizabeth Ward Kirkham. She was a courageous woman, full of love for her family. She stood loyally by her husband and during his many serious illnesses nursed him faithfully. It is said that she never complained no matter how much she had to endure. She was the mother of nine children. The family made their home in Bountiful, Utah. Twelve years after her arrival in Zion she passed away July 15, 1876.

*Ann Burgess Ashdown*, second wife of Thomas Briggs, was born at Waldrun, Sussex County, England on the 25th day of August, 1821. She was the daughter of William Samuel Burgess and Fanny Rounds. On November 10, 1841 she was married to Richard Ashdown, Sr. He was a sawyer by trade. Seven children, four girls and three boys were born of this union but four died very young.

About the year 1853, the Ashdowns joined the Latter-day Saint Church and were baptized in the sea at Brighton on the 21st day of September, 1855. They left their native land on April 16, 1861 with the children on the ship *Manchester*, the Saints being under the leadership of Elder Claudius V. Spencer. The voyage across the ocean and the trek across the plains were exceedingly hard on Ann as she was ill much of the time. The family entered Salt Lake City in September of that year and the following spring Mr. Ashdown moved his family to Bountiful. Sometime later they separated, and, in May, 1877, nearly a year after the death of Ann Kirkham, she became the wife of Thomas Briggs. The ceremony was performed in the St. George Temple. Ann was a faithful mother, not only to her own children, but also to the motherless Briggs children. She died July 3, 1898 at Bountiful, Utah.

Ann Williams was the third wife of Thomas Briggs. Little information is available concerning her life in England where she was born. She was fifty-six years of age and a widow at the time of her marriage to Mr. Briggs. Three of her children remained in England after their mother accepted the Mormon faith and came to America, but some of them came to Utah at a later date. It is said by members of the Briggs family that Ann Williams was a kindly woman and devoted to her ailing husband. After his death she lived in a small apartment with little means of support. Death was due to an accident while crossing a street in Bountiful.

#### FROM HIS WRITINGS

When I was about six years of age my parents moved to Hull in Yorkshire, (England) and as it was in the winter, and being strangers, they had very hard work to find anything to do and had to sell some furniture in order to buy bread. There were two other children besides myself, Hannah and Elizabeth. In the spring Father found work, and things began to look brighter. In all the troubles my parents passed through in life, they were very happy and I do not remember them having any quarrels with each other. They were religiously inclined, but were not satisfied with the various sects, until the year 1848, when Father heard of a religious sect calling themselves Latter-day Saints. When he heard them preach, their doctrine seemed to satisfy him, but they were very unpopular and their place of worship was in one of the lowest places in Hull. My Father was some time before he could persuade Mother to hear



them preach. At last she decided to attend one of the meetings. An Elder spoke on "The Gifts of the Gospel, and signs that follow the believers." At the time I was sorely afflicted with what the doctors call a withered limb, and the doctrine of healing set me to thinking and to searching the Bible, and also to pray to my Father in Heaven for His spirit to guide me. My Father was blessed with the comforts of life. He owned a small vessel which he sailed on the small rivers where the larger ships could not travel. We sometimes went to the sea coast. My parents spent a large amount of money trying to cure my left leg which had stopped growing.

In the fall of 1848 my Father joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The same year he heard of a doctor a few miles away, by the name of Whitman, whom people said could cure my limb, so Father and I went to consult him. The doctor stated that mine was a very bad case, and told my Father I could not live much longer. On our way home I questioned Father as to what the doctor had told him, and he told me I should never live to be a man. I had not joined the church, still I believed firmly in the principles, although my parents had not tried to persuade me to obey them. Frequently the Elders held their meetings in our home, and I decided the next time they came I would ask them to anoint me, as I had read in the scriptures that if the sick had faith and were anointed with oil, they would be healed by the power of God. The evening came and the house was well filled with people. During the meeting some of the people mocked while others rejoiced, and after the dismissal Father made known my wish to the President of the Branch. After singing several hymns prayer was offered on my behalf after which they anointed me with oil and again prayed for me. I then retired, and, I am thankful to say, the blessings of the Lord rested upon me and in the morning my limb was as sound as anyones, and I performed a hard day's work, without pain, and this made us all feel thankful to our Father in Heaven.

My sister Elizabeth had a large swelling under her ear and she had been suffering with it for weeks. Mother was worn out staying up nights with her so she asked the Elders to administer to my sister. After she had been administered to she fell asleep and slept soundly until the next morning. The following day the swelling, which was like a large ball, was gone and the loose skin hung like a bag on her shoulder, leaving no discharge on the bedclothes. In a few days the skin peeled off and new skin came. Another instance happened about this time. Mother had been sick for weeks and unable to leave her bed. One evening, about 9 p.m., she was administered to by the Elders, and she immediately got out of bed and helped sing a number of hymns. She then cooked supper for the Elders and ate heartily herself. These healings were published in the *Millennial Star*, Volume 12, page 191, in the year 1850.

Raywell Street,

Hull, April 24, 1850

Dear Brother Kelsey,

The two following cases of healing took place in January 1849. Thomas Briggs, aged 17 years, was afflicted from the time he was three months old with what the medical fraternity called, a withered limb, and the most eminent doctors could not possibly heal it. Their skill, however great, was entirely baffled and many pounds were expended to no purpose. Hearing of the doctrine as taught by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Elder Henry Beecroft was called, who anointed him, layed hands upon his head, and prayed over him, from that time he began to mend and in a short time was quite healed. The limb is now as strong as the other. Another singular instance of the power of healing. Ann Briggs called me to anoint her daughter Elizabeth Briggs, who had been exceedingly ill with a large lump or swelling on her neck. She could get no relief from medical aid, but immediately after being anointed, the acute pain left and the swelling was all removed. To the truth of which, we sign as witnesses,

James Briggs	Henry Beecroft
Ann Briggs	Jas. McNaughton

The 27th of January 1849, I was baptised into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

### EMIGRATION TO AMERICA

In the year 1850, my Father was greatly blessed in his income, the vessel which he was running brought him in considerable money. At this time he had the spirit of gathering, and decided to sail in January 1851. Before he sailed, Brothers Peter C. Hanson, Erastus Snow, and John Forsgren called at Hull on their way from Salt Lake City to Copenhagen, Denmark where they were going to do missionary work. While they were stopping at my Father's house, one of the brethren said to him, "Brother Briggs, when you get sufficient means to take you to New Orleans, go, then go on to Saint Louis, or you will never get to the valleys of the mountains."

Father delayed until everything seemed to go the wrong way, and then he began to think of the words of the brethren. He decided to sail on the ship "Ellen", the 8th of January 1851. On the 1st of January we left the land of our forefathers, to go to a land we knew not of, and that because the Lord had commanded us. Not until we reached Liverpool did we realize what was needed for a journey of 6000 miles.

The rations allowed was approximately 250 lbs. of hard biscuits, so hard, we had to take a hammer to break them, 10 lbs. flour, 20 lbs. rice, 50 lbs. oatmeal, 10 pounds pork, 5 pounds sugar, 5 pounds molasses, 1 half pound tea, 2 pounds cheese, 1 pint vinegar and three quarts of water, daily, but the other rations were for the entire voyage. The ship left the docks on the 6th day of January, anchored in the river for two days, and then sailed with 470 passengers. The wind was in our favor and we travelled about seven miles an hour. About seven o'clock at night the wind suddenly changed, and blew very heavy, which caused our vessel to run into another vessel, breaking the jibboom on our ship. I was on deck at the time and it seemed to me the other vessel sunk. All was confusion and for a while everything was in darkness.

The following day we sailed as far as Cardigan Bay, North Wales, to repair the ship, but we were ready to sail in a few days. The wind was again unfavorable, so we had to remain in the Bay for three weeks. While there, one of the sailors was very badly hurt and had to be sent back to Liverpool. The Captain asked if any of the passengers would volunteer to take his place. I volunteered to work for my passage and board until we got into the trade winds. On the 23rd, we again put out to sea but made very little progress. On the first of February the wind changed and we soon lost sight of the Irish coast. From this time on we had a pleasant voyage, and on the 14th of March anchored in the river at New Orleans, making twelve weeks we had been on the ship. During the voyage we had twelve deaths on board, mostly children. When we landed, my Father saw Brother James Goodwin and borrowed from him ten shillings and three pence, which was sufficient to take us up the river as far as Saint Louis.

We left New Orleans on the 19th of March, 1851, in the company of which J. William Cummins was President, and Brother Dunn and William Moss were councilors. We arrived at Saint Louis on the 26th, after having had a good passage up the river and only two deaths. The sailors were in a hurry to get rid of the freight, so our baggage was crowded on the levee. Some of the Saints had friends awaiting them, and others were all alone, but we all felt sad at parting as we had formed a love for one another during the voyage. To our surprise we saw Brother Lewis, a friend from England. My Father had loaned Brother Lewis one sovereign and I had loaned him 10 shillings. He had the money with him to pay us back for which we were very thankful.

### LIFE IN SAINT LOUIS

My Father rented a small room in the southern part of the city, and then we had to secure work. I decided to try the boats, as they came in from all parts of the country. I went down to the levee

and as soon as I arrived a boat came in. I was employed for six or seven hours at 20c an hour. The men working on the boats were of the lowest class and their language was horrible. As this was my first experience in America, I was not impressed, but I tried to mind my own business and got along very well. After the work was finished, I hired myself to a farmer for \$12 a month and board, and if I gave satisfaction, he said he would raise my wages. By this time Father had gone to work in a foundry for a dollar a day, and we soon were surrounded with the comforts of life. I only stayed one month on the farm, although he offered me higher wages, but I had become acquainted with the President of the Branch who wanted me to work for him, and also to act as a visiting teacher. In 1850, I had been ordained to the office of Priest, and now was put to labor with Thomas Latimer as a visiting Priest, also as the President of the Branch.

John Carns, who was the owner of a large soda water establishment, hired me to wash bottles, and started me with 5 dollars per week but I soon was raised to \$6. In the month of August one of the teamsters left and I was chosen to take his place. I was advanced to two dollars a day.

My Father did not have steady work, but he was hired for a while to help put up grain about five miles from where we were living. He only came home once a week. My sister Elizabeth was also living away from home. Cholera was very bad where we were living, and one night Mother was taken ill with the disease. I was the only one home and I did not know what to do. All at once, something whispered to me, "the oil bottle". I anointed and blessed her. She opened her eyes and looked around, as much as to say "Where am I". I got her a little nourishment, and at day break I went for Father. Father came home, and in a few days he took her to where he was working, so I went to live with Brother Robert Ashton.

One night, before I had gone to sleep, there appeared at my bedside a personage dressed in black, who looked straight at me and said, "You have saved her life, but I will have it the next time," and then disappeared. It was the power of darkness and he had reference to my Mother. Father moved back to the city and Mother's health was much improved. In the winter of 1851 work was very scarce.

One very cold day, I went two miles to a place where they were putting up ice and asked for work. I commenced the following day for a dollar a day. A few days later Brother Robert Ashton came to my home, saying he did not know what to do, as his wife was very ill and he could not secure work. I told him if he wished he could take my job and he was very glad to do so. The following morning I went down to the levee where a boat load of cord-wood had just come in. I got work for the day and earned two dollars; so for giving a Brother my work for a dollar a day, the Lord gave me two dollars.

William Fern, the man who was putting up the ice, also owned a large dairy which was about six miles from the city. I asked for work and started with \$20 a month and my board. I had to deliver milk.

### NEW RESPONSIBILITY

It was now getting towards spring, and as there was talk of gold in California, hundreds of people were going there. The foreman of the dairy was to leave for the gold fields in about three weeks, so Mr. Fern told him to choose the best man he had on the farm to take his place. Although I was the newest hand, he selected me, and asked if I thought I could take his place. I told him I had had no experience whatever, but he said he would stay until I got a good idea as to how to run the business. I felt the great responsibility. Some of the older hands were very jealous of me, but Mr. Fern gave them to understand that if they did not obey me, I was to send them to his office in the city, and he would send me other hands. About 30 of the milkers and the men who washed the tinware, got together, and were going to run things, but I took a firm stand in the beginning and after that managed them very well.

On the first of August, cholera broke out, and the people were dying fast, so I had to keep posted with all the routes to learn if any of the teamsters were sick. I was 20 years of age. About six o'clock one morning as I was in the city delivering milk, my Father came out of the house, saying "hurry up Tom, your Mother is nearly dead." This was on the 18th of August, 1852. I cannot describe my feelings as she turned her head toward me, and said, "Tom, be a good lad to your Father." These were the last words I heard her speak. I went to the depot with my wagon so the boys could take it back to the dairy, and when I returned home, Mother had passed away. I thought of the words the personage had said to me, "You have saved her life this time, but I shall have it the next," and he was true to his word, it being about one year since they were uttered. After Mother was buried, I went back to work, and my sister Elizabeth kept house for Father.

On the first day of the year 1852, I was taken suddenly ill with the billious fever and had to be brought home. My Father sent for a doctor, which was against my wish, but he attended me for 5 or 6 weeks, and I became much worse. Father thought I was going to die. I told the doctor I would take no more of his medicine, as it made me sleep, and when I awoke I was in greater pain. This made my Father feel very bad, as he had lost Mother and now he saw no hopes for me. I told Father to throw all the medicine into the street, give me a bottle of oil, and I would trust in the Lord, as I felt sure He would heal me. I took about half a bottle of oil and it made me vomit until I thought I would die; but this took all of the poison

out of my system, and in a few hours I could sit up. The following day I walked out into the yard. Although I was very weak for a while, nothing but the power of God could heal me. My Father was very unsettled and said he had nothing to live for, now Mother had passed away, and it was his desire to be laid beside her. Father advised me to get married, not to settle down in any of the large cities, but to go where I could raise my own bread, and potatoes, etc. I was then keeping company with a girl, but could not see my way clear to get married.

As the weather was much warmer in New Orleans, and as there was more work I decided to go there to spend the winter. My Father did not want me to go as he was afraid I was not strong enough, but I started in the fore part of November and sailed on the steamboat *Uncle Sam*. I began to gain in strength. By the time I arrived in New Orleans, which took us 11 days, I was ready to go to work. I secured work on a boat which was to sail for Louisville, up the Ohio River, and I was to receive one dollar per day for the round trip. The following morning as I was walking on the levee, to my great surprise, I saw my Father, I did not know he had left Saint Louis. He was feeling very sorrowful, said he could not rest, and when I told him I had hired myself to work on the boat which was to sail the following day, he begged me to stay with him, and we would try to find work together. We rented a small room, and I found work, along with Father, putting up cow sheds.

I was soon put in charge of a number of cows, and as I was used to that kind of work, I asked for 25 dollars a month, and my board. The man said he could only pay \$15 per month, and he would take me for a month on trial. Although this was a very small wage, still I accepted, with the understanding that if I gave satisfaction my wages would be increased. He was supplying a number of steamboats with milk, and my work was to take the milk to the boats just before they sailed. When I had been employed for two weeks, my employer told me at the end of the month I could have \$25, as all the customers were well pleased with the way I was treating them. He also asked me to go with him up the river to buy more cows, as he had found out that my judgment was good. A few days after this, a man told me my employer had said I was a very good hand, and if I would work for him, he would give me \$50 a month. When I told Mr. Surrey, he said he would raise my wages to \$50 and I would not have any work to do, only see that the work was done, so I decided to stay.

### FIRST MARRIAGE

One day, Father and I were talking of things past and of the future, so I told him that in a few weeks I intended to return to Saint Louis, and take the girl I was engaged to as my wife. I asked him



Thomas Briggs—Ann Kirkham Briggs

him if he had any objections as I did not wish to do anything against his wishes. He said he was glad as he knew the girl would make a good wife, and that Mother wished to see me married. He gave me much good counsel. Father asked me not to settle in any of the large cities, but to go away to find a home. I then told Mr. Surrey I was going back to Saint Louis, and he was very sorry to lose me. He asked me a number of questions, and wanted me to promise to come back, saying he would furnish me a nice place. I did not promise as my desire was to get to the mountains.

In the fore part of March 1853, myself and George Kirkham, (brother to the girl I was to marry), left for Saint Louis, and when

we arrived, I found my sister in good health. I got work in the soda water factory, for one dollar per day, and then I arranged to get married. I asked the Lord if Ann Kirkham was the one for me, and if she was not, that things would not go right, but all went along smoothly, and I thanked the Lord many times for such a noble wife. On the 27th of March, we were married by Elder Horace S. Eldredge. We had rented a room and furnished the same the week previous, and shortly after, my Father returned to Saint Louis. Although we tried to make him as comfortable as we could, still he was not contented, and left us to go down the river to a place called Natchez where he secured work. The summer was very hot and there were a large number of deaths. On the 27th of August 1853, I was very much troubled and did not feel well. My sister Elizabeth, and my wife's sister Sarah, were at my home for dinner. In the afternoon we went to the graveyard where Mother was buried, and while standing around the grave a very solemn thought came to me. I said, "girls, it will not be long before we shall lay another in this graveyard." We then left for home, and when we arrived, to our surprise Father had been brought home in a cab very ill with the yellow fever, but he said it was only a cold and he would be well by the next day. He asked me to get some hot water and bathe his feet. I found he was cold to his knees, and the water I used was very hot but he said he could not feel it. He rested fairly well through the night, but the next morning he was taken worse, and at 2 p.m. he passed away, which brought to pass my words of the day before. This was on the 28th of August 1853. I was bereft of a kind Father, a loving Mother, and all during one short year. I will here say to my children, try to understand the promptings of the spirit of the Lord, for I can tell you they will never deceive you, nor lead you astray. A short time before my Father died he said to me, "Tom, I shall never get to the mountains, but you will, and you must never forget the dead."

I felt keenly the responsibility resting upon me. I was thousands of miles from the mountains, with a sister and wife to look after; living in a place where the hand of death was carrying hundreds every week to their graves, and no one whom I could go to for counsel. I realized the great responsibility I had of redeeming the dead, as my Father was the only one in his family who had embraced the Gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and I was the only son living.

#### AND THEY SHALL BE TRIED

In the fall of October 1853, we left Saint Louis, along with my wife's parents, to a place called Baraboo, Wisconsin as it was stated by my wife's relatives, that there was plenty of land and stock. My wife's brother, George, said he would go along with us, but decided he would take the following boat, which he did, and that was the



last we ever heard of him. We started up the river to a place called Gelona, and this was a bad start, so when we got to Keokuk, Iowa, the water was very low, and the boat could not get over the rapids with her freight. The freight was taken off, put into flat boats, and hauled up the river to Montrose, which is opposite to Nauvoo. We were three days getting over the rapids, then we hired a team to take us to Baraboo. On arriving at our destination, we found we had been deceived, as the people had neither land nor stock, nor could they sell what little they raised.

As I had spent most of what I had saved, I felt sorrowful, but I was acquainted with a family by the name of Heaton, living about 100 miles south; so I decided to take the stage the next day and see if conditions were any better. When I arrived at the place, I found that it was much better than at Baraboo, as I could there secure work chopping cord wood, or splitting rails. There were 40 acres of land for sale with a small house on it, which I could buy on easy terms for \$200. I decided to take the place. The next thing was to get my wife and folks there as it was now December. I found a man who said that he would bring my folks in for \$2.50 per day. I knew if we had to stay in Baraboo through the winter we would not have a cent left, and I realized I had made a sad mistake in leaving Saint Louis.

When we got to Baraboo, we loaded our few household goods into the wagon and started back, myself, wife, and my sister Elizabeth. Jonothan, my wife's brother, would gladly have come with us if he could, but he told me to rent a farm for him, or find work, and he would come in the spring. This was a big undertaking for me, as I had not only my wife and sister to look after but also my wife's father and mother. All the family were looking to me to lead them, and most of them were older, as I was not yet 21 years of age. I felt that I must be very humble before the Lord and ask for His spirit to guide me. We arrived at Hebron just before Christmas and I had only enough money to pay the man for the trip.

The first thing I did was to sell my Father's coat for a sow and five young pigs. Then I sold some things for corn to fatten the sow and a barrel of flour. We shot squirrels and partridges, got some potatoes, and as there was plenty of wood to burn, we soon began to live. At last we secured work chopping wood for 50c a cord, but as neither Jonothan nor I had ever done anything like that, we made very little headway. Some days we would only earn 25 or 30 cents as the timber was frozen so hard, and was mostly maple wood from one to three feet thick. Sometimes the bread froze so hard that we had to put it between the feather bed and the mattress, or we could not eat it. Thus passed the winter of 1853 and 1854. Although we had been used to the comforts of life and we were now in the depths of

poverty, I never heard a murmur come from the lips of my wife which made my burden much lighter.

In the spring of 1854, there were only a few acres of land under cultivation. I had no team, or seed of any kind, so I concluded to rent the land to a neighbor, whose name was Ransom Heaton. I went to work for him burning wood and brush which could not be split, and he offered me 75c per day and my dinner; but said he could not pay me until after the harvest. Jonothan and I thought we could live on one meal a day, if Mr. Heaton could find us a little food for my wife and sister until the weeds began to grow, so they could boil them to live on until the harvest. He let us have a little flour and a little bran and shorts. About a mile from where we lived there was a small river, and at night I would go down and catch a few fish, and occasionally kill a squirrel, so we got along pretty well during the fore part of the summer. When the grass was ready to cut we secured work for \$1.25 a day. On the 13th of September, 1854, my first child was born. My sister got a place to work, and after the harvest, I rented a farm for my wife's father, so Jonothan hired a team, and brought them to us. The farm I rented for them was four or five miles from where we lived and for a while all went well. I bought a few calves and a cow or two. Things began to look very bright and we thought we would be able to get to the mountains. The harvest of 1854 and 1855, brought prosperity to us, and I bought 40 more acres of land. My wife's folks had done well on the farm, and as I had one year in which to redeem the mortgage, we thought if we all worked together we could soon get to Salt Lake City; so I let them have a share of my land, and they built a small log house close to my home. My sister bought a cow and we had plenty of good grass for all the feed we needed.

There was plenty of work for us all the time, chopping wood, as most of the land was covered with timber. Some of the timber would cut from 200 to 225 cords to the acre, and would bring about one dollar per cord right where it was cut, and we received 50c a cord for cutting and piling the wood. When the land was cleared, it could not be plowed for two or three years as the stumps were so thick we could not get a plow between them. The land was very rich so we planted corn by making little holes in the ground with a grub hoe. A few miles from where we lived the land did not have as much timber on it so we had a good sale for all we could get. Some of the trees on our land would run from 20 to 60 feet without a limb, and we had different kinds of trees such as elm, bosswood, hickory, ash and butternut. These were mostly soft timber and were used for fencing, etc. Betwixt the timber and the opening was a large marsh of many thousand acres where hundreds of tons of hay were put up every year. There was always water on the land from two to six inches so the hay had all to be cut with a scythe. It had to be stacked

on the marsh and the ground was so soft we could not haul our hay until the ground froze. We stacked it by pushing long hickory poles, about fourteen feet long, under each cock of hay, and then we had to carry it to the stack which made it very hard.

This farm was near the town of Hebron, Wisconsin, and we began to think within another year we would have the place so much improved we would be able to sell it for sufficient money to take us all to the mountains. Late in the fall of 1855 I went to the store and paid the bill I owed, and we felt happy, free from debt, except the mortgage, which, if all went well, we could pay the following year.

### THE ACCIDENT

There was a few acres of land near the marsh which had a very heavy sod on it, so I thought I could break up the sod and plant corn which would improve the land. It was not fenced so I first made fence rails, and after working a few days, about 3 p.m. one day, I hurt my knee against one of the stumps. It stunned me for awhile but I went to work again until it was time to go home and do my chores. After making a fire I began to read the newspaper when suddenly I was seized with a severe pain in my knee. The pain continued all through the night and all that could be done gave me no relief. At daylight, Jonathan went to Whitewater, a distance of 8 or 9 miles, to get a doctor. My leg began to swell very much. When the doctor arrived he gave me some powders which put me to sleep, but when I awoke the pain was greater than I could bear. The doctor left word for me to take the powders whenever I felt the pain. He came the following day and said an abscess was forming on my knee, but in a few days it would break and then I would be able to get around again.

This was the fore part of January, 1856, and you can imagine my thoughts better than I can describe them; for I had wandered away from the saints of God, and here I was in this condition, with a loving wife in tears day and night and a son two years old who might be left without a protector. Many a silent pray did I offer to my Heavenly Father to let me live until I got them to the mountains where they could be taught His ways and walk in His paths. At the end of four weeks the abscess broke, and those who were watching over me, thought me dead. When they spoke I heeded them not. The only way they could tell I was alive was by placing a looking glass over my mouth and seeing my breath upon the glass. Some weeks after the abscess broke it still continued to discharge, which made me very weak and gave me much sorrow for I realized that I would not be able to put in the crops. The mortgage on the place was due in the fall and my wife was soon to have another child.

In the month of May I was taken much worse again and the doctor came every day. He said there was nothing more he could

do for me, and told the folks to make things as comfortable for me as possible as I would not last more than a few days. I noticed that my wife looked more sorrowful than ever as I dozed off to sleep one day. When I awoke my wife was standing by the bedside and tears were streaming down her pale cheeks. I spoke to her, "Ann, dry your tears for I am going to live to go to the mountains and shall there build a large house."

During this time my sister Elizabeth was very good to us and spent all she made on my wife and me, for which I shall always be grateful to her. Jonothan chopped all the wood, etc., and did all he could for us. On the 30th of June, 1856, I was carried to the house of my father-in-law. I was feeling much better but my leg was still discharging. There were nine holes just above the knee and my leg was crooked as the cords had become so hard that it seemed as though I would never be able to straighten it again.

My wife had become very weak watching over me and she had not the proper nourishment as a baby girl had been born to us. But she got along better than I expected. Oh, the thoughts of being here in this lonely place so far from the saints of God, made me almost forget that the Lord had showed me my home in the mountains.

After my wife was well, I was taken back to my home and I had by this time begun to mend very fast. On the 3rd day of July, Father Kirkham asked me if I would go with him to town on the following day, as it was our custom to go on the fourth and see the girls who were working there. He had no idea that I would go. The only conveyance he had was a cart with two wheels, called a dump cart, with a rough box on and two steers to pull it which he had just broken. On the morning of the fourth, he came in, and said, "Well Tom, are you ready?" and he soon found out that I was ready to go. He put a mattress in the bottom of the cart. I also took a bottle of No. 6, of which I used to take a few drops, whenever I felt faint. The first rough place we came to, I fainted, and it was some time before I came to, then Father Kirkham and Jonothan wanted to take me back home, but I said "no," and told them to drive on. Before we had gone much further, I fainted again, and they took me to a house and got some water, which soon restored me. But this time we were half way to town and the rest of the road was smooth. When we arrived in town, the girls were very surprised to see me and by this time I was feeling much better. My sister Elizabeth got permission to return home with us and stay for a short time.

When we were about three miles on our way home we had to go through a small piece of timber land. I was lying in the bottom of the cart with my sister sitting by my side and Father Kirkham sitting on a board across the box, when all of a sudden a herd of sheep came out of the brush near by, which frightened the steers and off they started. Father tried to check them but it was of no use,

so he jumped off thinking he could outrun them and he soon found out his mistake. In a short time the tail boards came out of the cart, and I began to slide back, but my sister held on to the front of the cart. We went until we came to a large sand hill at the bottom of which was a house. The man saw us coming and stopped the steers, and there I was partly out of the cart, and if my sister had not held me, it would have been very bad for me as I was as helpless as a child.

I still had seven or eight running sores on my leg and these kept me weak, but I was soon able to get around with crutches and a long string of factory around my neck. My knee was so crooked I could not touch the ground with my foot within six inches, and when my leg hung down without the sling, I was in great pain. About this time there came a man to see me who claimed to be a doctor. He said he could straighten my leg. He gave me some herbs to drink, then told me to put some angle worms in a bottle, leave them in the sun, and when they turned to oil to rub my leg with it and this would heal it in time. I had no money so I told him the only thing I had was an old shot gun. He took it and the herbs soon began to make me feel better.

After several months I got so I could touch the ground with the end of my toe and I could go around without the bandage or sling on it. These were troublesome times and in the month of October my place was sold to a man by the name of Charles L. Moyes, who owned a stone quarry and also a lime kiln in the town of Whitewater, eight miles away. He said the family who were boarding his men were going to leave and if my wife and sister would move there and board them we could have the job for \$10.00 a month, but the man's contract was not out for two more months. I had to move out of the house, and as my wife's health was very good by this time, we decided to take the place. All I had was one cow, the rest had all gone since I had been sick. About this time I was taken much worse again, so I had to ask Father Kirkham to try and find us a house. He could only find one and the rent was \$10 per month, so I sold the cow for \$14 and we moved to town. I paid \$10 for the first month's rent, but where the next was coming from I could not tell.

The man who had hired us to look after the boarders, came to us and said that he could let us have two men to board with us the next week, but I told him that I had no money to buy anything with, and asked him to let us have two or three dollars. He gave me a pass book so that I could get what I wanted. The boarders he sent were two young men who were willing to put up with anything, and were sparing. After they had gone to work we ate what was left and were thankful for that. At the end of the month we were able to pay the rent for the month following. By the end of December we moved

into the house where we were to take two more men, which brought us in \$40 per month and we had no rent to pay.

The snow was now very deep and it was very cold. The man who found me the boarders owned some timber land about eight or nine miles away and he hired teams to haul the wood. About the first of the year of 1857, one of the teamsters froze his toe and the boss said that he would have to get another man, so I told him that I could drive the team if the boys would load and unload the timber for me, also hitch up, which they promised to do. The following day they hitched up the team and one of the men carried me to the sleigh and wrapped me in a buffalo robe. I followed the rest of the teams, and when we arrived they lifted me on to the snow, then loaded my sleigh and lifted me back. It was bitter cold and we arrived home about one o'clock. The men would not take anything for helping me. In the spring time, I felt better, so that I could work a small piece of ground and raise a few vegetables. By fall I was so much better that I could get around without the aid of crutches or a cane.

In the spring of 1858, I moved back to the farm which I had lost through sickness. The man I was working for owned the place, and as he had a number of men working on the farm, we were to cook for them during the summer. I was able to feed the pigs and do odd jobs. On the 15th of September, 1858, my son *David* was born.

In the fore part of the winter I moved back to Whitewater, and by this time my employer, whose hands had been living too high, was badly incumbered by debt. He owed me considerable money and he was likely to have everything taken away from him. Charles Noyes, the man I had been working for, had four or five span of horses and wagons, so I asked him to sell me one, which he did. I hauled wood through the winter and sold it.

#### THE YEARS OF 1859 - 1861

In the springtime I saw the man who held the mortgage on my farm, I asked him if he would rent me two or three acres. He told me that I could take three acres on any of the four corners of his land, and he would not charge me a cent. This was in the spring of 1859, and there was likely to be a great deal of work done on the roads in the summer time. Most of the farmers hired the work done and paid 75c on the dollar, and as I was well acquainted with the road master, he got me the job of working out the taxes of several of the rich farmers. They paid \$2.25 a day for a man with a team. He also gave me several receipts of men's work, so that in time of need I could draw the money before the work was finished. I had a splendid crop of corn and harvested 200 bushels to the acre.

On the 6th of April, 1861, my wife gave birth to a daughter, and we named her *Mary Ann*. I rented nine acres of land about one mile from where we lived, and planted wheat, as I thought this would help us so we could get to the mountains the following spring. One morning I went to look at the wheat, and found that a small black bug, called the chinch bug, had begun to eat the wheat. This bug appears just when the wheat is heading, and is very destructive, as it takes the sap from the stalks and the heads dry. It looked as though all my wheat would be spoiled. The spirit of the Lord came upon me and told me to go to the man who was working the rest of the farm, get a cradle, and cut a swath through the center of the grain and all would be well with the crop. I told the man what I intended to do and he only laughed. At last he came with me and I followed him through the center of my wheat. He made all kinds of fun of me and said it was a foolish notion.

After we had finished I went back to the wagon and offered up a silent prayer. I told the Lord that I had gone according to the promptings of His spirit and that I would leave the rest with Him. As a rule, these bugs never leave a field until they have destroyed the whole crop, so the next day I hitched up my team, took my eldest boy *Ephraim* along with me, and we started off to the wheat field. When we arrived the road was covered with the bugs, traveling to a field of wheat on the opposite side. This swath which had been cut was covered with millions of the bugs, they seemed to travel as though by inspiration. The field they went to was ready to ripen, and in a few days they had destroyed about 40 acres. I had a very fine crop of wheat and when I threshed it I got 25 bushels to the acre.

My wife's folks had moved to where we were living and had rented a large house and barn. The house was large enough for both families, so we rented part of the house, and during the winter her father and I hauled wood together from a place called Janesville, which was about 21 miles from where we lived. We paid \$1 a cord, then went 21 miles north, and received from 5 to 6 dollars for it. It was very cold traveling across the prairies, as the wind blew heavy and the snow would drift. We would start about four or five o'clock in the morning and not get home until from eight to ten o'clock at night. Three of us usually went together, myself, father-in-law, and Jonathan, and we each had a team. My wife had three brothers and two sisters who were all home, and the youngest boy had lived with us most of the time. He had a great desire to paint but he could not get any paints, so I told him that if he would do my chores, that I would buy some. When Christmas came I bought him a large box of paints and brushes, also a pocket Bible which I told him to read as much as he could.

In the winter of 1861 and 1862, we made all preparations to go to the mountains in the spring. Father Kirkham thought he would

not be able to go, as his daughter Mary said that if he went to Salt Lake City she would end her life.

### BEGINNING OF THE JOURNEY

About the middle of April, 1862, my wife and I, and four children, started for Salt Lake City, a distance of over 2,000 miles. We packed what few things we could and started out alone. I was not very well acquainted with the road, but trusted a good providence to guide us. The further west we got, the scarcer became the vegetation, and our horses began to lag behind. We sold first one thing, and then another, to lighten our load. There were so many large spring holes, and the country was so thinly settled that sometimes we would travel 20 or 30 miles before we reached a house. A short distance from where we were at the time, I saw a man in a field husking corn, so I went to him and asked him which was the best road to take to cross the marsh. He told me the first half of the road was very difficult. After I talked to him for a while, he said he would take me across the worst places and give me a mark on the other side to drive to. He went nearly half way with us. I asked him what he charged and he told me all he wanted was if I found a man in the same fix to help him.

We arrived safely and by this time it was getting towards night and our team was give out. There were only a few houses in sight. When I reached the last house, they told me that there was a tavern about ten miles across the prairies, but there were no houses between. As all the roads were very bad I hardly knew what to do, but I got a boy to tell me which he thought was the best road. We had traveled a mile or two when the stars began to shine, so I took notice of one of the stars for my guide, and we got safely through all the swamps but the last one. Here we got stuck with the front wheels on good ground and the hind wheels in the mud, so the horses could not move the wagon. I thought we were nearly across the prairie, so I left my wife and family in the wagon and set out to find the tavern. When I had traveled about a quarter of a mile, I came to a pole fence and found the house I was looking for. It was nearly midnight so I had to wake the man up. He got his team and came along with me. He hitched his team also on my wagon, but they could not move it as the wheels had sunk to the axle. I got into the swamp with a pole, and tried to lift the hind wheels, but in doing so, I hurt my left side. Before we got out we had to unload most of the things and it was two o'clock in the morning before we arrived at the tavern. We started off the following morning and drove about two hours, then had to stop as my back was so bad. We stopped at this place three weeks, which made it very expensive.

It was getting too late for us to cross the plains this year, and as my sister *Elizabeth* was living at Springfield, Illinois, we started



for her home and arrived there in June. Their house had been a store, and there were two rooms in the back part where my sister and her husband were living. We were near the Western Depot so I thought a restaurant would pay, as there was considerable travel on this street. I partitioned the house leaving room in the front part for a restaurant and we made a little money from it. I bought some ducks and chickens and other things so we were able to clear expenses, but still we did not give up the idea of getting to the mountains, as that was the place we had started for and by the blessings of the Lord, we would yet reach the place. All this time I suffered a great deal with my leg, and so ended the year of 1862. At the commencement of the year 1863, my brother-in-law, *Archibald Cannon*, rented a stall in market and we bought butter, and eggs, and all kinds of vegetables, and gave up the restaurant. I bought the things, and he sold them in the market. We did very well through the summer, and in the fall we were beginning to lay up things for the winter, so that we would have something to sell when the roads were bad.

That year there was a heavy crop of corn all through the state, and very little sale for it. A few weeks before Christmas the roads were very good, and the weather cold and frosty. Teams came in from long distances with garden stuff, so this made everything very cheap. We had a cool place to keep such things so we thought we would do well to buy in; but about Christmas it began to thaw, and most of our poultry was lost. This was a great blow indeed, as we were intending to continue our journey to the mountains in the spring.

After deep thought, I went to the country to buy such things as butter, eggs and poultry, etc., borrowing a little money. The roads were so bad there was nothing coming in to the city from the country. I continued on until about the fore part of April, 1864 and up to this time I had made but little progress towards getting an outfit to take us the rest of our journey. As the time had arrived for us to start, I knew it would take considerable provisions and there was only time for me to make one more trip into the country. I found there was no butter in the city, as the farmers were very busy putting in their crops. I started about the middle of the week, intending to get back for market Saturday evening, so I told my wife and sister where I was going and what I was going to do. They thought we had better wait and go the next year when it would be easier for me; but I told them that if the Lord would help me, I would cross the mountains in 1864, and with this determination, I started on my last trip to the city. The first two days, I met with very poor success. My son *Ephraim*, who was then a little over nine years of age, was with me, and at between eight and nine o'clock Saturday morning we came to a small village. We only had a few chickens, turkeys, and some butter and eggs. I went to a small store and asked if they had any butter for sale. The owner asked me how

much I wanted and I told him all that he could spare. He said he had a large box full, that it was good butter but he had spilled a lot of sugar in the box and this had spoiled the sale of it. If I would take it I could have it cheap. I tasted it and it was good; there must have been several hundred pounds. I paid the man his price, put it in my wagon, and acknowledged the hand of the Lord in it, as I had got just what I needed and at the last moment. We were 25 miles from home, and the butter must be scraped, the turkeys and chickens dressed for market that night, and I knew that I had not much time to spare. We had a very good team and we reached home a little before four o'clock. My wife and sister soon got some hot water and prepared the poultry, and also prepared the butter while I got ready for the market.

I was on the market and ready for selling by six o'clock and the main sale was from eight to eleven o'clock. We did not live far from the market, so I got my brother-in-law to bring me the rest of the poultry as they were prepared. There was no butter on the market, only the butter I had, so I could sell mine for 40c a pound, and before the market closed I had nothing left to sell. I went home rejoicing, as I had now sufficient to continue the journey to the mountains. Whilst I was getting ready, a number of people came, and made me a very good offer to start in business with them; but I was afraid to stay for fear the Lord would be displeased with me, for He had certainly blessed me the last few months.

My sister's husband said he would never go to Salt Lake City, and all the time I was getting ready, he was drinking. My wife thought we would never see my sister again, but I told her to dispel all her fears for she would follow us to the mountains. The morning we started was a very sorrowful one for us. I said to my sister's husband, "Archie, you will yet come to Salt Lake City and bring my sister with you."

On the 9th of April, 1864, we started on our journey, not knowing any of the road, but we trusted in the Lord to be our guide. We had a good team, and a good wagon, and plenty of provisions, and nearly \$80 in cash. We drove about fifteen miles the first day and camped besides a grove in a small ravine. Soon after it began to thunder and lightning, the rain came down in torrents and continued until morning. The water was over the fellies of the wagon and my horses looked like drowned rats. I cheered up my wife as well as I could, and when I looked at my children I could not give up. The eldest one was not yet ten years of age, and the youngest three years old, and I knew it would not do for me to faint by the wayside. The clouds hung very heavy and a small drizzling rain was falling when we started off again.

My leg got so bad that I could not harness my team, and my wife and children had to do it for me. We tried to make 25 miles

a day. At last we crossed the state of Illinois and came to the Mississippi river, twelve miles below the city of Nauvoo. We then crossed the river into Iowa at Maycock. The first day's travel was over a plank road and after that it was very bad. The country was very rolling, many of the bridges were washed away and we had then to make our own. There was scarcely an able-bodied man in the country as they all seemed to be in the war between the North and the South. I found we were traveling along the same road as the Saints had traveled when they left Nauvoo in the winter of 1846. The trail was called the *Old Mormon Bee Trail*. I said to my wife, "Thank the Lord, we are worthy to suffer along the same road as our brethren and sisters have traversed before us. We are much better off than they were as we have plenty to eat and to wear and many of them had not." One day, after we had made several fords, we came to a stream which was about fourteen feet wide and four feet deep. The bridge was gone and there was a hill on the other side of the stream. Here my wife burst into tears as it was one of the worst places we had seen. I told her to be of good cheer, I would go back to the house we had just passed and see if we could get help. There were only some small children at the house so I returned to my wagon. We ate dinner, after which I went down stream to see if I could find some of the old bridge, or planks, but I could not find any. On each side of the creek there were a number of small cottonwoods, three or four inches through, but only about one inch at the top. I cut them and laid them across, a little wider than the wagon, then I put the trimmings of the poles on top as best I could and tested it. It seemed to spring considerable. I told my wife and children to stay where they were until I drove to the other side, as I knew that if I could get over with the team, they could walk across. I got in the wagon, whipped up my horses, and to my astonishment, I was soon across. My wife and children followed.

There was no timber in this part of the country but we had no more bridges to make. We had been traveling nearly four weeks, and as we had traveled every Sunday on this Sabbath we decided to rest. We were still on the old Mormon trail and the place we next came to was called Garden Grove. At this place, the roads forked, one road going North, one South and one West, the western road being the one which the Saints took from Council Bluffs. One road went to Nebraska City, so we took this road, and soon arrived at the Missouri River, opposite Nebraska City. It was night when we arrived, so we decided not to cross the river until next morning. In the morning there came up the river a steamboat, and as the whistle blew, I knew it was going to stop. I said to my wife, "Ann, if Archie and Elizabeth should be on the other side, what would you think?" She said she could not think of any such thing. In the morning we crossed the river on the ferry. When we arrived at the

other side, there was my sister, and her husband, and thus the spirit of the Lord spoke to me, and we rejoiced exceedingly together. She said they could not rest after we had gone, and to think that we should all arrive at this place, at the same time, we could not but acknowledge the hand of the Lord in it.

### TO THE MOUNTAINS

About eight miles further up the river was a place called Wyoming, (Nebraska), where we were to stop. Very few of the Saints had arrived, and as there was an empty house, we rented it, for we found we would have to stay three or four weeks to prepare for our journey. We turned our horses out on the prairie.

In a few days, the teams from the Valley came in for the English emigrants and others. There were several hundred wagons sent every year, to take emigrants across the plains, and all the merchandise had to be carried back this way. Freight began to come up the river and the first to arrive was the wagons. They had to be put together and I was hired to do this. Then more freight came and I was placed as night guard over it. This was a blessing to me as most of our means was gone. During this time, my wife and sister did the washing for the boys from Utah, and here I was advised to sell my horses and get a yoke of cattle.

Brother Henry Lawrence persuaded me to go along with his company of about 25 wagons, and he hired my sister's husband to drive a team across the plains. The words which I uttered before we left Springfield were fulfilled, and on the 25th of June, we commenced our journey again. Brother Lawrence loaned me a yoke of cattle, which were well broken, and I had two yoke of cows and one yoke of oxen. Before I started on the journey, I purchased a stove, as I had been told that they were worth \$250 in Salt Lake City and they were only \$30 in Nebraska. I had about three dollars in cash, but we had plenty of provisions to see us through, and I had two cows giving milk, which we sold to the teamsters on the road.

The first few days went along very well, but my leg began to get bad and I was not able to yoke my cattle. The wagon master told the boys to yoke them for me and get me started, and as we were nearly the last, the oxen soon learned to follow the other wagons. When we got to Julesburg, the Platte river was so high we had to block up the wagon beds, to the top of the standards of the bolsters, and put about fifteen yoke of cattle on to each wagon. It took us about four days to cross the river.

George Merrick, the wagon master, let Ephraim have a horse to ride, so as to bring the cattle along, and at times he would be miles behind the rest. I began to be anxious about him, as he was so young, and the Indians were troublesome. During the night, we had

to have a herdsman to watch the cattle, and my sister's husband was chosen to do this. He guarded the cattle during all the journey. Finally we reached Utah. We came down Echo Canyon and through a small place called Wanship, and here we camped for the night and the Saints brought us food. They brought us turnips, how good they tasted. We next came to Silver Creek, in Parley's Canyon, and when we reached the city of the Saints, where we could now rest, our hearts rejoiced and we forgot all our troubles. We arrived in the city of the Great Salt Lake, on the 4th day of October, 1864.

We soon made friends. We were not in Salt Lake City long when my wife met a woman with whom she was well acquainted. She was very pleased to see us. Her husband's name was John Vance. They were in very good circumstances, and as they did not live very far from where we camped, they told us to go to their place until we decided where we were going to settle. They had a fine pasture and they gave me the privilege of turning my cattle in it. I now wondered what course to take to earn a living, as things looked very bad for us. Here I was amongst strangers again, and everything was so dear, hay being from 40 to 50 dollars per ton, and flour 20 to 24 dollars a hundred.

#### HOME IN THE WEST WITH THE SAINTS OF GOD

Upon my arrival in Salt Lake City, I had \$40 in money which I had got for selling milk during the journey, and what Ephraim had helped to earn, by driving the cattle, but now I must find something to do to support my family. The thought came to my mind to inquire for Brother Joseph Reed, a man who I was acquainted with, in England, but I had not seen him for fourteen years and I did not know where to find him. As I came to the Temple block, something said to me, "go to the Deseret News Office, and inquire for him." When I got to the office they told me that there was a man by that name in Bountiful, ten miles north. The next morning I got on the stage and started for Bountiful. The fare was \$1. I soon found him, and we had a long chat together. He advised me to settle where he was, as there was good feed for my cattle, and I could find plenty of work to do. He also suggested that I might go to Bear Lake where they had opened up a new country, but I told him that I thought I had traveled enough for one year. I decided to return to Salt Lake City and bring my family to Bountiful. We arrived in Bountiful Saturday evening, and the following day being Sunday, we all attended meeting, and this was a great privilege to us as it was the first meeting we had attended for over ten years. While in meeting, to my surprise, I heard the buzz of a threshing machine, so I asked Brother Reed what it meant, and he told me that quite a number of the people worked on the Sabbath. To this I said nothing but I thought a great

deal. During the week Brother Reed had some corn to husk, and he received one bushel for every six as his share. He told me if I wished to help I could. I worked for two weeks and this gave us some corn for which we were very thankful. We were still living in our wagon. I soon rented a house from George Wintle, and paid three dollars per month. When we moved into our home we had no furniture, but we had a large box which we had used to put our clothing in and with it I made a table. I then bought a few slabs and made seats. It began to get very cold and we had only one room which was not plastered. We had no beds to sleep on so we had to sleep on the floor. What I was going to do during the winter I did not know, as I had a yoke of oxen, two calves, myself and four children and a wife to take care of. Even under these conditions we were very happy and thanked the Lord that we were in the valleys of the mountains with the Saints.

My nearest neighbor, John Spencer, loaned me 300 pounds of flour. It was from wheat which his wife and daughter had gleaned from the fields. I husked corn for S. B. Kent of Farmington walking there in the morning and back again at night. On the 6th of December, my wife gave birth to a son and we named him after James Burns who was always so good to us.

The snow was very deep and all the wood we could get was oak brush. There was no coal only by going 50 or 100 miles for it and by the end of December I had fed the last hay to my cattle. I tried to sell one of my cows or trade it for feed but was unable to do so.

I started out with a fearful heart and when I had traveled two or three blocks I was again impressed to go to Joseph Reed. When I arrived at his home and had rested for a little while Brother Reed said, "Brother Briggs, how are you for flour?" I told him that we had not gone hungry yet, and he said not to let the children go hungry as he had plenty of flour. I told him that I had no money, and he said if I never paid him he would never ask for it. My heart swelled with gratitude to my Father in Heaven, as I went on my way to find food for my cattle. I stopped and waited for the spirit to prompt me, and it seemed to say "go north." After going about half a mile, I saw a man feeding sheep in a large corral. He had a number of stacks of straw, so I asked him if he had any for sale. He said that he was only the hired man, the owner was in Colorado, but the son had charge of the place. The man's name was Anson Call, and his son's name was Chester Call, so I went and knocked on the door and was told to come in. I asked if his name was Brother Call, if I could get some chaff. He said that I could get some, and that I could pay him in wood, or anything I could get from the mountains. He charged me \$5 for a wagon box full and I had a double bedded wagon.

We had a very severe winter and the spring of 1865 was very late. I rented some land on shares from Thomas Fisher, and planted it to potatoes, and I also rented a piece of land from Brother Anson Call, on which I planted onions, beets, and carrots, also a little cane

to make molasses. The main thing we had to eat was bread, and occasionally I would go to the mountains for wood, then haul it to Salt Lake City and sell it for what I could get. I had two running sores on my leg, and Ephraim, who was now eleven years of age, was the only help I had. The weather was very good, all our crops grew very fast, everything looked prosperous, and when Fall came we rejoiced to think that we had been blessed so much. We had two fat pigs in the pen, and I was able to haul considerable wood to the city. I was getting pretty well acquainted and a man in the city told me if I would haul him five loads of good maple wood he would give me \$100.

One day Ephraim and I started out for a load of wood, and when we were about a mile from home Brother Prescott stopped us, and said, "Brother Briggs, I am very sorry to tell you, but all of your stuff is burned up, your stable, and all that you had in the corral is gone." I asked him if everyone at home was all right and he said they were. I told him that last fall I came to Utah with nothing, and I had nothing now, and that I always dedicated everything to the Lord and if he thought fit to make a burnt offering of it, well and good. When I arrived home everything looked pretty bad. I comforted my wife the best I could. I then went to work with a stronger will than ever. I asked my Heavenly Father to give me strength of body, and prayed that He would help me through as He had many times before.

Brother Henry Lawrence had loaned me an ox in the spring, and one of my own had died, so I was going to sell more things to help pay for it. Our clothes were wearing out and I had nothing to buy more with. I went to Henry Lawrence, told him of my loss and that I could not pay him for the ox as I had agreed to, but that I would bring the ox back to him. He asked me what I would do without a team, and I told him I would have to do the best that I could. He told me to keep the ox and pay him when I could. The brethren were very good to me, some gave me hay, some flour, and different things. I went to the canyon and hauled what wood I could to sell or trade for things to eat and wear. We had good health and the spirit of peace was in our habitation, and thus ended the year 1865.

During the winter, Brother Newton came to me and asked me to go with him to buy a saw mill from Brother Joseph Holbrook. The mill was in Holbrook Canyon. The mill was not far from the timber, and as it needed repairs, we sent Brother Andrew Walton to repair it. We then went to work and cut logs to prepare for the time when the water would come down as the mill had to be run with a water wheel. As soon as we could get to work on the mountains, we did, but the snow fell very deep during the months of January and February, so that it was hard to keep the roads open.

Some times there would be from 50 to 100 men cutting down trees and clearing the roads, and they would work for days and not make any headway, as the road they had cleared during the day would be snowed in again at night, the snow being from six to ten feet deep. As the winter passed along, we started the mill, and as there was good sale for lumber we soon made \$500, but we could not get our pay and Brother Tuttle became discouraged and asked me to buy him out. After considering the matter over, I decided to do this. A short time previous to this we had had a large flood which cost us six or seven hundred dollars to clear the road. I kept on hauling wood from the mountains and made what little money I could. The Stage Company decided to build a large barn in Centerville in which to keep spare horses. Brother Reeves asked me if I would take the contract to haul them the wood and what I would do it for. They said they would pay me one third in cash, one third in store pay, and the remaining third in flour. They also said that they would give \$60 for 1000 feet of lumber, which would mean \$2000 altogether. I asked for a few days in which to consider the matter and finally decided to take the contract.

The first part of the year of 1867, there was a very heavy fall of snow which made it very hard to get up and down the canyon, and I hired Brothers Finley and Bryson to get the timber ready for me to haul so that all would be in readiness for the mill to begin. I bought a yoke of oxen and was to pay for them with timber, and I also bought a span of horses from Joseph Fackrell for \$300, and as he was going to build a barn, he also took his pay in lumber. We had to deliver the lumber about the first of April, and as the mill was about six miles up the canyon and the snow from six to ten feet deep, I had to hire men to haul the timber over the snow to where we could get them to a cart or wagon. I also hired a sawmill from Brother William Henry for the season and got a number of logs down to that mill. It was out of the canyon and I hired Brother Richard Green to run the mill for me. When I had finished the last payment on my horses I sent my son Ephraim to the hill for them, as I was going to haul logs for a house, and to my surprise, one of the horses was dead, so I had to trade a yoke of oxen.

In October, I attended the service in the Tabernacle, and one of the speakers said that 1500 loads of rock had to be hauled from Cottonwood Canyon to the plot where the Temple now stands; so I got in readiness to go and haul stone for the Temple. By October 21st, Brigham Young started with four yoke of cattle to each wagon, hauling rock, so that I had to hire a man to take my place while I did my share of the hauling. By the time fall came I had the lot where my house now stands all paid for. After summing up my accounts, I found that I had 2000 pounds of flour for our winter's use and all the necessities of life besides and this made us rejoice and thank our Father in Heaven, as little did I expect all this.



The forepart of 1868 was very stormy but I was able to haul timber for the mill. There was no coal to be had at this time, only 50 miles away, so we were forced to build a pit and make charcoal to heat the needed irons for the mill. On March 23rd, I was elected as school trustee, with Henry Rampton, and Alma Stoker, and in this position I felt a great responsibility. April Conference was very largely attended, and President Brigham Young urged home manufacture and advised the Latter-day Saints to eat less pork and more fowl and fish. April 18th was the day set apart for the organizing of the Relief Society of Bountiful. The following day I hauled the first load of lumber that was sawed at my mill. John Thurgood and Jane Stoker were hired to teach the school and were to be given \$30 per month. The young men over 10 years of age were re-baptized, for the purpose of ordaining them Elders. President Heber C. Kimball advised the Saints not to plant broom corn and sugar cane together in the city lots, as it destroyed the molasses crop as well as the straw for brooms.

On May 10th a company of men, consisting of myself, John K. Crosby, and P. C. Sessions, were appointed by Bishop John Stoker to destroy grasshoppers. We commenced by digging a trench in the ground, then scattering straw in the trench, and driving as many grasshoppers as we could into it, and setting fire to the straw. We also made a trap out of wire, which we stretched across the mountain stream so as to catch the ones floating down. The trap would hold from 10 to 12 bushels.

#### 1869-1875 — HOME AND CHILDREN

March Conference of 1869 was well attended, and President Brigham Young told the Elders who had borrowed money from the Saints in foreign lands to pay the money back so the saints would be able to come to the valleys of the mountains. He also said there was \$20,000 on hand and he would give \$2,000 more. My leg was still causing me considerable trouble but the boys were good and helped me all they could.

In October about 200 missionaries were called to go to the various parts of the world, among them was John Stoker, the Bishop of the Ward, and his counselor, thus leaving the ward affairs in charge of William Atkinson.

A month previous to this my wife gave birth to twins, a boy and a girl. We had only two rooms in the house and eight children and could not get hired help; so after working hard all day outdoors, at night I had to cook and take care of the sick. My wife was very sick and for months she was unable to leave her bed. When the twins were three months old we took them to Church to have them blessed and we named the boy Thomas Edward and the girl Elizabeth.

In January 1870, cars arrived at Woods Cross from Ogden and we all rejoiced to think that we were now able to communicate and travel by rail. This work had mostly been directed by President Brigham Young and as much of the road was through the mountain it had been a very difficult undertaking.

The cars arrived in Salt Lake City, the last rail was laid, the last spike driven and the railroad was named the Utah Central. The work had not been done without trouble and continual threats had been made by the enemies. At this time the government was trying to pass a bill called the Cullen Bill which was to debar the saints from worshipping as they pleased and to take their rights away from them.

Bravely the Saints continued in their work for they knew that the Lord was with them. Much scandal was broadcast about the authorities of the Church, and a paper called *The Tribune* was being published by the people who had apostatized, printing all manner of stories. This was the time when the men who were living polygamy were dared to live with their wives and children. The school of the Prophets was started, and I was one chosen, so I attended the first meeting which was held in Salt Lake City. Brother John Taylor offered prayer in behalf of President Brigham Young, who had been arrested and was imprisoned in his own home where guards watched him night and day.

Judge McKean, also the prosecuting attorney Bates, went back to Washington to obtain money with which to fight the Brigham Young case. Many were the prayers to God to soften the hearts of those wicked men. Orson Pratt was ever encouraging the Saints, and exhorting them to listen to the still small voice, and then when the day came for them to be tried everything would be for the best.

My leg was very bad, so I went to Salt Lake City to see a doctor by the name of Plant. The following Sunday the Bishop read a letter from the Presiding Bishopric of Salt Lake City, who wanted to know how many were indebted to the emigration fund. One evening a meeting was called to secure sufficient funds to finish the meeting house fence, and all the teachers agreed to pay \$2 each and collect what they could from the people. Word was sent to the Bishops to find out from the people how much grain and other produce were being raised, so that the report could be sent to Washington. President Young was trying to keep the Saints together so that they would be able to sustain themselves, and he advised them to patronize home industry; for at this time, the Gentiles were using their money and their influence against the Saints, and the more we patronized them, the more they fought us.

In the latter part of November, I fitted up a room in my home for a night school to be held three nights a week, for the benefit of the ones who could not attend school during the day. Jaren

Tolman was appointed as teacher. I attended the school, also my sons Ephraim and David. A short time afterwards, myself and the boys went to the canyon to get some logs with which to make laths. The logs were sawed into inch boards and then tacked on to joists and ceiling, and split with chisels, as there was no lath machine in the country. There were no shingles, only the ones made by hand and this was very slow work.

The Governor of the State was George L. Wood and the Judge was James B. McKean, and both were very bitter against the Saints. There was a great deal of talk about Cooperation, and Home Industry, and Holiness to the Lord, etc., and the Saints were advised to sustain each other.

A meeting was called to organize a company to sell the garden produce in Salt Lake City, and I was appointed to take charge of the company along with the directors. On the first of May, we commenced business and I had to borrow some money as we had had a great deal of sickness. I borrowed the money from one of the directors, and I agreed to pay twelve per cent interest and it counted up very fast as I was receiving only a very small wage. I could not pay my way and meet the note, so I tried to make other arrangements, but they would not agree to it, so I resigned as President and the company only lasted a short time longer.

I commenced work on my own place. My wife was very sick and seemed to be getting worse all the time, but in all her trials and sufferings, I never heard her murmur, and the rest of the family made the best of the circumstances. The winter of 1875, I spent hauling wood from the canyon with the boys, but my health being very uncertain, we could not go as often as we wished, however, by selling a few chickens, I was able to buy my family the necessities of life and donate a little for the men who were working on the St. George Temple.

As spring approached, I made 40 small boxes and planted in them eggplant, tomatoes, etc., and placed them in a small room facing the south. I kept a fire in the room, so that the plants grew long before the frost was off the ground. I was re-elected to direct the dancing at the Rock Hall which position I held for over eight years. I sold my cattle to meet a debt which was due on a plow and a machine which I had purchased. I purchased some land on the bench, also a team, and my sons David, Ephraim, and James, worked as partners, so that all we made had to be divided into four parts. I went into debt about \$400, and I cut and split wood for the first payment.

Many of our brethren had been taken to jail, and the women and children did not have all they needed, but none in our settlement went hungry. The weather was extremely cold for late spring and all of my children had the whooping cough. I was chosen to look after

a number of men who were to build a reservoir. I planted a few shade trees and also a few fruit trees, but it was very hard work, as I planted the shade trees from locust seeds and the peach trees from the peach pits. Brother Jones and myself visited the Saints and advised the boys not to go shooting or play ball on the Sabbath Day.

In the month of April, we had a very heavy frost, my peas and some of my potatoes were frozen, and we had to take the blankets from our beds and put them over our hot beds. I had to transplant the tomatoes into the third box to keep them from the frost which was still on the ground. The plants had grown so fast that they were almost ready to bloom, and they were the best in Davis County.

### 1876—DEATH OF ANN KIRKHAM BRIGGS

In the beginning of the year 1876, my wife was very bad with the dropsy, and she became so bad that I could not leave her only for a very short time. In the evening I would call the children into her room, and we would all kneel around her bed and plead with our Heavenly Father to spare her life. My wife became to improve, and by all appearances it seemed as though she would recover.

But on the morning of July 15, 1876, while I was dozing in a chair by her bedside my wife spoke to me, saying, "Open all the windows and the doors," and by the time I had opened them she was dead. This was a sad blow to me, but I could only say, "The Lord giveth, and taketh away, and blessed be the name of the Lord."

At this time the Saints were renewing their covenants by being re-baptized by order of President Brigham Young. I could not go when the rest of the ward went, but I went as soon as I was able to get things straightened, and when I was re-baptized I felt so weak I could hardly get home. I had now nine children to look after, my house was only partly finished and I was in debt. A great deal of the time, I could not get around in the house as my leg was so bad. Just as I was recovering from my weakness, my son David went to the mountains for a load of wood, and when he returned he brought with him a rabbit which he had shot. He showed the rabbit to my youngest child Martha, who was about four years of age. She was afraid of it and ran away, falling with her arm into some boiling brine which my son's wife had just lifted down from the stove. The child had a new woolen dress on which held the heat, so that the flesh on her arm was burned to the bone. Her sufferings were something awful and many said she could not live; but I pled with the Lord to spare her life as she was the pet of the family and we loved her so. From the tip of her shoulder to her fingertips was like a piece of raw beef, and she would not let anyone do anything for her, only me, and as she could not lie in bed we placed her in a rocker, and I stayed by her night and day for three months.

I thanked the Lord for hearing my prayers at this time, and for giving me strength to endure the strain. When I dressed her arm, her agony was so intense she would pull her hair out by handfuls; but the Lord was with us, her arm healed and she was able to use it as well as before.

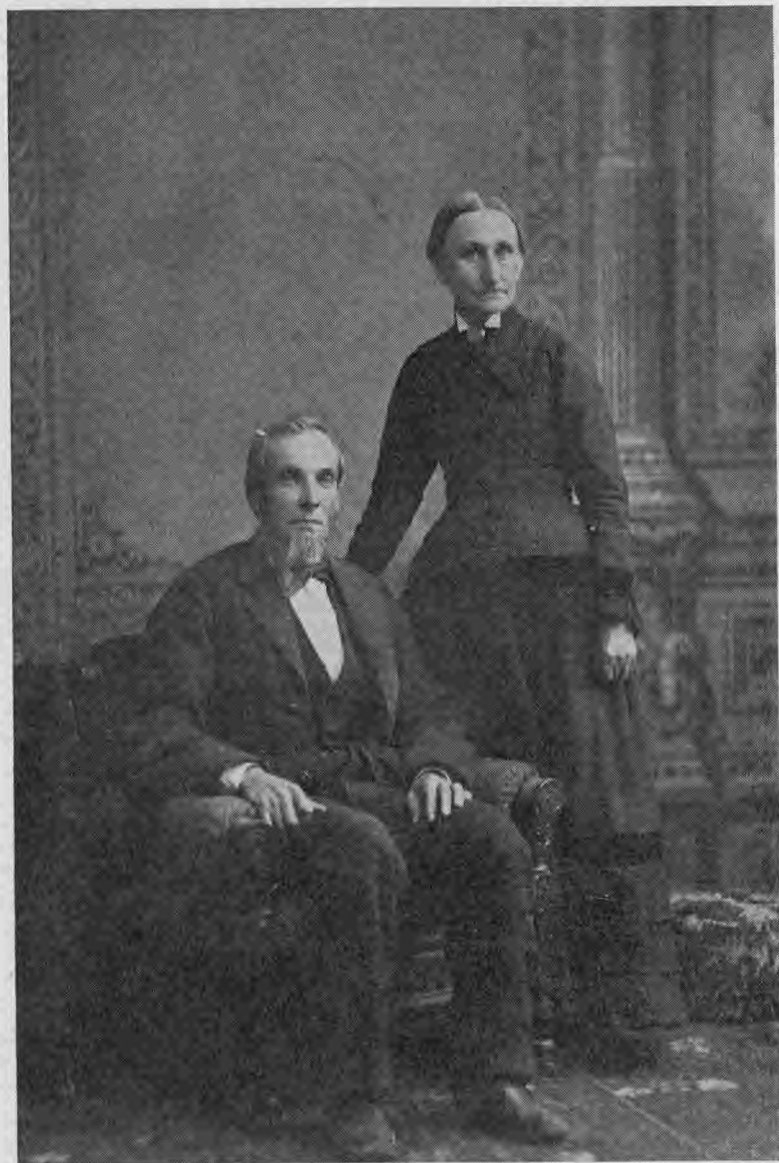
### 1877 — EVENTFUL YEAR

The year 1877 was a very eventful year. My thoughts were with my dead and I wished to do the work for them. I spoke to Brother Newton Tuttle, who said he would go with me to the St. George Temple, and would provide the team. As I had the two running sores on my leg, I asked the Bishop if he thought I would be permitted to go through the Temple and he told me that he could not tell. I then inquired of the Lord if it was His will for me to go, and if the dead knew what was being done for them. I knew if I had faith the Lord would grant by wish for He had heard and answered my prayers many times.

Sometimes after this I asked Bishop Call some questions about seeing the dead. He did not answer me but told me to go see President Young. I went and President Young answered all my questions and he explained temple work to me in a way which I had never heard before. After he had talked to me about an hour, he said "Brother Briggs, are you going 300 miles to work for your dead?" I told him yes and he told me that I would be blessed for it. He also told me that if I got my hay, or any bread, or put the brethren to any trouble for me to pay them for it and then all the honor would be mine. He told me to sleep in my wagon so as to cause the brethren and sisters as little trouble as possible. He was as kind as a father to me. Brother Newton Tuttle and I began to prepare for our journey and secured our recommends. I went to see the sister that I had seen in a dream (Ann Ashdown) and I asked her to go with me to St. George and to be my wife as I needed a mother for my children. The following day she consented. I told her we were over to start for St. George in a few days.

I saw my son Ephraim and told him that I was going to take another wife. He informed me that his mother had told him before she died who I was to marry. I then saw my eldest daughter, Emma and she said her mother had told her the same as Ephraim.

A short time before my wife passed away, she told me of two old spinsters she had lived with during her childhood and who had sent her to school. She asked me to do the work for them in the Temple and have them sealed to me. Brother Tuttle, his daughter Emily, my daughter Emma, and myself and the woman who was to become my wife, all prepared to go to St. George. The weather was very stormy and when we arrived at St. George on the 24th of



Thomas and Ann Ashdown Briggs

May, 1877, and after we had had something to eat, Brother Tuttle and myself went to see Brother Wilford Woodruff who had charge of the Temple. As I had two running sores on my leg I was afraid that I would not be allowed to go through the Temple. I told Brother Woodruff my condition and asked him if I should keep the bandage on my leg or take it off. When he had waited for the promptings of the spirit, he told me to take the bandage off and go in the Temple the following day.

On the 25th of May I entered the Temple of the Lord, this was the same building I had seen in a dream, and I saw the wife I married on the stairs as I did in my dream and we were sealed for time and eternity. All the time I was in the Temple the sores on my leg did not run, nor even mark my garments, and my leg did not give me any pain, but as soon as I got back to the wagon the sores began to run again and I had to put on a bandage. On the 31st of May, we again went into the Temple and finished the work which we had come to perform, and we were all filled with joy to think that we had commenced one of the greatest works which could be done on earth.

We started home from the Temple on June 1st, and we had fine weather for a few days, then it was stormy, and the roads were very bad. We drove to Holden, which was about 10 miles from Fillmore, and here we camped for a while. The weather continued stormy and as we came to Sevier Bridge the rain ceased for a while, so we ate supper, then it commenced to hail, and as there was no houses near, we had to make the best of it. The women were in the wagon, and Brother Tuttle lay on the spring seat rolled up in a buffalo robe. There was lots of sage brush around so I cut some and built a large fire. I laid down on a wet quilt near the fire and about every half hour I would get up and put more brush on the fire. We arrived at Nephi the following day and went to the home of Brother Fred Garrett who invited us to stay overnight. On the morning of June 9th, we proceeded on our journey and when we arrived at York, Brother Tuttle, my daughter Emma, and her baby, started for home on the train, so we drove to Provo where we camped. When we arrived home we were very tired, but thankful that we had been through the Temple of the Lord.

I soon found there were difficulties for me to settle in the ward, as Bishop Chester Call always held me in reserve for these duties. In a few days, through the blessings of the Lord, I was able to make peace.

#### 1878-1880 — JOYS AND SORROWS

Through the year 1878 we were fairly prosperous and I worked very hard to make things as comfortable as I could. As I needed another room on my house I thought I would try to build one. Jaren Tolman asked me if I would give my consent for him to marry another of my daughters. As it was the counsel that if a man wished

a wife, before he got the consent of the girl he must get the consent of the parents or guardian. He had not done this before, so after some talk on the matter he asked for my forgiveness, and I took him by the hand and gave him my consent to marry my daughter, Mary Ann.

At this time myself and the boys worked some of Brother Call's land on shares and our crops were very good but prices low. Wheat was from 60 to 65c per bushel and potatoes were selling at 40c. I worked on the Jury in Salt Lake City for three months, and they gave me my pay in scrip. The tax collector agreed to take the scrip on my taxes but when I went to pay them he would not take it and this was all I had. I had to pay two dollars for one in this kind of money and it made it very hard for me.

On Christmas morning I visited the poor and went nearly all over the ward. I left meat, flour, sugar, etc., at the different homes and my heart swelled with joy, and so did the hearts of the widows and children. The day was very cold and when I was returning home I met the Bishop who asked me to go with him to see Brother Murray. He had been very badly hurt in the canyon by a log rolling over him. When we arrived at the home we found many of the injured man's friends with him. The doctor was there and he said Brother Murray could not recover. The Bishop asked several of the people to retire from the room, and he then asked the injured man, if he did not recover, what he wanted done with his property. Mr. Murray said that after all the expenses had been paid, the rest of the money should be given to his grandfather as his parents were dead. By his request, we anointed him all over as he felt that he could not recover. I then went home, and after supper, we sang the songs of Zion. We all bowed down before the Lord and thanked Him for preserving us, so we could all meet together on another Christmas day. I then talked to my children, and instructed them to be faithful, to keep from sin, to be humble and prayerful in all they undertook to do. I talked especially to Jaren and Mary Ann as they were to be married the following day.

The year 1879 did not come in very favorable, as the enemies of the Saints were sending all kinds of false reports to the east and to the seat of government, and some of the brethren who had more than one family, had to leave them, as the officials of the government were enacting laws to cast them into prison. There were many traitors in our midst, and all manner of evil was being done. News came from Salt Lake City that James M. McKean was dead.

Things were getting very bad and many of my children were getting headstrong. I frequently called them together and told them to be obedient to all the requirements which were placed upon them in the Priesthood, and to remember that the Lord had spoken from the heavens and it was no small thing to trifle with the things of God. There were a number of parties given in the ward, and on the 29th of January, 1879, there was a party for the Sunday School teachers and



each brought what provisions he could spare. I had charge of the poor, so what was left was put into my hands to take to them the following day. There were about 50 in the ward. I borrowed a team and took the things to them and they were all very grateful.

In the month of February, Diphtheria was very bad amongst the children, and on the 16th a meeting was called as to the advisability of closing all of the public places. I was getting very short of money, so I went to the County Court House to see if I could get the rest of the money which they owed me for being on the Jury. They gave me \$42, and I was very thankful for that, as the boys had begun to plow and we needed seeds.

On the 4th of April, I pulled 132 bunches of radishes and received \$6 for them, as they were the earliest that had been raised in this country. I talked to the boys and we all agreed to work together, and as there were a number of ties wanted for the railroad, Ephraim and Jaren decided to go to the mountains and cut the ties. Ephraim's wife went with them to cook and the rest of the boys went to work on the farm. The weather kept stormy and as the boys were working 20 or 30 miles away from home, I had to send them provisions from Salt Lake City. Our crops were growing very fast, and it kept me busy. There was a dispute going on about some land which had been taken from some of the poorer brethren, on account of a portion of the land not being filed according to law. The case was before the court for a long time, and the court decided in favor of the ones who had jumped the claim. Afterwards, they wanted to rent the land to some of the brethren, but the Bishop advised them to have nothing to do with it as it was stolen land.

On the 3rd of May, Daniel H. Wells, one of President Young's counselors, was sent to the penitentiary for two days because he would not reveal the endowments and he was also fined \$100. He was sentenced by the District Judge, who was fighting the Saints. On May the 4th while I was in the meeting, a stranger came to the stand and asked me to show him President Call. I told him that he was not there, but showed him Bishop Call, and the man handed him a message from President John Taylor asking for as many of the Saints as could to go to Salt Lake City, May the 6th, to escort Brother Daniel H. Wells from prison to his home which was about four miles distant. On that day we joined the procession at the Eighth Ward Square, and such a sight was never seen before in Salt Lake City. There were about 300 carriages and wagons, and thousands of men, women and children formed on each side of the street. There were six or seven bands, with the High Priests and the Priesthood, etc., all arranged in order. At about nine in the morning, President John Taylor, along with the twelve apostles, went to Robert T. Burtons, where Daniel H. Wells was then staying, and in about an hour they returned with him and passed through the mass of people. The shouts of joy made the air ring, and all fell in line and marched

to the Tabernacle. When all the people were assembled, the meeting was called to order, and President Franklin D. Richards offered a few words of prayer, after which Brother Wells thanked the people for their kindness to him and President John Taylor gave a few interesting remarks.

The following Sunday a petition was read in meeting, for all to sign who wished. It was to be sent to the President of the United States, who was Rutherford B. Hayes. The petition was for the release of Brother George Reynolds who had been sentenced to prison for two years and also fined \$500. He had been arrested for marrying a second wife. It was requested in meeting that the Sunday School children pay 5c each to help pay Brother Reynold's fine and also the fine of Brother Daniel H. Wells. The judge of the District Court said that the Mormon people must be put to an end. In the month of October, the Bishopric told me to notify Jaren Tolman that he had better leave the place, as the Marshals were on his track. By the following day he was 60 miles away from home. I took my daughter Mary Ann, Jaren's second wife, home with me, and sent Jaren a horse so that he could come home as soon as possible as the Bishop wished to see him.

#### FRIEND OF THE POOR

On the first of the year of 1880, the Bishop wished me, along with others, to call at his home. We met according to promise, and after we had bowed down before the Lord asking wisdom to guide us, and to unite us so that we could do much good amongst the Saints in the ward, the Bishop told us he had many things which needed to be put straight. Some of the Saints were doing too much, while others were not doing anything, and he told me that he wished to relieve me of some of my duties, if he possibly could, but he said there was 30 families in the ward who had to be kept outright; however, most of the Saints were very liberal in their offering to the poor. I told him I felt the best when I was doing the most good for those who could not help themselves. After making a few changes in the ward the meeting was adjourned.

There was a great deal of brush on what is called the bench land, so the ward thought it best to send east for a large plow. The people hired the plow, and in this way much land was put under cultivation. On the second of April, we had a very severe hail storm which cut down most of the peas, and many kinds of seed rotted in the ground. We had no money to buy more seed. Many of our cattle died of hunger. The church was 50 years old, and at the April Conference, it was proposed and carried, that all who were indebted to the P. E. Fund, and were not able to pay, should be set free from that debt, which amounted to \$8000, and many of the poor shed tears of joy. It was then motioned that 1000 cows should be given to the poor, also 5000 sheep, as many of the poor had lost all they had. President

Taylor said he wanted the store keepers to cancel the accounts they had against the poor, and the banks to do the same and they should be blessed for so doing. All of the twelve apostles bore their testimonies, and they were borne by the power of the Holy Ghost, and thus ended one of the grandest conferences. The poor rejoiced as they had never done before.

I will here make mention of my wife who has the care of my family, and although she is not their mother, still she is as kind to them as a mother could be, for I am away a great deal of the time at night attending to my duties in the Priesthood. I feel to say, "God bless her," and with the help of the Lord, I will try to do my part.

I was elected school trustee for the period of three years, and as the school house was not finished, we went to work to try and have it finished so we could have school in the winter time. It was quite an undertaking and cost more money than we thought it would; but the school we had, had very poor accommodations and the children were too crowded. In the month of September, I received a letter from the First Presidency of the Church, stating that my name had been handed in as a missionary to go to the nations to preach the gospel, and asking me to report as early as possible and bring a recommend. The Bishop was not at home, but I spoke to the President of the Stake, and they gave me a recommend to take to President John Taylor. He asked me some questions concerning my health and he told me I need not go for six months.

My wife and children had a hard time getting the fruit dried, as the weather had been very stormy, but they did and we took it to the city and sold it for \$54. My wife was a woman of good judgment. She bought things to make the children comfortable, also herself, and we all rejoiced because we had been greatly blessed. The forepart of December was very cold, and I had a large family to see to, what with my own and the ward, but I had gotten most of the children of the ward well shod, and most of the houses, which were logs, chinked up. During the week I would see the young boys and ask them to help me cut wood on Saturday when there was no school. Some of the boys hauled wood from the mountains and then I would cut the wood which they had brought. The boys worked very hard. I visited the poor once a month to see if they needed food and to administer to the sick.

The school house was finished and I had a very hard time to collect the taxes. The men who had worked on the school wanted their wages. We had to pay cash for the lumber and the men would not take flour, meat, or store pay for their wages. I had to go in debt at the lumber yard to the amount of several hundred dollars which made it very bad for me. As it was near the end of the year, I asked my sons if we should work together again, and I was in doubt as to whether we could work together in peace; so I asked the Lord to show me what was best to do.

One day, my son David had a very big load to take to the market, and on his way, the wagon broke down. As my wife and I were eating breakfast, ten miles from where my son was, I said to her, "Ann, David has broke his wagon and he is in a bad fix as he is some distance from where he has to go." He had hard work to get a wagon, and he had to load again, which delayed him about three hours, and when he arrived the stores had all been supplied and he was very much discouraged; but as he was starting for another part of town a man came along from Park City, and as my son had the things he wanted he bought everything he had.

The Bishop asked Brother Telford and myself to visit a man, who they said was selling beer to young boys, and we were to ask him to stop. We showed him where he was wrong, and that the Lord would hold him responsible. We spoke plain to him and when we left he said he thought he would stop selling the boys beer. I am sorry to say that some of the young were getting very careless and were losing the spirit of humility. I went around a good deal trying to encourage them and showing them the consequence of such conduct.

On the 27th of December, Brother Coles commenced painting the desks in the new school house, and I took a load of provisions and some money to pay the masons for laying the brick. At the end of the year, we had all the comforts of life we needed, and also had feed for our animals, and peace and good will one towards another.

On the second of January, 1881, a general Priesthood meeting was held in the ward to see what we could do about hiring men to work on the Salt Lake Temple, and it was decided that three men from each quorum should visit to see what each would pay so that the Bishop would know what to rely on.

The Bishop asked me to meet with them, which I did, as they were going to have a trial before the high council of the stake over Charles E. Pearson, as there was a bad spirit existing between him and Bishop Chester Call. The Bishop's charge was profanity, and for using his influence with the U.S. Marshal in persecuting the Saints, as he was a lawyer and had caused the Saints all the trouble that he could. This man took great delight in giving the Saints away when they applied for their naturalization papers, and he was a man who could do much for good or for evil. We were living in a very peculiar time, as we have to be as wise as serpents and as harmless as doves. Mr. Pearson was asked to make a public confession in the ward where he lived and to promise to do better.

I thought I had better balance my fast offering book, so that if I was called to go hence it would be left in good shape. It was hard work for me to keep it straight, as I am no scholar. I am doing all that I can for the poor and for the aged and all that I have is the Lord's, and in the end, I hope to be His.

At this time, I was called again to go on a mission, and when I received the letter I took it to the Bishop's first counselor, William Thurgood, as the Bishop was away from home. He said he could not spare me and wanted to write a letter to the president to that effect. When the Bishop returned home, he went to see President Joseph F. Smith, who was then one of the counselors to President John Taylor, and told him that I was not in a condition to go on a mission as my health was too poor, and when he came home from the city he said that I was honorably released from my mission.

Things were not the best at this time. There was contention in the teachers quorum, so the Bishop called on C. R. Jones, Henry Rampton, and myself to go and see Brother Thomas J. Page, John H. Barlow, and Wm. Corbridge, who all belonged to the teachers quorum, as he had heard that they had had much to say about the bishop, and we were to find out if the reports were true or false. We saw the brethren and they were very humble and said that they would do whatever we said.

February 18th, Brother George A. Lincoln and Henry Rampton called and told me that they were called to take charge of the Seventies in the ward. On the 27th of February, Brother Daniel Davis was thrown from a horse, and I was called to administer to him. I administered to him and left him as comfortable as could be. The weather being fine, we commenced putting in our crops—about two acres. Everybody is very busy, and there is much sickness in the ward and only a few can go when called on. I am one of the few, and can say that the Lord gives me joy in my labors among the saints. Although the boys are putting in their crops, they do not murmur, but are willing that I should do my duty, and I feel proud of my children for they all seem to have great respect for me.

I visited Brother Davis again, who was in a very bad condition, and had a very bad cough and spit much blood. He was a man of great faith and said if I would anoint his side he would be better. I said "Amen" to it and got him out of bed into a chair while his daughter made his bed comfortable. He said that he felt much better, and after he got into bed I asked the Lord to bless him and left for home.

March 17th, Brother Kinney came to me and said that he had never asked the church for help, but he said he was compelled to as he had nothing to eat and could not work. He was 82 years of age and felt very bad. I said "Be of good cheer, I can help you, Brother Kinney," so I gave him some meat and other things to make him comfortable. The poor old man blessed me, and I blessed him and told him to come again when the eatables were done. Brother Bryson came and told me that Brother Brampton was sick and had nothing to burn. I had no wood on hand, and it was too cold to go to the mountains for wood. I told him to fetch some from the meetinghouse yard. I wrote a letter for Mother Burnham to her daughter

Sarah. I am kept very busy visiting the sick and administering to them and tending the poor and the needy. March 27th, the census of the ward was 991, according to the report of the teachers.

April 1st. This morning, Brother John Telford and I visited the schools, and we concluded to unite three schools into two, as many of the children had quit school to assist their fathers on the farm. Reuben Kirkham, my wife's brother, came down to conference from Logan, and brought with him two oil paintings of me and my wife which my wife's brother had painted. I gave the paintings to my youngest daughter, Martha, and paid \$15.00 for them.

On the 8th, the Bishop sent for me to come to Brother Wm. Thurgoods, and when I arrived I found the Bishop, Brother Thurgood, John Telford, and Henry Rampton. The Bishop said that he was going away for a month or two and wanted to hold council with us before he went on matters pertaining to the ward. As we did not finish the schoolhouse in the fall, the Bishop said it would be better to finish as soon as school closed for the summer. He would let us have some money for six months to get material with, and we were to hire George A. Lincoln to do the carpenter work. I said that I would see the rest of the trustees about it. The trustees met and decided to give Brother Lincoln the contract, providing he had the school ready for early fall.

Brother Davis came to me to go with him to see ex-Bishop John Stoker, who was very ill. We concluded to change his clothing, as we did not think that he would last long. We administered to him, and he seemed to have something to say to us, but was too weak to speak. We asked the Lord if it was His will to give him his speech, so that he might speak to us once more. June the 11th. I called to see Brother Stoker on my way to the city, which was about 3 a.m. This was the usual time for us to go to town with our loads. Brother Stoker was asleep and resting well, when I arrived home at 7 p.m. he was still breathing, but shortly after he died. He was one of the oldest bishops in the Church.

President John Taylor and his counselors were here, and gave us some very good advice. They told us to be watchmen in very deed, and to secure all the land we could, so as to keep our enemies from taking our homes and all we had.

July 2nd, 1881. Word came from the East that the President of the United States, James A. Garfield, had been assassinated at Baltimore, but news came during the day that he was still alive. We were making preparations to celebrate the 4th of July, but were counseled to put it off, and although considerable money and time had been spent, all was stopped.

3rd. I attended a priesthood meeting, and the Bishop said there would be a vacancy in the teachers quorum as Brother John Telford was going to move to Cache Valley. The Bishop chose me to fill the vacancy and asked how the brethren felt about it. After the

brethren had expressed themselves, it was motioned and carried that I be the president of the Teacher's Quorum. The Bishop requested me to meet with him and his counselors the same evening. We met at the home of the Bishop and he asked who I wanted for my counselors. He said they had chosen as first counselor, Henry Rampton, and as second, D. O. Willey. This suited me very well, and I thought that we could work together in harmony and peace.

7th. Ephraim's child died while I was away in the city. While there I administered to a child of Alma Stoker's, Mother Stoker, and two of Brother Judson Tolman's children, as their father was away from home. I also administered to Brother Ianthus H. Barlow's wife and child. On the 8th, Alma Stoker's child died. It was a very rare case for two children to lay dead at the same time and today we buried Ephraim's child.

July 31st. I was up most of the night attending to the water as it was getting very low. There has been trouble about the water, and I had been called to settle the difficulty as I was water master for the Barton Creek. There seems to be a spirit of unrest at this time, as Ephraim and David, my sons, and Jaren Tolman, my son-in-law, said they thought we had better dissolve partnership. We had been working together for the past two years and the Lord had blessed us, as we had all been in debt buying homes. I asked David if he thought he could do better alone. He said he could, and Jaren made the same reply; but Ephraim said that he wanted to stay in as he thought we had done well. We finally agreed and decided to settle up the first of October. I gave them a father's blessing, and thanked them for being patient with me, as I realized my calling and position in the Church had hindered me from helping much on the land.

The next day I asked Ephraim if he was still willing to work with me. He said that he was, and as James was getting to be a young man, he could work with us and we would give him a start. This pleased me very much, and I could say "God bless you."

August 2nd to 20th. I attended priesthood meeting. I was nearly out of flour for the poor. The brethren donated 36 bunches of wheat for the poor which helped very much. Brother A. Burningham's child died which made the fourth in four days. All our crops were good and we had plenty of everything.

21st. Many of my children visited me, and brought lunch along, as I was 49 years of age the previous day. It made my heart rejoice to see my children so kind to me, and I shed tears of joy. David and James were away from home, and my wife and I went to Logan. It was a beautiful sight to see the large crops of grain all through the valley. We went to see the Temple which will be beautiful when it is finished.

24th. We started for home arriving at about 9 p.m. 26th. The president of the stake notified me to go to Farmington to represent

the ward as the Bishop and his counselors were not there. 29th. I went to the city with my son James. I was taken very sick and could not ride home in the wagon but came home on the train.

Sept. 6th. I was greatly blessed through the administration of the Elders. As I was nearly well again, I visited some of the poor and the schoolhouse. I found that all was going along well. 13th. Brother Ashdown's child died and he sent for me and my wife. They felt very badly as they had not enough money to bury the child. I told him to come down to my home the next day and I would furnish him the money. I had some lumber so that he could get a coffin made. I was glad I could help him as he was an honest man, but he had a hard time getting along as his wife was sick most of the time.

The 26th was the funeral of President Garfield, and all business houses were closed. The Governor of Utah and the President of the L.D.S. Church were asked to hold services in the wards at 2 p.m. Some of the brethren spoke of the good qualities of James A. Garfield. He was of humble parentage, and through his honesty and integrity, he had become the President of the United States. I and the boys settled up, and David and Jaren worked by themselves, but Ephraim stayed with me.

29th. Many other denominations are coming into our midst, and are sending their teachers to lead away our young by erecting schoolhouses. The spirit of carelessness is in our midst, but if they could only tell the truth it would be all right. They have no right to interfere with me and my mode of worship nor I with them.

October 3rd. About 4 p.m. word came from Salt Lake that Brother Wm. Pullen had fallen from the Temple, a distance of 60 feet. He was one of the men that this ward had hired. He died leaving a wife and a number of small children. Brother Pullen was buried by his child who died August 31st. Many of his fellow workmen spoke at his funeral, all speaking very highly of him. The brethren donated \$400.00 to erect a monument for him and to build his wife a home as the house they had was very poor. As the Bishop was not at home the building of the house had to be postponed.

10th. Brother Burningham and George A. Lincoln met at my home and we talked over school matters. 11th. Ephraim and I worked on the green house we had commenced to build. It was to be 10 ft. wide and 50 ft. long. In the evening I met with the Bishop and had a talk about the school. In looking over the accounts, we found that about \$300 would finish the school. Many had been unable to pay their taxes so we had enough money coming. Brother Wm. Thurgood said he would let us have \$100 and the Bishop said he would get some money the following day.

16th. I attended the Priesthood at 9 a.m. and the following brethren were accepted as teachers, W. W. Willey, Joseph Burningham, James G. Wood and Joseph Call. After meeting I met in counsel with the president of the stake. He said that President



Taylor wanted to know the names of those who did not pay tithing, or anything on the Temple, and to see that there was no drunkenness amongst the people, and for the bishops to give recommends to only those who were worthy to go to the House of the Lord.

18th. I was going to the city but Mother Kirkham was very low, so I decided to stay with her to the last. I got Ephraim to go in my stead. Mother Kirkham had a son in Logan, so I told his brother, Brigham, to telegraph for him, but his mother died before he arrived. She died very peacefully. She was a good woman, born in England, on November 27th, 1804. She was the mother of eleven children, 26 grandchildren and 10 great-grandchildren. She was the mother of my wife who bore me nine children. I thanked the Lord that I was instrumental in bringing them into the Church, and to these mountains, where they have received their blessings in the Temple of the Lord.

A meeting was called to see about building a house for Brother Pullen's family, as he had been preparing to build one before he died. There were now two or three hundred dollars donated by the Temple hands. After some talk it was proposed that a building committee of three be appointed to attend to the matter to see if the house could be built by fall. The committee appointed was myself, Henry Rampton, and D. O. Willey. Brother Rampton and D. O. Willey met at my home, and after we had figured how much we had on hand, we hired Henry Harrison to build Mrs. Pullen's home, and we would furnish the material if he would commence at once.

30th. I attended Priesthood meeting and reported what had been done on the house for Sister Pullen. I said I should like a load of lime which Brother Thurgood promised to furnish. Brother Samuel Smedley said he would give \$5.00 for nails, and Jaren Tolman, my son-in-law, and David, my son, would lay the foundation. As the house was to be concrete all the brethren were very liberal. I also got \$3.75 with a promise of more.

November 15th. I went to the city to buy a stove for the schoolhouse. I took my dried fruit and made \$92.00. My wife and children had cut and dried the fruit and it bought them their winter clothes. 17th. I had to find a painter for the schoolhouse. I have had much public work to do as the Bishop is away most of the time. Benjamin Kirkham was married today but he could not get a recommend to go to the Temple. The girl he married was Mary Jane McNeil.

19th. I went to the city on business. Jaren Tolman, James G. Wood, and Joseph Call went with me with their teams and brought rock for Brother Pullen's monument.

20th. At Teacher's meeting there was a good representation but they did very little in regards to the poor. I said I hoped they would make a special visit and gather the fast offerings, as there were a great many in the ward to take care of. I had very little on hand,

although the Lord had blessed us with a good harvest. We dedicated the lower part of the schoolhouse so that we might commence school. President Anson Call offered the dedicatory prayer.

24th. Brother Jones, from Salt Lake City, came and said he would like to have me go with him to the graveyard and help erect the monument for Brother Pullen. I told him that I would be unable to go, but pointed out the place where the monument should stand. The monument was cut and fitted before it was brought up, and was made of the same kind of granite as the Temple.

December 1st. Considerable snow made it very hard for the widows. Brother Stoker and I attended the young men's meeting, and after the program, I asked some of the young men to cut wood for the poor and for the meeting house. After about nine minutes talk, nine of the men said they would come. Three met in council on school matters. We had graded the school which was the best thing to do. We talked over what might be done to get wood for the poor and the meeting house. I proposed that this matter be given out in meeting, and for all who could aid to go the following Tuesday. David Stoker, being the Bishop's counselor, said he would take the lead. After a long and hard struggle, we got the central school in running order.

7th was the funeral of an aged sister by the name of Kasendal and the Bishop wished me to take charge. Everything was working nicely, and the boys who were not attending school were hauling wood from the mountains and taking it to Salt Lake City. Sister Hinthern passed away this evening and I went to see a carpenter about making a coffin.

9th. I took my team and got lumber for the coffin. 10th. I took the coffin for Mrs. Hinthern, and saw that the room was very small. I had a large room, so the services were held at my house, as it was Stake conference in the Tabernacle.

28th. I hauled a load of lumber for Mrs. Pullen's house. A congregational school had been started which was held at the house of Wm. Burnham. They got a number of children to attend.

21st. I went to Salt Lake City and got Sister Pullen \$50.00 in store pay to get her children some clothes, and also 800 lbs. of flour which the Temple hands had donated. I stored the flour in one of my spare rooms with other things. My wife told me that the Bishop had sent for me to go to his home. The Bishop said he felt satisfied with the support we had given him during the year, and with the amount of work we had done. Thus ended the year 1881.

#### THE YEAR OF 1882 — MISSION

January 1st. I visited the poor and invited them to my home on the 3rd to take dinner with me and my family. I am now in my 50th year. Father Kirkham is still very sick. Jan. 3rd, the poor met at my home. I hitched up my team and brought them although it was

very stormy. There were 50 in number, and it made my heart glad to see so many of the aged feeling so good. After dinner we sang songs, and played some simple games and told of our experiences, until 10 p.m. The storm was all cleared so I took them home. They all expressed their thankfulness. This was the first party of the kind in the ward, but the Savior said, "If thou preparest a feast, call in the poor and the lame, and those which cannot recompense thee." We certainly have that kind in our midst, and may this day be a blessing to us all. On the 13th, about 5 p.m., all my children and my wife's children by a former husband, and a few friends came to my house and gave me a surprise.

14th. I went to Salt Lake City, and Brother John Reading, who has a greenhouse, gave me information concerning my greenhouse. As soon as I got to bed, a loud rap came on the door. It was Brother Green, who wanted me to administer to his daughter. I told him to call Alfred Burningham, and we would both go. It was a cold night, but he had a sleigh for us to ride in. We soon got there, administered to her, and stayed until 1 o'clock in the morning. She went to sleep and rested well.

23rd. I took the Bishop's farm for the year to work on shares as the Bishop would be away most of the time. The boys thought we could manage it. A few days later Henry Rampton and D. O. Willey came to my house as we had been appointed to settle a difference between two brethren which the teachers could not settle. We wanted the Bishop to be gentle, as it was a serious matter to excommunicate any member of the Church. The brethren lived quite a distance apart, and the snow was very deep, so it was very hard to travel. After talking with Brother Malin a short time, he became very humble and acknowledged his fault, and we left him and his wife feeling very much better. When we came to Brother Bolton's he was very bitter against the authorities of the Church and all who believed in them. After trying to reason with him, he said that the blood of Christ was of no more avail than any other man's, and that he did not believe God had anything to do with the things of this world. After laboring with him for some time, we left him, as we found him to be a very stubborn man.

24th. I visited old Sister Dunlap, who had the dropsy, and was one of my family of the poor. I stayed about two hours, and cheered her as best I could, and she asked me if I would bless her before I went, so I did.

29th. We reported our visits to these brethren at the teacher's meeting, and the Bishop motioned that Brother Bolton be disfellowshipped and it was carried. It was agreed that the matter be placed before the Sunday School the following Sunday.

February 2nd. Word was brought to me of the death of Sister Dunlap. I told Brother Cyrus Page to tell the President of the Relief Society, and I would go to the store and tell them to let her

family have what things they needed. The same Sunday the motion was carried to have Brother Wm. Boulton cut off the Church, until he had repented for what he had said, and I am sorry to say that too many who are called saints have a bad spirit.

April 14th. I received notice from President John Taylor that my name has been selected to go on a mission to the States, and to be ready on the 11th inst.

5th. Brothers David Stoker and William Thurgood went with me to see Joseph F. Smith, and they decided that I should leave on the 1st of May. My health was very poor, but I was willing to do what the Lord and His servants wished me to do.

Conference was held on the 6th, but I did not attend as it snowed so hard. Instead I worked on my fast offering book so I would be able to return it to the Bishop in good shape. In the Conference, my name was presented as a missionary, and in the afternoon, Brother John Taylor spoke about the laws which were being passed against the Saints. He spoke very plain, and asked the Saints to keep the commandments of the Lord.

10th. I went to the city and was set apart for my mission by Apostle John Henry Smith. I saw Brother Palmer who was the president of the mission. In the evening, Brother Joseph A. Lincoln and Alfred Burningham came and asked advice about school matters, and Brother Tuttle's son came and asked me to go and administer to his brother, so the brethren who were at my home went with me to administer. 14th. The Bishop's counselors came to me to talk over matters pertaining to the ward, also to select some one to take my place in caring for the poor. I fixed up my property with my children, so there would be no quarreling if I was not spared to return home. I had no money to go with, and I was advised not to mortgage my home, so I went along doing the best I could and trusting in the Lord for the rest. 22nd. A number of friends came to my home and surprised me and this made my heart rejoice, for some of them were the poor whom I had tried to be a Father to. There were thirty-two at the first table, and twenty-eight at the second table. The ones at the second table were mostly my own offspring, and they gave me a purse of \$30. One widow who had to work very hard for a living, sent me a silk handkerchief and also a dollar in cash.

May 2nd. I left for Ogden not feeling very well, as the two running sores on my leg were very bad, and I doubt whether an Elder ever started on a mission, under such circumstances, but by the help of the Lord, I was determined to do the best that I could. The names of the Elders in the same company were: Elders M. Anderson of Lehi, Asa S. Haley of Cottonwood, H. I. Fisher of Orderville, R. S. Duke of Heber City, Warren M. Johnson of Ogden, and the president of the company, William M. Palmer. We bought tickets for Omaha which cost us \$30 in cash each. The journey was a very pleasant

one and we arrived at Omaha 52 hours later. We crossed the river to Council Bluffs, and noticed what a change there had been since 1846, as this was where most of the Saints spent the winter after leaving Nauvoo. I crossed this river in 1864 with one yoke of oxen, and two yoke of cows, along with my wife and four children.

When we arrived at Saint Paul, we hired a bus to take us to Minneapolis, and we then took the car for Monticello, arriving at seven p.m. Here we found two families of Saints, whose names were Riggs and Combs. We were instructed to visit for a few days wherever the spirit directed us, be humble before the Lord, and return to headquarters the following Saturday where Conference was to be held, and there we would receive our appointments. We visited from house to house, and when we arrived at a schoolhouse, we inquired for the trustees to see if we could rent it to hold our meetings. We were asked what our religion was, and when we told them who we were, they said we could not have the schoolhouse.

We were wet and cold, so we called on a man by the name of Bigley. We had learned that the Elders had always found a home here. They invited us to supper, and after we talked of the Gospel. In the morning we blessed them and went on our way. About noon, we came to the home of an aged man who was very sick. His name was Hyrum Earth and he was a Seven Day Adventist. We conversed on the Scriptures, and he acknowledged we had turned all his arguments. He said Joseph Smith was a prophet of God, and that he would be a Latter-day Saint.

We travelled from house to house bearing our testimonies to the people. I began to realize what Brother Palmer had said to me while on the train. He said, "Brother Briggs, I am impressed to say to you, you will not be able to stand this mission as there is so much rain and fog." I told him that I would do the best that I could. He also told me he was going to send me to Wisconsin after Conference, and I was to let him know if I was sick and he would release me. He told me my partner was William H. Wright of Ogden. When I arrived in Milwaukee I went to the home of my sister-in-law. My partner had not yet arrived but he came a few days after.

May 22nd. I was taken very sick in the night, and my friends wanted to call in a doctor but I would not let them. My health continued to be very poor, and I was advised to eat figs and lemons, as I was troubled with my kidneys. It was very cold and stormy, so my partner and I decided we would go to the country to see if my health would improve, but I did not get any better, so my partner wrote to the President, and I sent for money so I could return home. I told my wife and children that I had been called on many missions and had fulfilled them, but I could not fill this one. I was very ill and as the time passed I became worse.

12th. I received money from home, and then I spent a few evenings with my sister-in-law, and talked to a number of the neighbors, bearing a strong testimony to them of the truthfulness of the

gospel. A few days afterwards, my companion got his release to go to England, and I asked him to stay until the following Monday when I would go with him as far as Chicago.

On the 21st, Brother Wright started for Chicago, as he had some business to attend to, and I promised to meet him there. I was very sick, so my sister-in-law helped me on the train and I arrived in Chicago before noon. Brother Wright was there to meet me but I had to lay over until the following day. I spent a very bad night, and did not go to bed, but sat in a chair and they charged me 1 dollar for it. I bought a ticket for Council Bluffs and travelled all night, arriving at Omaha the following morning. I then left for home, and when I arrived in Bountiful, I was feeling better.

I soon began to gain strength. I attended fast meeting and blessed four children, Sister Nancy Willey's twins and one of Caplet Sessions', as well as one of Sister Page's. September 17th. I was asked to take charge of the poor again, and about all the labors which I had before I went on my mission. If this is what the Lord wished me to do, I would say, "Father as Thy servant, I will do it the best I can, to the end of my days." November 7th was the time appointed for the election, but the commissioners would not let the People's Party have any say in the matter. John T. Caine was the man nominated for the People's Party to go to Washington and to fill the place of George Q. Cannon who had been cast out because he was a polygamist. The Liberal Party appointed three of our bitterest enemies. We had to be judges of the election, and they would not give us one, but there were three appointed to see the votes counted. 185 votes were cast for John T. Caine, and 24 for P. T. Vauzale, this being the greatest number of votes ever cast in this place for a Liberal Party. The judges who were appointed were W. L. Burnham, A. W. Burnham, and H. J. Harrison. The men who were appointed by the People's Party were A. V. Call, myself, and George A. Lincoln. It was requested by President John Taylor that the officers of the various quorums should forgive and make things right with one another and live in peace. For this reason the Bishop's counselor, David Stoker, called me and my counselors together to see that everything reigned in peace between us.

December 17th. I instructed the teachers not to forget the poor as Christmas was drawing near. On Christmas day the poor were well provided for, and in the evening the primary children had two large fir trees in the tabernacle, and parents placed presents on the tree for the children.

20th of December, George Q. Cannon was expelled from the House of Representatives. His seat was declared vacant by 123 against him. The Bishop called his counselors together, and everything that had been done during the year was found to be satisfactory, and thus ended the year of 1882.

## 1883-1887 — THE SAINTS ARE TRIED

On the first Sunday, Mary Ann, my daughter, was very sick, and my daughter Emma brought her child to meeting and I blessed it. It was named Ephraim. Brother Edward Corbridge sent for me and Brother Kynaston to go and administer to him. On the 8th, Brother Edward Corbridge died at the age of 77. He was well acquainted with my parents in St. Louis in 1852.

I visited the home of Brother Corbridge and tried to comfort his wife and family. Sister Corbridge begged of me to attend the funeral. The next day I was feeling a little better so I went to the Tabernacle.

13th. The Bishop and his counselors came and we talked over ward matters. We chose two teachers, my son Ephraim and Wm. Prescott. We had also chosen another counselor as Brother Wm. Thurgood had died. After consideration, it was decided that we choose Brother Jos. L. Holbrook as counselor.

February 7th. The Bishop sent for me to meet with him at 6 p.m. A small difficulty which had arisen between one of the brethren and the teachers was settled. A few days later all the presidents of the various organizations met together for the benefit of the ward.

April 15th. Brother Hartley died, and the Bishop's counselor asked me to see that everything went along in good order. 21st. Sister Hannah Holbrook died at the age of 77 years. She was one of Bountiful's first settlers, and was true and faithful to the end. At this time it was thought advisable to deed the meeting houses to the various bishops, also all property belonging to the Church, as the enemies were attempting to gain possession of our property. They had already claimed some cattle and farms.

24th. We had a strong east wind which blew down barns and unroofed houses, besides destroying many other things, but we went to work with a will and fixed everything up in the best possible shape. The following Sunday, since neither the Bishop nor his counselor was present, I had to take charge.

October 9th. Sister Clay died, and as her relatives were very poor, the brethren came to see what might be done about burial clothes. I told the teachers to arrange things and I would take charge of the expense. The Spirit prompted me to go and visit Sister Dustin. I found that she had been living on a few potatoes. I gave her a little money to buy coal, and then got her some flour and groceries.

November 25th. There was a secret party organized to destroy the work of God. It was organized in Cleveland, Ohio, and was named the National League. For several years it had been their end and aim to destroy the Mormons, and lead the children of the Saints into forbidden paths. About the middle of the following month, I received word that Brother Wm. Henry was dead, and he had deeded his property to the Bishop and his successors. He had no relatives

here, so I went and fixed things as best I could. Brother P. G. Sessions came and said that the remains could be taken to his home until time for burial, as he was an old acquaintance. The following day, I went to Salt Lake City and bought a coffin. He was buried on the 20th and was 85 years of age, being one of the pioneers of '47.

Along about the middle of June my son David brought me a load of hay, and informed me that he was going to school in the winter and prepare himself for a mission. He said he had been greatly blessed since his marriage and now had enough stock to pay all his debts and enough left to feed his family. This filled my heart with joy. June 19th, David was cutting grass about two miles from home, and in unhitching his team stepped over the sickle and the horses started, with the result that his foot was nearly cut off. We had to go ten miles for medical aid, and the doctor amputated his foot. The weather was very hot and blood poisoning set in, and on the 27th of June, eight days later, my son David died. At the funeral services, a large crowd was in attendance, and fifty buggies followed his remains to the cemetery. I was very sick at the time, but the brethren lifted me into a buggy, as I wished to see him laid away. My faithful wife was with me. No woman could honor a man more than she did. I had hoped to have him go to the mission field, and his death was a hard blow to me. We comforted David's two wives, and told them to love one another, and assist each other all they could and to take the counsel of those who were appointed to look after their affairs. After considerable talk, it was decided that I should look after settling his accounts, and have control of everything, and whatever I did they would agree to. I said that I could not think of such a thing, as I was very feeble, and felt that I would not live long. Still it was the wish of all that I should take charge. I decided to do my best, and thanked them all for their confidence in me.

July. At this time, it was thought best for the First Presidency to go into exile, also the Stake Presidency, and the bishops of the wards, and all who held responsible positions had to leave their homes. The prisons were rapidly filling. July 4th. The Federal officers tried to cause a disturbance because certain persons manifested their sorrow for departed liberty by placing the flag at half-mast on the buildings owned by the Latter-day Saints. Threats were made that if the flags were flown at half-mast on the 24th, war would be waged against the Mormons with the utmost bitterness. The Lord had some little say in the matter, for on July 23, 1885, the President of the United States said that in honor of General Grant, who died on that day, all the flags in the country should be raised at half-mast, so you can see the hand of the Lord in all things.

On the 2nd of December, I sold some of David's things, and a number of people wanted me to put the estate in court, so I called the wives together and we decided to let them be the administrators. I was not in favor of this, as it would cost \$30.00 to put it in



court and \$30.00 a year for nineteen years, until the youngest child was of age, and this would eat up all the property. Then Rachel Tuttle, the first wife, related a dream which she had had; she said that she thought she started down a mountain side which was very slippery, and she was afraid. She dreamed that I came along and showed her the way down, so she followed and came out all right. We then decided that Rachel and I should act as administrators and guardian for the children, then all was peace. I told David Stoker about the property, and as he was county judge, he said he would fix things for me.

I had two daughters in hiding, and the boys were very busy, so I had to do my work alone, and while working on my wagon I fell, hurting my leg very bad. The neighbors carried me into the house and the brethren persuaded me to send for a doctor, who said that my leg was very badly hurt, and I had to lie in bed for a month. One night I had a vision. I thought I saw a bright light come through the east window which seemed to move along the wall until it was opposite to where I lay. Then it stopped, and a voice came from the light and said, "Go to the hospital and have that limb taken off for you have a work to perform which you cannot do with the limb on." I was amazed, and kept looking at the light, when the voice spoke again saying, "You doubt it, as you think if you go you will leave your family in debt, but you need not fear for means will be provided for you. When you get the limb off, send east for another limb, and you shall astonish both saint and sinner, as you will be able to put it on as soon as you get it. The train which shall bring your limb shall be delayed for a short time." The light went away the same as it had come. I related this to my family, and then sent for my son Ephraim, and told him to tell Doctor Anderson I was ready to have my limb taken off at any time.

December 15th. I went to the hospital and two days later my leg was amputated within six inches of my body. My friends said that I would not come home alive, but all went well and on January 31, 1886, I rode home from the hospital in a surrey.

January 1886. I will here relate a little incident which happened while I was in the hospital. I used to wonder what the voice was that told me to go to the hospital, but one Sunday a patriarch by the name of Smith came to visit me so I asked him if he had a blessing for me. After he looked at me for a short time, he told me that he had a blessing for me and he laid his hands upon my head and told me not to fear for I should get well as the angels were watching over me. He said that I would live to accomplish a great work in the Temple of the Lord.

The history of the last two years has been one of pain and sorrow to me and my family, especially to my wife, as I have been so much care both day and night. Early in March I received a bill from the hospital for \$85.00, also one from the Doctor for \$100.00, and I had nothing to pay with. My false leg would cost \$100.00 to

be paid in advance. The latter part of the month I got my son James to hitch up the team and I asked the Lord to direct me where to go to get some money. We started off, and I saw a man coming toward us in a buggy so I told my son to stop. It was Ether Coltrin, and I told him that I would like to get a little money. He offered me \$100.00 and told me where to meet him and he would let me have the money. I paid some to the doctor and some to the hospital. I then asked Him where I could get the money for the limb as money was very scarce. A few days later, Brother Daniel Davis came to my home and said, "Thomas, if you want to get a little money, I can let you have some." I said that I was in need of \$100.00. I got my stump measured for my leg.

This was in the beginning of April 1886, and in the latter part of the year I went to Logan Temple with my family to do work for the living and the dead. The Temple had just been dedicated and this was the first work I had done in the Logan Temple. At this time a circumstance occurred in the Temple. As the crowd were on the stairs of the assembly room, President Taylor discerned in the multitude a woman unworthy of admission. He did not know her but said to President Card, "Turn that woman back." It was afterwards discovered that she had a forged recommend.

This year I could not work my land so I rented it to the boys on which they planted tomatoes and cucumbers. Just as they had begun to grow there came a heavy hailstorm. It blew very strong from the south, and when the storm was over I went over the land expecting to find everything destroyed, but to my surprise it did not hurt any of the crop.

On the 2nd of December my son James was married in the Logan Temple. A few days later, the Bishop and D. P. Willey came to my home to hold a council for the purpose of devising a way to conduct our meetings on Sunday evenings, also other evenings throughout the week. The meetings were to be held in various parts of the ward so that all could be accommodated. It was thought the best to appoint home missionaries and the following brethren were appointed. Henry Rampton, Mark Cook, Wm. Holt, D. O. Willey, J. Holbrook, J. L. Holbrook, Wm. Hill, Daniel Davis, Charles Loder, and myself; but I had been doing very little work in the ward as I had to go on crutches. I was in a very weak state bodily, so I told the Bishop I thought I would resign in order to let him get an active man in my place. He said he would not release me.

January 1887. I felt a little better and was thankful that all things were as well as they were. I thanked the Lord for giving me such a kind wife, who labored both night and day for my welfare and never murmured. In the evening the Bishop came and we settled with a man who had been working in the Temple. Each ward had to furnish a number of men. One year ago I came home from the hospital. Many among us are sick and great is the destructions both by land and by sea. The marshals are hunting for President John

Taylor and they are causing terror abroad. All night long do they request admittance into our homes, and search every room for those who may be hiding.

February 18th. My cousin and his wife came from Logan. They had been doing work in the Temple for the dead and we had a very pleasant chat with them. He said there was an excursion to England the following year, and he wished that I could go with him to seek genealogy. I told him that I did not have the means. A week later, Sister Duncan was buried, and by the request of the family I made a few remarks at the funeral. A few days later, Brother Lorenzo Snow, one of the Twelve Apostles, spoke. He had recently been released from prison, and he told us some of his experiences.

June 12th. Brother Wm. Garrett died. He was one of my neighbors, and a true Latter-day Saint. Twelve days later, Brother Samuel Hart was buried. The following day, I attended a mass meeting in Farmington to elect three delegates to attend a territorial convention to be held in Salt Lake City for the purpose of asking Washington to admit Utah as a state. About this time, I was again appointed to take charge of the poor as during the past two years I have been unable to attend to that duty. The Bishop asked me to get my wife to assist me as she was also interested in the poor. In the evening my wife and I visited my daughter Hannah who had given birth to a fine son, and she was one the officers were trying to find. I blessed the child of my daughter Hannah. In the latter part of the month news spread that Brother John Taylor was dangerously ill, but few people knew where he was as he was in exile and had been there for the past two or three years. Like disciples of old, they were wandering in sheep skins, hiding in caves in the mountains and being fed by their friends in the night. 26th. Word came from Salt Lake City that President Taylor had passed away and this cast a gloom over the whole community. While in Carthage jail with the Prophet Joseph and Hyrum, President Taylor was shot and those bullets will be a testimony against the nation in the last days. The next day, President W. R. Smith of the Davis Stake was arrested and taken before the courts in Salt Lake City, but was released on bonds amounting to \$1500, being forced to appear when the courts deemed it necessary. There is much sickness in the ward, and as many of the saints are in hiding, it makes it very hard for the ones at home to attend to the sick and the poor besides having to attend to the crops and the ones in hiding.

30th. In the early part of August, Brother Smith's child died. The father and mother were in hiding. My son's wife came to me a few days later and asked me if I would go and administer to my daughter's child. When I arrived I found the child very ill, and by request of the father, Judson Tolman, we administered to it as its sufferings were great. We asked the Lord to take the child, if it was His will, and in a few moments it passed away.

September 21st. There was a double funeral, the 12 year old son of Sister Martha Duncan and the 18 month old child of Brother John Thurgood. On the following day the Bishop sent word that he and his counselors would have to flee. He left it in my hands to attend to everything in the ward and do the best I could. This was a great responsibility, but with His guidance I did my best. Many were passing away at this time and there were seven deaths within a week. The following month, I attended general conference, but there were few in attendance as most of them were in exile. Brother Wilford Woodruff, who for the past few years had been in exile, came to the stand. He was in his 81st year.

I sold my dried fruit to Brother John Thurgood for \$180. On the 9th of November, Stephen J. Hart and I were called to go to Salt Lake City to identify a man who had been killed the night before by falling from a thirty foot gravel bank. He was Brother Henry Jones from Bountiful. He had been to the city for medicine for his wife and while on his way home, he lost his way and wandered to the top of the embankment thinking he was in the right path. He was very poor, but we found one of his relatives who told us to buy a coffin and he would pay all expenses. We had a team so we took him home and he was laid away the following day.

Three days later Marshal Dwyer took charge of the tithing yards and offices, but said that everything could go on as usual for a few days. The enemies were trying to take possession of all the church property which made times very trying. Sister Sessions, came to me for counsel as the bishop was still away. I gave her the best counsel that I could and it eased her mind greatly.

November 14th. Marshal Dwyer took full possession of the Tithing yard and made a demand for all the records of the Church, but we, as the servants of the Lord, are determined to keep the records of His Church. I visited some of the poor, the widows, and the aged, and found Brother Hinthern very sick. He was 75 years of age and was living alone. He said that Brother Wm. Dunlap was going to stay with him that night, but on the 24th, he passed away. The marshals got possession of the president's office and all the books and papers of the church.

Sunday I was called to preside in priesthood meeting and I told the brethren that some of the poor needed coal and other things, and I hoped that they would rally round me. We collected \$16.00 for the poor, and as I had to attend all the meetings, I did not arrive home until 10 o'clock in the evening. The next day the town was all commotion as a number of the marshals had been around early. James came in just as we were eating breakfast and said they had arrested my oldest son, and before long the officers drove up and notified us to be in Salt Lake City at 10 a.m., and I had to be one of the bondsmen, as they said my son's second wife had pleaded guilty. My son Thomas E. hitched up his team and we drove to Salt Lake where I procured T. E. Patten as one of the bondsmen.

Ephraim was bonded for \$1500 and a \$200 bond for his wife. They had to appear before the Grand Jury in the February term, 1888.

December 6th, 1887. At 10 p.m. the officers came again and searched for Henry Rampton. They could not find him so they subpoenaed his first wife and the rest of the family, but they could not find his second wife. Then they subpoenaed my daughter, Emma, but none of her family was there. She was to appear before the Grand Jury on February 7th and this troubled her a great deal. Two days later, he and I went to see a lawyer about his case and the lawyer said that nothing could be done until the forepart of February. The next day the bishop sent for me and I reported the condition of the ward. He was well satisfied with it. He said that he could not tell how long he could stay as the enemies were after him wherever he went and he hoped that the brethren would not betray him. He said that he could not go out in public and I must run the affairs of the ward until the storm had passed.

#### 1888 — A TRIP TO ENGLAND

1888. On the second of January I was upstairs at work when my daughter Ann E. called me and said I was wanted. When I got into the kitchen all my grandchildren were there, about 60 in number. We had a splendid time together until 11 p.m. Some of the children stayed all night. The following Sunday was Fast Day and I went and blessed the child of Benjamin Kirkham. The next few days I worked on my Temple books and settled with some of the men who had been working on the Temple the past year. In the evening, Brother John Barlow came for me to administer to old Sister Clay who lived about two miles away. On the 7th my daughter Emma appeared before the Grand Jury as they had been trying to arrest her husband. A few days later my son Ephraim received word from Deputy Marshal Franks that he had to appear in Salt Lake City on the 4th inst. He pleaded guilty to the indictment and his sentence was postponed until March 15th. A week later I went to the city and a man by the name of Link tried to jump some of the city property which was known as Kersnell Hill, also the 10th ward square but he failed. February 24th. Ephraim came and asked me to make arrangement for his place while he was in the penitentiary.

March 15th. I went to the city to find out what Ephraim's sentence was and they sentenced him to six months in prison and a fine of \$25.00. Three days later was stake conference. Brother Heber J. Grant spoke and said that if the saints did not do better, he thought the Lord would allow our enemies to take our homes and we should be forced to flee. On the 26th, I prepared to leave for England. I had no money and the fare to London and return was \$150. This was the cheap rate, and I wanted to hunt up genealogy, but where the money was to come from I could not tell. Brother Samuel

Smedley and Brother Richard Duerden said they would go. In April I went to conference and I saw a man standing at the south gate and I was prompted to ask him to loan me some money. I told him why I wanted the money and he asked me to come to his home the following day and he would loan me the money. A few days later my cousin from Lehi came and gave me the name of his first wife's mother, and I found that she only lived a short distance from where I was going. He gave me \$50.00 which was a great help to me. When we started for England we stayed about two hours in Salt Lake City, and to my surprise I found an old friend and his wife who were going to England. His name was Samuel Hallett of Plain City.

May 11th. We left Kansas City and at midnight we came up to a train with a broken wheel, near Peal, about 70 miles from St. Louis. This caused a delay so we had to stay overnight. It gave me time to think of days gone by as here we came when we left England in 1851. I was then with my father and mother and my sister Elizabeth. I was about 19 and my sister 14 years of age. On the 14th, we arrived in New York and went to a hotel. It was proposed that we all have our rooms as close together as we could. There were eight of us from Salt Lake City, so we all got together in one room and appointed a president, and bowed down before the Lord and thanked Him for our safe arrival this far on our journey. After we had had refreshments we went to see the ship we were to sail in and the steamer was named The City of Rome.

May 15th. We crossed the Brooklyn Bridge, which was nearly one mile and a half in length, and the following day set sail for England. We arrived in Liverpool on the 25 inst., and I received a letter from Brother Franklin D. Richards of Salt Lake City giving me an introduction to many people who received me kindly. At Liverpool we all separated. The return tickets were given to Brother Smedley and me for safe keeping, and the tickets were to be at Liverpool two weeks before we were to sail for home as we all wished to return by the same steamer.

Brother Smedley and myself started for Nottingham, which was Brother Smedley's birthplace, and his mother received us with open arms and we also visited with one of his brothers. I soon found a number of my relations and had a very good time with them. I got a number of names of my dead kindred and looked around in the old churchyard to see if I could find the names of any of my mother's folks. A man came along, so I asked him if he could tell me anything about my relatives, and especially Ann Ordoyno who used to live a short distance from where we were standing. He asked me if I knew her so I told him she was my grandmother. The man was the sexton and had the keys for the church where all the records were kept. This church was built in the year 1000, and I got the names of some of my uncles from the slabs on the wall, and they had been buried between 100 and 200 years. I then went to a place named Southscar,

and there I found an aged cousin by the name of George Briggs, and I secured more names from him. I also went to other small towns and found relatives. One day I walked seven miles and then took the train for Nottingham, and when I arrived I was very tired as this was the most walking I had done since my leg had been taken off.

June 4th. I stayed all night with my uncle Thomas Fretwell, and the following day I started for Kelham, the birthplace of my father. I saw the thatched house where my grandparents and their families were raised, and while looking at the place an old man came along and gave me a good history of my grandparents. I could remember seeing the place in my boyhood. A church stood a short distance away, so I asked a man if he thought I could have the privilege of going inside as I thought I should never again have the opportunity. He directed me to a door which was about four inches thick and it was all I could do to move it. I could not see the vicar, as he was on a vacation, so I looked around the church alone.

June 11th. I started for Hull and found the people I wanted. It was 37 years since I was in this place. Ten days after I went to London to try to find some of my wife's folks, found some in Brighton and got a few names from them. I had now travelled 1412 miles since I left Liverpool and many things I passed through during the month; but I was thankful for the blessings of the Lord and for His protection over me, for it was a big undertaking for a person in my condition. I found many of my relatives, one by the name of Joseph Briggs who was the last with grandfather. When I visited him he told me many things and gave me ten names. I was now getting very tired, as I had travelled 1800 miles in my native land and was ready to return home.

August 22nd. We all went on board the steamer which was the same one we had come over on. When we arrived at Queenstown the wind was blowing very strong, and we could feel the ship rocking which made many of the passengers sick. The sea continued to be very rough, and two of the sailors were badly hurt as the waves dashed them from one side of the ship to the other. There was a death on board, and the engines were stopped while the body was sewed up in canvas and lowered overboard to await the call when the sea gives up the dead, and they are judged according to the deeds done in the body.

August 31st, we sighted land, had our trunks examined, and at 6 p.m. we left New York and arrived home safe after being away 17 weeks and travelling 14,000 miles.

September 18th. We had a good shower of rain, and I was feeling much better after having had a week's rest. The weather had been very hot and my land was very dry, so the crops were a failure, but I was very thankful that my family were in the best of health. I was in debt with no prospects of getting out that fall.

About this time, my son Ephraim came to me and said that President William R. Smith had some very good land in Center-

ville to rent and the land required very little water, so I went to see about renting it. On my way, the spirit told me to pay a cash rent for the land, and when I asked the man what he wanted he told me one third of the crop. I told him that I would give him \$20 per acre, so I rented nearly four acres. I planted just what I was prompted to plant and at the end of the year I cleared \$600. I had to have considerable help, but still I took \$200 from my own place and in the fall I was out of debt, and had enough left to keep my family well and the Lord blessed me abundantly in everything.

May 2nd, 1889. My sons, James and Thomas, went to Star Valley to seek homes, and on July 19th I received a letter from Daniel C. Wood stating that my son, Thomas E., had been very badly hurt by his team running away. His eye was nearly put out and his skull was laid open three or four inches, but the doctor said he thought he would come out all right, and for me not to worry as he would keep me posted as to how he was getting along. August 7th I received a letter from Thomas E. stating that, by the blessings of the Lord, he was able to sit on the mower and mow grass.

October 23rd was set apart for a day of fasting and prayer, and we prayed that the Lord would soften the hearts of the judges and all who had had authority in the nation. They are trying to pass laws to disfranchise us of the right to vote so they would be able to control all the affairs of the territory and take everything belonging to the Church. Many very interesting things were transpiring. The 7th day of April, Wilford Woodruff was made President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints with George Q. Cannon and Joseph F. Smith as his counselors. I will here say that at the end of the year 1889 the saints began to feel some better, but the trouble was not at an end yet. Christmas day it rained and I spent the day with my daughter Emma. (No record available from 1889 to 1896).

#### THE YEARS OF 1896-1905

In the early part of the year I wrote a letter to my cousin, George Briggs, in England, and sent him \$2.50, as he was very poor and had been living on the parish for some time.

January 24th. I met with the Bishop and his counselors for the purpose of reorganizing the teacher's districts, and later in the evening, I assisted in setting apart about 60 young men to the office of priests and teachers after which I administered to Brother Arthur Riley's baby.

February 10th, a day long to be remembered as the wind blew very strong from the east, and as there was considerable snow on the ground it drifted to a fearful extent, stopping all the trains and wagons from travelling. The wind did not cease for twenty-four hours. The next day was very cold and I lost all my tomato plants.



A few days later was the coldest day in the season, and my granddaughter, Bertha May, was very sick so I went and administered to her. She continued to be very ill, suffering from pneumonia, but by prayers and administrations she gradually recovered. On the 4th of March, John W. Hess was set apart as president of the Davis Stake by F. D. Richards.

March 16th. I was again called to administer to my granddaughter Bertha May, who had taken suddenly ill again and about midnight I received the sad news that she had passed away. She was buried on the 19th of March.

On the 22nd of April, my son Ephraim's wife Mary, who had been ill for some time, was not expected to live. She called all her children to her and gave them good counsel, telling them that she had a work to perform on the other side, and on the following day she passed away. 25th. Funeral services were held in the Tabernacle, and a large procession followed the remains to the last resting place.

May 5th. Sister Hannah Holt died very suddenly and funeral services were held on the 7th. About this time, my daughter Mary Ann took very ill, I administered to her several times and for a time she seemed to be improving. But she did not gain strength and on August 19th she died.

December 18th. I dreamed that I was cutting down some heavy grass in a large field and a brother called to me and told me I had not much time to finish my work and I thought I looked around and said that I had only three more swaths and then I would be through. When I awoke, my dream so impressed me that I wrote it down. During the month I was called to administer to Elmer Riley who was very ill, and after we left the doctor pronounced his disease diphtheria. A few days later the child died. As public services could not be held I went and spoke encouraging words to the parents. At this time quite a number of children were suffering from the disease.

(Ann Ashdown, second wife of Thomas Briggs died in 1898).

January 5th. I settled up my tithing with the Bishop for the year 1899. I had received from one source and another \$371.90, so that I paid a full tithing and I hope that all my children will follow my example. In February, my daughter-in-law, Elvira, sent word for me to go to her home as she was going to have her house dedicated by Patriarch John Kynaston. Few were present but we had a time of rejoicing. A short time afterwards I went on the Sandridge to see my son Thomas E., and when I arrived I found that he had been hurt while hauling logs from the mountain. He had bruised his feet and ankles but was getting along as well as could be expected. Brother Joseph E. Hepworth had been working as partner with me on the land during summer, and Sunday morning he came to my home

and we had prayers and asked the Lord to bless us with a spirit of peace and love, bless our crops and prosper us, and although we had a very hot summer, the Lord blessed us in abundance.

November. Smallpox is very bad in the community and Sister Kynaston's child died. It was a very sorrowful time for her as she had two other children sick with the smallpox and no one was allowed to go into the house. She had lost her husband recently, and very few attended the funeral which was held the following day. For a time all public gatherings were annulled.

January 16th, 1901. I went to the Temple as my grandson, David Briggs, was married to Mary Richards of West Jordan by John R. Winder. Her mother and myself witnessed the ceremony. The 23rd was Old Folks Day celebrated in the Tabernacle. All who were over 60 were invited to a bounteous dinner. The oldest one there was Sister Carter who was over 90 years old. President Snow and President Cannon from Salt Lake City were in attendance and spoke for a short time on the blessings of the Lord to His people since they came to these mountains; and said that some who were there would live to see the Savior on the earth, and eat and drink with him in Jackson County. They said if the saints would live as they should they could live to be over 100 years of age.

September 13th. I received word from my son-in-law S. T. Robinson, stating that my daughter Ann E. was very sick and for me to come as soon as I could. As their home was in Idaho Falls, I had to travel all night long, and when I arrived my daughter was very low, but I was glad that she knew me. Two days later my daughter was no better, and about noon she was taken with a bad coughing spell, and it seemed as though she could not recover. As I was not in the house at the time, my daughter Martha Downs, called to me and told me that Ann E. was choking. I went into the house, and she was very bad so I told her husband to anoint her with oil. There were a number of sisters in the room, and I, with her husband, laid hands upon her head and I bid the cough to cease, and the Lord heard our prayers for as soon as we took our hands from her head, the cough left, and she became calm and went to sleep. About two hours afterwards, the spirit prompted me to call them all together and we bowed down in prayer before the Lord and thanked Him. She slept for quite a few hours afterwards. She rested good during the night, but about noon the following day she was again taken worse, and we dedicated her to the Lord, after which she gradually began to sink. A little after seven p.m. she called me to her and asked me if she could stand up. She was sitting in a chair by the bedside and two of the sisters and myself helped her to stand. I told her she had better lie down on the bed. She said she would and that was the last words she spoke, for as soon as she got on the bed she turned her head to the wall and passed away.

The following day I went with my son-in-law, John Downs, to get some lumber to make a coffin, and I telephoned to my son Ephraim

at Bountiful, stating that Ann E. was dead. I stayed with Martha as I had very little rest for five nights.

19th. The body of my daughter was carried from the house to a large hall a short distance away where funeral services were held. A large crowd was in attendance as she was well respected by all. There were 48 vehicles followed the remains to its last resting place, and may the Lord bless the good folks of Willow Creek for their kindness to her during her long illness. On the 27th I returned home and was thankful to find all my folks well.

June 1902. I sent my false leg to Salt Lake City to be fixed. My son, James, took it down for me. The next day I went to Salt Lake City, but because of the pain in my leg it was very difficult for me to get around, so I got a little medicine from Doctor Anderson before leaving for home. Toward the latter part of the month I also had much trouble with my leg. I made up my mind to pray to the Lord to spare my life as I was eager to do more work for the dead. Up to this time I had copied 350 names on the record book which I received from England about five or six weeks ago. I hope the Lord will inspire my children to continue the work.

29th. I fasted until noon and then I sent for the brethren to come and administer to me. Brother David Stoker, the bishop, and his two counselors, Joseph L. Holbrook and Brother Samuel Smedley, and my son Ephraim, came and blessed me, and I bear my testimony that the Lord heard their prayers, for this evening I walked across the floor without either crutch or cane which I had not been able to do for the past week.

July 20th. I was feeling much better so attended meeting. B. H. Roberts was the first one to speak, and he spoke of the blessings of th gospel and the privileges which the Latter-day Saints had. President John W. Hess spoke next. His talk was on the evils in our midst which he said must be stopped. He wanted the bishops of the various quorums to watch their members, and if they would not refrain from attending saloons and profaning the name of the Lord to drop them from their quorums, and if they would not repent to cut them from the church. He also said he wanted the Bishop to assist the president of the Stake in this matter, so that the stigma that was on this ward in supporting two saloons might be stopped. Whenever members from other wards came up and got drunk, thereby causing a disturbance, it was the bishop's duty to report the matter to their bishop. He said these matters were being placed before the various bishops for their approval in order that each bishop should be entirely responsible for the condition of his ward. Bishop Stoker said he could not sustain him in this, saying he would rather tender his resignation to take effect at once. President Grant, the first counselor to Brother Hess, asked that it be moved and seconded Bishop Stoker's resignation be accepted, and President Hess seconded his motion which made quite a stir in the meeting. Brother Roberts said they were altogether too hasty, and I am sorry to say there was

an evil spirit surrounding us. The following Sunday I attended Priesthood meeting where the presidency of the stake was in attendance and the misunderstanding between them and the bishop was satisfactorily settled. This made the saints very glad as they all felt that if our Bishop had been removed we would have lost a kind father.

October 28th. The Y.L.M.I. Association of East Bountiful was reorganized as Sister Holt, who had been the President for twenty years, had resigned. Mrs. Isabelle Stringham was chosen to succeed her. A few weeks later I met with a painful accident. As I was unhitching my horse from the buggy, I did not unstrap one of the holdback straps and when the horse stepped back, the shaft hit the horse with the result that I fell to the ground and the buggy went over me. It stunned me very badly. The harness was broken and also one of the shafts.

May 29th. I went to Salt Lake City to see the great parade as the President of the United States, Theodore Roosevelt, was visiting there. The streets were beautifully decorated and he received a grand reception and at 1 p.m. he left for Ogden.

August 26th. Sister Thomas came and asked me if I would go and administer to the child of Brother George E. Garrett as the doctor had given up all hopes of its recovery. On my way, I met Judson Tolman and I asked him to go with me. When we arrived, we found the relatives greatly distressed. I spoke a few encouraging words to them and told the father to take what course he chose. He asked me to take the lead. We all bowed down in prayer, I, being mouth; and then I called on Brother Tolman to anoint the child with oil and we laid our hands upon it, and blessed it. This was about noon and about 5 p.m. I called to see how the child was, and to my great surprise it was playing with its toys. We bowed on our knees and thanked the Lord for His blessings, for we knew that the child had been healed by the power of God.

October 26th. I went to my son's place, a distance of twenty-five miles, and when I had been there about three hours my son, Thomas E., came home with his foot badly hurt. It had been severely crushed in the baler.

November 5th. I attended the funeral of Sister Smedley. There was a very large attendance and many consoling words were spoken to the bereaved family. She left a husband and 8 children, six sons and two daughters, all being married but two sons, and all were in attendance but one son who was on a mission in the Sandwich Islands. She was a very honorable woman.

The latter part of the month, Jaren Tolman called at my home to tell me that his father had met with an accident and had broken his collar bone. I aided the doctor in setting it. He was quite badly injured which made it hard, as he was in his 78th year.

1905. On the first day of the year 1905 I attended the funeral of Brother Arthur Burningham's child. The services were

held in the front room of my house, as at this time Brother Burningham and his family were renting some of my rooms.

On the 3rd and 4th of January, Brother Frank Fearnley came and spent twelve hours with me writing my history and doing some re-copying. In the evening, I gave Sister Hulda Burningham a patriarchal blessing. On the 5th Brother Joseph E. Hepworth, who had been renting my land, came to tell me that he was sorry he would not be able to take the land again as he wished to take a business course.

7th. I sold part of my lot to Lue C. Burningham, a brother who has been so good to me for many years. He wished to own the land for the purpose of erecting a home.

January 12th. I attended a cottage meeting at the home of Jaren Tolman who was having his house dedicated. Toward the latter part of the month I drew \$80.00 from the bank to send for me a new leg. At this time I was called to attend the funeral of Jeremiah Willey who was killed in the canyon.

February 18th. I was called to administer to my grandson, George Briggs, who had been thrown from a horse. The same day I attended the funeral of Sister Stahle. Two days later Brother Judson Tolman and myself drove to Centerville to another cottage meeting, and while there we dedicated the house of Brother Ford and administered to five of the sick.

March 26th. Stake conference was held at Bountiful and President Lund, Lyman, and Penrose were present.

April 6th. It was general conference in Salt Lake City. It was opened by President Joseph F. Smith. His remarks were concerning the brethren who had left the church claiming that the tithing was not being justly spent; but he stated that about one half million dollars had been spent on the building of meeting houses and in assisting the poor, and he said that the books were in such a shape that if any wished to examine them, they could find out where every dollar had been spent. He said the Church had never been in as prosperous condition as it was today. Two days later I attended the priesthood meeting at the Tabernacle and some very valuable counsel was given. Brother Joseph F. Smith again spoke of the lies which were being told by a daily morning paper called the Tribune, edited by Frank J. Cannon, and which was attempting to convict President Smith of making wrong use of the tithes. The conclusion reached was that an apostate should not have anything to do with the tithing books nor any of the Church records. In this priesthood meeting, a clear account of the tithes for the past year was given, so that all the presidents of stakes could return home and prove to the saints that all was right, that Zion was growing; for in 1888 there were 19 stakes, but at this time there are 69 stakes, with a president to preside over each. He said he wanted the bishops to take up a labor in their different wards, and that they should prevent all falsehoods being told of the Church and its members. After laboring with such

people with all possible kindness, and they did not feel as though they wished to repent for what they had said, to cut them from the Church, as we had already been too lenient with such people and it was this class of people who were causing the persecution at this time. President Smith also gave instruction to the bishops concerning the names sent in to be called on missions. He said letters had been received at the office from young men who were not even members of the Church. He also said they should be very strict about giving recommends, and not give them to those who had been drifting from place to place and had come to the ward without a recommend. All the members of the different stakes were asked to rise as their names was called out. Some of the stakes were only represented by their president, but I am pleased to say that the stake of Davis, of which I am a member, was represented by 50.



Ann Williams Briggs

May 11th. I went to the Temple and was married to a sister by the name of Ann Williams. She was a widow, her husband having died in England, and she left three children there and came here for the gospel's sake. As I had lived nearly seven years alone, I thought it best to try and get another house-keeper, she being a woman of experience. She was 56 years old and was sealed to me for time and eternity. The following Sunday I attended the afternoon meeting, and immediately after a High Priest meeting was held. It was reorganized with Brother Judson Tolman as president, Thomas Briggs first counselor, and Thomas Howard second counselor.

On the 6th of July, I was at home most of the day and my wife asked me if she could take a trip to England to see her daughter as she had promised her that she would visit her in 1905. As she had money of her own I said she might go. She said she would be gone about three months. Two days later I went to Salt Lake City to find out when there were missionaries going to England. I found that there were some going on the 12th and that the fare from Salt Lake City to Liverpool was \$76.50 each way.

On the 10th my wife and I went to Salt Lake City and purchased her ticket to England. The next day I went to the city and made further arrangements for her trip, and on the next day I took my wife's trunk to the depot and bid her farewell for a short time.

On the 30th of July Brother C. R. Jones died. He had been sick for about three years and confined to the house the greater part of the time. The following Sunday I attended the funeral of Brother Jones and six patriarchs were the pall bearers, Brother Judson Tolman, Thomas Briggs, Benjamin Ashby, Edwin Pace, Brother Drake and Thomas Stead.

August 27th. I felt much better and I gave 6 blessings, and at 9:30 I started for Idaho Falls. The next morning I left Idaho Falls for home and had a very tedious ride. On the 30th of the month, I went to the Temple and my granddaughter, Clara Briggs, daughter of Rachel and Thomas Briggs, was married to James W. Houston by President John R. Winder. On the 23rd of October I came down and received word from my wife that she would start for home on the 21st, and it would take her about five days on the journey. My wife arrived home and with her came her daughter, Jane, and her husband and their five children. The following Sunday I went and helped to dress Brother John Fisher and place him in the casket.

December 31st. On the last day of the year a deep snow fell, the heaviest snow we have had for 10 years, and we all felt thankful for it as the ground was very dry. Thus ended the year 1905, in which I had blessed 26 children, gave 34 patriarchal blessings, attended 11 funerals and administered 194 times to the sick, and I can bear my testimony that the Lord heard my prayers in my behalf. The work which I have done and caused to be done in the Temple in Salt Lake City, 133 baptisms, 77 endowments, 124 sealings, making a total number of ordinances performed 214. I also paid \$39.50 tithing, besides dedicating a number of cottages, and settling a few difficulties between several of the brethren.

### HIS LATER YEARS

1906. January 5th. I went to Salt Lake City with my grandson George Edward Briggs, as he was set apart as a missionary to Great Britain by Seymour B. Young. He gave him some very good instruction saying if he would conduct himself properly the Lord would be with him always. The following day my grandson started on his journey. On the 21st of the next month I was troubled considerably with my eyes. I retired early and prayed fervently to my Father in Heaven to strengthen my eyes, so that I might be able to have my sight for a few years more. When I arose my eyesight was much improved, and I am unable to express my gratitude to my Heavenly Father for His kind care and keeping.

February 26th. I received word and visited my grandson, David Briggs, and found him suffering the agonies of death. He was suffering from pleurisy and the doctor was doing all in his power to save him, and many of the elders had pled with the Lord a number of times through the day; but at about 7:30 p.m. he passed to the Great Beyond. His young wife was left with three babies the oldest

not four years old. He was not 24 years of age until the following month. Four days later Brother Wilford Tuttle, my son, Ephraim, and his wife, and Rachel, the mother of David Briggs, came and it was agreed that my wife and I walk in front of the casket, and that six of my grandchildren act as pallbearers. It was a very stormy day but there was a large attendance at the funeral.

I attended conference in April and on the 9th attended priesthood meeting. President John R. Winder spoke and said there was a spirit of extravagance amongst the people, and the saints had been counselled about borrowing money to speculate with. He said many had borrowed thousands of dollars to invest in the sugar factory; there was a scarcity of water, and a little white fly had been the cause of a greater part of the beet crop being destroyed. This lessened the value of the stock, and since some of the saints were paying from 12-14% for the money they had borrowed, it was the duty of the presidents of the stakes to caution the saints regarding these matters. President Smith again cautioned the members of the priesthood about giving recommends, as he said some people had been granted recommends who were not fit subjects to receive a recommend to Hell.

July 25th. President Joseph H. Grant, the president of the Davis Stake, and his mother came to my house, and as Brother Grant has partly lost his hearing he said he felt impressed that if Brother Tolman and I administered to him he would soon be well again. We all bowed down in prayer, and Brother Grant was mouth, after which he called on me to anoint him and then Brother Tolman sealed the anointment.

On the morning of September 5th, Sister Jane Jacobson came to my place to tell me that the Bishop, who was now at Syracuse, had just telephoned her to tell her it was impossible for him to come and marry her daughter. He said that if she would come and see me, I would be willing to perform this duty for her. Although I was very busy I went and performed the ceremony. As they both said they were church members, I advised a marriage through the Temple. He was Virgil Parry of Salt Lake City. They said they were going to live there, so they would be able to get a recommend in the spring.

October 20th. My wife and I drove to the home of my son, Thomas E. Briggs, in Syracuse. When we got about five miles on the road it began to blow and to snow. When we had been there a short time the wind increased. Fences soon began to scatter and the damage increased rapidly. The gale continued the following day and blew to destruction everything in the shape of barns, scattering hay all over the country. Not an apple was left on a tree. The wind still continued to blow the next day, but not quite as strong as it had done previously. The following day we started home, and for twenty five miles along the road nothing could be seen but one mass of destroyed property. Trees, barns, and even houses were destroyed, and hay was scattered for miles; in fact, it looked as though the day of judgment had surely come—but thank the Lord few lives were lost.



It took the roof from Ephraim's house, and when I reached home I found all my barns unroofed, but my house was all right for which I was truly thankful.

December 13th. I went to the Temple again and my granddaughter, Sarah Taylor, had twin boys sealed to her as the mother and Wm. Taylor as their father. Their names are Roy Briggs Naylor and Joy William Naylor, born January 26, 1905 at Bingham, Salt Lake County, Utah. Their father's name was Joseph Tregaskis and their mother's name was Elizabeth Glidden.

On the last Sunday in the year, I attended the priesthood meeting and Brother Judson Tolman and myself took the 2 p.m. train to Farmington to attend a cottage meeting. There were five patriarchs present, Bros. Judson Tolman, Edwin Pace, Thomas Stead, Thomas Briggs and Brother Robinson, and a total attendance of 97 in the meeting. Brother Pace spoke in tongues and the substance of it was that the Lord was not pleased with us, only when we obey His commandments.

On the morning of the 5th of May, I attended priesthood meeting as it was the report of the fast collectors and they all gave a good report. In the afternoon, President Grant spoke of the necessity of dividing the ward for he said there were over 1600 in the ward and that was too many for a bishop and his two counselors to handle. The number present at this meeting was 400. The house was almost completely filled and it would be impossible for that meeting house to hold all the saints belonging to the ward. As the bishop was absent nothing more could be done until his return. Bishop Stoker was at this time in the East being operated on for a cancer on the lip.

July 3rd. I was called to administer to Sister Mark Waddoups and after I had gone through this ordinance she felt much easier. While my hands were upon her head the Spirit told me this would be her last day on earth and I said to the nurse, "You can count the hours, for before the sun sets she will be on the other side." I told her I would call again before that time, and I went down about 5 o'clock and found that she had passed away at three in the afternoon.

August. I visited with my sister in Salt Lake City and I was very glad to find her feeling better than she had been for some time. When I was at her home two weeks previous, she was afraid the disease from which she had been suffering on her hands was about to make its way into her arms. At that time I anointed her wrists and asked the Lord that it might not go into her arms.

Sunday the 25th. My sister, husband, and daughter came up from Salt Lake City, and my sister asked me to administer to her. Brother Judson Tolman assisted me, and we blessed her, Brother Tolman anointing her and I sealing the anointment, after which we went up to visit my son, James, for a short time. When we returned home there were about 40 of my children and grandchildren assembled to surprise me, and they presented me with a beautiful watch as a birthday present. All this made my heart feel glad to think I was so highly

honored. Before they left I blessed them and told them to be faithful to the end of their days.

September 27th. An operetta was given by a number of the Sunday School children which was lighted by electricity—the first electricity that had been used in Bountiful at any of the public gatherings. It is the intention of the citizens of the town to extend the electricity into their homes.

October 7th. I had a great deal of pain in my leg and my son, James, sent for a doctor who had recently come to town and who was highly recommended. When he saw my stump, he said it had been a poor operation, and that the pain was being caused by the arteries being left too long. I told him that if he could stop the pain he would do more than any doctor had ever done before. He tried his best to ease the pain but with no success.

In the latter part of the month, Thomas Howard called on me and asked me to go with him to the home of Sister McNeil as her daughter had a very sick child. The doctor was there, and to all appearances the child was dying, but it was given into my hands and we had prayers over the child. Just before we left I lifted the child's eyelid, and the doctor said he thought every breath the child drew was its last. The next day Brother Tolman and I went to the home of Sister McNeil. The child was feeling much better and had rested well all night. The doctor said it was the greatest manifestation he had ever seen.

December 2nd. I went to the home of my son, James, as his children had got up a pleasant surprise on them since it was an anniversary of their wedding day. We had a pleasant time and about 10 o'clock my son asked me to speak a few words. I spoke on the condition that he and I were in 43 years ago on the 6th of the month. He was born at this time and I had just arrived in the mountains three months previous. We had not a bedstead for his mother to lie on, nor a chair to sit on, nor a table to eat from. I contrasted his present condition with mine at this early time.

The past year has been a very eventful one in many instances, and the work of the Lord is growing fast. Thanks to the Lord and His blessings to me, during the past year. I have also been greatly blessed in my Temple work, for I have been the means of getting done, 123 baptisms, 165 endowments, 223 sealings, making a total of 513 ordinances performed for the dead in the year 1907 and paid \$34.00 tithing.

January 6th. I visited Henry Garrett, along with the Bishop, and we found him dying. He only lived about fifteen minutes after we arrived. Two days later I visited the widowed mother of Henry Garrett; she was at this time feeling very feeble.

March 3rd. I went to Salt Lake City, and while there I visited my niece, Ida Coolbear, and found that a child had been left on her doorstep. The child had been left about midnight, and along with it was a note written in German, stating the father had deserted the

mother, and she knew the Lord would bless her if she would take good care of it. As my niece had been married a number of years and had not any children of her own she decided to keep the child.

Sunday, April 12. I attended priesthood meeting and the chief business was the lighting up of the tabernacle with electric lights. The following May, I attended the first High Priests Conference ever held in the Davis Stake of Zion. It was held in Farmington, Utah. It was a time of rejoicing, and we all received some very good instructions. All the authorities were sustained by those present.

October 20th. My wife and I spent the evening at the home of my son, James, as his son started at midnight on a mission to Portland, Oregon. I told him to try and get the spirit of his mission and to realize that he was on an errand for the Lord.

December 30th. Ephraim, my oldest son, and Eph, my oldest grandson, and his oldest son and myself, had our pictures taken, which made four generations. The following day there was a meeting held in the Tabernacle to take into consideration the dividing of the East Bountiful Ward, there being 309 families in the ward and nearly 2,000 inhabitants. All saints on the south side of the meeting house met to talk matters over, but since no definite steps could be taken it was decided to meet again on the 2nd of January, 1909.

January 12th. Brother Judson Tolman and myself went to Centerville, and dedicated the home of Brother David Smith. I was mouth, and I bore my testimony to them of the goodness of the Lord to me; and then Brother Randall bore his testimony and said that when the smallpox was very bad in Centerville, the disease never entered one of the homes that had been dedicated. One week later, I received word from Syracuse asking me to attend a funeral of a child of Brother and Sister Walker and to speak.

Second Sunday in February the people met for the purpose of dividing the East Bountiful ward into two wards and to put in two new bishops with their counselors. I was called on to open the meeting with prayer. Bishop David Stoker, with his two counselors, Truman H. Barlow and Richard Stringham, were all honorably released. Brother W. W. Barlow was then put in as Bishop of the first, or north ward, with Brother Charles Howard and Joseph Kynaston as his counselors. Brother Jed Stringham was then put in as bishop over the second, or south ward, with Brother Emil Feller and James Burns as his counselors.

For several weeks I have been troubled with my leg and have consulted surgeons concerning the same, and all are of the opinion that another operation is necessary to relieve me of the pain which I am forced to endure. It is twenty-two years next December since my leg was amputated within six inches from my body, and the doctors say that at the time the arteries were not detached close enough. I have prayed concerning my condition but, as yet, have not received an answer from the Lord. I had for some time had great faith in a man who was working in the Temple and I decided I would ask

his opinion. He told me I should return home and see him the next day, March 4th. In the meantime he asked me to pray for him that he might be inspired to tell me what was the will of the Lord. I did so and called to see him the next day. We went into one of the secret rooms of the Temple and there had a very pleasant chat. He advised me to stop my work and spend my time in writing the history of my life to leave to my children.

March 12th. My leg again hurt me very badly. I consulted Dr. Brown and asked him what an operation of this kind would cost, as it seems as though I shall not be able to get my rest unless I have my leg attended to. I also wrote and asked my son, Thomas E. to come down so that I might consult with him and my other sons upon the matter. One week later I went to the Temple, and as I arrived there Brother Matson said he had received a revelation concerning me. He had for some time been persuading me to be careful and not come to the temple in bad weather. He said that just as I came out of the sealing room the spirit spoke to him, and told him that it was just as impossible for him to persuade those people who had no desire of coming to the Temple to do so, as it was to persuade me to stay at home when I thought it was my duty to go.

April. After a consultation concerning my leg it was decided that I be operated on the 6th of April. The next few days I spent in making preparations for my operation. President Grant, Judson Tolman, and my three sons, Ephraim, Thomas E. and James came and some had very doubtful hearts as to my recovery as I was then in my 77th year. I came out of the chloroform all right, and to the surprise of the doctors, was feeling quite well the following day. Ten days later the doctor took some of the stitches out of my wound. The following Sunday, several of the brethren came up and administered to me, after which I felt much refreshed. My sister's husband, from Salt Lake City, also came up to see how I was getting along. Two days later I was quite full of pain, but I asked the Lord to give me patience to endure all that I have to pass through, for although I suffer bodily pain, the spirit of the Holy Ghost is still with me. The latter part of the next month, I put on my false leg for the first time since my operation. I was able to keep it on for several hours, and I cannot express my thankfulness to my Heavenly Father for His protection over me. The doctor said that the Lord has been with me all through my operation.

On the 23rd of May, I attended meeting with my son-in-law, Bert Goodfellow, I went without my crutches, and it was a great surprise to all, for it had been only six weeks since I had been operated on. Everyone had to acknowledge the hand of the Lord in it for it was certainly a miracle.

June 10th. My wife's daughter, Jane Rouse, came down from Ogden to see the parade which was to be held in Salt Lake City. It was a gathering of all the old veterans of the great war of the Rebellion in the United States, and thousands from all parts of the state

and country flocked to witness the parade. The parade was very successful, the most important sight being the living flag. It consisted of from 1500 to 2000 children from 12 to 15 years of age.

October. On the 28th of October, my wife went to Salt Lake City to purchase her ticket to England. She leaves on the 5th of November. (End of diary).

### TO MY DEAR CHILDREN

As my health has been very poor, I have not kept a record, so in conclusion, I wish to say a few words to you. I can see that in a few years from now I shall not be with you; therefore, I pray for the spirit of the Lord to be with me to lead my mind to write such things that will be for your good, and that you and your children will carry them out in your lives, and that the same spirit with which I write will give you to fully understand them, for when my tongue is mouldering in the dust, these words will live in my posterity. I bear my testimony to you that this is the work of the Lord, and I ask you to teach it to your children; teach them to pray, and to keep the commandments of the Lord so that they might keep from sin. Teach them to understand their calling in the priesthood, and impress it upon their minds that it is of God and not of man.

Teach them to read good literature, for trifling reading begets trifling thoughts, and trifling thoughts begets a trifling life, for bear in mind, that impressions firmly fixed on the mind, and long cherished, are not easily erased. Then, oh, how important it is that those impressions are good ones. Teach them that foolish spending is the father of poverty. Teach them never to be ashamed of work however much learning they may be able to acquire. See that they are proud but let it be of the right kind. Teach them self-reliance, and to never give up without conquering every difficulty they may be called upon to pass through in life. Teach them to be too proud to wear clothes that they cannot afford; too proud to be in company that they are unable to keep up within expenses; too proud to lie, to cheat, or to steal; and also too proud to be stingy to the poor, sick, afflicted, or widows, and to the fatherless and motherless children. Always have kind words to give for they are as refreshing to the troubled heart as rain to the parched ground. Bear in mind that little drops of rain brighten the meadows, and little drops of kindness brighten the world. My children, my heart is full of love for you. I hope you will preserve these few lines and read them over as often as you can, also the 5th chapter of Alma, and live up to it for it is the word of the Lord in these latter days as well as in those days. My children, for this cause I left my native land that you may make good and valiant soldiers. For the Savior said to Peter, "Peter, lovest thou me?" Peter answered and said, "Yea, Lord, thou knowest I love thee." Then the Lord said, "Feed my lambs." And now, my children, try to realize that you have both sheep and lambs in your

charge, and remember you will be called upon to give account of them. And if you can say on the last day, "I have done the best I can, and Father, I have fed them, and clothed them, and when the wolves were howling at them, I have watched over them night and day, and now Father, none of them have I lost." But if on the other hand you have been careless, and He should say to you, "Where are the sheep and the lambs that I gave you"? and you are unable to give a strict account of them, you must draw your own conclusions on these things. Teach your children to honor the Sabbath day, and honor the Holy Priesthood in all things and do it by example. Teach them never to find fault with the prophets of the Lord. Teach them to honor their father and their mother, and their days may be long upon the land which the Lord, their God, giveth them. For these promises will carry us beyond this life to a time when the saints will receive their inheritance on earth.

And now, my children, whatever of my follies you have seen, forgive me, and I can say the same to you. You have been very good to me all the days of my life. I have just been thinking of the time when I used to call all my posterity together once a year, but now they are scattered far and wide. It now rests with my children to finish the work. Do not make light of the composition of these few lines for they were written with a desire for your salvation, and if you will carry them out in your lives, they will aid you in reaching the Kingdom of God. In conclusion, I will say that my Father in Heaven has been good to me, and may the angel of peace be with you all through all the days of your lives. God bless you, Amen.



## Utah and the Pony Express

"I ..... do hereby swear, before the great and Living God, that during my engagement, and while I am an employee of Russell, Majors & Waddell, I will, under no circumstances, use profane language; that I will drink no intoxicating liquors; that I will not quarrel or fight with any other employee of the firm, and that in every respect I will conduct myself honestly, be faithful to my duties, and so direct all my acts as to win the confidence of my employers. So help me God."



IN September 7, 1850 Congress passed a bill admitting California to the Union, and two days later she became the thirty-first state, entered on the records as a "free" state. Utah's interest in California began on January 29, 1846 when the Mormon Battalion reached California and, again, in July, 1846 when Samuel Brannan and his Mormon company landed in San Francisco harbor on the ship *Brooklyn*. Many of the families of these first Californians came to Utah and the Mormons clamored for a mail route between the Pacific coast and Utah Territory. In 1849, came news of the gold discovery at Sutter's Mill and it is known that 80,000 people made their way to California. By 1860 the population was said to be nearly half a million, many of whom were petitioning Congress for a mail route. The Postmaster-General reported in 1848, that three ocean steamers had sailed from New York carrying mail which would ultimately reach California; but steamer transportation was too slow for those who desired to com-

municate with their people in the eastern states. Men with capabilities began to visualize an overland mail which would be more satisfactory. The contractor in charge of the first Overland Mail was George Chorpensing, who, with Absalom Woodward, entered into a contract with the government to carry the mail between Sacramento and Salt Lake City by way of Carson Valley. These men erected crude stations along the route. It was often spoken of as the "jackass mail" because most of the mail was carried on mules. In November, 1851, four men left Sacramento with the mail. When they arrived at Willow Spring, a little over a hundred miles from Salt Lake Valley, Woodward met the mail carriers going to California. He warned them of the heavy snow he had encountered, as well as of a band of Indians he had met the day before. He then continued on to Salt Lake City but nothing further was heard of him until the following spring when his remains were found. The Indians had massacred the Woodward party. The dangers encountered by these mail carriers made it impossible for Chorpensing to hire men to take such risks; hence, late in 1852 he made the journey alone to Sacramento in order to save his contract for which so much had already been sacrificed. Chorpensing's second contract with the government was made in April, 1854; but this time the route was from Salt Lake City south through Utah county, on to Fillmore, Santa Clara, Las Vegas, Nevada, San Bernardino, and thence to San Diego, California. Chorpensing's bid was too low to meet the initial expense and Californians oftentimes accused the government of not wanting to improve mail conditions.

In 1858, a contract was given to reestablish the Central Overland route, this time between Placerville, California and Salt Lake City. Stages were ordered to replace the mule carriers. Chorpensing was again awarded the contract and at this time small stations were built every twenty to forty miles. It is said that he also supervised the building of the new Concord coaches and wagons. The cost of equipping the line was \$300,000; the subsidy received was to be \$180,000 but it was cut to \$160,000. The service was reduced to semi-monthly trips and the pay was only \$80,000 per annum. Chorpensing ran his stages weekly, but after many months of struggle and financial losses, he was unable to carry on and the contract was annulled in 1860. He later brought suit against the government.

Although California was admitted as a free state, as news of an impending war between the north and south reached the people it was noted that a great many of its leading citizens leaned toward the South. Even the idea of a Pacific republic was spoken of. If a Civil War came the mail route would play an important part, for California's wealth would help the cause of the side which controlled the route. William M. Gwin was United States senator from California. He was a brilliant, though some say, unscrupulous leader. He served from 1850-55 and was re-elected in 1857. In the late



autumn of 1854, he rode horseback from Sacramento by way of Salt Lake City and Fort Laramie to St. Joseph, Missouri. One of his traveling companions was Benjamin F. Ficklin, superintendent of the freighting firm of Russell, Majors & Waddell. The future possibilities of a more adequate overland mail were discussed as they rode along and it is claimed that during these conversations the idea of a Pony Express was born.

In 1855, Senator Gwin introduced a bill in Congress providing for a weekly mail express each way between St. Louis and San Francisco. A bounty of \$5,000 for a round trip completed in ten days was included but the bill was pigeon-holed. In March, 1857 Congress passed a bill which authorized an overland mail to California and provided \$300,000 for a semi-monthly service; \$450,000 for a weekly service or \$600,000 for a semi-weekly service. Four-horse coaches or light wagons which could carry both passengers and mail were to be the mode of transportation. The naming of the route was left with Postmaster General Aaron V. Brown, a native of Tennessee. Several bids were received, among them that of John Butterfield who received the contract and named St. Louis and Memphis as the points of departure; thence through Arkansas, Texas, Yuma, Arizona and on to San Francisco. The route was nearly three thousand miles long forming a sort of a semi-circle; therefore, for a time it was known as the Horse-Shoe or Ox-Bow Route. Service was to begin in September, 1858; time, twenty-five days each way. Severe criticism was given it, not because of the service, but the time consumed in delivering the mail.

#### MAIL — UTAH

The United States mail service was not extended to Salt Lake Valley until 1850. During the three previous years letters, newspapers and official government communications were delivered by private parties traveling east or west. Every incoming and outgoing company, every freight train covering the road, acted as mail carriers.

On Thursday, November 20, 1848, Allen Compton, Dr. Ezekiel Lee, James Casto and John Smith arrived in Salt Lake City from Winter Quarters with the mail consisting of 227 letters and many papers. This was the first official mail to arrive in the valley, but it was carried by the action of a Mormon Conference held October 6, 1848, at which time these men were called to carry the express to Great Salt Lake Valley. In 1849, the Postmaster-General established the first governmental post office in Salt Lake Valley and appointed Joseph L. Heywood as Postmaster.

The first U. S. contract to carry the mail from Independence, Missouri to Salt Lake City was awarded to Samuel H. Woodson. The monthly stage service began July 1, 1850 and the contractor was to receive \$19,500 per annum for four years. Woodson chose

Ephraim K. Hanks and Charles H. Decker to assist him. Feramor Little, later a mayor of Salt Lake City, received a sub-contract from Woodson in July of 1851, to handle the mail between Fort Laramie and Salt Lake City for \$8,000 per annum. During the four years the service was carried on between the Missouri River and Salt Lake City the delivery was quite satisfactory, although sometimes late and the mail damaged by inclement weather.

The government contract, which was renewed in 1854, was given to Wm. F. McGraw, with stipulations added that the mail was to be carried in four-horse coaches, which also were to carry passengers and to operate a monthly service for which he was to receive \$12,500 annually. Early in 1856, the Postmaster-General asked for bids as the McGraw contract had expired and Hyrum Kimball, a Mormon boy, received the contract having submitted the lowest bid. Mr. Kimball's contract arrived in Salt Lake City on March 24, 1857.

On March 30th President Young wrote Horace S. Eldredge as follows: "The mail will be carried in the name of Hyrum Kimball. This was considered the best course to secure the contract. He has filed his bonds and enclosed is a power-of-attorney from him to you, and a copy of the same which you will forward to the second assistant Postmaster-General when you apply for the first quarter on contract."

Previous to this time President Young had unfolded his plans to Feramor Little who was then at St. Louis, Missouri: "A contract for the carrying of the mail from the states to this place for four years has been offered to Hyrum Kimball for \$23,000 and a little over; he will not be able to start it this month and has transferred it subject to my orders and counsel. We shall send the February mail by William A. Hickman and others, and in all probability the March mail will go out by Porter Rockwell and others. I believe a sufficient number of men can be got to begin a carrying company for goods and passengers; mules, etc., are and will be forthcoming, and I would like you to join us.

"I have offered the merchants here again to carry all their freight at 12½¢ per lb. on their payment of all, or part, in advance; whether they will or not, I know not; if they do not but wish to bring only a part per month by our 'express train' then they will have to pay a higher rate of course. By having stations on the road and animals there, we can come through easily in twenty days, and from our own goods, those of other people, and passengers, we anticipate we shall be able to carry the mail without loss, or rather by this mode we think it can be made profitable."

After stating that the mail would be hauled at present and goods within a few months and eventually passengers the letter continues: "We will take a course to establish a few substantial stations where we shall deposit grain for supplies and for stock, cut hay, etc. Porter Rockwell will go to Laramie with the next mail and operate from that point to this end of the road."

Mr. Little was then authorized to go East for the purpose of purchasing harnesses and carriages. Three days later a mass meeting was held in the old Tabernacle, the result of which was the forming of a company of shareholders to be called the B. Y. Express & Carrying Company. Clearly the Express and Carrying Company would constitute the biggest achievement of the Mormon people in many years—if it went successfully.

On May 28, 1857 General Winfield Scott issued an order requesting 2500 United States troops, then stationed at Fort Leavenworth, to march to Utah. Feramorz Little learned of the movements and hastened to Salt Lake City to present the information to Brigham Young. Then came the cancellation of the Kimball contract in June which was followed by the approach of Johnston's Army. It will be noted here that Russell, Majors & Waddell had contracts with the government to freight the army supplies.

Thus all communication was cut off for a time. Resumption of the service came late in 1857, when S. B. Miles was awarded the contract to carry the mail from Missouri to Salt Lake—said mail to be carried in coaches in the summer and on pack horses in the winter. His price was \$32,000 per year. In the spring of 1858, the Miles contract was annulled and Hockaday & Company signed one for a weekly service on a twenty-two day schedule for \$190,000.

On May 11, 1859 Russell, Majors & Waddell purchased from James Hockaday & Company the mail stage obligations. The contract remained as before, \$190,000 per annum, and provided for a weekly service. This firm, previously confined to freighting activities, was desirous of securing control of the entire mail business between the Missouri River and the Pacific coast, hoping that the expanding business would justify a bi-weekly or even daily service with increased subsidies; but they were doomed to disappointment when they received word that Postmaster-General Holt had decided on a semi-monthly basis. Russell, Majors & Waddell were compelled to run stages weekly because of passenger service. They had to provide food for the drivers, haul in feed for the animals, and see that the stations were kept in repairs and adequately manned.

### NAPOLEONS OF THE CENTRAL ROUTE

Russell, Majors & Waddell, Napoleons of the freighting business in western United States, left to posterity one of the most notable ventures in pioneering—the Pony Express. Three different types of men formed the partnership, yet each played an important part in building a successful business. Unwise speculation and wishful thinking caused its downfall; yet it presents a story of courage that leaves an indelible imprint upon the pages of frontier history.



William H. Russell

tween Washington, D.C. and New York raising money to carry on his many business enterprises.

*Alexander Majors* was born in or near Franklin County, Kentucky October 3, 1814. When he was four years of age his mother moved the family to Jackson County, Missouri. After his marriage to Catherine Stalcup he took up farming. The revenue from his farm, being inadequate for his growing family, in 1846 he began his freighting activities. He loaded a wagon with merchandise and went to the Pottawattamie Indian reservation to either sell or trade his goods. From *Seventy Years on the Frontier* we quote:

"As I was brought up to handle animals and had been employed more or less in the teaming business, after looking the situation over, it occurred to me there was nothing I was so well adapted for by past experience as the freighting business that was then being conducted between Independence, Missouri and Santa Fe, New Mexico, a distance of eight hundred miles. At that time almost the entire distance lay through Indian Territory where we were likely, on a greater portion of the trail, to meet hostile Indians any moment. Being a religious man and opposed to all kinds of profanity, and knowing the practice of teamsters, almost without exception, was to use profane and vulgar language and to travel on the Sabbath day,

*William Hepburn Russell* was born January 21, 1812 in Burlington, Vermont. Later his family moved to Missouri where, at Lexington, he opened a mercantile establishment and became active in other civic ventures. He was a highly temperamental man, possessed of a daring nature, a keen mind, a vivid imagination and a great ambition. He had an unwavering confidence in his ability which oftentimes led him into unwise decisions. Mr. Russell was well known among the great political leaders of his time and a familiar figure in Washington. He made his home in the East where he traveled extensively be-



Alexander Majors

another difficulty presented itself to my mind which had to be overcome.

"After due reflection on this subject I resolved in my innermost nature, by the help of God, I would overcome all difficulties that presented themselves to my mind, let the hazard be whatever it might. This resolve I carried out and it was the keynote to my great success in the management of men and animals. Having reached this determination and being ready to embark in my new business, I formulated a code of rules for the behavior of my employees which read as follows:

*"While I am in the employ of A. Majors, I agree not to use profane language, not to get drunk, not to gamble, not to treat animals cruelly, and not to do anything else that is incompatible with the conduct of a gentleman. And I agree if I violate any of the above conditions, to accept my discharge without any pay for my services."*

"I do not remember a single instance of a man signing these 'Iron-Clad' rules, as they called them, being discharged without his pay. My employees seemed to understand in the beginning of their term of service that their good behavior was part of the recompense they gave me for the money I paid them."

In 1848, Mr. Majors received a contract to carry cargo into Santa Fe. He states that by 1850 his business had grown to such an extent that he now owned ten wagons and one hundred and thirty oxen, and, for the year 1850, his earnings were some \$13,000. During the year 1853 he was engaged in freighting for the government, having received a contract for transporting supplies. It was not until 1855, that Majors joined with Russell, at which time a government contract was signed, giving these men the sole right to transport all military supplies west of the Missouri River. Later advertisements announced the opening of their office, warehouses, stores, blacksmith shop, etc.

*William Bradford Waddell*, the third member of the firm, was born October 17, 1807 in Fauquier County, Virginia. When he was



William B. Waddell

eight years of age his family moved to Kentucky, where he grew to young manhood. He married Susan Byram and shortly after they too moved to Lexington, Missouri. Mr. Waddell was of a quiet, stolid temperament, the exact opposite of Mr. Russell, but sometimes his rather stubborn nature was overcome by the persuasiveness of the former even against his better judgment. While these three men had been associated in the freighting business, it was not until 1858 that Mr. Waddell's name was added to the firm.

On February 25, 1857, the firm of Russell & Majors renewed their contracts with the government for the transportation of military supplies to the west and southwest. Later that same year an order came saying they would be required to carry vast amounts of supplies to Utah. They were told that on May 28th, 2500 men of the Fifth and Tenth Infantry and the Second Dragoons, together with a battery of the Fourth Artillery had been ordered to assemble at Fort Leavenworth and proceed to Utah where trouble between her citizens and government officials was said to have occurred. The freighting firm was not released from its other obligations, and Russell's first reply was that their trains were already on the road, but the War Department had only the firm of Russell & Majors to perform this task; hence an early agreement was reached for them to take over the job. This called for the immediate purchasing of additional wagons and oxen, the hiring of more men and the buying of 2000 head of cattle.

When word was received in Salt Lake City that the United States Army was on its way to the Valley, Brigham Young, then Territorial Governor, declared martial law and forbade the U. S. troops to enter. He ordered General Daniel H. Wells, head of the Territorial Militia, to destroy the trains, stampede the animals, burn vegetation and in general hinder the entrance of the troops. The members of the Militia accordingly set out to obey orders, and, in early October, destroyed

three of the freight trains consisting of 75 wagons, together with provisions, rounded up their cattle and drove them off. Colonel Alexander ordered an advance to Salt Lake City by way of Soda Springs north of Salt Lake Valley. On October 12th they began the march with six of Russell & Majors' trains. They marched sixty miles and then had to retrace their steps by orders of their superiors.

In the meantime Porter Rockwell and part of the militia had driven away another nine hundred oxen and mules. The army was now stationed at Camp Scott near Fort Bridger. It was in November that Colonel Albert Sydney Johnston arrived at their headquarters. Again, the great freighting firm carried new army supplies. It was a bitterly cold winter and many of their oxen died of exposure causing Russell & Majors to suffer additional financial losses. They turned their bills-of-lading into the office where a summarized statement of their losses was sent to Washington and later presented to Congress as follows:

Wagons destroyed en route and left at Camp Scott for want of oxen to draw them.....	\$ 48,260.00
1906 oxen .....	84,245.50
Outfits for eleven trains.....	25,696.00
Additional costs for agents, wagon masters, team- sters, etc., during winter of 1857-58.....	35,167.15
Three burned trains.....	72,000.00
Difference between 1857 contract price and cost of transportation of 2,264,013 lbs. supplies to Utah .....	174,741.80
The same to Fort Laramie.....	48,679.95
The same to Fort Kearney.....	3,762.61
	<hr/>
	\$493,553.01

When Johnston's army was ordered to leave Camp Floyd, the remaining empty supply wagons of Majors & Russell were taken to Salt Lake City where they covered many acres of ground in the suburbs. Here they remained for over a year when one of the agents of the firm sold them to the Mormons for \$10.00 each. The manufacturer's cost was \$150 to \$175 per wagon. The salvaged iron from the wagons and other implements was used by the Mormons in the manufacture of nails. The oxen were sent to Skull Valley and other adjacent places where there was good winter feed. While they were still at Camp Floyd, the firm selected 500 head of the most suitable stock, which were to be taken to California in the spring and sold on the market for beef cattle. The route chosen was through Ruby Valley where the cattle were to graze during the winter. The herders arrived with the cattle in late November. Not long after severe snowstorms came and within a few weeks the ground was covered with heaps of frozen or starved animals. Only two hundred

survived. Previous to this time, the firm had sustained another complete loss when Indians attacked herders in charge of approximately 1000 head of cattle near the Platte River, killing them and scattering the cattle.

The Deseret News of 1860 carried this advertisement:

#### CATTLE AND WAGONS FOR SALE

*Seventeen hundred head of cattle for sale, twelve hundred head run on Chicken Creek, and the remainder in Ruby Valley. Also several hundred wagons. For particulars apply to my office at Camp Floyd.*

J. Hobbs, Agent for  
Russell, Majors & Waddell

#### THE PIKE'S PEAK VENTURE

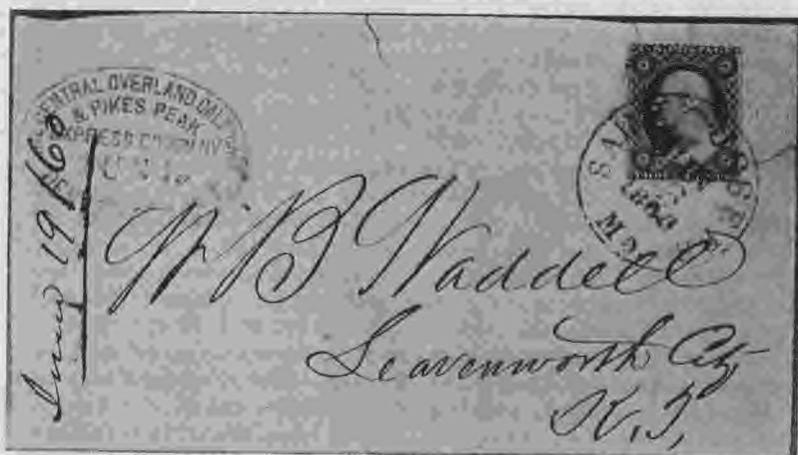
Concerning the first stage line into Denver, Alexander Majors said: "In the winter of 1858, while my partner W. H. Russell, John S. Jones, a citizen of Pettis County, Missouri and myself were all in Washington, D.C., which was about the time the Pike's Peak excitement was at its highest pitch, Messrs. Jones and Russell conceived the idea to put a line of daily coaches in operation between the Missouri River and Denver City when Denver was but a few months old. They came to me with the proposition to take hold of the enterprise with them. I told them I could not consent to do so at such an early period in the development of this country and urged them to leave the enterprise alone. They paid no attention to my protest and went forward with their plans, bought 1,000 fine Kentucky mules and a sufficient number of Concord coaches to supply a daily coach each way between the Missouri River and Denver. At that time Leavenworth was the starting point on the Missouri but a few months afterwards they made Atchison the eastern terminus of the line and Denver the western.

"They bought their mules and coaches on credit, giving their notes payable in ninety days; sent men out to establish a station every ten or fifteen miles from Leavenworth due west, going up the Smoky Hill fork of the Kansas River, through the Territory of Kansas, and direct to Denver. The line was organized, stations built and put in running shape in remarkably quick time. They made their daily trips in six days traveling about one hundred miles every twenty-four hours. The first stage ran into Denver May 17, 1859. It was looked upon as a great success so far as putting the enterprise into shape was concerned, but when ninety days expired the notes fell due and they were unable to meet them. And in spite of my protests in the commencement of the organization as against having anything to do with it, it became necessary for Russell, Majors & Waddell to meet the obligation that Jones & Russell had entered into



in organizing and putting the stock on the line. To save our partner we had to pay the debts of the concern and take mules and coaches, etc., in other words all the paraphernalia of the line to secure us for the money we had advanced.

"The institution then having become the property of Russell, Majors & Waddell, we continued to run it daily. A few months after we bought out the semi-monthly line of Hockaday & Liggett, that was running from St. Joseph, Missouri to Salt Lake City, thinking that by blending the two lines we might bring the business up to where it would pay expenses, if nothing more. This we failed in, for the lines, even after being merged, did not nearly meet expenses. Messrs. Hockaday & Liggett had a few stages, light, cheap vehicles, and but a few mules and no stations along the route.



Courtesy — Utah State Historical Society

They traveled the same team several hundred miles before changing, stopping every few hours and turning them loose to graze and then going on again. As soon as we bought them we built good stations and stables every ten or fifteen miles all the way from Missouri to Salt Lake . . . Instead of our schedule time being twenty-two days, as it was with Hockaday & Liggett, and running two per month, we ran a stage coach each way every day and made the schedule time ten days, a distance of 1,200 miles. We continued running this line from the summer of 1859 until March, 1862 when it fell into the hands of Ben Holladay . . ."

#### THE PONY EXPRESS

The question of transportation between the East and the West was constantly before Congress. By the close of 1859 there were at least six different mail routes leading to the Pacific coast, but

the matter of transportation was by no means settled. These mail routes were costing the government \$2,184,696 annually and returning \$339,747.34. Of these lines the New York to San Francisco, via the Isthmus of Panama, was the most expensive but withal the most dependable. This service cost \$738,250 annually and brought in \$229,879.69. The steamer schedule was four weeks either way so that the news always grew old en route.

While Butterfield was known as the Napoleon of the Southern Route, Russell, Majors & Waddell were establishing new stations between St. Joseph and Salt Lake City. They had to be put in charge of experienced men with stock tenders and other employees and supplies had to be hauled at great expense. Russell, the business manager of the firm, influenced by Senator Qwin, who was a member of the committee on roads and postoffices, probably was offered pledges of support if his firm would develop a swift mail service between the Missouri River and California. It will be noted that Mr. Russell, having called a meeting with Majors & Waddell at Leavenworth, Kansas, used every argument to convert his partners that the plan was feasible. Majors called attention to the vast outlay of money, hostile Indians, cold weather and the terrific heat of the desert. Waddell also opposed it knowing that it would be a financial failure; but again Russell won out, and the date of starting was set three months later, April 3, 1860. The very life of the company depended upon the success of this venture, which was perhaps one of the greatest gambles ever undertaken by man. Major in his own book tells the following:

"Having decided to establish the Pony Express as a first step, we organized the Central Overland & Pike's Peak Express Company under a Kansas charter, including Messrs. Ficklin and W. W. Finney, two of our principal employees, among the incorporators. Then the stage line from Atchison to Salt Lake City, owned and operated by our firm, was turned over to the new company which proceeded to acquire the Chorpenning mail and stage line operating on a monthly schedule between Salt Lake and Sacramento, and the Leavenworth and Pike's Peak Express which had lately established a stage line between Leavenworth and Denver, along the route now followed by the Kansas Pacific division of the Union Pacific system.

"It was at the same time decided that while Russell remained in the East, Ficklin should take charge of the operations at Salt Lake and Finney at San Francisco. When Ficklin reached Salt Lake we set to work with J. G. Bromley, our resident agent at this point, to prepare a schedule, locate relay and other stations, and make exact estimates of the number of men and horses that would be needed for the proposed service. There were already stations properly distanced on our line between St. Joseph and Salt Lake, but we had to relocate the route between Salt Lake and Sacramento which we had taken over from Chorpenning and build stations its entire length.

"Meantime one of our superintendents (Bolivar Roberts) located at Carson City, Nevada, was hiring men, while another located at Salt Lake (Howard Egan) was buying horses. The sixty men selected for riders at the outset were still young, but everyone a splendid horseman hardened by years of life in the open—in a word the pick of the frontier. Their wages ranged from \$50.00 to \$150.00 a month, the highest paid of any of our men below executive rank. The horses assembled for the service were the best that money could buy, ranging from tough California cayuses or mustangs to thoroughbred stock from Iowa. The line, when fully equipped, comprised 190 station men and keepers, and eighty riders, but those who had preparations in charge labored to such good purpose that sixty days after they were set afoot it was ready for active operations."

On March 26th, Russell inserted advertisements in the New York Herald and the Missouri Republican in St. Louis:

TO SAN FRANCISCO IN EIGHT DAYS

by

The Central Overland California

and

Pike's Peak Express

The first courier of the Pony Express will leave Missouri River on Tuesday, April 3d, at 5 p.m. and will run regularly weekly thereafter carrying a letter mail only. The point of departure on the Missouri River will be in telegraphic communication with the East and will be announced in due time.

Telegraphic messages from all parts of the United States and Canada in connection with the point of departure will be received up to 5 p.m. of the day of leaving, and transmitted over the Placerville and St. Joseph telegraph wires to San Francisco and intermediate points by the connecting Express in eight days.

The letter mail will be delivered in San Francisco in ten days from the departure of the Express. The Express passes through Forts Kearney, Laramie and Bridger, Great Salt Lake City, Camp Floyd, Carson City, the Washoe silver mines, Placerville and Sacramento. Letters for Oregon, Washington Territory, British Columbia, the Pacific Mexican ports, Russian possessions, Sandwich Islands, China, Japan and India will be mailed in San Francisco.

The *St. Joseph Weekly West*, published April 7, 1860 in St. Joseph, Missouri while the Pony was headed for California, gave the time schedule for the first run as follows from St. Joseph: Marysville, 12 hours; Fort Kearney, 34 hours; Fort Laramie, 80 hours; Fort Bridger, 108 hours; Great Salt Lake, 124 hours; Camp Floyd, 128 hours; Carson City, 188 hours; Placerville, 226 hours; Sacramento, 234 hours; San Francisco, 240 hours.

The *Sacramento Union* published the following:

Overland Pony Express: The agent of the proprietors, W. W. Finney, has completed his arrangements for stocking that portion of the line assigned to him, and has detailed his men and secured his stock for distribution along the route. For express and other purposes he has purchased 129 mules and horses—about 100 of the latter. They are California stock and well adapted for riding and packing purposes. The necessary saddles for riding and packing with bridles, blankets, etc., were purchased here in San Francisco. A certain number of tents and tent poles were also provided for the men stationed beyond Carson Valley.

Twenty-one men, as Express riders and packers, started with the train. The men and animals will be distributed between this city and Eagle Valley; the line to that point is to be stocked from Salt Lake. Finney goes to Ruby Valley with the train to fix upon the points for the stations and make a proper distribution of men and horses for the service. Provision and grain for the present have to be packed from Placerville to the points along the route where they will be needed. It is the intention of the agents to run the Express from Carson Valley along the route surveyed last summer by Captain Simpson. By that route the distance from this city to Salt Lake is not far from 700 miles. At the rate of 200 miles in 24 hours, the time between the two points will be three and one-half days.

The work of organization, carrying out the details, building stations, hiring men, buying horses, etc., went forth quietly and without publicity. Much praise must be given Majors whose experience gave him the capability of planning and carrying out the general details.

STATIONS: The stage stations already established were too far apart for horse travel, and so intermediate, or swing stations, were built between the home stations where horses could be quickly exchanged. Each station had an overseer, stock tenders and a blacksmith shop for shoeing the horses. Extra ponies were always kept in readiness. The home stations were usually situated near a ranch or settlement if possible. Since they were targets for Indian attacks they were built as indestructible as possible with the limited materials available such as rocks, adobe or logs. In spite of all precautions many were burned to the ground during Indian uprisings. The men chosen to man these stations were exceedingly courageous and possessed the ability to think and act quickly, since their job was perhaps the most dangerous on the route. More station men were killed than riders during the months of the Pony Express operations. The cost of food on the frontier was very high and most of it had to be freighted great distances. Hay and grain, besides being expensive at the point of shipment, cost as high as twenty-five cents a pound for transportation alone when delivered to the outlying Pony Ex-

press stations by oxteam. But for the enormous transportation business built by Russell, Majors & Waddell, the Pony Express would have been foredoomed to failure at the outset because of the difficulty and expense of securing supplies.

**RIDERS:** The purpose of the Express was to keep the mail continuously moving forward at maximum speed, and the routes chosen, the distance between stations, and rules governing the duties of the station keepers, and selection of riders, were all arranged to make this possible. The men who had charge of choosing the riders had certain rules to guide them. He must be young, not over twenty years of age, weigh less than 125 pounds, wiry, and have an unwavering sense of duty and responsibility. He must be an outstanding horseman and accustomed to the rugged life expected of him—seventy five miles to one hundred miles a day, which meant at least six or more changes of mounts, was to be his daily schedule. At the home station he would be permitted a short rest, then return with the mail in the opposite direction. According to the records of the company not many of these young riders endured this strenuous life for the eighteen months of its existence. Ofttimes the company's rules were broken when younger riders were employed as well as those who did not meet the specifications concerning weight.

Each rider was supplied with a red flannel shirt and blue trousers, but mostly they dressed as they saw fit. The average costume consisted of a buckskin shirt, ordinary trousers tucked into high boots and a slouch hat or cap. A pair of Colt revolvers in his holsters, sometimes a dagger and a Spencer rifle, which was later discarded because it proved too cumbersome, completed his outfit. He was under oath to be on hand for duty, but it was the station keeper's responsibility to watch for the approach of the Express rider and have a horse saddled and bridled at least thirty minutes before he arrived. His approach was watched for carefully and sometimes his presence was made known by a series of lusty whoops or the blowing of a horn. He was instructed to keep out of the way of Indians and unscrupulous white men who might be attracted by the monetary value of the mail, since the high rate of postage precluded its use for frivolous correspondence. Letters were written on the thinnest procurable paper in fine handwriting to economize space, then carefully wrapped in oil-skin before being inserted in the compartments of the mochila. The Pony Express rider was held responsible for the delivery of those precious letters and documents on time. His wage was from \$50.00 to \$150 but he was housed and fed at the company's expense.

**PONIES:** To establish the Pony Express required 500 more of the best blooded American horses, and 200 station tenders to care for them and have them saddled and bridled for the incoming riders—they having only two minutes to change their mounts. The selection of the ponies was made with the greatest discrimination. Speed was the first requirement, but the ability to keep going under vary-

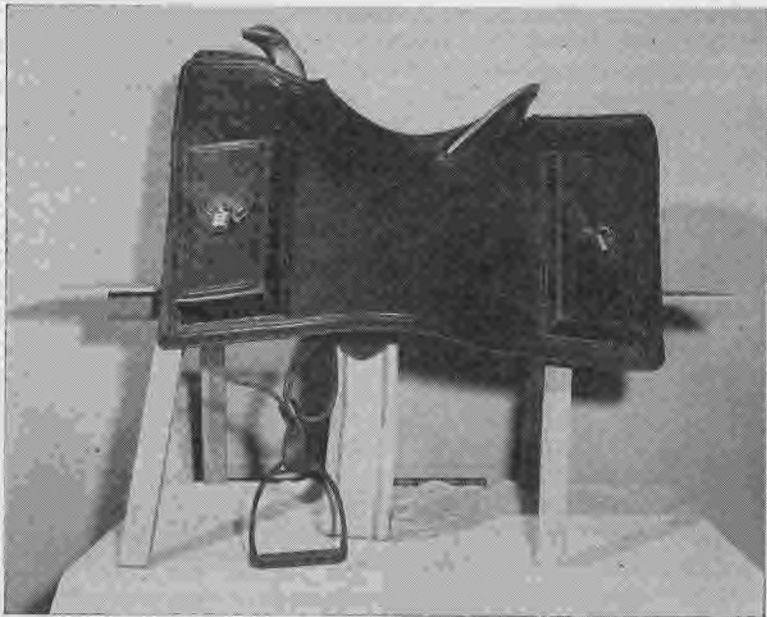
ing conditions was of the utmost importance. The *Missouri Democrat* of March, 1860 stated that ponies were being brought from Captain McKissack at Fort Leavenworth.

On the western end of the route California mustangs were purchased. They were a breed of stout-hearted, steel-muscled, deep-bodied under-sized animals who could conquer the mountain passes, buck sand storm and alkali deserts and swim rivers. In Utah wild horses were rounded up on the desert, near Kimball's Junction, according to the writings of William Kimball, and on Antelope Island, and sold to the firm. These ponies often proved superior to the Indian ponies and many times out-distanced them in a race. Frederick E. Eldredge, nephew of Ira Nebeker, wrote the following concerning the breaking of wild ponies for the Express:

"Ira Nebeker, Sol Hale and Quince Knowlton had the contract to break the ponies for riding. These adventurous fellows were young men of 17 to 18 years of age at the time. Their contract called for them to ride at least ten ponies a day. The riders weighed around 130 pounds. The young horse-breakers would take turns being rider, then as helper as the wild ponies were roped, bridled and saddled and then mounted for the first time. Usually when a horse got through bucking he didn't buck again, but sometimes the horse would have to be ridden again and again. I suppose many of the ponies were still quite wild but they had the hardy and enduring characteristics needed in a fast and tough pony to make the necessary ride between stations. These ponies, when broken for riding, were then taken to the main Express Station in Salt Lake City on Main Street. Here they were available for the Pony Express riders and stations as needed. Every station had two or three extra horses in corals as relief horses.

"It was a hard and adventurous life for both pony and rider and many a pony was lost as well as the rider. My uncle, Aaron Nebeker, rode a few times in the Pony Express mostly as a replacement for some regular rider who was unable to go. I knew Tom Dobson, "Wash" Perkins, "Doc" Faust and George Little who were riders for the Pony Express. Bill Cody, or "Buffalo Bill," as he was known and Uncle Ira Nebeker were dear friends."

**SADDLES:** The saddles were made by the famous saddlery firm, headed by Israel Landis. They were light even to the stirrups. The saddle horn was short and broad and the entire saddle weighed about one-third of the ordinary frontier used saddle. A mochila or covering of leather was thrown over the saddle. Holes were cut in the mochila through which the saddle horn and cantle of the saddle projected. Four boxes of hard leather were attached to the mochila. The mail was put in these small containers which were secured with padlocks. At designated stations the keepers, who held the keys, opened the boxes. Thus it was unnecessary for the rider to change his saddle, only the mochila.



Pony Express Saddle with Mochila — D.U.P. Museum

On April 3, 1860 the *Alta-California* published a story saying that the "Horse Express" would be made up at the Telegraph Office and dispatched to Sacramento by boat at 4 o'clock. It also said that W. W. Finney had his stations all ready from Sacramento to Salt Lake City or a distance of three hundred miles. It called upon all the citizens to give the ponies a good send-off. The *San Francisco Bulletin* also presented great evidence that the celebration would be one to be remembered.

On April 4th, the *Alta-California* gave glowing reports of the send-off the Pony rider received, and that the express matter amounted to 85 letters which at the \$5.00 rate, made a total of \$425.00. The mail left San Francisco by boat and arrived at the dock in Sacramento early in the morning of April 4th. Harry Roff, Express rider was a passenger on the boat. Here no celebration was held but other mail was added to the pouch and William Hamilton, who had been hired by Bolivar Roberts, made his way on to Placerville. It was 6:45 a.m. when he rode into town, a full half hour ahead of schedule. This was the only run made out of San Francisco for the western terminal was then made at Sacramento.

On that same day the operations of the Pony Express started from St. Joseph. It was late in the evening as the train carrying messages from farther eastern points did not arrive in time for it

to leave earlier. Three names have been specially mentioned as being the first rider, Johnny Frye, Alexander Carlyle and Billy Richardson, but most historians give the credit to Johnny Frye. In the afternoon, a



Johnny Frye

large crowd assembled at the express station and Major Jeff Thompson spoke lauding the new venture. A brass band furnished the music and at 7:30 in the evening, according to the St. Joseph Weekly, the mail was placed in a mochila by the Mayor and the rider started off amid the loud and continuous cheering of the spectators.

The people of Salt Lake City watched anxiously for the rider to appear but no celebration was scheduled.

"The first Pony Express from the west left Sacramento City at 12 p.m. on the night of the 3rd inst., and arrived in this city at 11:45 p.m. of the 7th, inside off prospectus time. The roads were heavy and weather

stormy. The last 75 miles were made in 5 hours, 15 minutes in a heavy rain.

"The Express from the East left St. Joseph, Mo., at 6:30 p.m. on the evening of the 3rd and arrived in this city at 6:25 p.m. on the evening of the 9th. The difference in time between St. Joseph and this city is something near one hour and fifteen minutes, bringing us within six days communication with the frontier, and seven days from Washington—a result which we Utahns, accustomed to receive news three months after date, can well appreciate. Much credit is due the enterprising and persevering originators of this enterprise, and although a telegraph is very desirable, we feel well satisfied with this achievement for the present."—*Deseret News*, April 11.

### FINANCIAL DIFFICULTIES

The cost of the Pony Express venture was high. Riders and ponies had to be fed, stations maintained with paid attendants, bridles, saddles and mochilas purchased. Buying for, and maintaining the Pony Express for over sixteen months, proved a gigantic enterprise, costing more than Russell, Majors & Waddell could meet. Indian depredations and the loss from bandits and thieves along the route were enormous. The initial cost was \$100,000 which included the building of the adobe stations, the buying of the ponies, outfitting



the men with saddles, guns, clothing and other items needed and the hiring of maintenance crews.

Near Christmas time of 1860, a political scandal, which involved Mr. Russell, shocked the nation. All the leading papers carried the story that Godard Bailey, a clerk in the Department of the Interior, was also involved and some thousands of dollars in bonds had disappeared. The bonds belonged to the Indian tribal fund and represented annuities due to various tribes. William H. Russell was arrested in New York City December 24, 1860 and charged with receiving the bonds from Bailey and giving them as collateral for obtaining a huge loan. In their place had been left "acceptances" which had been issued earlier by Secretary of War Floyd to Russell, Majors & Waddell for freighting contracts. Russell claimed that he had no knowledge Bailey was a government officer or that the bonds belonged to a government agency. He was later released on a \$200,000 bond which was raised by his many friends. Secretary of War Floyd, Russell and Bailey were indicted by a Grand Jury in Washington January 30, 1861. When Mr. Russell's case came up in the Criminal Court, his attorney pleaded that since he had already been questioned by a Select Committee of the House on this same charge, he should be freed from the indictment to which the court acceded.



Courtesy — Utah State Historical Society

Bancroft in his analysis of the situation said: "The company was largely in debt, owing about \$1,000,000; and, although a large company and with considerable assets, was embarrassed to a degree which made borrowing necessary to a greater amount than was convenient. The government was also in debt to the company on its contracts, Congress having failed to pass an appropriation bill."

Meanwhile, the Pony Express was kept on the road, but the Russell case, although it never entered the stage of trial, seriously affected the good name of the firm with Washington officials. Creditors, seeing a possible financial collapse ahead for the company, began presenting their claims. In the *Deseret News* of February 27, 1861 appeared this story:

"A few days since, there was a little excitement raised in the city, by the circulation of a report that all the stock belonging to the Mail and Express Company in this territory had been attached at the suit of Livingston, Bell & Company, in consequence of which, the Mail and Express would be stopped and no further communications might be expected from the East very soon, which, in these exciting times would certainly be a great inconvenience, not to say calamity.

"The report that the animals had been attached was correct, but we are credibly informed that there was no intention on the part of the plaintiffs in the case to interfere with the transmission of the mail, nor to prevent the "Pony" from making its regular trips, for the present, at least, and not at all, if the matter of indebtedness shall be otherwise satisfactorily adjusted. If we rightly understand the matter the transaction may be considered more favorable than otherwise, for the continuance of the existing mail and express arrangements."

The contract that had been given to the Butterfield interests in 1858, known as the Overland Mail, was the chief competitor of Russell, Majors & Waddell, who, with their large holdings had sought to supersede this company when they incorporated the Central Overland & Pike's Peak Express Company in 1859. Early in 1861 Congress was notified that the Butterfield Overland Mail had been attacked by Confederate forces and some of its stages stopped. It also had not proved to be too successful as the patronage had not been as much as had been expected. It was then that Congress agreed the mail line must be moved to the central route. On March 2, 1861, President James Buchanan and the Democratic Congress transferred the Overland Mail to the Central Route with an annual subsidy of \$1,000,000. In the contract was a clause that the Pony Express would run a semi-weekly mail. The firm of Russell, Majors & Waddell had been defeated in its efforts to secure this mail route.

The Overland Mail Company now had the contract to carry the mail to and from California, but they did not have the route which was owned by Russell, Majors & Waddell. A contract was drawn up between William H. Russell and William B. Dinsmore which divided the central route into two sections with each company assuming responsibility for one of them. From the *Utah Historical Quarterly* Vol. 27, pages 111-112 we quote in part:

This memorandum of contract—witnesseth—that whereas the last session of the 36th Congress a law was passed authorizing the Postmaster Gen'l to make certain modifications in the contract

for mail service on route 12,518—among others changing their route to what is known as the Central or Salt Lake Route—to be accepted by the contractors.

And whereas the Overland Mail company now performing the service and the recognized contractors on said route have accepted such modifications, and entered into a contract with the Postmaster Gen'l for the performance of service under said act of Congress—a copy of which contract is hereto appended and made a part of this agreement. And whereas it has been agreed that the Central Overland & Pike's Peak Express Company shall perform a part of said service; now these presents witness—that the said Express Company acting by William H. Russell its president and duly authorized by its Board of Directors, party of the first part, and the said Overland Mail Company acting by William B. Dinsmore, party of the second part, do mutually agree as follows:

1st. Said first party agree to perform the entire service between the eastern terminus and Salt Lake City and to furnish facilities to accommodate (sic) travel both "through" and "local" The second party to perform the balance of the service and to afford like facilities and to pay the first party quarterly as it shall be received from the government and no sooner, mail pay at the rate of Four Hundred and Seventy Thousand dollars per annum, after deducting therefrom one half the amount of sea service.

2nd. The passenger business and Express business to be divided as follows—the local passenger and express business of the first party to be divided seventy per cent to the first party and thirty per cent to the second party. And the local business of the second party to be retained by them entire. Settlements are to be made quarterly and all accounts balanced. Business going only part way on both divisions charged as local and price to be fixed by the parties.

5th. A general superintendent to be appointed by the second party and paid equally by the two parties, shall have general charge and supervision of the eastern line, as far as to see that the service is properly performed, but it is not to interfere with the management and detail of the first party's division.

7th. The second party reserves the right and privilege of making an exclusive contract for the Express business with Wells Fargo & Co., for all business going from the East to any point west of Salt Lake City going east—at a fair compensation—said business shall be called through business and divided as such.

In witness whereof the parties hereto have subscribed their names this 16th day of March, 1861, at New York.

Wm. H. Russell Pres. the C.O.C. & P.P. Ex. Co.  
W. B. Dinsmore Pres. Overland Mail Co.

On the 26th of April, 1861, at a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Central Overland & California Pike's Peak Express Company, Russell resigned and Bela Hughes was elected the new president. Benjamin Holladay was made the superintendent of the eastern division with orders to take over his responsibilities July 1st when the new contract went into effect. On February 15, 1862, hard pressed by its creditors, the entire assets of the company were advertised for sale, and on March 7th, Holladay bid in for \$100,000 claiming that the company owed him \$208,000.

#### RUSSELL, MAJORS & WADDELL

In the late summer of 1861 *William H. Russell* visited the Rocky Mountain region where he endeavored to become associated with several business ventures. Later he returned East and became the cashier of the Kansas Valley Bank at Atchison, Kansas. He helped organize and promote several mining deals, none of which proved profitable. His last days were spent in New York. On Wall Street, where he had once been a familiar figure, he was now a stranger whom few people recognized. Shortly before his death he moved to the home of his son J. W. Russell, in Palmyra, where he passed away September 10, 1872.

*Alexander Majors*, after listing his assets and liabilities, ordered that if there was anything left it should be turned over to the creditors of the firm of Russell, Majors & Waddell. Mr. Majors continued to make his home in Nebraska for some time. In the summer of 1865, he sent two trains to Salt Lake City, one of which he forwarded to Boise, Idaho and the other to Helena, Montana. Both met with disaster when heavy snowfalls prevented them from reaching their destination. In 1866, he again visited Utah and had a consultation with Brigham Young. In the fall of 1867, Majors moved his family to Salt Lake City. When the Golden Spike ceremony took place uniting the railroads of the east and west at Promontory on May 10, 1869, Alexander Majors was present.

Realizing that his career as a freighter was over he had to look to other fields as a means of livelihood. Silver mining was just beginning to develop in Utah, so he started prospecting in the Black Pine District located in the northwest section of Utah. Not meeting with much success he returned to Salt Lake City, and then engaged in prospecting in the American Fork, Cottonwood and Park City districts. He left Salt Lake City in 1879 and made his home in various places. He was in Denver in 1891, when William F. Cody found him living alone while writing the story of his life. Cody took over the responsibility of having the book, *Seventy Years on the Frontier* published. Alexander Majors died January 14, 1900 in his eighty-sixth year and was buried in the Union cemetery in Kansas City, Missouri.

*William B. Waddell*, after turning the majority of his assets over to the firm's creditors, went to live with his son John W. Waddell, who now owned the family home in Lexington, Missouri. As far as any records available are concerned he never again entered business of any nature. Various lawsuits were filed against him from time to time which greatly troubled him. It is said that by his late fifties he had aged considerably. The Civil War was being fought practically on his doorsteps and federal troops occupied many of the old houses in the vicinity. His last years were spent in the home of his daughter, in Lexington, where he died April 1, 1872 and was interred in the Machpelah cemetery.

### THE PONY DISPATCH—SALT LAKE CITY

Wendell Ashton in his *Voice of the West* tells the story of The Pony Dispatch, an extra newspaper published by the *Deseret News*.

"The coming of the Pony Express meant that the News could bring these trail blazing, town-founding Mormons closer to the East where there was now a web of telegraph wires and railroads. When the Pony Express arrived the *Deseret News* was an eight-page weekly with a sermon or two and often a poem on the front page. It remained a weekly, at least for several years. But as more momentous news arrived with the ponies from the war-threatened East, the *News* began issuing 'extras' which came to be known as the Pony Dispatch.

"The Pony Express enabled readers of the regular *News* to learn of Abraham Lincoln's election as President eight days after he had won over a split Democratic party front and a Whig—at a time when the regular mail from the East was usually taking three to six weeks by stagecoach and was still arriving soaking wet at times. Lincoln's inaugural address was in the weekly *News*, thanks to the Pony, eight days after it had been given in front of the unfinished, domeless capitol in Washington.

"Lincoln's election had been received by the South as the alarm for secession. As the rumble of war grew, the Express raced the reports to the West, and Elias Smith and his faithful hands stood ready to toil through the night, if necessary, to rush the flashes with the *New* extras. On the evening of April 4, 1861, a day that saw rain, hail and snow fall in Great Salt Lake City, the Pony roared into the city with ominous news about Fort Sumter. For Sumter was on a speck of island in Charleston harbor. It was the powder keg that was to touch off the war. The Express arrived in the evening and all night the printers of the *News* fought to get out the extra next day. Other 'extras' followed, and on April 20th, about 11 p.m. the rider splashed into town through a downpour with the news that eight days before, South Carolinians had fired on federal Fort Sumter. The war had begun!

"Elias Smith sent out an alarm for the printing hands and they were soon at the shop in the Council House, setting each letter of the



ington, the declaration of war by the Confederate Congress, and on other nation-shaking events.

"All night work in getting out 'extras' became an almost steady diet for the *News* staff, as the dispatches continued to ride in with the Express. By the summer of 1861, *News* 'extras' were appearing at least about every five days, according to the day-by-day diary of Elias Smith, the editor.

"In the beginning the *News* 'extras' were issued without charge, with the help of 'a few brethren' forming a club for receiving printed dispatches up to and including Lincoln's inaugural address. The club was headed by President Young. As nation-rocking reports continued to come in with the Pony Express, 'extras' were rushed to outlying settlements on the mails leaving early in the morning.

"Publishing the 'extras' (The Pony Dispatch) proved expensive and on September 14, 1861 Elias Smith and his printers worked late into the night getting out an 'extra,' which he described as 'the last that will be published for some time.' Eleven days later the weekly *News* announced that the publishing of the 'extras' would not be resumed until a sufficient number of those desiring them stepped up with the cash. The price, delivered to the subscriber, was announced as 'one dime for each Dispatch.' Meanwhile, some reports brought in by the Pony Express were read to the Saints at new conferences in Brigham Young's high ceiling schoolhouse. He was keen on alert newspapering, and once in a Tabernacle address he criticized the *News* staff for not getting the Pony dispatches before the people fast enough. At the same time he called for a network of telegraph wires through the mountain settlements, so 'that information may be communicated to all parts with lightning speed . . .'"

May 9, 1860. **THE PONY EXPRESS:** At half past 2 p.m. on Friday last, The Overland Express arrived from the East inside of time as usual. It travels swiftly whether it carries much news or not. We have been informed that there were only three or four letters for this place by the last trip.

June 6th: The PONY EXPRESS from the east arrived on Friday about 1 p.m. The Express from the west arrived at 10 a.m. yesterday. It brought no later dates from Carson City or California as on account of Indian disturbances, it was unable to proceed further than Diamond Springs station, 25 miles west of Ruby Valley.

July 18th. **LATEST FROM THE WEST:** The Express in from the west on Monday bringing little or no news further than that the Pony came through from Carson without molestation. It was believed that the hostile Indians on the route had mostly left it for the time being, not because of the presence of the troops, but to recruit their horses and prepare for future operations.

November 14th. **LINCOLN ELECTED PRESIDENT:** An Express from Fort Kearney on Wednesday the 7th at 12 p.m. arrived at 3:50 p.m. on Sunday with a dispatch from W. H. Russell,

president of the Pony Express company to Mr. Bell, the agent in this city, announcing that New York had given Lincoln fifty thousand majority and that his election was conceded.

The Express from the west, which arrived on Monday evening at 6 o'clock 15 m., brought a telegram from Carson City, stating that California had gone for Lincoln by two thousand majority.

On Tuesday, at 11h. 10m. a.m. The Express which left St. Joseph on the 8th at 8 a.m. arrived with dispatches confirming the election of Lincoln and the complete triumph of the Republicans in each of the free states.

March 27, 1861. **MAIL AND PONY:** We understand that active preparations are now being made by the superintendents and agents of the Central Overland California & Pike's Peak Express Company to put through mail and Pony in accordance with the new contract. We are informed that the Chief Superintendent of the eastern portion of the line is advancing westward as far as the Rocky Ridge station with funds necessary to meet the demands and wishes of the employees of that division, and that the western employees are to have the same attention at a very early day from their Chief Superintendent in this city. As things are presently shaping there is a fair prospect of the recent mail and Pony contract being shared by Russell and Butterfield companies and instead of a "clean sweep" of "old stock" and "old hands" nothing disparaging to either quadrupeds or bipeds, merely technical—the changes will probably only be a healthy augmentation of forces and facilities. The president of the company has issued orders to the superintendent on the way to reduce the schedule time of the Pony, from the first trip in April, to former short time.

April 3rd. **NEW MAIL ARRANGEMENTS:** The last Pony Express brought private advice to the city through which we learn that the contract for mail and Pony service from St. Joseph, Missouri to Placerville, California has been shared between the two companies—Russell and Butterfield. The former on the eastern division, up to this city, and the latter from this place westward. The western division of the route is somewhere about two hundred miles shorter than that of the eastern division, but the sum of half a million dollars will amply compensate for the services of both Pony and mail on either end of the route.

April 24th: **PONY EXPRESS RATES:** Letter rates by Pony are now reduced to Two Dollars per half ounce each way. Pony Express leaves San Francisco in ten days.

#### PONY EXPRESS STATIONS

East of Salt Lake City

St. Joseph	Granda	Guittard's
Kansas	Log Chain	Marysville
Kennekuk	Seneca	Hollenberg
Kickapoo Reservation	Ash Point	Little Blue



Rock Creek  
 Big Sandy  
 Liberty Farm  
 Thirty-two Mile Creek  
 Platte River  
 Fort Kearney  
 Plum Creek  
 Midway  
 Cottonwood Springs  
 Fremont Springs

O'Fallon Bluff  
 Alkali  
 Beauvais Ranch  
 Julesburg  
 Lodge Pole Creek  
 Thirty Mile Ridge  
 Mud Springs  
 Court House  
 Scott's Bluff  
 Fort Laramie

Rocky Mountains  
 South Pass  
 Fort Bridger  
 Castle Rock  
 Brimville Emergency  
 Weber Station  
 Dixie Creek  
 Bauchmann's  
 Mountain Dell  
 Salt Lake City

West of Salt Lake City

Traveler's Rest  
 Rockwell  
 Joe's Dugout  
 Fort Crittenden  
 East Rush Valley  
 Rush Valley  
 Point Look Out  
 Simpson Springs  
 River Bed  
 Dug Way  
 Black Rock  
 Fish Springs  
 Willow Springs  
 Burnt Canyon  
 Ibapah  
 Deep Creek  
 Eight Mile  
 Antelope Springs  
 Spring Valley

Fort Shelbourne  
 Egan Canyon  
 Mountain Springs  
 Ruby Valley  
 Jacob's Well  
 Diamond Springs  
 Sulphur Springs  
 Robert's Creek  
 Camp Station  
 Dry Creek  
 Cape Horn  
 Simpson's Park  
 Reese River  
 Mount Airey  
 Castle Rock, Nevada  
 Edward's Creek  
 Cold Springs, Nevada  
 Middle Gate  
 Fair View

Still Water  
 Old River  
 Bisby's  
 Nevada  
 Desert Well  
 Dayton  
 Carson  
 Genoa  
 Friday's  
 Yonks  
 Strawberry  
 Williams  
 Websters  
 Mess  
 Sportsman Hall  
 Placerville  
 Folsom  
 Sacramento



The Salt Lake House  
 East Main Street between 1st and 2nd South

*Salt Lake House*—Captain Richard F. Burton, medalist of the Royal Geographical Society, while visiting in Salt Lake City during August and September of 1860, was a guest at this famous hotel, which also served as the Pony Express station. In his book *City of the Saints* he gave the following description of the building:

"Nearly opposite the Post Office, in a block on the eastern side, with a long veranda, supported by trimmed and painted posts, was a two-storied, pent-roofed building whose sign-board, swinging to a tall, gibbet-like flag-staff, dressed for the occasion, announced it to be the Salt Lake House, the principal, if not the only establishment of the kind in New Zion. In the far west one learns not to expect much of the hostelry, I had not seen aught so grand for many a day. Its depth is greater than its frontage, and behind it, secured by a porte cochere, is a large yard for corralling cattle. A rough-looking crowd of drivers, drivers' friends and idlers, almost every man openly armed with a revolver and bowie-knife, gathered round the doorway to greet Jim, and 'prospect the new Lot;' and the host came out to assist us in transporting our scattered effects."

*Joseph Dorton* was born June 5, 1821 in Stockport, Cheshire, England, the son of John Dorton and Catherine Karl. He married Emma Bemus and soon after they came to America settling in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Coming in contact with Mormon Elders, John Taylor and Angus Cannon, they were soon converted and baptized. The Dorton's came to Utah in *Captain Israel Evans* handcart company arriving in Salt Lake City September 11, 1857. For a time they made their home in Salt Lake City, then moved to Lehi, Utah county where Joseph opened a butcher shop in the old Co-op Store. In April, 1858 he married Martha Clayton.

When Mr. Dorton learned of the coming operations of the Pony Express, he immediately journeyed to Salt Lake City seeking permission to build stables in which to house some of the horses used along the route. He was warned by friends of the danger connected with such an enterprise, because of the hostile bands of Indians in the vicinity of the location he had selected. However, he went ahead with his plans, built a two-room brick house for the family and a log barn for the ponies. These were situated about eight miles between Lehi and Camp Floyd on the Fairfield road. He also made a dugout for an Indian boy whom he hired to feed, water and curry the ponies. In connection with this business Joseph operated a small grocery store, and Martha made cakes, pies and bread to sell to the soldiers stationed at Camp Floyd. Ofttimes they exchanged buffalo robes for these delicacies. Water was hauled from the lake and sold for 25 cents a bucket.

After there was no further need for the ponies and Camp Floyd was abandoned, Joseph moved his family back to Lehi. He was 78 years of age at the time of his death.

*Weber Stage and Pony Express Station*—In the summer of 1853, the first stone was placed for the building which was later to become famous as the Weber Stage and Pony Express Station. Its twenty-six inch walls were considered unsafe in 1931 and the old building was removed, but in the five pockets that were discovered built in the walls were uncovered a \$5 gold piece dated 1847, a few pieces of small change, an old letter from a son and daughter to their "Dear Parents," dated 1873, a pair of gold glasses, a light-weight pony express rider's gun case and a parchment such as the Pony Express mail first used, written from an eastern girl to her pony express rider sweetheart, which today is clear and legible.

James E. Bromley, who came to Utah in July, 1854, and settled at the mouth of Echo Canyon, was placed in charge of the monthly mail, driving a mail coach and six mules, with changes at Laramie, Kearney and Bridger. He remained with the Overland Stage Company until 1856.

In the spring of 1857, Mr. Bromley went to work for J. M. Hockaday who had been to Washington and had the mail route restored between Atchison and Salt Lake City. He says: "I was put in charge of the road; I bought mules, built stations, fought Indians, and did everything that came in the line of my duty. I started from Atchison, and as I got one division in order, I was sent to the next, until, finally, I was permanently located on the Salt Lake division; having charge of the road from Pacific Springs to Salt Lake City, until the spring of 1864. In 1860, the Pony Express was put on. I bought the horses in Salt Lake, to stock the line to Fort Laramie, and hired many of Utah's young men to ride them. Nobly and well did they do their work."

*Rush Valley*: H. J. Faust, keeper of the Pony Express Station in Rush Valley was a native of Germany. When he was eight years of age he came with his parents to the United States and settled in Missouri. At the time of the Sutter Creek gold strike in 1849, Mr. Faust was one of the first to emigrate from what was then the middle west. He was not successful enough in this venture to hold him in California for long and, in 1851, having been attracted by the prospects which Utah presented, and by the fact that he had joined the Mormon Church, came to this state. During these early years he was given the nickname which clung to him for life. Having decided upon a medical career, with surgery the goal, he was engaged in zealous study when the lure of gold proved too strong to resist. While he did not receive the coveted title of doctor the shorter title of "Doc" was bestowed upon him. He was born June 18, 1833.



H. J. Faust

In the early 1850's he was commissioned by Brigham Young to carry the mail between Utah and California. He was then twenty-one years of age. Two men had met death within a year, massacred by Indians; there were deserts and mountains to be crossed and never more than one man accompanied the mail besides the driver. However, "Doc" Faust accepted the assignment and during the half dozen years of his service had many thrilling experiences.

During his residence in Fillmore he was engaged as a mail carrier, and, in 1860, when the Pony Express came into existence, he accepted a position under Mayor Howard Egan as a station keeper. It often de-

veloped upon him to carry the mail when a substitute rider was needed in an emergency. While living at the Rush Valley station Faust and his wife had a narrow escape from death by the hands of Indians in that locality.

Mrs. Faust had taken a liking to certain squaws and had given them several "pale face" pies. A few became very ill, being unused to pastry, and the braves imagined that "bad medicine" had been placed in the pies. The leader of the tribe, accompanied by many tribesmen, came to the station and informed the Fausts that they were going to die because the pies had made the squaws so ill. First, they insisted that Mrs. Faust cook food for them which she was about to do when her husband interfered. He informed the chief that if they were to die they were prepared to do so, but would do no favors for their killers. In the distance, over Point Lookout, "Doc" Faust could see the dust of approaching horsemen and knew if he could parley long enough help would arrive. Not long after Chief Pe Awnum, of a friendly tribe, rode up with his braves. His intervention saved the lives of the Fausts.

One of "Doc" Faust's most pleasant remembrances while living at the station was the visit of Horace Greeley, editor of the New York Tribune who was on a trip across the continent. Knowing that Mr. Greeley would very likely bury himself in books and not wish to carry on a conversation, Mr. Faust took great care to see that all the tallow candles were hidden, leaving the house in darkness. Mr.

Greeley, unable to read, then made a delightful companion for the remainder of the evening with interesting accounts of his travels.

Mr. Faust left the station in 1870 and came to Salt Lake City where he went into the livery stable business and also acquired several other pieces of valuable property. Most of his holdings were swept away in the panic of 1873, but every cent he owed was paid in full. Later he traded his ranch to Porter Rockwell for eighty head of cattle and during the years brought many blooded stock into the territory. His last years were spent in Deep Creek, Tooele Valley, engaged in mining activities. The site of his home was a spot where he had once found water after forty-eight hours of suffering from desert thirst.

The name of "Doc" Faust will always be closely associated with the Deseret Agricultural & Manufacturing Society. Death was due to a heart seizure while on a business trip to Los Angeles, California. He was seventy three years of age.

*Ruby Valley Station:* Frederick William Hurst was the keeper of the Pony Express station in Ruby Valley about 375 miles west of Salt Lake City. He was one of a family of eleven children and joined the Latter-day Saint Church while living in New Zealand. After filling a mission to Australia and Hawaii, he came to Utah, and during the months the Express was in operation Mr. Hurst was placed in charge of this important station. The Indians in the vicinity at that time were very hostile since they felt that the white man was usurping their lands and food supplies. The winter was exceptionally severe and many of the tribesmen and their families were dying of cold and hunger. Mr. Hurst believed in the policy of Brigham Young—that of feeding the Indians rather than fighting them—and being a naturally kind hearted man he desired to help alleviate their sufferings. Many times he gave the Indians who came to the station bread and also a sort of poi he had learned to make on the Islands. At Christmas time he gave them a special treat of a large plum pudding which he had steamed in cloth sacks over a bonfire. The Indians were deeply appreciative of these acts of kindness and often warned him of hostile bands who were bent on destroying the station. Thus he had time to secure proper defense.

## GREAT MEN OF THE PONY EXPRESS

*Bolivar Roberts* was hired by Russell, Majors & Waddell as superintendent of the Western Division, stationed at Carson City, Nevada, and was given the responsibility of selecting the riders and the ponies. He was well acquainted with every mile of the trail between Sacramento, California and Salt Lake City, Utah and his knowledge of the terrain between these points was of utmost importance to the firm. The son of *Daniel Roberts* and *Eliza Aldula*



Bolivar Roberts

father was a physician and surgeon, at one time wealthy, but the family had been on the move so often, at this period they were in moderate circumstances.

The journey westward was comparatively uneventful, though Bolivar, who was the principal hunter for the company, had some narrow escapes while hunting buffalo. Arriving in Utah, he took up his residence in Provo, and there his parents, with most of their children, settled in the fall of 1851. In the spring of 1852 Bolivar accompanied his father and brother William to California, taking the northern route around Great Salt Lake and down the Humboldt. They resided at various times in Placerville, San Jose and San Bernardino where the father practiced his profession and Bolivar and William engaged in mining. Soon after Dr. Roberts returned to his old home in Missouri. After some experience in farming, placer mining and lumbering, William returned to Utah in 1855 and a year later Bolivar followed. He then went to work for the Mail & Express Company between Salt Lake City, Utah and Carson City, Nevada, holding positions of trust and responsibility. In 1859, he located at Dayton, Nevada where he built a toll bridge across the Carson River. In the spring of 1860, he took the position of superintendent of the Pony Express and during the eighteen months of its existence conscientiously and efficiently carried out the duties entrusted to him.

Returning to Utah in 1863, he settled in Salt Lake City and that same year married Pamela Benson, daughter of Ezra T. Benson of Logan. Five children were born of this union. During the Indian depredations in the territory, Mr. Roberts took an active part, and at one time was in charge of a company of scouts. From 1864 to 1868 he was junior partner in the mercantile establishment of

*Clark*, he was born at Winchester, Scott County, Illinois, July 4, 1831. He came to Utah when nineteen years of age, preceding his father, mother and other members of the family with whom he had lived successively at Winchester, Milton, Galena and near Quincy, Illinois; Garden Grove, Iowa and Lancaster, Missouri. It was from this last named place that he started early in the spring of 1850, to cross the plains. His outfit consisted of a horse, saddle and bridle and he traveled in a company commanded by David Evans. His

Bassett and Roberts, and after closing out as a merchant became a contractor on the Central Pacific railroad.

In March, 1866, Mr. Roberts was appointed by Governor Murray, treasurer of the Territory of Utah. Two years previous to this time he had served as city councilor. His interests also included banking, being a director of the Deseret National Bank, Utah National Bank and the Utah Commercial & Savings Bank and also president of a local building, loan and trust company. After the loss of his wife and a son, Bolivar, Jr., Mr. Robert's health began to fail, and on August 10, 1893 he passed away at his home on East First South Street in Salt Lake City. Unlike his parents and other members of his family, Mr. Roberts was not connected with the Latter-day Saint Church, but his interests were closely identified with its people and many of his personal friends were members of that body. William said of him: "From the time he left the Missouri River, he was always where duty called and never flinched on account of hardships or danger. He was generous to a fault and would not only divide his last crust of bread with a friend, but would do the same for an enemy if he knew he was in need. During the Indian troubles between here and Carson Valley, he was always on the road, superintending the mail and sometimes carrying it himself when other were afraid to do so. He and I were together most of the time while he was in California; we worked and 'kept batch' together; and I can say that a truer man to what he thought was right never lived. He had no enemies that I know of, but hosts of friends, among whom his word was as good as his bond."



Major Howard Egan

*Major Howard Egan*, one of the original pioneers, and the man who played such an important part in the operations of the Pony Express in Utah, was born June 15, 1815 in Tullamore, Kings County, Ireland. His mother died when he was eight years of age and soon after the father migrated with his family to Montreal, Canada. Five years later he died. During his youth Howard became a sailor and followed the sea until he was twenty-three years of age. Subsequently, he went to Salem, Massachusetts where he accepted a position with Mr. Chisholm, a rope maker in that city. In 1842, Howard and his wife Tamson Parshley, accepted the

principles of Mormonism through the teachings of Elder Erastus Snow and immediately made their way to Nauvoo, Illinois. Here Mr. Egan erected a rope factory, and also took an active part in the building of the city, following closely the teachings and advice of the prophet Joseph Smith. He became a member of the Nauvoo police and a major in the Nauvoo Legion from which time on he was known as Major Howard Egan.

After the exodus of the Mormons from Nauvoo, Major Egan took his little family to Winter Quarters. Probably his first job as a mail carrier occurred November 21, 1846 "when John D. Lee and Howard Egan returned to Council Bluffs bringing with them a mail of 282 letters and, according to Brigham Young, with an additional \$4,000 of Battalion money."

In the spring of 1847, Major Egan accompanied the first company of Saints to the Valley under the leadership of Brigham Young. He helped haul logs from the canyon for the building of the fort and later that summer returned to the States for his family. Upon their arrival in the Great Basin in the spring of 1848 he established his family in the Old Fort, but, in April, 1849 they moved into an adobe house located on the second lot south of First North and Main Streets in Salt Lake City.

Sometime during the latter part of 1848, or early 1849, Major Egan went east carrying the mail and to assist in bringing another company of Saints across the plains including other members of his family. While there he was approached by the leaders of the Eastern Branch of the Church, Orson Hyde, George A. Smith and Ezra T. Benson to supervise the transporting of a printing press to the Valley. He was given a letter of instructions which stated "that the wagon not only contained the printing press and supplies, but it also contained an old Dutch clock, a picker, a box of German books and another containing stationery. The largest wagon contained about 2400 pounds, another 1800 pounds and the third not over 1600 pounds."

Major Egan's group left early in May, carrying the mail along with the Church property. As soon as they reached the Green River, he rode ahead with the mail and to get fresh teams to help with the pull across the mountains. Within ten days he was back, meeting the company in Echo Canyon and a week later they entered Salt Lake City. According to secular history there were three routes of travel between Salt Lake City and California—the northern, the central and the southern. The first ran around the northern end of the Great Salt Lake and, after crossing the western desert, followed the Humboldt valley. It was the preferred route because grass and water were plentiful, and there were only two small tracts of desert to cross. The southern route was used by Egan, Hunt and Rich while guiding the forty-niners to California in 1849. The central route, known to the settlers of Utah as Egan's Trail, and to California



emigrants as the Simpson route, veered only a few miles from forty degrees north latitude until it reached Hastings pass in the Humboldt mountains, where it branched off in a southwesterly direction toward Carson Lake and Carson River, then from Carson City south to Genoa and on into California.

Major Egan was employed by Livingston and Kinkead for a few years driving stock to California and afterwards became the mail agent. He made his headquarters at Deep Creek, a post on the mail route which he had established in 1853, while engaged in driving stock.

There were fifty-six stations marked on the Egan or Overland Trail covering a distance of 658 miles. He mapped potential sites for approximately fifty-six towns along the Egan Trail. Some of them were only important as relay stations for the Overland mail; but others, such as Rush Valley, Ruby Valley and Deep Creek were good farming areas. Besides having established a relay station for the Overland Mail at Deep Creek, he also opened a store selling general merchandise. Most of the farm labor was done by Indians, so that Major Egan could apply himself to the more serious work of running the Overland Mail. Soon after he had mapped out the Egan Trail, he went into partnership with W. G. Chorpenning who had a mail contract from Salt Lake to California.

With the inception of the Pony Express on April 3, 1860 Howard Egan again made great contributions to frontier life. The Egan Trail became the route traveled by the express for three hundred miles. His jurisdiction as an officer included all of the Utah route. He contributed much to the organization through his valuable experience as a pioneer, trail blazer, and stage coach driver. He also rode the ponies when necessity demanded it. He is credited with bringing the first Pony Express mail into Salt Lake City, riding a distance of seventy-five miles from Rush Valley on April 8, 1860, carrying four pouches on which were written "Overland Pony Express." He was confident that his riders could make as good time as any one on the route, but had gone to Rush Valley to make sure. Howard Ranson Egan tells the story of his father's famous ride:

"When all was supposed to be ready and the time figured out when the first Express should arrive in Salt Lake City from the east, they thought on account of the level country to run over, they would be able to make better time on the eastern division than on the western from Salt Lake to California. Therefore, the two riders that were to run between Salt Lake and Rush Valley were kept at the city. Father, alone of all the officers of the line, thought his boys would make a record as good as the best and if they did there would be no rider at Rush Valley to carry the Express on to the city. So, to be on the safe side, Father went himself to Rush Valley. And sure enough his boys delivered the goods

as he expected, and he started on his first ride. It was a stormy afternoon but all went well with him till on the home stretch.

"The pony on this run was a very swift, fiery and fractious animal. The night was so dark that it was impossible to see the road, and there was a strong wind blowing from the north, carrying a sleet that cut his face while trying to look ahead. But as long as he could hear the pony's feet pounding the road, he sent him ahead with full speed. All went well, but when he got to Mill Creek, which was covered by a plank bridge, he heard the pony's feet strike the bridge and the next instant pony and rider landed in the creek, which wet Father above the knees; but the next instant, with one spring, the little brute was out and pounding the road again and very soon put the surprise on the knowing ones."

Major Howard Egan remained at Deep Creek as Superintendent of the Overland Mail until May 10, 1869. During this year the railroad was completed on the northern route, north of Salt Lake, leaving Deep Creek almost entirely out of the general line of traffic. After performing missionary labors among the Goshute Indians in 1874-75, he returned to Salt Lake City where he resided with his family in the old home until his death in 1878.

*Benjamin Ficklin* played a significant role in the beginning of the Pony Express as he was route superintendent, first for the Leavenworth & Pike's Peak Express and later for the Central Overland California & Pike's Peak Express Company. Utah's history takes note of his activity as one of a surveying party chosen to locate the United States wagon trail from South Pass to Salt Lake City. Following a disagreement with William H. Russell, Mr. Ficklin resigned his position and worked with the Pacific Telegraph Company. He became an officer in the Confederate Army. Death occurred in Washington, D.C.

*William Finney*, one of the incorporators of the Pony Express, had his office in San Francisco where he was placed in charge of many of the details and business interests of the firm.

*A. B. Miller*, one of the agents for Mr. Russell, resided in Salt Lake City and laid claim to the fact that he and others drew plans for carrying the mail by a relay of horses long before the Pony Express was inaugurated. In this vast organization there were many others who ably assisted in this daring enterprise.

## PONY EXPRESS RIDERS

Alcott, Jack	Flynn, Thomas	Montgomery, Maze
Avis, Henry	Frye, Johnny	Murphy, Jeremiah
Ball, S. W.	Fuller, Abram	Page, William
Banks, James	Gardner, George	Perkins, Wash
Baughn, Jim	Gentry, James	Pridham, William
Baughn, Melville	Gilson, James	Rand, Theodore
Beatley, James	Gilson, Samuel	Randall, James
Becker, Charles	Gould, Frank	Ranahan, Thomas
Boulton, William	Hall, Martin	Reynolds, Charles
Brandenburger, John	Hamilton, Samuel	Reynolds, Thomas
Brink, James W.	Hamilton, William	Richardson, William
Brown, Hugh	Haslam, Robert	Riles, Bart
Bucklin, James	Hawkins, Theodore	Rising, Donald C.
Burnett, John	Helvey, Frank	Roff, Harry
Campbell, William	Hickman, Bill	Rush, Edward
Carlyle, Alexander	Higginbotham, Chas.	Sangiovanni, G. G.
Carr, William	Hogan, Martin	Seerbeck, John
Carrigan, William	Huntington, Clark	Serish, Joseph
Cates, William	Huntington, Lot	Sinclair, John
Clark, James	James, William	Spurr, George
Cleve, Richard	Jay, David R.	Streeper, William
Cliff, Charles	Jobe, Samuel	Strickland, Robert
Cliff, Gustavas	Jones, William	Strohm, William
Cody, William	Keetley, J. H.	Suggett, John
Crawford, Jack	Kelly, Jay	Tate, William
Cumbo, James	Kelley, Mike	Thatcher, George
Dean, Louis	King, Thos. O.	Thompson, Charles
Dennis, William	Koerner, John P.	Thompson, James
Dobson, Thomas	Leonard, George	Topance, Alexander
Donovan, Joseph	Little, G. Edwin	Tough, W. S.
Dorrington, W. E.	Littleton, Tough	Towne, George
Down, Calvin	Macaulas, Sye	Tuckett, Henry
Drumheller, Daniel	Maxfield, Elijah	Upson, Warren
Dunlap, James	Martin, Robert	Wallace, Henry
Egan, Howard	McCain, Emmett	Westcott, Daniel
Egan, Howard Ranson	McCall, J. G.	Whelan, Michael
Egan, Richard R.	McDonald, James	Willis, H. C.
Ellis, J. K.	McNamey, Pat	Wilson, Nicholas
Faust, H. J.	McNaughton, James	Wintle, Joseph
Fisher, John	McNaughton, William	Worley, Henry
Fisher, William	Miller, Charles	Zowgaltz, Jose
	Moore, James	

## WILLIAM CAMPBELL

After his last ride with the Pony Express William Campbell turned to other occupations. He and his brother were well known in Salt Lake City as freighters. They secured contracts to haul merchandise from various points sometimes making as high as three trips in one season. Evidently it was not a paying proposition, for they sold their complete outfit within a few years and took a contract for grading along the line of the Union Pacific railroad, working on canals, and selling mules to the government. In 1869 Mr. Campbell went to Nebraska City, Nebraska where he became an important man in civic affairs. He later was elected State Senator. One of his

most precious possessions was the Bible given to all Pony Express riders by Russell, Majors & Waddell. He was offered \$300.00 for it but refused to part with this memento of his Pony Express days.

William Campbell was born in Illinois in 1842, and started his career as a man of the plains when he was sixteen. During the first years of the Express his height and weight barred him from becoming a rider, but later he was engaged and rode between Fort Kearney and Fort McPherson. In relating these experiences he said: "It was not until December, 1860 that I had an opportunity to ride. The boys were dropping out fast—some of them could not stand the strain of constant riding. It was not so bad in summer but when winter came on the job was almost too much for me. The men who bought the horses knew their business. Sometimes we used to say that the company bought every mean, bucking, kicking horse that could be found. My prize horse was named 'Ragged Jim.'

"My first ride was in a heavy snowstorm and it pretty nearly used me up. The hardest ride I ever made was when I had to spend 24 hours in the saddle carrying mail 120 miles to Fairfield, twenty miles beyond my regular station at Fort Kearney. The snow was two to three feet deep along the flat and the temperature down to zero."

In later years Mr. Campbell moved to Stockton, California where he passed away May 23, 1934.

### THOMAS DOBSON

Possessed of unusual courage Thomas Dobson proved exceedingly valuable during the early days of the territory because of his knowledge of Indian habits. He was made a captain during the Indian wars and the men under him served with such distinction that they received official commendation from the federal government for their efficiency in guarding the mails.

Mr. Dobson was born in Preston, Lancashire, England, June 14, 1837 and was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints when he was eight years of age, the baptismal ceremony being performed by Elder Orson Hyde. Emigrating to America he crossed the plains to Utah in the *Edward Martin* handcart company, walking barefooted from the Sweetwater in Wyoming to Salt Lake City.

In the spring of 1860, he entered the employ of the western mail line under Major Egan and rode in the Pony Express between Ruby Valley, Nevada and Deep Creek, Tooele county, Utah. Often he was obliged to make the return trip without rest. At one time he was followed by a small band of Indians, but he finally eluded them and delivered the mail in a nearly exhausted condition. The hostility of the Indians along the mail route was so pronounced at times that soldiers from Camp Floyd were sent to escort the mail through. Captain Dobson afterward related that on one of these runs he passed *James Cumbo* going in the opposite direction. Some

lurking Indians spied them and started in pursuit. Luckily, they were armed with pistols while the Indians had only bows and arrows, but they were able to make it dangerous for the boys, and sometimes they said they could actually feel the breeze from the flying shafts over their heads.

In the summer of 1861 Captain Dobson was transferred to the eastern road running between Salt Lake and Pacific Springs, Wyoming. He remained with the company carrying mail until 1862 when he drove a mule team to Los Angeles for George Crismon. This trip was fraught with such dangers and hardships that it effectually cured his appetite for anymore such experiences.

In 1866, he went to Coalville where he was made Captain of Company No. 4 in the Utah Militia, but on account of actions of the acting-governor of the territory, Thomas never received his commission. During the Indian outbreak in Sanpete county he led his company through the countryside and succeeded in heading off several bands of raiding redskins. In 1868, he served as constable in the little town of Echo. Called to perform a mission to England in 1871, he rendered faithful service for a year and then returned home. The later years of his life were spent as a night watchman on the old Godbe block between First South and Second South in Salt Lake City which duties he faithfully discharged for thirty years.

Captain Dobson was married to Katherine Beatty in 1862. They had no children. In 1881, his friend, Andrew Quigley, died from the effects of a wound received from an Indian while laboring in the Salmon River mission some years before. Just prior to his death he took his daughter, Addie, to the home of Thomas Dobson and asked him to care for her as her mother had previously passed away. He also adopted a boy who was known as Henry Dobson, and no father could have loved these children more.

This highly respected and widely known pioneer passed away in his eightieth year at his home in Salt Lake City in October, 1917.

—Addie Quigley Williams

### HOWARD RANSON EGAN

Howard Ranson Egan in his later years compiled and wrote the interesting book *Pioneering of the West*. It was through his untiring efforts that the story of Major Howard Egan, his sons, and other western scouts was made accessible to historians of today. He was born April 12, 1840 in Salem, Massachusetts, the eldest son of Major Howard Egan and Tamson Parshley. He well remembered the Mormon exodus, and life in Winter Quarters where his father had established the family after being driven from Nauvoo, Illinois. He remembered vividly another occasion, during his seventh year, when he was playing with Levi Green peeling bark from a slippery elm log. An argument arose as to how long each boy should have the hatchet

and, in some way two fingers of Howard's right hand were chopped. One finger was completely severed, but the other still hung by a



Howard Ranson Egan

Howard R. had a great love for beauty. He recalled, in particular, a large boulder in a ravine below Ensign Peak, on which was painted the figure of a broad-shouldered man dressed in Indian fashion with feathers on his head and a long spear in one hand. The other held the bridle reins. Back of this figure was painted a small band of Indians, all on horses, and appearing some distance away. The painting was perfect and evidently taken from life. This was a landmark which he always thought should have been preserved.

About the year 1856 his father, Major Egan, selected the route for the mail line to California. Howard Ranson, then sixteen years of age, drove the first mail coach from Salt Lake City to California. One of his feet was very much deformed from birth and it was necessary for him to wear specially made shoes. (A pair of shoes worn by him are on exhibit in the Pioneer Memorial Museum). Never once in all his writings did he complain because of this handicap and he assumed the same responsibility as the other men.

One morning, in 1857, Howard R. awoke to find a heavy snow-storm, but, he and two other companions, having learned of some dead and dying cattle west of Jordan, determined to go there and procure the hides which they could sell for much needed leather. The boys started out with sleds and ropes, and after several hours of numbing cold and hard labor each boy had secured a hide. The next day they

small piece of skin when he ran screaming to the house begging his mother to put it back. She did the best she could with a splint and bandage. When the wrapping was removed they were surprised to find that the finger had grown together again, but it was partly twisted around and even in later years caused him considerable pain.

On May 24, 1848 the family commenced the journey to Utah. When they arrived at Echo Canyon, Major Egan was called to assist with repairs on the wagon of Heber C. Kimball, and consequently Tamson drove the wagon, pulled by two yoke of oxen and a yoke of cows down the canyon. They arrived at the site of their future home in September.

went again and for each hide they received \$3.00 which they considered big wages. From his own writings concerning the days of the Pony Express we quote:

"I was at Rush Valley (H. J. Faust station keeper). This was the end of the first express ride from Salt Lake City. The next ride was from here to Willow Springs across the desert. The stations at this time were only half as many as there were later, being some twenty-five or thirty miles apart and at some places more than that. Soon the express came in from the east, the next rider was not well and was afraid he could not stand the ride. I volunteered to go in his place, and arrived at Simpson Springs at the edge of the desert all right.

"From here the road runs in a southwesterly direction seven miles to River Bed, then keeping the same direction, to the Dugway; then over the mountains, taking more turns to the salt wells; then west around the point of the mountains where the road ran nearly west across the worst part of the desert. Nothing but mud grows there and that seems to grow taller the more you sink in it and the harder it is to get out. It then goes north past Fish Springs around the point of the mountain and back to the south, about opposite Fish Springs to where Boyd Station was afterwards built. From here the road ran in a westerly straight line to the Willow Springs station, thus making a large semi-circle, the points of which were many miles closer together straight across than by the road.

"After leaving Simpson's about three miles I thought (as I had many times thought before) it was a shame we had to go so many miles around to get a little ways to the west. At any rate, boy fashion, I left the road and took a straight line to Willow Springs. The first half of the distance I was able to make very good time, then the desert began to get softer as I went, 'till finally about one inch of water was standing all over the surface as far as I could see in any direction. The pony sank to his fetlocks in the mud—that made it slow traveling.

"After about five miles of this kind, I came to a little higher ground where I could make better time. In looking back, I could see the little knobs of mud sticking up above the water. It seemed to me that I could see them for miles. Well, I made Willow Springs all right and had saved a good many hours' time. I expected to get considerable praise for this exploit—but nix. The next time I saw Father he asked me what kind of traveling I found it to be across the way I took with that express. After telling him he said, 'Well, don't ever do anything like that again without orders.' That was all and plenty."

Howard Ranson then relates another experience when he rode the 'Pony': "The Express rider at Shell Creek was too sick to undertake the ride and I volunteered to take his place. The ride at that time was from Shell to Butte, there being no station in Egan Canyon at

that time. Therefore, the one pony had to go about thirty-two miles fourteen of them being through Egan Canyon. I started just after dark and made pretty good time being careful not to overdo the pony, giving him frequent breathing spells, at which time I would let him go on the walk and was doing so when I was about in the middle of Egan Canyon and just before turning a sharp point ahead, I could see the next turn of that, and on the side of the hill towards me the light of a camp fire was shining. These two turns were about seventy-five or a hundred feet apart, but the curve of the creek between the points made it seem further. As it did not run close to the side, it left quite a large flat which was smooth and level. In going very carefully along and keeping a sharp lookout for a sentinel, I reached the point where I could see the camp. They (Indians) were on both sides of the road and about in the center of the bend. Well, I had to make up my mind very quickly as to what to do. Should I turn back and go north to another canyon about six or eight miles where there might be another party of Indians—if they had planned to catch the Express rider.

"I soon decided to go straight, so taking my pistol in my hand, I rode on as close as I dared, then striking in the spurs and giving an awful yell, a few jumps of the pony brought me to the middle of the camp, when my gun began to talk, though pointed in the air, and my yells accompanied each shot. I got a glimpse of several Indians who were doing their best to make themselves scarce, not knowing but there might be a large party of whites after them. When I made the next turn I was out in a little valley at the head of Egan Canyon. Three days later I came back through the canyon with a companion. We saw where they had had the road but I did not see one that night and don't know how I passed it.

"Later I got it from some friendly Indians that there had been a trap set to catch an Express rider for the purpose of seeing what he carried to make him travel so fast. They had placed a party in each canyon used when suspicious of the other. They had planned it pretty good but it did not work and they never tried it again there, but if I had turned back and tried the other canyon, probably there would have been one 'Express' lost."

Howard Ranson's first experience at farming was a place he selected about twenty miles from Ruby Valley where his father had a station and a supply store. He built a log house and did some plowing, endeavoring to get it ready for fall planting, when he received word from his father that he had better pull up stakes because the Indians were preparing to attack. He left the farm and went to Deep Creek. Amanda Andrus became his wife in 1864. In 1870 Howard R. went to Richmond, Utah where he owned and operated sawmills and farmed. He was stricken with pneumonia and died at his home in Richmond March 17, 1916.



## RICHARD ERASTUS EGAN

Richard Erastus (Ras), second son of Howard Egan and Tamson Parshley was born in Salem, Essex County, Massachusetts, March 29, 1842. He was six years of age when he came to Utah with his parents. During the move south in 1858, he was left in charge of

his father's home with orders to set it afire should the soldiers enter the city. He gained some experience in handling horses and cattle when he accompanied his father to California on one of his livestock deals.

In 1858, "Ras" secured employment from the government as a sub-contractor carrying mail between Brigham City and Salt Lake City. The following year he went with Dr. Forney, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, who had been commissioned to make a treaty with the Shoshone Indians in the Humboldt area. After this treaty was completed young Egan was ordered to return to Utah bringing five head of government mules. This was a long and oftentimes perilous journey of three hundred miles. He was accompanied by one other boy and the only provisions they had were six quarts of flour. This scarcity of food nearly resulted in death for both.



Richard Erastus Egan

It was about this time "Ras" Egan was put in charge of three six-mule trains freighting and carrying mail from Salt Lake City to Carson City, Nevada. His father had purchased a ranch in Ruby Valley, Nevada and also operated stores there and in Deep Creek. "Ras" hauled the merchandise to stock them. In the spring of 1860, he was hired by his father as a Pony Express rider, his run being between Salt Lake City and Rush Valley a distance of 75 miles west of Salt Lake. He was then in his eighteenth year. The first mail out of Salt Lake City was carried by him on his sorrel mare "Miss Lightning" making the first station, twenty-two miles, in one hour and five minutes. The scheduled time for the seventy-five miles was five and one-half hours, although it was made once in four hours and five minutes when the President's message was going through—called by the boys the "Lightning Express."





finally found him and made the trip, getting 'a black eye' for loss of time. He said to the boys, 'No more 'Bucking Bally' for me!'

Young Egan had many harrowing experiences while engaged in his work. He also had several skirmishes with the Indians during the Pah-ute depredations in 1860. At one time he came upon a stage that had been held up and all the passengers killed and the horses stolen. As Egan pounded along the trail one of the raiders appeared armed with a rifle and bow and arrows and set out after him. At first "Ras" rode just fast enough to keep out of gunshot range; then suddenly he turned and charged straight at the Indian who turned and fled. Another time his horse fell on him while he was crossing a bridge at night and he was thrown into the icy water, breaking the neck of the pony. "Ras" was compelled to walk five miles carrying the saddle and heavy express material back to the station where he could obtain another horse.

Mr. Egan married Mary Ann Fisher January 1, 1861, just nine months from the day he took his first ride out from Salt Lake City. During the twenty-seven years of their married life they became the parents of thirteen children. They lived in Salt Lake City until after the birth of their first child in 1863, then "Ras" moved his

family to Ruby Valley and became a rancher. Shortly after he was called on a mission to England where he served as president of the Birmingham Conference. He brought his wife and three children back to Bountiful to live with her people, and another child was born while he was in England.

After his return, the Egans rented their home, and went again to Ruby Valley where "Ras" took up farming and stock raising until 1877. Returning to Bountiful he engaged in sheep raising being instrumental in organizing the Bountiful Livestock Company. For two terms he served as Justice of the Peace of Bountiful, and, in 1889, was made Assessor and Collector for Davis County serving ten years in that capacity. He also served two terms on the City Council in Bountiful.

Two years after the death of his wife, Mary Minnie Fisher, he married Mary Beatrice Noble July 10, 1899 in the Logan temple. Mr. Egan was called and set apart as bishop of the South Bountiful Ward in January, 1892, serving in that capacity for thirteen years. In 1895 he was elected a member of the first legislature of Utah and was also a member of the committee who chose the site for the Utah Agricultural College. In 1905, he took his second family, also two married sons and families of the first wife, to the Big Horn Basin in Wyoming to establish homes. Soon after he was set apart as a patriarch which position he maintained until his death April 20, 1918. Interment was in Bountiful, Utah.—*Ora M. Simmons*

### WILLIAM FREDERICK FISHER

Among the Latter-day Saints boys who became riders for the Pony Express was William Frederick Fisher. He was born November 16, 1839 in Woolwich, Kent County, England, the son of Thomas Frederick and Jane Christton Fisher. His childhood was spent in or near London. When he was fourteen years of age his parents heard and embraced the Mormon gospel, leaving their all to join with the Saints in Zion. They arrived in Utah in late October and almost immediately proceeded to Bountiful where they established their future home.

From April, 1860 to July, 1861 William rode the Pony Express from Ruby Valley to Egan Canyon, Nevada and later from Salt Lake City to Rush Valley, Nevada. His two most famous rides were when he carried the news concerning the election of Abraham Lincoln from Salt Lake City to Rush Valley, a distance of 75 miles in four hours and five minutes, and the ride from Ruby Valley to Salt Lake City bringing news of the Indian uprising in Nevada. From his experiences as a Pony Express rider we quote:

"I took the Express from Ruby Valley, Nevada to Salt Lake City a distance of 300 miles in 34 hours, using six horses and two mules. Several stations were burned on the road and several animals stolen which necessitated my riding so far. I took the news of the Indian outbreak with me the night of July 4, 1860. Two companies

of soldiers under Lt. Weeks and Perkins were sent from Camp Floyd to Ruby Valley. The Indians under Chiefs Leather Head, Pocatello and Winnemucca finally sued for peace. This cost the Express company \$75,000 and nearly drove it out of business.



John Hancock

John Fisher

Wm. Fisher

"In November, 1860 I carried the Presidential election returns west over 75 miles in four hours and five minutes, using 5 horses. Extra horses were put on to make this fast ride. The news was carried 1966 miles from St. Joe, Missouri to Sacramento in less than eight days, the fastest time ever made by the Pony Express . . . On January 22, 1861, I was lost for 20 hours in a blinding blizzard. I found myself off the trail up on the hills among the cedar trees. I didn't know where I was, so I just got off my horse and sat down to rest by a thick tree which partly sheltered me from the driving snow. As I sat there holding the reins I began to get drowsy. The snow bank looked like a feather bed, I guess, and I was just about to topple over on it when something jumped on to my legs and scared me. I looked up in time to see a jack rabbit hopping away through the snow. I realized then what was happening to me. If that rabbit hadn't brought me back to my senses I should have frozen right there. I jumped up and began to beat the blood back into my numbed arms and legs. Then I got back on my horse and turned the matter over to him. He wound his way of the cedars and after about an hour I found myself on the banks of the Jordan River. I knew now where I was so I followed the stream until I came to the bridge that led across to the town of Lehi. When I got there I was nearly frozen to death, but the good woman at the farm house I struck first, filled me with hot coffee and something to eat and I soon felt better. When I

called for my horse she said, 'You can't get through this storm, better wait till it clears.' 'The mail's got to get through,' I said, and jumped on the pony and struck out, as I thought, for Salt Lake. But as bad luck would have it I wound up about an hour later in front of a deep gulch filled with snow. I had got this time up into the northeast corner of Utah Valley, near the little town of Alpine, off my trail eight miles. Looking across the gulch I caught sight of a light shining dim through the snow. So I left my horse and plunged down into the gulch and finally made it up the bank to the cabin. When they opened the door I told them of my fix. The man went round and got my horse while I sat there thawing out again. By the time he came back the storm had cleared some . . . it was colder than icicles but I could see my way now so I didn't mind. It wasn't long till I reached Rockwell's station by the Point of the Mountain. They gave me a fresh horse and I struck out for Salt Lake on the jump and finally made it home."

William Frederick Fisher was married to Millenium Andrus January 1, 1861 in Salt Lake City. Two years later they established a home in Bountiful, Utah and from there went to Richmond, Utah where they resided fourteen years. In 1876, they moved to Oxford, Idaho. William's second wife was Harriet Hogan who became the mother of four children. William and Millenium were the parents of eleven.

In 1871, Mr. Fisher performed a mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and, following his return, was ordained a bishop in August, 1876, presiding over the Oxford Ward for many years. He spoke the Bannock and Shoshone language fluently and was known to the Indians as "Tosowich." They considered him one of their most trusted friends. September 30, 1919 brought to a close the life of one of the most colorful personalities of the Pony Express era.

### JOHN FISHER

Woolwich, County of Kent, England was the birthplace of John Fisher, third son of Thomas Frederick and Jane Christton Fisher. He was born February 7, 1842. Mr. Fisher was a carpenter and painter by trade having worked in the dockyards on the Thames River for twenty-one years. He also served as president of the Latter-day Saint branch of the church in that locality. It was soon after John's twelfth birthday that the family consisting of the parents, three sons and two daughters left Liverpool bound for America. The company landed in New Orleans and from there the Fisher family went by boat up the Mississippi River to St. Louis, Missouri; thence to Kansas City where they purchased wagons, oxtteams and provisions for the long journey across the plains to Utah. They arrived in Salt Lake City October 28, 1854 in the *Robert Campbell company*.

John Fisher's first few years in Utah were spent doing farm work during the summers and hauling wood from the canyons

during the winters. Before he was eighteen, John left his home to "seek his fortune" by obtaining employment from Major Howard Egan carrying mail as a Pony Express rider west of Salt Lake City. Later he drove a stage from Utah to California.

On August 15, 1863, John Fisher married Josephine Rosetta Lyon. They made their home in Bountiful for nineteen years then moved to East Bountiful where they resided the remainder of their lives. Seven sons and three daughters were born to them in West Bountiful. On April 11, 1878, in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City, John married Harriet Knighton, who was the mother of nine sons and two daughters.

Mr. Fisher's major occupation was farming and stock raising. He owned a fourth section of land in Ruby Valley, Nevada, a 200-acre dry land farm in north Davis County, besides his farms of over 100 acres in Bountiful. He also engaged in general merchandising, having been one of the organizers of the People's Opera House and Mercantile Company of Bountiful in 1892, and its president and manager for a number of years. He was actively engaged in both religious and civic duties. When the Bountiful Ward was first divided into three wards, Williams S. Muir was made bishop and John Fisher first counselor, which position he filled with credit until he moved his family into the East Ward in October 1882. He was a member of the first Y.M.M.I.A. organized in Bountiful in the fall of 1887. He also served as Justice of the Peace, County Commissioner, Judge of the County Probate Court and, in 1878, was elected to the Territorial Legislature from Davis County and re-elected in 1880. In 1898 he was again elected to a seat in the Legislature. Mr. Fisher served two terms as mayor of Bountiful encouraging cultural activities and civic pride. His busy life came to a close October 23, 1905.

—*Gladys Brimball*

### SAMUEL HENRY GILSON

Samuel Henry Gilson was born in Plainsfield, Illinois, May 28, 1836. When he was fifteen years of age he journeyed westward and while living in Austin, Nevada married Alice Larkin Richardson. He later moved to Gilson Valley in White Pine county, Nevada where he engaged in cattle raising. During the days of the Pony Express activities he became one of its daring riders. After this era in Utah's history was over he became interested in prospecting and was especially intrigued with veins of brilliant black substance found on the Uintah reservation located in the south and west parts of Duchesne county. At first this substance was thought by the settlers to be a variety of coal, but when it burned it gave off dense clouds of black smoke with a peculiar odor, and instead of reducing to ashes, the material melted. Because of the part played by the Gilson brothers in the mining of this product it was called "gilsonite." It is used in industrial work such as water proofing materials, paints and varnishes and asphalt. Samuel made his home

in Price, Utah where he owned a freight depot, a ranch near Salina Canyon and for a time served as deputy United States marshal. In 1890, he, and his eldest son, James J. Gilson located the famous Buethom Silver mine near Fish Springs. Later he became interested in aeronautics. The Gilsons were the parents of twelve children.

*James Gilson* was one of the Utah boys hired as a Pony Express rider. He later became associated with his brother, Samuel Gilson, in the mining of gilsonite in Duchesne county.

—*Irene Branch Keller*

#### PARLEY HALL

"I was born 17 March 1841 in the Bridson Building in Liverpool England and came to the United States with my parents on the ship *Fanny* leaving that port January 23, 1844. We arrived in the Valley in October 1851 and there we lived until the spring of 1860. At this time the family went to Wellsville and I left Salt Lake accompanying the C. A. Huntington family as far west as Willow Springs. Here I remained for a week waiting for the Wheeler Brothers with whom I was going to California. Just at this time the Pony Express started between St. Joseph, Missouri and Sacramento, California. The Indians were very hostile toward the riders. A sixteen year old boy had been hired to ride from Willow Springs to Dugway Station. This was 48 miles out in the desert. One stormy night the boy's heart failed and I offered to take the express—which I did. Next morning Major Howard Egan hired me to ride the Pony Express.

"When I first became acquainted with "Nick" Wilson he was driving an oxteam from Grantsville to Deep Creek hauling lumber for Harrison Levere who owned a ranch at Deep Creek. Later on I became well acquainted with him. I remember Tom Dobson worked for N. A. Shuman who came out on the line selling goods to the men working along the mail line.

"I remember the day Jesse Earl was killed. It happened just after a group of four left Willow Springs. Major Early and Jesse Earl were riding in a white top buggy and Jason Luce and Jim Cliff were on horseback riding behind as they were approaching Deep Creek Canyon. Jim Cliff was fooling with his revolver—it went off killing Jesse Earl almost immediately. Cliff said it was an accident but we never believed it . . .

"The station keeper "Doc" H. J. Faust of Rush Valley went to Fillmore and recovered several ponies for the people and brought them back to the station. These horses were badly used up and were of no great value to us.

"I could go on writing reminiscences of my own experiences and those of other men, but enough has been written to show that times were not altogether a pleasure but instead they were quite exciting and at times we had many things to talk and think about. I came home to Wellsville in the fall of 1861. The people at home were living in a fort as a means of protection against the Indians. The



Indians often came into the valley and disturbed and stole horses and cattle from the settlers. In the summer of 1866 I had a nice pair of colts stolen and I felt the loss greatly. In 1862, I was called with others to go back across the plains and help bring emigrants across the plains to Utah. This I did and experienced many difficulties. I was married to Margaret Williamson on February 2, 1864 at Wellsville. We had a family of ten children."

—Margaret Hall Maughan

#### WILLIAM A. HICKMAN

Many historians name "Bill" Hickman as a Pony Express rider. He was born April 16, 1815 in Warren County, Kentucky and died August 21, 1883 in Lander, Wyoming. He was the son of Edwin and Elizabeth Adams Hickman. As early as 1839 he was active in the Mormon Church, where, on May 6th of that year, he was received into the Seventies quorum in Quincy, Illinois. Mr. Hickman followed the Church to Nauvoo, Illinois where history tells of his love and devotion to the Prophet Joseph Smith.

After his arrival in Utah in 1849 he was called by Brigham Young to go to Fort Bridger and later to Green River to meet the companies of Saints and bring them on into the Valley. George Goodhart of Soda Springs said of him: "The first time I ever met William Hickman he, Porter Rockwell, and Lot Smith were camped on the Green River and at that time I was a boy working for the American Fur company. I was sent with a message to some of the trappers some distance away. Not finding them at night, I came across some gentle horses. I got down and examined the hobbles and could tell they belonged to white men. I got on my horse again and could see a fire a short distance away. I rode on the bluff above and could see three men by the fire. I called 'Hello, white men's friend,' and they answered and told me to come around and camp with them. One piloted me into camp. He took my horse and put it with theirs. They had a kettle of venison on the fire, the finest I ever ate. After supper I told them how glad I was not to have come across any of those d—— Mormons. They asked me why. I told them that the Mormons killed people on sight, murdered the emigrants and that I was more afraid of them than of the Indians. Port and Lot slept together. I slept with Hickman. Next morning one of them gathered the horses, and at breakfast I told them everything bad I had ever heard about the Mormons, and how I hoped I would not come across any of them. I told them some of the Mormons had been seen in the vicinity. After breakfast I saddled my horse. One of the men tied a good lunch on the saddle. After I was on my horse, Hickman said to me, 'How have we treated you?' I told him fine, I could not have been treated better, and I also told him how pleased I was that I had found them. Then he said, 'Tell your company we treated you to the best we had, and we are Mormons, and that we are Port Rockwell, Lot Smith and Bill Hickman.' I never

was so scared in all my life. My heart seemed to jump to my mouth. I leaned over and ran my horse as fast as he could go. I expected to be shot every second—but no shot came. Some years later I was in Lehi, Utah, at the time the Indians were making trouble. My horse was shot from under me and Port Rockwell generously gave me an iron gray horse. It was the best I ever owned."

Being a very capable man William Hickman was selected to help carry the mail to the states as evidenced in this letter written by Brigham Young February 5, 1857: "A contract for carrying the mail from the states to this place for four years has been offered Hyrum Kimball; he will not be able to start it this month and has transferred it subject to my orders and counsel. We shall send the February mail by William A. Hickman and others, and in all probability the March mail will go by Porter Rockwell and others . . ." When President Young was superintendent of Indian affairs, he entrusted William Hickman to deliver gifts of food and clothing to the Indians. In the later fifties he was a United States Deputy Marshal and was known as a fearless man and "quick on the draw." Owner of a ranch in western Utah "Bill" Hickman became a dealer in thoroughbred horses. He was probably one of the best known agents, oft-times acting as peacemaker between the Indians and the white people; yet, there were times when he felt justified in fighting against them for the safety of the settlements. For a time he served as a bodyguard to President Young and it is said that Young blessed him and "hoped that he might be able to protect the Saints from the Indians and outlaws."

It is very likely that a man so trained and fearless would be a Pony Express rider, and according to our records and the belief that has been handed down through the years, "Bill" Hickman rode the Pony Express.

### THE HUNTINGTON BROTHERS

In the original writings of William Egan, son of Howard Egan, he notes that Lot Huntington was a Pony Express rider whom he remembered well. Most writers include the name of "Let" Huntington. Descendants of Clark Allen Huntington also named him as one who was hired by Howard Egan as a Pony Express rider. It is our belief that both of these men were connected with the Pony Express. The following information was supplied by Eva C. Johnson, granddaughter of Oliver B. Huntington:

Lot E. Huntington was born April 29, 1834 in Watertown, New York, a son of Dimick and Fannie Allen Huntington. His father was a member of the Mormon Battalion and Lot, with his sisters Martha, Zina and Betsy accompanied him on that famous trek. Lot was thirteen years of age when he arrived in Salt Lake Valley July 29, 1847. Dimick Huntington was best known among the early settlers of Utah as an Indian interpreter. It is said that he took his sons Lot and Clark with him when he answered the call of the authorities to go

among the redmen seeking peaceful solutions to the many disputes between the Indians and the white settlers.

In June, 1855, Lot, in company with Oliver Boardman Huntington, and thirty-nine other men, started south and east to the Elk Mountains to open a mission. On September 2, 1856 he accompanied a group of men, his uncle included, on an exploring expedition to the west and out into the desert. Here Lot became an expert horseman and gained a knowledge of the terrain which proved valuable to him during his 'Pony' days. In October, 1861, he married Naomi Gibson. Upon his return to Salt Lake City he served for a short time as bodyguard to Brigham Young. He died from the effects of a gunshot wound January 16, 1862 at the age of eighteen years.

*Clark Allen Huntington* was born December 6, 1831 in Watertown, New York. He also took part in the migrations of the Saints from New York to Kirtland, Ohio; thence to Nauvoo, Illinois, participating in the exodus of the Mormons from that city and the subsequent journey across the plains to Utah in 1847. In 1852, Clark Allen married Rosanna Galoway in Salt Lake City. In 1857 he served as a scout for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints at Lee's Ferry, later being employed by Warren Johnson at the ferry. He returned to Salt Lake City where he was employed by Mr. Egan as a rider for the Pony Express. Mr. Huntington's later years were spent in Kanab, Utah where he passed away at the home of Mr. Johnson and was interred in the Kanab cemetery.

#### WILLIAM JAMES

William James was born in Lynchburg, Virginia in 1843. He crossed the plains to Utah with his parents when he was only five years of age. At the age of eighteen he was hired by Major Howard Egan, having become closely associated with that family, as a rider for the Pony Express. His route lay between Simpson Park and Cold Springs, Nevada in the Smoky Valley range of mountains. He rode only sixty miles each way, but covered his round trip of one hundred and twenty miles in twelve hours, including the time out for change of horses and meals. William always rode the California mustangs using five of these animals each way. The route which he covered crossed the summit of two mountain ridges and lay through Shoshone Indian country which, at that time, was considered one of the loneliest and most dangerous divisions of the line. "Bill" as he was known by the other riders performed his mission courageously, and fortunately did not run into any serious problems during his months as a rider.—*Effie Warnick*

#### JOHN KEETLEY

With the death of John H. Keetley at his home in Salt Lake City October 2, 1912, there passed from sight one of the most pic-

turesque characters of the mining business in early days. He was seventy-one years of age at the time of his death. Known in almost



Jack Keetley

every mining camp in the west his adventures could fill a volume. The famous Last Chance property at Bingham was purchased from the original locator by Mr. Keetley for a horse and saddle, and he paid for building a cabin on the claim with a six shooter. After working the property for a year Mr. Keetley sold it for \$17,000. Since then the claim yielded about \$1,000,000 worth of ore. In the early seventies he was associated with mining operations in Little Cottonwood and later he went to Deadwood, South Dakota where he was manager of the Sir Roderick Dhu mine in 1877. Returning to Utah he was placed in charge of the Ontario drain tunnel

No. 1 at Park City in 1881, and superintended the extension of the tunnel to the No. 3 shaft. Afterward he went to the Anglo-Saxon mine in Butte, Montana, then to the Kentucky mine in Shoup, Idaho, returning to Park City to take charge of the Ontario drain tunnel No. 2 in 1888. He also became associated with the Little Bell and Silver King Consolidated mines in that district. The little mining town of Keetley was named in his honor. He was a great lover of horses and owned some fine racing stock.

During the days of the Pony Express Jack was one of its most colorful riders, often being called "The Joyous Jockey." He was born November 28, 1841 and was reared in Marysville, Kansas. He rode the ponies the entire life of the Express. In later years he wrote the following letter in answer to a request concerning the riders of the Pony Express:

Mr. Huston Wyeth,  
St. Joseph, Missouri.

Dear Sir:

Yours of the 17th inst. received and in reply will say that Alex Carlyle was the first man to ride the Pony Express out of St. Joe. He was a nephew of the superintendent of the stage line to Denver, called the Pike's Peak Express. The superintendent's name was Ben Ficklin. Carlyle was a consumptive and

could not stand the hardships and retired after about two months trial and died within six months after retiring. John Frye was the second rider, and I was third, and Gus Cliff was the fourth. I made the longest ride without a stop, only to change horses. It was said to be 300 miles and was done a few minutes inside of twenty-four hours. I do not vouch for the distance being correct as I only have it from the division superintendent, A. E. Lewis, who said that the distance given was taken by his English roadmeter which was attached to the front wheel of his buggy which he used to travel over his division with and which was from St. Joe to Fort Kearney. The ride was made from Big Sandy to Ellwood, opposite St. Joe, carrying the east going mail, and returning with the westbound mail to Seneca without a stop, not taking time to eat, but eating my lunch as I rode. No one else came within sixty miles of equaling this ride and their time was much slower. The Pony Express, if I remember correctly started at 6 o'clock p.m., April 3, 1860, with Alex Carlyle riding a nice brown mare and the people came near taking all the hair out from the poor beast's tail for souvenirs. His ride was to Guittards, 125 miles from St. Joe. He rode this once a week. The mail started as a weekly delivery and then was increased to semi-weekly inside of two months. The horses, or relays, were supposed to be placed only ten miles apart, and traveled a little faster than ten miles per hour so as to allow time to change, but this could not always be done, as it was difficult then in the early settlement of the country to find places where one could get feed and shelter for man and beast, and sometimes horses had to go twenty-five to thirty miles, but in such cases there were more horses placed at such stations to do the work, and they did not go as often as the horses on the shorter runs. At the start the men rode from 100 to 215 miles, but after the semi-weekly started they rode about 75 to 80 miles. My ride and those of the other boys out of St. Joe was 125 miles to Guittard's, but later we only rode to Seneca, eighty miles. The first pony started from the one-story brick express office on the east side of Third Street, between Felix and Edmond streets, but the office was afterwards moved to the Patee House.

At 7 o'clock a.m., we were ordered from the stables two blocks east of the Patee House which was the signal for the ferry boat to come from Ellwood and to lie in waiting at the landing until our arrival. We rode into the office and put on the mail, which consisted of four small leather sacks six by twelve inches, fastened onto a square holder which was put over the saddle. The sacks were locked with little brass locks much like one sees today on dog collars, and the sacks were sewed to the holders, one in front and one behind each leg of the rider. When the mail was put on and the rider mounted on his race

horse, which was always used out of St. Joe to the Troy Station, nine miles from Ellwood, he bounded out of the office door and down the hill at full speed, when the cannon was fired again to let the boat know that the pony had started, and it was then that all St. Joe, great and small were on the sidewalks to see the pony go by, and particularly so on the route that they knew the pony was sure to take. We always rode out of town with silver mounted trappings decorating both man and horse and regular uniforms with plated horn, pistol, scabbard and belt, etc. and gay flower-worked leggings and plated jingling spurs resembling, for all the world, a fantastic circus rider. This was all changed, however, as soon as we got on the boat. We had a room in which to change and to leave the trappings until our return. If we returned in the night, a skiff or yawl was always ready and a man was there to row us across the river, and to put the horse in a little stable on the bank opposite St. Joseph. Each rider had a key to the stable. The next day we would go to the boat, cross the river, bring our regular horse and our trappings across to the St. Joe side. We stayed in St. Joe about three days and in Seneca about the same length of time, but this depended pretty much on the time that we received the mail from the west. The Pony Express was never started with a view to making it a paying investment. It was a put-up job to change the then Overland mail route which was running through Arizona on the southern route, to run by way of Denver and Salt Lake City, where Ben Holladay had a stage line running tri-weekly to Denver and weekly to Salt Lake.

The object of the Pony Express was to show the authorities at Washington that by way of Denver and Salt Lake to Sacramento was the shortest route, and the job worked successfully, and Ben Holladay secured the mail contract from the Missouri to Salt Lake, and the old southern route people took it from Salt Lake to Sacramento. As soon as this was accomplished and the contract awarded, the pony was taken off, it having fulfilled its mission. Perhaps the war also had much to do with changing the route at that time.

#### JAY G. KELLEY

Boliver Roberts, western superintendent of the Pony Express, hired Jay G. Kelley to help establish relay stations as far east as Roberts Creek because of his knowledge of the surrounding country. For a time he served as assistant station keeper at Cold Springs, but, early in 1860, one of the riders was killed by Indians and Kelley, weighing only one hundred pounds, became an express rider for the duration. After the "Pony" days were over Jay became a captain of Company C. in the later years of the Civil War and when peace was again restored between the North and South, he went to Denver,

Colorado where he was prominently identified with the mining business as an engineer.

The following is Mr. Kelley's own story of the eventful days when he was station keeper and later when he rode the trail carrying dispatches:

"I was a Pony Express rider in 1860. To begin with we had to build willow roads, corduroy fashion, across many of the places along the Carson River, carrying bundles of willows two or three hundred yards in our arms. The mosquitoes were so thick that it was difficult to tell whether the man was white or black, so thickly were they piled on the neck, face and arms. Arriving at the sink of the Carson River, we began the erection of a fort to protect us from the Indians. As there were no rocks or logs in that vicinity, it was built with adobes made from the mud on the shores of the lake. To mix this and get it to the proper consistency to mold into adobes, we tromped all day in our bare feet. This we did a week or more, and the mud being strongly impregnated with alkali carbonate of soda, you can imagine the condition of our feet. They were much swollen and resembled hams. We next built a fort at Sand Springs twenty miles from Carson Lake, another at Cold Springs, thirty-seven miles east of Sand Springs. At the latter station I was assigned to duty as assistant station-keeper under Jim McNaughton.

"The war against the Piute Indians was then at its height, and as we were in the middle of their country, it became necessary for us to keep a standing guard night and day. The Indians were often skulking around, but none of them ever came near enough for us to get a shot, 'till one dark night when I was on guard, I noticed one of our horses prick up his ears and stare. I looked in the direction indicated and saw an Indian's head projecting above the wall. My instructions were to shoot if I saw an Indian within rifle range, as that would wake the boys quicker than anything else. I fired and missed the man. Later on we saw the Indians' campfires on the mountains and in the morning many tracks. They evidently intended to stampede our horses and, if necessary, kill us. The next day one of our riders, a Mexican, rode into camp with a bullet hole through him from the left to the right side, having been shot by Indians while coming down Edwards Creek in the Quaking Asp Bottom. He was tenderly cared for but he died before surgical aid could reach him.

"As I was the lightest man at the station, I was ordered to take the Mexican's place. Two days after taking the route, on my return trip, I had to ride through the forest of quaking aspen where the Mexican had been shot. A trail had been cut through these little trees, just wide enough to allow the horse and rider to pass. As the road was crooked, and the branches came together from either side just above my head when mounted, it was impossible for me to see ahead for more than ten or fifteen yards, and it was two miles through the forest. I expected to have trouble and prepared for it by drop-

ping my bridle reins on the neck of the horse, putting my Sharp's rifle at full cock, and keeping my spurs into the pony's flanks; he went through the forest 'like a streak of greased lightning.'

"At the top of the hill I dismounted to rest my horse, and upon looking around, I saw the bushes moving in several places. As there were no cattle or game in this vicinity, I knew the movements to be caused by Indians, and was more positive of it when, after firing several shots at the spot where I saw the bushes in motion, all agitation ceased. Several days after that two United States soldiers, who were on the way to their command, were shot and killed from the ambush of those bushes and stripped of their clothing.

"One of my rides was the longest on the route. I refer to the road between Cold Springs and Sand Springs, thirty-seven miles, and not a drop of water. One day I trotted into Sand Springs covered with dust and perspiration. Before I reached the station I saw a number of men running toward me all carrying rifles, and one of them with a wave of his hand, said, 'All right, you pooty good boy—you go.' I did not need a second order and as quickly as possible rode out of their presence, looking back however as long as they were in sight and keeping my rifle handy.

"It was a marvel that the 'Pony boys' were not all killed. There were only four men at each station and the Indians, who were then hostile, roamed over the country in bands of from thirty to a hundred. What I consider my most narrow escape from death was being shot at by a lot of fool immigrants, who, when I took them to task about it on my return trip, excused themselves by saying, 'We thought you were an Indian.' "

### THOMAS OWEN KING

Born in Dernford, Cambridgeshire, England April 27, 1840 Thomas Owen King, son of Thomas King and Hannah Tapfield, crossed the ocean in the ship *Golconda* in the year 1853 with his parents as a convert to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Although his father never accepted Mormonism he came to Utah with his family, providing a beautiful carriage drawn by two white horses for their journey across the plains. The family consisted of himself, wife and four children.

Early in 1857, Thomas, then seventeen years of age, was employed by the Brigham Young Express Company carrying mail and express across the plains. During the Johnston Army episode he remained on active duty serving under John D. T. McAllister and Thomas Rich at Fort Bridger, Green River, Fort Supply and at Hams Fork.

In 1860 Thomas King was engaged by the Pony Express as a rider delivering mail from Fort Bridger to Weber Station. After the Express was discontinued he was hired to carry mail between





Thos. O. King with dagger

Salt Lake and Bear Lake, Idaho. As a young man, Mr. King was engaged in surveying work in Sanpete Valley and along the Sevier River; but his chief occupation was that of farmer and stockraiser. In the late 1860's he filled a four year mission to Great Britain where he served as president of the Bedfordshire Conference. Dorcas Debenham became his wife in 1868. She bore him eight children. Ten years later Thomas moved his family to Cassia County, Idaho where he remained for two years, and where he took up a ranch for himself on the present site of Almo. Ordained a High Priest he was set apart to preside over the Almo Ward. Bishop King died November 16, 1921

at Almo after many years of service to his church and to his community. The following is an account of his experiences.

H. Y. Faust Esq:

By your request I will try and write you a short outline of my early life in the Pony Express. I am full of regrets that I can only give it to you from memory. If we, who came in early years to this then desert country, had only kept journals, what romance or rather what romances might have been written (but then who would have believed it). The very paper needed to write upon was too scarce in those early days—I mean before the express or rather before 1858. Excuse this digression. What if we had all written the incidents of our drives in those days—now they would read like romances and some most thrilling ones at that.

In 1855 I went to Carson Valley as a guard for Judge Hyde. In the fall of the same year I went to Humboldt Well to arrest Alfred Haws accused of murder. In the fall of 1856, I went on a government surveying expedition under Charles Moga, and then again with him in the spring of 1857. In May of the same year, I joined Brigham Young's Express Company. Just before spring broke in 1858 I was called out with a large company to follow Indians west who had run off with a lot of horses. After being out several days we lost their trail in a blinding snowstorm.

In March of 1860 I was engaged by A. B. Miller to ride the Pony Express. About the 20th I started with Mr. Miller, *Henry Worley*

and *George Leonard*, with a lot of horses, to stock the road from Salt Lake to Fort Bridger. Stopped at Snyder's sawmill, Parley's Fork, that night and next day to the mouth of Echo Canyon where I stopped, that being my home station. I was to ride to Bear River, 45 miles. On the 7th of April, at noon, the long expected Pony Express came. I forgot if I had dinner or not, but it took but a minute or two before I was in the saddle and off. My first ride was 20 miles up Echo grade, slow at first and increased speed as I went, gave my horse one or two breathing spells. I went into the station with a yell as though I was running for the derby. The yell brought out "Frenchy" with my other horse. The change being made, I rode to Bed-bug Cave, 5 miles, when it commenced snowing; here the snow was deep which had not as yet thawed and there was only a trail made by mules carrying the U.S. mail to follow. If you got off out of the trail down you went belly deep to a horse, and perhaps deeper according to the lay of the ground you happened to get off at. It was all up hill and if I could only reach the top before the trail filled up I did not care, as I thought I could tumble down through it in some shape going down for I knew it was pretty steep.

In a letter home of May 30, 1860, that I have preserved, I find that I lost my way in the snowstorm after the trail filled up and for ten miles the snow was deep but I made schedule time. I got to Bear River at 4 o'clock then *George Leonard* took it, but only to ride out, someone else brought it back. Then rode from Weber to Muddy, 60 miles.

I see in my letter about the 24th of April I started from Weber at 8 o'clock p.m. and arrived at the Muddy at a quarter of two next morning. I laid down in an old wagon until sunrise, got breakfast and at 12 the exchange came and I started back and arrived at the Weber at half past five, riding 120 miles in 22½ hours, minus the time I stopped at the Muddy. May 1st I started from the Weber at 12 at night and arrived at Millersville, May 2nd at a quarter to eight a.m.

After the semi-weekly was put on my ride was from Salt Lake City to Bear River, a distance of 80 miles. When it came on time I started from Salt Lake City about nine or ten p.m. arriving at Bear River about sunrise. *Henry Worley* rode the other express and we would often pass each other fast asleep, but on our horses going at the usual rate. On one trip, I shall never forget it, before getting to Echo Canyon going east, there is quite a wide and level space from half a mile to a mile wide between the high bluffs and the Weber. In the distance I saw a wagon coming. It was about 12 o'clock at night. I was riding a horse that had only been ridden a few times. Not thinking, I got between the wagon and the river to pass, when something scared him and taking the bit in his teeth he started for the river. Here I knew the bank of the river to be at least 20 feet to the water. In less time than it takes to write it, I knew I must be

close to the bank and turn him, I could not. I had just thrown my feet out of the stirrup to throw myself off when the horse turned. I only had a snaffle bit. The remainder of the distance to the station he just flew to please me.

I was at Bear River when Captain Burton passed and was one of the riders he mentioned in his *City of the Saints*. The longest ride I made was at a time when the express did not connect. I forget the date but it was late in July of 1860 or the beginning of August. I started as usual about ten Monday and rode to Bear River, 80 miles. Tuesday at 10 o'clock another express came and I had to take it on east. I rode to Haws Fort, 65 miles before I found another to take it, and at sunrise the eastern express came and I rode back to Bear River, 65 miles, and ate a hasty breakfast, then rode to East Canyon Creek and ate dinner gotten up by our mutual friends Guglielmo (Sangiovanni) and *James McDonald*; from there to Salt Lake City by 7 o'clock p.m., being 145 miles that day, lacking two or three hours of 48 in which time I had ridden 200 miles, and was not tired, for I very well remember taking a walk with my best girl that evening.

Another time the express came wrong and I had to take it west to Faust Station in Rush Valley, I believe 75 miles. In September I left the company to go to England on a mission and as we passed Big or Little Sandy an express rider had been thrown, his legs broken, with no surgeon nearer than Fort Bridger. Our esteemed citizen, John Kay being in the party, he set the boy's legs and we drove on.—*Thomas Owen King*

Original letter on file in D.U.P. Museum contributed by Faun and H. E. King.

### GEORGE EDWIN LITTLE

George Edwin Little was a child of three when he came to Utah with his widowed mother, Harriet A. (Decker) Little in the Jedediah Grant company of October 2, 1847. His father, Edwin Little, had been buried at Richardson Point on the Missouri River in 1846, a victim of pneumonia, shortly after the exodus of the Saints from Nauvoo, Illinois.

When George was nearly sixteen years of age he was hired as a Pony Express rider, his run lying between Salt Lake City and Rocky Ridge. In relating some of his experiences as a rider his daughter, Estella, contributed this information. "One day father was bringing in the mail from the east to the station at Mountain Dell. He was riding a little bay horse, weighing about nine hundred pounds and about six or eight years old. There was a heavy snowstorm came up, and crossing over Little Mountain, the snow became so heavy and deep that his horse gave out and he had to leave him. He took his pocket knife and cut the mail pouch open putting the mail inside his shirt. Then he broke a trail over to Mountain Dell, arriving there about 3 o'clock in the morning. The next morning

he rode a horse bareback to Salt Lake and delivered the mail to the Old Salt Lake House which was the home station. Ephraim Hanks, his stepfather, rode back up the canyon next morning and brought in the horse which seemed none the worse for the ordeal. The people who were expecting important mail were afraid that it would not reach the city that day, and when they saw father ride in they were so elated they picked him up and carried him around the streets on their shoulders.

"While riding over the trail early one morning, coming to the edge of the timber, he noticed his horse prick up his ears, which was always a sign of danger, sometimes a rattlesnake, sometimes a wolf. Father knew that he had important mail as well as money in his saddle bag. Before he could act, his horse was caught by the bridle by two men with handkerchiefs over their faces. With quick thinking and action he put the spurs to the horse which sped quickly away from the would-be robbers. They fired several shots but the horse was a fast runner and once more he reached the station with the mail."

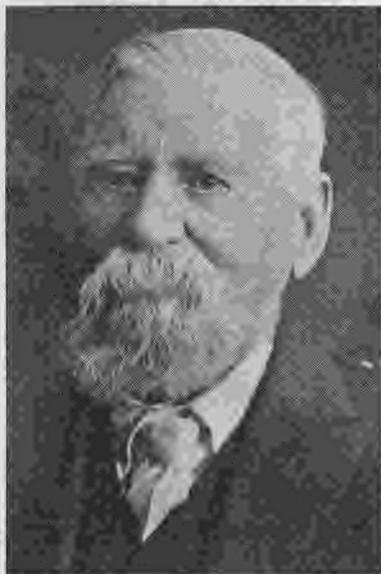
The days of Express riding over, Mr. Little returned to Salt Lake City. He soon met and fell in love with pretty Martha Taylor, and after a year's courtship, though not yet eighteen, he and Martha were married at the home of Emeline B. Wells, January 5, 1862. While rearing their large family they moved around a great deal, never seeming quite satisfied; until, in 1891, they moved into the Teton Basin which was truly home to them the rest of their lives. One of his outstanding enterprises was the erection and operation of the first sawmill in the Basin. This he continued for many years along with numerous other activities. He died December 15, 1915 at his home in Haden, Idaho.

### ELIJAH HIETT MAXFIELD

Born November 5, 1832 on Prince Edward Island, Canada, Elijah H. Maxfield came to Utah in September 1851 with his parents John E. and Elizabeth Baker Maxfield as a convert to Mormonism. Shortly after he married Helen A. Tanner in Salt Lake City and they established their first home in the Cottonwood area. A pioneer in every sense of the word, he assisted in the cutting and hauling of timber, digging ditches and canals, fighting crickets and performing all the various labors necessary for the up-building of Zion.

Elijah was employed by the Brigham Young Express & Carrying company, and when the Pony Express was organized, became one of its swiftest and most daring riders. Listed as one of the teamsters who joined the Lot Smith company of Utah Volunteers of the United States army in Salt Lake City April 30, 1862, Elijah contributed faithful service in guarding the Overland mail and telegraph lines through Utah Territory during Civil War years.

Among the experiences related by Mr. Maxfield during his days as a Pony rider, he said: "One day while going down Ash Hollow an Indian rode alongside me in an apparently friendly manner. I did not wish to show any concern but kept my eyes open. I noticed



Elijah Hiatt Maxfield

that the end of his lasso was tied to the horn of his saddle and that he held the noose open and ready to throw. Although he kept this by his side, I got an idea of his intentions; so, when the rope flew through the air with a deadly aim to ensnare me, I dodged and, instead of catching me, the rope fell over the horn of my saddle. At the same moment I drove the spurs into the side of my horse, causing him to make a great lunge. So unexpected was it that the Indian's saddle gave way and he was thrown to the ground. I did not look back but let my frightened pony have the reins as he dashed over the hills dragging the saddle after him. The next rider who came over the route told the station keeper, when he changed horses, "Say,

there's a dead Indian back there on the trail near Ash Hollow."

About 1880, Elijah moved his family to Wayne County making their home in Lyman. Their six year old daughter was the first death reported in that community. During an epidemic of diphtheria which struck the settlement in 1889, Helen Maxfield rendered valuable service by her skill in nursing. On November 2, 1892 she was made president of the first Relief Society in Lyman.

Elijah H. Maxfield died in Wayne County September 7, 1921.

#### CHARLES B. MILLER

Charles B. Miller, known as "Broncho Charley," tells his experiences as a rider, and the wholesome effect on these young men gained through the Bibles presented them by Russell, Majors & Waddell:

"I'll never forget the time I first rode the Pony Express, for all it happened back in 1861, in Sacramento, California. I was only eleven, when a wild galloping horse came down the dirt road with empty stirrups flapping. It was the Pony Express and the saddle was empty on account of the rider having connected with an Indian arrow. My father tossed me into the saddle and the menfolk standing around

cheered and I was off with the mail. That ride was one of the longest I ever made, for all it was only to Carson City, Nevada because Indians were all around and you never knew when an arrow would swish down from the rim rock above and you wouldn't be riding anymore.

"I was mighty scared and I sure needed the strength of God that long, dark night. But I got through, although on a later ride I was chased by a band of ten painted Bannocks and got two of their arrows in me and still carry the scars. When I got back to Sacramento, the Pony Express put me on that run regular. There was an oath I had to make when they swore me in. They handed me a little leatherbound Bible, the kind they gave to all the riders and a six shooter. I was told to use the Bible all the time and the gun only in case of necessity.

"Old man Russell built an empire on such practice. People felt they could trust a man with a business built on Bible ways. I rode for the Pony Express the last five months it was alive. That was history in the making. We carried the last messages of Buchanan, news of the election of Lincoln and of the firing on Fort Sumter."

#### ROBERT ORR

Robert Orr was born May 10, 1835 in Kilbirnie, Ayershire, Scotland, the son of Robert and Elizabeth McQueen Orr. The parents with ten children sailed on the *Falcon* for America and arrived in Utah in the fall of 1853, converts of Mormonism. They settled in Salt Lake City where the father and older boys were employed as workers on the Salt Lake Temple. After a short time the family moved to Tooele county, making their home in Grantsville where Robert Sr. freighted to points both east and west. Robert and his brothers, Matthew and John, frequently accompanied their father and the knowledge they obtained proved a valuable asset when they assisted in the Pony Express venture. Robert is named as a Pony Express rider while other members of the family were employed at the relay stations. Sarah Eliza Wickell became the wife of Robert. After the Pony Express days were over he returned to Grantsville where he became city marshal and was well known as a musician.

*Matthew Orr*, station keeper at Deep Creek, was at times a substitute rider. He was born in Scotland May 15, 1836, the sixth child of Robert Orr and Elizabeth McQueen Orr. He made his home in various places in Tooele county. Elizabeth Arthur became his wife, and his many descendants are scattered throughout the west. Nicholas Wilson in "*Uncle Nick*" *Among the Shoshones* mentions the Orr brothers as being riders of the Pony Express.

The mother of Robert and Matthew kept a store and fed many of the freighters who passed her way. She was well known to the Pony Express riders.

## WILLIAM PAGE

Another rider of the famous Pony Express was William Page, born August 4, 1838 in Birmingham, England. He was the son of James and Louisa Graves Page and came to Utah as a Latter-day Saint convert in 1856 in the Edward Martin handcart company. His



William Page

first home in the Valley was with the Henry W. Lawrence family where he did chores for his board and lodging. In the spring he made his way to Bountiful and lived for a time with the Bates Noble family. The following year he was called by President Young to repair guns in the Public Work Shop in Salt Lake City. When word was received that Johnston's Army was on its way to Utah Territory, William joined the Daniel H. Wells company and spent part of the winter in Echo Canyon defending the Saints.

In 1860, when the Pony Express was put in operation, William became one of the riders, his run being between Salt Lake and Fort Bridger. Many thrilling experiences were encountered on these long rides, evading hostile Indians and delivering mail on schedule in spite of serious weather conditions.

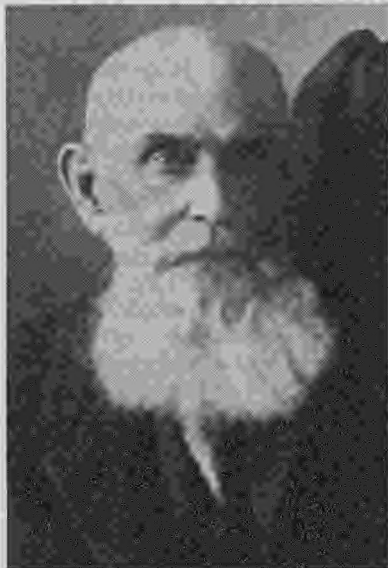
After the Express was discontinued William returned to Bountiful where he worked for William Muir operating threshing machines. While there he became acquainted with Mary Ann Clark, a recent Latter-day Saint convert from Leamington, England, and after six months' courtship they were married March 24, 1863. At this time he had little knowledge of either reading or writing, but his wife was well educated, and under her patient tutelage, oftentimes by the light of sagebrush fires, he learned the rudiments of education. The young couple bought a small farm and built a one-room house. Soon after, both death and birth came to this cabin. On the 23rd of March Louisa Graves Page died, his parents having come to the Valley in 1860, and the following day their first child, Louisa, was born.

In 1872, William was called by President Young to go to Arizona on a mission. He left his wife, with five little girls, in straightened circumstances while he obediently answered the call of the Church leaders. After his return he helped make adobes and haul timber from the nearby canyons for the East Bountiful tabernacle. When South Bountiful was organized in 1877, he was selected as Assistant Superintendent of the Sunday School which office he held until the time of his death. He was active in the civic affairs of the community,

serving on the school board, member of the Old Folks Committee, chairman of the Democratic Committee of Davis County, Justice of the Peace and Watermaster. Death came suddenly May 28, 1893 from a heart seizure. Funeral services were held in the South Bountiful Ward meetinghouse at which time B. H. Roberts, of the General Authorities, lauded his achievements and remarked that William Page was "indeed a diamond in the rough."—*Mary Anne Page Colbert*

### GEORGE WASHINGTON PERKINS

George Washington Perkins was born May 1, 1836 in Hancock County, Illinois, the son of Absalom and Nancy Martin Perkins. Prior to becoming a convert of Mormonism he crossed the plains to Utah with his parents in Captain Allen Taylor's company of 1849, settling



George Washington Perkins

at once in the Nineteenth Ward. Both parents died within a few years after their arrival in the Valley. In 1853, George was ordained a Seventy and became a member of the Thirty-first quorum of Seventies.

As a youth George made several trips back to the Missouri River to aid in bringing other immigrants to Zion. He took part in the settlement of Fort Supply which was abandoned shortly after because of Indian depredations. After performing other labors incidental to pioneering he entered into the career for which he will best be remembered—a driver of the Overland stages and a Pony Express rider. Major Howard Egan called him as a rider, his route being between Egan Canyon and Ruby Valley. He

was one of the riders at the time Lincoln's first message to Congress went through by Pony Express. A record of the life of George W. Perkins states that he carried the mail for a total of nine years, including the eighteen months he rode the Express.

On January 20, 1864 George married Alice Mellen. He moved to Pleasant Green, Salt Lake County with his family in 1867, at which place he passed away June 22, 1916 in his eightieth year.

The following story was taken from the Deseret News of September 15, 1923:



"Wash Perkins was one of those who rode in the initial pony ride to settle the question of time. 'We had orders on that first run to do our level best' said Wash. 'Treat your horse as well as you can, but bring the mail through even if it costs a horse, in the shortest time you can.' Mr. Perkins continued, 'My run on that record-breaking ride was fifty-seven miles. We did not have the stations then to change our horses. I had to make it with just one horse and I made the run in mighty good time considering the distance, but I killed the poor horse in doing it. He was so stiff the next morning that we couldn't get him out of the stable. His muscles seemed to have changed to stone. We did what we could for the suffering animal but he never got better; he just died there in his tracks. There was not any doubt though after that ride about the time that could be made over the Central Route. The Pony riders cut the time of the Southern Route right in two or better. It took only ten days for the first mail to be put across, and at one time when we were carrying Lincoln's first inaugural message, the mail was put through from St. Joe to the coast in seven days and seventeen hours. I tell you that no grass grew under the feet of the ponies on that ride. It was nearly two hundred and fifty miles a day that was made. But we had a change of mounts every six or eight miles, extra horses and riders having been scattered between some stations for the run.'"

"Another exciting adventure happened on the Pony Express route when Wash Perkins and Billy Fisher were making part of a three hundred mile ride to carry word of the Indian outbreak into Salt Lake City from out in Ruby Valley, Nevada. Said he, 'The Indians were lurking all along the trail. We could see their signal fires on every hill, and we knew we were running a pretty dangerous gauntlet, but we kept out of reach of every possible ambush point as well as we could, and we dodged the devils pretty well. Once though they came within an ace of getting us. We had to go through a stretch of cedars and rocks. There was no way around. We kept our eyes skinned and our revolvers ready but we didn't strike any trouble until we were just about through the dangerous place. Then suddenly whizz! went an arrow too darn close to our heads to be comfortable. And then bang! went a rifle. The bullet cut right through Billy's macheres and nearly hit me in the hip. We couldn't see the Injuns who were paying us their compliments. It was just a plain case of 'git out of it or git killed'; so we put spurs to our horses and got out on the jump. As we began to run the Indians jumped out of their hiding place and yelled as they kept up their shootin', but their shots fell short. I rode on to Simpson Springs with Billy and there Major Egan was. He sent Billy on through with another rider and took me back with him to help establish the broken line. The Indians had played hob with most of those desert stations, killin' riders and keepers and stealin' the

stock. It was no easy job to keep the mail going in those days, but someone had to do it."

### THOMAS J. RANAHAN

According to available records Thomas J. Ranahan made his home in Salt Lake City in 1872. He then moved to Boise, Idaho and after his marriage went to Weiser, Idaho where he purchased a farm. His wife died in the summer of 1914. Mr. Ranahan then returned to Boise where he died December 28, 1926. His body was taken to Kansas City for burial. Thomas was born in Ireland, November 28, 1839. He came to America with his father and other members of the family when he was two years of age. Some years later they moved to Kansas where he became acquainted with the firm of Russell, Majors & Waddell and was hired as one of their stage drivers making many trips to Salt Lake City, Utah.

From Mr. Ranahan's writings we quote: "I was not a Pony Express rider, but was a stage driver for the Overland Stage company, but both of these companies were run by the same concern. I went over the same line of road as the Pony Express riders did, stopped at the same stations, and made several trips over the road, riding for the Pony Express when some of the men were ill. They would do the same things for the stage drivers. The Overland Stage Company used 2,759 horses and mules and 100 Concord coaches. When a Pony rider took sick one of the stage drivers would ride for him until he met the next Pony rider and would turn the mail over to him, and the hostler of the stage, if the stage was on time, would bring up the stage until he met the pony and rider and he would then turn the stage over to him and take the pony back with him to the station. This was a courtesy between the Pony Express rider and the Overland Stage line drivers to help one another out.

"I went by the name of 'Irish Tom' in those days. In fact, I had three names. I was also called 'Lightning' or 'The Infant' stage driver. I ran away from home in 1860 and want to say that I have been on the plains ever since. I worked for Ben Holladay from the 9th day of April, 1861 until June, 1865. Mr. Holladay had one rule when hiring men. He told the men what they had to do and if they made good they would be promoted. To show you how this rule worked: When the Indians burned him out in 1864, not a single man quit him. Every superintendent he had in his employ when he sold out started as a stage driver and was promoted to division superintendent."

Concerning some of the grain used by the Overland Company Mr. Ranahan states: "The Overland Stage Company had a contract with the Tithing House in Salt Lake City to furnish all of the grain from Salt Lake City west to Austin, Nevada. I worked on this road long enough to know that if it had not been for the Tithing House

in Salt Lake City, I have my doubts that the Overland Pony Express could have carried the mail over the Central Route. I was on the middle division between Julesburg and Green River in 1861, and some of the Mormons who hauled this grain down into Wyoming did not get back to Salt Lake until after the snow flew. I have seen them deliver some of the grain in the snow. You bet the Tithing House used its best efforts to raise and deliver this grain. They made each valley furnish so much of the grain."

### GUGLIELMO G. ROSSETTI SANGIOVANNI

Guglielmo Sangiovanni was born in London, England, a son of Benedatto and Susanna Rogers Sangiovanni. His father was a handsome, scholarly man who had become entangled in the political turmoil in Europe in the 1830's and



Guglielmo Sangiovanni

seeking a place of refuge, made his way to New York City, where he went to live in the home of David W. Rogers. He married Susanna the daughter of Mr. Rogers in November, 1833, and the following year they sailed for England where Guglielmo was born April 17, 1835. Susanna became acquainted with the Mormon Elders, Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball, accepted the gospel as taught by them, and since there had been a rift in the Sangiovanni household for some time, she left England with her little son on the ship *Asbland* with other Saints bound for America. They never saw the husband and the father again. A short time after arriving in Nauvoo, Illinois, Susanna married a Mr. Pickett and after the exodus of

the Saints from that city to Winter Quarters, another son was born and christened Horatio. Mr. Pickett joined the emigrants en route for California and that was the last the family heard of him.

Susanna and her two sons arrived in Salt Lake Valley in 1852 where she became a school teacher. Guglielmo had received an excellent education and edited and published a small newspaper called the "Mineral Cactus" after they had been called to the Dixie Mission in St. George by Church officials. J. Cecil Alter in his book "Early Utah Journalism" has this to say about Mr. Sangiovanni: "We cannot omit to express our wonder at how a man with such a name ever

found his way to St. George in that early day and the still greater wonder at his staying there, fighting Indians, conducting a business college, running one newspaper and outrunning one or two others . . . As a young man living in Salt Lake City he showed his courage and youthful activity by becoming one of the riders of the Pony Express. Perhaps his resourcefulness in this endeavor helped to prepare him for the life of a frontiersman that was needed to subdue enemies of this southern mission."

The following resume tells the story of the activities of Mr. Sangiovanni between the years 1852 and 1877, when he traveled 36,125 miles in the interests of the Latter-day Saint Church, the Pony Express and the Territory of Utah in general: From Des Moines, Iowa to Salt Lake City by oxtrain; 1855, took 500 head of cattle to California and after his return carried a weekly mail from Salt Lake City to Ogden for a short time; 1856, traveled with the U. S. Survey and later that year drove an oxtteam from Salt Lake to Bitter Root, Montana with freight where he stayed until the following year, when he returned to the Valley with a herd of ponies. Later that same year he made a trip to California with 800 head of cattle. During the Johnston Army troubles of 1858, he hauled lumber to Camp Floyd and, in 1859, journeyed to the Missouri River with Heber C. Kimball in the interests of the Church. In 1860, he was employed as a Pony Express rider by Russell, Majors & Waddell and the following year drove a mule team to the Missouri River and return. Later that year he drove a freight wagon to Carson Valley. The Sangiovanni family was called to help with the settlement of St. George where they arrived December 24, 1861. In 1862 he returned to Salt Lake City, from whence he went with freight to Carson City to meet General Connor and his California volunteers. He returned with freight to be used at Fort Douglas. Later that year he returned to St. George, and, in 1863, was called to go with an oxtteam to the Missouri River to help bring immigrants and freight across the plains. In 1864, he went on a mission to Europe where he served for three years. In 1868, he took part in the Navajo uprisings in the southern part of the state, and, in 1869 returned to Salt Lake City. Eight years later he traveled to the Black Hills of South Dakota and again returned to Salt Lake City.

Mr. Sangiovanni married Mary Ann Brown, an English convert, and they were the parents of two daughters. In later years he became the first curator of the Deseret Museum. He died in 1915 and was buried in the Salt Lake City cemetery.

#### JAMES "DOCK" SHANKS

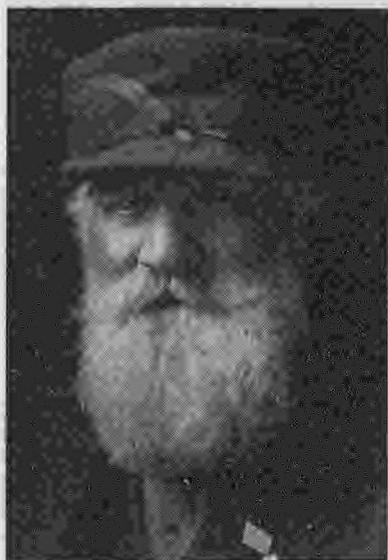
Little information is available on James Dock Shanks, another Mormon youth who played a part in the Pony Express operations in Utah. He was born November 29, 1833 in Paisley, Renfrewshire, England, the son of James Shanks and Isabella Dock, pioneers of

1855. Young James preceded his parents to Utah by two years, arriving in the Valley in the Jacob Gates company of 1853. His first job in Salt Lake City was helping to build the wall around the temple block, after which he began delivering mail to the neighboring towns. Later he was employed by Major Howard Egan as a rider.

After the demise of the Pony Express, James moved to Heber City, Wasatch County, where, in time, he built three different homes for his three different families. In 1855 he married Isabella Muir. They were the parents of eight children; in 1875 he married Eva Erickson and seven children were born to them. In 1899 Caroline Homan became his wife. Mr. Shanks was a faithful Latter-day Saint, serving as a High Priest and home missionary. He was an experienced horticulturist and it was his pride and pleasure to decorate the meetinghouse on numerous occasions with beautiful flowers.

### WILLIAM HENRY STREEPER

William Henry Streeper, son of Wilkinson and Matilda Wells Streeper, was born August 1, 1837 in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. In the year 1843, he, with his parents, moved to Nauvoo, Illinois where he resided until the martyrdom of the Prophet. Accompanied



William H. Streeper

by his parents he traveled by steamboat to St. Louis, Missouri in which city he stayed until the spring of 1850. While there he was employed on the new gas works system, being assigned to light twenty-five lamps each night and extinguish them in the morning. The pay was five dollars a month which was later increased to ten dollars. With this money he assisted his father in purchasing needed equipment for the journey to Utah. The start across the plains was made from Kaneshville, Iowa early in April, 1851, reaching their destination in the Salt Lake Valley in October of that year.

William and his father built a home for the family in the Old Fourteenth Ward. He also hauled wood from the surrounding canyons, not only for home

use but to sell to others. Wood was one of the chief mediums of exchange at that time by which debts could be paid. In 1858, he,

with others, went to meet one of the delayed handcart companies entering the Valley in November, carrying supplies to the weary and destitute travelers. When he was sixteen years of age William, with a number of other people under the leadership of Bishop David Evans of Lehi, was sent to assist in the establishment of the White Mountain Mission southeast of Moab. Shortly after, the mission was abandoned and he returned to Salt Lake City. He was a member of Company B. of the Nauvoo Legion.

On October 15, 1867 Mary Amelia Richards, eldest child of Samuel Whitney Richards and Mary Haskin Parker, became his wife. He took his wife to the Muddy Mission in St. Joseph, Nevada. When that mission was also abandoned they returned to Centerville, twelve miles north of Salt Lake City. Leaving his wife and mother there he went to Weber canyon to work for the Union Pacific Railroad. The contract was to haul telegraph poles from the mouth of Echo Canyon to the mouth of Weber canyon. After part of the poles were delivered they were said to be unsuitable and the deal was a total loss. Later John Taylor took over the contract and William worked under him until the railroad reached Ogden in 1869. Next he hauled ties for Brigham Young, Jr., on the Utah Central from Ogden to Salt Lake City. His chief interest after that was farming in Centerville and his farm became one of the most outstanding in the state. He also engaged in other business enterprises such as general merchandising, implement and banking business in Ogden, Centerville and Salt Lake City. Mr. Streeper served as a Justice of the Peace and a school trustee, and for several years was on the Board of Directors of the Deseret Agricultural and Manufacturing Society. Death came to him at his home in Centerville October 4, 1930 at the age of ninety-three years.

When a young man of twenty-three he became a mail carrier working for the Brigham Young Express Company. He was later hired by Major Howard Egan as a Pony Express rider. The following is his story:

"I rode the Pony Express during 1860-61. My route was in Nevada, between Diamond Springs and Smith Creek. From Diamond Springs it was 35 miles to our next station, which was Roberts Creek. Then it was another 35 miles from Roberts Creek to Dry Creek. The next station was Simpson's Park, and from there it was 40 miles to Smith Creek, where we changed riders.

"We rode ordinary ponies. When their backs became sore, as they sometimes did from carrying packs, we doctored them ourselves. We stationed animals all along between stops so we could change and have fresh ones. We drove them about seven or eight miles an hour, often riding in the dark. Many is the time I have eaten my supper on the trail and my breakfast eighty or ninety miles from there. At the time of the inauguration of Lincoln, the mail was carried from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Sacramento, California, in seven and a half days.

"There were seven riders on my route and we used both mules and horses, riding the pony and driving pack animals before us. We had guns and pistols, and sometimes used arrows in self defense. I carried a pair of pistols, but never had any trouble. Indians shot arrows at me and white men have drawn guns on me, but I never had one touch me. I was exceptionally fortunate.

"Just the day before one of my trips, Mr. Dave Proctor and his wife and a train of 45 wagons came to Diamond Springs late in the afternoon. I urged them to stop as there was good feed and water and it was 35 miles through hills and hollows to Roberts Creek. They camped close to the station and I was invited to have supper with Dave Proctor and his wife. The following morning was my turn to ride and I passed them before they reached Dry Creek Station. I hurried on to Simpson's Park and found the Indians had attacked the station and robbed it of almost everything. They had killed *Jim Alcott*, the other rider. Hurrying on I found the next station burned, nobody around and no animals to change with. So I went on another 40 miles toward Smith Creek, where I met the other rider on his return trip. When I told him all that had happened we went to Smith Creek together.

"The following morning two prospectors asked if they might go along with us, as they were afraid of Indians. We gave them our consent and continued our journey in a snow storm, but free from the attack of Indians. When we neared Dry Creek we saw a herd of cattle running from the station so we stopped a few rods distant. There was no signs of people, so I left the other man and rode my pony to the building, the front of which was blown out. There were indications of a skirmish. Looking in I gazed with horror into the face of one of our riders, who had been killed.

"With anxiety we rushed toward Roberts Creek, stopping only for short rests and to let the animals graze. At Diamond Springs the Indians threatened us, but seemed quelled by our fearless threats, though they followed us and stole most of our animals at night. We finally reached Roberts Creek Station, where we received a hilarious welcome.

"Howard Egan, the head agent, received the support of a squad of soldiers to protect the route. I took two yoke of cattle and an old Indian called 'Duditchemo' and went with them to haul supplies. 'Duditchemo' was a faithful Indian guard, who made several trips.

"Upon one occasion at Diamond Springs, Mr. Bolivar Roberts asked for a fast rider to take the mail to Salt Lake City; I volunteered. The mail pouch contained a great deal of money. The captain asked how many soldiers I wanted for guards and I told him none. A California postmaster who was there asked if I would like him to come along and I told him he could not keep up with me. I didn't take anyone. It was 22 miles from there to Ruby Valley, where I had to change animals. There was no more trouble from Indians and I went

straight through from station to station 'till I reached Salt Lake. Brigham Young called me in and advised that I quit the route, but I told him that I had promised the boys I would return, and wanted to keep my word. The boys were glad to see me. That was in 1861 and was my last run."

### GEORGE WASHINGTON THATCHER

George Washington Thatcher came to Utah with his parents, Hezekiah and Alley Kitchin Thatcher in September, 1847. He was born February 1, 1840 in Springfield, Illinois. When nine years of age George accompanied his parents to Sacramento, California where



George W. Thatcher

his father became interested in mining. The Thatchers prospered in this venture, but the mother was greatly displeased with the environment her children were subjected to, and, as a compromise, Mr. Thatcher opened an eating house on the Auburn road and purchased a freighting outfit. Both enterprises paid well, so Hezekiah turned to ranching. When the threat of war came to Utah Territory, and the Saints were called back to help defend it, the Thatcher family returned with the exception of three sons, John, Aaron and Moses. They were left to dispose of the holdings and reached Utah at the time of the organization of the militia. The boys, including George, took an active part in the defense of the city in Echo Canyon.

Work in the mines and on the ranch had developed George into a powerful youth, an expert rider, jumper and fleet of foot. When the Pony Express was put into action George was hired as a rider. Upon one occasion, early in the spring of 1860, while the snow was yet deep, George, not feeling well, and having a sharp pain in his side, got off the horse and taking hold of the horse's tail was running along when a large wolverine jumped upon him knocking him down and breaking his hold. Having learned to think and act quickly, George doubled up and rolled over like a ball, and as the animal rushed at him again, he managed to get his feet under it and with great force threw it several yards away. He then sped along



the trail and before the animal could reach him he had succeeded in mounting his horse and was on the way—thus verifying the oft-repeated statement that George Thatcher was one of the fastest sprinters of his time.

With the extension of the rail lines west Mr. Thatcher became a contractor and completed a number of important grade sections. In 1877, he accepted the position of superintendent of the Utah Northern Railroad which extended from Ogden, Utah to Franklin, Idaho. He was given complete charge of letting contracts and the purchasing of materials. A short time later the Utah Northern was purchased by the Union Pacific interests, and recognizing Mr. Thatcher's worth to the organization, he was retained and continued the building of the line to Garrison, Montana. The great responsibility of building and operating the long lines of railroad affected his health and caused him to resign from the Union Pacific in September 1882. The Thatcher Bros. & Company Bank was organized in 1883, which was incorporated January 3, 1889, with George W. Thatcher, President. This position he held until the time of his death.

Mr. Thatcher was an active and zealous member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. In 1871 he served on a mission to England. His interest in the cause of education is shown by the fact that he was appointed president of the Board of Brigham Young College by Brigham Young. He was also elected mayor of Logan and gave the city a businesslike and progressive administration. Few men have contributed more to the general advancement of the state than has George Thatcher. Luna Young, daughter of Brigham Young and Mary Angell became his wife April 4, 1861. Ten children were born to them.

George W. Thatcher was 62 years of age when he passed away in Logan December 23, 1902.

#### ALEXANDER TOPONCE

Alexander Toponce was born in Belfort, France in 1839. At the age of seven he came to America with his parents, settling first in the state of New York. Eight years later he, with some companions, pushed on to Missouri, and the following year became a bull-wacker for the firm of Russell & Majors driving freight. For this service he was paid \$15.00 a month and board. In 1858, Alex became a stage driver for the Butterfield Overland Mail. In his journal he wrote: "We would start out with six mules and three men. One man would ride a horse alongside the mules and keep 'touching' them with a black snake whip. He was called the 'side whipper.' The third man sat on the 'dickey seat' on the top of the stage facing the rear. He had a field glass and kept an eye out for Indians. We all had the latest makes of rifles. We would drive six mules fifty miles, stopping once to feed and water them, then change teams and drive another fifty miles. While I was in the

employ of Russell, Majors and Waddell they furnished us each with a Bible, but they never gave us much time to read it on the road. We were required to sign an agreement to observe certain 'iron-clad' rules. In part they were: 'While I am in the employ of Russell, Majors & Waddell I agree not to use profane language, not to get drunk, not to gamble, not to treat animals cruelly and not to do anything incompatible with the conduct of a gentleman.' These rules were hard to keep sometimes, especially the one about swearing. That was a nuisance when yoking up unruly oxen in the mornings."

In 1860, Alexander began carrying mail for the Pony Express. The journal continues: "One of the pioneer developments was a fast mail service up the Platte river. I carried mail out of Fort Kearney to the west. I rode one horse 25 miles, changed horses and rode 25 miles more, there I met the rider from the west. If he was late I took the fresh horse that was ready for him and started to meet him and kept on till I did. When we met we changed horses, also the mail pouches. I came back and he began the trip west."

Mr. Toponce came to Salt Lake City in 1863 for the purpose of setting up a freighting business between Utah and the mining regions of Montana. He purchased a freighting outfit from John Handley of American Fork for \$1,200, which consisted of eight wagons with four yoke of oxen to the wagon. Salt Lake City was the loading point and they carried tea, flour, shovels and picks. En route, at Brigham City, he purchased butter and pork and in Cache Valley he obtained eggs. The pork cost him 6 cents per pound for which he received \$1.00 per pound, and the eggs he had bought at a minimum price brought \$2.00 a dozen. The following year he purchased flour from Bishop Chauncey W. West in Ogden. Once, there was a delay of two weeks in filling the order, and Mr. Toponce wrote "the delay caused him great loss both in cattle and gold."

#### HENRY TUCKETT

Henry Tuckett, pioneer of 1852, came to Utah with his wife Mercy Westwood, his mother, brothers and sister. He was born in London, England, September 24, 1831, the son of Charles Tuckett and Jane Pattondon. The father had previously been drafted into the English army and was never heard from again. Shortly after Henry's arrival in the Valley he opened a shoe and harness repair shop. When the Saints were advised by the Church authorities to move south, he took his family and during his absence the shop was taken over by others who had remained in the city. Upon his return he was unable to regain possession of it—neither did he receive compensation for his loss. Henry then went to work for the Dinwoodey Furniture store until such time as he could again go into business.

Employed by the Pony Express company as a rider, Mr. Tuckett later stated that the boys were more afraid of highwaymen than they

were of the Indians. At one time he said he was carrying a large sum of money and felt that information concerning it had leaked out through someone employed in the station. He, therefore, left the usual route, stopped at a secluded spot and hid the pouch then when back to the station. There he met the rider who was going in the opposite direction and they exchanged places. The other young man found Henry's pouch at the designated spot and proceeded along the trail. He was stopped by highwaymen, but when they did not recognize the rider, they let him pass thinking he was not employed by the Pony Express. Henry participated in other exciting events during his months of service.

Lelia Tuckett Freeze, daughter of Henry Tuckett, remembers as a child she was permitted to go to the old Salt Lake House with her father and see him off on his run. While waiting there she heard several men talking about the Indians being on the warpath in Nevada, in Ruby Valley, and that some of the riders had been wounded or killed. After bidding her father goodbye she ran quickly home and, in the privacy of her own bedroom, prayed fervently that the Lord would protect him.

Twelve years after obtaining a divorce from Mercy Westwood he married Esther Elizabeth Frisby. After their separation he married her niece, Jane Thompson, and still later Margaret Stamm became his wife. He was the father of fourteen children. Mr. Tuckett was one of the last surviving Pony Express riders, being 93 years of age at the time of his death, January 30, 1924.—*Auline Stahl*

### ELIJAH NICHOLAS WILSON

Elijah Nicholas Wilson was born in Adams County, Illinois, and emigrated to Utah with his parents, Elijah and Martha Kelly Wilson, in 1850, settling in Grantsville. Their first home was in a fort, but after a time Mr. Wilson decided to move out of the enclosure to a



E. N. Wilson, "Uncle Nick."

farm two miles distant where he could graze sheep. It was young "Nick's" responsibility to watch over them. In August, 1856 he was enticed by a band of Shoshone Indians to leave his home and live among them, which he did for two years. He became very attached to the redmen and in later years published a book entitled "*Uncle Nick's Among the Shoshones*". After the death of his father in the fall of 1860, he became a Pony Express rider and tells his experiences in that venture in these words:

"About the time I was thinking of starting to rejoin my Indian friends, the word came that the Pony Express was going to start, and Mr. Faust induced me to stay and be one of the pony riders. I sold my roan pony to a sergeant in Camp Floyd for seventy-five dollars, and I sold the little black mare for one hundred dollars. I took part of the money to mother and bought some clothes with the rest. A great pow-wow was going on about the Pony Express coming through the country. They had started to build roads and stations. These stations had to be built every ten miles apart and as near to water as possible. Well, the time came for the express horses to be strung along the line and the riders were sent to their stations. Mr. Faust and Mr. Howard Egan went my bonds, and I was sent out west into Nevada to a station kept by a man named *William Smith*, and Smith had a hostler whose name was *Samuel Lee*. When we were hired to ride the express we had to go before a Justice of the Peace and swear that we would at all times be at our post, and not at any time be over one hundred yards from the station, except when we were carrying the mail. When we started out we were never to turn back, no matter what happened, until the mail was delivered at the next home station. We had to be ready to start back at a half-minutes' notice, let it be day or night, rain or shine, Indians or no Indians.

"Our saddles, which were furnished by the company, had nothing to them but the bare tree, stirrups and cinch. Two large pieces of sole leather about sixteen inches wide by twenty-four inches long were laced together with a strong leather string and thrown over the saddle. Fastened to these were four pockets, two in front and two behind on either side of the saddle. The two rear ones were the largest. The one in front on the left side was called the 'way pocket.' All of these pockets were locked with small padlocks and each home station keeper had a key to the way pocket. When the express arrived at the home station, the keeper would unlock the way pocket, and if there were any letters for the boys between the home stations, the rider would distribute them as he went along, and there was also a card in the way pocket that the station keeper would take out and put down on it the time the express got to this station and when it went out. He would tell the rider what time he would have to make up on his run, if the express was behind time.

"The time came that we had to start. The express would leave St. Joseph, Missouri, and Sacramento, California, at the same time every day. The home stations were from forty to sixty miles apart, and one man's ride was from one home station to another. Between the home stations were other stations where horses could be changed. Not many riders could stand the long, fast riding at first, but after they had ridden for about two weeks they would be all right. At first the rider would be charged up with the saddle he was riding and the first wages were kept back for it, and if we had no revolver and had to get one from the company, that would be

forty dollars more to come out of our wages. Everything went along first rate for a while, but after six or eight months of that kind of work the big, fine horses began to play out, the company sent to California and bought up all of the wild horses they could get, brought them in, strung them along the road, and put the best riders to breaking them. *Peter Neece*, our home station keeper, was a big strong man and a good rider. He was put to breaking some of these wild mustangs for the boys on his beat. After these wild horses had been ridden two or three times, they were put on the regular line for the express boys to ride. Generally, just as soon as the hostler could lead them in and out of the stable without getting his head knocked off, they were considered tame, and very likely they had just been handled enough to make them mean.

"My home station was at Shell Creek. I rode from Shell Creek to Deep Creek, and one day the Indians killed the rider out on the desert, and when I was to meet him at Deep Creek, he was not there. I went to the next station, Willow Creek, the first station over the mountain, and there I found out that he had been killed. My horse was about jaded by this time, so I had to stay there to let him rest. I would have had to start back in the night as soon as the horse got so he could travel, if those Indians had not come upon us: About four o'clock in the afternoon, seven Indians rode up to the station and asked for something to eat. *Peter Neece* picked up a sack with about twenty pounds of flour in it and offered it to them, but they would not have that little bit, they wanted a sack of flour apiece. Then he threw it back into the house and told them to get out, and that he wouldn't give them a thing. This made them pretty mad, and as they passed a shed about four or five rods from the house, they each shot an arrow into a poor, old lame cow, that was standing under a shed. When *Neece* saw them do that, it made him mad, too, and he jerked out a couple of pistols and commenced shooting at them. He killed two of the Indians and they fell off their horses right there. The others ran. He said, 'Now boys, we will have a time of it tonight. There are about thirty of those Indians camped in the canyon there and they will be upon us as soon as it gets dark, and we will have a fight.' A man by the name of *Lynch* happened to be there at the time. He had bragged a good deal about what he would do and we looked upon him as a sort of desperado and a very brave man. I felt pretty safe until he weakened and commenced to cry, then I wanted all of us to get on our horses and skip for the next station; but *Pete* said, 'No. We will load up all the old guns that are around here and be ready for them when they come. There are four of us and we can stand off the whole bunch of them.' Well, just a little before dark, we could see a big dust over toward the mouth of the canyon, and we knew they were coming. It was about six miles from the canyon to the station.

"*Pete* thought it would be a good thing to go out a hundred yards or so and lie down in the brush and surprise them as they

came up. When we got out there he had us lie down about four or five feet apart. 'Now,' he said, 'when you fire, jump out to one side, so if they shoot at the blaze of your gun, you will not be there.' We all took our places, and you bet, I lay close to the ground. Pretty soon we could hear their horses' feet striking the ground, and it seemed to me as if there were thousands of them; and such yells as they let out, I never heard before. The sounds were coming straight towards us, and I thought they were going to run right over us. It was sandy where we lay, with little humps. Finally the Indians got close enough for us to shoot. Pete shot and jumped to one side. I had two pistols, one in each hand, cocked all ready to pull the trigger, and was crawling on my elbows and knees. Each time he would shoot, I saw him jump. Soon they were all shooting, and each time they shot, I would jump. I never shot at all. After I had jumped a good many times, I happened to land in a little wash or ravine. I guess my back came pretty nearly level with the top of it. Anyhow, I pressed myself down so I could get in. I don't know how I felt, I was so scared. I lay there and listened until I could hear no more shooting, but I thought I could hear the horses' hoofs beating on the hard ground near me until I found out it was only my heart beating. After a while, I raised my head a little and looked off towards the desert, and I could see those humps of sand covered with grease-woods. They looked exactly like Indians on horses, and I could see several of them near the wash.

"I crouched down again and lay there for a long time, maybe two hours. Finally everything was very still, so I thought I would go around and see if my horse was where I had staked him, and if he was, I would go back to my station in Deep Creek and tell them that the boys were all killed and I was the only one that had got away. Well, as I went crawling around the house on my elbows and knees, just as easily as I could, with both pistols ready, I saw a light shining between the logs in the back part of the house. I thought the house must be full of Indians, so I decided to lie there awhile and see what they were doing. I lay there for some time listening and watching and then I heard one of the men speak. 'Did you find anything of him?' Another answered, 'No, I guess he is gone.' Then I knew it was the boys, but I lay there until I heard the door shut, then I slipped up and peeped through the crack and saw that all three of them were there all right. I was too much ashamed to go in but finally I went around and opened the door. When I stepped in Pete called out, 'Hello! Here he is. How far did you chase them? I knew you would stay with them. I told the fellows here that you would bring back at least half a dozen of them.' I think they killed five Indians that night.

"I was sent further west, about three hundred miles, to ride from the Carson Sink to Fort Churchill. The distance was about seventy-five miles and was a very hard ride for the horses as well as for me because much of the distance was through deep sand. Some things

were not so bad, however, for I had no mountains to cross, the weather in winter was mild, and the Indians were a little more friendly here. East of my beat, along Egan Canyon, Shell Creek and Deep Creek the Indians had begun to be very saucy, and they had threatened to burn the stations and kill the people, and in the following spring they did break out in earnest, burned some of the stations and killed one of the riders. That same spring I was changed back into Major Egan's division and rode from Shell Creek to Ruby Valley.

"That summer the Indians got very bad. They burned several stations, killed the hostlers, and also a few riders. I was very badly wounded. I had been taking some horses to Antelope station and on my way back I made a stop at Spring Valley station. When I got there the two boys that looked after the horses at the station were out on the woodpile playing cards, and they wanted me to stay with them and have dinner. I got off my horse and started him towards the stable, but instead of going to the stable he went behind it where some other horses were grazing. Pretty soon we saw the horses going across the meadow toward the cedars with two Indians on foot behind them. We started after them full tilt and gained on them a little, and as we ran I fired three shots at them from my revolver, but they were too far off for me to hit them. They reached the cedars a little before we did. I was ahead of the other two boys and as I ran around a large cedar, one of the Indians who had hidden behind the tree shot me in the head with a flint spiked arrow. The arrow struck my head about two inches above the left eye. The other boys were on the other side of the tree, and seeing the Indian run, came around to find out where I was and found me lying on the ground with the arrow sticking in my head. They tried to pull the arrow out, but the shaft came away and left the flint spike in my head. Thinking that I would surely die, they rolled me under a tree and started for the next station as fast as they could go. There they got a few men and came back the next morning to bury me, but when they got to me and found I was still alive they thought they would not bury me just then. They carried me to a station that was called Cedar Wells, and from there sent to Ruby Station for a doctor. When he came, he took the spike out of my head and told the boys to keep a wet rag on the wound and that was all they could do for me. I lay there for six days when Major Egan happened to come along, and seeing that I was still alive, sent for the doctor again, and when the doctor came and saw I was no worse he started to do something for me. I lay for eighteen days unconscious, then I began to get better fast, and it was but a little while until I was riding again.

"The spring of the great war between the North and the South broke out and General Johnston sold all of the government cattle and wagons very cheap and went back east with his pack mules. I bought a yoke of oxen for eighteen dollars and a new wagon for ten. There must have been as many as ten thousand oxen bought at about twenty-

five to fifty dollars a yoke. That summer the gold mines were opened in Montana, and everything had to be hauled with oxtteams, and the same oxen we had bought for eighteen dollars were worth from one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars a yoke. The poor people who had been living on greens and lumpy-dick for two or three years, now began to get very wealthy and proud. The young ladies began to wear calico dresses, and I even saw young men who could afford to wear calico shirts and soldier's blue overcoats and smoke store tobacco. A few even got so wealthy that they apostatized."

With the passing of the Pony Express, Mr. Wilson was hired to carry mail from Salt Lake City to Montana. Matilda Patton became his wife in 1865 and they moved to Oxford, Idaho; thence to Bloomington, Idaho where he operated a mercantile store, blacksmith shop, sawmill and was the owner of a ranch. His dealings with the Indians made him extremely valuable as a peacemaker between the white man and the red man.

In 1888, Elijah moved his family to Jackson Hole, driving the first wagon over Teton Pass. Here tragedy struck when six of their ten children died of diphtheria. During the epidemic Mr. Wilson served as doctor and nurse. Three of his own children were buried before he received word of their death. In 1893, he was made bishop of that community and also operated the first store, hotel and Postoffice. Chief Washakie visited his home many times as it was in the wigwam of this great chieftain's mother that Elijah lived during his sojourn among the Indians. In later years he married Sina Jenson and Lottie Nethercroft. His eventful life came to a close December 26, 1915 and interment was in the Jackson Hole cemetery.

### JOSEPH BARNEY WINTLE

Joseph Barney Wintle was born February 29, 1840 in Yarmouth, Norfolk, England, the son of George and Elizabeth Sewell Wintle. His father was a marine and his grandfather a ship carpenter, thus the boy early learned to love the sea. During his infancy his parents became converts of the Latter-day Saint Church and at the age of eight years Joseph was baptized. Shortly after the family moved to London and from Liverpool emigrated to the United States.

At sixteen Joseph started his first journey across the plains to Utah having been hired out by his grandfather to drive an oxteam for a Mormon family. The company arrived in the valley in 1857, and since most of these people proceeded to the northern part of the state, Joseph was left without friends in Salt Lake City. For a time he worked at odd jobs for Brigham Young and others and then returned to St. Louis, Missouri. In 1859, he again crossed the plains driving a team in the *James S. Brown company*.

Being a young man of slight built, yet strong and wiry, and accustomed to the handling of horses, Joseph was hired by Major



Howard Egan as a rider for the Pony Express. He rode from the time of its inception until the first part of 1861, first on the western route through Nevada and then from Fort Kearney on the Platte River to Cottonwood Springs—a distance of 110 miles. It was while riding the latter route that he carried the news of Abraham Lincoln's election.

In the spring of 1860, while riding on the western route through Egan Canyon, he was pursued by Indians for twenty miles and had it not been for the fleetness of his horse he would undoubtedly have met death at their hands. When he arrived at the station the horse dropped dead before it could be unbridled. Mounting a fresh horse he started westward to meet the rider from the opposite direction. Upon approaching, he saw the young man was badly frightened and soon learned that he, also, had been pursued and shot at by Indians—the evidence being a hole through his hat. After trying to encourage one another, they exchanged mail and started on their separate routes, neither of them encountering an Indian on the return ride.

After these "Pony" days were over Joseph returned to St. Louis and brought his parents to Utah in 1862, this making the fifth time he had crossed the plains. In September of that year he married Sarah Jane Evans at West Weber. She was accidentally drowned two months later in the Weber River. On April 3, 1863 he married Mary M. Wilson. At the time of his second marriage he was living on a twenty acre farm in West Weber. In a few years the family moved to Hooper, later to Birch Creek, thence to Wilson and in 1902 to Ogden. He was a butcher by trade, as well as a farmer, having owned a shop for many years in Hooper and later in Ogden. The first suit of clothes Joseph had after coming to the Valley was made by his second wife, Mary. He clipped the wool, she washed and carded it, then spun it into yarn. This was taken to a weaver and made into cloth from which the suit was fashioned. Having no dye, the cloth was a gray mixture, called sheep's gray. Mr. Wintle had a fine tenor voice and directed a choir in Wilson Ward. He died January 1, 1916 in Ogden.

—*Mary H. Gardner*

#### IN NEVADA—"PONY BOB"

Nevada must claim the honor of the toughest trail of the Pony Express run. Through a maze of desert and dry water holes that had confounded the slow wagon trains, it was expected to run with speed and surety. The route map looked good on paper, at the planning. It had made allowances for rough terrain, but it had neglected one great hazard, the one that stopped the Pony cold for ten days and almost put it out of business altogether—Indians on the warpath.

The April of the Pony's beginning had barely turned to May in 1860, when the Piutes decided they had had enough of the white man's ways. They gathered at Pyramid Lake to growl their grievances in Pow-wow. They reasoned, the land was theirs, the whites

were rapidly destroying their food, the pine nut, and more recently, raped and held captive two of their women at William's Station. War was inevitable although Numaga (Young Winnemucca) pled for peace.

William's Station on the Overland route, had been named as a stop on the Pony run. Perhaps because of the nearness to the council at Pyramid, but more likely because of a desire to avenge the women so lately molested, a few Braves left the encampment and rode to William's. This action was not aimed at the Express company itself but its outcome hit it squarely.

The Braves found Oscar and David Williams working at the station along with three other men. They were killed at once and the buildings burned. War was declared without the tribal council's knowledge. It is doubtful Pony Bob Haslam knew of the burning and killings at William's when he left Friday's on Lake Tahoe, California, for his run into Nevada. It is a certainty he did not know he had begun the longest ride—380 miles—in Pony history. (Haslam's version of this first ride east after the massacre at William's differs with established history. He says of his ordeal, "about eight months after the Pony Express was established." This is an error, as the initial run was made April 3, 1860, and William's Station was destroyed on May 7, 1860.)

The first inklings of trouble for the rider came when he dropped down out of the Sierra into Carson City. There were no horses for the change. Volunteers from Carson and Virginia had taken them to chase the Indians and avenge William's Station. With the cry, "an Indian for breakfast and a pony to ride," they had yet to meet the Piutes at Pyramid Lake. Stops along the Carson River were bare of horses and the last fifteen miles from Reed's to Buckland's was an unending ride for the tired rider and a jaded horse.

Whether it was actually the case of a sick relief rider, or just fear of the marauding Piutes, there was no one at Buckland's waiting to catch the mochila when Haslam arrived. The station master was quick to offer a bonus of \$50 to Bob to continue on to Smith Creek. Another 100 miles, a new ride, Sink of the Carson, Sand Springs, Cold Springs to Smith Creek, and no one knew if Indians prowled between. Pony Bob made the run without sighting a Piute. Except for the Braves riding and burning on their own, the main party was still encamped at Pyramid Lake. The west bound mail was nine hours late coming into Smith Creek, giving Haslam a much earned rest.

Historians say the return trip was begun the day Ormsby and his volunteers ran head on into the Piutes on the banks of the Truckee River, at the site of the present Indian Reservation, at Nixon. The under estimation of the enemy and contempt for Indian fighters was changed in a matter of hours. The whites had been lured into fighting at the time and place of the enemy's choosing. The result was a rout, the volunteers broke and ran. The dead numbered 46 includ-

ing Ormsby himself. The contemptuous riders from Virginia and Carson that managed to escape, hit for home leaving the Piute victor in the largest and most decisive battle to that time west of the Missouri River.

This was the situation on May 12, 1860, and it is generally accepted that this is also the day Bob Haslam started his return trip from Smith Creek. That the Indian parties were still bent on destruction was very clear as he rode into the first relay point, Cold Springs. The Station Master was dead and the horses scattered.

Haslam told it this way in his own words: "I decided in a moment what course to pursue—I would go on. I watered my horse, having ridden him thirty miles on time and he was pretty tired . . . and started for Sand Springs, thirty miles away."

Sand Springs was tended by one man when the rider arrived. It did not take much persuading to get him to saddle up and run for Carson Sink. Arriving at the Sink of the Carson, the men found the station well barricaded, war parties had been sighted in the vicinity and with the news of Ormsby's defeat, the tenders were expecting attack momentarily. Whipping up a fresh horse, Bob struck out for Buckland's. His safe arrival was certainly welcome, in fact the station master promptly added another \$50 to the original bonus.

On to Carson City, Haslam found this town in hysteria. Fearful of raids and chagrined by the defeat of Ormsby they were frantically sending out calls to neighboring California and the United States troops stationed there, for men and supplies to ward off what they were sure was immediate Indian attack. Friday's Station probably never looked so peaceful to any rider as it did to Pony Bob Haslam as he rode in—380 miles of death and desert to the home station.

By May 26, 1860, the great Indian victory was doomed. The whites went prepared for the second encounter. Volunteer parties were lead this time by Col. John Hayes and backed up by Capt. Joseph Stewart of the United States Army. Piutes on the warpath almost succeeded in accomplishing what rough trails and heavy weather could not, it had stopped the Pony Express and rebuilding would cost the organization \$75,000. Yet, the Indians, who had camped at Pyramid Lake to air their grievances, had no direct interest in the lone riders racing across their lands.

When the long wire of the trans-continental telegraph slowed the Pony, as the gaps in its system closed, Bob Haslam was given the honor of more famous rides. He was chosen to carry two messages of great importance to the growing west. The United States was on the brink of civil war, Lincoln's election was the news most eagerly awaited. The remaining break in the wire system to California was between Fort Kearney and Fort Churchill in Nevada Territory.

The news of the November 7, 1860 election was sped by the flying hoofs of the mount across this gap in the desert to Fort Churchill with Haslam shouting, "Lincoln is elected! Lincoln's elected!" Again

in March of 1861, Pony Bob made this run from Smith's Creek to Fort Churchill, 180 miles, to carry a copy of Lincoln's Inaugural Speech to the waiting Territory. In order to speed the news, the Express Company pulled out all the stops at their command. Station keepers were alerted, ponies saddled in advance and led down the trail for miles to meet the incoming riders. They were determined to outdo all records. Haslam made the ride into the Fort in eight hours and ten minutes.

Robert Haslam outlived the Express by many years. He was born in England in 1840 and died in Chicago, Ill., at the age of 72. The Chicago Record Herald of March 1, 1913 carried the line of his obituary,

"He was one of the daring riders who carried the news of the election of Abraham Lincoln." Researched and written by Marion Welliver under the direction of Clara Beatty, Director Nevada Historical Society:

#### WARREN UPSON

Warren Upson was born about 1839, according to some records, and was the son of Lauren Upson, editor of the Sacramento Union. Not being "newspaper-minded" he preferred a life in the great outdoors, learning to love and to ride horses on the ranches of California. For a time he was interested in mining around Washoe, Nevada but this was short lived. During these years he became an excellent marksman, as well as horseman, and because of these qualifications was hired by Bolivar Roberts at Carson City as the rider who was to assume the responsibility of carrying the mail over the high Sierras—the toughest run on the entire route. The schedule was timed for daylight hours, but too often weather conditions made this an impossibility. It is said that Warren always selected a sure-footed animal, accustomed to mountain trails, who could keep going under any conditions, rather than a fleet pony unable to hold up under the strain. His run began at Sportsman Hall where he took the mochila carried to this point by *William Hamilton*; thence, to Strawberry, and through the deep snows of the mountain passes, often dismounting to lead his pony since familiar landmarks had been completely obliterated by its depth. When he arrived at Hope Valley he was given a change of horse and immediately proceeded to Woodbridge, then on to Genoa. From Genoa to Carson City was a distance of fourteen miles which he covered in record time. Only a seasoned mountaineer and horseman could have accomplished this perilous ride of eighty-five miles, but Mr. Roberts was confident that Warren Upson, called "Weatherproof" by his comrades, was the man who could bring the mail safely through.

#### OTHER WESTERN RIDERS

*James Baughn* was probably hired as a substitute rider for the Pony Express. He was born in Boston, Massachusetts. Mr. Baughn was a

college graduate, but preferred prospecting and came west. It is said that on April 3, 1860, Jim left Carson City, Nevada or Placer-ville, California and carried the mail eastward to Friday's station. When any of the riders became ill substitute riders were immediately hired or volunteered to take their place.

*William (Bill) Carr* was another rider of the Pony Express hired by Russell, Majors & Waddell. It is not known which portion of the trail he covered or how long he carried the mail, but some reports indicate that he was the first victim of a legal hanging in Nevada Territory in the late 1860's, at Carson City, having been tried and convicted of the murder of Bernard Cherry at Smith's Creek.

*William A. (Bill) Gates* was born in Illinois and was a gold miner and herd boss. He was employed as a Pony Express rider in April, 1860 and rode until October of 1861. His run was from Cottonwood Springs to Horseshoe Station in Wyoming. He later moved to Denver and died some time after 1900.

*James Cumbo*, known to his friends as "Sawed-off Jim" was a stage driver for the Overland Mail before he was hired by Bolivar Roberts on the western division of the Pony Express. The Deseret News of June, 1902 mentions the name of James Cumbo as having a run-in with Indians in Egan Canyon at which time he nearly lost his life. Captain Thomas Dobson also mentions him as the rider who passed him going in the opposite direction and they were chased by Indians. Nothing is known of his later life or the time of his demise.

*William Hamilton* was hired by Bolivar Roberts to carry mail from the river boat at Sacramento for the first ride eastward. He is credited with carrying the first westbound mail to Sacramento, then sailed on a boat with his pony for the only mounted delivery of mail at San Francisco. After the Express was discontinued Mr. Hamilton entered the insurance business in California.

*Mike Kelley*, according to all available records, was not related to J. G. Kelley, another Pony Express rider. Mike was hired by Bolivar Roberts for service in the western division. After the Pony Express days came to a close he settled in Austin, Nevada where he is reported to have become successful in mining ventures.

*Bartholomew Riles* is listed as one of the riders on the western end of the trail and was probably hired by Bolivar Roberts. Research has failed to uncover any data concerning his early life. While carrying mail from Buckland's to Smith's Creek, "Bart" Riles was accidentally shot by a friend at Cold Springs, Nevada and died May 30, 1860.

## THE DEATH OF THE PONY EXPRESS

On June 16, 1860 Congress approved a ten-year subsidy of \$40,000 to the company who should first consummate a telegraph line across this section of the United States. It was specified that the line should connect some point in Missouri with San Francisco, California and that the government should have priority and limited free use of its facilities. The company was to be given permission during the life of the contract to utilize public domain as a right-of-way, and to establish repair stations at specified intervals. Construction began at Omaha, Nebraska at one end of the line and California on the other. However, the time was considerably shortened when the Pacific Telegraph completed 1100 miles, reaching its terminal October 17, 1861, and the California company completed 450 miles, reaching its terminal October 24th, when the lines were fused into one complete cross continent circuit at Salt Lake City.

Brigham Young supplied poles for approximately 750 miles of the eastern section and Little & Decker supplied the poles westward to Ruby Valley. From the west the telegraph line followed approximately the route taken by the Pony Express riders. As early as September 11th poles began to appear on Main Street in Salt Lake City and, on October 17th, the circuits were closed over the line to the east. On the following day President Young flashed eastward the word that "Utah had not seceded, but is firm for the constitution and laws of our once happy country." Elias Smith's journal entry of October 24th reads: "In the evening shortly before 7 o'clock the western portion of the Pacific Telegraph, having been completed, a message was sent over it to Hon. H. W. Carpenter, president of the company in San Francisco by President Brigham Young which was replied to soon after. President Young's message was dated 6:30 p.m. and the reply 6 p.m."

Unlike the Pony Express the telegraph possessed elements of perpetuity and performed a genuine service in breaking down the geographical isolation of Utah. With its inception there was no further need for a Pony Express.



## *A Treasury of Indian Stories*

*Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets. Matthew 7:12.*



FROM the time the pioneers entered the Valley of the Great Salt Lake these early settlers came in contact with the Indians. A great majority of the people sympathized with the Indians, realizing that civilization with its advantages had never before reached these first Americans in this region. In the early days of the Latter-day Saint Church missionaries were sent among the Indians in New York and Iowa, and the Prophet Joseph Smith, and others, including Brigham Young, had made contact with the various tribes in Iowa. Having accepted the teachings of the Book of Mormon and the belief that the Indians of today are the descendants of the Lamanites spoken of in that book, these early settlers of Utah felt a keen responsibility toward their red brothers.

There were times when the teachings of President Young "that it is better to feed the Indians than to fight them" was a real hardship, and various incidents occurred which caused much concern among both the white men and the red men. Always the Indians declared "this is our land." "We have come among you to bring education and training which will raise your standard of living" was the reply. But sometimes the Indians did not want their way of life changed and deeply resented any encroachment upon their possessions.

This chapter will deal with incidents telling both sides of the story and how they lived together in early days. Many Indians were hired in and around the homes of the pioneers to do menial labor but a few acquired sufficient knowledge to do skilled labor and learn various professions.

## INDIAN CHIEFS AND RESERVATIONS

During the early half of the past century before the pioneers came to Utah, an Indian widow with her sons journeyed from the eastern mountains of California back to her former home and people in Utah. These four young men became known as Walker, Arapene, Tabby and Kanosh, some of the greatest chiefs of the Ute Indians.

*Sowiette* was "king of the Utes" when the family arrived. In 1847 as the pioneers approached, he called a great council in Spanish Fork canyon to determine the policy of the Indians in dealing with the white men. He pleaded for peace and friendship; but Walker, already a strong chief, urged the young men to prepare for war and taunted *Sowiette* with being a coward. At that, *Sowiette* arose and gave Walker a severe flogging. *Sowiette* always tried to maintain the peace and as late as 1866, old and blind, but still a chief, he saved *Dimick Huntington*, *Brigham Young's* messenger, from being killed on the reservation.

*Walker* became a great chief of the Utes feared by both Indians and whites. He was born about 1815 in an Indian camp on the Spanish Fork river. His Indian name means *brass*, which fits his disposition as one who took what he wanted, but left something of nominal value in exchange. He frightened the *Piedes* into giving him their children which he traded in California for horses. Three *Piede* youths, one of them alive, were buried with him when he died. In 1853 as the result of a quarrel between some Indians and settlers near *Springville*, Walker vowed to exterminate the whites, and a year of terror and bloodshed followed known as the *Walker war*. The next year, *Brigham Young*, seeking to terminate hostilities, visited Walker in his wigwam between *Nephi* and the *Sevier river*, where a council was held. Among the fifteen chiefs present were *Kanosh*, *Amon*, *Squash Head*, *Grospine*, *Peteetneet*, and *Sanpitch*. Some advised to continue the war but Walker, after consulting the *Great Spirit*, decided to sign a treaty of peace with *Brigham Young*. He died January 29, 1855 at *Meadow Creek* in *Millard county*.

*Arapene* succeeded his brother as chief of the Utes. In May 1855, he decided all of *Sanpete county* to *Brigham Young* for the *L.D.S. Church*; and in September, he met with *To-be-tow-ats*, chief of the *Snakes*, in *Salt Lake City* to make a treaty of peace. He died Dec. 4, 1860 about sixty miles south of *Manti* while on his return from the *Navajo country*. He had good feeling toward the whites for their hospitality and asked that no person be killed on account of his death.

*Sanpitch*, a half-brother to Walker and *Arapene*, now became chief of the tribe. He was a friend to *Black Hawk* and joined him in his war against the whites. In 1866, he was taken prisoner in *Nephi*, escaped from the *Manti jail*, and was killed by a posse that followed



him. His death was quite a shock to the tribe and many reprisals were threatened.

*Tabby* in 1865, with other lesser chiefs, signed an agreement with the whites to move their Indians to the Uintah reservation; and in 1866, on the death of Sanpitch, he became the great chief of the Utes. He desired peace and tried to keep his impetuous young warriors from killing the settlers. He died November 22, 1903 at the White Rock agency, a very old man.



Chief Kanosh

*Kanosh*, known as the peace maker, was chief of the Pahvant Indians, a Ute tribe. He was born February 1821 probably in Spanish Fork canyon, and he died Dec. 4, 1884 at Kanosh, Utah, where he was buried. By 1850, he was chief over five hundred Indians. He had a clear, strong voice and would talk to his young men for hours, sometimes all night, to prevent their going on the war path. He had four wives: Julia, Betsykin and Mary Voreas, who were killed early, and the famous Sally Kanosh, who was reared in Brigham Young's family and who had a wholesome influence upon her people.

*Black Hawk* early became a great Ute chieftain and ruled over his domain in Sanpete and Sevier counties. He was tall and stately, of commanding appearance, fearless in battle, and had great power over his men. In his youth, he visited the homes of the pioneers, played games with their children; and with members of his family, enjoyed their hospitality. Their kindness he never forgot and he was known among them as a *good Indian*. But he never forgave a personal injury. In 1865 in Utah county, when a Mr. Durfsee struck him over the head with a brass bucket, he rode away with hatred for the whites in his heart to stir up strife among the Indians. Wherever he went, his name was known for cruelty and terror; behind him were ruin and death. The Black Hawk war was on. He claimed that while the settlers had taken over the hunting and fishing grounds of his people, depriving them of their only source of food, he was justified in helping himself to their cattle and supplies.

His last battle was fought in Millard county in 1866, June 11. With two hundred warriors, he entered Fillmore. An old man and

boy were killed while his Indians rounded up four or five hundred head of cattle and drove them toward the mountains. A detachment under Colonel Pace followed, overtook them at Gravelly Ford, and gave Black Hawk a bullet wound from which he never recovered. In his declining years, he visited every settlement from Cedar City to Payson trying to make peace with the people he had wronged in order that he might meet the Great Spirit. He died in his wigwam at Spring Lake about 1869 or 1870 and was buried in Utah county in the foothills above Santaquin.

*Pocatello* was chief of the Bannacks, a well known tribe of Indians who resided along the valley of the Portneuf river in southeastern Idaho. They were tall, straight, and of athletic build. They were not friendly with the white settlers, who had encroached upon their hunting and fishing grounds. Pocatello, for whom the city of Pocatello was named, led them in plundering, stealing, and killing.

*Washakie*, kind and good, entitled by General Connor as the "Friend of Peace," was a chief of a branch of the Shoshone Indians of Idaho. He was born about 1800. Washakie was skillful at making bows and arrows, was an excellent shot and was employed by the American Fur company to act as a guide and scout. This chief was baptized into the L.D.S. Church. He was always a friend to the pioneers and was especially friendly with the Mormons with whom he had many dealings. When he died, February 20, 1900, he was buried on the Wind River reservation with military honors.

*Red Cap*, a chief on the Ouray reservation, resented the white people who settled on part of his land. He took two hundred of his tribe to the Dakotas where he was made to work on the railroad; and the next summer, he was forced to return to the reservation. He and his sister, Jane Red Dog, lived at White Rocks and Ouray until he died in 1918.

*Bear Hunter* was a chief who hated the whites, mean, insolent, full of treachery, and a renegade of the worst type. He refused to move from the hay land of the white settlers until he was out-faced by Bishop Maughan. He directed the Indian fight in Providence canyon, and was killed at Battle Creek, Idaho, during Connor's fight with the Indians, January 1863.

*Reservations*—In 1855, Governor Brigham Young, who had been appointed superintendent of Indian affairs, reported that in the entire territory there were not more than twenty thousand Indians. At that time, this area included all of Utah and Nevada, and parts of Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado and Arizona. The natives here were divided into three major groups: the Shoshone in southern Idaho and northern

Utah, the Utes in western Colorado and eastern and central Utah, and the Piutes or Piedes in southwestern Utah. Another group in southeastern Utah and Arizona included the Navajo and Moquis (Hopi).

Friction was soon generated between these natives and the white settlers. In seeking new homesites, the pioneers looked over the land for the most favorable locations and naturally selected the traditional campsites, hunting and fishing grounds of the Indians, thus leaving them without proper shelter or food supply. The Indians retaliated by stealing from the whites and driving off their cattle and horses. Both the Walker war of 1853-4 and the Black Hawk war of 1865-8 were caused by this land-grabbing from the Indians. Another cause of trouble came when the local government terminated the lucrative slave trade which the Utes had been carrying on for years by selling the young women and children of the Piedes into California for barter. At the same time, the local government authorized the white settlers to purchase unwanted Indian children to rear in their homes where the natives could help with the farm work and with household duties.

Governor Young sought a peaceful settlement of these difficulties. As early as 1850, he proposed that Congress establish reservations in Utah territory, particularly in Utah, Juab, Sanpete, Millard and Iron counties, each under the supervision of a white superintendent. Some local action was taken with the planting of crops for the Indians at Corn Creek in Millard, at Twelve Mile Creek in Sanpete, and in the mouth of Spanish Fork canyon in Utah County. But the federal government was slow to act. The Indian wars, the coming of Johnston's army and the Civil war held the attention of Congress.

During the years of the Civil war, treaties were made with three separate groups of Indians: one at Fort Bridger; the second at Box Elder county, which was made with the northwestern band of Shoshones July 30, 1863; and the other with the Shoshone Goshutes Oct. 23, 1863 in Tooele valley. In each of these treaties mention is made of the removal of the natives to a reservation which might be designated by the President of the United States.

On May 5, 1864 Congress confirmed a presidential proclamation setting apart the Uintah reservation for the Ute Indians. Provision was made that the former land occupied by the Indians should be sold, the proceeds to go to the Indians.

It was in June 1865 that officials of the government and chiefs of the Indians met on the Spanish Fork river, and reluctantly the chieftains acquiesced to the move, thereby vacating the land of their forefathers. Not all the Indians went to the reservation. There were many who stayed in their childhood homes.—*Ivy C. Towler*

## REPORT OF EXPLORATIONS

Across the Great Basin of the Territory of Utah for a Direct Wagon-Route from Camp Floyd to Genoa, in Carson Valley, in 1859, by Captain J. H. Simpson. May 8, 1859, Camp No. 6, Great Salt Lake Desert, (West of Fish Springs) . . . Just before dinner a Parvan (Ute) Indian (Black Hawk) came into camp. This is the first Indian we have seen on our route. His squaw is a Goshute woman, and he lives among that people. Gave him his dinner and some tobacco. Had a sketch of him taken. He wears his hair tied upon the temples and behind; carries a buckskin pouch and powder-horn; a bow and quiver swung on his right side; wears a pink checked American shirt, buckskin leggins and moccasins, and a blanket around his loins; an old black silk handkerchief is tied about his neck. He has one huge iron spur on his right heel, and rides a sorrel pony. His height is 5 feet,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  inches; has a stout square frame; age, probably, 35; carries a rifle. His bow is 3 feet long, and is made of sheep's horn; arrow, 25 inches long, feathered, and barbed with iron. His countenance is ordinarily sardonic, but lights up in conversation, and shows as much intelligence as Indians do ordinarily . . .

May 9, Camp No. 7, Sulphur Spring, — We have today seen a number of Goshute Indians. They are most wretched-looking creatures, certainly the most wretched I have ever seen, and I have seen a great number in various portions of our country. Both men and women wear a cape made of strips of rabbit-skins, twisted and dried, and then tied together with strings, and drawn around the neck by a cord. This cape extends to just below the hip, and is but a scant protection to the body. They seldom wear leggins or moccasins, and the women appear not to be conscious of any impropriety in exposing their persons down to the waist. Children at the breast are perfectly naked, and this at a time when overcoats were required by us. The men wear their hair cut square in front, just above the eyes, and it is allowed to extend in streamers at the temples. The women let their hair grow at random. They live on rats, lizards, snakes, insects, grass-seed, and roots, and their largest game is the rabbit, it being seldom that they kill an antelope.

I learn from Mr. Faust, the mail-agent at this point, that there are only about 200 Goshutes all told of every age. They use, generally, the bow and arrow, there being only one gun to about 25 men. He represents them as of a thievish disposition, the mail company having lost by them about 12 head of cattle and as many mules. They steal them for food . . . The best description of the Indians of Utah were made by those persons having a keen personal interest in them, who were good observers, and who wrote their notes on the spot, not some years afterward.

Washington, D. C. May 2, 1860.

Dear Sir:

In reply to your inquiries for information concerning the Indians in the Territory of Utah, I would remark that numerous tribes are designated by persons living in the Territory, which, in my opinion, are susceptible to the following divisions and subdivisions, Viz:

Utahs: Pah-Utahs, Yamp-pah-Utahs, Cheveriches, Pah-Vantes, San-pitches, Py-eds.

Sho-Sho-nees: Snakes, Bannacks, To-si-witches, Go-sh-Utes, Cum-um-pahs.

The San-pitches speak the Utah dialect, and consequently I have classified them as a sub-division of that tribe, though they are greatly inferior to them in many respects, and the Py-eds appear to occupy the same relation.

The Go-sh-Utes appear to be a hybrid race between the Sho-sho-nees and Utahs, and the same may be said of the Cum-um-pahs, the difference between them growing out of their relations to the different bands or subdivisions of these two tribes. These mixed bands are known as the Diggers, and commonly called Snake Diggers and Ute Diggers. The Snakes and Utahs proper are well formed and featured, but of a darker complexion than the Indians of the plains east of the mountains.

They are fierce and warlike in their habits, and have been at war with each other for several generations, and are likely to continue hostile. Each of these tribes are also at war with other tribes whose territories border on their own. The Snakes are at war with the Crows and Blackfeet, and the Utahs with the Cheyennes and Arrapahoes. They both, however, profess friendship for the white man. It is the boast of the Snakes, under a chief named Wash-i-chee, that the blood of the white man had never stained their soil . . . .

The Utahs proper inhabit the waters of the Green River south of Green River Mountains, the Grand River and its tributaries, and as far south as the Navajo country. They also claim the country bordering on Utah Lake and as far south as the Sevier Lake, as theirs. They also subsist principally by hunting, and have the same traditions as to the final disappearance of the buffalo from their hunting-grounds that the Snakes have; and it is their efforts to penetrate into the territories of the Arrapahoes and Cheyennes in pursuit of their receding game that have entailed upon them a most destructive war, in which their enemies have the advantage in arms and ammunition, but not in bravery; for it is my opinion, from a familiar acquaintance with them, that there is not a braver tribe to be found among the aborigines of America than the Utahs, none warmer in their attachments, less relenting in their hatred, or less capable of treachery. So complex is their nature that to trust them it is necessary to understand them. Owing to the disappearance of the buffalo, and the scanty supply of smaller game, which is continually growing less, these Indians are

occasionally reduced to the most extreme state of want, and the weaker families are compelled to subsist upon roots, plants, and insects.

Some of the inferior bands of both Snakes and Utahs are almost continually in a state of starvation, and are compelled to resort almost exclusively to small animals, roots, and insects for subsistence.

Among the more vigorous bands, the principal employments are hunting, fishing, shooting, horse-racing, and gambling. All the labor, except hunting, devolves upon their females, who dress their skins, and make them into clothing or lodges or prepare them for the market. The father holds his female children as slaves, and demands a stipulated price for them in marriage. Some of their females are well-featured and bring good prices, but generally a few buckskins or a pair of blankets will purchase a bride.

Their females are also excessively addicted to gambling. The mode of gambling with both sexes is quite similar, a number of sticks being used in place of cards. They are so infatuated with this arrangement that I have known parties of them to refrain from eating and sleeping for twenty-four hours at a time and gamble with but little intermission.

Between the Utahs proper and the Py-ees there is a species of traffic which I believe is not known among any other tribes upon the continent. I allude to the bartering of children. So abject and degraded are the Py-ees that they will sell their children to the Utahs for a few trinkets or bits of clothing. The Utahs carry these children to new Mexico, where they find a profitable market for them among the Navajos; and so important it is in enabling them to supply themselves with blankets from the Navajos, who manufacture a superior article of Indian blankets, that the trade has become quite indispensable; and so vigorously is it prosecuted that scarcely one-half of the Py-eed children are permitted to grow up in a band; and, a large majority of those being males, this and other causes are tending to depopulate their bands very rapidly.

These Py-ees indulge in a rude species of agriculture, which they probably derived from the Spanish Jesuits, and perpetuate only as a matter of necessity, and that in the most primitive form. Their productions are corn, beans, and squashes. They have no farming implements, and, of course, what they thus produce costs them twice the amount of labor that would be necessary with proper facilities.

The Py-ees are perhaps the most timid and dejected of all the tribes west of the Rocky Mountains, being regarded by the Utahs as their slaves. They not unfrequently take their children from them by force. I have learned from the Utahs, however, that they much prefer obtaining them peaceably if they possibly can; but when pacific

measures fail, some of their men prefer to take them by force than to be disappointed . . . .

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

Garland Hurt.

Superintendent of Indian Affairs

To Capt. J. H. Simpson, U.S.A.

### "BATTEAS"

This Indian episode is taken from the writings of Emily Bush Spencer, pioneer of 1851. She, and her husband, George Spencer spent their first year after arriving in Utah at Nephi where they both taught school. They made their home in the one-room schoolhouse until they could find other quarters.

One pleasant, winter Sabbath Day most of the inhabitants of the place were gathered in the school house for meeting. They had just commenced singing when, away on Mt. Nebo, a warwhoop resounded and in a few minutes the five windows were darkened by row after row of Indians. The door opened and in burst *Old Batteas*, a tall gaunt chief who rapidly walked to the fireplace then turned and faced the audience. Before a question could be asked, he commenced dancing and singing the death song. As he proceeded he flung off his blanket, and then one article of clothing after another until entirely nude. President Heywood sprang from his chair and catching up the dirty britch cloth told him to put it on. Batteas took it and while adjusting it to his person President Heywood told the brethren to keep perfectly still. He then called on George to talk to the Indian and that move kept the chief from giving the signal to kill the people in the meetinghouse. George had been studying the Indian language but still did not feel competent to understand them . . . Without a moment's hesitation George responded to the request and commenced talking to the irate chieftain. At first all the old chief sullenly said was "Tobuck, Tobuck," meaning angry, very angry. He said that the night before the Mormons had made a sub-chief—a big chief over him. It was explained that the night before a little chief over a small band was told to go and tell his tribe not to steal and to teach them not to lie or to kill anyone.

After a long while, the chief said he would call off his warriors and go home and live in peace if the Mormons would give him tobacco and an ox. Every man who had tobacco pulled it out of his pocket and gladly handed it over to the chief. An ox was promised him in the morning by President Heywood. The Indians lowered their bows and guns and Old Batteas picked up his blanket and stalked out . . . A terrible tragedy was averted, but some laughingly asserted afterwards, that all Old Batteas wanted was an ox so that he could have a grand feast.—*Ellice W. Smith*

## ESCAPE FROM THE INDIANS

*Anna Phinora Simpson* was born November 17, 1847 in Kentucky, the daughter of Thomas P. and Ann Simpson. She fell in love with General John Augustus Moore of the Union Army, but due to the bitter hatred existing between the North and the South her parents bitterly opposed her marriage to this man. She, being headstrong, defied them and was disowned. Ann followed her husband to Colorado where he was killed while still in the service of his country two months before their son was born. From that time on she suffered many hardships and heartaches, but with great courage and determination to make the best of her misfortunes, struggled along the best she could. People were generally kind to her and helped her as much as their limited means would permit.

On November 14, 1863 in the little town of Silver Reef (Creek) Colorado she gave birth to a strapping baby boy whom she named *John Augustus* after his father. With the coming of the child she gained a new purpose in life and being an excellent cook and expert seamstress soon found work in a boarding house. She also did washing, ironing and mending for the miners, but the security she worked for so hard was short lived. During the winter months work in the mines slackened, it being the story of many early mining camps—another rich bonanza had petered out. People were restless and it seemed as if the little town was waiting for something to happen. Then one day a man rode into town his lathered horse showing signs of much haste. Whooping, yelling and swinging his hat he cried, "Gold! Gold! Old Pete struck it rich out west of that Indian country. Gold laying every place—nuggets bigger than marbles!" Both the story and the nuggets grew bigger and bigger every time the story was told. Soon the whole camp was in a frenzy pulling up tents, loading and packing mining equipment on mules, horses or in wagons. The town was wide open and rough characters from the surrounding country drifted in to take advantage of the free drinks. The men who had their families with them were worried as they went quietly about their work loading all their earthly possessions into their wagons. Fearing for the safety of their women and children, they kept them off the streets and out of sight. By late afternoon wagon after wagon hurriedly left the old mining town in quest of gold and the shadows of darkness settled down on another ghost town.

A few days later Anna Moore, her nine-month old baby, another white woman named Janie and her fourteen year old daughter, left with the men driving lumber wagons. She was going to take over the boarding house in the new mining town. They traveled for several days through Indian country tense and alert for any signs of the redmen. They began to relax somewhat until they started across a few miles of open country with nothing but brush for protection, when suddenly came the blood-curdling cries of the Indians, striking terror in their hearts as they swooped down the mountain side toward



them. The men quickly unharnessed the horses, and helping the women and children upon them, started them on the run, telling them to keep riding and riding fast. The men took refuge behind the wagons and put up a desperate but losing fight. Being so greatly outnumbered they were killed and the wagons and lumber burned. The Indians then rode in pursuit of the women and gradually gained on them. Janie and her daughter were soon overtaken but Anna, with the baby clutched tightly to her breast, raced on. Soon an arrow pierced her leg but she still went on with hope and a prayer in her heart that she might yet escape. Suddenly her horse went lame and the Indians were by her side. The women were mounted on Indian ponies and taken as captives to the camp of old Chief Spotted Tail. Here, for days, they were subjected to cruel treatment but as the days went by this subsided as the bucks again went about the country raiding and killing. Anna and Janie wondered how much more they could endure in spite of the fact that, at times, they got along quite well with the older squaws as they dutifully did what they were told to do. Because of the kind of food they were forced to eat, Anna was unable to properly nourish her child and he soon became pale and thin.

A few months passed and one day while the Indians were out on one of their expeditions, the two women with their children slipped away from camp. They had gone only a few miles when they came to a river which was spanned by a large log. Anna insisted on hiding for a short time before trying to cross fearing they might have been followed; but driven by fright, Janie refused to listen and started across with her daughter. When they were nearing the middle of the stream Anna saw the willows on the opposite bank move and three Indians slipped out into the open. Janie screamed as arrows pierced her heart and that of her daughter. Terrified, Anna watched as they toppled from the log into the water. Crouching down in the willows she held her hand over the baby's mouth praying the Indians would not find them; but all hopes vanished when they came running across the log. Soon they shoved and dragged her back to camp.

The young Indian maidens resented Anna because she seemed to be favored by Chief Spotted Tail. Because of this they burned the bottoms of her feet with hot irons. In spite of the intense pain she never cried out for she knew they expected her to plead for mercy. When their chief returned to camp he ordered these tortures ceased and severely upbraided the camp for their actions. She was carried into a tent and her wounds cared for but it was two weeks before Anna could walk again.

Old Chief Spotted Tail had admired this young woman's courage since the first day of her captivity and had stood calmly by waiting for her spirit to break. He had made plans for Anna and her son from the very start and for that reason the child had not been harmed. One evening he came to her tent and as she sat stonily by, he unfolded his plan for her future and that of the boy. Little John

Augustus would naturally inherit the braveness of his mother and he would teach him the ways of the Indians. When he was old enough he would become a great chieftain and kill the hated whites. He also would take a white woman for a squaw. She sat stunned and silent as he stalked majestically about and out of the tent.

It was then late autumn and the tribe was moving to a warmer climate. One day, they came to a small stream of clear water, and as she knelt down on the bank she saw the reflection of a young Indian girl with knife upraised behind her. Lightning fast, Anna threw herself backward against the girl knocking her to the ground and after a short struggle succeeded in taking the knife from her hand. The girl was terrified, thinking Anna was now going to kill her and pleaded for mercy. Anna demanded the meaning of this attempt upon her life. The girl answered, "I try to kill you—you want my man." She then told how she had followed Chief Spotted Tail to Anna's tent and listened to their conversation. After much talking Anna was able to convince the girl that she did not want the chief—all she wanted was to escape with her baby and return to her own people. Plans were then quickly made for their escape that night. As they walked back to camp the Indian maiden gathered poppy leaves and herbs and that evening brewed them into a tea of which the Indians were very fond. The men drank freely of the concoction, and when they had fallen asleep and darkness had settled over the camp, the girl came to Anna's tent and picking up the child motioned her to follow. The two women walked all night and as dawn neared the Indian girl handed the baby to Anna, telling her she must return before the camp awakened. Anna traveled on in the direction the girl had shown her until daylight, then hid in a secluded spot waiting for the evening shadows before she continued her journey. Four or five days passed and the little food she had brought was gone. Roots were dug and berries picked to appease their hunger. The country was getting more rugged as she neared the top of a mountain. With one supreme effort she reached the summit, and as she looked down into the valley below she saw a cloud of dust in the distance which seemed to be moving toward them. She prayed that it would not be a search party sent out by Spotted Tail for she knew he would not give up easily. As she anxiously watched, she suddenly saw the glittering flashes of sunlight on steel and with great joy realized it was the U.S. cavalry. Wildly, she began waving a bright red Indian blanket, and when hope was almost gone that her signal would be noticed, they turned in her direction. Soon Anna and the boy were mounted on a horse riding toward the nearest village where they were taken in by a kindly settler and nursed back to health. Soon she was able to make a living for herself and little John Augustus.

The three most important things Anna believed in were obedience, truthfulness and honesty. Due to the rough element of the mining camps and her own strict discipline, she whipped John for the slightest infractions from the time he was a small boy until he was quite

grown up. He always said these whippings were no picnic and that she beat more devil into him that she ever beat out. He, having some of her characteristics, did things to get even with her regardless of the punishment in store. One day when he was still small he went into one of the miner's tents and took down an overall leg filled with flour, where it had been hung so that wild animals could not reach it.

John took the flour home, mixed it with water, and set it out in the sun to rise. When his mother saw the wasted flour, which was then worth \$50.00 a barrel, she punished the boy severely. All his efforts to explain that he was only trying to help fell on deaf ears. She gave the miner almost all the flour she possessed in exchange for that which her son had taken.

As the mining camps moved from place to place Anna and her son moved with them. On one journey they were making with a wagon train through Colorado and Nebraska, they watched with horror a band of Indians attack a stagecoach on the opposite side of the Platte River, kill the two drivers and all of the passengers. One day a handsome young man came to Anna to have some trousers and gloves mended. After that they saw a great deal of each other and were married in the early spring. Both of them being of a restless disposition, they kept moving from one mining town to another. Her husband accumulated quite a sum of money which he invested in a saloon and gambling house equipment. Young John possessed a beautiful voice and often sang for the entertainment of the miners. At times they would pass a hat around and present him with the money received. He helped around the boarding house which Anna kept and ran errands for everyone. By the time he was fifteen he was tending bar in his stepfather's saloon.

Then came the rumor of a rich gold strike in the southern part of Utah and it was not long before they disposed of their holdings and headed for the new location called Marysvale. They went up Bullion Canyon to a place called Bullion City where the mines were located. It was the first county seat of Piute county. It was not long before a saloon and gambling house was going full blast. Anna became worried about the environment and rough element they were thrown in contact with and especially wanted a better life for her son. When his stepfather again forced him to tend bar, the boy revolted and because of their difference of opinion it soon lead to a separation.

Anna was the first school teacher in Piute county. Later she met John Higgins a contractor who furnished timber for the Crystal mine and delivered it to a place in Marysvale Canyon called Belnap. Anna was then operating a boarding house there. Mr. Higgins was a man of good judgment and encouraged the boy to leave the mining camp, go to Sevier county and file on land south of Fillmore which had been opened by the government for homesteading. Young John went with Mr. Higgins to Richfield and made application for land,

filing on 320 acres, and within a short time was busy building a one-room cabin of logs with a clay roof. Then came the task of clearing and plowing the land for crops. One day while in town getting supplies he met a beautiful young girl who was working in the store. As the days passed he seemed to need more and more supplies. After a period of courtship, she and John Augustus were married and moved to the farm. Anna was well pleased with her son's choice. At last she could accept the happiness offered by John Higgins and shortly after became his wife. Later they too moved to the farm where they engaged in freighting hogs, poultry and farm produce to Frisco. After his death she had a hard time making a livelihood. Anna then married John Engle of Camas, Idaho and it was here she died and was buried in the Salmon City cemetery.—*Elsie M. Herring, Grace M. Ashcroft, Vera M. Jolley*

#### MISSIONARY TO THE INDIANS—CHARLES PULSIPHER

In 1850, in the springtime, I received word that it was my duty to start at once into Green River, Utah county on business of great importance, and to shorten the distance I took a short cut, also thinking to avoid Ute Indians who were very hostile at that time. I cut through the mountains. All went well until I had reached nearly half way—40 miles from a settlement. Just before dark one evening all at once up popped an Indian right in front of me. I knew he had seen me, and I also knew it would be impossible for me to run away from him, so my only hope lay in faith and prayers. I knew his camp must be near and my only safety was to put my confidence in him. I could talk the Snake language—but this was a Ute. I said, "What are you doing here?" He said, "Nothing." I said, "Where is your camp?" "Just around the hill." "Take me to your big chief. I have come to see him." I followed him and just around the point of the mountain we came in sight of a large camp. He led me to the chief's lodge and I jumped off my horse and walked toward him. I reached my hand toward him to shake hands but he stood erect with a savage scowl. I spoke with a kind but firm voice, "I have come a long way to talk to you. I have much to say. I am alone unarmed and a friend. I have a message from the Great White Spirit for you and your people. I want to stay all night with you. Will you take my horse out to feed tonight and bring it back in the morning?" He reached out his hand. I knew I had made an impression on him for good. I said, "I want you to call all your braves together so they can hear the message." I secretly offered up a prayer to my Father in Heaven to help me say things to them to their understanding. Prior to this time I had a Patriarchal blessing and was promised that I should be able to speak in any tongue or language of people when my lot was cast among them. In a short time a squaw came out and brought me a nice piece of venison. I took it and thanked her and also gave her two of my biscuits which pleased her very much.

The chief put his head out of the tent saying, "Come in, we are all here." I went inside taking my place by his side—the only vacant place left. I commenced to talk. I held out the Book of Mormon. "Many, many moons ago your people were a white people and loved by the Lord, but because of wickedness and strife the Lord became displeased." I told them how we got the Book of Mormon and that we were all brothers and we should be kind to each other, not steal or kill, and, "when you come to us we must treat you kindly." The chief explained to them what I had said. He took out his pipe of peace, lit it and took a draw and then passed it to me. I did the same and it went the rounds. This was to show that we were friends. During my talk I heard groans and when I asked the chief what that was, he said one of his braves was sick. I said, "We pray for our sick and the Lord heals them." He said, "Won't you pray for him." I did so and then went to bed in my blankets and slept soundly all night. I did not hear any more groans from the sick man. Next morning the chief said he was very much better. A squaw brought me some dried venison and I went on my way rejoicing and thanking the Lord for His protection.

Charles Pulsipher was born April 20, 1820 in Spafford, Onondago County, New York, the son of Zerah Pulsipher and Mary Brown. He was baptized in May, 1838, and came to Utah in 1848. He was ordained bishop of Huntington Ward, Emery Stake, Utah by Wilford Woodruff and served in that capacity from 1883 to 1891. He died November 19, 1915.—*Nora Lund*

### TUBA — THE ORAIBI

Oraibi is the chief village of the Hopi Indians which are clustered upon the mesa lands in Northern Arizona. These villages were inhabited many years before the Spaniards came searching for the seven cities of Cibola. In Oraibi, one Tuba, was born and reared. Some say he was a chief; others that he was only one of the leading men in the village council. Certainly he was a man of courage and industry and wielded influence among his fellow tribesmen. Helen Sequakauptewa, a Hopi woman, supplied some of the detail in this story.

Sometime before the year 1870, the government sent doctors, accompanied by soldiers, to Oraibi, to inoculate the community against the dread disease of small-pox. The people were divided on the issue. Those opposing called themselves "Traditionalists." Tuba spoke out for the immunization and carried three of the seven-man council with him. Tuba had seen his people sicken and die, or made blind and pock-marked after this disease. He argued that it would be better to be vaccinated than run the chance. Tuba and his three young disciples stepped forward and bared their arms—the first to take the serum. Some of those vaccinated suffered bad after effects, thus serving the cause of ignorance. Opposition built up

against these four who represented the "Progressives," and they were forced to leave the village for a time.

The journals of Jacob Hamblin, Mormon missionary to the Indians, reveals many incidents of his visits to the Hopi villages. He called them Moquis. In October 1870, Jacob left Kanab with a party going via the Hopi villages to Fort Defiance for the Great Peace Talk with the Navajos. On his return trip he spent several days at Oraibi. His desire to promote peace and understanding prompted him to invite Tuba, quote "A man of good report among his people, to take his wife Pulaskanimki and go home with me." Jacob looked upon this as sort of a good will mission. If Tuba lived among the Mormons for a time and learned to know them, he would then become a truthful representative among his people. It was understood that Tuba would be paid for what ever work he might do and that Jacob would bring them home the next autumn. After counselling with his friends Tuba and his wife accepted the invitation.

When the party reached the Colorado River, Tuba looked sad and troubled. He said his people had once lived on the other side of the river and that their fathers had told them they would never live there again. He said, "I am now going on a visit to see my friends. I have worshipped the Father of all of us in the way you believe is right. Now, I wish you would do as the Hopi think is right, before we cross the river." Quoting further from Jacob's journal: "I assented. He then took his medicine bag from under his shirt and offered me a little of its contents. I offered my left hand to take it—he requested that I take it with my right hand. He then knelt with his face to the east, and asked the Great Father to preserve us in crossing the river. He said he and his wife had left many friends at home, and if they never lived to return their friends would weep much. He prayed for pity for his friends, the Mormons, that none of them might drown and that all the animals might cross safely, and to preserve unto us all our food and clothing that we need not suffer hunger nor cold on our journey. He then arose, scattered corn meal into the air, onto the land, and into the waters. To me the whole ceremony seemed humble and reverential. I felt that the Lord has regard for such petitions. The scattering of the ingredients from the medicine bag I understood to be intended as a propitiatory sacrifice. After this ceremony we drove our animals into the river and they were soon safely to the opposite shore. In a short time ourselves and effects were over. Tuba then thanked the Great Father for hearing and answering our prayer."

Jacob's party arrived at Kanab on November 21, 1870, the townsfolk being much surprised to see two strangers in the company. He did not record the emotions of his wives, Priscilla and Louisa, when he brought Tuba and Pulaskanimki and told them that they would be with them for a year but they rallied to the occasion. They were used to having their lots and orchards used as camping places for the Lamanites. Both women could teach by example the virtues

of thrift and industry; before the year was out they were all good friends.

Jacob had thought that Tuba and wife could build themselves a tepee; but when he found that two rooms were being built onto the fort at Kanab, he asked permission for his guests to live in these rooms. Tuba wove blankets and did whatever work was offered to maintain himself. About two weeks after their arrival, Jacob took Tuba and Pulaskanimki to St. George. It was a two day trip by horseback. They camped one night at Pipe Springs. When they entered the town Jacob learned that during his absence of a year the cotton factory had been completed and put into operation. As they tied their horses, the noise from the machinery made it necessary for them to communicate by sign language. They were shown through the factory and were amazed at the many spindles and the weaving with machines. (Among the Hopi the men do the weaving). Tuba said, "It spoiled me for being an Oraibi. I can never think of spinning yarn again with my fingers to make blankets."

The flour mill in St. George was a miracle compared to grinding by hand and Pulaskanimki commented: "It is a pity that the Hopi women work so hard to get a little meal to make bread when it can be done so quickly and easily." Next they visited the home of Apostle Erastus Snow; then Jacob showed them the dam across the Santa Clara River and the fields where crops had just been harvested. Tuba noticed bits of cotton left unpicked and was glad to have the privilege of gleaning for a week. There is no record of the next eight months, but manpower was in great demand and we presume Tuba's strength was used.

Jacob next records that he, Tuba and wife arrived in Salt Lake City on July 18, 1871 where they stayed for a week. When they visited Brigham Young he presented Tuba with a suit of clothes in which he made a fine appearance. The Deseret News reported that "Tuba Shoshonick and wife, the former Alcaide (Spanish meaning mayor of a town with judicial duties) of Oraibi, Arizona left Salt Lake City, returning to their Arizona home. The party arrived in Salt Lake a week ago with Jacob Hamblin who has come up for supplies from the Colorado River. Tuba is known to be a very industrious man." Inference here is that this trip was made by wagon because of the supplies taken back.

When they returned to Kanab, Tuba said he was now ready to go back to his people, but Jacob thought it wiser to wait until the latter part of September to avoid the desert heat. During the last week of September, 1871 the party consisting of Jacob, Tuba and Pulaskanimki, I. C. Haight, George Adair and Joseph Mangum started the journey to Oraibi. They went via Ute Crossing (Crossing of the Fathers) to leave supplies for Major Powell's exploring expedition at a designated point. This was a rough and dangerous trail. Jacob wrote: "Some of our animals were bruised by falls and one was so badly injured we had to leave it. A pack horse fell from a cliff into

the canyon and was killed instantly. We made a line long enough to reach the animal by tying ropes together and a man descended and recovered the supplies." After five days they reached the village of Oraibi where they were guests in Tuba's home.

Pursuant to instructions, Jacob kept his eyes open for a place where a settlement might be established as an outpost for pioneers coming into Arizona. At Moencopie there were permanent springs and here for generations the Hopi Indians had raised good crops. Because of their fear of the Navajos, who raided them frequently, they covered the twenty-five miles each day to their fields, returning to the safety of the mesa at night. Soon after Tuba's return from Utah in 1871, a few Mormon families led by John L. Blythe and Andrew S. Gibbons, established themselves at Moencopie with the approval of Tuba and began extending the farming area and acting in an advisory capacity to the Indian farmers. Good crops were harvested and there was food for all. A few Hopi families, led by Tuba, then dared spend the summer months at Moencopie and gradually they built permanent homes. Tuba showed his Mormon friends other good springs two miles west and north of Moencopie and there, in 1875-8, a Mormon settlement was established and called Tuba City. Tuba was a good farmer and was relied upon by his own people as well as the Mormons. The steel plows and other pieces of farm machinery brought from Utah were put to good use to increase the cultivated area; these, with plenty of sunshine and water, brought forth abundant crops.

As time passed, the Navajo reservation was extended to include this area. There was no good title to the land and after much negotiation the government reimbursed the settlers and, in 1903, Tuba City and Moencopie were abandoned by the Mormons and taken over by the Indian Department.

In his later years, Tuba returned to the place of his birth. There he died and was buried. Pulaskanimki lived many more years. She had no children but made her home with different nieces until her death. Burial was in the village of Baccabi. Both are remembered by their tribesmen and kinfolk with pride. When Pulaskanimki returned to Oraibi she was wearing a sunbonnet, and she also brought back a start of yeast. The first wood burning stove in that village was owned by her and the neighbors came to admire it and bake their bread in the oven. They bought wheat flour at Tuba City to supplement their corn bread. It is said that this stove is still in existence in the village of Hotevilla.

Note: Tuba is pronounced Too-ve, long on the O and accent on first syllable. Oraibi—O-rye-ve, accent on rye.—*Louise Lee Udall*

## TWENTY-TWO YEARS AMONG THE INDIANS

Papago Ward, Maricopa Stake, Arizona, is composed chiefly of Indians residing on the Papago Indian Reservation in Salt River



Valley, Maricopa county. These Indians belong chiefly to the Pima and Maricopa tribes which have been known to the Latter-day Saints since 1864 when the Mormon Battalion passed through Arizona en route from the Missouri River to the Pacific coast. Later, missionaries labored among them with considerable success and many of them were baptized. Among these missionaries was *George Mason Tiffany*, a Utah pioneer of 1852 and his wife, *Sarah Jane York Tiffany*, who spent twenty-two years, from 1884 to 1906, teaching the Indians. On September 27, 1891 he became bishop of Papago Ward. Incarcion Valenzula was the Indian interpreter but George soon learned to speak both the Spanish and Indian languages.

As a child Sarah Jane had been stolen by the Indians. While living in Provo one of her aunts jokingly told an Indian, *Ankety Watts*, that he could have the little girl. The Indian immediately seized her and started running but was stopped by a neighbor before he had gone very far. It left such a lasting impression that she never quite overcame her fear of the redmen. However, through the experiences gained on this mission, she learned to understand their way of life.

*Indian Funeral:* The first funeral Mrs. Tiffany attended was that of the seventeen year old son of Valenzula. The boy came to his father's home very ill and when they realized he could not live, Indian runners were sent to notify their people. The Indians gathered around the home bringing articles of clothing to help the boy on his long journey to the Happy Hunting Grounds. Mrs. Tiffany donated a straw tick and a pillow. The night before the boy died the Indians killed six horses, part of which was roasted and part boiled. They ate the meat and placed the bones beside the dying boy. When he breathed his last they took a gourd filled with water with which they rubbed the entire body. He was then dressed in a white shirt, a pair of trousers and a beautifully colored silk handkerchief covered his face. Bishop Tiffany conducted the funeral and the body was taken to the burial ground where a six foot grave with a shelf dug out of its side was made ready. In this niche or shelf the body was placed and covered with a blanket; they then drove wooden stakes around the side of the grave, hung a canvas which had holes in it to fit the stakes so that no dirt would get on the remains. Wheat, beans, corn, a rock with a hollow in it and another to grind the grains were placed in the grave. Then the bedding, books, clothing, saddle, bridle and other gifts, together with the bones of the dead horses, were placed lengthwise and the grave covered with straw and dirt. The articles that could be hung were placed on the stakes. It was their belief there was something in the body of the dead boy that would never die and the horses' bones were left to carry him to the Happy Hunting Grounds. After attending the funeral and realizing their beliefs in a hereafter, Sarah Jane was ready to teach Christianity to the Indians.

One other funeral at which Bishop Tiffany presided was that of an Indian who had been a Mormon but later became interested in the Presbyterian Church. The father wanted his boy to have a Latter-day Saint funeral, so the good bishop made a coffin and covered it with bleach, while his wife aided by a Sister Savage made a white suit. It was dark when they had finished their job. They had to cross the Salt River which was very dangerous at the height of the now rainy season. The Bishop and Valenzula took the coffin in a high-seated wagon while the two women followed in a buggy. The men crossed the river safely, but while the women were in mid-stream, the breast strap of the harness became unbuckled and fell across the horse's feet hobbling her. After a few frightening moments they reached the other side. It was nearly midnight when they arrived at the dead boy's home. Mrs. Tiffany had taught the Indian choir and they were beautiful singers. As they approached the home these four anxious people heard the choir singing "Oh, My Father." The funeral was held at this late hour and day was breaking when they arrived home the next morning.

*Baptism:* It was hard for the Indians to understand just what baptism meant. One time, when Henry Rogers was president of this mission, he had the women make a number of white shirts as there were many men and boys who had requested baptism. Several months later Mr. Rogers, Mr. Tiffany and Valenzula were holding a meeting when the group of Indians asked to be rebaptized. Mr. Rogers asked them why rebaptism? The answer—each wanted a new white shirt.

*Marriage:* The Maricopas had a peculiar way of marrying. The braves would go to the home of the girl of their choice and sing continuously for three nights. If the maiden liked him she would invite him to enter her dwelling. That action on her part constituted the marriage ceremony. Later they were required to go through the same ceremony as did the white people and Bishop Tiffany officiated at many of these marriages.

*Clothing:* Bishop and Mrs. Tiffany taught the Indians to dress much like the white people. He had two linen coats and Sarah Jane unpicked them and cut out of the cloth a pattern for men's trousers. The Indians brought their cloth to her and she cut out trousers and coats for them.

*Houses:* The dwellings of the Indians were similar to their wheat bins. They drove a pole in the center of the dirt floor around which they drove other wooden stakes in the form of a circle. Willows were then woven in and out of the stakes making a compact little dwelling. The roof was slant type and there was a little oval shaped opening two or three feet high which served as the door. It was necessary for adults to crawl on their knees to get into the house. In cold weather a fire was built for warmth but all the cooking was done outside. Sheds were usually built of brush which were covered with mud on the sides and roof.

*Farms:* The government allotted a specified amount of ground to each Indian family. They raised their own wheat and cultivated the land similar to the white people. Some of the Indians had oxen, others had horses. Homemade wooden plows were utilized and all the work of preparing the land and planting the crops was done by the men; but when harvest time came the women went into the fields with their hand-sickles and cut the heads of wheat as close as possible leaving the stalks standing for later use as straw. The men then carried the baskets of wheat heads to the threshing floor. This was a small piece of ground which had been tromped down as hard and smooth as possible and in the center of which had been inserted a large pole. When the wheat heads had been carefully placed around the pole three to six horses were driven around and around until the wheat was tromped out. Sometimes it would take all day to accomplish this task. When a breeze came up the men would take shovels full of grain and throw it into the air. The wheat fell to the ground and the chaff blew away. It was then shoveled into sacks and taken to the bins. The women picked up the grain left on the ground—not a kernel was wasted.

*Food:* The women did all the cooking. To make bread or tortillas, as they called them, they placed a flat tin over a fire where they mixed the flour and water into dough. When it was thoroughly kneaded they patted and flattened the dough until it was as thin as a wafer and then cooked it on the hot tin. Bread was made of a similar dough shaped into loaves and laid in the ashes. More ashes were placed on top and then a covering of live coals. One of their finest dishes was a sweet bread. There were many mesquite trees growing in the vicinity which bore long beans similar to our wax beans. These were gathered when ripe and ground into a fine flour. Water was mixed with the flour, kneaded and formed into loaves which were put in the sun to dry. It was very sweet and the Indians ate it as we eat candy. Very often there were rabbit hunts, and the rabbits were cooked over a fire on forked sticks. Coffee and meats were cooked in ollas which were vessels made of clay and burned to make them water-proof. The women carried water in ollas on their heads. The men rode horses and the women trotted along at the same pace as the horses. Drinks were made from the roots of century plants and also grapes. Sometimes the Indians became quite inebriated and rode from place to place yelling at the top of their voices.—*Almira T. Bethers*

#### FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH FISH

Joseph Fish was born June 27, 1840, at Twelve Mile Grove, Will county, Illinois, the son of Horace Fish and Hannah Leavitt. The family arrived in Utah in the spring of 1850 with the *Milo Andrus* company making their first home in Centerville, Davis county. Later Joseph Fish moved to Parowan, Iron county where he was

engaged in a variety of labors such as lumbering, mercantile business, etc. During this time he took an active part in Indian campaigns and was a member of the Utah Militia. The following was taken from his autobiography:

After we arrived at Parowan, a Piute name signifying "Clear Water," my father worked running the sawmill which was about a mile from the fort. During the Indian troubles a guard was kept at the mill at nights—the sawmill and grist mill were under the same roof. During the day a lookout was kept from the top of the meetinghouse where a man stayed all day with a spy glass, scanning every part of the valley. There was some work in the canyon. My brother-in-law J. C. L. Smith was in partnership with Apostle George A. Smith in building a new grist mill. Smith was extremely busy getting out the timbers for a large mill about three stories high. Some of the timber was near the old mill when the Indian war broke out, and then it was decided to move down so as to build the mill just inside the wall that was now under construction around the fort. I often went with Smith after timber driving the ox team while he drove the horse team.

During the fall of 1853, J. C. L. Smith, William H. Dame, Charles Hall, and Job Hall went up the canyon exploring. They discovered the Yankee Meadow and returning took scythes and went up to cut some hay. I followed with a team, and drove the first ox team up to that place. They had gone ahead and cut some of the brush out so that I could get through. We made some racks out of poles and hauled hay down to the fort.

Notwithstanding the war with the Indians to the North, the Piede Indians around Parowan tried to be friendly with the whites; but they were not to be trusted as they were always ready to take advantage and retaliate for wrongs done to the redmen. They camped close to our fort on the west side and were permitted to come into the fort in the day time, and some of them worked for the whites but I believed that their sympathies were with the hostile Indians in the North. We often thought they gave the hostile ones succor when the occasion offered. It was in the fall of 1853 that an occurrence took place which later revealed the natural Indian spirit of revenge present in the friendly Piedes. It was claimed that one of an adjoining tribe had been killed by the whites north and so they felt justified if they should kill a white man in return. In doing this they did not want to break off with the whites and so selected a man who was not a resident of Parowan. A man by the name of George Cummings had come in from the north. He was not a Mormon and wished to go to California. He got work for awhile from Jacob Hamblin who was a large, powerful man with apparently no fear of the Indians for he often remained in the canyon alone chopping wood. Not long after, a company came along on their way to California and Cummings made arrangements with this company to go along with them. They went out to Summit Creek, six or seven miles, where they

camped. He started out in the evening to walk to where the emigrants were camped. He was not armed and when he had gone about a mile and a half he was ambushed by three Indians, who probably found out in the fort that he was going. They shot arrows into him as he ran toward Summit, but they outran him and got ahead of him, again shooting more arrows into him. He then turned to run back to the fort and hollered as loud as he could but the people in the fort did not hear him. The Indians who were near the fort and knew what was going on heard him. The three Indians again headed him off, shooting more arrows. He now became so weak that he sat down and the Indians came up to him. He had a knife in his hand, his only weapon, but the Indians seized him, wrested the knife from him and then cut his throat with it. He died hard and they beat his head with stones and covered him up, stating that he was not yet dead. Some time after this my father found his skull and hat. Until then it was supposed that he had gone on to California. But now some thought that Hoffheins had difficulty with him and had followed and killed him; but at the peace talk and feast for the Indians, they told how they had killed Cummings along with some other depredations they had committed.

During some of these exciting times Samuel Lewis tied his horse to a fence near the house. In a short time an Indian came along and leaping upon the back of the horse rode away. Several boys soon had their horses and were in pursuit. This brought out all the Indians around to watch the pursuers. They formed a plan to attack the fort if anything happened to the Indian with the horse. Ten or twelve Indians were to be dispatched to attack the whites in the fields, about the same number to attack those in the canyon, and five posted at the shop of Calvin C. Pendleton, our gunsmith. The rest of the Indians were to use their bows and arrows on the people at their doors. Those to attack the gunsmith and the people outside the fort had guns; those in the fort had bows and arrows. These preparations being made, the Indians waited to see what was done with the young Indian. The boys soon overtook him and brought him back without hurting him in the least. In case he had been killed the Indians would have made the attack as planned. The Indians always claimed to be friendly and they often went with us boys after wood. The boys played with them and often shot their bows. When they worked for us we generally paid them with something to eat. I well remember this incident of the stolen horse and noticed a strange attitude exhibited by several of the younger Indians, especially one whose bow I had often borrowed. On this occasion I asked him for his bow but he refused and seemed interested in something else, but we had no suspicion of their plan. I am not aware that any of the whites suspected an intended massacre. At a later peace talk the Indians related the plan stated above and also told several other things, including the theft and killing of a few animals at different times which had never come to the

knowledge of the whites. The people of Parowan had no idea that the Piedes had been the aggressors in the cases mentioned until told at this time. However, it was pardoned and overlooked at the peace talk.

Our Indian troubles still continued (1854). Our stock was herded during the day and corralled at night inside the fort, but this was hard on the stock . . . Men were detailed every night for guard duty and also for herding. There was a herd house built at Summit where herders stayed part of the time to look after the stock, but on the breeding of Indian troubles this was abandoned and the stock gathered in. In 1854, George A. Smith, Richard Harrison and William H. Dame went to the legislature from Iron county. They had a guard through to Provo and on the return trip. In January, 1855, the legislature appropriated \$572.40 for this guard. I simply make this statement to show the condition that we were in, in this isolated place.

During the Indian troubles (1857) everyone of suitable age was enrolled in the militia and military drills were frequent. In the evening we would meet in the meetinghouse and go through what exercises we could. Thus we utilized all the time, both day and evening, to the best advantage. These drills were continued for several years and were the main thing to keep us prepared for trouble. Arms were inspected and everyone counseled to always be on hand to meet danger at any time. During the summer and autumn we frequently had a drill lasting two days. I always attended them and became somewhat acquainted with military tactics.

—*Luana M. Dorius*

#### CYRUS M. HANCOCK

In the fall of 1861, Cyrus M. Hancock, then a young man of twenty-one years, was called with others from Payson, Utah by Church authorities to help with the settlement of Pine Valley in the southern part of the territory. One afternoon he saddled his little mare "Nell" and rode about three miles from town in search of a horse he had turned out to graze. When he arrived at the corral the settlers had built for the purpose of separating and branding cattle, he was confronted by three Indians who had the enclosure filled with cattle belonging to the people of Pine Valley. Mr. Hancock spoke the Indian language quite well and tried to reason with them. They seemed in a friendly mood and asked him for tobacco, all the time going over his clothing with their hands. Soon he learned they were not searching for tobacco but were investigating to see if he was armed. When they found he did not carry any kind of a weapon they threatened to kill him and bury him in a little hollow where they could hide his body under a covering of leaves. One buck grabbed the bridle while another stood by with his bow aimed to shoot. Cyrus quickly slid from the saddle and ran as fast as his legs could carry him. When he had covered a few rods he turned to

see how close his pursuers were and an arrow cut through his prized "goatee;" the next instant another arrow lodged in his forearm. At this he fell to the ground. The Indians, thinking they had killed him, stopped in their tracks and started to dance. Grasping the opportunity Cyrus crawled on his hands and knees to a point where the trail separated, one leading to a ledge overlooking the riverbed and the other going around the ledge. Jumping some twenty feet off the embankment he landed in the soft sand and resumed his flight. The Indians took the long way around the ledge and when they realized their would-be victim had outdistanced them they gave up the chase. Returning to the corral they drove off the horses and cattle.

Cyrus, pausing to rest, tried to pull the arrow from his arm but it broke off. When he came to the road he met one of the settlers with an oxteam who took him back to Pine Valley where the alarm was spread. Alhy Meeks placed the wounded man on the floor and putting his knee on Mr. Hancock's chest and his foot on his wrist pulled the arrow through with a pair of bullet molds. With primitive doctoring the arm was soon healed.

The next morning the men started after the Indians and just before daylight came upon their campsite. Thirteen redskins were killed and the men recovered their horses and cattle including the little mare "Nell."

When Panguitch was settled the second time the Cyrus Hancock family took up land about two miles east of the town. My father, Cyrus Alonzo, then a young man of eighteen, came several years before all the family moved there, fenced the land and planted hay and grain. The Indians came from Kanab to hunt and fish during the summer months and pastured their horses in the grain field. One day he caught an Indian and told him not to do it anymore, a scuffle ensued which was quickly brought to an end when his father appeared with a gun.

Father usually drove a distance of 200 miles to Elsinore flour mills to obtain flour each season as the wheat from Panguitch did not make good flour—it being sticky and dark. On one of these trips he bought a milk cupboard, a cabinet with shelves and screened on the sides, and a beautiful dresser with a large mirror on top as a gift for mother. One morning an old Indian, apparently almost blind, made his way into the front room. From the kitchen we heard a scratching, rubbing sound, and when Mother opened the connecting door, there was the old Indian with his cane sitting on top of her new dresser. She called for him to get down but he only mumbled. Angrily, she grabbed him by the collar and jerked him through the kitchen and out of the back door. She was never able to remove the scratches from the top of the dresser.

—*Stella Hancock Christensen*

## IN UTAH COUNTY

George C. Scott came to Utah with his parents in September 1851. He was a boy of nine years when he first came to Provo. Following is his version of how Squaw Peak, located in the mountains east of Provo City, got its name:

"The day was just breaking one May morning in 1853, when about 150 Indian warriors under old Chief Walker made a stand against us settlers just east of the river bridge on the state road. Bows and arrows had not a ghost of a show against our guns and by 9 o'clock the battle was over. Four Indians were killed and one of our horses was shot through the top of the neck. All of the squaws had left two days previously and disappeared up the Indian trail in Provo Canyon—all but two. Two of them had feared that they would be captured should they go with the others, and had left for Rock Canyon, saying they would never be taken alive. At the mouth of the canyon, one of the two decided to follow those who entered Provo Canyon. The other entered Rock Canyon alone with a papoose on her back. A few days later some men returned from the canyon with the report that a dead squaw was seen there.

"General Peter Conover, who was with Joseph Smith in the Nauvoo Legion, sent six persons to bury the corpse. I was one of the six. We found the dead body of the squaw, terribly mangled, at the foot of the yellow ledges. Practically every bone in her body was broken. The crushed body of the papoose was still in the basket on the mother's back. Upon investigation we learned that the squaw had journeyed from the mouth of the canyon to the Ross slide and had then taken off to the left and climbed up to the top of the ledges. We placed the two bodies in a hole the water had washed under the ledges and carefully buried them. In the fall of the year when we met the Indians on Pioneer Square to treaty with them, they told us that the squaw had gone away protesting that she would never be taken alive by the whites who had stolen their land, killed their game, and destroyed their pony food. She had executed her protest—she was grit to the backbone. From that time to this that ledge has been known as "Squaw Peak."

Mr. Scott in his writings makes the following reference to the Indian's weapons of warfare, namely the bow and arrow:

"All of the pioneers, of course, had plenty of chances to see arrows at close range. We were not very anxious to see them, and the longer we could go without seeing them the better. The arrow was about 30 inches long and was usually made of greasewood. This wood was hard and the brush in the natural state grew straight as a needle. About eight inches of the hand-end of the arrow it had three feathers tied lightly to it with sinew so that it would travel in a straight line. A spike made of flint rock was fastened to the other end.

"The bow was a clever device, though apparently simple. It varied in length from a couple of feet to almost the length of a man.



As a rule the bow was made of hackberry or squawbrush, springy, tough wood. A few were made of mountain oak but as this was so short and crooked bows made of it were all small ones. The wood for the bow was three-fourths of an inch to one-inch in the middle and tapered off to about the size of the tip of a finger at the ends. But what caused the bow to be durable and springy? That was the main thing. It was the sinew—the sinew taken from the backs of cattle. The Indians half-tanned it and cut it in flat quarter-inch strips. These strips were fastened along the back of the bow with a pine gum preparation. The string of the bow was also of sinew and was made by splicing several pieces together with the pine gum preparation. It was always round and very strong. Readers might question the strength of that pine gum preparation but we never did. My mother used to buy tubs, dishes, dishpans, ladles, etc., from the Indians and they were nothing but split willow woven into various shapes and made watertight with that very pine gum . . . Those utensils were good, and the best we could get, for we were thousands of miles from nowhere.

"The Indians wore clothing made of tanned skins. Some were taken from the buffalo, some from deer, some from otters and some from muskrats. These skins were sewed in shape with sinews, and the moccasins were sometimes decorated with beads purchased from trappers and people passing through the country. One of the most important articles attached to the person of the redskin warriors was the quiver for his arrows. This was a bag usually large enough to hold a dozen to fifteen arrows. It was made of the hide of animals left untanned with the hair left on. In this condition it was stiff and always stayed in the same shape. Is there any wonder that the Indians were so anxious to drive off our cattle—hides were the most useful things the redskins could lay hold of."

### AN INDIAN NEVER FORGETS

They had reached the Black Hills, so my mother, Margaret Uttley told us, when their pioneer company was accosted by a band of young braves, headed by a chieftain in a gala tribal costume who seemed particularly interested in trading with grandfather, Little John Uttley. One day the young chieftain returned to the camp with a fine horse and wanted mother to ride with him. She refused. He left but that same evening returned with several pack horses laden with buffalo robes, moccasins, etc., which he wished to trade for her. When told that the white people did not exchange their women for gifts the Indian went away in an angry mood. For several days extra guards were placed around the camp. The journey proceeded many more miles when suddenly the chieftain again made his appearance. Mother had climbed into the back of the wagon to get meat from the pork barrel when suddenly she became conscious of someone watching her. Looking up she saw his face

framed in the little opening of canvas. She screamed and the Indian quickly mounted his horse and rode away.

When the company arrived in the valley, Mother married Cyrus Tolman. She was his third wife. She never had a home of her own until after her first four children were born. This was a small log cabin located on the creek south of Tooele. She moved in to it before it was finished. A November snow storm came up so she hung a quilt over the window to help keep out the cold and then had her eldest son Milton lay something heavy across the bottom of it to hold it down. A short time later she saw what she supposed was a gun pointed at her from the window. She prayed earnestly for the safety of her family, when suddenly an ax tumbled into the room. Milton had placed an ax on the quilt and in the dim firelight the ax handle moved by the wind resembled the barrel of a gun.

The women and children of the community often went to the nearby canyons with their menfolk while they chopped wood and while they waited they gathered wild berries. One day some of the women came upon the tracks of a large bear. Seeing more evidence that the bear had been there only a short time before they made a wild scramble for camp. The men only laughed at their story but soon after, while they were eating, they heard screams from a clump of bushes not too far away. Before they could decide what to do a young squaw came crashing through the brush wildly gesticulating in an effort to make them understand that her husband was being attacked by an animal. The men grabbed their guns and followed her. They killed the bear and when they reached the Indian, found the flesh had been torn from his arm and he suffered other gashes. They stopped the bleeding the best they could and carried him to camp where they bound his wounds. When the wagons were loaded they decided to take the Indian and his squaw with them. When they reached mother's cabin they made signs they did not wish to go any further into town, so it became her responsibility to care for him. The men stretched a canvas from the side of the house to make an enclosure, then brought straw for a bed. Mother supplied them with food especially milk and bread of which they were very fond. The arm and other wounds healed and still they did not offer to leave. One morning mother went to the creek to do some washing when she heard the cry of a new-born infant. Going toward the sound she saw the Indian immersing the child in the icy water. When asked why he did this she was told in broken English that this would make him tough.

Soon after the young couple and their papoose went away but next fall an Indian was seen coming straight toward the Tolman cabin. Milton called out, "Here's Indian Jim, Ma!" He had brought with him a deer which he had just shot and the dried meat of another. For many years he repeated these acts of kindness and at other times would bring nuts and fish. It is said that "an Indian never forgets" and in this case it is true.—*Maggie Tolman Porter*

## FROM THE JOURNAL OF JOHN PULSIPHER

In 1853, Apostle Orson Hyde was called by church authorities to take a number of families and locate settlements on Green River, or on one of the tributaries of that stream, for the purpose of raising grain which could be turned into flour for the benefit of the Latter-day Saint emigration. It was done as an experiment; for if wheat could be raised at that high altitude and food thus provided for the emigrants, it would save hauling flour and other necessities from Salt Lake City east to meet the emigrant companies. Other families were called during the succeeding years and among the group was John Pulsipher who had come to Utah in 1848. He stated that the Indians would come to the fort in great numbers demanding food, and although they tried to follow the teachings of Brigham Young concerning the Lamanites, it worked a great hardship on the settlers.

August 1855. The Shoshone chief *Trabee Intoetse* and some of the tribe made us a visit. We gave them a beef and some flour, etc., which made them feel good.

August 9th. We had to make a feast for 30 Indians that came and danced and would not be satisfied without a big dinner. Then they stayed and lived here about a week.

Sunday the 12th. About 40 Indians attended meeting with us.

In October, while I was away, a band of Indians led by *Trabee Intoetse* came to the fort, seemed mad and made some disturbance, turned their horses into our fields, rode over our crops, stole potatoes and even got their arms for fighting and came to take possession of our fort. One Indian drew his bow on President Brown. He told the boys who were watching the movement to get their guns. When the Indians saw we were ready and well armed they would not fight. The Indian Agent, Armstrong, a government officer, came and made them some presents of clothing, etc., and they promised to be good.

August, 1857. We made a feast for 115 Indians led by *Te-aboo-inyostsy*. They came into the fort dancing, making their own music on instruments of their own make. Drums were made with only one head stretched over a hoop, some had sticks, and some a bunch of long feathers—kept the best of time, all jumped—both feet at once—the heels hit the ground the same time and all made the motion with the stick, the feathers or whatever they had in their hands. On arriving in the center of fort, they danced in a circle till dinner was ready, and as we brought it in the big dishes, one old man would take each in his hands and ask sort of a blessing saying 'Tem on mahboon' and looking up at the sun would put the dish in the center and when all was brought they proceeded to eat in good order.

Concerning experiences with Indians in 1869, after he had established a home in Hebron, Washington county, Utah, he wrote:

"The brave, warlike, yet cunning and thieving Navajos came from the far south to make raid on our horses—had taken the loose horses from St. George to Pinto and other ranges before people were

aware of their presence in the country. We gathered our horses, kept armed herdsmen with them days and an armed guard at the corral at night. This was a heavy expense on us, few as we are, but we kept on hunting and gathering stock as well as picket-guarding which we were careful to attend to, so that we might not be surprised by any large force. Time proved that we did not gather our stock any too soon for the Indians were here spying around every night, as sly and cunning as foxes. Each morning we could see tracks where they walked or crawled around the corrals in the darkness of night, but they could not break the fence nor open the gate so they must try some strategy. A pair of horses was taken from father (Zerah Pulsipher) as they were eating at his stable just at dark before being put in the big corral. We then fixed stalls in the big corral to feed teams and saddle horses where they could be safe. The rascals were very anxious to have our little band of horses, 170 head, but they were so well guarded it bothered them. So one day while the horses were out to feed, one sly rogue crawled from the hills north among the sage brush and chopped several of the pickets nearly off at the back side of the corral so they could be easily broken to let the horses out. This we discovered before dark and we prepared for an attack that night, moved the families together and every man armed and ready. We put a stronger guard with the horses and the rest to guard the women and children. We did not want to kill any of those warriors if we could avoid it and we did not mean to let them kill us. Being some acquainted with Indian customs, I advised the guards at the corral not to leave their places and run into the light even if a building should be fired. Just as I had said that much a light flashed up—it was Orson Huntsman's haystack a little west of us. It made a great flame as it was very dry. It burned down very quietly, not a man rushed into the light to be shot, neither did we leave our charge for them to be taken. The Indians, brave as they are, fear to die and getting no advantage of us, abandoned their design that night."

Mr. Pulsipher was born in Spafford, Onondaga county, New York July 17, 1827 and died at Hebron, August 9, 1891.

—*Carrie E. L. Hunt.*

### MRS. BURT'S STORY

Zemira Terry Draper was born in Draper, Utah, March 16, 1859, the son of Zemira and Amy Terry Draper who came to Zion as converts of the Mormon Church September 20, 1848. In 1850, Brigham Young requested Mr. Draper and his brother William to settle on Willow Creek. Zemira built the third house and the first adobe one in that section, all others being log cabins. In 1854, the settlement had a Post Office and its name changed to Draperville in honor of these sturdy pioneers. Later the name was changed to Draper. When Zemira Terry grew to young manhood he married Olga Josephine Poulson. The following excerpt was taken from his journal by a daughter, Estella Draper Burt, who also tells this story:

"We had an old flat, iron spoon that the three younger children thought was the only thing they could eat with. I, my younger sister and Ammon (an Indian boy for whom father had given a horse to save him from being killed by a hostile tribe) were the ones who must divide the use of that spoon. When a meal would be nearly ready to sit down to, the three of us would race to the cupboard for the spoon, and when one would get it, the other two would sit up and sing a psalm that would not sound as nice as other music I have heard . . ."

Ammon was adopted by my grandparents and was given the name of Ammon Draper. He was about five years older than my father and for several years was the only boy he had to play with as his own brothers were much younger. Father and Ammon were baptized members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints the same day. Ammon stayed with the Draper family until he grew to young manhood then he went to Moroni to live. He fell from a horse and was unconscious for several days before he died.

My father's family was sent to Rockville in 1862, so he grew up in the shadow of Zion's Canyon. After his marriage he and my mother established a home there and also built the largest trading store in the southern part of the territory. As they were both needed to operate the store they hired men to do the necessary jobs around the place. One time they needed a well so they hired Indian Charley who had the reputation of being an excellent well digger. All went smoothly for several days, when suddenly Charley climbed out of the well as if demons were after him. Father asked what was wrong and Charley, nearly incoherent, told him he could never dig in the well again. A frog or a toad had jumped into the hole and so he was forced to get out, as no member of his tribe would ever disturb them. They were believed to embody the spirit of their ancestors and if an Indian remained in the well it would displease the spirit of the departed. No amount of persuasion could induce him to reconsider. His only answer was "No can dig there. Me go home," and that was what he did. Father had to hire a white man to complete the well.

My parents stayed there for many years. They had customers from all the southern part of Utah and on down into the Indian territory of Arizona. Much of their business was done on a credit basis with both white and Indian customers. In 1899, they decided to move to Hinkley, Millard county. Father sent word to all his creditors asking them to come in and straighten up their accounts so that everything would be cleared before the family moved. Then a wonderful thing happened that made them love and respect the Indians. Every Indian, without exception, came in promptly and settled his account down to the last penny. Several thousand dollars were never recovered and it was all owed by white people.

Of course, I was not a pioneer but I did live a complete pioneer existence during one year of my married life in Indian Territory. My husband took me and my two young daughters to House Rock Valley,

in northern Arizona, to homestead. He was an unrealistic dreamer, and so, it was apparent nearly immediately that our lot would be to starve to death, as we had no provisions and no likelihood of getting any. The place that he wanted to file homestead rights on was closed. We had no money nor means of leaving the strip. I gave birth to my eldest son while in this low state of affairs. He was born without any help and I was left in a terrible shape physically. He was the first white child born in that valley and the whole responsibility of caring for the children rested on my shoulders. For two weeks our complete diet consisted of bread that I made in a rock oven, mutton and gravy. Every drop of water that we used had to be hauled from a canyon in the Vermilion Cliffs, eight miles away. We lived in a one-room shanty and there were wild buffalos all around the place. Our closest neighbor was an old widower eight miles away forming the other angle of a triangle, our place, the spring and Parker's place.

When John was two weeks old, Mr. Parker came down to see the first native-born white child. When he saw our destitute condition he invited us to come to his place where the children would at least have food. I could take over the household and earn our board and keep by my work. I jumped at the chance. Living was now easier. We had all the milk, eggs, butter, fresh vegetables and grain that we could use. Every two weeks a franchise truck came through the desert stopping at every homestead to take orders for supplies. Then it would go into Kanab and deliver them on the way back. I was allowed to buy anything that I needed for supplies. I bought our shortening in fifty pound cans and other supplies accordingly, although most of what we used was raised right on the place.

One day, as my husband and Mr. Parker had gone to the spring for water, I got a sudden desire for some doughnuts so I proceeded to mix eight dozen. Soon I was busy putting them in the hot shortening and then spearing them out with the long wooden handle of a spoon. Just as I turned from the stove to put the doughnuts on the table to drain, I bumped into three huge Indian braves. They had walked so silently into the house that I had never heard a sound. In spite of the stories my mother had told me about how nice the Indians were, I had a horrible vision of being scalped. Then one of them said, "Umm, what them?" I was so frightened I could just stutter "d-doughnuts." "Me taste." Each picked a doughnut from the floor where I had dropped them and ate it. "Umm good. Me buy. How much?" So, in spite of my protests, which I admit were feeble because I was so frightened, I was soon minus eight dozen doughnuts but richer by a handful of coins.

When my husband and Mr. Parker came home they said they could smell the doughnuts for miles. They sat down to dinner with great expectation. After they had eaten what was on the table they sat back waiting to be served the fresh doughnuts. I told them what had happened and that I was not able to rescue a single one. But I promised that I would soon make some more. It is true but I found

that no matter *when* I attempted to make some just as surely would I find Indians in my kitchen with open purses. I tried to sneak time at all kinds of weird hours and different days but never once, all the rest of the time we remained in Arizona, was I able to make doughnuts for our own consumption. But I did have a profitable business as far as selling them was concerned. I tried to give Mr. Parker the money that I received, but he refused to take it as he said I had been the one to work and earn it.

I did get so that I enjoyed the Indians and they said that I was the first white woman who had ever invited them to eat in the house. When we finally told them we were leaving and going back to Utah, the whole group of them came to bid us goodbye. Then as a farewell gift, they presented me with five silver and turquoise rings and also five beautiful Navajo rugs. The most beautiful and distinctive of them I gave to my son, John, for a wedding present as he was a real product of the Indian Territory.

### THE TIN HAT

*Alexander Melville* was born in 1821 in the little fishing village of Pittenween on the eastern coast of Scotland. Soon after his conversion he, with his young bride, Elizabeth Adamson, sailed from Liverpool, England January 23, 1844 for the headquarters of the church in Nauvoo, Illinois via New Orleans. Elizabeth died at Cutler Park during the exodus leaving a little daughter Margaret. Alexander left her in the care of *Ann Green Dutson* while he went to recuperate his fortunes in St. Louis. A year later he married Ann's daughter, *Jane*. Ann with her sister *Elizabeth Green Richmond* were the only members of the Green family to come to Utah. Elizabeth preceded Ann one year coming to Provo with her stepsons.

After Alexander arrived in Provo with his family he, having been a member of the Nauvoo Legion, was sent to Sevier county to help quell Indian uprisings. The company from Provo had been assigned a location in the fort at Fillmore on the east side of Chalk Creek which they designated as Provo-Under-the-Hill. Enroute to the new destination they discussed the possibility of encountering Indians. It was Ann's suggestion that they equip themselves with sticks the size of a gunstock and, if Indians appeared, they would shoulder these as if they were firearms. It was not until within ten miles of the present site of Holden that they had occasion to put the plan to work. When a band of Indians was spotted coming over the brow of the hill toward them the sticks were shouldered. The Indians looked them over from a safe distance and then by-passed the caravan. They never knew whether they were friendly Indians or whether the ruse had worked.

In 1860, seven years after their arrival in Fillmore, Margaret then sixteen years of age, was left in charge of the younger children while the parents were attending fast meeting. She had just taken a

peek at the nearly finished bread and had added another stick of cedar wood to the fire when the form of an Indian named *Green Blanket* filled the door. He smelled the bread and demanded that Margaret give it to him. This she refused to do. A few long strides and he reached the oven, opened the door and was in the act of removing in when Margaret raised a hefty chair which she proceeded to lay across *Green Blanket's* stooping back with as much force as she could muster. With howls of pain he darted for the door. *Green Blanket* met Alexander returning from meeting and informed him that his papoose was "heap brave."

Elizabeth *Green Richmond* was a friend to anyone in need. Old Mrs. *Sprague* was one of these. She was alone in the *Richmond* cabin when she heard the sound of Indian voices down the street. In spite of the fact that she was quite sure they were only on one of their begging rounds she was terrified. The thought occurred to her if there was something on the step for them they would go away. She hastily gathered some bread and pig meat and placed it on the freshly scrubbed step and bolted the door; but the only place safe from prying eyes at the window was under the bed, screened by a wide ruffled valance. This place she achieved not a second too soon. The Indians were familiar with Mrs. *Richmond's* ways. They knew she would not be in there with the door bolted nor would she have put food on the steps. That there was a frightened white woman under the bed they were positive, so it was with fiendish glee they fairly shouted their chant as they danced around and around the cabin before they moved on. To poor Mrs. *Sprague* the dance seemed endless. Then she heard a sound at the back of the cabin that fairly shook her. "Oh, my tin hat!" Why had she not remembered she had scalded it and placed it on a bench to sun. (The tin hat was a toilet facility of pioneer times called different names by different people.)

After the din had receded far enough for her to be sure it was safe, and her cramped limbs had straightened sufficiently, she trotted up the well-worn path to the *Melville* home and related her experience. She pleaded with Jim and Brig to follow them and bring back her "tin hat." To them it was a hilarious episode. They were not afraid of these Indians but still they knew they would be unwilling to part with their prize. Jim was six years older than Brig but the latter was "heap wino" with the Indians. Whether by force, bribery or diplomacy, they succeeded in bringing home Mrs. *Sprague's* treasure.

Many of the Indians harbored both body and head lice and whenever any of these self-invited guests entered the *Melville* home, it was standard procedure to place chairs in the center of the room for them. Immediately after their departure, the chairs were set outside, regardless of weather conditions, and the house thoroughly cleaned. In spite of this Brig *Melville* liked the *Lamanites*. "They have so little" he would say, and often took them melons and other treats. Jane *Melville* was an expert at braiding and sewing hats from oat



straw for the children. She had just finished shaping and blocking one for Brig when the Indians paid the family a visit. They were much taken with it and immediately added to his name. He was now "Brigham Wino-Hat." In their language "wino" means good and "heap wino" means very good.—*Waiaora B. Wallace*

#### IN PIONEER DAYS

*Martha Johnston*, or "Martha Squaw," as she was mostly called in Price and in the Nine-Mile Country, made her home for a time with my mother, *Ella Coombs Branch*. She called her "Mama." She was with my mother when I was born and she was with me when my first child was born. A gracious, kindly woman she was loved by all the little ones who knew her. She was an excellent cook and housekeeper. It is known that a Mrs. Beal of Manti bought her from an Indian tribe who had stolen her from her own people. Later she went to live with Peter Graves and his wife and these were the people she most remembered. Don Carlos Johnston and his wife brought her to Price to live with them, later taking her to the Nine-Mile country where they had taken up ranching. Martha always said that she and Mr. Johnston were the same age. He was born September 20, 1847 and she claims she was born on Christmas day. Martha and Don were baptised when they were ten years old. It is believed by the family that she was baptized Martha Beal Johnston by Jim Waseham.

Martha taught me how to darn my own stockings, sew carpet rags and make paper flowers for Decoration Day. She was married to Jim Brown, an Irishman, in Price, Utah. They made their home in Salt Lake City for awhile and when she came to visit us she had many interesting stories to tell. She never stopped grieving after mother died. Three weeks after her death Martha passed away May 7, 1928 and was buried in the Johnston plot in the Price cemetery.

—*Irene Branch Keller*

*Ruth*: One cold winter night in 1851 a knock came at the door of the Anson Call family then residing in Fillmore, Utah. When Mr. Call unbolted the door there stood a Ute Indian carrying a buffalo robe. After the Indian had warmed himself he said in broken English, "You take little squaw—me take bread." Mariah Call followed the Indian's gaze to their small supply of flour. She had many mouths to feed but the little papoose needed care, and the Utes could be hostile if they were crossed. The Calls gave him the flour.

Ruth grew into a beautiful girl with long black braids. All who knew her loved her. James Davids, a young soldier who had served with Johnston's Army, asked for Ruth's hand in marriage. They chose Christmas as their wedding day. James joined her faith—the Mormons. Their first three children died at birth but seven other

children were reared to maturity. The Davids made their home at various times in Bountiful, Centerville and Farmington and then, in the fall of 1881, with a new baby in her arms, Ruth left her native Utah with her family and all her possessions in a horse-drawn wagon for the six-day journey to Chesterfield, Idaho. The Davids were the tenth family to enter this wilderness bordering the Portneuf River. Remembering how kindly she had been treated by the white people, Ruth did all she could for the white settlers in the small community. She was considered an unusually good cook and her home was immaculate. For many years she served as both doctor and nurse and scores of children called her "Aunt Ruth." She was known to possess unusual powers of healing and it is said that a touch of her hand across the brow would bring relief from pain. Dr. Kackley of Soda Springs paid her this tribute: "In case of pneumonia and the caring of babies, Aunt Ruth is as good as any doctor."

Ruth was preceded in death by her husband eleven years. She was laid to rest September 19, 1919 at Chesterfield.—*Frances C. Yost*

*Julie*—The sun was just setting behind the West Mountains when Stephen Markham, tired from a hard days work in the fields, drove his team into the corral. He was hanging the last piece of harness on the peg when he heard the sound of galloping horses riding toward him. When the Indians arrived at the corral all but one dismounted and started examining the stock in the various pens. The buck who remained on his pony held an Indian child about two or three years of age. After inspecting the animals the Indians came toward Stephen telling him they wanted to exchange the papoose for most of his horses, sheep and cattle. Mr. Markham informed them the price was too high and that he didn't want the child. After another consultation the Indians decided to settle for the choice beef. Again, Mr. Markham told them they wanted too much but that he would give them one steer. This made the redmen angry and one of them rushed over to the pony, took the little girl and pushed her toward the chopping block. Appalled by this brutal action on the part of the Indians Mr. Markham told them they could take all the steers.

Mrs. Markham, hearing the commotion, came to the corral and after learning the details took the papoose in her arms and hurried in the house. The child was soon bathed, dressed in clean clothing and fed. Mr. Markham later learned that the Indians had stolen the child from an enemy tribe. She became part of the Markham household and was given the name of Julie. Being very proud, when she grew to young womanhood she seemed to desire a fair skin like her white sisters, so she always wore a sunbonnet to protect her face from the sun's rays. She learned to cook, sew and do other pioneer tasks.

When Julie was twenty years of age she met a young man named Frank Perry. He was of Spanish descent and had come from California to find work. Frank and Julie were married after a short courtship and when he secured work in Panguitch they went there to make

their home. About 1878, a son was born to them and when the infant was old enough for travel her husband brought them to the Markham home for a visit. On the way back to Panguitch Frank was critically hurt when his gun, which had knocked the wagon wheel as he was getting out to shoot a rabbit, discharged. He died a short time later. Julie and baby, Frank Jr., returned to the Markham home where they lived until the child was nearing his fourth birthday.

The parents of Frank, then residing in California, desired Julie and their grandson to come and live with them. After living in California only a short time Julie contracted malaria fever and died very suddenly. A few days after receiving the sad news, the Markhams learned that little Frank also had passed away, a victim of the same disease. They were both buried in Santa Fe, California and many members of the Markham family have visited their graves.

—*Vernecia Markham Beck*

*Joseph Couzens*, son of Elizabeth and George Couzens, was born in Somersetshire, England 12 April 1809. He was a rock mason by trade and worked in the vicinity of Bath, Wellow and Southstoke. Sarah Jacque, of Southstoke, became his wife and they were the parents of five children before they sold their home in Bath, in 1851, and started for Utah with other converts of the Latter-day Saint Church. When they reached St. Louis they remained there a year accumulating sufficient funds, provisions and equipment for the journey across the plains. They entered the valley September 4, 1852 and after spending the winter in Salt Lake City, proceeded to Lehi where they made their home.

On the 18th of February, 1857 Joseph was called to go with others across Utah Lake to help gather a herd of cattle on Pelican Point owned by a Mr. Hunsaker. Three days later the men had practically completed their job and expected to leave for home that evening; but Mr. Hunsaker said if they would stay until morning and gather a few more stray head he would give them a yearling for supper. They decided to accept the offer and after the meal was over Joseph suggested that he and John Catlin of Lehi gather wood for a fire. As Joseph was returning to camp with his arms full of wood an Indian stepped from behind a tree and shot him in the back. The Indian then went to the camp and killed two other men and wounded Mr. Catlin. As he passed John on the return trip he shot him again in the head. The men who had escaped, started back to Lehi with the wounded man, leaving the dead where they had fallen. The next day, John Brown, son-in-law of Mr. Couzens, went with others to bring the bodies home. Joseph's faithful dog stood guard over his master. The three men were interred in the old Lehi burying grounds.

—*Ila L. Bauer*

*Sarah Elizabeth Dunn Thornton* was one of a group of Mormons returning from California to Utah. When they reached the banks of the

Muddy river, camp fires were built, but a cold north wind extinguished most of them. Then a band of almost starved and all but nude Indians swooped down upon them demanding food. Great pots of flour mush were made, the Indians licked the kettles clean and finding no more became angry and threatened to kill the entire party. Ira Hatch, agent and interpreter stationed at this place, ordered every man to his wagon and beside his gun. Sarah, with her two children huddled in her lap, awaited the outcome. The Indians yelled and galloped around refusing to listen to Mr. Hatch who was trying to reason with them. Finally he mounted his wagon, talking long and loud, and then ordered the chief to take his tribe away or he would take him by the hair and whip the ground with him. At last the chief decided to leave, providing he was permitted to take the horses and mules to herd until morning. Some of the men wanted to keep a few head, but Mr. Hatch said "No, the Indians must be trusted fully or not at all." The Indians collected every head of stock driving them out of sight. Mr. Hatch felt uncertain regarding the outcome but realized it was the only possible chance of saving their lives. No one in camp slept that night and long before daylight all the food that could be spared was prepared for their breakfast. Just at daybreak the Indians returned driving the stock. They ate every particle of food in sight and then proceeded to rob the camp of pans, kettles, and everything they could lay their hands on. The agent then commanded them to leave which they reluctantly did. The company arrived in Salt Lake City without further serious interference.—*Winnona W. Hammond*

*Johanna Nilsson Lindholm*, pioneer of 1861, spent her honeymoon crossing the plains with her bridegroom, Carl Eric Lindholm. Carl built an adobe home for them at 383 North Main Street in Tooele, Utah. "Me want biscuit" was a familiar request made by the Indians of the vicinity as they traveled from door to door. Johanna gave them bread generously spread with jam, jelly or honey as the Lindholms had their own fruit trees and hives of bees. The Indians would lick the sweets off the bread and then stuff it into their bag and go to the next house. One morning, an Indian woman came to the Lindholm dwelling with the usual request. She also asked to use the outhouse. Permission was granted and Johanna resumed the many duties required in caring for her large family. Time went by and Johanna began to wonder why the woman did not return to the house. She was about to investigate when suddenly the door opened and out walked the proud Indian mother with a new born babe in her arms. She smiled her gratitude and hurried on her way.—*Martha H. Lingren*

*Elisba H. Davis, Jr.*, who came to Utah as a child in October, 1852 relates: "I think one of the most thrilling experiences I had with the Indians was in 1868 near the Sevier River where John Thomas of Lehi, and myself, were wintering our cattle. In going for the cattle in the spring, as we neared what was known as Cedar Ridge, we saw a

bunch about one mile west in open country. Mr. Thomas was riding a "fleet-footed" mule and went down to investigate. I remained with the team about one-fourth mile north of a large hill. Soon I saw Mr. Thomas returning as fast as his mule could carry him and upon arriving said, "I'm afraid we're in for it. There are about one hundred warriors behind that hill waiting for us to drive up." Our trail led that way, but we remained where we were as the country was rugged and covered with brush. Our only chance was to stand our ground. Mr. Thomas had a Winchester rifle and I had a Colt revolver. He was sitting in the wagon and I was standing close to the horses. Presently an Indian came riding toward us. When he saw we were well prepared and had nothing worthwhile anyway, he grunted and rode back to Cedar Ridge. As the Indians traveled toward the mountains we could see the number was not exaggerated. We were left unmolested and felt the hand of the Lord in it."

*Maria Woodbury Haskell* was accidentally shot by an Indian chore boy on June 21, 1857 while her husband, Thales Haskell, was removing a beaver-made dam from the Santa Clara Creek in order to bring water to their thirsty crops. She was alone in the cabin when the boy entered and took a gun from the wall. While he was examining it the gun discharged striking Mrs. Haskell who was standing by the fireplace engaged in preparing food. Mrs. Zadoc K. Judd in relating the tragic incident said: "I heard the shot and went out and saw her coming out of the house with her hands crossed on her breast. I ran and asked, 'What is the matter?' She answered, 'I don't know but I think I am shot.' About this time Brother and Sister Oscar Hamblin came and put Sister Haskell to bed. I went as fast as possible about a mile to call some men who were harvesting. We all returned together. We sent an Indian woman to tell Brother Haskell, and others that were out, of the accident. Jacob Hamblin directed us to examine her and if possible locate the bullet. It entered her left thigh and came out her left side near the upper part of her abdomen. The bullet remained in her body. I cut into it with a razor but my heart failed me when I went to take it out, so Brother Hamblin finished the operation. It occurred on a Saturday morning. Early Sunday morning her husband arrived. She passed away at 4 o'clock that afternoon."

*Minnie Mathis*

*James Madison Thomas* was ten years of age when he and an older brother, Daniel Claiborne, had their first experience with the redmen. As they were walking from their farm to their home in Plain City, Weber County, Utah they saw an Indian riding slowly toward them. As he passed one of the boys called out "Shu-ta-mike," not knowing what the words meant. Suddenly, the Indian whirled his horse around and started for them with arrow upraised as though to shoot. Just as suddenly he stopped, turned his pony and with a wild whoop dashed away. Two frightened boys reached home and told their parents of

the incident. They were informed that the words meant "Where are you going?" and the Indian most likely was trying to teach them a lesson in politeness.

Years later, when James and his wife, Mary, were living on the outskirts of Plain City, Mrs. Thomas had rather an unusual experience. As she sat rocking her daughter Elizabeth on the front porch, she was conscious of the presence of a young Indian squaw with a baby in her arms intently watching her. Mary bid her come to the porch and sit down; then inquired if there was anything she could do for her. After many gestures and unintelligible words, Mrs. Thomas surmised that the squaw wished to exchange her black-haired baby for Elizabeth whose hair was plentiful and red. It was some time before Mary could convince the Indian mother that this would not be fair to either child. She gave the squaw some refreshments, after which she went away apparently satisfied to keep her own papoose.—*Elizabeth Thomas*

*Betsy Kroll Bradley*, pioneer of Moroni, always had an Indian girl help with the washing which was done on a flat rock at the edge of the Sanpitch river. One day as the girl was busily engaged at this task a young buck came up behind her and demanded that she steal vegetables for him from the Bradley garden. She refused and he threw her and the clothes into the river. Mrs. Bradley was on her way down to the river with more soiled clothes when she witnessed the incident. In her skirt pocket Betsy always carried a small pistol. Angered by his actions, she started out after him but he soon got away. Running with the speed of a deer he went north, then turned east, and was still fleeing along the main road when Bishop Bradley came along in his white topped buggy, bringing President Brigham Young and some of the church visitors back from conference at Manti. He stopped the team and asked the young Indian what was wrong. All he could get out of him was "Mean white squaw kill with pooch gun," meaning little gun.—*Callie O. Morley*

*Daniel McArthur*, a bishop in the pioneer settlement of St. George, was the owner of a field of corn and on several occasions discovered that a considerable amount had been stolen while he was presiding at Sacrament meeting. One Sunday he decided to catch the culprit so he hid among the stalks and waited. Before long he heard the sound of corn being pulled. He crept quietly toward the intruder and hit him over the back with a piece of wood. The Indian already had one bag full of plump ears and was proceeding to fill another when surprised by Bishop McArthur. He was asked why he took the corn and answered that he was very hungry. The Indian was then told to take the bags to the McArthur home where he would be given a meal, and that any time he was hungry to go there and he would be fed. He was a regular visitor, at least once a week, for many years. The Indian, Caboose was baptized by Mr. McArthur into the Church of Jesus

Christ of Latter-day Saints some years after this incident, along with thirty-four other members of his tribe.—*Emma Cottam McArthur*

*Andrew Locie Rogers*, son of Thomas and Aurelia Spencer Rogers, was called with others to aid in the settlement of Arizona. Accordingly, he set out with his young wife, Clara Gleason, and their child on this mission. After many days of travel the company selected a site on the Little Colorado which they named Sunset. In this barren country a band of Navajo Indians roamed in search of a meager livelihood. The Latter-day Saints of Sunset desired to serve the Lord to the best of their ability, therefore they organized themselves into a brotherhood. One man was the blacksmith, another the tinsmith, others farmed, fenced land and built houses. Some of the women did the cooking in the big community kitchen while others sewed, made soap, cheese and butter and did the washing and ironing. Clara Rogers was especially assigned to the teaching of the children.

The Navajo Indians were camped close by while the Apaches under renegade Geronimo lived in the mountains. Mr. Rogers was placed in charge of the community sheep and grazed them on lands claimed by the Indians on the foothills where feed was more abundant. During the hot summer months Clara and the baby often accompanied him on his lonely vigil. One night, as she lay sleeping in the log cabin they occupied, and which had been abandoned by its former owner, Andrew aroused her saying, "We must move. We are in danger." Not doubting his wisdom, she quickly threw a wrap around her and went to the wagon. Andrew handed her the baby and then threw in some bedding instructing her to make it as comfortable as possible. Taking the reins he drove down the mountain to a grove of trees off the road. When daylight came he drove back to the cabin, and pushing the door open, he was startled to find an Indian stretched across the hearth. Upon investigation he found him dead. Minutes later soldiers came on their way to Fort Apache. They had in custody Geronimo and a few of his band. Andrew was told that one of the Indians had been wounded in a skirmish with the soldiers. He had ridden as far as his strength would permit then left in the cabin by the fire. Here his life had ebbed away. After the soldiers with their captives had left the Rogers knelt down in a prayer of thankfulness for their miraculous escape from death. Later, when the members of the United Order abandoned Sunset, Mr. Rogers was given a number of sheep for his share of the community property.

—*Mildred Pearce Morgan—Vilate Oakley Pearce.*

*William Smith.* In 1860, when hostile Indians roamed the valley and mountains, a trapper by the name of William Smith came to the beautiful Bear Lake country in Idaho. Mr. Smith brought with him several head of cattle and began the search for a place where he could keep his stock safe from marauding Indians. He finally selected an island near what is now called Dingle, which had been made by the

dividing waters of Bear Lake. For the first few years he was successful in trapping beaver and other valuable fur-bearing animals; his cattle were increasing and his fear of being attacked by redmen had lessened. But, one day, Indians scouting in the vicinity happened to see some of the cattle in the brush on the island, and when they began to drive them off, Mr. Smith secured his rifle and began firing. A short but deadly fight followed during which William was shot in the leg. He dragged himself back to the cabin. Most of the cattle had been saved but he had paid a terrible price.

Upon examining the wound, Mr. Smith found the bone had been completely shattered and he realized that in order to save his life the leg must be amputated. He had no tools suitable for such an operation but with grim courage he proceeded with the task. Securing a case knife he hacked it similar to a saw; then he twisted a cord tightly above the knee to stop the flow of blood. With a small knife he began to cut each vein and tie it, and then with the crude saw severed the limb from his body. Followed days and nights of torture but in some miraculous way the stump healed. When he was able to work again he fashioned a wooden crutch. During the severe winter of 1862, all his cattle starved to death and when spring came he started out of the valley on foot. After weary days of travel he met Charles C. Rich and company who were entering the valley. Many years have passed since then, but the story of the courage of this man, "Peg Leg Smith" and his island home, is told and retold.

—*Sub. Hazel Bird Carlisle*

*Ruby Iverson:* My childhood memories of the Indians are of their kindness and gentleness: Father employed several Indians on our place and had learned to speak the Indian language quite fluently. I especially remember a young Indian named Nancy who was a frequent visitor in our home. One day she arrived carrying a small package and, not seeing me about, asked mother where I could be found. That particular day I was picking apples in our orchard. I was barefooted as we children seldom had shoes and mostly wore denim moccasins. Nancy sat down beside me and put on my feet a pair of beautifully beaded moccasins. I fairly beamed with happiness as we went back to the house to show mother my lovely gift.

Jane, an Indian squaw whom mother hired to do our washing, brought with her one day her own little child. In some way the boy cut his finger and I still remember how he cried as he ran to his mother with blood streaming down his hand. Tenderly she picked him up and rocking him back and forth, softly sang a lullaby while mother bandaged the wound and his sobs ceased. These kindly actions left their imprint upon me and I learned that very often beneath their dark skin was a heart of gold.

*The Linds.* In 1880 Carl August Lind, his wife Anna Beata Abrahamson Lind and three daughters Louisa, Amanda and Augusta



moved from Grantsville to the settlement of Huntsville in Ogden Valley. It was the custom of the settlers and the Indians of that vicinity to have an annual celebration on the town square. During one of these festivities a young buck from the Bennett Creek camp won a big watermelon. Just as he was nearing the Lind residence on his way back to camp, a dog sprang out frightening the Indian's pony, and causing the melon to drop and break in several pieces. The Indian went to the Lind home and knocked on the door. When Mr. Lind answered he beckoned all the members to follow him out to the road. He then motioned them to help him eat the melon after which he quietly mounted his pony and rode off.—*Edna A. Melle*

*Pamela Elizabeth Barlow Thompson* was born in Nauvoo, Illinois September 6, 1844, the daughter of Israel Barlow Sr., and Elizabeth Haven. When she was four years of age she crossed the plains with her parents arriving in the Salt Lake Valley September 23, 1848. After residing for a time in the Eighth Ward they moved to Sessions Settlement, now known as West Bountiful. There were quite a number of Indians in the settlement at that time and sometimes there were as many as fifty tepees on the Barlow farm. The Barlows treated the Indians kindly and gave freely of their supplies.

When Pamela was six years of age she was stolen by the Indians. She and her brother Israel, who was eight years of age, had been to town. At that time sunflowers lined the streets which in some places were taller than a horse. When the children were about half a mile from home, on the return trip, several Indians came out of the sunflowers and one of them picked up the little girl and swung her on his pony. Israel ran home and told his parents what had happened. It was several hours later that the child was rescued by her father and neighbors who had immediately set out in pursuit of the Indians. When Pamela was nine years of age her father was called on a mission to England. At that time Brigham Young counseled Mrs. Barlow to have her log cabin moved into the larger settlement for the safety of herself and five small children.—*Cleo Clark*

*The Baby:* One morning, a Sister Palmer came over and asked mother to let me tend her children while she delivered some sewing to Logan. Amy was five years of age, George three and the baby four months. At that time I was only thirteen. After a walk with the children, I returned to their home and put the baby to sleep on the bed covered with a shawl. The older children were playing outside and I commenced to wash the dishes. Soon the children came running in saying that Indians were coming. It proved to be a young couple who asked for milk, which I gave them, also bread, butter, sugar and salt. After resting a little while the young buck suddenly grabbed the baby and ran. Calling mother to watch the children I sped after the Indians. When I got to Sister Marler's she said there were only a few men in the community as some were working on the railroad at

Promontory, others were in the fields and in Logan Canyon, and I knew my father was at Church farm. As I ran I prayed for the safety of the baby. After a fruitless search I returned to the Palmer home and, to my surprise, the door was open and I could hear the Indians laughing. There on the bed lay the baby unharmed. The young buck came toward me with a knife in his hand, took hold of a lock of my hair, and pretended to scalp me. It may have been fun for them but I did not understand nor appreciate their pranks.—*Eliza Jones*

*Agnes Hogg McEwan* was born in Edinburgh, Scotland August 24, 1835, the daughter of Thomas and Elizabeth Rea Hogg. She had three sisters and a brother. The family joined the Latter-day Saint Church in 1849, and after the death of her husband, Elizabeth made preparations to sail for America to join with the body of the Saints in Zion. Accordingly, in 1855, Elizabeth, accompanied by Agnes and her son, James, left Scotland for the first part of the journey toward Utah. Soon after arriving at Mormon Grove, Kansas they joined a company under the leadership of Milo Andrus and started the journey westward. Elizabeth and Agnes walked the entire distance so that James, who was a cripple, could ride. One morning, as Agnes and another girl were walking far ahead of her company, they were suddenly confronted by an Indian on his pony. Agnes was wearing a dress trimmed with bright brass buttons from the neckline to the bottom of the skirt. The Indian dismounted and came toward the girls with a knife in hand. Without a word he went over to Agnes and began cutting off the buttons and putting them in his pocket. When he had finished he went to his pony, brought back a large piece of dried venison, mounted and rode away. The girls were badly frightened, but the venison proved a blessing as they had been without any kind of meat for many days. The company entered the Valley October 24, 1855. Agnes later married Henry McEwan, who also was a native of Edinburgh, Scotland where he was born July 4, 1830. They were the parents of ten children.—*Grace Pixton McEwan*

*Stephen Martindale Farnsworth* was the keeper of horses used in the delivery of mail from Richfield, Utah to Loa, Utah. The Indians were hostile and carrying the mail between the different communities was a dangerous assignment which few men desired. One evening, as the men were returning from their fields, they saw a horse come over the ridge with the rider slumped over the saddle. As the weary animal, named "Two-Bits" came toward the town the men went out to meet him. Apparently, the courier had been killed by hostile Indians. Mr. Farnsworth realized that this tragedy might well bring about the end of the mail run to Loa, so he decided to take the mail himself and accordingly notified his wife and family of his decision. Stephen was a firm believer in Brigham Young's policy of trying to make friends with the Indians and felt that he might be able to make them understand that the white men, also, wanted peace. He

immediately secured a contract to carry the mail and taking plenty of provisions and an extra man set out for Loa in a buckboard. They had not gone far when they came in contact with the Indians, who proceeded to ride alongside the carriage emitting loud yells as they rode their ponies. Mr. Farnsworth talked quietly to the frightened horses and under his steadying hand they trotted along the lonely trail. The man beside him was filled with fear and, before Stephen could stop him, jumped from the carriage and started running back toward Richfield. Two Indians immediately took out after him and when they brought him back he was dead. They threw his body into the buckboard and motioned Mr. Farnsworth to turn back. He calmly reached over the seat and came up with a frying pan and some bacon. After dismounting from the carriage he proceeded to make a fire and fry the bacon. One by one the Indians came closer and watched him make sourdough bread. When cooked he offered some of the food to them which, at first, they refused. After the meal was over Mr. Farnsworth made camp, hobbled the horses, and turned them out to graze. The Indians promptly drove the horses away some distance. A few of the Indians who had remained around the fire were asked to help with the dead man, but they shook their heads, stolidly watching Stephen's every movement.

In the morning another fire was started and again bacon fried. The aroma soon brought several Indians over to the fire asking for more food; but Mr. Farnsworth motioned toward his horses and made them understand no horses—no food. It was not long before the Indians brought in the animals, they were given food, and he was soon on his way with the mail. Later he taught the Indians to make sourdough bread, and they, in turn, taught him how to make a fire with wet sagebrush by splitting and rubbing the inside. He taught them to wrestle and box and they taught him the signs of the stars and the moon. On later trips he was taken to their camp and the chieftain promised him safe conduct over what they considered their lands. Kindness had brought its own reward.—*Flossie Farnsworth Hartman*

*Captive*—Willows grew thick and tall along the banks of the creek which runs through Parowan and this, in early days, made an ideal camping place for Indians. It was well to the south and west of the fort though by now there were many homes outside the fort and the Indians were fairly peaceful. George was still quite young and did not fully realize why his mother cautioned him to stay near the house and keep a watchful eye on his sister and small twin brothers. He was a quiet boy and tried to obey his mother's wishes.

George was the eldest child of Mary Ward and William Heap. The Ward and Heap families were converts to the Latter-day Saint Church from Shuttleworth, England. William Heap had married Hannah Ward in England and together they had sailed for America with a company of Saints; but Hannah died of cholera when they reached New Orleans and was buried on the banks of the Mississippi

River. Later William married Barbara and Mary Ward, both sisters of Hannah, who had left him three little sons to rear. They continued on their way to the Valley, but having to wait over at Council Bluffs to secure additional supplies, lengthened into two years. It was there in a wagon box that George Heap was born to William and Mary 14 March 1850. Barbara too had her first child at Council Bluffs.

When the Heap family reached Salt Lake they were sent on to Parowan, Iron county. George was just two years old when they reached there. The family remained in Parowan two years, then went with other families who were sent to settle San Bernardino, California. When the call came for the Mormons to return to Utah Territory at the time of the Johnston army episode, Mary and her family returned to Parowan. The fear of marching armies was soon dispelled, but a new fear arose. The Indians were peaceful at times and at other times antagonistic.

After a particularly dry, unyielding season, the meager crops were harvested and carefully stored away against the ravages of the long, hard winter ahead. One evening, while the children were playing in the yard, George was stolen by Indians and taken away to their camp. How dark and damp the pit into which he was thrust he did not at first realize. There was no visible sign of ventilation and nothing but dirt walls to beat his hands upon. His screams for help could not be heard. George could not understand why he had been stolen or what his fate might be and his fears mounted as the long hours dragged by. At last a ray of light startled the child, then a ladder was lowered, and a chilled, hungry, frightened little boy was carried from the pit and returned to the security of his home. Only after he was warmed and tenderly cared for did George learn that his mother had sacrificed every bit of her winter's supply of food to buy his freedom from the Indians.—*Ila L. Bauer*

*Joseph Ninrod Workman* was born in Salt Lake City August 15, 1852 where the family resided until the father was called to the Dixie Mission. Little Joe, as he was generally known, did not have any schooling as he was hired out when he was eight years of age to work on a ranch. He taught himself to read, write and do simple arithmetic and also became efficient in the handling of horses. When Joe was fourteen years old he was called into the militia and, because of his riding ability, was selected to carry messages from town to town for the purpose of warning the settlers of possible Indian attacks. One day his assignment was to take a message to Rockville, thirty miles away. Little Joe knew a trail around the mountain which enabled him to reach the town before the Indians and give the alarm. Another time he carried a message to Toquerville, twenty-five miles away, but this time his orders were to go by the road. When he reached a spot where the trail took off around the foothills, the horse refused to go down to the main road. A voice seemed to say "Take the trail." Dis-

beying orders, Joe turned the horse along the trail and succeeded in reaching the settlement in time to save many lives.

Mr. Workman did not receive the Indian pension because the militia disbanded when he was seventeen and the specific requirement was eighteen years of age. On March 5, 1879 Sarah Ann Wright, daughter of Alexander Wright and Hannah Walters, became his wife. They were the parents of ten sons and daughters. Joseph was nearing his eightieth birthday at the time of his death in Perry Ward, Brigham City, Utah.—*Lizzie Workman Jacobs*

*The Lish Family:* In June, 1863, while the Civil War was still in progress, a company with nine wagons loaded with provisions and pulled by oxtteams started from Utah for Iowa. In this group were Joseph Lion Lish, who came to Utah in 1850, his wife and two sons, Everette Lish and family and Henry Doctor Lish, his wife, Emily Allen and small daughter Emily Mariah. The wagon of Henry Doctor Lish was loaded with flour and the bed was made on top of the load. He drove six head of oxen. At this time the Sioux Indians were at war with the Crowfoot tribes. One day an old Indian followed the Lish company for several hours. Finally he came alongside Henry's wagon, saying, "Your squaw heap scared but me no harm you—we Sioux Indians, we friendly with whites—we hunt Crowfoot Indians." In spite of this reassurance, there was little sleep in camp, especially among the womenfolk, that night; but when morning came the company moved on and reached its destination without further incident.

*Chief Arimo:* Along the path leading to the cottage of my Grandmother Eleanor Martin Ricks, pioneer of 1848, in Logan, grew many sweet scented pinks, roses and lilacs. One day while I was visiting her, I saw an Indian coming up the path. I started to scream and he darted behind a lilac bush. This frightened me more than ever. Presently, I saw him enter the house and was sure that my grandmother would be killed. Soon she came to the door calling, "This Indian won't hurt you, he is a good Indian." Hesitantly, I went to the door. "Come in and shake hands with this kind Indian. His name is *Arimo*. He only hid in the bushes because he didn't want to frighten you. He cuts wood for me whenever he comes to Logan, then I give him dinner. His home is a long way from here." Later I learned that he was Chief Arimo after whom Arimo, Idaho was named.

*Hormans:* Margaret de la Maye Horman joined the Church on the Island of Jersey in 1853. Her husband, Charles Horman was a sailor and was given the responsibility of arranging emigration for Latter-day Saint converts to America after his baptism September 14, 1849. The Horman family remained on the Isle for almost twenty years fulfilling this assignment and did not reach Utah until 1868. Their first home in the Valley was in Tooele where Indians were almost constant visitors at their door. One Indian, named Naricut frightened

the children of the community so much that they hid whenever they saw him coming. Ann Horman was a child of two years when she came to Utah with her parents and she grew into a beautiful girl with an abundance of dark, glossy hair that almost touched the floor. One day, while Mr. Horman was away, Naricut came to their home and upon seeing Ann demanded that she be given to him. Margaret told him that she was soon to be married to Edward B. Green. He then began begging for her hair and it was apparent that he was not going to take no for an answer. Mr. Horman returned unexpectedly and when Naricut caught sight of him he fled.—*Martha H. Lingren*

*John Stoker:* During the summer of 1864 we had a patch of melons about thirty rods south of our flour mill. One day father saw an Indian and two squaws in the melon patch filling sacks. He could not leave but asked John Drysdale of Cedar Fort, who was at the mill with wheat, to go with me and drive the Indians away. I was only a boy and did not use much judgment. I emptied their sacks and told them to beat it. The Indian then drew a two-edged dagger and said he would cut my heart out. John Drysdale yelled and raised a large club in the act of knocking him down. The Indian then lowered his knife, telling Drysdale that he knew him and would kill him. At that time there were about a hundred Indians south of the Jordan River bridge. We had to guard Mr. Drysdale in passing by the Indians on his way home. In the following winter the mill pond was frozen over. I had a pair of skates and was sharpening them by the corner of our log stable when this Indian took a shot at me, the bullet passing between my body and left arm, lodging in a log of the stable. Again, the following summer while coming home from Salt Lake City and rounding the Point of the Mountain, he took another shot, striking a rock in the road just to my right.

*"Too Much."* When I was a little girl living with my Grandmother Crookston, Indian John was a frequent and welcome visitor in the home. He was of the Washakie tribe then living on the reservation in Boxelder county. He was always alone and we never heard him speak of a wife or children. During his youth he and Bob Crookston used to herd the Church cattle and they became close friends. He had his place at the Crookston stable, his horse had a place in their stall, but John refused to sleep in the house preferring to make his bed in the barn. One day he said to Grandmother Crookston, "No more Mormon, too much d—— water ditch—too much donation." The subject was never mentioned again. While Grandmother was president of the 4th Ward Relief Society, a position she held for seventeen years, one of her projects was to make simple layettes for the Indian babies and when the little stranger was due to arrive, the expectant mothers would come for the clothing. They were also given choice foods for the occasion.—*Emma Crookston Dunn*



"He is not only inepegut," said the Indians;  
 "He has an evil spirit. He is like a devil!"  
 And no more, they tried to kill him.  
 So he lived there by the river.  
 The coyote was his brother.

He had killed his mother.

Stealthily, he roamed the brush valley;  
 Like a bear, he fished the rivers. Ate the squirrel  
 And jumping rabbit.  
 His skin was tough as buckskin and cactus could not  
 Penetrate his feet.  
 White men came from miles to see him and to throw  
 A bit of food;

Like an animal did they serve him.

The summer sun beat hard upon him  
 And no mercy showed the winter,  
 "Forty snows have fallen on him,"  
 Said the Indians;

"How much longer, Oh, Great Spirit!  
 Must this wild man serve his penance?"

"Take our brother," pled the redmen.

"I will take him," said the Great One, "To the  
 Happy Hunting Grounds forever."

When the Indians found the dead man;

They remembered all the teachings;

"Thou Shalt Not Kill," had said the Great One,

"For life alone is mine to take."

They had seen how one had suffered

And the penance he had paid.

Thus Inepegut was buried. By the river did they lay him.

To sleep forever more.

### AN INDIAN SCARE

One duty of the Minute Men was to supply couriers to carry messages for the U.S. Marshal. Their method was similar to that of the Pony Express: a Minute Man rode his fastest pony as far as Wellsville; another rider took it to the next rider at Mantua; he in turn carried it on to Brigham City where it was relayed to Fort Douglas. In a few hours the commander could have soldiers on the way to help out in case of trouble in Cache Valley.

One summer day in the early seventies the marshal received word that some Indians were on the warpath in the northern part of the Valley. One of their number had been shot by a white man and the settlers were fearing a reprisal, those in the isolated sections being the more worried. The marshal decided to ask the army for protection until the scare passed.

Will Crookston, who was about eighteen at that time, had been appointed courier as he was a single man with an adventurous spirit. It was late in the afternoon when Will, with the message, passed the



Church Farm. Two herders were sitting idly with their guns across their knees guarding the Church cattle. "Wonder what they would do if Indians really showed up," Will thought as he passed by waving his arm in a sweeping gesture of greeting to the two men. The guards returned his greeting with mere nods. "Bet they'd be too lazy to raise a gun if their lives depended on it," Will commented under his breath.

It was late when he left Wellsville. He had stopped to eat supper with a friendly farmer who had insisted that he stay the night. Will was glad of the food but that he'd better get back home "because mother always frets until I get home," he said. After his horse had fed and rested he headed for Logan, riding slowly and enjoying the full moon. He passed the Church Farm and could see the cattle grazing quietly and the sheep bedded down for the night. Only a plaintive "baa-a" disturbed the stillness. Not a sign of a guard around. "An Indian wouldn't have much trouble getting his pick out of that bunch," he muttered. In later years when the truth of the incident was finally told, Will said: "I don't know what ever possessed me, but next thing I knew I was riding furiously toward the tent where the guards were sleeping. I was whooping like ten Indians; I must have circled their tent several times, all the time making enough noise with my whoops to raise the dead. Then I rode back to the road and settled down to a slow walk. As I neared Logan river I was met by an excited band of Minute Men. "Injuns" they shouted as they passed. Innocently, I joined them as they tore pell mell toward the Church Farm, their guns shining in the moonlight. They found the cattle still grazing peacefully, the sheep still bedded down. Not a sign of an Indian.

"What's the trouble?" I casually inquired when the excitement had quieted enough for me to be heard. "Why, them two guards came tearing into Logan in their barefeet and shirt tails saying that a whole band of Injuns had attacked them and had drove off all the cattle and they had barely escaped with their lives. Looks mighty peculiar to me," says the captain. "Mighty peculiar," I agreed. "Wonder if they ever thot to use their guns"? "Don't suppose you saw any signs of Injuns as you come along?" The Captain looked at me. I looked him square in the eyes, "Not a sign," I said.

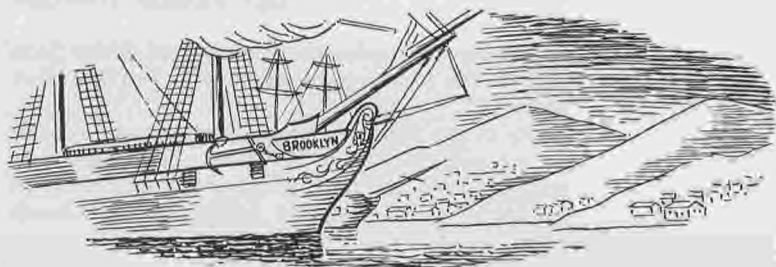
—Glenna Ballantyne Crookston

#### AN INDIAN SCARE AND RAID—ARIZONA

This story of an Indian raid was told me by our friend, Elijah Thomas, Sr.: "We had gathered on the public square to celebrate President Young's birthday. All at once there was great excitement in the crowd. Merlin Plumb appeared riding a horse with blood running from its sides. Word was being circulated that there had been a big raid on the stock the night before, and many good animals had been stolen and driven off to the mountains. Men were ready to go

at a minute's notice. The Perkins family had some good horses and consequently had suffered a severe loss, so the boys of this family were put in charge with Heber K. Perkins as captain of the posse. When we got to the top of the divide this side of Pinedale, among a sheltering ridge of thick cedars, Hebe gave the word, Charge! Knowing the horses were there, we rushed into the thicket, when lo, what did we see? The Indians had tied the horses to the trees and shot many of them with arrows, then, so far as they were concerned, leaving them to suffer and die, had made their way over the divide. In the event of an Indian scare in that part of the country, the people always ran to the old Peterson (Mortenson) Ranch for protection, so the posse followed up the draw expecting to overtake the Indians, but they had been farther ahead than was anticipated. The men pressed on to the ranch and decided to wait there thinking the Indians might make another raid on the few scattered ranches in that part of the territory. They rested for a little while on the cornfodder in the Bishop's log barn." In a dramatic way, peculiar to this good old man, the story continues:

"In the night Jim Bryant, who was lying next to me, gave me a little poke in the ribs and whispered, "There they are!" Sure enough, long shadows appeared up and down through the logs on the outside. I never heard a word, but poked Orv Allen on the other side of me. He raised his head enough to peek out. Not a word, but the alarm got all along the line. Everybody was awake and ready to jump." Then with a hearty chuckle, Uncle Lige said, "It turned out that the shadows were only made by the long ears of the horses munching at the fodder as each lifted his head up and down to chew. Each time the horses lifted their heads from the manger, it looked, in the moonlight, like Indians with feathers on their heads. A good joke on all of us." We found afterwards that the Indians were well-armed with guns and ammunition taken from the soldiers stationed at Fort Apache where they had broken away and had gone on one of their stealing raids. Nathan Robinson who was living on Showlow Creek had gone to look after his cattle on the range below Lone Pine. He found Indians killing one of his cows. Mr. Robinson walked up to them, turned the animal over where he could see the brand, and was shot in doing so. They then rode on up the wash where Lyman Hancock was building a little cabin. Lyman was out after his horses. When he saw the Indians coming, he jumped on one of the horses and rode as fast as he could up to the house and then with his frightened bride on behind him, he rode on to Peterson ranch where the people had gathered. Meanwhile, the Indians came to the cabin, ransacked it, threw the dishes out in the yard, picked up some chickens and pulled off their heads and helped themselves in general to almost anything they could use, setting fire to the house before leaving.—*Rhoda J. P. Wakefield*



## *The Ship Brooklyn Saints*

*What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God. Mic. 6:8*



THE year was 1845, the Mormons had been warned to leave Nauvoo by the end of the year, maps were being studied, places explored for the Latter-day Saints knew that the exterminating order once more leveled at them must be obeyed if they were to save themselves from further persecution. Orson Pratt, who was in charge of the Eastern Saints, with unerring judgment gave permission to Samuel Brannan to charter a ship to carry them around the Horn and find a place which they could call home until such time as a decision would be made by Brigham Young and his associates as to where the new Zion was to be located.

According to the plan, the ship was to carry enough machinery, tools and other necessities so that wherever they landed they could become a self-supporting community. From the time the Saints on the ship *Brooklyn* sailed from New York harbor until their arrival in California, these people were of one mind—to meet Brigham Young and his pioneers. California gave friendly refuge to them when the 445-ton vessel sailed into the bay of Yerba Buena. The contingent of approximately 238 souls was exceedingly happy to reach the place where they could begin a new life while awaiting final word from their great leader. They fully realized that they were part of a great western Mormon migration which consisted of those who were coming overland under the leadership of Brigham Young, the southern Saints

who were already on their way under the direction of Elder John Brown, and members of the Mormon Battalion who had left Fort Leavenworth for the west.

Probably a majority of the *Brooklyn* Saints finally found a home with others of their religious viewpoint in Utah. Some stayed in California and remained true to the faith that had brought them on this perilous journey; while others were led away from the Church through the actions of men and the lure of gold. While the story of Brannan has been written and rewritten, very little has been published of the men and women who accompanied him and who gave so much for the sake of their religious beliefs. These Latter-day pilgrims, or "Water Saints" as they were often called, placed their faith in Brannan until they were satisfied that he had failed to live the life demanded of a Latter-day Saint leader, inasmuch as he had forgotten his followers while surrounding himself with great wealth. Had Brannan remained strong in the faith and fulfilled his obligations to those who trusted him, he would have been a great force for good in the Mormon settling of western America.

### SAMUEL—THEIR LEADER

Samuel Brannan, son of Thomas and Sarah Emery Brannan, was born in Saco, York county, Maine March 2, 1819. He started his adventuring early pushing into the wilds of Ohio where, at the age of seventeen, he purchased his time from a printer to whom he had been bound out and became a traveling printer and journalist. A publication failed him in New Orleans and another in Indianapolis. While living near Kirtland, Ohio at the home of his sister Mary Ann, thirteen years his senior, and her husband Alexander Badlam, who were devout members of the Latter-day Saint Church, he attended some of their meetings and was privileged to hear Joseph Smith, the Mormon Prophet, speak. During this time he became acquainted with Harriet Hatch and after a short courtship they were married by Joseph Smith. One child was born of this union, but the marriage proved unhappy and soon ended in a separation.

In the early 1840's, Samuel went to New York where he became associated with William Smith, brother of the Prophet and shortly thereafter was baptized a member of the Latter-day Saint Church by him. Soon he began the publication of a Church paper known as *The Prophet*. It was at this period in his life that he met *Ann Elizabeth Corwin*, daughter of Fanny Corwin, who later became his second wife.

After the death of the Prophet, when men were divided in their opinions as to who should be the leader of the Church, Brannan supported William Smith's claim for which he was disfellowshipped. But later he made a trip from New York to Nauvoo, Illinois where he asked to be reinstated. After an inquiry as to his beliefs and his loyalty to the Church under the leadership of Brigham Young, he regained his former status. Brannan then returned to New York



Samuel Brannan

assigned to work with Apostles Parley P. and Orson Pratt. He was also ordered to go forth with a publication expounding the principles of Mormonism which was called *The Messenger*.

Apostle Orson Pratt having received word that he must return to Nauvoo, Illinois, bid the Eastern Saints farewell in the following words delivered on the 12th of November, 1845:

"I grieve to leave my loyal workers that I have learned to love and depend on, but I must go home to prepare our people, and especially my own family, for the long trek across the plains which now faces us. We must leave the first of February, in the dead of winter, Governor Ford (of Illinois) tells us. I want to warn the poor among you here not to go to Nauvoo—the Church cannot help you. Already we have more destitute there than we can take care of. To the rest of you, I want to say that if you have enough means to buy horses, wagons, tents, equipment and food enough to pay your passage by water to the west coast it will be an easier journey . . . We do not want one Saint left in the United States after this time. Let every branch in the east, west, north and south be determined to flee out of Babylon either by land or sea . . . If all want to go, charter a half dozen or a dozen vessels and fill each with passengers and the fare among so many will be but a trifle."

Apostle Pratt further stated: "Elder Samuel Brannan is hereby appointed to preside over and take charge of the company that goes by sea, and all who go with him will be required to give strict heed to his instructions and counsel. They should go as soon as possible."

On January 31, 1846 the following notice appeared in the *New York Messenger*: "We have chartered the ship *Brooklyn* under Captain Richardson of four hundred and fifty tons, at \$1200 per month, and we pay the port charges, the money to be paid before sailing. She is a first class ship in the best of order for sea and, with all the rest, a first class, very fast sailer, which will facilitate our passage greatly. The between decks will be neatly fitted up into one large cabin, with a row of state rooms on each side, so that every family will be provided with a state room, affording them places of retirement at their pleasure.

"She will be well lighted with sky lights in the deck, with every other convenience to make a family equally as comfortable as by their own fireside Babylon. She will be ready to receive freight on tomorrow and all had better commence sending their things that they have no immediate use for, well packed in barrels, boxes, or bags, marked and have them put on board the vessel, that when they come on they will have nothing to do but to "take up their beds and walk," and it will save much confusion prior to starting. This in particular should be observed by those at a great distance, and their things will be sure not to be left behind.

"Some of the females in delicate health had better come into the city as soon as they can; small rooms can be rented in the city very cheap which would serve them until they are ready to come on board. Bring all your beds and bedding, and your farming and mechanical tools and your poultry, beef, pork and potatoes, and anything else that will sustain life. You had better pack your things in boxes with hinges on the cover instead of barrels, the boards will serve for useful purposes at your journey's end. Don't forget your pots and kettles with your necessary cooking utensils, have them with your crockery,

packed snugly, for you will be furnished with tinware that will not break.

"We have not better, but little, than four weeks to purchase our provisions and stores, also casks to hold our water and get everything on board to serve us in the passage. To do this we want your money before you can all get here, that the ship may not have anything to prevent her from sailing at the appointed time, time with us is money, also to pay the charges. The ship will sail on the 24th of January instead of the 26th, by so doing we shall save two days, which would otherwise be lost, as we all would have to lay in port over Sunday when nothing else could be done. All freight and letters to be addressed to Samuel Brannan, #7 Spruce Street. If any accident should happen to delay anyone's arrival at the appointed time we shall wait for them. It will be necessary for you to be in the city on the 20th or 21st.

"All persons that can raise fifty dollars can secure passage on the ship. We have received our instructions from the Twelve in the West which will be laid before the company on their arrival in the City. The captain and crew of our vessel are all temperance men. Captain Richardson has the reputation of being one of the most skillful seaman that has ever sailed from this port, and has an excellent moral character. Every man must be on the ground at the appointed time."

Soon there were 300 applications for passage and of that number 70 men, 68 women and 100 children boarded the ship. The day of sailing was changed several times, but on February 4, 1846 the *Brooklyn* sailed out of New York harbor southward on her voyage. Its captain was Edward Richardson, a skilled seaman.

One event which preceded the migration of the Saints on the ship *Brooklyn* is quoted by Bancroft as follows:

"Brannan discovered or pretended to have discovered that the government would probably take steps to prevent the Mormon migration, on the grounds that they intended to take sides either with Mexico or England against the United States. But the shrewd Samuel also discovered a remedy for the prospective misfortune. He learned that Amos Kendall and certain influential associates, acting through one Benson as agent, and claiming President Polk as a 'silent party' to the project, would undertake to prevent all interference if the Mormon leaders would sign an agreement 'to transfer to A. G. Benson & Co. the odd numbers of all the lands and town lots they may acquire in the country where they may settle.' Accordingly, such a contract was drawn by Kendall, signed by Brannan and Benson, witnessed by Elder Appleby, and sent to President Young for approval. In relation to this matter, I am unable to say whether Brannan was made to believe by certain men for their own interests that the Saints were in danger and that they had influence with the government, being thus induced to sign the contract for protection, or whether the scheme was one devised by the crafty elder himself as a means of becoming a partner in

the proposed speculations of Benson & Co. in California. Brigham Young and his council declined to approve the contract, and no serious results to the Mormons ensued; but the war with Mexico may have interfered with the plans of the speculators, of which nothing more is known."

The *Brooklyn* sailed on her way week after week. There were twenty-one rules in all and the notice posted on the various parts of the ship pointed out that the rules would be strictly enforced and must be complied with or until others were substituted in their place:

Rule one provided reveille be sounded at 6 o'clock in the morning and each person was required at reveille to arise, dress, wash face and hands and comb hair. No man, woman or child was permitted to leave their staterooms, to appear in the hall or cabin without being completely dressed. Rule four provided that immediately after the beating of reveille, the corporal was to visit every stateroom and receive the names of all the sick and of those not able for duty and report to the officer of the day. Rule five provided that every stateroom be swept, cleaned, and the beds made by 7 o'clock. No stateroom doors were permitted under rule six to remain open at any time. Rule eight provided for spreading the table at 8:30 a.m., the children to breakfast first. Rule nine provided that at 9 o'clock, ladies and gentlemen were to breakfast and immediately after retire on deck or to their staterooms to make room to clear the table and adjust things in the hall. By 10 o'clock, according to rule ten, the table was to be cleared, the hall completely swept clean and every stateroom door thrown open to receive fresh air. Rule eleven provided that, from 10 a.m. until 2 p.m., the time was to be devoted to labor in various occupations. Rule thirteen provided that at 3 o'clock, the children were to dine; at 4 o'clock the ladies and gentlemen were to dine, under rule fourteen. Rule fifteen provided that by 5 o'clock the table must be cleared, the halls swept clean and the doors of the staterooms thrown open and the remainder of the time, until 8 o'clock, be occupied in reading, singing or other innocent amusements. Rule sixteen provided a cold luncheon at 8 o'clock. Rule seventeen required that by 9 o'clock the table should be cleared and all be ready to retire to rest. Rule eighteen provided that one cook and cook police, consisting of three men, be detailed from the company every week. Rule nineteen provided a committee of two be detailed every morning from the company to wait upon the sick, see that their wants were attended to and administered to. Rule twenty provided a health officer from the company to inspect the staterooms every day, and rule twenty-one fixed the hour for divine service.

Brannan realizing that their venture needed an organization which would have power to hold the group together in sort of a United Order, called the Saints together and each was asked to sign an agreement which included forming a company as a single body. They would work to pay the debt of transportation and would unite in preparing a home for the Saints who were coming overland. The money received from individual labor for three years was to go into a common



fund from which all would draw their needs. If any individual broke the agreement the common property was "to rest with the Elders and if the Elders fell from grace, the common fund was to pass to the first Elder." Brannan, naturally, was the head of the organization and custodian of all its holdings. The order was given the name of *Samuel Brannan and company*.

Their stop at Honolulu brought a cordial welcome from the people of the island and the *Brooklyn Saints* secured a well needed rest. Here Brannan met with Commodore Stockton who advised him to have the ship dock in Yerba Buena Bay. After taking on supplies, including United States military arms, the ship was on her way once more. After a voyage of six months she passed through the Golden Gate July 31, 1846.

For some time after the Saints arrived in San Francisco they had a hard time, food was scarce and housing poor. Brannan, as head of the organization, took care of all business transactions insisting on strict compliance to each rule. Although there was a great deal of dissension because of Brannan's actions, flour mills and blacksmith shops were erected, the printing press set up and all the machinery brought on the ship utilized. These brought a source of income to Brannan; but according to the records of the Saints, it is doubtful if any others received financial aid. Keeping in mind the Saints on the plains who he was sure would come to California, Brannan turned his attention to the founding of a settlement which afterwards became known as *New Hope*.

Brannan in an open letter published in his own paper, *The California Star*, dated Yerba Buena, January 1, 1847 gives the following account: "We have commenced a settlement on the river San Joaquin, a large and beautiful stream emptying into the Bay of San Francisco; but the families of the company are wintering in this place (Yerba Buena), where they find plenty of employment, and houses to live in; and about twenty of our number are up at the new settlement, which we call *New Hope*, ploughing and putting in wheat and other crops and making preparations to move their families up in the spring, where they hope to meet the main body by land some time during the coming season. The Spaniards or natives of the country are kind and hospitable; but previous to our arrival they felt very much terrified from the reports that had been circulated among them by those who had emigrated from Missouri, which have proven to be false, and they have become our warmest friends. As soon as the snow is off the mountains we shall send a couple of men to meet the emigration by land, or perhaps go myself. The feelings among the foreigners in the country are very friendly and I have found, even among the emigration from Missouri, some of the very warmest friends. Provisions in the country are high, owing to the arrival of so many emigrants, and provisioning the army and navy; and without any doubt will be very scarce next season, from the unsettled state of affairs in the country politically, which has had a very bad influence upon the agriculturists.

Good mechanics are very much needed in the country and in great demand. None of them need go idle for want of employment and being well paid. Merchandise and groceries demand a heavy price, and emigrants coming to this country should come well supplied, which can be done only by coming by water. Wheat is now selling for one dollar per bushel, and flour for twenty dollars per hundred, owing to the scarcity of mills."

William Stout was in charge of the party that was sent to found this settlement in San Joaquin Valley. Here a large log house was erected, a sawmill built, many acres of land were fenced and seeded. In April the crops promised well but not much is known of this enterprise, except that it was given up or abandoned in the autumn. Glover, a member of the *Brooklyn Saints*, says that the company was broken up and everyone went to work to make a fit-out to go to the valley of the Great Salt Lake as best he could. "The land, the oxen, the crops, the houses, tools and launch all went into Brannan's hands and the company that did the work never got anything."

It was shortly after a report in the *California Star* to the Bay area concerning the tragedy being enacted at Donner Pass, when the citizens were called upon to help the snowbound company, that Samuel made plans to meet with Brigham Young who he had learned was on the trail west.

Samuel Brannan and two other men left Sutter's Mill April 26, 1847 with an outfit of mules and horses loaded with provisions. They also carried copies of the *California Star*. At first they were somewhat fearful they might meet the same fate as the Donner party in the high Sierras, but they made the forty-mile crossing of the Truckee Pass in about 26 hours—the same pass that had trapped the ill-fated Donner party. Sam in his writings, gave credit to his Heavenly Father who, he said, "led them on their way."

Early in June they came to Fort Hall and there the long awaited message from Brigham Young arrived:

Black Hills, Bitter Creek, 30 miles west of  
Ft. John or Laramie, on the Oregon and  
California route from the Platte, in camp  
Israel's Pioneers. June 6, 1847.

Samuel Brannan,

My dear Sir: By my date you will discover my location, and as there is an emigrating company from the states camped about one-fourth of a mile back this eve, some of whom, as I understand are destined for San Francisco, I improve a few moments to write to you.

About the time you left New York, the first company of friends left Nauvoo for the west, and in June (1846) arrived at Council Bluffs where they were invited by President Polk, through Capt. James Allen to enlist in the services of the United States and march to and be discharged in California. About 500

enlisted, Capt. Allen died at Ft. Leavenworth, and was succeeded by others in command, and the Battalion was marched to Santa Fe, from whence 150 were returned to Pueblo, on the Arkansas, invalids, etc., and the remainder continued their route to Mexico or towards California by the south route. After the Battalion left Council Bluffs, the remainder of our camp settled on the west bank of the Missouri about 20 miles north of the Platte River, and threw up log cabins, etc., so as to make themselves as comfortable as possible. And thus passed the winter . . .

By the middle of Sept. Nauvoo was evacuated, and the city in possession of those who had chosen to go there for that purpose. Those who had left came on to Winter Quarters, the village before mentioned on the Missouri, or stopped at intermediate places. . . This camp which left Winter Quarters between the 6th and 14th of April, consists of something less than 200 men—two men to a wagon, accompanied by two-thirds of the council and men in pursuit of a location for themselves and friends. We left upwards of 4000 inhabitants at Winter Quarters and expect a large company which have since started, and are now enroute, among whom will be as many of the families of the Battalion as can be fitted out. If any of the Battalion are with you or at your place, and want to find their families, they will do well to take the road to the States, via the south bank of Salt Lake, Ft. Bridger, South Pass, etc. and watch the path or any turn of the road till they find this camp. . . The camp will not go to the west coast or to your place at present; we have not the means.

Any among you who may choose to come over into the Great Basin or meet the camp, are at liberty to do so; and if they are doing well where they are, and choose to stay, it is quite right. . .

The papers report your arrival and that you have the only printing office in Upper Calif., but I do not know the name of your paper. . . I should have mentioned that the command, belonging to the Battalion at Pueblo is on their route toward Calif. by the South Pass and will be at this point in a few days.

(Signed) Brigham Young

The message brought Samuel great concern and he hoped that by a desperate ride he would meet the advance party under President Young before it reached the Valley. It was on the banks of the Green River on Wednesday, June 30th that he met them: Quoting from *Pioneering the West*, the diary of Major Howard Egan: "This afternoon Samuel Brannan arrived from the Bay of San Francisco and had two men with him. One of them I have seen in Nauvoo. His name is Smith. (Most historians give the name of the other man as Isaac R. Goodwin). Brother Brannan sailed with a company from New York. He reported them all doing well. There has been

some few deaths among them. He gives a very favorable account of the country."

Samuel immediately told the exciting story of the voyage of the *Brooklyn* to Brigham Young, also the beauty and productiveness of the land in California, its wonderful climate, and its access to the sea. He felt it his duty to convince the great leader that the Valley of the Great Salt Lake was barren, desolate and that crops would never mature in that cold climate. To all his pleas President Young turned a deaf ear. He was not impressed that the *easy way* was the *best way* for the Saints. Here we sense the feeling that Brigham Young knew he was being led to the Valley by the hand of God.

On the 9th of August, 1847 Samuel Brannan and his party with Captain James Brown and others started on the return trip to the west coast. Although greatly disappointed at the outcome of this meeting, Samuel felt that Brigham Young would relent in time and lead his people on to California. Quoting again from Major Egan's diary: "Captain Brown, Samuel Brannan, William H. Squires and some others started this morning on pack horses for California. Brother J. C. Little and some others went with them intending to accompany them as far as Fort Hall and a few only as far as Bear River."

Samuel could not appreciate the fact that the Saints were primarily interested in establishing a place where they could worship God as they chose. Returning to California, he opened a store at Sutter's Fort which was now the center of a large empire including thousands of acres of fertile land most of which belonged to Johann Augustus Sutter.

The following incident taken from the writings of Daniel Tyler tells of the meeting between Samuel Brannan and members of the Mormon Battalion:

"Leaving the tragic scene on the morning of September 6th, we resumed our journey, and in a short time met Samuel Brannan returning from his trip to meet the Saints. We learned from him that the Pioneers had reached Salt Lake Valley in safety, but his description of the valley and its facilities was anything but encouraging. Among other things, Brother Brannan said the Saints could not possibly subsist in the Great Salt Lake Valley, as, according to the testimony of mountaineers, it froze there every month in the year, and the ground was too dry to sprout seeds without irrigation, and if irrigated with cold mountain streams, the seeds planted would be chilled and prevented from growing, or, if they did grow, they would be sickly and fail to mature. He considered it no place for an agricultural people, and expressed his confidence that the Saints would emigrate to California the next spring. On being asked if he had given his views to President Brigham Young, he answered that he had. On further inquiry as to how his views were received, he said, in substance, that the President laughed and made some rather insignificant remarks; 'but,' said Brannan, 'when he has fairly tried

it, he will find that I was right and he was wrong, and will come to California.'

"He thought all except those whose families were known to be at Salt Lake had better turn back and labor until spring, when in all probability the Church would come to them; or, if not, they could take means to their families. We camped over night with Brannan, and after he had left us, the following morning, Captain James Brown, of the Pueblo detachment, which arrived in Salt Lake Valley on the 29th of July, came up with a small party."

Soon the discovery of gold took place and members of the Mormon Battalion, as well as the *Brooklyn* Saints, left their work and commenced washing gold. Brannan assumed authority over the Latter-day Saints and collected ten per cent of their gold for tithing. President Young heard of his actions. In the meantime Brannan continued to write to President Young pointing out his whole-souled devotion to the Church and imploring him not to listen to the complaints of the members. On April 5, 1849 President Young informed Brannan that Amasa Lyman was coming to California and would present to the Saints in California a General Epistle. He stated that no complaints had been filed against Brannan. It was a letter that would prove Samuel's loyalty to the Church and to the brethren who had sacrificed so much in leading the Saints to the Valley of the mountains.

I am glad to hear you say that I may rely on your pushing every nerve to assist me and sustain me to the last, for I do not doubt that you have been blessed abundantly and now shall have it in your power to render most essential service. I shall expect ten thousand dollars, at least, your tithing, on the return of Elder Lyman, and if you have accumulated a million to tithe so as to send \$100,000, so much the better, and you may get two million next year. If you want to continue to prosper, do not forget the Lord's treasury, lest He forget you, and with the liberal, the Lord is liberal, and when you have settled with the treasury, I want you to remember that Bro. Brigham has long been destitute of a home, and suffered heavy losses and incurred great expenses in searching out a location and in planting the church in this place, and he wants you to send him \$20,000 (a present) in gold dust to help him with his labors. This is but a trifle where gold is so plentiful but it will do me much good at this time.

I hope that Bro. Brannan will remember that when he has complied with my request, my council will not be equal with me unless you sent \$20,000 more, to be divided between Brothers Kimball and Richards, who, like myself are straightened; a hint to the wise is sufficient, so when this is accomplished you will have our united blessing, and our hearts will exclaim, "God bless Brother Brannan, and give him four fold for all that he has given us."

Now, Brother Brannan, if you will deal just with your fellows, and deal out with a liberal heart and open hands, making a righteous use of your money, the Lord is willing that you should accumulate, but should you withhold when the Lord says give, your hope and pleasing prospects will be blasted in an hour you think not of, and no arm to save. But I am persuaded better things of Brother Brannan. I expect all that I have asked when Brother Lyman returns and may God bless you to this end is the prayer of your brother in the new covenant.

(Signed) B. Young

Journal History, April 5, 1849.

Late in June, Lyman and Charles C. Rich arrived in San Francisco but by this time Brannan had apostatized. Then came the gold seekers from all parts of the world and San Francisco became a mighty city of tents and shacks. Sam, who had invested heavily in real estate as well as in merchandise, soon found himself a millionaire—California's first. Meantime his family was living in luxury and although he had little time to be with them, it is true as Bancroft declared, "He probably did more for San Francisco and other places in California than was effected by the combined efforts of scores of better men and, indeed in many respects, he was not a bad man."

Soon an organization known as "The Hounds" overruled the city. They made terrible attacks on the Chilean section. Following this six great fires occurred during a period of eighteen months; then it was that Sam Brannan rose to the occasion and organized a *Vigilance Committee* of which he became the president. Bancroft again says, "His name should be held in honored and grateful remembrance, with the most cheerful recklessness he threw his life and wealth into the scale, anything and everything he possessed was at the disposal of the committee, free." The city was soon rid of the undesirables. They rebuilt the city and established a stable government.

Brannan's wealth soared, he owned 160,000 acres of land in Los Angeles county, tracts in Honolulu, one-fifth of San Francisco, one-fourth of Sacramento and a fleet of ships. In the midst of these activities he acquired habits of intemperance, and then his wife who had accompanied him to California, left him, so that in 1859 his fortunes seemed to turn. He bought heavily in Napa Valley, north of San Francisco, and gave the name of Calistoga to its famous hot spring. Here he planted a vineyard and built a distillery. Soon he was known as a penniless Sam Brannan and went about dirty and unshaven. During this entire time he had in a New York bank vault some Mexican bonds for which the Mexican government deeded him a tremendous tract of 2,000,000 acres. This land was occupied by the Yaquis Indians who stayed on the land. He married a Mexican woman, Carmelita Carmen and lived on her ranch near San Diego.

Ten years before his death, quoting Ralph B. Jordan, International News Service: "Suddenly the Mexican government paid \$49,000

in interest on his huge loan. He took the money and returned to San Francisco. Neatly dressed, reflecting health and cleanness of the desert, he paid back every dollar he had borrowed . . ." His debts discharged and again penniless Brannan went back to the desert where he died May 6, 1889 at Escondido, California at the age of seventy years. For sixteen months his body lay in a San Diego receiving vault. Finally Samuel Badlam, Jr., paid the expenses involved and gave Sam a decent burial in the Mount Hope Cemetery in San Diego. A two inch wooden stake marked his grave and an obscure San Francisco Street bears his name. "Samuel Brannan to the heights—to the depths—and then to reconciliation and the things that lie beyond."

Not until 1926 was a small granite marker placed on his grave by J. Harvey McCarthy, whose father was a friend of Mr. Brannan, and also in recognition of Samuel's contributions to early California. The inscription reads: Sam Brannan—1819-1889—California Pioneer of '46—Dreamer—Leader—and Empire Builder.

*Ann Elizabeth Corwin* was born April 1, 1823 at Litchfield, Connecticut, the daughter of *Fanny Corwin* who kept the village boarding house. After Elizabeth's marriage to Samuel Brannan she made her first home in New York City where Samuel had set up his press.



Brannan Home

Their first child, *Samuel Jr.*, was born November 17, 1845 in that city.

*Eliza*, as she was known to most people, was quite reluctant to sail on the *Brooklyn*, but her mother was a devout Latter-day Saint and persuaded her daughter to make the trip. On the ship Samuel's wife was excused from the common chores to which all the other women passengers were assigned. Her

mother shared the Brannan stateroom, which was next to that of Captain Richardson, and most of the time they ate their meals at his table. These privileges oftentimes caused discontent among the other passengers.

When the ship arrived at Yerba Buena Bay the Brannan's were invited to live in the palatial home of Captain William Richardson—not to be confused with the captain of the *Brooklyn*. As soon as possible Samuel built one of the most beautiful homes in the town, and it was here that his wife entertained the elite and the visiting dignitaries who came to San Francisco. When Samuel became a wealthy man he and his family went to Europe where Eliza and the children stayed for several years. Here the children attended school and visited many of the important places in the various countries as Sam supplied them with plenty of money.

Since Mr. Brannan's vast speculations were not paying off, he wrote his wife that he could no longer keep them living in European style. Eliza and the children returned and upon their arrival found that Samuel had lost a great deal of his fortune through drinking and gambling. Nevertheless, Sam put his family into a more spacious house and did everything he could to keep their love. His family now consisted of four children, Samuel, Adelaide, Fanny Kemble and Lisa Annette who was called "Lizzie" by her father. Finally the marriage ended in divorce and Eliza, through her attorneys, took most of his fortune as he had to sell so many of his holdings at discount to meet her cash demands. In his will he bequeathed to his living children the sum of \$1.00 each. From the writings of Louis J. Stellman this portion of Mr. Brannan's will is quoted:

"In the name of God, Amen, I declare all former wills null and void this day . . . .

"I bequeath and give to my son, Samuel Brannan, Jr., one dollar and to my eldest daughter, one dollar and to my third and youngest daughter, Lizzie Brannan, one dollar. The reason I bequeath so small a sum is that I gave their mother at the time of my divorce from her a large fortune of over half a million dollars and she took charge of the children and alienated them from me and I have learned that she has squandered it away in gambling on mining stocks, which I am sorry to hear. . . ."

Ann Elizabeth Brannan died in San Francisco at the age of ninety-three. During the years she lost all the money received from her husband through the divorce settlement and she died in want. Their son, Samuel Jr., died in 1931 at the age of eighty-six years and was buried beside his father in the Mount Hope Cemetery in San Diego, California. He also accumulated some wealth, but lost it, and during the years preceding his death lived on an allowance given him by the Pioneers' Society. One of Brannan's daughters became a charity inmate in an Old Folks Home, and Hattie, the child of his first wife, also died impoverished.

#### PASSENGER LIST SHIP BROOKLYN

*Isaac Addison* remained in California until 1847 when he returned East. He was excommunicated from the Church. *Silas Aldrich* and wife *Prudence*, son *Jasper* and daughter *Nancy Laura*. *Julius Austin*, wife *Octavia* and children *Louisa*, *Newton Francis* and *Edwin Nelson*. *William Alberton* and wife. Both died in California.

*Elizabeth Bird (Stark)*. *Samuel Brannan*, wife *Elizabeth Ann* and son *Samuel, Jr.* *Hannab Dagggett Buckland*, and two sons, *Alondus de Lafayette* and *James Dagggett*. *Newel Bullen*, wife *Clarissa Judkins Atkinson*, sons *Francis*, *Cincinnatus* and *Herschel*. *Nathan Burr*, wife *Chloe* and sons *Amasa*, *Charles*; Daughter-in-law *Sarah Sloat*, sons *Charles E. W.* and *John Atlantic*.

*Jonathan Cade*, sometimes referred to as *Kincade*, reported to have come to Utah as a freighter but returned to California where both



he and his wife passed away. *Sophia B. Clark* reported to have come to Utah where she became the wife of Captain King. He died in 1860. She returned to Alameda, California where she passed away. *William S. Clark*, said to be Sophia's brother. Served on San Francisco's first City Council. He built a long wharf which is called Clark's Point. *Abraham Coombs*, wife *Olive Olivia Curtis Coombs*, *Katherine*, *Marion Charles* and *Helen*. *Frances M. Corwin*, mother-in-law of Samuel Brannan. Remained in California and was a faithful L.D.S. Church member.

*Lucy Eager* excommunicated from the Church, sons *John*, *Thomas* and *William*, daughters *Mary* and *Arabelle*. *Eliza Ensign*, widow died at sea Feb. 21, 1846. *Jerusha*, died at sea, and a son *John* who came to Utah. *William Evans* died in San Francisco, wife *Hannah Evans*, daughter *Amanda* and sons *Benner*, *Parley Pratt* and *William*.

*Joseph R. Fisher* who died in California and sister *Mary Ann Fisher* who married Zacheus Cheney. She died in California leaving one daughter, *Mary Ann Shurtliff* who later resided in Ogden, Utah. The mother is buried in the Oak Hill cemetery in San Jose, California. *Jerusha Fowler*, sons *John* and *George* also one child who died at sea. Left husband in the East expecting to meet him in California. Family remained in California where all are buried.

*Isaac Goodwin*, wife *Laura* and seven children, *Isaac H.*, *Lewis*, *Emeretta*, *Edwin A.*, *Nancy Eleanor*, *Lucinda*, *Albert S.* *Laura* passed away May 6, 1846. Buried en route. *William Glover*, wife *Jane*, three children *Jane*, *Catherine* and *Joseph*. *Jonatban Griffiths*, wife *Sarah*, two children *Jackson* and *Marshall*. Remained in California.

*Mary Hamilton*, mother of Quartus Sparks' first wife, two children. She died in San Bernardino. *Jacob Hayes* did not come to Utah according to Bancroft. *A. G. Haskell* died en route to Utah. *Joseph Hicks* remained in California. *John M. Horner* and wife *Elizabeth*. *Elisha Hyatt*, wife and sons.

*Cyrus Ira* among the first Mormons to work on Mormon Island.

*John Jamison* came to Utah and married a daughter of Fielding Garr. *John Joyce*, wife *Caroline* and daughter *Augusta*. *Isabella Jones* remained in California.

*Edward C. Kemble*, printer of the California Star. *John Kittleman*, wife *Sarah*, sons *Thomas*, *George* and *William*. *William's* wife *Eliza* and six children, *Elizabeth*, *Mary Ann*, *Sarah*, *Hannah*, *George* and *James*. *Richard Knowles* died in California November 9, 1859. His wife *Sarah* died in California in 1856. Daughter *Sarah* died in 1884.

*Samuel Ladd*, sometimes called Johnson, came to Utah. *Emmaline Lane*, sister of Octavia Austin died in California. *Isaac Leigh* and wife remained in California. *James Light* was a resident of Humboldt county, Nevada from 1850 to 1881. Passed away in Arcadia, California. His wife *Mary Jane* died in 1875, one child. *Seth Lincoln* remained in California where he presided over the San Francisco

branch of the L.D.S. Church for a time. Died in California. *Angelina Lovett* who later married Thomas Kittleman.

*Patrick McCue*, wife *Helen* and sons *Almon*, *Amos* and two other children. Returned to eastern states in 1852. *Earl Marshall*, wife *Letitia*. Settled in southern Alameda county where he operated the first dairy and became a well known farmer. Died in 1881. *Edward Marston* and wife *Sarah*. Was teacher of English school during the winter of 1846-7. *Moses A. Meder*, (*Meader*), wife *Sarah*, daughter *Angeline* and three other children.

*Barton Mowry*, wife *Ruth* and two sons, *Eugene Rinaldo* and *Origin Mowry*. Boat builders of early California. *Ambrose Todd Moses*, wife *Lydia Ensign*, son *Norman*, daughters *Phoebe Maria*, *Ann Frances* and *Clarissa Cordelia*. *Mary Murray* a maiden lady who made her home in California.

*Mercy Narrimore*, son *Edwin* who died at sea and one other child. *Joseph Nichols* and wife *Jerusha*, child *Enos*, settled in southern Alameda county where he became an agriculturist. Joseph left the L.D.S. Church but his wife remained a faithful member to the end of her days. They also buried a son at sea. *Lucy Jane Nutting* who married James Ferguson, Mormon Battalion.

*Ward Pell*, wife *Mattie*, daughters *Mellie* and *Geraldine*. Mr. Pell was excommunicated from the Church. *Robert Petch*, wife and two children *Richard* and *Salina*. *John Phillips* came to Utah. *Mary Poole*, son *Peter* and daughters *Elizabeth* and *Mary*.

*Christianna Reed*, daughters *Hannah* and *Rachel* and son *John*, *Isaac Robbins*, wife *Ann S. Burtis*, children *Wesley* and *Margaret*. *Charles Robbins* brother of *Isaac*; *John R. Robbins*, wife *Phebe*, sons *Charles*, *George Edward* and *John Franklin*, the latter two died and buried at sea, and a daughter *Georgianna Pacific* born during journey. *Henry Rollins* and son *Isaac*.

*Susan Eliza Savage*, young unmarried woman who later came to Utah and married Truman Angell. *James Scott* excommunicated from the Church in San Francisco. *George Serrine* came to Utah. Married Emmaline Lane, Brooklyn passenger. Later settled in Arizona. *John Serrine*, wife *Nancy* and son *George*. *Horace Skinner* wife *Laura*, son *James Horace*. *Orin Smith*, wife *Mary Ann* and children *Eliza*, *Henry*, *Frank*, *Amelia*. Came to Utah but returned to California. *Robert Smith*, wife *Catherine*, children *Daniel*, *Hyrum* and *Mary*. *Selhora Snow* married William Glover. Came to Utah. *Quartus Sparks*, lawyer by profession, his wife *Mary*, both died in California, son *Quartus Jr.* came to Utah and lived in Beaver. *Daniel Stark*, wife, *Ann Cook*, son *John Daniel* and foster daughter *Elizabeth*. *George Still*, wife and three children, *Sarah*, *Laura* and *Julia*. Sarah married Edwin Marston and he is said to have taught one of the first schools in San Francisco. *Simon Stivers*, stepson or adopted son of Earl Marshall. Married and lived in Niles, southern Alameda county, California. Stivers Pond is named for him. *William Stout*, wife and child. One of the founders of New Hope. Later went into the

lumber business with Sistine and Meder at Santa Cruz. *Jesse A. Svingfellow* remained in California and became a farmer in San Jose. Died in 1878 leaving a wife and three children.

*Thomas Tompkins*, wife *Jane* and two children *Amanda* and *Jane E. Caroline E. Warner* was sent by husband on ship Brooklyn. They were never reunited although he came to the valley. She stayed in California and married a Mr. Thorpe. Died before 1884. *Myron Warner*, son *Henry* and daughter *Sarah*. Sarah married William Barnett and became a resident of San Bernardino. *George K. Wimmer*, wife *Mary Ann* and six children, *Moroni*, *Israel*, *Elizabeth*, *Louise*, *Emmajean D.* and *Sarah* who died March 22, 1846 and buried at sea.

### THE SHIP BROOKLYN

The *Brooklyn* was built at Newcastle, Maine, in 1834, and was a full-rigged ship of 445 tons, 125 feet 4 inches long, 27 feet 11 inch beam, and 13 feet 1½ inches depth of hold. Elder Brannan chartered her at \$1200 per month, the rate of passage to California being fixed at \$50 for adults, with an additional charge of \$25 for subsistence. Her provisioning and the cabins and bunks he had built cost over \$16,000; and though he did not have the money, he was courageous and shrewd enough to raise it with the help of his flock.

Like their forbears, these pilgrims were seeking a place for freedom of worship, in spite of the fact that their departure was from the port of New York, supposed to be the front door to the land of freedom itself. But mobs had murdered their prophet, Joseph Smith, and his brother Hyrum, and had driven their co-religionists from state to state. In faraway California they hoped at last to find a refuge. En route they stopped at the Hawaiian Islands to deliver 500 barrels of freight, the proceeds helping to defray part of their passage. There they saw warships; the United States was at war with Mexico, and the very place for which they were headed was subject to attack. Some of the passengers became panic-stricken. They feared they would be stranded on the Island of Oahu instead of going to California. Others favored going to Oregon or to Victoria Island. But the peril of war was not the paramount problem in the thoughts of their adventure-loving leader.

Instead, Brannan was remembering a contract he had signed with Kendall, Benson and Company of New York, who were said to have influence with the government which was disposed to prevent the Mormons from leaving. This company agreed to furnish protection if the Mormon leaders would sign an agreement to transfer to "A. G. Benson, Kendall and Company and their heirs and assigns," the odd number of all land units and town lots settled or acquired by the Mormons wherever they might choose to colonize in the new Zion-to-be. Brannan signed the agreement and in vain waited nearly a month for Brigham Young's signature to arrive by mail from Nauvoo, Illinois. By February 4, 1846, he had determined to slip past the

guns of Fort Lafayette in New York harbor without waiting any longer.

Now he was faced with the threat of being stopped in Hawaii by Commodore Robert F. Stockton. He must see Stockton. The interview proved pleasing, even exhilarating, to Samuel Brannan. Instead of preventing their progress, Stockton encouraged the venture. He said that the Navy was to begin an assault against Mexico at Monterey, and he offered the suggestion that the Mormons take and hold Yerba Buena in the name of the United States. To that end, he assisted Brannan in buying some outmoded arms from the Navy. Brannan drilled the seventy male passengers of the *Brooklyn*, aided by Samuel Ladd, an ex-soldier, and Robert Smith, another passenger who understood military tactics. As for dissenters, Brannan reminded them of their obligation to prepare a place in California for the 10,000 overland pioneers who were being led westward by Brigham Young. Brannan never took his fellow voyagers into his full confidence; and they, on their part, liked neither his pomposity nor his forceful methods of ruling, but, with Mormon loyalty to leadership, they obeyed.

The *Brooklyn's* stop-over at Honolulu prompted the town's leading newspaper, *The Friend*, published and edited by Samuel C. Damon, to give, in its July 1, 1846, issue, an extended account of the visitors' religious beliefs and their ecclesiastical organization. The passengers on the *Brooklyn* were said to "have come from the Baptists, others from the Methodists, a few from the Presbyterians, while almost every denomination has its representative among them. . . . The difficulties in which these people found themselves at Nauvoo, and other parts of the States have led to the resolution to 'break up' and 'be off' for California." Mormon emigrants had already left Liverpool and others would soon follow, all bound for the west. The *Brooklyn's* captain had referred "in the most favorable manner" to his passenger's "general behavior and character" during the long voyage. "That we differ," the article continued, "upon many essential points of doctrine and practice is clearly manifest, yet our best wishes and prayers go with them. . . . They are to lay the foundations of institutions, social, civic and religious. May they be such that coming generations shall rise up and call them blessed."

When they were again on the way to California, Brannan dug up a suitable bolt of cloth from the cargo, and the women fashioned it into uniforms for their new-fledged warriors. Each man had a military cap, and there were 50 Allen revolvers available. Thus outfitted, they drilled while they sailed. On July 31, 1846, as they neared their destination Samuel Brannan strutted to the front of the deck. Why shouldn't he and his men plant the American flag on San Francisco Bay? That would be an act worthy of notice. Shortly thereafter, they were passing through the rocky portals of the Golden Gate. Sam was eagerly peering through the telescope. He saw a warship anchored in the cove; but what was more to his consternation

was the sight of the American flag, hoisted and waving. "Damn that flag!" he said, not in disrespect for the flag but in disappointment that he had not arrived in time to be the first to fly it.

Cannons from the Yerba Buena battery boomed a salute, and a gun from the *Brooklyn* responded. A sturdy rowboat glided out to meet them. Soon uniformed men trod the *Brooklyn's* deck. The Mormons were happy to see that they were friendly Americans from the U.S.S. *Portsmouth*, not Mexicans. One of the passengers reported: "In our native tongue the officer in command, with head uncovered, courteously said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor to inform you that you are in the United States of America.' Three hearty cheers were given in reply."

The long sandy beach at Yerba Buena was strewn with hides and skeletons of slaughtered cattle. There were a few scrubby oaks and beyond low sand hills rose as a background to the adobe customs house and some old shanties that leaned away from the wind. Dejected-looking donkeys plodded along beneath bundles of wood. Here and there loungers stretched themselves in lazy fashion on the beach. That "odd, uncouth town" was Yerba Buena—soon to be San Francisco—the landing place for the children of the hoped-for new Zion.

So far as is known, the *Brooklyn's* passengers constituted the first Anglo-Saxon colony to sail around Cape Horn with their women and children and to land in California. The ship herself was the second to come through the Golden Gate after the American flag was raised. War had scarcely begun. A Mexican counter-attack was expected, and the seventy impromptu Mormon soldiers were welcome. A month before the Bear Flag revolt had precipitated hostilities in California. Commodore Sloat had now captured Monterey, and Colonel Fremont's "California Battalion" was marching south to engage the enemy. Yerba Buena's flank stood exposed.

The sea-weary travelers were glad to land after six months in crowded cabins. They found a community consisting of half a dozen Americans (other than the sailors and Marines from the *Portsmouth*), several members of Spanish families and about 100 Indians. Everyone wanted to see the *Brooklyn*, and the natives were amazed at the amount and variety of the things taken off her. There was Brannan's printing press with two years' supply of paper and type, and all the material pertaining to the *Prophet*, one of the two church papers Brannan had published in New York. There were three flour mills, a saw mill, numerous implements for farmers and mechanics—enough for 800 men, in the expectation that there would be later additions to the colony. There were two milch cows, forty pigs, and a crate of fowls, saddles, sewing machines, a blacksmith's forge, iron pipes, brass, copper, tin, crockery, dry goods, hammocks, tents, medical supplies, smooth-bore muskets, food enough to last them another month, and books—more, one writer states, than could be found in all the rest of the territory put together. Among them were many copies of the

Bible and of the *Book of Mormon*; also copies of the *Doctrine and Covenants*, and of the *Pearl of Great Price* (then in manuscript)—the four books that are considered the standard works of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. In addition, there were many school books, dictionaries and encyclopedias, as well as slates. *Harper's Family Library* of 179 volumes had been given to them by I. M. VanCott at a farewell party on the night before they left New York.

Under the title *The Awakening of Yerba Buena* one historian credits much of the town's progress at that time to the supplies the Mormon colonists brought with them on the *Brooklyn*. Not only were material objects unloaded that day on the Yerba Buena beach, but those who did the unloading had ingrained in themselves habits of industry and a talent for establishing and adorning their homes. The first night many found shelter in tents, and for a month or more guards kept a sharp lookout for possible attack; but the enemy never appeared and was soon forgotten by the newcomers in the stress of finding food, in building adequate shelter, and in work that would help them pay off the indebtedness they had incurred for transportation to California. For example, twenty men were sent to Marin County with axes, whip-saws, and Spanish oxen, to haul out redwood as cargo for the *Brooklyn's* return trip.

In an attempt to find an answer to the question often asked, namely, what happened to the *Brooklyn* after her 1846 voyage, the present writer consulted Mr. John Lyman, the specialist on California shipping, at the Archives in Washington, D. C., who supplied the information on the ship's dimensions, etc., mentioned earlier. According to Mr. Lyman in November 1839 the *Brooklyn* was owned at New York by Abel W. Richardson, Stephen C. Burdett, and her captain, Edward Richardson and Francis Burritt, both of New York City, with Joseph M. Richardson as master. She loaded at New York for San Francisco via Panama at the end of 1849, being freighted by A. G. Benson & Co. and E. Richardson. In March 1852, Francis Burritt became the sole owner. The next month he sold her to Marshall O. Roberts, George Law, and Bowes R. McIlwaine, trustees, who represented the United States Mail Line which provided the New York-to-Panama service connecting with the Pacific Mail Steamship Co. between Panama and San Francisco. To quote Mr. Lyman directly on the *Brooklyn's* history:

She was registered on 10 April 1852 at New York, and this document is not to be found at the Archives. (Normally, whenever a ship is re-registered, sold foreign, or wrecked, her document is cancelled and sent to Washington.) However, the summary of registers indicates that a report was made to Washington by the Collector at New York early in August 1856; (the date is either 4 or 6 August). This can only mean that the *Brooklyn* was wrecked, scrapped, or sold to foreigners between April 1852 and August 1856; but at this time nothing further can be determined as to her fate.—*Amelia D. Everett*

## PACIFIC PILGRIMS

There was excitement and conjecture as the men scurried into the boats, the sloop of war, "Portsmouth" (anchored in San Francisco Bay) had dispatched to intercept an incoming ship. The lookout at the top of Alta Loma (Telegraph Hill) had seen the ship through his spyglass. The usual summer fog seemed unusually dense the morning of July 31, 1846. He could not tell whether it was a warship or not, so immediately signalled the "Portsmouth" in the "Cove." It had been three weeks since Captain John B. Montgomery of the United States Navy with 70 sailors and marines had landed at Yerba Buena Cove (San Francisco) and taken that port without firing a shot or offending a citizen. Except for sporadic guerrilla attacks at San Jose the war between Mexico and the United States seemed to be over in California.

The Californians were landed gentry so to speak. They lived on their pastoral estates, had little contact with the central government of Mexico (even less with far away Spain) They were not city builders and knew nothing of compact community life. Their haciendas followed the line of the Catholic Missions which fringed the coast from San Diego to Sonoma. They knew little and cared less for the vast interior which had only a few Indian villages along the great rivers and was shrouded in tradition and warnings of disaster—strictly "A no man's land." Their conviviality and hospitality were limitless. They felt secure and self sufficient, whether under the flag of Mexico or the United States.

Except for a hide drogher, this was the first ship to come through the Golden Gate in the three weeks of American occupation. (Montgomery had raised the United States flag July 9, 1846). As the military men neared the ship *Brooklyn*, and the fog lifted, they perceived the flag of the United States fluttered from the mast of the freighter, on the deck were women and children. This was unprecedented for that day. No seasoned "old salt" of the sailing days would have shipped before the mast with women aboard. "Women were a bad omen, they brought bad luck!" The commander was Captain Edward Richardson, also part owner of the *Brooklyn*. His cargo was mostly human, a colony of exiled Mormon home seekers under the leadership of Elder Samuel Brannan. This was the first colony in California under the American regime, and as far as can be ascertained, the first colony with women and children to come around Cape Horn, also the first Anglo-Saxon colony to come to California's shores by water. The Mormons had financed the chartering of the *Brooklyn* themselves and sailed from New York on February 4th. Incidentally the same day the vanguard of the Mormon exodus crossed the ice-bridged Mississippi to begin its memorable trek over vacant prairies which ended in the Salt Lake Valley a year and a half later.

In the matrix of history world shaping events were rapidly maturing—during the long dreary six months that the Mormons were

hatched between decks of the *Brooklyn*. California was to be awakened soon from its golden dream of geological ages, and its map changed by war and an unprecedented mixing of every race on the globe. While the *Brooklyn* ploughed the stormy oceans, rounded Cape Horn and stopped at the Hawaiian Islands the long dreaded war had been declared between Mexico and the United States. Within twenty four hours (August 1, 1846) after the *Brooklyn* dropped anchor in Yerba Buena Cove (San Francisco) the Mormon Battalion mustered into the regular U. S. Army July 16—began their march of 2100 miles from Fort Leavenworth on the frontier (which eventually became Kansas) opening up a wagon road to San Diego, California. They reached the "Blue Pacific" six months after the landing of the *Brooklyn*. Discharged soldiers were working at Sutter's Mill when gold was discovered a year and a half later at Coloma—the rest is history.

After military formalities and identification, the officers took Captain Richardson, his aids and Elder Samuel Brannan and his council to the Portsmouth to be interviewed by Captain Montgomery, and the *Brooklyn* was permitted to enter port. A military man boarded the Mormon vessel and said "Ladies and gentlemen I have the honor to inform you that you are landing in United States territory." There were three cheers. Many prayers were silently uttered and tears fell unchecked as the water weary emigrants looked at the summer brown hills and longed to wade out among the rocks, make a bon fire, cook a family meal and feel a little privacy once again. It would be the first time *John Atlantic Burr* and *Georgiana Pacific Robbins*, both born at sea had breathed the air of their native United States. Ten of their number had died, all but one, Laura Goodwin, the mother of seven young children had been buried in the cold unimpressible ocean. Laura Goodwin was buried in the Juan Fernandez Islands on the very isle where Alexander Selkirk, the real Robinson Crusoe had lived and awaited rescue. Elder Brannan delivered a wonderful funeral sermon at the burial service of Laura Goodwin eulogizing motherhood, its place in the eternal worlds even before the worlds were created. The two or three families that lived on the little island and could not understand English and crew of the *Brooklyn* sat spellbound at the sincere comfort of this first Mormon sermon preached in the Southern hemisphere that autumn day May 4, 1846.

The *Brooklyn* dropped anchor on Friday. Saturday was consumed by routine tasks preparatory to landing and unloading so the Pilgrims remained aboard. The military men observed the Sabbath by assembling on the main deck of the Portsmouth where a sermon was read by a yeoman. Captain Montgomery graciously invited the Mormons to attend this service. Great preparations were made; canvas spread and seating for women and children by bringing chairs from the Captain's cabin and officers quarters. Eagerly the sailors worked; excitedly they awaited the Sunday Service to get a



glimpse of a Mormon woman. When they did one was heard to remark "I'll be durned they look like any other woman!" The next Sunday the Mormons began holding regular church services at the "Casa Grande"—the largest house in Yerba Buena. This had once been the home of Captain William Richardson, collector of the port, who had moved to the Sausalito side of San Francisco Bay, on the small bay which still bears his name. These Mormon services are said to be the first religious services held in Yerba Buena (San Francisco).

Bright and early on Monday morning Captain Montgomery detailed men to help the Mormons unload the *Brooklyn*... Such a cargo the men had never seen: There was a printing press, paper, ink, compositors and all appurtenances (even a masterhead for setting up and printing a newspaper) Bibles, school books and pencils, a 179 vol. library (probably first library in English language in Yerba Buena); agricultural implements, (including first harrow brought to the golden



View of San Francisco before discovery of gold.

state), seed wheat also garden and forage seed, flour mills (traditions says one was bought by Austin Sperry and was the beginning of the Sperry Flour Milling Company, now part of General Mills); pots, pans and household goods, furniture, candles and candle molds, bullet molds, thread and cloth, sawmill irons, carpenter tools, axes and livestock. In fact every imaginable thing needed for beginning and maintaining a permanent settlement. In recording it the yeoman said "compared favorably with the ark of Noah." The Mormons

more than doubled the population. There was no doubt that the Mormon caravan must be in a more agricultural location than San Francisco Peninsula offered. Anxious for family life after the dreary six months in cell-like make-shift cubicles hatched between decks the Mormons pitched tents on the sand hills, went out to the dilapidated secularized mission Dolores, or partitioned the deserted customs house on the plaza with quilts as sixteen families did. Many began building houses.

Brannan "set apart" twenty men to go into Mill Valley to saw lumber to pay off the indebtedness of the storm delayed *Brooklyn*. He also set apart twenty men to go into the San Joaquin Valley to plant wheat, forage crops and potatoes, and build homes for the overland-coming main body of the church winter-bound in Nebraska. By September, Brannan published government bulletins for the military forces. In October he got out an extra (First in California) announcing his intention to publish a weekly newspaper. This was the first newspaper in San Francisco—*The California Star*—and began regular publication January 9, 1847.

The Pacific Pilgrims—That is what these *Brooklyn Mormons* were compared with the Pilgrims of 1620; their motives and objectives were quite similar. Neither was financed by "companies" or "proprietors." Each financed his own expedition. Both the *Mayflower* and *Brooklyn Pilgrims* sought freedom to worship God.

—Annaleone Davis Patton

#### FROM THE DIARY OF DANIEL STARK

Daniel Stark, son of John Stark and Sarah Mann, was born at Windsor, Nova Scotia, June 29, 1820. In his youth he went to Boston, Massachusetts where he served an apprenticeship at the joiners trade. While there he first heard the Gospel and united himself with the Latter-day Saint Church on December 15, 1843. On December 1, 1844 he married *Ann Cook*, daughter of Thomas and Frances Cook of St. John, New Brunswick, Canada, where she was born June 4, 1821. While living at North Margin, Boston their first son, *John Daniel* was born September 18, 1845. Daniel and Ann made close friends with Edwin Fuller Bird, a cabinet maker by trade, and his wife, Mary Montgomery Bird, who were living in Cambridge Port, Massachusetts. Four days after the birth of a child, January 1, 1846, who was christened *Elizabeth Wallace Bird*, the mother died, and when the baby was three weeks old, at the request of Mr. Bird, the Starks took the infant.

Daniel kept a diary and one of the first entries is dated June 30, 1841. This diary is in the possession of his son Samuel who lives in Salt Lake City, Utah and much of this story is taken from it.

When Daniel and his wife decided to join with other Saints in the journey to western United States he sold their belongings, excepting a tool chest filled with carpenter tools and a feather bed

which he crammed into a flour bin. After bidding goodbye to their respective families and friends, they, with their two children boarded the train from Boston January 22, 1846 and arrived in New York the following day where they found the ship *Brooklyn* not yet ready to sail. Daniel met Samuel Brannan and commented that he was a very good looking young man, well dressed. He also learned that the trip had been arranged by President Young and other Church authorities with Elder Brannan as guardian of the 238 Saints who were to be the passengers. Farming and gardening tools and seeds of all kinds were loaded on the ship. Each emigrant also carried the seeds of the Gospel to plant on the western shores. It was believed by the Saints that Brigham Young would pioneer the main body overland to California where he would establish the church.

While they were waiting for the final preparations large hogsheads of fresh water from Croton Lake were placed in the hold. The diary entry of January 25, 1846 states "that Daniel, his wife and children went on board the ship and because he had two children in arms he was released from deck service."

The Saints lived together on the ship somewhat after the fashion of the United Order, all eating together in the large room, excepting the Brannans and Captain Richardson who had more enviable quarters. The same large room was held for morning and evening

prayers and on Sunday, church services were held where all were admonished to live together in harmony and love. Many faith promoting testimonials were borne, a choir organized and all joined in singing the songs of Zion.

Daniel was frequently found studying a surveyor's manual which he had received when he purchased necessary instruments. These studies he hoped would qualify him for remunerative employment. While he could not sing, yet he listened to the many solos and hymns as the *Brooklyn* glided along the eastern coast of South America. Suddenly the weather became colder and heavy seas and storms came up causing ice to form on the sails and rigging and making the masts



Daniel Stark

almost uncontrollable. Captain Richardson's anxiety and concern was for his living cargo which he had undertaken to trans-

port from the eastern coast to the western coast, and realizing that the casks of water taken from the lake in New York were becoming low, he made several attempts to land on the west coast of Chile. Because of strong southerly winds he could not make a landing, so he set sail for an island 430 miles west of Chile. This island was Juan Fernandez. It was a beautiful island covered with all kinds of trees, shrubbery and flowers and it made a welcome and appreciated stop on their journey. The Saints all mourned the death of Laura Goodwin who was buried in this lonely place.

When they were ready to resume their journey the Saints assisted in filling casks with fresh water and also in storing plenty of wood for cooking purposes. On May 8th, anchor was raised and the *Brooklyn* set her sails in a northwesterly direction over a trackless but fairly calm sea, at the rate of 6 or 7 knots per hour. Traveling three or four weeks steadily toward their destination the wind suddenly stopped and the ship was becalmed. As if in answer to their fervent prayers a breeze came up and once more the ship moved forward.

On June 20, 1846 the *Brooklyn* entered Honolulu harbor, one hundred and forty-six days since leaving New York. Daniel tells of the welcome received from the natives and also how they learned that the United States was at war with Mexico on the western coast where they intended to land. This was a severe shock to them and some wanted to stay in Honolulu while others suggested going back to their homes in the East. During this interlude Brannan bought all the muskets and ammunition he could find, also blue denim to be made into uniforms on the ship. He once more reminded the Saints that they were to meet Brigham Young in the west and build up a Kingdom of God on earth, and that they must not falter in this undertaking. Daniel also records that while the ship was taking on fresh vegetables, meat and fruits of all kinds and casks were being filled with fresh water, he visited some of the natives. Soon after leaving the Island, July 1st, a lad was discovered aboard, a stowaway soldier from the U.S. Army. He came in handy in training the men in the use of muskets and swords, while the women on the *Brooklyn* were busy making uniforms from the denim.

When they entered the Golden Gate Captain Richardson ordered all the passengers to go down into the hold for fear of being caught with armaments of war. Soon after they were permitted to come on deck and put on their uniforms, the hold was unlocked and Brannan passed out to each man a musket and ammunition. They were now ready to enter into combat with the Mexicans. Shortly after a warship came alongside and they were informed that they were now in the United States of America.

The housing situation was a great problem and the foggy weather gave the place a dismal aspect. Some shelter was found in a small adobe house on Dupont Street; others pitched tents on vacant lots. Daniel and his family with others found quarters in the deserted Mission Dolores over the hills about three miles. The men-

folk of the families sought work for food was scarce. Since there was a shortage in the payment of fares due, the captain decided to accept a cargo of lumber and Daniel was one of the men sent by Samuel Brannan to Bodega in the Marin forest to get out redwood. After finishing this task he returned home September 19, 1846. He records that he witnessed the naming of San Francisco, California January 30, 1847 and also that three months later he purchased a lot in that city receiving his deed March 8, 1847.

Daniel's diary states that Samuel Brannan and two others left on horseback April 26, 1847 in search of Brigham Young and his emigrants coming westward. He said that when Brannan returned September 17th he was a changed man, downhearted, and within ten days disorganized the Brooklyn Saints and told them to go where they pleased.

Being a contractor by trade Daniel assisted in the building of the first school house in San Francisco which was completed November 29, 1847. He then helped to build a large home for Samuel Brannan and a printing establishment. After these were finished he built a home for himself and moved his family into it February 1, 1848. One month later Elder Addison Pratt came to board in their home. He was returning from the Society Islands where he had been laboring as a missionary. Under Pratt's supervision the San Francisco branch of the Latter-day Saint Church was organized.

On May 13, 1848 Daniel went to the mines where he entered into an agreement with Captain Sutter to dig gold on a payment to him of one-half, later one-third of the gold found. Mr. J. W. Marshall directed him where to dig on Mormon Island on the American River and here he garnered a large amount of gold. On November 20, 1848 Heber C. Kimball rented a room in the Stark home. He had been sent from Utah to encourage the Saints in righteous living. Daniel made several trips to the mines—the last one being April 12, 1849 when he went in a wagon with Joseph Mathews of the Mormon Battalion.

His day by day diary tells the story of his many successes, money sent to his father, to his brother and tithing paid to Brother Lissing. Later he worked on J. W. Marshall's home which was finished February 16, 1850. Daniel built a new home for his family in San Jose and moved them there in April, 1850. Apostles Amasa Lyman and Charles C. Rich visited him in the hopes of getting money to aid in the colonization of San Bernardino. Stark, and his friend, John M. Horner went to San Bernardino, where he paid \$8000 for a city lot of ten acres and entered into an agreement to purchase 160 acres. On this place Daniel built another home and then returned to San Jose for his wife and four children. In this city he became a well-to-do farmer and keeper of vineyards. Both enterprises proved successful. He carried on a freighting business and at various times built houses. At the height of his prosperity the Saints received summons from President Young requesting them to journey to the Valley of Great

Salt Lake to help in protecting the territory from the troops under General Johnston. Daniel sold his home and ten acres of grape land for six mules and a wagon. Just before leaving, a Dr. A. Osborne, traveling under the auspices of the Academy of Natural Sciences, bought the 160 acres supposedly for collecting specimens. Osborne hired three men to take him to Salt Lake in fifteen days. He was known to Brigham Young as Thomas L. Kane, friend of the Mormons.

The Saints leaving San Bernardino for Utah were divided into groups of ten caravans each and Daniel Stark was appointed captain over one of the companies. Before his departure he loaded his belongings including a chest of carpenter tools, surveyors' instruments, a gun with plenty of ammunition and a bullet mold, into a covered wagon. In his mind he carried the same thoughts of going to war that he had carried all the way from Honolulu to California. He sat in the front spring seat with his wife and youngest child, James T. and in the back seat were his son John D., his daughter Annie Frances, and his foster daughter, Elizabeth Bird. There was plenty of good food and strapped on each side of his wagon was a cask of water for the mules and one for family use. He rigged up a good camping outfit. Leaving San Bernardino in April, 1857, he left on the ground a threshing machine, two large 41½ foot mill stones, and other machinery just arrived from the East for a new flour mill which he intended to erect. No one could buy them. Daniel, sitting on the right side with a long handled buckskin whip in his right hand and the leather reins connecting the six mules started out leading the ten families under his command. The first 19 miles were a very steep climb to 4,300 feet above sea level, the Cajon Pass. After reaching the top he waited for the others before going on. The next eleven miles was a gentle downhill grade which landed the caravan along the shores of the Mohave River where they found good forage and fresh water. They had passed through groves of strange trees, yucca, Joshua and various colored cacti. The next 37 miles took them over the Mohave desert and landed them at the place now called Barstow, California. Here they tanked up for the next 36 miles more or less upgrade to 4,775 feet above sea level through the same kind of trees, they then journeyed 63 miles to the present site of Baker, California, thence over mountains, valleys and mountains to the Las Vegas springs. Here they filled their barrels with pure spring water, then started over 30 miles of rough, mountainous dugway, after dugway passing through St. Thomas, Nevada, now the bed of Lake Mead. Traveling northward they dropped to 1000 feet above sea level into a fertile valley along the Virgin River where Daniel was later called to settle. About ten miles along this river took them into Beaver River. Filling up their water casks they were prepared for the next 20 miles upgrade all the way to a point 4550 feet above sea level. They were now in Utah. From here it was downhill 20 miles to St. George where they rested and took on fresh supplies of vegetables and other food stuff, and filled their tanks with water.

Leaving an elevation of 2500 feet they started on an uplift climb for 58 miles along the narrow dugways in Ash Canyon and landed in Cedar City, Utah where they learned that Johnston's Army had come into Salt Lake peaceably and disarmed. Driving on to the next town of Parowan, Daniel bought a lot and erected a home where he and his family lived from 1857 to 1858 when they moved to Payson, Utah.

Shortly after his arrival in Payson Daniel was successful in trading a span of mules for a two story adobe house and 40 acres of land about one mile north of town. Here he did some farming, carpentering and surveying. He was instructed by Brigham Young to take Joe Mathews and go to Omaha, Nebraska for machinery and to assist emigrants to Utah. They bought and loaded on their wagons the first threshing machine brought into Utah county.

When Daniel was forty-two years old, upon the advice of President Young, he married in polygamy, Elizabeth Baldwin and Elizabeth Ann Cole Baldwin. Daniel's first wife, Ann Cook Stark, died May 15, 1865 nearing 44 years of age. She was survived by three children, *John Daniel*, *James Theophilis* and *Annie Frances*. She lived to see her adopted daughter Elizabeth Wallace Bird married.

In the early days of 1864 the Indians were causing considerable trouble in Utah, Juab and San Pete counties and Daniel was placed in command as Captain of Company C. Infantry, 2nd Division, Nauvoo Legion. On March 16, 1867 Daniel married a third wife, eighteen year old Priscilla Berkenhead. Shortly after he was sent by Church authorities to help with the settlement on the north bank of the Virgin River, the present site of Moapa. Since most of the children were now married he took with him, in the early spring of 1860, Elizabeth and her family in one wagon and Priscilla and her daughter, Hattie, in another wagon. Shortly after arriving at their destination the town of St. Joseph was started and Daniel Stark was set apart as bishop of that ward. In the early spring of 1871, Daniel with his two families left the settlement and went to Long Valley, Kane county, Utah. He became bishop of Mt. Carmel and while residing there went to St. George to assist in the building of the temple.

The following year Daniel returned with his families to Payson where he repossessed his property and moved back into the old adobe home. About 1876 he was appointed to the position of Utah County Surveyor at which time he moved his wife, Priscilla, and her family to Provo. He had an office in the City and County Building. While at Provo he was chosen High Councilman in the Utah Stake of Zion. In 1881, Daniel moved Priscilla and family back to Payson and built them a home in the northwest part of town. She died January 8, 1894. Elizabeth died August 20, 1905 in Payson. Two years later, on April 23, 1907, in Payson, Utah, having lived 86 years and 10 months Daniel Stark passed away. He was the father of twenty-two children.

*John Daniel Stark* was an infant of five months when he, with his parents, Daniel and Ann Cook Stark, boarded the ship *Brooklyn*,

The family, which included the parents and three children, John Daniel born September 18, 1845 in Boston, Massachusetts; Annie Frances born February 19, 1848, in San Francisco, California, and James Theophilis born April 26, 1850 in San Jose, California, came to Utah in 1857. John Daniel was twelve years of age when they moved to Payson where he continued his schooling and also became adept on several musical instruments, especially the violin. On December 21, 1868 he was married by Daniel H. Wells in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City to Clarissa Amelia Webb, born October 22, 1850 in Salt Lake City. They were the parents of seven daughters and four sons. For twenty-five years John D. conducted a martial band, all in uniform, which he had organized. He was a merchant and an expert bookkeeper for many years in Payson. In 1905, Mr. Stark moved his family to Baker, Oregon where he was employed as a bookkeeper for the Oregon Lumber company. He retired because of ill health in 1914. During his lifetime, John Daniel Stark served in several capacities in the Latter-day Saint Church and for ten years was ward clerk of Baker Ward, Union Stake. He died in Baker, Oregon August 8, 1919. His wife, Clarissa also passed away in that city February 16, 1947.

*Elizabeth Wallace Bird* was only a month old when she made the long voyage around the Horn to Yerba Buena on the ship *Brooklyn* with her foster parents, Daniel and Ann Cook Stark. She was eleven years of age when she left San Bernardino, California with the Stark family and came to Payson, Utah. In the meantime her father, Edmund Fuller Bird, and older brothers and sisters had accomplished the long overland journey and had settled in Salt Lake City. It was here that Elizabeth first saw him and other members of the family to know them.

While living in Payson Elizabeth met Henry Nelson Howell to whom she was married December 16, 1861 in the Endowment House. A few months after their marriage Henry left his young wife to go to Franklin, Idaho where he had secured a position as school teacher. After the birth of their first child, Henry Jason Howell, Elizabeth followed her husband to Franklin where they made their home for a short time. They then moved to Bear Lake and later to Oxford, Idaho where they lived in the Old Fort.

In 1868 the Howells moved to Clifton, Idaho where Henry built the first house in that settlement. It was just a log cabin but Elizabeth, having learned early the art of good housekeeping, soon made it as attractive as their limited means would permit. During the years many of the church authorities stopped at their home and at one time they had as their guests Brigham Young, Jr., and his bride who were traveling through that section of the country.

Elizabeth featured in the early history of the Relief Society of Clifton, serving for three years as counselor to the second president and later for a number of years as a visiting teacher. She was also





Elizabeth Bird Howell  
Last Survivor of the Ship *Brooklyn*

well versed in dramatics and often played the leading role in plays put on in the settlements in which she lived. After a few years the Howells moved from their first home to what was sometimes called the "String" and here they established another home where they lived the greater part of their lives. They built a log house somewhat larger than the first, it having an attic for sleeping quarters, still later they erected a much larger home. Elizabeth was the mother of eleven children, two dying in early childhood. In addition to their own the Howells also reared a grandson, Robert Proctor.

During the years of hard labor on the land they were rewarded with fine gardens, fruits from their orchard, and crops in the fields,

and through their thrift were able to lay away a little for the future. After their children had married Henry and Elizabeth continued to live on the old place until, through an accident to his leg, Mr. Howell was unable to carry on the necessary work on the farm. They then rented the land but still lived in the old house. But finally the day came when the task became too heavy and they moved into the home of their eldest son. Here Henry died November 8, 1929.

During her last years Elizabeth lived in the home of her daughter, Mrs. Alvin Crockett where she was tenderly cared for until her death March 23, 1943 at the age of 97 years. One of her most thrilling experiences occurred at the age of 93, when she took her first plane ride as a guest of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers to attend and participate in the ceremonies commemorating the ninety-fourth anniversary of the landing of the ship *Brooklyn* in San Francisco in 1846.

#### AS TOLD BY AUGUSTA JOYCE CROCHERON

Augusta Joyce Crocheron was born in Boston, Massachusetts, October 9, 1844 the daughter of *Captain John Joyce* and *Caroline Augusta Perkins*. In relating the events which led to her mother's conversion to the principles of the Latter-day Saint Church she quotes from her mother's own writings as follows:

"In the year 1842, I was living in the city of Boston, Massachusetts. One day I heard that a strange sect was preaching in Boylston Hall. . . I went to hear them. As I entered the hall they were singing a new song. After the song a young man arose taking for his text these words '*And in the last days it shall come to pass that the Lord's House shall be established in the tops of the mountains and all nations shall flow unto it*'. While I listened his words were like unto a song heard in my far-off childhood, once forgotten but now returning afresh to my memory and I cried for very joy.

"I went home to tell my father the good news, but my words returned to my own heart, for both my parents thought me insane. . . I went away and was baptized for the remission of my sins. Soon after, my father left the city and my mother came and took me with her to care for me. One night I had been to meeting where the spirit of God seemed to fill the house, and returned home thankful to my Heavenly Father that I ever heard the Gospel. I laid down to rest beside my mother who commenced upbraiding me, and instantly I was filled with remorse that I was the cause of her unhappiness. I did not know what to say when just over my head, a voice, not a whisper, but still and low, said these words: 'If you will leave father and mother, you shall have Eternal Life'. . . My mind was at rest and I went to sleep.

"In the month of February, 1846 I left home, my native land and all the friends of my youthful days, and sailed in the ship *Brooklyn* for California. Before starting I visited my parents, then living in New Hampshire. I told them of my determination to follow God's

people, who had already been notified to leave the United States, that our destination was the Pacific Coast, and we should take materials to plant a colony. When the hour came for parting, my father could



Caroline A. Perkins Joyce Jackson

not speak. My mother asked, 'When shall we see you again, my child?' I answered, 'When there is a railroad across the continent.' God grant that prophecy may be fulfilled and her life spared to see it. I turned my back on all once dear for the memory of that voice was in my ears, and selling my household treasures, wrapped my child in my cloak and started on the long journey around the Horn.

"Of all the unpleasant memories, not one half so bitter as that dreary six months' voyage in an emigrant ship. We were so closely crowded that the heat of the Tropics was terrible, but 'mid all our trials the object of our journey was never forgotten. The living faith was there and was often manifested."

Caroline Augusta wrote the following description of the famous island of Juan Fernandez: "The memory of the place will never fade from our minds. As we approached, being yet a great distance away, the island looked like a mass of immensely high rocks covered with moss; which moss, on nearer scrutiny, turned out to be heavy forests covering lofty peaks. The latter was half buried in masses of clouds, and were now visible, now invisible, as the fickle air current disturbed the cumuli which yet, in shifting form, continued to hang about the mountain tops. The little harbor faces the east, and is in the form of a half-moon or horse-shoe. In coming towards it, but still some miles away, a row of regular apertures became visible in the face of the cliff at right angles to the line of our approach. They looked so like a battery, that one had to pause for a moment and reflect how unsuitable their real, if not apparent size, must be as embrasures for guns. In point of fact, these holes were the entrances of caverns or chambers in the rocks, in which, as we were assured, the Chilean government formerly imprisoned convicts. The stone is soft and porous, and the felons, for whom the island was a sort of Botany Bay, were employed in gangs at enlarging the subterranean spaces which nature had originally formed.

"At Juan Fernandez we went ashore to bury Laura Goodwin. Although the occasion was so sorrowful, the presence of the seven little

children sobbing in their uncontrollable grief and the father in his loneliness trying to comfort them, still, such was our weariness of the voyage that the sight of and tread upon terra firma once more was such a relief from the ship life, that we gratefully realized and enjoyed it. The passengers bathed and washed their clothing in the fresh water, gathered fruit and potatoes, caught fish, some eels—great spotted creatures that looked so much like snakes that some members of the company could not eat them when cooked. We rambled about the island, visited the caves, one of which was pointed out to us as the veritable Robinson Crusoe cave, and it was my good fortune to take a sound nap there one pleasant afternoon. Many mementoes and souvenirs were gathered, and after strewing our dead sister's grave anew with parting tokens of love, regret and remembrance, we departed from the island, bearing away a serene, though shaded picture of our brief sojourn.

"The children! How they did gnaw away on poor bread and fat pieces of boiled salt pork. At first there was a sad waste of provisions and the sharks soon followed the ship for food thrown overboard. One very daring young man used to take a curious kind of pleasure in lowering himself over the deck down to where he would be barely out of reach, as an aggravating temptation to them. Evidently he did not share the nervous apprehensions of his wife, nor the superstitions entertained by the sailors. After we reached the Sandwich Islands, he practiced the same feat at the almost extinct volcano and narrowly escaped suffocation. The drinking water grew thick and ropy with slime, so that it had to be strained between the teeth, and the taste was dreadful. Still worse grew the condition of the ship as the journey lengthened. Rats abounded in the vessel; cockroaches and smaller vermin infested the provisions, until eternal vigilance was the price imposed upon every mouthful. It was not strange that sickness and discontent prevailed. During the voyage a contract was drawn and signed by the company covenanting to give the proceeds of their labors for the next three years into a common fund from which all would draw their living, as a limited communism was contemplated to be put into operation for convenience and protection. Some months afterwards a number of the signers 'backed out,' others faithfully keeping their promise through adversity and prosperity. July 31, 1846 we passed through the Golden Gate. The day opened not with glorious sunshine to us, for a fog hovered over the harbor of Yerba Buena, and a mist like a winter's robe hung all around, hiding from our eager eyes the few objects that were made weird and enigmatical in the nearness of the firm and solid ground, where we expected that soon willing labor would begin, homes be erected, fields cultivated, and peace and safety spread over us their wings of protection."

My mother had kept a daily journal on the ship *Brooklyn* also the first five or six years in San Francisco, calling it *The Early Annals of California*. This I considered invaluable for its historic matter and data, and after her demise I searched for it but it was gone.

I have heard her relate many incidents of those times such as: Soon after landing the brethren strayed around, glad to be on land and looking to see what they could find. "Any fruit?" asked one of a returning comrade. "Yes," said he, "grapes, lots of them." There was a rush off in that direction and a fruitless search. Being sharply questioned, he pulled a handful of "grapeshot" out of his pocket, which he had picked up from the scene of a recent engagement (war between Mexico and the United States). The same day a gentleman passenger, traveling for pleasure, brought a bouquet of wild flowers to me saying: "Little lady, I herewith present you with the first bouquet ever offered by a white man to a white woman in Yerba Buena." Yerba Buena was the original name of San Francisco and means 'good herbs'—from a kind of pennyroyal growing wild there at that time. My mother kept the flowers for many years and told me the story over their odorless ashes. My father and mother with many Saints (sixteen families) moved from the ship into the 'old adobe' partitioned off with quilts. Soon after father rented a house, but later the largest room was required of him as a hospital for the wounded soldiers; the next largest for a printing office. The press was an old Spanish press, and there being no *W* in that alphabet, they turned the *M* upside down. My mother used to help decipher the dispatches, many of them having been written on the battlefield with a burnt stick or coal.

Mother's first Christmas dinner in San Francisco consisted of a quart of beans and a pound of salt pork, which the hospital steward brought to her; he told her he would be flogged if it became known. One day Dr. Poet told my father where he could purchase a half a barrel of flour. After baking some flour and water cakes between two tin plates in the ashes, my mother brought her dear friend Mrs. Robbins to share the repast. This was just after living for six months on mouldy ship bread. I have heard her say that often she was so hungry she would willingly have walked ten miles to obtain a slice of bread. Soon after this mother helped to care for some of the remaining members of the ill-fated Donner party. The Mormon Battalion came; peace was declared, the gold mines discovered, and the circumstances of the Saints were changed from isolation and famine to wealth and grandeur. My father became very wealthy, but prosperity caused this apostasy. Then my grandfather and uncle John Perkins, both sea captains, came to see my mother. I well remember sitting on grandpa's knee and learning my alphabet from the large family Bible spread before him, he being my teacher.

In Boston my mother was called the "Mormon Nightingale". . . She sang the hymns as one inspired. Her rendering of Mr. Clayton's hymn "The Resurrection" will be remembered by all who heard it. She purchased the first melodeon brought to San Francisco, by a Mrs. Washington Holbrook, thereby causing a sensation among the wives of the ministers of five denominations who each wanted it for their church. She went, during the ravages of cholera in San Fran-

cisco, and gathered sixty orphan children, providing for them until a building spot, material and means were collected by subscription, and was one of the board of managers of the Protestant Orphan Asylum thus originated and founded. At the expiration of one year some of the ladies objected to having a Mormon officer among them, not considering Mormonism a religion at all, although quite willing to accept the continuance of her contributions. She, however, found a larger and more congenial field of labor; brethren going on missions, their families left behind in Utah, received her prompt remembrance. Also, seeds, trees, etc., she sent to Utah spring and fall through more than twenty years. My only sister was born in San Francisco, August, 1847, and died in St. George, Mrs. Helen F. Judd, one of the truest Saints I ever knew.

In San Francisco Parley P. Pratt was a guest at my mother's house. She had loaned the Book of Mormon to a gentleman belonging to the Custom House, *Colonel Alden M. Jackson*. He had been in the Mexican War, at the battle of Buena Vista, and was with General Scott and Zachary Taylor through that campaign. He had two horses killed under him and received injuries that lasted throughout his life. When he returned the book he said he had read it day and night until it was finished, and wished to know where he could find a minister of the Mormon Church. She invited him to come that evening and meet the Apostle, author and poet, Parley P. Pratt. The gentlemen became so interested that mother left the room without disturbing them, and giving a servant instructions to attend to Mr. Pratt's room, retired. Descending the stairs the next morning she heard Mr. Pratt conversing and the lamp still burning. "Good morning, gentlemen," said she. Brother Pratt looked up. "Is it morning?" Colonel Jackson walked to the window, "Yes," said he "another day has dawned and another day has dawned for me—a beautiful one." Brother Pratt looked out upon the garden and said significantly, "it only needs water to complete the picture." Turning, Colonel Jackson said "I understand you, I am ready." Then Brother Pratt said, "Sister Joyce, have you renewed your covenants." A number are going to the North Beach tomorrow, will you go?" She answered thoughtfully, "Ten years ago last night I was baptized in the Atlantic at midnight; tomorrow I will be baptized in the Pacific."

My own parents had been separated since my father's apostasy. A few months after her rebaptism mother moved to San Bernardino and there began building a beautiful home. Colonel Jackson, on his way to Utah was delayed, waiting for a train to cross the desert. Mother being his only acquaintance, he often sought her society and at last determined to win her if possible. Some three years after their first meeting they were married. He was born November 4, 1807 at Rensselaerville, Albany County, New York, the son of Jeremiah Jackson and Martha Keyes. Never was there a kinder father than he. Years added to years drew us all nearer to each other.

In 1857-58 at the time of the Utah War, an armed mob of twenty-two men visited the few remaining Mormon families in San Bernardino and calling father (Col. Jackson) out from breakfast, ordered him to leave town with his family by 9 o'clock. He replied he would not do it, prefacing and concluding the reply in language more forcible than elegant. They planted an old cannon on the public square, fired it and rode around threatening a great deal. Father's law office fronted the square; he went as usual to it, and in the afternoon they made a bonfire outside, and coming in told him they intended to burn him alive. He continued writing, only telling them if they disturbed his papers he would send daylight through them. They left. When we were at last all ready to start for Utah enemies obtained a writ from the court prohibiting my sister and I from leaving the state before we were of age. We were among enemies and powerless. My mother said, "If we can't go, our property shall" and with father's consent divided goods, provisions, arms and ammunition with the poor who could go.

In 1864 my mother, sister and I came to Utah on a visit then returned in 1867 and established a home in St. George. In 1869 our parents brought us to the city to receive our endowments. In 1876 father died and in five weeks mother followed him. Their graves are side by side in the valley of St. George as beautiful as we could make them.

#### THE HORNERS—FIRST SETTLERS IN ALAMEDA COUNTY



John M. Horner—son Joseph John  
(Courtesy—Annaleone D. Patton)

*John M. Horner and Elizabeth Imlay*, both of New Jersey, were married just a few days before the ship *Brooklyn* sailed out of New York harbor. Their honeymoon was six months long and extended some 24,000 miles. Mrs. Horner is often referred to as the "bride of the *Brooklyn*." Horner was by aptitude and training a farmer. He loved the soil. Therefore, he and his wife rode horseback around San Francisco bay to Marsh Landing (now Antioch, Contra Costa county), so that he might begin share cropping for Dr. John Marsh of early California fame. The vivid memory of the smooth valley, the melons and vegetables grown near the Mission San Jose haunted Horner so much that he and his young wife soon saddled

their horses and rode back to what would some day become Irvington, Alameda county. They leased and bought some land from an Indian where Horner built a little house, planted grain, potatoes and vegetables. Unfortunately, great herds of roving cattle soon ate the crops. When the rains came Horner fenced a plot and planted another crop. Then the insect pests destroyed it. Becoming discouraged, in the early summer of 1848, they went to Mormon Island on the American River above Sacramento. There each Mormon received an equal-sized plot of ground on which to dig gold. Again misfortune overwhelmed them. They struck no gold but both contracted fever. In the midst of these afflictions John longed to get back to the land that would produce food. He now loved the soil more than ever and he knew the gold diggers would need and pay for food.

John and Elizabeth returned to their little home on Mission Creek which he supposed he had purchased from the rightful owner. However, the conflict in land laws and litigation which was not settled until 1866, made it necessary for him to pay for this land no less than five times before he secured a valid title. From his small beginnings in agriculture Horner prospered until in a relatively short time he became one of the richest farmers in California. Onions raised by him sold at one dollar a pound, cabbage one dollar per head, potatoes, melons and vegetables at proportionate prices and all helped to save the scurried miner's lives.

Mr. Horner was an industrious, honest, God-fearing man. He was a community builder and gave to Alameda county its first American home, opened miles of public roads, built miles of fences, erected the first wheelwright shop, first blacksmith shop, equipped and operated the first stage line and owned the first steamboat to ply the southern end of the bay to the city of San Francisco. Furthermore he owned flour mills and he gave the community ground for a cemetery, (now known as the lost graveyard). Of the eight towns Mr. Horner started or helped to start in southern Alameda county, many are today thriving cities. Quote from Merritt's History of Alameda county: "John M. Horner pitched his tent not far from what would someday be known as Washington Corners (Irvington) and to him belongs the honor of being the first American to settle in Washington township." Quote from Historical Atlas by Thompson and West (1878): "John M. Horner was the first American to settle in Alameda county. This was in 1847. Washington township in what is today southern Alameda county, was settled long before metropolitan Oakland, Berkeley, Alameda and other cities were thought of."

The History of Washington Township (1950 edition) records:

"In 1846 there came to San Francisco the famous ship *Brooklyn* with her Latter-day Saint passengers who formed the earliest permanent settlers in the state. Among them were John M. Horner and wife, Earl Marshall, wife and stepson, Simeon Stivers, and Origin Mowry. In 1847 John M. Horner and bride came to Washington





Horner School House

Corners, now Centerville, Irvington in southern Alameda county. At that time there was not another American resident between Mission San Jose and the Contra Costa line. There were not five men of the Anglo-Saxon race on this side of San Francisco Bay. His son, William was born Dec. 26, 1847 and was the first white child born in the township. In early times there was only the Mission (Catholic) church, but after the Americans came the Latter-day Saints held their services in the upper story of the adobe on the Naile Place and soon afterwards at Horner's school house in Centerville.

"In 1850 John M. Horner erected this building. Halley calls it a chapel, other historians call it a church, and many call it a school house as it was used for that purpose for many years. As was the case in all Mormon colonies, one building served all three purposes—church, school and social hall. The Southern Pacific depot in Centerville now stands on the spot where this building was originally built. Of all the buildings of that romantic period, the so-called 'Horner school house,' is the most dramatic.

"Horner was a religious man, an Elder in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. In this little school house he preached on Sunday afternoon to a congregation of thirty or forty people, mostly Latter-day Saints. He also held Mormon services at different ranches. The first wedding service at Niles in 1852 was performed by Elder Horner uniting Edna Stuart and Ray Stanley in marriage.

"John M. Horner was not only wealthy but kind and generous. On alternate Sunday mornings he gave the Methodists and Presbyterians the use of his building for their respective services. The first Presbyterian church to organize in this country was organized in this building by Reverend Brier, one of the 'Jayhawkers' of Death Valley. Presbyterians built their own little church nearby in 1868. Horner's

first school house in Centerville was moved to Irvington in 1862 to become the first public school there. Elder Harvey Green was the first school teacher. It served as a school until 1873. It was then torn down and the material used for residences. Later John moved to Union City near the present Alvarado which he also founded. Here he held Sunday services in a building called the Brooklyn House named in honor of the ship *Brooklyn*."

While Mr. Horner became very wealthy he trusted people overmuch. He signed notes for many people and when the panic of 1855-56 struck with devastating suddenness he was left ill and penniless. The only daughter he had at that time died. He began working to buy back the original home on Mission Creek, where once he assembled one of the first "package houses" that came around the Horn. He did well in real estate transactions by selling the Pontre tract in San Francisco.

In 1879, preferring a new field for a fresh start, he sailed for Hawaii where he worked for the Spreckles Sugar Company. He prospered and was blessed with more sons and daughters. A natural student, he wrote in 1898 a pamphlet "National Finance and Public Money" to which he appended a 25 page autobiography in which he graphically recounts his youth in California. He tells of the first agricultural fair held in San Francisco October 24, 1851, at which time he was given the title of "First Farmer of California" and awarded a silver goblet which he treasured all his subsequent life. In this sketch he makes a strong appeal to young men to refrain from the use of tobacco, intoxicating drinks, and all forms of gambling. In regards to his misfortune, he quotes Job: "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord." Although suffering severe financial reverses Mr. Horner gave generously to further the work of the Church. He died May 7, 1907.

—*Pacific Pilgrims by Annaleone Davis Patton*

#### ALDRICH—BUCKLAND FAMILIES

*Nancy Laura Aldrich* was born in Gloucester, Rhode Island on the 8th of August, 1828, the daughter of *Silas Aldrich*, born July 10, 1802 at Douglass, Massachusetts and *Prudence Clark*, born December 17, 1802 in the same city. The family was converted to Mormonism through the teachings of traveling Elders, and booked passage on the ship *Brooklyn* en route to the west coast when it was thought wiser to evacuate the Saints from the eastern cities rather than have them remain and endure further persecutions. Laura was then eighteen years of age.

Among the passengers was the Buckland family which consisted of the mother, *Hannah Daggett Buckland*, born October 29, 1802 in Tunbridge, Vermont, and her sons, *Alondus De Lafayette*, born December 11, 1825 at Tunbridge and *James Daggett*, born July 6, 1827, also at Tunbridge. Nancy fell in love with Alondus.



Nancy Laura Aldrich

When the ship docked in Yerba Buena Bay, Nancy and her mother were assigned to the Mission Dolores where they took in boarders and assisted with other necessary tasks around the mission. Nancy's courtship was resumed and she married Alondus Buckland on the 10th of October, 1846. Later they settled in New Hope and Stockton, California. Alondus is credited with building the Buckland House in San Francisco. After they had secured sufficient means to continue the journey to Utah where the Church was now established, they started out. They had one horse between them, so they took turns riding and walking with their two children, a son and a daughter. The heat of the desert made it imperative that they

do much of the traveling at night.

Soon after their arrival in Utah they settled in Bountiful, but were there only a short time when the Church authorities called Alondus on a mission to the Missouri. After completing his mission he contracted cholera on the way home and died. On the 9th of July, 1853 his widow married his brother, *James Daggett Buckland*. They built a home in Bountiful and engaged in farming. Later they erected a five-room adobe house where Nancy Laura gave birth to six children. As the family grew the farm was hardly large enough to support it, so they moved to Kamas, Utah where James Daggett, Jr. was born. When he was a young man the family moved back to Bountiful where they engaged in truck gardening bringing vegetables, also fruit from their orchard to the market in Salt Lake City. Nancy Laura taught one of the first schools in East Bountiful.

James Daggett Buckland died on the 3rd of December, 1900, leaving Nancy a widow for the second time. During her later years she lived for a time with James Daggett, Jr. and his family. She died of pneumonia on the 14th of January, 1905, at the age of seventy-three.

Silas Aldrich died on the ship and was buried in the Atlantic Ocean off the coast of South America. His wife, *Prudence Clark Aldrich*, came to Utah with members of her family and settled in Bountiful where she passed away April 20, 1880. It is presumed the son, Jasper, came to Utah with the family.

Reference is made of the Bucklands in the South San Joaquin Valley History concerning the little Mormon settlement of New Hope; "It is said that after planting and fencing was done Stout claimed the farm and advised the others to select farms for themselves. This made trouble, Brannan was summoned and it was decided that the house and farm must be reserved for the Twelve Apostles, whereupon Stout departed. A meager crop of potatoes and a flood are mentioned. Buckland, the last to quit the place, went to Stockton in November, the rest of the company having gone south."

Hannah Daggett Buckland passed away in Hyrum, Cache county, Utah in November, 1881.

### THE AUSTIN FAMILY

*Octavia Ann* was born March 16, 1814 at Suffield, Hartford county Connecticut, the second child and eldest daughter of Ashbel and Ann Stannard Lane. On September 15, 1835 she married *Julius Augustus Caesar Austin*, a young man living in Suffield. He was a carpenter and joiner by trade and previous to their marriage had built a comfortable home. In time four children were born to them, namely, *Louise Maria*, born 21 June 1838; *Edwin Nelson* born 5 September, 1840; *Newton Francis* born July, 1843, and *Julia Ann* born and died May 1, 1845.

The Austins come in contact with Mormon Elders Ezra T. Benson and John M. Woolley and shortly thereafter accepted the gospel. They were baptized in the Connecticut river after the ice had been broken so that the ordinance could be performed, on January 10, 1844. Persecution of the Saints for their beliefs was beginning to become intolerable and when the decision was made for the Eastern Saints to accompany Elder Samuel Brannan to the west coast, the Austins sold their home, furniture and nearly all their possessions to get the money needed for passage for the parents, their three children, and also *Emmaline Lane*, the youngest sister of Octavia.

When the ship arrived at Honolulu Octavia wrote the following letter to her people in Connecticut:

"We have come 20,000 miles and are nearing our destined home, I trust. We crossed the equator 28 days after we sailed from New York. We had a very good passage around Cape Horn. The days were very short; we could hardly get a glimpse of the sun for several days but we got around first rate. We arrived at this port on the 22nd day of June and our ship is lying at the wharf. The natives received us kindly. There were hundreds of them it seemed, waiting to see us land and we have been treated well by all classes during our sojourn here. All the Americans were glad to see us and invited us to come and see them. When we arrived an American Man-of-War was here which will go ahead to protect us. A number of whale ships are in port. While the Natives of the Islands are very kind and friendly, they are very

indolent and it is the greatest place for gossip I ever saw. We have created a great deal of excitement among them but they think well of us, I believe.

"The white missionaries treat us very well, but I do not think they would care to have us stay very long. Brother Brannan has preached once for them. I went to the native church last Sunday and heard one of the missionaries preach in the native tongue. He said a great deal about us as I afterwards learned, but I could not understand him. I don't think the missionaries have done much good here; they degrade the natives. Here the white ladies are drawn around in two-wheeled vehicles by the natives. I saw a great many of them drawn to church by them and men too. I think it would have looked better had they gone on foot. Many of the natives wear scarcely any clothing at all. They are rather dark complexioned but not black. They have straight hair, black eyes and are very large in size, very fleshy people."

After docking in Yerba Buena Cove, the Austin family was one of the sixteen families who made a temporary home in the Mexican barracks. Part of the building was then occupied by Mexicans who were kind to the family and often gave them food. Mr. Austin, being a carpenter, obtained employment on buildings then being erected and this provided means for the family, for they, like other *Brooklyn* Saints, were without money when they arrived in California.

Early in 1848 quite a number of the *Brooklyn* Saints and also some members of the Mormon Battalion left San Francisco for the gold diggings, among them the Austin family. They were there only a short time when word came from President Brigham Young that Great Salt Lake Valley had been designated as the gathering place for the Saints. As soon as enough gold had been panned to buy outfits, wagons, horses, cattle and general supplies for the overland journey to Salt Lake, they again resumed their pilgrimage, this time by what was then known as the northern route. Edwin said: "We left the gold fields of California for the Gospel but we've had no regrets, for the Gospel is worth more than all the gold of the Indies. When ready to start a company was organized by electing Ebenezer Brown, a second sergeant of Co. A., Mormon Battalion, as captain of the company. After leaving the mines the company journeyed north to 'Hang Town,' thence over and through the Sierras, down the Truckee river through Nevada (then a country without habitation); thence up the Mary's river (now Humboldt) through Thousand Spring Valley, across the Goose Creek and the City of Rocks (in Cassia county, Idaho) around the north end of the Great Salt Lake, crossing Malad and Bear rivers near the northern boundaries of the now state of Utah, down the east side of the lake over the country where Brigham City now stands (then a desert waste); thence south along the foot hills, crossing Ogden river where we found a few log cabins thrown together in the brush to house some mountaineers and pioneers for the winter. From there we crossed the Weber river

and on to Salt Lake Valley where we arrived October, 1848, at the old Pioneer Fort.

"Here we were kindly received by the pioneers who came overland from the East, and housed for the winter. As soon as we were located we again started up a school for the winter of 1848-49, and John Eager, *Brooklyn* Mormon taught the school. Some moved out onto city lots in the spring and planted gardens and commenced to build homes. Although we were neutrals in those days we were forced into the cricket and locust wars, the former in 1849, and the latter little pests nearly devastated the country. Had it not been for our allies, the gulls, we would surely have starved. Even with the help of the birds we were reduced to at least a meager diet. It was sure enough wheatless and meatless days with us."

In 1849 or 1850 the Austin family moved to North Cottonwood Ward where they lived until after 1852. On the 8th of March Octavia and Julius went to the old Endowment House and were endowed and sealed for time and eternity. Sometime after this the family moved to Farmington, Utah where they were pioneers in that fast growing community and where Octavia enjoyed the association of her many friends. She was a true and faithful Latter-day Saint, firm in her convictions to the last. Octavia Ann Austin died suddenly at her home in Farmington 27 August, 1863 at the age of 49 years. She was buried in the Farmington cemetery. Julius died March 3, 1903 in Lake Town.

*Edwin Nelson Austin* was born September 5, 1840 in the state of Connecticut. When he was only six years of age he was privileged to be one of the one-hundred children who sailed in the good ship *Brooklyn*. He was seven years old when gold was discovered at Sutter's Mill on the American river and with his parents went to Mormon Island to engage in washing out the precious metal. It is said that he had the distinction of being the youngest gold hunter in the "diggings." After reaching Salt Lake City in the fall of 1848 he was baptized and confirmed a member of the Church. He was called with others to rescue the Salmon River missionaries in Idaho where the Bannack Indians were attacking the settlers.

On April 7, 1863 he was married to Alvira Naomi Lane and soon afterward the family moved to Bear Lake county, Idaho where for many years he presided as bishop of the Liberty ward. In 1872 he married Emma Wood in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City. He was active in civic affairs serving as first sheriff of Bear Lake county and county surveyor as well as mineral surveyor for the state of Idaho. Bishop Austin was the father of twenty-one children. He passed away May 23, 1920 in Salt Lake City, Utah.

*Louisa Maria Austin* was the eldest child of Octavia Ann and Julius Augustus Caesar Austin. Her parents were early converts of the Latter-day Saint Church and this was destined to make a great change

in her life as well as in the lives of other members of the family. She was one of the passengers on the ship *Brooklyn* and after a short time spent in the vicinity of San Francisco came on to Utah with her parents and two brothers in the Ebenezer Brown company of 1848.

While living in Farmington she met and married Joseph Thompson Cheney, April 12, 1860. After her marriage she went to live in Centerville, Davis county, Utah. The first year of their married life they lived in a one room log cabin west of town by the railroad tracks, and here their first child, Delina, was born. The father then built a two room rock house and later a two room frame building to the front of the rock house.

Because of financial conditions the family moved to Bear Lake Valley then in the summer of 1865 moved to Paris, Idaho where Joseph built a two-room log house. Two years later they moved to Swan Lake where they remained six months then moved to Lake Town in February, 1870. For a short time they lived in California then returned to their former home. The last home Joseph built was an adobe one. Louisa made butter and cheese to augment the family income. She also made gloves from buckskin she bought from the Indians. Some she colored with green tea and other dyes. For the men she made gloves from the heavier skins and gauntlets of real beaver fur. The finer skins were made into gloves for women and these she ornamented with stitching and flowers. Other home industries consisted of knitting, piecing quilts and fine needlework.

In 1879 Joseph Thompson Cheney died. Louisa Maria lived to be nearly eighty-nine years of age. She was the mother of seven children.—*C. Delina Willis*

*Emmaline Lane* who came with the Austin family on the ship *Brooklyn* became a member of the Latter-day Saint Church. She left her parents and relatives to cast her lot with them. Soon after arriving in California she married George Serrine also one of the *Brooklyn* passengers. She died some time after April 10, 1850, leaving a little girl Sarah Ann, who was two years old in May 1850. Emmaline Lane lived with her sister Octavia Austin until her marriage.

#### THE BULLEN FAMILY

*Newell Bullen* was born in Hallowell, Kennebec county, Maine August 18, 1809, the son of Newell Francis and Sally Lovell Bullen. He was the seventh child in a family of twelve. During his youth he worked on his father's farm but when he was eighteen he was apprenticed to a tanner. In 1836, Newell, then residing in Mercer, Somerset county, Maine married *Clarissa Judkins Atkinson* of Winthrop, Kennebec county. On August 24, 1837 she gave birth to a son who was named *Francis Andrew*. Two and a half years later another boy arrived, January 10, 1840 who was given the name *Herschel*. The third son who came to bless this family in 1843 was christened *Cincinnatus*.



Newell and Clarissa Atkinson Bullen

About this time Mormon missionaries came preaching the restored gospel throughout the New England states, and Newell and Clarissa heard and accepted their teachings. They were the only members of their respective families to join the Church. Naturally, they had a desire to gather with the Saints in Nauvoo, but because of the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum in 1844, the family did not go to Illinois. However, Newell was present at a conference held in New York when Elder Samuel Brannan told them of the decision to take the Saints from the eastern states because of increasing persecutions to the west coast via a water route. Newell Bullen signed passage for himself, wife and three children on the ship *Brooklyn*, then returned to Maine to sell his property and assist Clarissa in assembling the necessary clothing and food for the voyage.

Six months later the *Brooklyn* anchored in Yerba Buena Bay. Later, Newell was among those who panned gold near Sutter's Fort. While living in San Jose, John Joseph Bullen was born October, 1847. Sound judgment of land values, climate, and fertility drew them to the Santa Clara Valley, but always there was a desire to join with the body of the Church which was being established in Utah. Before they could carry out their plans sorrow came to the Bullen family with the passing of their little son, Cincinnatus, some time early in 1847.



There is no definite date as to the entrance of the Bullen family into the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, but it is our belief that they came with other Saints from California in 1848. They built a home in the Sixth Ward and acquired farm lands from which they made a meager living. Samuel was born April 27, 1850 but died on August 11th of the same year. Then in March, 1851 their eldest son, Francis Andrew, age fourteen, passed away. Three of their five sons had been taken. Some consolation came to the bereaved parents when in 1852 their sixth son, Newell, was born.

The next five years were spent sharing the problems of pioneer life with other settlers, and then Clarissa passed for the fourth time through the furnace of trial. Her beloved husband Newell Bullen died on the second day of March, 1854. Herschel, then eighteen years of age, became her mainstay and he more than measured up to his responsibilities. From 1858, to the time of her death in 1894, she and Herschel worked together in unity and love. In 1859, Herschel desiring to live where land was more plentiful, journeyed to Richmond, Cache county where he prepared a home for his mother and younger brothers, John and Newell. By the autumn of 1862 the family was settled in the new home and the Bullens soon found pride and satisfaction, not only in the character of their associates in Richmond, but also in the prospects that opened on all sides. There was excellent farming and pasture land around them, and in the adjacent hills grew timber for houses and barns. They could have horses, cows and sheep and by turning the water from the creek on their land they could produce the food they required.

Herschel's first home was a two-room, dirt roof, log cabin surrounded by ample grounds for lawns, orchard, garden, farm buildings and corrals. His first farm was purchased May 3, 1882 and covered over thirty-five acres of choice irrigated land. The year of 1868 found his thoughts turning to marriage. He was then 28 years of age, John 21 and Newell 16. Since the fortunes of the Bullens seemed secure he desired to make a home of his own and chose for his companion Malinda Knapp, daughter of Albert and Rozina Knapp. The marriage took place in Salt Lake City March 28, 1868 and the following year their first son, Alonzo was born. Not long after they separated and were given a church divorce.

With the coming of the Union Pacific railroad, several Richmond men became railroad builders and thereby improved their financial rating. Mr. Bullen was one of these. Toward the end of the sixties he met Emma Boston Gibbs, daughter of George Duggan and Ellen Phillips Gibbs who lived in Paradise, Utah. He took Emma to Salt Lake City and they were married in the Endowment House on February 8, 1870. After the birth of a son and a daughter the lovely young mother passed away at the age of twenty-two years. During the lonely years that followed Clarissa was a great solace and help to her son and his motherless children,

In the early 1870's a profitable freighting business began developing between the railroad town of Corinne and the Montana mining towns and this brisk trade brought the Bullen brothers to action. Herschel was a breeder of fine horses and a good mechanic, so the Bullen men began assembling covered wagons, teams, harnesses and general equipment preparatory to entering the freighting business. They continued their freighting operations until better opportunities were offered them in the construction of railroads.

In 1876, Herschel took Josephine Whittle, a young girl of nineteen years as his wife. He was then thirty-three years of age. After the marriage the couple moved into the little two-roomed home close to his mother. A year after the marriage Josephine gave birth to a son whom they named Roy. There was no partiality shown in the home toward this child and the children of his former marriage. Freighting and railroading added enough to the finances of Mr. Bullen to enable him to purchase additional tracts of Cache Valley land and he became one of the top farmers of the community. He built a beautiful home for Josephine and his growing family.

All during these years Clarissa lived close to her son's family. Neat, trim and alive to all that went on and ready with counsel in all vigorous and honest endeavors, she played a considerable part in family affairs. Toward the end of 1894 she was confined to bed. She did not suffer during her last illness but slipped quietly away on December 28, 1894 and was laid to rest in the beautiful Richmond cemetery.

Herschel Bullen's eventful life came to a close June 27, 1910. Soon after his death Josephine sold the home in Richmond and purchased one in Logan where she lived until her death in May, 1916.

—*Bullen Family Records*

### THE BURR FAMILY

*Nathan Burr*, his wife, *Chloe C. Burr* of Leyden, Lewis county, New York and their two sons *Amasa* and *Charles Clark* were among the *Brooklyn* passengers. The family knew Samuel Brannan and considered him their good friend. Land was finally sighted July 31, 1846, and immediately after disembarking at Yerba Buena the Burrs, with other Latter-day Saint converts, began building shelters and planting crops. Nathan and his sons were carpenters and built one of the first houses erected there. The men of the Burr household were working at Sutter's Mill when gold was discovered. Here they panned the precious metal and used part of it to outfit the family for their journey to Utah. The remainder of the gold dust they brought with them. They arrived in Utah with some of the Mormon Battalion boys and lived for a short time in Salt Lake City in what was then the Fourth Ward. Soon they were called to settle a new town to the south, Payson, where Nathan and the boys engaged in logging and operating a sawmill on Walker's Flat in the canyon just above the town.

Nathan, now sixty-five years of age, became discouraged when all his efforts failed to provide a decent home and living for his wife. His thoughts turned to the gold fields of California. Finally he could stand the strain no longer and left for the "diggings." Chloe stayed home like the staunch New Englander she was feeling her place was in Zion. Perhaps she thought Nathan would change his mind, but the months lengthened into years and he never returned to his family. Amasa had not married. He lived for a time with his brother Charles, and family, but after his father left he took over the responsibility of caring for their mother. The uncertainty of Nathan's fate becoming too hard to bear, Amasa went to find his father. At first it seemed impossible to discover any trace of him, but the search finally ended in the cemetery near Sacramento, California. Nathan had died March 10, 1850—his search for gold had been short lived. Chloe, his faithful wife, died November 13, 1863 and was interred in the Payson cemetery.

*Charles Clark Burr* was accompanied on this voyage by his wife *Sarah Sloat* and their small son *Charles W.* Charles Sr., was born January 30, 1817 at Port Leyden, Lewis county, New York. Sarah was born June 6, 1821 at Jefferson, Schoharie, New York, the daughter of John Sloat and Catherine Crast. They were married December 28, 1843. Charles became interested in the Latter-day Saint doctrines and was baptized. He thought it to their best interests to accompany his people and other Saints to the west coast on the ship *Brooklyn* under the supervision of Elder Brannan, and, accordingly, booked passage for his family. Sarah, being in a delicate condition, suffered greatly from seasickness, yet she bravely looked forward to her mission as mother and a new life wherever the Church of her husband's choice would be established. She possessed those sterling New England qualities of strength, forbearance and determination. The baby, a son, arrived while the ship was sailing toward Cape Horn on February 24, 1846. A few Sundays later Elder Samuel Brannan performed the christening in an impressive ceremony on deck and solemnly named the infant *John Atlantic*. Three weeks later Charles and Sarah buried their first son Charles E. W. who was just fifteen months old.

Two years after landing in the small village of Yerba Buena, they again started the long and tedious journey to Utah with *John Atlantic* and Nathan who was born during their stay in California. They arrived in the autumn of 1848 with other members of the Burr family, and in November of that year Sarah was baptized a member of the Latter-day Saint Church. When Johnston's army was preparing to enter Salt Lake City the Burrs, with other Saints, joined in the "Move South." They went to Payson where Charles engaged in the sawmill business for sixteen years. Burr Mill Flat in Payson Canyon was named in honor of his mill. In later years the site of this pioneer mill became one of the favorite picnic spots in the canyon.

Grass Valley became the next home of the Burr family where Charles engaged in dairying. Later he entered the mercantile business and also served as postmaster of this small community. The town of Burrville was named for this family. When the Relief Society was organized at this place Sarah was chosen president and her daughter, Jane, first counselor. The golden wedding anniversary of Charles and Sarah was fittingly celebrated in the town named for them with a lavish dinner, a program and dance. Charles passed away in 1903 in Burrville at the age of 86 years. Seven years later Sarah died at the age of 89.

### THE COOMBS STORY

*Abraham Coombs*, his wife *Olive Olivia Curtis Coombs*, *Katherine*, daughter of Abraham by a former marriage, and two small children, *Marion Charles* and *Helen*, were tenth on the passenger list of the ship *Brooklyn*. Mrs. Coombs was born in Connecticut in 1830. Abraham was born in 1810 in Rockville, Connecticut. While living in New York, Olive Olivia became acquainted with Parley P. Pratt and attended the University of New York with him. For many years she kept in touch with the Pratt family, as it was through Parley's teachings and that of Erastus Snow she was baptized a member of the Latter-day Saint Church.

After the Coombs family arrived in Yerba Buena, Abraham was selected as one of the men sent to cut, saw and deliver redwood to Captain Richardson as part of the unpaid passage money due him. When this task was completed he ran a sawmill north of San Francisco, and still later the family moved to southern California living in Redwood Canyon, now Bakersfield, and then on to San Bernardino where the Church had established a colony. While in California four children were born to them, all girls. Katherine remained in California, married Charles Phelps and made a home in Napa. Charles and Helen were left in or near Napa to attend school until the parents were located in Utah when they expected to send for them.

In 1860, Olive Olivia left California with her small children by oxteam. Abraham drove stock through for the *Ephraim Hanks company*. A few days after reaching Beaver, Utah he contracted pneumonia and passed away. Having mastered several languages during her college days, Erastus Snow asked Mrs. Coombs to go to Santa Clara to teach school for the Swiss emigrants located there. She was in that little town when the flood waters of the Santa Clara river washed away most of the homes. With the help of her eldest daughter Emily she built a crude home for her family. Olive Olivia was anxious to go on to Salt Lake City where her brother, Theodore Curtis lived and when Erastus Snow told her another school was being opened at Cedar Fort, she accepted the position, since this would put her closer to her brother and the City of the Saints. She was just preparing

to open the school in September, 1863 in the old fort building when she died, leaving four little girls orphans.

The children were all put in separate homes in Cedar Valley. They never saw their brother and sisters again. The eldest girl, *Emily* became very ill with brain fever as a result of an injury and was sent to Salt Lake City to live with her Uncle Theodore. In later years she married an Evanston, Wyoming man and made her home in that city the rest of her life. The next child, *Arabelle*, about eight years of age, was taken to London, England. In young womanhood she married Joseph S. Smith and returned to Utah, they being among the settlers of San Juan county. Mention is made of them in the book *Hole in the Rock* by Anna P. Redd. She was the mother of several children. Burial was in Monticello. The third child, *Elvira Eleanor*, six years of age was taken by another school teacher, a Mrs. Spikin. She was very cruel to the little girl, whipping and starving her, until Mrs. Spiken's son Tom, who had been called to drive an oxteam to the Missouri River, took the child to the town authorities because he was afraid to leave Elvira with his mother during his absence. Elvira was then given to a middle aged English couple, Richard Robert Birkbeck and his wife, Jane, who had given up a child of the Mountain Meadow massacre and were happy to take her. Mr. Birkbeck was on a mission to England at the time and Mrs. Birkbeck took Elvira to Parowan where adoption papers were taken out for her. She changed her name from Elvira Eleanor to Ella. In May 1877, in the St. George Temple, Ella married William Henry Branch. They helped build the Mesquite Flat mission as well as being active in other church duties in St. George. During Ella's childhood Mrs. Birkbeck would not allow her to attend the regular school, but with the help of her husband taught her at home. She was also given singing lessons. When she was fifteen she was apprenticed to a shoemaker and learned that trade. She also learned telegraphy and was one of the first telegraphers in Utah territory. After the death of her husband in Price, Utah in 1889, Ella had a hard time making a living in this undeveloped country. Price was the outfitting point for the Indian Reservation, Uintah county and the surrounding countryside. She, at first, took in washing and boarders until the four older children went away from home; then she took the two younger ones to Cedar City and enrolled them in the Normal School. While living in Cedar City she lived in the home of her aging foster mother, Jane Birkbeck and took care of her until her death. Ella then returned to Price where she still owned the large home her husband had built for her. She divided it into three apartments which she rented. Death came to her April 1, 1928, and she is interred in the Price cemetery beside her husband.

The youngest Coombs child, *Olive*, was taken by the Williams family and loved and cared for as their own. She married John Fretwell and was the mother of many children. Three daughters and a son were reared to maturity. She later married a Mr. Shurtliff and moved to Calistoga, California where she died and was buried.

Abraham Coombs was an honest, hard working man, well educated, and together with his wife had hoped to build a home in Zion, so that their children might have the advantages offered the Saints in the Valley of the Mountains. But it was willed otherwise—both parents were taken by death at an early age. They never had the privilege of seeing their children who were left in California, while those who came to Utah were separated in childhood. But they all remained faithful to the cause for which their parents had given their all.—*Irene Branch Keller*

### JOSEPH AND JERUSHA NICHOLS

*Joseph Nichols*, and his wife, *Jerusha*, had the sad experience of losing a son on March 11, 1846, while en route to California with other Saints on the ship *Brooklyn*. The child was two years, eighteen days old at the time of his death and was buried in the ocean. After their arrival in California, the Nichols made their home in Alameda county where Joseph acquired some property. He left the Latter-day Saint Church, but *Jerusha* remained true to the faith until her death. *Enos*, the other son who accompanied them on the ship, lived and died in California.

### ORIN SMITH FAMILY

*Orin Smith* was born in Middlesex county, Connecticut in 1808. He and his wife, *Mary Ann*, were converts of the Latter-day Saint Church and were among those who sailed on the ship *Brooklyn* for California. They were accompanied by their children, *Eliza*, *Henry*, *Frank*, *Amelia* and two others. *Eliza*, the eldest daughter, according to the passenger list, married *Henry W. Brizzee*, a Mormon Battalion boy, and afterwards made her home in Arizona. The other members of the family came to Utah as pioneers, but due to the many hardships involved in making a livelihood they all returned to California where they died and were buried.



## *The Ship Brooklyn Saints*

*Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.*

*Phil. 4:8*



THE history of western America presents evidence of the achievements of the men and women who arrived in upper California in July, 1846 having sailed, according to the ship's log, 24,000 miles from the time they left New York harbor until they arrived six months later in the bay of San Francisco. The records of California credit these Brooklyn Saints as being the first farmers, first educators, first builders, first legislators, and the publishers of the first Anglo-Saxon newspaper in the golden state. Nearly every beginning of a community effort was the direct result of the labors of these Latter-day Saints who had endured financial losses, physical hardships, sickness and even the loss of loved ones, to participate in this perilous voyage, in order that they might be able to live the principles of the Church which had become so much a part of their lives.

Those who came on to Utah to join with the body of Saints, according to the Church plan of gathering to the new Zion, also contributed greatly to the building of this intermountain commonwealth. Here, again, we find them lending their influence to Utah's growth. These people could not be stopped by oceans, mountains, rivers or deserts for theirs was a destiny that must be fulfilled.

## ASHBEL, HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN

Vivacious, attractive *Zulia Hastings*, whose clothes brought out the beauty of her rich auburn hair and lovely complexion, had completely won the heart of tall, dark and handsome *Ashbel Green Haskell*. They were married by their minister on Sunday, March 3, 1822. Ashbel, then twenty-four, had prepared carefully and well for this event for he had been thrown early in life on his own resources. He and Zulia went to live at North New Salem where he had a farm and before long he also acquired valuable timber land. He became part owner of a sawmill, one of several in that part of Massachusetts. He liked not only farming, but machinery as well, and became a skilled millwright. Zulia's cooking, housekeeping and artistic ability made their home attractive. Ashbel was proud of his beautiful wife and the pretty clothes she made, and he added to them what only the fortunate few had, such as lovely, long silk veils and imported silk stockings. How she loved this kindly, considerate husband who provided so well.

After a wait of over three years tiny *Irene* received a glad welcome into their home. Eight more years passed before another child came. This time it was the longed-for son whom they named *Thales Haskell*. No more children came to gladden the big, new house which was now their home. School became a very important factor to the parents, and the children were allowed to attend the academy at New Salem Center a little to the south. Irene took all the courses she could until she was considered very well educated for her time. A very special school friend of Irene's was Emmie Woodward from nearby Petersham.

The panic of 1837 came, but the Haskells weathered through it without serious loss. To help her husband during these trying times, Zulia opened an eating place in their home for the many mill hands. Sorrow came to them in 1838 when Ashbel's beloved mother passed away at the advanced age of 83 years.

Zulia was born in the comfortable home of Consider and Phebe Hastings on May 12, 1799. She was named Ursulia but was called Zulia for short. She had one brother, Thales, and several years later a sister was born who was named Samantha Ophelia. When Zulia was eleven, in 1810, tragedy struck the household. Her father was taken from them when only forty years old.

When the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was organized missionaries were sent into various parts of the country proselyting the new religion, commonly known as Mormonism. In this new world where there was religious freedom, many different sects had sprung up and all were contending for larger membership. Ashbel usually stayed away from their meetings, but Zulia and Irene, both deeply religious, attended. One evening to Zulia's surprise Ashbel announced, "I've been to a Mormon meeting. The preacher, Elder Maginn, spoke more good sense than all the ministers I ever heard." His friends, the Jeremiah Woodbury's, also were interested.



Zulia went somewhat reluctantly with her husband to their next meeting for there were such evil reports about these Mormons and their leaders. Elder Maginn presided. He had been away from Nauvoo and home nearly three years faithfully preaching and, with others, had won many converts in Massachusetts and New Hampshire. The spirit of God rested upon them and the truth of this newly established gospel was made manifest to Zulia then and there. Ashbel felt it, too, and was satisfied until many near and dear ridiculed and jeered at him for suddenly getting religious. Then he wasn't so sure. For a time Thales followed his father's uncertain views.

Irene and Emmie Woodward went to the meetings. Emmie's mother had been baptized in Petersham. Several others joined this church, among them, in 1841, the Woodburys after a marvelous healing in their family. Ashbel's niece, his brother Samuel's daughter, Catherine Haskell, was given a bad time for keeping company with Thomas Woodbury who was now a Mormon. Zulia, Irene and Catherine Haskell and Emmie Woodward decided to be baptized into the Mormon Church. Emmie, who long afterwards became known as Emmeline B. Wells, described their baptism thus: "Much excitement prevailed; threats by town authorities and ministers, judges and others came to the water's edge to forbid baptism or learn if she (the youngest) was submitting to it of her own free will and choice. It was a trying ordeal." But she told her widowed mother that the crisis was past and henceforth she would dedicate her life to the work of the Church. The others felt the same, so Zulia and the three girls all became members. Catherine married Thomas H. Woodbury two months later, May 8, 1842.

A young man of wide experience, *Francis M. Pomeroy*, was attracted to the saw-milling business at New Salem. Here he stayed and was associated with Ashbel Haskell in this business. The eating house kept by Zulia and her daughter Irene was a handy place to get meals, and soon young Pomeroy showed an interest in the daughter as well as in her good cooking. For a time Irene refused his attentions; then to please her, Francis attended the Mormon meetings with them and was surprised to find himself really interested. Francis told them his life story. He had left his home in Somers, Connecticut when only a lad and had gone to sea to become a sailor. He had reached the rank of first mate by the time he was twenty-one and had already seen much of the world. He recounted how he had been ship-wrecked off the rocky coast of Peru, had clung to a spar for hours and had then been washed ashore more dead than alive. He was found by a young Spaniard in whose home he had been nursed back to health and had lived there for two years. At last, a longing for home compelled him to take a ship to the Isthmus of Panama, cross by land, go on to New Orleans and thence back to Connecticut.

As Francis was becoming convinced of the truth of this Latter-day Saint Gospel, he and Irene found themselves very much in love. Ashbel felt that they could not lose what they had spent their lives

to attain to go off—nobody knew where. But Mormonism was making a difference. Dear ones were turning against them—there was so much confusion and misunderstanding. Joseph Smith said, when in Massachusetts in 1836, "The country is rich in religious superstition, bigotry, persecutions and learned ignorance." How true it was, they knew.

Catherine, with the Woodburys, had gone to Nauvoo and so had Emmie. Her letter was encouraging after she had seen the Prophet for she said of him: "It was as if I beheld a vision. I seemed to be lifted off my feet—to be walking on air. Before I was aware of it, he came to me and took my hand. I was simply electrified—thrilled through and through every part of my body. The one thought that filled my soul was, 'I have seen the prophet of God!' The power of God rested upon him to such a degree that on many occasions he seemed translated. The glory of his countenance was beyond description. His voice seemed to shake the place on which he stood and to penetrate the inmost soul of his hearers. The people loved him to adoration." It was while they were in Peterboro, New Hampshire attending meetings that Francis and Irene were married; and here they heard the terrible news in July, 1844 of the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum Smith. Mourning throughout the church was intense. As all prayed, the spirit of gathering with the Saints came to the Haskell family and slowly their plans took shape. It was decided that Ashbel remain and take care of their business affairs. The other members could go to Nauvoo, Illinois, well equipped for the trip, with the dependable Francis to look after them. Zulia, Irene and Thales wished to visit Boston. Then Irene could meet Francis to visit his family in Connecticut before starting west. Another sifting was taking place; they were being led by God's hand that His purposes might be brought about—"Only my sheep hear my voice."

With hearts too full for words or tears the family began their separate journeys. Zulia, Irene and Thales left for a short visit in the East before meeting Francis for the trip to Nauvoo. As they took the stage for Worcester, Massachusetts the parting from Ashbel seemed the most distressing thing of all. Father and Mother Pomeroy had never met their son's wife Irene; so Francis was anxious to take her to the family home in Somers, Connecticut. He hoped, in spite of the great prejudice against the Latter-day Saints, that his parents would relent and understand the important step he had taken and appreciate his wonderful wife. Although Francis and Irene were treated well, still his parents made every effort to persuade them to give up the religion and not go so far away. They, too, could not understand.

Young Thales was overjoyed that his mother had consented to take him. They would go from Boston via New Orleans on the ship *Gloucester* with a company of Saints in charge of George B. Wallace. Thales later said: "I had often imagined I would like to be a sailor, but the awful storm one night cured me of that. The waves rolled mountain high and the salt water came splashing into our

berths by the buckets full. The rocking of the ship made us all seasick. After a time the weather became pleasant, but I was taken with the measles which laid me up for several days. We were 27 days from Boston to New Orleans and were glad to put our feet on land once more."

To their surprise they did not enter New Orleans via the delta of the Mississippi, but came from the Gulf of Mexico through Lake Borgne and a narrow steep passage, the Rigolets, into Lake Ponchartrain and then into the bayou of St. John bordered by many live oak. They passed the French and Spanish forts. A short canal took them to the Basin, the landing place of this rather elevated city, New Orleans. Francis had been there as had many of the Saints before and after them. It seemed more like France, but beside the French there were negroes, Indians, Spaniards and Americans living largely in separate sections. On the opposite side of the city from the Basin flowed the great Mississippi river with its levee. This was truly the gateway to the South. From there this Mormon company took a steamboat *The Pride of the West* up the Mississippi to St. Louis. The oldest part of this city was also French. From St. Louis they took the riverboat *Tempest* and from it they first saw on a bend of that great river, the City of Nauvoo which could truly be called *The Beautiful*. There on a hill stood their inspiring partly-finished temple. They had seen Boston, New Orleans and St. Louis; had their first train ride, an ocean voyage, sailed up the Mississippi river but their greatest thrill was to see their destination—the much talked of Nauvoo and to be with the Saints at last.

Francis and Irene who had made the trip overland in less time were there to welcome Zulia and Thales. It was good to make kind, inspiring, new friends and to see again the dear old ones such as Catherine, the Woodburys and Emmie. Emmie was in deep trouble; she had been dangerously ill, her baby had died and her husband had left the Church and deserted her because she also would not leave. Zulia was kept busy for in September, 1845, Irene's first baby, *Francelle*, was born and Catherine had her second child. Francis and Irene received encouragement through their patriarchal blessings. When the beautiful temple was rushed to completion they received their endowments.

In Nauvoo confusion reigned for besides enemies from without there was dissension within. Many were apostatizing, even those who were formerly valiant. Some joined the forces of evil against their dear friends. The sifting was again taking place. God needed a tried, true people to lay the foundation of His new Zion, for it depended on these faithful ones and those who followed to carry on the work that had been begun.

An order came for the Saints to evacuate Nauvoo. Everyone who possibly could was feverishly preparing to go. Francis quit his job, had a wagon made and stocked it with provisions, ammunition, etc. It was in the month of February, 1846 that the mob drove them

west across the Mississippi. Many were without necessities because they were not given the promised time to prepare and no one would buy their valuable property. The Haskell-Pomeroy family had come to Nauvoo well provided with goods and money. Ashbel and Francis had seen to that. But what they had could not be enjoyed unless it was shared with the needy and there was so much need. The vast company all met at Sugar Creek where they were organized. The snow had to be swept away where the tents were put up. They had only outdoor fires and their beds were made on the cold, hard ground. The continual storms made the roads terrible. Thales said, "We discovered that our team was too light. Francis traded for a heavier yoke of oxen, but again found that these were too weak. Then we bought a yoke of strong, white oxen and traveled more comfortably."

By the last of March the company stopped on the Charliton River and made preparations to march into the wilderness. Another stop was made at Garden Grove in April where the rattlesnakes were so bad that they were sometimes found under the beds. Some of the cattle and horses were bitten by them. After a stop at Mt. Pisgah, the main company pressed on to the Missouri at or near Council Bluffs. The Pomeroy family crossed the river, camped at Cutler Park, and put up hay for the winter; then they moved down near the river and built a cabin at Winter Quarters. There was much sickness and many deaths, but this family group enjoyed fairly good health. Francis, with a few others, spent the winter herding cattle up the river. Zulia's anxiety for her husband had increased as she left Nauvoo for the trek westward; his voyage from New York around South America to California started about the same time with no more communication possible between them.

Ashbel Haskell had bid farewell to his wife and family at New Salem, Massachusetts in the summer of 1845. There was much to be done there in a business way before he could leave and by now several months had dragged by. In January, 1846 a notice appeared in the *New York Messenger* saying that a ship, the *Brooklyn*, was being chartered and Ashbel Haskell, with his family's blessing, booked passage.

The ship was anchored at the Battery Place in New York Harbor under the command of Captain Richardson. These people, mostly of the farmer class, crowded around the ship's rail and waved a last farewell as they left on their long voyage, February 4, 1846—the very day the first Mormons left Nauvoo for the Rocky Mountains. With the Pomeroy's were Ashbel's wife, Zulia, and his son, Thales. The big adventure of the ship *Brooklyn Saints*, so long in starting, now lay ahead. With hopes and faith in God, with a mixture of sadness at the partings and gladness to be at last on their way, these voyagers were risking all for their religion. Dearer than life itself to them; this religion was the motive for the wearisome journey. They too had "gone into the dark and unknown land, and placed in God's care their trembling hands."

As hunger, cold and darkness forced them below they gathered in the one large room used as mess hall and meeting room. It was always in semi-darkness and could only be dimly lit by the whale oil lamps. After meals and prayers the families went to their tiny bunks with canvas curtains. It was all poorly ventilated, unsanitary, with ceilings too low for standing erect, so tall Ashbel had to stoop. After a few days' sailing Ashbel's appetite returned and hunger drove him to his meals in spite of the confusion of whining, crying, seasick children, the noisy conversation, the crowding, and above all, the constant clatter of tin dishes. This was certainly no place for the dainty Zulia and Irene with an infant. Francis had known best and Ashbel was glad the decision had been made against their coming on the *Brooklyn*. The twenty-one rules rigidly enforced irked Ashbel somewhat, but he dressed warmly and spent much of his time on deck. The maneuvering of the ship fascinated him. A military drill for the men gave them good exercise. The men took their turn as guards night and day and the single girls were waitresses for their negro cook and negro steward.

As the *Brooklyn* neared the dangerous coast of Cape Verde Isles, they received storm warnings and preparations were made before it struck them. The passengers had to stay below while the sailors worked feverishly. The ship rocked, creaked and seemed about to be torn apart. The hatches had to be kept closed, the light put out; the foul air was almost unbearable. Almost everyone was seasick and panic was near. In the horror of it all they remembered that Christ had stilled the storm, so they prayed and sang. After four days and nights the storm ceased but there had been some deaths. The bodies were sadly lowered into the mighty deep. They crossed the equator in March and fine weather helped them on, so that as it got colder they rounded the dangerous passageway near Cape Horn in safety and sailed north not far from Valparaiso, Chile. Utterly weary, they longed to feel land under foot again. The supply of water was low and their fuel almost gone, when another bad storm struck them which swept them so far south that icebergs were sighted. Again, they prayed. After three days the wind changed and carried them northward until they reached the delightful Juan Fernandez Island west of Valparaiso. On this Robinson Crusoe Island they found the finest fresh water, plenty of firewood, herds of wild goats, superb fishing, and an abundance of peaches and fruit, all to be had at little or no cost but the pleasant work of getting it by those whose appetites were saturated with ship biscuits and brined pork.

After five days, when all they could take was loaded they headed for the Hawaiian Islands, but while crossing the torrid zone again they lay becalmed for several days, "as silent as a painted ship upon a painted ocean." In desperation they prayed again and finally breezes carried the ship forward. On June 20th the sailing vessel reached Honolulu and delivered 500 pounds of freight which went toward paying their expenses. Some military arms were secretly added to the

cargo, for California was then Spanish territory and their leader hoped to help make it part of the United States.

All the passengers were overjoyed when on July 31, 1846, the *Brooklyn* sailed through the Golden Gate into Yerba Buena harbor. The tiny town of Yerba Buena had sprung up in 1835 on a cove at the base of Telegraph Hill. This hill was so named because it was the highest of the seven hills on the small peninsula and was used to give warning of the arrival of ships. Mexicans and Portugese lived in a few ramshackle huts there. Earlier that month a few Americans had taken the fort and raised the Stars and Stripes, but were not too sure they could hold it. This was six months before the Mormon Battalion reached southern California, so their rights were not established. When the ship was sighted, it had been anxiously watched by the few Americans ashore, until they recognized the American flag. Then they joyously fired a welcome salute from the fort, and an American officer hastily boarded the ship, proclaimed the glad news and a mighty cheer arose. The town was still in danger of a Mexican attack so the seventy Mormon soldiers aboard were indeed welcome.

The first big question for the voyagers was where to live and what to live on. Mexican wheat soon ran out and they bought moldy bread from a whaling ship in the harbor. Planting was begun at once. Ashbel was among those men who cut and loaded the *Brooklyn* with timber so she sailed away debt free. Lumber was urgently needed for homes so his work continued. As the families settled in their homes, and although Ashbel had a place, he felt more alone than ever. Added to this was his increased anxiety for his family's welfare, because the last news he had heard was that they were preparing to leave Nauvoo for the almost unknown west. After working hours, when other men were with their families, Ashbel would wander to the top of the hill, and with longing in his heart think of his loved ones and pray to be soon reunited with them. Ofttimes his steps led him to the old Spanish mission—the San Francisco de Asis which came to be called Dolores. Its great walls were four feet thick, the roof timbers were lashed together with rawhide and decorated by the Indians with vegetable dyes. This building was dedicated in 1791, but the mission was established a few days before the Declaration of Independence, so both the old and the new were there.

Ashbel was pleased when Samuel Brannan announced his intentions of going east to meet the pioneers and tell them of the choice place his Saints had found, of the land reserved here for them, and to guide them to it. Brannan and two companions left April 4, 1847. The Mormon Battalion reached San Diego January 30, 1847. Most of the men did not reenlist as they were anxious to get back to their families who were traveling west and needed them. They were mustered out July 16, 1847 and many of these made their way north to Sutter's Fort where they were employed. August Johann Sutter owned some 4000 acres in the upper Sacramento Valley. He hired Ashbel as a millwright, and James M. Marshall as carpenter and foreman, with two other men

and a number of Indians, to build a sawmill. They moved some 45 miles east of the fort on the south fork of American River and commenced work. Upon Elder Brannan's return from Salt Lake Valley he informed the people of President Young's decision not to come on to California.

About this time Captain Brown of the Mormon Battalion brought word of the shortage of food in Salt Lake City and asked those who could do so to remain in California and work there to help their loved ones. Ashbel again had to wait so he continued to work at the mill.

Late in January, 1848 an historical event occurred. After a heavy rain rich findings of gold were discovered at Sutter's Mill. It was decided to keep it a secret. The Mormons continued their work at the mill and panned gold at every opportunity. In February and March the news commenced to leak out. By May it was broadcast to the world. The mill was completed by March 11, 1848, so Ashbel was free to collect his fortune. Many left their work regardless and rushed to the gold fields. With the sudden influx of population supplies were badly needed. Ashbel had always given his best to Zulia and his family, so now he worked early and late picturing what comforts he could bring to them and the other needy ones.

The Saints' westward journey from Nauvoo, Illinois had thus far taught Francis and many other novices how to travel with ox teams. Because of his early life as a sailor Francis was excellent help in crossing the large streams. He also knew a smattering of many languages and spoke Spanish fluently and they were going into Spanish territory. So Francis was chosen as one of the 143 men who comprised Brigham Young's advance company to lead the way to the Great Basin. With a courageous goodbye to his loved ones in Winter Quarters, Francis left shortly after the conference held there April 6, 1847.

Up to now Zulia and her children had been cared for by her husband Ashbel, or her son-in-law, Francis. Now both men were gone, and the most difficult part of the journey lay ahead. But the will to go on and faith in God's help sustained them. It was necessary to get provisions so thirteen-year-old Thales was sent to Missouri for this purpose in company of George B. Wallace who had been their leader and friend from Boston to Nauvoo. Mr. Wallace did the trading and helped Thales when needed.

There were over 2,000 people to go west that year. These were organized into ten large companies. The Haskell-Pomeroy-Woodbury group were assigned with the George B. Wallace company. They left Winter Quarters and crossed the Elkhorn River June 18, 1847. Zulia and Irene helped in every way they could, and they all were pleased whenever they found enroute a short message left by the company Francis was in. Cousin Catherine's sister-in-law, Maria, was near Thales' age. She was the youngest child and the only girl living in the Jeremiah Woodbury family. Young Thales, who was large for his age, shouldered responsibility splendidly, drove the ox team and took

his turn guarding and herding the stock at night. Usually too tired for play Maria and Thales would talk of their school days in New Salem.

As Brigham Young's company reached Fort Laramie a flat boat was rented for crossing the Platte River. In the Black Hills, about 142 miles beyond Fort Laramie, this river had to be crossed again. Brigham Young sent nine men including Francis three days ahead to prepare for the crossing. They had a sole-leather skiff capable of carrying 1800 pounds. Light rafts were made of poles to take the wagons across. A large number of emigrants going to Oregon had been traveling on the south side of the Platte while the Saints were taking the north side until they reached Fort Laramie. Here they met and traveled to the Black Hills, then both companies had to cross. The emigrants paid the Saints in much needed supplies. It was decided to leave several men to do this ferrying. Francis stayed to help with the work. As soon as he was free to go Francis started eastward after his family, but much to his surprise he met them almost there. Within a few days he had a severe attack of rheumatism brought on by being in the cold river so much, so young Thales had to continue with the hard work. Francis got so bad he had to be helped in and out of the wagon.

Ashbel had never been long out of Zulia's mind; if only she knew that he was safe. When they arrived at Pacific Springs they met Brigham Young's company returning to Winter Quarters. The *Brooklyn* Saints, she learned, had landed safely in California and Samuel Brannan wanted the Saints to join them there. This Brigham Young would not do for he knew it was not the place chosen by the Lord for his people.

The difficult five-mile climb up Big Mountain was slower and harder for Zulia's family because earlier they had let the Grant company have a yoke of their oxen when that company's cattle had stampeded. By night they had reached the summit and morning brought the first view of the Salt Lake Valley they had striven so hard to reach. It was desolate and uninviting. It was the last part of September 1847 when they reached the Valley. Their faith was such that they closed their minds to the memory of the green valley of their Massachusetts home and recalled that by God's direction to both Joseph and Brigham Young "this was the place." Time had to prove why the Lord, knowing of the productive land in California and Oregon, chose instead the desert land in the Rockies for his faithful, harrassed Saints.

Near the site where the adobe fort had been commenced Zulia's family camped. Francis recovered after bathing in the warm springs a few times. They lived in their tent and wagon box while the men got out logs from North Canyon and built a cabin in the middle line of the South fort. Although very crowded, they were glad to be at last sheltered from the cold and stormy weather. Zulia and Irene brought out a few homey things along with the precious much-used Bible and Book of Mormon. Food was scarce that winter and all had to live on rations. In the spring of 1848 Francis and Thales put in a crop on Millcreek bench, but the crickets destroyed much of it.



Almost four years had passed since Zulia and her husband parted in Massachusetts. Now, at last, she received his letter from California bearing the news she had long awaited. Ashbel was leaving for Salt Lake to be reunited with his family and the main body of the Church. The letter told them he had panned much gold and that they "would be well-heeled for the rest of their lives." It also stated when he was leaving California with a certain company of eastbound emigrants and about when they expected to arrive in the Salt Lake Valley. The family joyously made every preparation for Ashbel's coming and happily went out to meet the company. To their dismay Ashbel was not with them. The group said only that he had not come and that they knew nothing about him. In despair his family returned home. They investigated and found, too late, that Ashbel had started with that company. Nothing was ever found of their dear husband and father, nor of the fortune in gold he was bringing. His fate remains a mystery. The greed for gold has caused many crimes, and Ashbel had too much gold with him for a safe journey.

Zulia found it hard to understand why she, in need of this dear, loving companion, should be left alone; still with faith and hope she trusted in and received God's loving comfort. All would be right in the end. But now Zulia and her family struggled for the most meager necessities. . . Hope, faith, determination spurred the Saints on, for life itself for them and their loved ones was at stake and many did not survive. Every person's energy was needed to help obtain the absolute necessities. They needed roads, bridges, fences, barns, churches, schools, mills, stores and factories. The second winter was almost as bad as the first and food again had to be rationed. By early spring, as there was now safety in numbers, the people built homes away from the fort. Francis and Thales built a better house in the Second Ward. Francis made things for his folks as comfortable as possible as he left for California in the fall of 1849. He went with a large company which included a group of missionaries. Jefferson Hunt was guide and they traveled via the southern route. Thales, almost 16, stayed at home, looked after the family and raised a good crop of wheat. On June 26, 1850 before Francis' return, Irene's third child was born, a little son whom they called Elijah.

The trip, though very difficult, was profitable for upon his return Francis sold their little home in the Second Ward and bought two valuable lots near the center of Salt Lake City. Here they built a nice adobe house. Thales said: "Although Ashbel had gone, his desire for a good home again for his precious family was realized." It was located on Emigration Road. As polygamy was now being preached Francis married Matilda Coburn and later Jessamine Rutledge.

A call came in 1853 for Thales to serve as an Indian missionary in unsettled southern Utah, Arizona and Nevada. He was then only nineteen. It was difficult for Zulia to have this energetic, fearless son go so far away on such a dangerous mission. Thales was so successful

as an Indian missionary that he was told to go home, get a wife to bring back with him, and continue his labors. He had won the heart of his former school playmate in Massachusetts, Hannah Maria Woodbury, and they were married in Salt Lake City October 4, 1855. They then traveled to Santa Clara in southwestern Utah where with a few other missionaries they made a home among the Indians. In the summer of 1857 Thales came home wild with grief. During one of his absences an Indian boy accidentally shot his young wife who was soon to become a mother. Zulia and Irene were grief-stricken too for they had always loved her. Thales was advised to marry again, so in the fall of 1857, he wed Margaret J. Edwards, an English convert, and they returned to their difficult mission. Here his wife served faithfully as a midwife and doctor and also reared a family.

When Salt Lake City and the northern settlements had to be evacuated in the spring of 1858, it was no small task for Zulia Haskell and the Pomeroy family. Francis was the only man at home and Irene was in delicate health. Little nine year old Ashbel had to drive the oxteam with the heavily loaded wagon to the Provo River Bottoms. The child was started out ahead and made the trip in three days alone. The family moved southward to Salem, Utah county and a crude tepee-like hut was hastily constructed and covered with a loose thatch of brush and bulrushes. There during a terrific rainstorm on June 16, 1858, Irene gave birth to identical twins, Ella and Emma. Irene was now the mother of eight children. Under Zulia's expert care she slowly gained strength and so did the babies. By fall the family returned to their Salt Lake home and found it unharmed but crops had not been raised that year.

Not long after their arrival home Irene burned her hand and serious trouble developed. Finally the doctors concluded that the only way to save her life was to amputate the arm. Irene felt that she must live for her children's sake so she bravely went through the ordeal. Zulia, with young Francelle's help took over much of the care of the babies and the extra work. In the spring of 1860 they moved out on the farm in Cottonwood. On May 15th, Irene's four-year old daughter, May, sickened and died. The young mother then returned to her home in the city. Not far from where Irene lived was the home of her dear friend Emmie, now Emmeline B. Wells. One day she fairly dragged herself to Emmie's home, and when Mrs. Wells saw her, she was alarmed to see her dear friend so ill. Emmie worked and prayed with all her might, but quick pneumonia had fastened itself on Irene's weakened body. It was on June 15, 1860. She was gone before her loved ones at the farm had a chance to even know that she was ill.

Zulia and her daughter Irene had lived as one in work and in aspirations. Rearing a family with her waning strength, for Zulia was now over sixty, was beset with tremendous responsibilities; but it helped to assuage her grief for the loss of her daughter to feel that she could help do for the children the things their mother wanted

done. Irene's life of 34 years was short in time, but she had crowded into it a lifetime of achievements. She had been a guiding light to her husband and children.

Francis' burden was heavy for he had lost a true mate and two precious children in less than two months. Jessie's oldest son, one and a half years, died three weeks later and was placed beside Irene and May. He was always a loving son to Zulia. In 1864, when he was called to help settle cold Bear Lake Valley, taking most of his family with him, Zulia decided to stay in Salt Lake City with the twins since it had been her special, loving task to care for them after the death of their mother. When they were nearly in their teens plans were made for Zulia to take them to Bear Lake Valley. As a home for "Grandma" Francis built a lean-to on Matilda's house, which was still only one large room as they were living under pioneer conditions. The twins gradually took over much of the work, while Zulia, now getting around with the aid of a cane, directed their efforts. She insisted that the girls continue their schooling as Irene had so wanted them to be well educated. Thales' missionary calling continued until he was a white-haired man and during all this time he had made his home in southern Utah.

On August 5, 1875 Zulia Haskell passed away and was buried in the little cemetery in Paris, Idaho, where every year her descendants reverently place flowers on her grave.—*Zula Rich Cole*

#### THE EAGER FAMILY

Little information is available concerning the Eager family, except that *Lucy Eager* with her children *John, William, Thomas, Mary* and *Arabelle* were passengers on the ship *Brooklyn*. It is said *Lucy* was excommunicated from the Latter-day Saint Church by Samuel Brannan while en route to the west coast. For a time she kept a store in San Francisco and is believed to have married an army man. Later she went to Montana where one of her daughters taught school.

*Mary Eager* married Milton Little in 1848.

*Arabelle Eager* became the wife of Mr. Knapp and was reportedly living in San Francisco about 1881.

*Thomas Eager* served as a clerk in Los Angeles in 1847-48 and worked in the gold diggings of 1849. About 1854 he was engaged in the lumber business in East Oakland, at which time he married Angelina A. Tupper. He is said to have been a member of the legislature from 1859 to 1865 and later served as Sergeant-at-Arms in the California Assembly. Although for a time he lived at Santa Cruz, last available records give Nevada as his residence in 1885.

*John Eager* was the only member of his family to come to Utah. He was born July 13, 1833 in Auburn, Cayuga county, New York. Being

a printer by trade he was employed as associate editor of the *California Star* and also served as a clerk for Mr. Brannan. Records show that John owned property in San Francisco in 1847.

Mr. Eager came to Utah with the *Ebenezer Brown* company in 1848 and taught school in the Old Fort. In later years John made his home in Arizona where many of his descendants now live. The following commentaries were taken from his writings concerning the voyage of the ship *Brooklyn*:

As to the pleasure of the trip, we met disappointment for we once lay becalmed in the tropics, and at another time we were 'hatched below' during a terrific storm. Women and children were lashed to their berths at night for in no other way could they keep in. Furniture rolled back and forth endangering life and limb. The waves swept the deck and even reached the staterooms. The only light was from two lamps hung outside in the hall and these were dim and wavering from the movements of the vessel. Captain Richardson and his mates were good and kind to the ship's company. Every book in the library was read. . . . During another storm we encountered off Cape Horn one of the sailors was washed overboard. The little children were on deck every day attending school, jumping rope, and engaged in other amusements. At no time was the thermometer in the cabin below 50 degrees. On the deck at one time, it fell for about three hours as low as 36 degrees, which Captain Richardson attributed to passing an iceberg. Ran up to the Cape with a fair wind, then took a west wind and ran up to 60 degrees south latitude in four days, then took a south wind until we made longitude west of the Cape, then a fair wind down the Pacific; experienced a heavy gale from the south and were unable to continue with safety, so we scudded before the wind until it hauled from the east which brought us close to the Island of Juan Fernandez where we found two families living.

The first settlement of this island was burned by Peruvians several years ago, the Fort destroyed, the canoes sunk in the harbor and the convicts carried away. The last settlement was abandoned a few years ago at the time of the earthquake at Valparaiso when the island sank and rose fifty feet. Excellent water found easy of access about two rods from the beach, also plenty of wood, goats, hares and pigs abound—likewise figs and peaches.

May 9th the company left Juan Fernandez and reached the Sandwich Islands June 20th, anchored in the harbor of Honolulu, Island of Oahu, the residence of King Kamehameha where the colony remained to discharge cargo and received wood and water. Brother Wimmer, on going ashore, was asked by a native if he was a missionary to which he answered in the affirmative.

July 3rd on leaving Honolulu Commodore Stockton went on board and inspected the *Brooklyn* and advised the passengers to procure arms on account of the unsettled state of California. The ship's company accordingly bought condemned muskets at \$3.00 and \$4.00 each. The company celebrated the 4th of July, were inspected and discharged

their arms. There were fifty Allen revolvers and each man had a military cap and suit of clothes. The company drilled.

July 31st reached the harbor of San Francisco and landed at Yerba Buena which signified a good herb used by the Spaniards as a tea, found twelve or fifteen Spanish homes. Yerba Buena was subsequently named San Francisco. The *Brooklyn* proved a better ship than was represented. . . . Soon came the order for unloading, all was activity, all being glad to stand once more on solid ground. A few tents were erected and these were soon filled. In the old barracks sixteen families were crowded, their apartments being divided by quilts or other accommodating partitions. The cooking was to be done out-of-doors and orders were passed that all must stay within certain limits. The war with Mexico was virtually ended but the vindictive enemy lurked ever near ready to wreck vengeance on the unwary. With hearty good-will, trying to make the best of everything, the new colony carried and landed safely by the old ship *Brooklyn* from New York, began life and spread its influence, habits of industry and adornment of homes around them.

According to Mildred Pearce Morgan, there are many names in San Francisco across the bay in Oakland that are reminders of the *Brooklyn* people. Portsmouth Square in San Francisco was given to the city by Samuel Brannan for a public square and the site of a school house. Brannan Street in San Francisco is named for their dynamic leader. The Brooklyn Township in Oakland was chosen by these first Anglo-Saxons for their town. They gave it the name of their ship. A city park in Oakland on Tenth Street was once the home of John Eager."—*LaVieve Geiger*

### THE EVANS FAMILY

*William* and *Hannah Benner Evans* were the parents of four children, *Amanda*, *Jonathan Benner*, *Parley Pratt* and *William H.*, when they set sail on the *Brooklyn* for California. Both the Evans and Benner families were early settlers of Pennsylvania and were originally of Quaker lineage. The *William Evans* family joined the Latter-day Saint Church in Chester, Pennsylvania in 1833, and, at great personal sacrifice, left their holdings in that state to join with other Saints in gaining religious freedom on the west coast of the United States.

*Hannah* in later years often related to her children the hardships endured on that voyage, particularly the meager rations. An incident concerning the allotment of food to each passenger was as follows: One day a lady was much put out and complained to the steward that Mrs. Evans' plate contained two potatoes while the other passengers each had only one. The fact was that only one plate had been served to Mrs. Evans and the extra potato was for her four year old son.

Living among the Spaniards at Yerba Buena, the Evans children became familiar with the Spanish language, and during their stay in California learned to speak it quite fluently. *William* purchased a

piece of ground on what is now the corner of Market Street and Van Ness Avenue, where he established what is said to have been the first tailor shop on the west coast, owned by an Anglo-Saxon. The family home was also on this ground. Their home was always open to traveling Elders and a good meal and bed awaited them at any time with this hospitable family.

In 1851, Williams Evans died leaving Hannah with five children, Mary Ann Janette having been added to the family while living in California. Hannah carried on her husband's tailoring business, and with the help of her eldest son was able to keep the family together. In 1856 Hannah brought her family to Utah, with the exception of Amanda, where she could be among her own people. They arrived in Centerville, Davis county, in November and purchased ten acres of ground where they built a home. Through her ability as a tailoress Hannah was able to support her family until they were old enough to make their own way. In 1870 she moved to Salt Lake where there was a better field for her trade. Later she returned to her daughter's home in Centerville where she passed away in April, 1884.

*Amanda Evans* was born in Brandywine, Chester County, Pennsylvania October 12, 1833. She was thirteen years of age when she accompanied her parents, William and Hannah Benner Evans, on the ship *Brooklyn*. While in California she met and married Zacheus Cheney, a member of the Mormon Battalion who, after his release from service, panned gold at Sutter's mill and is also credited with a Joseph Balie as having made and burned the first kiln of brick in San Francisco. Mr. Cheney was born in Simpronius, Cayuga county, New York, April 22, 1818. His first wife, *Mary Ann Fisher*, also a *Brooklyn Saint*, died January 1, 1851, six days after giving birth to a daughter. Amanda and Zacheus were married January 10, 1853.

On the 28th of August, 1857, the Cheney's left San Francisco with Zacheus in charge of fourteen wagons. They arrived in Centerville, Utah November 3, 1857. A homestead of 27 acres of choice land was purchased in Centerville, and here Zacheus engaged in farming until his death March 7, 1898. Prior to his death he spent six months on the "Muddy" and also made several trips to California in the interests of the Church. Amanda passed away October 12, 1917. They were the parents of five daughters and three sons.

*William H. Evans* worked with his brother-in-law, Zacheus Cheney, for many years after his arrival in Centerville. He learned much about farming and cattle raising and came to be considered an excellent judge of horses and cattle. In 1876 he married Phoebe Smith, daughter of William R. and Emeline Leavitt Smith, and for several years worked for his father-in-law on a large ranch in what is now Layton, Utah. One herd of horses was purchased by Mr. Smith from Porter Rockwell, noted pioneer scout and breeder of fine horses. William cared for them, broke them, and sold them in various parts of the territory. Later

he did truck gardening in Centerville and then served as U.S. mail carrier from the Oregon Short Line Railroad station to the Centerville Post Office. When he was 68 years of age William was stricken with pneumonia and died on the 17th of August, 1909. He was buried in the Centerville cemetery. His widow, six sons and four daughters mourned his passing, besides a multitude of friends, young and old, who loved and respected this kindly man.



Adobe Building in which Mormons held services—1847-48.

*Parley Pratt Evans*, son of William and Hannah B. Evans, was born in Downingtown, Chester county, Pennsylvania about 1840. He was six years of age when he made the historic journey on the *Brooklyn*. Ten years after his arrival in California he came to Utah with his parents and settled in Centerville. About 1863, Parley married Susan Miles Davidson, and of this union fifteen children were born, including four pair of twins. Years later they moved to Park City. Several of their children died in early youth. Susan passed away in 1894, and Parley Pratt Evans died a few years later. Both are buried in the Centerville cemetery.

*Jonathan Benner Evans* married Josephine Harman and they reared a family.

The last Evans child, *Mary Ann Janette* married Nathaniel Garn and also had a family.—*DUP History Files*

#### WILLIAM GLOVER FAMILY

*William Glover*, son of William Glover, Sr., and Catherine Owens was born August 19, 1813, at Kilmarnock, Ayrshire, England. He emigrated to America when he was a young man and settled in Pottsville, Pennsylvania. *Jane Cowan*, born December 9, 1816 at

Clayland, Lanarkshire, Scotland became his wife. She emigrated to America with her grandparents and they also settled in Pottsville. William and Jane were married March 13, 1832. Ten years later they joined the Latter-day Saint Church. Seven children were born to this couple but death took four boys, two being twins, Jacob and John, leaving them with two daughters, *Jane* and *Catherine* and a son *Joseph* who accompanied their parents around the Horn to California on the ship *Brooklyn*.

After an eventful voyage of six months' duration the ship docked on the west coast July 31, 1846, and the following September 25th Jane gave birth to another son, *William Glover III*; then two years later *Sarah Elizabeth* was born November 7, 1848. It is noted that in 1846, William served as counselor to Samuel Brannan and also was a member of the first city council of San Francisco. While in California Mr. Glover worked as a carpenter on some of the first homes as well as the first school house in San Francisco. Working in the gold fields, William was successful in accumulating a considerable quantity of the precious metal, and Jane also washed tiny gold nuggets from the streams coming from the mines.

The family journeyed to Utah in 1849 and shortly after their arrival Church authorities asked William for money to carry on the work of the Lord. He gave them almost all the gold he had leaving the family in rather straightened circumstances. One day he informed Jane that if he had \$500 he could buy a small farm. She brought out the gold she had garnered and they were able to purchase a small piece of land in Farmington. In 1851 William married Zelnora Snow, a young lady who had helped care for the Glover children on the *Brooklyn*.

William fulfilled a mission to England in 1852, and just prior to returning home, went to Scotland and brought back to Utah his mother and Margaret Lochhead who later became his wife. He was the father of twenty-six children. William and Jane were the parents of thirteen, eight boys and five girls. Always an active member of the Church William was a member of the Seventy Quorum. He died at the age of 79 and was buried in Farmington, Davis county, Utah March 31, 1892. Jane was blind for a number of years before her death. She passed away in Lewiston, Cache county, Utah at the home of her daughter Marian on March 11, 1896, at the age of 80 years and was interred in Farmington.

*Joseph Smith Glover*, son of William Glover and Jane Cowan, was born September 13, 1845, in Pennsylvania. He was a passenger on the ship *Brooklyn* and came to Utah with his parents in 1849. Joseph S. married Ellen Mariah Rice December 26, 1869 in Salt Lake City. She was the daughter of William R. Rice of Farmington, Utah. They were the parents of nine children.



## THE ISAAC R. GOODWIN FAMILY

*Isaac R. Goodwin*, a descendant of the Ozias Goodwin family who came to America and settled in Connecticut in 1632, was born at New Hartford, Litchfield county, Connecticut June 18, 1810. He was the son of Isaac Goodwin and Rhoda Richards. Rhoda Richards was a daughter of Elisha Richards who was killed in the Wyoming massacre July 6, 1778, and whose wife, Sarah Cornwall Richards and children escaped the Indians and walked two hundred miles.

*Laura Hotchkiss*, daughter of Benjamin Hotchkiss and Elizabeth Tyrell, became the wife of Mr. Goodwin and of this union seven children were born, four boys and three girls: *Isaac, Lewis, Edwin A., Albert S., Emmerett, Nancy* and *Lucinda*. Isaac early learned the mason trade at which he worked in New Haven, Connecticut and neighboring towns before his conversion to Mormonism by Elder Elisha Davis. By 1846, he was so thoroughly imbued with the Latter-day Saint spirit, that when the call came to move west he sold his property for almost nothing and, on February 4, 1846, at about the same time the Nauvoo Saints were first ready to cross the plains, Isaac and family took passage on the ship *Brooklyn*. These converts did not know exactly where they were going, only that they were to join the Saints from Nauvoo somewhere in the West.

Unfortunately, during a storm on this voyage, Isaac's wife, Laura, who was an expectant mother, was thrown down a hatchway and after a prolonged illness, died May 6, 1846 just as the ship rounded the Horn. They were close enough to the Isle of Juan Fernandez when death occurred, so that Laura was buried there on Goat Island. Her death left Isaac with the problem of caring for seven motherless children, the eldest of whom was only thirteen years of age. After a short stop at Honolulu, the ship sailed on reaching her destination, California, the last day of July, 1846.

For the first six years after he reached California, Isaac lived part of the time in San Francisco and part of the time with the Saints near the American River. He did masonry work in San Francisco and near Rush Creek. Some of his children, in the absence of a mother, were allowed to work in families of other Saints, Lucinda being with Mr. Marshall at the American River colony.

In 1852 Isaac again responded to the call of the Church to gather in colonies. He sold his property near San Francisco, took his family and belongings to the Mormon settlement of San Bernardino, five hundred miles southward. Here he purchased a farm and largely devoted himself to agriculture. He aided many missionaries on their way to the coast for foreign countries and was an active member in other Church work.

While at San Francisco, Isaac hired a saddle maker, William Coons, a member of the Mormon Battalion, to help him, and young Coons soon fell in love with Isaac's daughter, Emmerett, a girl of fifteen. Isaac refused to give the girl in marriage, so Coons bribed Lucinda, then nine years of age, to assist him in an elopement, which

succeeded. Emmerett was never again seen by her family. This elopement started Isaac to thinking seriously about the family responsibility, for on December 22, 1855, Isaac Goodwin married Mary Cox of New Haven, England. She had received the gospel on January 10, 1850 and emigrated to America, coming overland to Utah, then had gone on to California with the Charles C. Rich company. Mary Cox proved a devoted mother to the Goodwin children. She never had any children of her own.

According to an interview in 1878 reported by John Codman, a journalist, Isaac was one of the men who went with Samuel Brannon to meet the overland Saints under Brigham Young to try to persuade them to continue on to California. When President Young called the Saints to Utah in 1857, Isaac left all his wealth behind and brought his wife and children to Utah. They traveled by covered wagon, the boys and girls each taking turns driving the stock.

When Isaac reached Utah there was probably an order to aid the emigrants coming from the southwest and to help protect the southern settlements from a surprise attack by U.S. troops from that direction, although the known troops were then at Fort Bridger. At any rate, Isaac spent nearly the whole year between December, 1857 and November, 1858 at Santa Clara near what is now St. George. On the latter date he started for Lehi, but was forced by severe snowstorms to stop at Payson until February, 1859, when he finished the journey. In Lehi, he first settled near the Jordan River at Cold Springs, about a mile north of the bridge directly west of Lehi. Here he spent some time raising livestock but soon purchased land within the city limits, where he thereafter made his home.

The history of Lehi states that Isaac Goodwin was the man who introduced alfalfa seed into that settlement. He came to Lehi in 1859, bringing with him a little of the precious alfalfa seed from the Pacific coast. In the spring of 1860 Isaac planted the first alfalfa seed that Utah soil had known. From this seed only seven plants sprouted. These he nourished tenderly until they yielded more seed. This seed was saved and planted the following spring. The process was continued for a number of years, a coffee grinder was used to clean the husks. On one occasion a neighbor was watching Goodwin clean the seed and picked up a pinch of it. "Put it down," said Isaac, "I would as willingly give you as much gold dust." In a few years Isaac was able to sell a little seed to his neighbors for one dollar a pound which scarcely paid for the cleaning of it.

As Isaac grew older he seldom left home except to attend the Latter-day Saint conference in Salt Lake City. It was at one of these meetings that a very important announcement came for him. It was about a little girl who had been left with some people and who said, "Isaac Goodwin is my grandfather." Her mother was dead. When Isaac saw her he knew he was looking at his grandchild. She was the image of his long-lost daughter, Emmerett, who had named her baby Laura after her mother, Laura Goodwin. Little Laura had a

brother, John William Coons, but no further record of him has been found. Emmerett's husband, William Coons, left her after the birth of the second child. She then married a man by the name of Edward Morehead. One child was born to them. Isaac reared Laura to young womanhood when she married Thomas B. Cutler, Bishop, and also manager of the Z.C.M.I. in Lehi and later General Manager of the Utah-Idaho Sugar Company. He tried hard to locate Emmerett's second husband and child but without success.

Isaac Goodwin was elected mayor of Lehi on February 13, 1865. He was re-elected October 31, 1874 to fill the vacancy of William Winn who resigned. On February 8, 1875, Mr. Goodwin was again elected to the office of mayor carrying on the responsibilities on each occasion with honor and fidelity. He held many other positions of trust, both civic and religious. In 1872 he went on a mission to his native state of Connecticut. On April 25, 1879, Mr. Goodwin passed away at his home in Lehi, Utah. Mary Cox Goodwin died December 13, 1898.

*Isaac H. Goodwin*, pioneer of 1858, was born August 25, 1834 in Hartford, Connecticut. He was a lad of twelve years when he accompanied his parents, Isaac R. and Laura Hotchkiss Goodwin on the *Brooklyn*. His mother met a tragic death on the voyage and was the only person who died enroute to be buried on land—her final resting place, Juan Fernandez. California was young Isaac's home for another twelve years, then he accompanied his father, stepmother, Mary Cox Goodwin, and several brothers and sisters to Utah. Betsey Smith, daughter of Alexander Smith and May McEwan became his wife December 1, 1859 in Salt Lake City. She was born March 7, 1843 in Dundee, Scotland and came to Utah with her mother in the *James G. Willie* handcart company in 1856. Isaac H. and Betsey were the parents of nine children. The family resided at various times in Lehi, Smithfield, Escalante, Thurber and Beaver where Mr. Goodwin engaged in merchandising and farming. He was an active member of the Latter-day Saint Church.

*Lucinda Ladelia Goodwin* was born April 4, 1843 at North Hartford, Connecticut. Being only three years of age when she made the voyage on the *Brooklyn* with her parents, brothers and sisters, she did not remember the tragedy which surrounded this family in the death of the mother. Her brothers and sisters were put out to live in various homes after their arrival in San Bernardino from Yerba Buena, the first stopping place of the *Brooklyn* Saints. Lucinda lived for a time with the Marshall family.

In 1857 the Goodwins started the journey to Utah where they spent the winter of 1857-58 in St. George. Early in 1859 they arrived in Lehi where they established a permanent home. It was here that Lucinda met Martin Bushman, a native of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and after one year of courtship the young couple were married March



The Goodwin Family—Lucinda L., Edwin A., Albert S., Nancy E; Lewis

21, 1863 in Salt Lake City by President Brigham Young. By 1864 they were financially able to buy a city lot and build a small home of their own. Ten children, eight girls and two boys were born to them which included two pair of twins. Both sons filled missions, one, Lewis, dying in the mission field. Seven of her children preceded Lucinda in death. She passed away December 6, 1906 at the age of 63 years. Lucinda was a large woman weighing 200 pounds, 5 ft. 9 in. in height with gray eyes and brown hair. She was of a kindly disposition and happiest when performing loving service for her husband and children. She did not participate in public life and left home only to attend to religious duties or to do some kind deed for a neighbor.

*Lewis Goodwin* was born October 26, 1836. He married Maria Dolores Noe and remained in California where they made their home in the Sacramento area. He is buried in California.

*Edwin Abiah* was born November 30, 1839. He married Annie Harwood and later Hannah Marie Peterson became his wife. He resided at various times in Lehi and Beaver, Utah.

*Nancy Ellen* was born September 13, 1841. She became the wife of William Evans in Payson, Utah in 1858. They lived for a time in Ophir, Tooele county. She was the mother of eleven children. Burial was in the Lehi cemetery.

*Albert Story Goodwin* was born October 29, 1844. He married Mary Joyce Cooper. They also made their home in Lehi and Beaver, Utah.

The five brothers and sisters met for the first time in forty years in 1897 during the Golden Jubilee festivities in Utah. This picture was taken at the time of their reunion.—*Files of D.U.P.*

#### MARY HAMILTON

Mary Hamilton, a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, is listed as a passenger on the ship *Brooklyn*. According to our records two children accompanied her on that historic voyage around the Horn, one of whom was *Mary*, wife of Quartus Sparks. No record is available of the other child. After living in San Francisco for some time Mrs. Hamilton accompanied her daughter's family to San Bernardino, where it is said she continued actively in church duties. She died and was buried in San Bernardino.

#### TWO IMPORTANT LETTERS

Realizing the needs of his people when they reached the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, Mr. Kimball wrote and entrusted the following letter to Major Howard Egan to be delivered to Mr. Horner in California. Mr. Egan in those early days was given the responsibility of delivering important messages for the Church authorities:

Winter Quarters  
March 29, 1848.

Brother Horner, Sir:

I send unto you brother Howard Egan for the purpose of getting a quantity of flour, and I want you should endeavor to let him have it at as low a rate as possible as you must realize by this time that your friend and brother Heber C. Kimball must be very much reduced as to the comforts of life, as it is now over 2 years since I was driven from my home here in the wilderness with a large family.

I shall probably want to get from 70 to 7500 lbs. of superfine & fine, more fine than superfine, as my means are very small. Now please to do all you can for me in this thing and it will be conferring a great favor on me, and the time may come when I may be of service to you, if so I will cheerfully lend mine aid to your assistance. You have my kind wishes and blessings upon you and yours.

I remain your true friend and Brother in the kind and everlasting covt.

*Heber C. Kimball*

Salt Lake City, Utah  
March 31, 1904.

Editors Improvement Era:

Dear Sirs:

At a special general conference of the Church, convened in this city, August, 1852, there were over one hundred Elders, called on missions to the United States, Canada, Europe, the Orient, etc. All were counseled to travel without purse or scrip. Out of the total number, forty were deputed to go to China, Siam, Hindoostan, Australia, the Hawaiian Islands and South America. On reaching San Francisco, via San Pedro, the Elders were practically stranded. The oceans lay between us and our destinations. Transportation was the great desideratum. We vainly tried to raise the necessary funds in the chief city of the Golden State. At this time, Elder John M. Horner, who was one of the ship *Brooklyn* emigrants from Nauvoo, who was living at San Jose, came promptly to our relief. He sent us word to ascertain what the cost of transportation would be to our several fields of labor, and that he would soon meet with us. We learned that the Elders destined for China needed \$1,000; for Siam, \$1,200; for Hindoostan; \$1,800; for Australia, \$1,250; and for Hawaii, \$1,000; total, \$6,250. Of this sum, the Elders had collected \$750. The balance, viz., \$5,500, Brother Horner voluntarily furnished us, and we all were soon sailing for our respective destinations, gratefully and prayerfully thanking the Lord and His big-hearted servant, Elder John H. Horner, for the beneficent endowment.

In my lectures before the Saints, on the subject of my having circumscribed the earth without purse or scrip, 1851-1857, it always gives me very great pleasure to refer to this grand offering made in the interest of the forty Elders over a half century ago.

Respectfully submitted,  
A. Milton Musser  
Ex-Missionary to Hindoostan

#### FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOHN M. HORNER

I was born on a New Jersey farm in Monmouth county, June 15, 1821. There I continued to live until the end of my twenty-first year, when I was expected to shift for myself. I was without money and had only small business experience. I had good health, however, and was industrious and ambitious. These qualifications impelled me to strive to be the best workman on the farm, to run faster, and jump further than anyone else; to be the best ball player, and to always strive to be at the head of my classes in school. I did not always succeed, but was awarded a premium by my teacher for trying harder to learn than any other scholar in school. After becoming my own boss,

which all young men were supposed to be in New Jersey at the age of 21, nothing better presenting itself, I hired to a farmer to work during the summer and fall, for nine dollars per month, with board and washing. In the winter I taught a district school. Thus passed my twenty-second year, as happy a year as has ever fallen to my lot to enjoy. I was just as content working for thirty-five cents a day, as I was in after years, when my time for overseeing my business netted me seventy-five dollars per day—or when my net income exceeded sixty thousand dollars per year.

During the previous three or four years, I had been wrought up over the subject of religion. The Methodists were the most persistent in my neighborhood, and my preference was for them. In these days came ministers of a new sect, calling themselves Latter-day Saints, with a new revelation, preaching the gospel of the New Testament, with its gifts and blessings. It attracted much attention; people listened and some obeyed, thereby enjoying the promised blessings. Members of the Methodist, Baptist, and Presbyterian faith, as well as non-professors began to join them. Among the latter class were my father, mother and sisters. I was the first of the family to obey, being baptized by Erastus Snow, in the Layawa Creek, on the second day of August, 1840. In the spring of 1843, I went up to Nauvoo. Here I was introduced to and shook hands with the Prophet Joseph Smith. I stopped in Nauvoo during the summer and was one of the four men who laid the brick in David Yearsley's three story house, and in the Masonic brick lodge, under the guidance of Brother George Woodward, who was one of the four. Mixing mortar, handling the trowel, the square, the saw, the plane, etc., was new work for me, but, as in the case of using farm tools, I found it a great help in after years.

There being no labor in Nauvoo, in the fall I went home but the following spring I returned to Nauvoo, where at the suggestion of Brigham Young given at a meeting of the Seventies, my name was placed upon their books as one of their number. About this time a convention was called for the purpose of making a nomination of some one for President of the United States. The Prophet was unanimously chosen, and many delegates were appointed to electioneer in a number of the states, to endeavor to elect the Prophet president. I was sent back to New Jersey; I ordered a thousand or so of the Prophet's "Views of the Powers and Policies of the Government of the United States," printed and took these with me. One night, while speaking to a full house of attentive listeners, I invited all to speak who wished to at the close of my lecture. One gentleman got up and said: "I have one reason to give why Joseph Smith can never be president of the United States; my paper, which I received from Philadelphia this afternoon, says that he was murdered in the Carthage jail, on June 27th." Silence reigned, the gathering quietly dispersed, but the grief and sadness of this heart was beyond the power of man to estimate.

Finally the word came that the Saints were going to leave Nauvoo for California, then a province of Mexico, and counsel was given for the eastern Saints to charter a ship and go around the Horn to California. (*John M. Horner* and his bride, *Elizabeth Imlay*, whom he had married a few days prior to sailing, were among the passengers listed on the ship Brooklyn).

Yerba Buena was no place for an ambitious farmer, but as farming was my profession, and I had brought some farming tools with me, I was anxious to get to work. So after thirty days, Brother James Light and I, with our families, left to fill a contract made with Dr. John Marsh, to put in a field of wheat on shares on his farm which was situated on the the lower San Joaquin. We put in forty acres. It grew well; the land was good, while the rains were early and abundant that year. After the wheat was sown and there being nothing more to be done at the doctor's, in March, 1847, I moved over to the Mission San José, where I found farming prospects more favorable. In this vicinity, my large farming operations were afterwards prosecuted. At the mission in March, I plowed and sowed wheat, barley, peas and potatoes and made a garden planted with different kinds of truck. All of this sowing and planting were of no avail, as the plants were destroyed by grasshoppers, an affliction from which my farm never after suffered, although I followed agricultural pursuits in that neighborhood for thirty odd years. Later I planted a small patch of potatoes on what I thought suitable soil, about one and a half miles from where I resided.

The wheat at the doctor's was harvested and stored in his granary, but when our share was called for, the doctor gravely informed us; "You have no wheat here, your share was destroyed by elk, antelope, and other wild animals; my share alone was harvested." So we got nothing for our labor. Thus ended my first year of farming in California. Although I got no dollars out of it, I did get experience, which I profited by in after years. I had tested the soil in different places with several different kinds of farm produce, and learned the most suitable season for sowing and planting. Nearby, I bought a piece of land from an Indian and built a small house upon it, moving into it in the spring of 1848, with a determination of making another farming venture that year. There being no fences, nor fence material for miles, I went to the redwoods, twenty-five miles distant, for fencing. I made a pen to hold animals, fenced a small garden plot, sowed it with various kinds of garden seeds, intending to transplant them later on into open ground. Since human plans are not infallible, the plants were never transplanted, for the reason that gold was discovered about this time. The gold fever broke out with epidemic violence and took nearly all the people, ourselves included, off to the mines. We did not get much gold, but got the ague without much exertion. We were a happy couple when we got back to the farm, although our garden was destroyed and our hogs gone wild. Our house was only walls, the roof and outer and inner doors were made of rough slabs and were



hung with raw-hide hinges. Our windows were muslin, and we had ground for the floor, but it was our mansion. We enjoyed and improved it as time went on. . . Having had our experience in the mines, we bade them farewell, and thus ended our second year in California.

My mind turned to the farm; farming was my profession. I had a good piece of land and my experience gave me confidence in the soil; and, as if the fates had decreed it, farm I must and farm I did. My farm had no wood or timber upon it. My 1847 experience taught me that no success could be obtained without fencing the land, as stock were on the plains by the score. On account of the water and green feed on and around my farm, they made it their feeding ground. So I prepared the seed, with a determination of fencing and farming all the land I could during 1849. On the 10th of March I started for the redwoods to make rails and posts for my prospective fence. I took with me three Indians (the best help I could get), four yoke of oxen, tools and one wagon. Night overtook me and we camped about ten miles from our destination. During the night an unusual and unexpected snowfall occurred completely covering the hills and plains. The grass was entirely hidden by the snow, and the cattle came out of the hills bellowing through the valley, seeking food. Fortunately, after two days, the grass began to show on the hills, and in a few days we were again able to labor in the hills. We worked some three days preparing fence material, when we loaded the wagon and reached home within the week. The Indians suffered considerably as they were working in the snow with bare feet, but fortunately the sun shone brightly, warming the logs and rails. The first remuneration from my first three years of farming venture in California was two dollars paid me for watermelons in September of this year. October and November brought to California a large number of gold hunters, coming both by land and sea and the appetites of these people seemed to crave nothing so much as vegetables since some of them had and others were rapidly contracting scurvy. As I was the only farmer in the territory who had vegetables for sale, I was much sought after. This crop was worth about eight thousand dollars, but unfortunately an early rain sent a flood of water over my field from a brook nearby, and continued so long that one-half of my potatoes were destroyed before I could secure help—help being so scarce. However, what I did gather was partial compensation for my long struggle; besides my success was gratifying, and I put that down also in my ledger as a further credit. Thus ended my farming venture in 1849.

In the beginning of January, 1850, my brother William came to me by way of the Panama, consuming six months time on the journey. He had also been bred on a farm, was young, about twenty-one, ambitious and very industrious. I received him as a partner in my business. We worked and flourished together during the next four years, perhaps as no other farmers ever flourished before in the United States in so short a time. My experience, my location, my

established business, our skill and industry, together with the property I had acquired, all became capital in our hands. We worked them to the utmost of our ability, knowing that we were almost the only farmers in the territory that year. We knew, too, there would be a good sale for all the garden produce we could raise. We extended our fence enclosing about five hundred acres. We established a commission house in San Francisco under the name of J. M. Horner & Company to sell our own and others' produce. This year we purchased one hundred acres of land, at the landing, on the Alameda river and laid out the town of Union City upon it. We made extensive preparations for increasing our business in 1851. We bought teams, imported agricultural implements from the eastern states and wire from England for fences. This year our crops were large and a ready market was found for all we raised. We secured by purchase the steamer *Union* to carry our produce to market. I was the largest contributor to the first agricultural fair ever held in California . . .

We extended our agricultural operations in 1852 by purchasing more farming land. I sent my brother back to New Jersey on business, and he brought back with him my father and mother and all their children and grandchildren, two of my wife's sisters, and a brother, and some other young people. Flouring mills not being sufficient in California at this time, we built one at Union City, with eight-run of burrs, at a cost of \$85,000 and ground our grain and that of others.

We equipped and ran a stage line in connection with our steamer, as far up the valley as San Jose, twenty-five miles; thus completing a through passenger line from San Francisco to San Jose. We opened sixteen miles of public roads, mostly through our own lands, and fenced the larger part on both sides. We purchased 1,950 acres of a confirmed grant of excellent land bordering on Alameda River near Union City. The extent of our property in Santa Clara county was valued at \$9,000; we bought 5,250 acres of land adjoining the city of San Francisco.

The position I held in the community at this time made me much sought after as an indorser of notes, a signer of bonds, and a loaner of money to the impecunious. As I had been raised in purely a rural district of New Jersey, and was unacquainted even in theory with the "tricks of the trade," the unwise course of endorsing notes, or loaning money without adequate security, had never entered my head. I loaned and endorsed freely hoping to do good thereby. I have no recollection of refusing any one asking for an accommodation, or requesting notes endorsed, up to 1854.

Our worldly prospects at this time were bright, and our property was ample to gratify every wish, and was yearly improving. As I nor my brother ever drank strong drinks, smoked or gambled or dissipated in any way, no cloud of doubt ever crossed our mental vision, that our property should not always continue to increase as we attended strictly to business. Our crops were large this year. We viewed them as ample to pay every indorsement and every obligation we had out,

as well as to pay the expenses of harvesting and marketing time. Our property was unencumbered, large, and our farming in full operation.

These were our possessions and prospects when the first wave of money panic struck California and swept over America with such disastrous results from 1853 to 1859. It is said that during two months of 1857, in New York, discounts at the banks fell off \$24,000,000 and deposits \$40,000,000; interest went up to 36 per cent per annum and there were six thousand failures, involving an indebtedness of \$300,000,000. Yet, how small are these compared with the direct and indirect losses suffered by the whole people during those years of panic. Men of families, wealth and enterprise, were driven from their homes and reduced to poverty. At the same time thousands of tons of farm products were never sent to market for there was no sale; good potatoes were ten cents a bushel but there was no ten cents. All this happened in the golden state of California in 1854 where millions of gold and silver were dug from its mines every month. A man with a few hundred dollars in gold coin was independent, while the owner of scores of thousands of property was poverty stricken. For the first time we commenced mortgaging our property, and at this time money could not be borrowed on our San Francisco real estate. We did succeed in mortgaging it to C. K. Garrison for \$50,000 interest four per cent per month, compounded monthly, and payable in advance. He drew on New York, we received the money there. One month's interest was \$2,000 and payable in advance, we received of him only \$48,000. It was about one-sixth of the amount we had paid for the property and the improvements, as it swept away the entire property. Thus slipped from us the property we had paid \$290,000 for. Our \$18,000 steamer went to pay a \$7,000 endorsement. In parting with our flour mill, we did a little better; but the panic continued so long and was so heavy upon property values, that the purchaser sold it for \$5,000. This property had been depreciated in value by the panic, \$80,000. The Mission lands that had cost us \$70,000, including improvements, went from us for an endorsement debt of \$10,000. However, the squatters had done as much as the panic to render this property of little value. Our home farm of one thousand acres, which we had purchased four times, went off for an endorsement of \$7,000.

Although our labors and struggles were temporal matters, yet spiritual things were not altogether neglected. My brother and I erected a schoolhouse in a central locality, for accommodating our neighborhood and hired and paid a teacher. To this school all were welcome. In this house we held church every Sabbath during our prosperous years and for a long time after. Prayer meetings were frequently held evenings in the houses of different members. Some Mormon Battalion boys, and some ship *Brooklyn* families had settled around us. We had baptized some good people of other faiths, who left for Utah upon the first opening. In fact, the Battalion boys had

married, and I may say, all the more faithful Latter-day Saints in our settlement left for Salt Lake at different times.

We were not left altogether as Elders were frequently passing to and from missions. Brothers Amasa Lyman and C. C. Rich from San Bernardino sometimes visited us; also Brothers Parley P. Pratt, Orson Pratt, Addison Pratt, George Q. Cannon, David Cannon, Joseph Bull, and many other worthy brethren. I never mourned over the loss of my property as many other losers did, but endeavored to forget and go ahead again. I have regretted repeatedly that I did not do my duty more completely when I had it; but I must attribute it to ignorance or procrastination, not selfishness. I should have paid and could have paid a tithing on \$25,000 as readily as the \$1,500 I did pay. At that time I was too humble, too happy and too thankful to my heavenly Father to have refused in my feelings to have paid my debt to Him. I fully realized it was my obedience to the counsel of His servant in sending me to California, and His continual blessings, that had placed me in the enviable position I then enjoyed.

One other thing I have also regretted. President Brigham Young wrote advising me to be cautious, as reverses frequently visited people doing large business, and suggested that I sent \$30,000 to the Trustee-in-trust, as a precautionary measure that would serve a good purpose as a future help, if misfortune should overtake me. From ignorance, procrastination, or misfortune coming so quickly, the wise counsel was not acted upon. "Get out of debt, while times are good and keep out," I fear some of our brethren will be as slow acting upon this wise counsel as I was in obeying the counsel given to me.

As affliction seldom comes singly, so it was in my case. Aside from the loss of my property, I was otherwise afflicted. My only daughter sickened and died while my property was being confiscated. Lock-jaw came upon me with a heavy fever, which lasted a long time. My wife was despaired of by my physicians, relatives and friends . . . but an unexpected favorable change took place. My recovery was slow and my sickness left me with but little use of my legs; for weeks I used a crutch in getting around. I was granted a new lease of life by the Great One and for a purpose unknown to me. One of my first ventures after the loss of my property and recovery was building a bridge over the Alameda River under a contract with the county. I saved \$300 by this labor. I contracted to drain a small lake in the neighborhood, got paid well for my labor, as in both cases I did most of it personally. The owners of a piece of land in San Francisco, not having a clear idea as to their title to it, offered us a share of what we could get out of it if we would work it up. We received over \$3000 for this labor. About this time, we had an extra dry year in California, and believing vegetables would be a paying crop in the fall, we looked around for an opportunity of producing some, and finding Alameda River Mill was idle, we rented the use of the water which went to waste in the bay, and some land near by, made our ditches, and in June commenced to

water, plow, and plant a crop of vegetables, mostly potatoes. From this venture we realized \$7,000. So, little by little, we regained our feet, but our progress was slow, in fact, rather backward, during the last few years we remained in California.

At this time my oldest son was cultivating sugar cane in the Hawaiian Islands, and hearing that Mr. Claus Spreckles was about to open the largest sugar plantation known, he advised us to see Mr. Spreckles and get a contract from him to cultivate cane for him. If we could do so, he thought, we would do better in the Islands than in California. We saw Mr. Spreckles and contracted with him to go to the Islands and cultivate cane on shares. In fulfillment of this contract we sold our farms, chartered a schooner, and placed therein our families—eighteen souls—our household effects, horses and farming tools, and started for the Islands, where we arrived on the 25th day of December, 1879.

During Mr. Horner's stay on the island he again experienced financial difficulties through drought, causing the loss of sugar crops and many animals on the ranch purchased by the family. But his greatest affliction, as he states: "Was just after the drought ceased, my beloved wife, whom I married the day before we left New Jersey for California, 1846, sickened and died. Soon after this a grandson—a bright lad, the joy of our household, sickened and in about three days, died. The above mental and physical troubles had been so heavy on me that soon after they were over, a slight physical unpleasantness began to manifest itself with me. . . The disease was so complicated and severe, with my advanced age, that but little hope of recovery was entertained."—*Improvement Era*

#### AUGUSTA JOYCE

The following story is taken from the writings of *Augusta Joyce Crocheron* who was a child of two when she was taken by her parents to California on the ship *Brooklyn*:

"I was born in Boston, Massachusetts, October 9, 1844. My father was *Captain John Joyce* from St. John, New Brunswick—his parents were both from England. My mother was *Caroline Perkins*, the eldest daughter of John Perkins, a sea captain and his wife, Caroline Harriman. The Perkins and Harriman families were among the early Puritan emigrants, the property they first built upon still being in the possession of their descendants. When my mother heard and received the gospel in Boston, she hastened home to bear the good tidings, but she found her family opposed to this, her father reticent and her mother reproachful. Against their wishes she was baptized a member of the Latter-day Saint Church, and in the month of February, 1846, left home, family and all the friends of her youthful days and sailed on the ship *Brooklyn* for California with her husband and baby.

"In California my father became very wealthy but prosperity caused his apostasy. My only sister was born August 4, 1847 in San Fran-

cisco and died in St. George, *Mrs. Helen F. Judd*. My own parents separated after my father's apostasy. A few months after my mother's rebaptism in San Francisco, we moved to San Bernardino and there built a beautiful home. Some three years later mother married Colonel Alden A. M. Jackson, a Custom House agent whom she had met in San Francisco. Never was there a kinder father than he. When the family was ready to leave for Utah we were detained by court action from leaving the state because my sister and I were not of age.



Augusta Joyce Cocheron

"In 1865, my mother, sister and I came to Utah on a visit, and returned here in 1867, where my parents established a home in St. George. In 1868 I was appointed Secretary of the Relief Society in that city. In 1869 our parents brought my sister and I 'to the city' to receive our endowments and I remained in Salt Lake while they returned to St. George where my sister was married.

"In 1870 I became the second wife of George W. Cocheron. I believed I should better please my Heavenly Father by so doing than by marrying otherwise. Any woman, no matter how selfish, can be a first and only wife, but it takes a great deal more Christian philosophy and fortitude and self-discipline to be a wife in this

order of marriage; and I believe those who choose the latter when both are equally possible, and do right therein, casting out all selfishness, judging self and not another, have attained a height, a spiritual plan above those who have not. To do this is to overcome that which has its roots in selfishness, and it can be done if each will do what is right.

"In November 1870 I was appointed Secretary of the Y.L.M.I.A. in the Ninth Ward which position I filled 'till home duties compelled my resignation. In 1876 our father, Colonel Jackson, died and in five weeks mother followed him. Their graves are side by side in the valley of St. George. In 1878 I was appointed then later set apart and blessed to labor as Secretary of the Y.L.M.I.A. for the Salt Lake Stake of Zion. In 1880 by the advice and aid of my friends I published a book of poems *Wild Flowers of Deseret*. The design of the picture 'Representative Women of Deseret' appeared to me one night as I rose from family prayers. I had not thought of it before. The book of biographical sketches to accompany it was an afterthought.

Many suppose that Mormon women are not encouraged in their abilities, are perhaps repressed. This was not so in my case or in my observations of others. Both encouragement and help have been given me by friends, by those in authority and my husband has always encouraged me in every way in his power.

"I am the mother of three boys and two girls, born in the New and Everlasting covenant and consecrated to my Creator before I ever held them in my arms or pressed a mother's kiss upon their little faces. Myself and all that are mine to give are dedicated to the service of God, praying that He will help us to be worthy of His acceptance."

Augusta Joyce Crocheron passed away March 17, 1915.

—Zina Walker Fullmer

#### EDWARD C. KEMBLE—PRINTER

Edward C. Kemble was born in Troy, New York in 1827 of New England Puritan ancestry. His father was a State Senator. Mr. Kemble arrived in California July 31, 1846, on the ship *Brooklyn* under the leadership of Samuel Brannan. They brought with them a printing press and type for the purpose of establishing a paper. Upon the commencement of hostilities between the Americans and Californians, Mr. Kemble became a member of Fremont's battalion, as a sergeant in Company K. He participated in the battle of Salinas on November 15, 1846. Upon the disbanding of the battalion in March, 1847, he returned to San Francisco and, in connection with Samuel Brannan and Dr. E. P. Jones, as co-editors, he engaged in the publication of the *California Star*, the first paper ever issued in San Francisco. Shortly after the discovery of gold in January, 1848, they were obliged to suspend the publication of the paper, on account of a general stampede of all the male inhabitants to the mines. He, too, becoming imbued with the general excitement, left for the mines and was among the first who visited the mill at Coloma.

Edward was associated with John Bidwell in the discovery and development of gold washings at the famous Bidwell Bar on Feather River. Upon returning to San Francisco in October, 1848, he brought the material of the *California Star* and the *Californian*, which had been removed from Monterey to San Francisco, and redeemed the promise made to his patrons on his departure in the spring, by issuing a paper called the *Star and Californian*. In January 1849, he took Edward Gilbert into business with him and merged the *Star and Californian* into the *Alta California*, and on the 4th of January, 1849, the birth of that noted and venerable journal took place.

Subsequently, in the fall of 1849, Mr. Gilbert having been elected to Congress, the entire management of the paper devolved upon Mr. Kemble for two or three years. After Mr. Gilbert's death, Mr. Kemble became the sole proprietor of the *Alta California*. In 1854 the burden of the purchase of Gilbert's interest, and losses by fire had so crippled Mr. Kemble financially that he was obliged to

dispose of his interests in the journal. In 1855 he went to New York and organized and became secretary of a Committee on Pacific Coast Emigration, composed chiefly of California merchants and shippers, which was the pioneer movement for organizing emigration to the Far West, afterwards successfully adopted and applied in the settlement of Kansas and other western territories. In this connection he printed a paper in New York called *The Californian* for the dissemination in the East of intelligence concerning the resources in California. He also lectured upon that subject in St. Louis and other western and eastern cities.

In the fall of 1856 he returned to California and took the editorial chair of the *Chronicle*, the first Republican paper published in San Francisco. In the spring of 1857 he became connected with the *Sacramento Union*, as associate editor. In connection therewith he made the pioneer visit of press representatives to the now famous silver mines of Nevada, then in the infancy of their development, and wrote the first newspaper report of the mines which he published in the *Sacramento Union* in 1858.

At the commencement of the Civil War, in 1861, Mr. Kemble went East as war correspondent for the *Sacramento Union*. He was subsequently appointed paymaster, with the rank of Major, and served in the northwest and southwest, Virginia, and on the Pacific coast. He was brevetted Lt. Colonel in the Paymasters Department for meritorious service.

In 1866 he resigned and returned to his family in the East. He was appointed Inspector of Indian Affairs under the administration of President Grant. For the last few years of his life he was employed as agent and telegraphic correspondent of the *San Francisco Bulletin* and *Call*. He died at Mott Haven, New York, after a brief illness on February 10, 1866. The press throughout the country vied in paying tribute to his memory.

—W. F. Swasey—*Pacific Press Pub. Co., Oakland, California*

### JOHN KITTLEMAN AND HIS FAMILY

Among the passengers on the ship *Brooklyn* were John and Sarah Kittleman with their sons, Thomas, George and William. William brought with him his family including Eliza, his wife, and their children Elizabeth, Mary Ann, Sarah, Hannah, George and James. The Kittleman family remained in California until 1848 when they came to Utah. Most of them made their home in Centerville, Davis County.

Thomas Kittleman married Angelina Lovett, a twenty-one year old girl who came on the ship *Brooklyn*. The marriage ceremony was performed by Samuel Brannan December 19, 1847. After their arrival in Utah in 1848 Angelina taught school in the Old Fort.

George Kittleman, unmarried son of John and Sarah, died and is buried in Centerville.



*William* and his wife *Eliza* both died in Centerville and are buried in the Centerville cemetery. *Eliza* was born in Chester county, Pennsylvania. She came to Salt Lake in 1849, moving to Centerville in 1851.

*James*, son of *William* and *Eliza Kittleman* came to Utah with the family, but a short time afterwards was killed near the Sevier River in southern Utah.

*Mary Ann*, daughter of *William* and *Eliza*, married *John Leavitt* and they made their home in Centerville. She died June 6, 1912.

*Hannah* was still living in Salt Lake City in 1918. She was unmarried at that time. She died at the residence of a niece, *Mary E. Jackson* at the age of 74 years. Funeral services were held in the Centerville Ward Chapel.

*Sarah*, the other daughter of *William*, married *James Miller* and lived and died in Salt Lake City, Utah.

History records that *John Kittleman* and his sons, *George* and *Thomas*, kept the Portsmouth House in San Francisco for a time.

The following story is told by *Elizabeth Jane Kittleman* (Dalton) concerning their voyage on the ship *Brooklyn* and the trek from California to Utah. She was born May 26, 1831 at Downington, Chester county, Pennsylvania, the eldest daughter of *William* and *Elizabeth Hindman Kittleman*.

In 1838, my father, *William Kittleman*, was working for a railroad company. One day as he was preparing to eat lunch two Mormon Elders came to talk to him. They had not eaten so he shared his lunch with them. They asked if they might call at his home and hold a cottage meeting. He assured them they would be welcome. People heard of the gathering and came from far and near to hear the Elders' message. They converted my Grandfather and Grandmother *Kittleman* (*John* and *Sarah*), three aunts and two uncles, *George* and *Thomas*, my father, mother, and their family. None of my mother's people were converted and were very much opposed to our joining. I was baptized in the summer of 1840 by *Elijah Sheets*. When I was a small girl, the Prophet *Joseph Smith* and his brother, *Hyrum*, came to Grandfather *Kittleman's* home and held many meetings.

January 4, 1846 my parents and their family, together with my grandparents and their family, left our home in Downington, Chester county, Pennsylvania for New York where we set sail February 4, 1846 on the good ship *Brooklyn*. We were on the ship six months and landed twice, once on *Juan Fernandez* and once on the *Sandwich Islands*. We landed in *Yerba Buena Bay*, Sunday, July 31, 1846, so we stayed on board until the following Tuesday. We, with many more of our friends, had no place to go. We took our bedding and went to stay in a large adobe house for the winter. It was the time

of the Mexican-American war and the streets were guarded and every one had to be in by 9 p.m., if not they were marched to the guard house. In the spring the peace terms were settled and the people bought land and started out. Father bought a lot, built a shanty, and we moved from the adobe house. He planted a garden and raised some of the first vegetables in that settlement.

On July 16, 1847 the Mormon Battalion boys were discharged at Los Angeles and scattered out, some coming to San Francisco. Among them was Henry Dalton (Company B.) who came to work in a butcher shop and boarded in our home. He stayed with us until the following March when we were married by Elder Addison Pratt. The next May gold was discovered and the people all rushed out in search of the precious metal. We went to Mormon Island where I washed gold.

We left San Francisco in June, 1849 to come to Utah. We arrived October 1, 1849 and settled in the First Ward in Salt Lake City. In 1850 we moved north to Centerville. In May, 1856 we were called on a mission to Carson Valley. We were camped on a mountain near the upper road of Carson when some Indians rode into camp. I, at once, recognized the quilts, blankets and some silks they had as being the property of my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Muir. They also had a Spanish hat which Mr. Muir had purchased in San Francisco. The Muirs were on their way from California to Utah and had camped near the Humboldt river. With them was Mrs. Haws, mother of Mrs. Muir. They started on the lower road which was about four miles below the upper. Indians followed and killed these people, took their horses and other possessions, and then set fire to the camp. They wanted to trade these articles to us for food, so I exchanged food with them for the silk dress Mrs. Muir had worn the last time I saw her.

In 1857 the Carson Valley settlers were called back to Utah and on the way we met Mr. and Mrs. Zacheus Cheney. Mrs. Cheney, Amanda Evans, came with us on the ship *Brooklyn*. When we arrived in Centerville my husband sold the upper portion of the farm to the Cheney's and then built a home for us on the other part. We left our home again in 1858 at the time of the "move south." We went to Spanish Fork but returned to Centerville in July of that year.

On December 13, 1917 Elizabeth Kittleman Dalton passed away, having lived fifty-seven years on the land purchased by them shortly after their arrival in Utah in 1849. Mrs. Dalton was the mother of five children. She was an active Latter-day Saint and was a member of the first Relief Society organized in Centerville.—*Maria Dalton*

*Sarah Kittleman* was born in Downingtown, Chester county, Pennsylvania on September 20, 1845. She and her twin sister (Hannah) were the youngest of the six children who accompanied their parents, William and Elizabeth Hindman Kittleman on the *Brooklyn*. They were four and one-half months old. Many incidents are told concerning the happenings which involved the passengers on this historic voyage;

but one was especially remembered by Elizabeth Kittleman. During the lay over in Honolulu several natives came aboard and when they saw the tiny twin girls they were delighted and immediately wanted permission to take them ashore and show them to their Queen. The request was granted, but after they had been gone more than two hours, the mother Elizabeth, became alarmed. The ship's crew organized a posse and were ready to start the search when two young native girls came running toward the ship with the infants. They brought numerous gifts from the Queen for their mother.

The vessel docked in Yerba Buena cove on a Sunday, so the Saints held a meeting that day and gave praise to God for a safe journey. The William Kittleman family lived in San Francisco for about three years. Elizabeth kept a boarding house on Bush and Montgomery streets where the Mills Building now stands. They came to Salt Lake City, Utah in 1849, and after a short stay journeyed on to Centerville. Sarah had a spinning wheel. She gathered wool and became adept at weaving it into cloth from which much of the family's clothing was made.

On September 3, 1868, in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City, Sarah became the wife of James Wilson Miller, son of Frederick and Mary Mason Miller. He was born in New York City November 13, 1842, and after the death of his father, a sea captain, came to Utah with his mother and two brothers in 1850. The young couple made their home in Lake Town for a time where two children were born. Later they moved to Centerville and four more children came to bless their home. Sarah died in Salt Lake City, Utah July 27, 1892 at the age of 46 years. She was buried in the Centerville cemetery.

—*Mary E. Miller Jackson*

#### RICHARD AND SARAH KNOWLES

Ofttimes joining the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in pioneer days brought many heartaches and physical hardships as well as satisfaction and joy in receiving the Gospel. Some of these fine people never saw their loved ones again. Two converts *Richard* and *Sarah Rossiter Knowles* were among those who made such sacrifices for the sake of their religious beliefs. They emigrated from England bringing their youngest daughter *Sarah*; but leaving the other members of their family to be sent for later. It is believed there were four children, however, only a record of two is known. The Knowles family upon their arrival in New York were directed by Apostle Pratt to embark with other Mormons on the *Brooklyn*, destination California.

Like many other Mormon families, the Knowles possessed little of this world's goods, but collectively these people owned a sawmill, a blacksmith shop, harness shop, printing press as well as farm machinery as a means of making a livelihood. The discovery of gold brought many changes, and soon the majority of the people had

panned a sufficient amount of the precious metal to purchase outfits to go over the mountains to Deseret as their leader, Brigham Young, directed. The Knowles family was among those who accumulated gold, but they chose to stay in San Francisco where opportunities were more abundant. Although Richard and Sarah became quite prosperous they remained true to the church of their choice. They bought lands and houses for rentals as well as a home of their own. Richard dispatched the first money he could spare to England to emigrate his family. *Thomas Knowles* availed himself of the opportunity and brought his family to Utah where he waited in vain for his parents to join him. Sarah, in the meantime, had married a Mr. George Torrens. The parents, Richard and Sarah, the daughter, Sarah, and her husband are all buried in the Laurel Hill cemetery in San Francisco. The Thomas Knowles family who came to Utah have a large posterity in the Church in Utah, Idaho and California.

According to L.D.S. Church records Richard Knowles was born in Gloucestershire, England and died in San Francisco November 29, 1859. Sarah was born April 22, 1789 in Warrington, Lancashire, England. Death date unknown. Sarah, the daughter, died in San Francisco July 5, 1884.—*Mildred Pearce Morgan*

### SAMUEL LADD

*Samuel Ladd*, sometimes known as Samuel Johnson, was born April 13, 1818 at Kennebec county, Maine, the son of Samuel and Caroline Ladd. He was among the first converts to Mormonism in the eastern states. Early in 1846, Samuel learned the ship *Brooklyn* had been chartered to take a number of Latter-day Saints from New York to California, so he immediately made arrangements to go with them. Samuel remained in California for several years, and then came on to Utah where he made his home in the Fifth Ward in Salt Lake City. He was known as Major Ladd. His death occurred in Salt Lake City.

### THE MORY FAMILY

*Barton Mory (Mowry)*, a native of Rhode Island, his wife *Ruth*, born in Oakridge, Massachusetts August 13, 1798 and two sons, *Rinaldo* and *Origin* were passengers on the ship *Brooklyn*. Mr. Mory became a member of the San Francisco town council in 1848, and he and his sons became prominent land owners and boat builders in early California. The following excerpts were taken from the journal of John Borrowman:

May 10, 1848. I went to Origin Mory and requested him to pay me eight dollars for four days' work I had done for him, the usual wages in this town for laborers, but he refused to pay me more than \$1.00 a day, saying that was sailors' wages and as I had worked on a launch for him he would not pay me any more. Finally we agreed to leave it to the decision of two men but he did not appear to hear the decision. This evening Elder Brannan called a meeting and in-

formed us of a gold mine being found by Brother Willis and gave his advice for all to go and work in it.

11th. This day I bought three yards of canvas to make a pack-also one yard of silk, green, for a particular purpose, also a blank hook and two sail needles. This evening Brothers Glover and Sitrine gave in their decision in my favor and Brother Mory agreed to settle with me.

12th. Made my pack and prepared to start for the gold mines. This evening Brother Mory came to me and said that he was not satisfied with the decision on our differences, as he was not present when it was given in, and wished the case to be reconsidered, which I consented to, but as we could not find Brother Glover, it was laid over till another time.

13th. This morning I took passage on board Mory's launch for Sutter's Fort and at 2 p.m. we sailed from San Francisco and came to Marsh landing, a distance of a hundred miles.

After the gold rush days the Morys settled in southern Alameda county. Morys Road and Morys Landing and Morys School are all named for them. Origin was a mason, miner and trader and later became a very wealthy farmer in Alameda county. He and his father are buried in the Irvington-Centerville cemetery in Alameda county, California.

Ruth remained true to the principles of the Church and later brought her son Rinaldo to Utah where both are buried. She received a Patriarchal blessing in Great Salt Lake City, September 10, 1858.

#### AMBROSE TODD MOSES AND FAMILY

*Ambrose Todd Moses* was born in Hartford, Connecticut July 10, 1794 of Welsh ancestry. His wife, *Lydia Ensign* was born August 19, 1799 at Westfield, Massachusetts of English ancestry. They were the parents of three daughters, *Phebe Maria*, *Ann Frances* and *Clarissa Cordelia*, and one son *Norman* when they embarked on the ship *Brooklyn* with other Eastern Saints.

After their arrival in Yerba Buena the family went to live in the Mission Dolores. Their daughter, Ann Frances, married Eustaqueo Valencia, grandson of Don Jose Sanchez who was the owner of the Burra Burra Rancho which covered the hills from South San Francisco to Millbrae. The Valencias had come to San Francisco with the De Anza party to build the Presidio. Valencia Street in San Francisco is named after either Eustaqueo or his father Candalerio who married Paula Sanchez. Ann Frances and Eustaqueo had four children, two of whom lived to maturity. Two sons died young and Ann Frances passed away when she was twenty-five years of age. She was the first non-Catholic buried in the cemetery at the old mission Dolores. After the death of her daughter, Lydia Ensign Moses with the help of Clarissa, cared for the Valencia children, Joseph A., born November 2, 1851, Lydia, born October 25, 1853, and Henry L., born December 15, 1855. Joseph was accidently killed by a cousin while on a

hunting trip September 25, 1867, at the age of sixteen. His grave is by the side of his mother in the churchyard at Mission Dolores.

*Lydia Moses* died May 25, 1871. Ambrose with his son, Norman, left the Mission and went to Santa Cruz. He died there March 16, 1873.

*Clarissa Cordelia Moses* was born at Westfield, Massachusetts, eighty miles out of Boston, on the 21st of April, 1839. She was a child of six when she embarked on the six months' voyage around the Horn to California. She learned to speak the Spanish language fluently while living in the little settlement of Yerba Buena. Their home was in the Mission Dolores, and she often remarked that they were more comfortably housed than many of the pioneers, each family having one large room until homes could be built. She was educated in the public school of San Francisco intending to become a school teacher; but finding that lady teachers were only paid about half the salary for the same work that men received, she gave up the idea, not caring to enter a profession where women were so discriminated against. Believing that every woman should be able to support herself, if necessary, she apprenticed herself to a Mrs. Curtis to learn dressmaking.

On August 25, 1859 Clarissa married William Henry Mason in San Francisco. He died March 1, 1868 leaving her with two living children, *Camilla Ensign Mason*, born July 12, 1861 (her twin sister Charlotta had died September 29, 1861) and *Ambrose Todd Mason*, born December 12, 1864. Another child, Ann Frances, had died March 16, 1864.

On the 17th of October, 1872, Clarissa and her daughter Camilla, twelve years old, and son Ambrose Todd, eight years old, came to Utah. It was her uncle Samuel Ensign who welcomed them to Salt Lake City and they stayed in his home in the Eighth Ward until she acquired rooms in the George Q. Cannon home on the corner of South Temple and First West Streets. There she carried on her dressmaking business for the support of herself and children. She sewed for Elizabeth Hoagland Cannon in return for some articles of household furniture, and Sarah Jenne Cannon let her have milk each day for the children. Her cousins Luther, Luman and Calvin Ensign who had some farmland near the Jordan River would call for her large, seamless flour sack as they went to the mill and bring it back full of flour for her.

Clarissa married Elder Angus Cannon as a plural wife. She had first met him in San Francisco on June 16, 1857. Born of this union were Samuel Brannan Cannon who died at the age of four; Erastus Snow Cannon who died the year of his birth, and Alice Cannon who married Joseph Le Roy Cheney. The children of Clarissa's first husband always carried the name of Mason. Camilla E. Mason married David H. Cannon and went to live in his home in St. George. Ambrose T. married Sophia Christensen. She proved to be a real daughter to Clarissa.

After her children were all married Clarissa kept house for her grandchildren. She was an avid reader and often sat up late at night studying their college textbooks. She always had time to help out in sickness and was never afraid to go into the midst of contagious diseases if help was needed. Always an energetic Church worker, for fourteen years she served as a counselor to Mrs. Louie Felt, President of the Primary Association General Board. Clarissa's last years were spent in Centerville in the home of her daughter Alice, and son-in-law, Roy Cheney, where she was tenderly cared for until her death August 21, 1926. Burial was in the Salt Lake City cemetery.

Lydia Ensign Valencia, daughter of Ann Frances and Eustaqueo Valencia, with her two children, Clarissa Rebecca and Juanita, came to Utah to be with her "Aunt Clarissa" after the death of her husband, John Jay Hardy, brilliant young lawyer and son of Jeduthun F. Hardy, former U. S. senator from Illinois. She passed away December 23, 1879 at the age of twenty-six years, but not before she had been baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. She left two little orphan girls in the Cannon home and they always looked upon Angus as a father. At the time of their marriage, Mr. Cannon gave each of the girls a building lot in Bluffdale. Clarissa Rebecca, like her mother, father, and grandmother, died young, at the age of twenty-eight years. She had married Frederick James Hatt and was the mother of five children.

*Norman Moses* was born July 25, 1830. He remained with his father's family after arriving in California and married a widow with two or more children. She was known to the family as "Aunt Margaret." Two children were born to them. The family made their permanent home in Santa Cruz where Norman passed away in 1905.

*Phebe Maria Moses* was born April 6, 1832. She grew to womanhood in California and married George W. Eggleston to whom she bore four children, three sons and a daughter. The family remained in California where Phebe Maria died in Santa Cruz at the age of 88 years.

### LUCY NUTTING

Lucy Nutting was twenty-one years of age when she set sail on the *Brooklyn* with other eastern Saints for the California coast. She was born October 7, 1825 in Hatfield, Hampden, Massachusetts, the daughter of Bryant and Matilda Belden Nutting. In April, 1843 she accepted the teachings of the Mormon Elders and was baptized.

After her arrival in California Lucy met James Ferguson who held the rank of Sergeant-Major, Company A. Mormon Battalion, under Captain Jefferson Hunt. He was a native of Belfast, Ireland where he was born February 28, 1828. James was known as the historian of the campaign. They were married and came on to the Valley of the Great Salt Lake riding a black stallion all the way. Later he was

offered \$1,000 for the horse but refused to sell him. Within a short time the animal died.

James Ferguson was a universal favorite in Utah being a writer, a versatile actor, and his ready wit enlivened every scene. While Lucy did not participate in his public career, she encouraged him and helped him in every way she could. The Fergusons were the parents of five children, Julia, Lucy, Sarah, Daniel and Barlow. Mr. Ferguson passed away at his home in the Fourteenth Ward in Salt Lake City, August 30, 1863, closing a brilliant career at the age of thirty-five years. In her later years Lucy lived with her youngest son, Barlow and his wife Rachel Tanner, where she died about 1892 and was interred in the Salt Lake City cemetery.

#### E. WARD PELL

E. Ward Pell was born July 5, 1805, in Westchester county, New York, the son of Frederick and Mary Pell. He was an Elder in the Latter-day Saint Church and like other members was anxious to reach the place where a permanent home could be established for its members. He and his wife *Mattie* and two daughters, *Hettie* and *Geraldine*, were passengers on the ship *Brooklyn*. He was counselor to Samuel Brannan when an L.D.S. organization was made on the vessel. After he reached California Mr. Pell became an inspector of hides and tallow. He later became sheriff of San Francisco. It is recorded that he was still living in California in 1865 where he testified in a land case.

Although Mr. Pell had been excommunicated from the Church by Brannan he brought his family to Salt Lake City where he made his home. His daughter, *Hettie*, married John H. Brown in 1846. Later she became the wife of Mr. Green. *Geraldine* is referred to in California history as the wife of Ed Cohea.

#### JOHN PHILLIPS

John Phillips was born in Carmarthenshire, South Wales the son of Benjamin and Sarah Phillips. Soon after his arrival in California on the *Brooklyn* he became an owner of property. He participated in the panning of gold and soon afterward came to Utah where he was still living in Salt Lake City in 1884.

#### THE POOLE FAMILY

Among the Saints who completed the long journey to Utah via water and land routes were some of the members of the Poole family, *Mary*, the mother, son, *Peter John* and daughter *Elizabeth*, all Utah pioneers of 1856. Reference is made of another son, *Robert William* who may have accompanied the mother.

*Mary Cramer Poole* was born November 21, 1790 in the town of Bremen, Maine to Peter Cramer and his wife, *Isabella Dockendorf*. When she grew to young womanhood she married John Poole who,



although much older than she, was a kind and loving husband. He had the misfortune of losing two former wives by death and Mary courageously entered his home and assumed the responsibility of mothering the children of each of these marriages. It is not known when she reached Charlottestown, Prince Edward Island—whether it was before or after her marriage. Mr. Poole was the owner of a grist mill run by water power. They lived near the sea and were able to make a comfortable living from milling, fishing and gardening.

Mary bore her husband four sons and two daughters. One son died in infancy. When their youngest daughter was a young woman, the father became ill with inflammatory rheumatism, and from then on Mary had a rather difficult time rearing her family and caring for her invalid husband. Prince Edward Island is a cold and forbidding country with long and severe winters. In 1845 Latter-day Saint missionaries came there preaching the gospel and all the members of the Poole family were baptized with the exception of John who, by this time, was too ill to have the ceremony performed. Six months later he passed away.

Having become filled with the spirit of gathering, Mary sold her property and made preparations to join with the Saints in United States. With Peter John and Elizabeth she set sail on a dreary voyage of six months to Boston, Massachusetts, then journeyed on to New York where she booked passage for herself and children on the ship *Brooklyn*.

Their voyage of 24,000 miles ended, Mary and the children immediately selected land in Yerba Buena where they planted grain and many garden seeds in the hopes of being able to help feed the Saints coming overland with President Young from Illinois. Due to the lateness of the season and hordes of grasshoppers the crops were not very prolific. In 1847 they selected lower land and planted an extended acreage of grain and vegetables, but floods came and the crops were destroyed. Then gold was discovered and the ensuing excitement disorganized everything. The people scattered, each one trying to do the best for himself. Mary and her son went to the diggings and accumulated considerable gold, but misfortune again struck the family when a flood came and washed away their home and all their belongings. They then went to San Francisco where Mrs. Poole made a welcome resting place for the boys of the Mormon Battalion and Latter-day Saint missionaries.

Through thrift and economy Mary secured enough means to purchase an outfit for the trek to Salt Lake Valley, where she and her family arrived in 1856. They established a home in the Seventh Ward in Salt Lake City where they lived until 1860, when Peter decided to move to Franklin, Idaho, and again Mary endured all the privations of an early settler. A devout Latter-day Saint, she faithfully observed every law of the Gospel. In her later years she wrote many beautiful verses all of a spiritual nature. She died January 23, 1881 and was laid to rest in the little cemetery in Franklin, Idaho.

*Elizabeth Frances* was the eldest daughter of John and Mary Cramer Poole. She was born February 12, 1822 at Cove's Head, Prince Edward Island, Canada. After the death of her father she accompanied her mother and brother Peter to California on the *Brooklyn*. Wild fowl were abundant on the Yerba Buena cove and were a source of much needed food for the newcomers. One day, while Peter was cleaning his gun, it accidentally discharged, the bullet striking Elizabeth in the ear. This caused deafness which continued throughout her life and was a great trial to all concerned. Elizabeth came to Utah in 1856 and four years later moved north to Franklin, Idaho, then a part of Utah territory. In July, 1863 she married Thomas W. Howell, a former member of the Mormon Battalion, but continued to care for her aged mother until she passed away. On November 10, 1903 Elizabeth died faithful to the Church of her choice. She is buried in the cemetery in Franklin, Idaho by the side of her mother and brother

*Peter John*, son of John and Mary Cramer Poole, was born at Cove's Head, Prince Edward Island, July 11, 1823. His boyhood days were spent assisting his father in the grist mill, fishing and going to school whenever possible. In Peter John's history it states that another son, *Robert William* accompanied the family on the ship *Brooklyn*, but that later he drifted away and all trace of him was lost.

After their arrival in Utah Peter served in Echo Canyon during the Johnston army episode. On September 18, 1857 he married Lucy Berry who bore him one daughter, Mary Elvira. Later his wife left him, taking the child to San Bernardino, California. In 1860 he moved to Franklin, Idaho, and, on March 14, 1869, married Sarah Marshall, who bore him no children, but who was a kind and loving wife helping him in every way she could. Peter John was truly a pioneer of Franklin, doing much of the manual labor to help build up the settlement, such as digging ditches, building bridges, standing guard against Indian attacks, etc. In 1874 he left Franklin and moved to Dayton, Idaho where his wife's people were filing on land. There too he was active in church duties and in furthering the work of the new country. Mr. Poole died September 21, 1877, mourned by members of his family and a host of friends. He was buried in the Franklin, Idaho cemetery.

#### THE REED FAMILY

*Christiana Gregory Reed* was a widow when she embarked on the ship *Brooklyn* with her two daughters, *Hannah T.* and *Christiana Rachel* and a son, *John*. She was born March 19, 1795 in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. On February 22, 1819 she married John Haines Reed who was born September 11, 1795 at Masonville, Burlington, New Jersey. Seven children came to bless this union before his untimely death on September 29, 1832 at the age of thirty-seven years. These children were: *George T.* born February 3, 1820; *Hannah T.* born May 10

1821; Samuel T. born November 25, 1822; Samuel J. born March 13, 1824; Mary E. born November 6, 1825; *John H.* born September 18, 1828. (He died in Montpelier, Idaho) and *Christiana Rachel* born December 1, 1830.

Soon after arriving in Salt Lake City, October 8, 1848, *Christiana* and her daughter, *Hannah T. Reed*, met *James Graham*. Obeying the counsel of President Young, Mr. Graham married both women.

*Christiana Rachel*, during the period of the gold rush in California, met *Franklin Weaver*. They were married March 12, 1848 in San Francisco by *Addison Pratt*, Mormon missionary. The next morning they started for Utah on horseback with all their worldly possessions on one pack animal. The young couple traveled some 365 miles when they met a company of Saints on their way to the valley and finished the journey with them. Shortly after the birth of their son *Edward* in Salt Lake City, the family moved to Provo, Utah, and again, after a short residence there, proceeded to Farmington where a daughter, *Martha*, was born. Returning to Provo four more children were added to the family, *Elmira*, *Mary Jane*, *John* and *Francis*. Mr. Weaver was hired to tend some of the Church cattle so the family lived on an island in the Great Salt Lake for several years. During this time *Franklin's* brother, *Miles Weaver* died leaving two widows. Obeying Church counsel *Franklin* married *Sarah Clarke Weaver* and *Sarah Holmes Weaver*.

In 1859 in company with another brother, *Gilbert Weaver*, *Franklin* moved his families to Cache Valley where he established homes for them in *Millville*. Here *Rachel* gave birth to *Hyrum*, *George*, *James*, *Horace* and *Hannah*. Her family now consisted of eleven children and the parents endured all the hardships of pioneer life in rearing them. *Christiana Rachel* served as counselor in the first Relief Society organized in *Millville* in 1868. In addition to her many duties as mother and church worker, she always saw to it that her children's spiritual guidance received her whole-hearted attention. In 1883 the Weavers moved to the Bear Lake country where the parents spent the remainder of their lives. *Franklin* died June 12, 1884. *Rachel* lived until December 25, 1893 when she passed away in *Bennington*, Bear Lake county, Idaho.

#### THE FAMILY OF ISAAC R. ROBBINS

*Isaac R. Robbins*, son of *Antrim* and *Lydia Rogers Robbins*, was born March 24, 1805, at *Chesterfield*, Burlington county, New Jersey. He married *Ann Shinn Burtis* March 22, 1838 at *Chesterfield*. She was born April 21, 1811, the daughter of *Abner Burtis* and *Rachel Shinn*. This worthy couple continued to live near *Chesterfield* until 1846. Having been born of well-to-do parents they had, in the meantime, acquired considerable property and were in good financial condition. About this time the preaching of Mormon missionaries in their neighborhood attracted their attention and they soon became members of

the Latter-day Saint Church. Bitter opposition on the part of the wife's relatives was encountered when it was learned that they intended joining the departing Saints on the ship *Brooklyn*. His life threatened, Mr. Robbins was forced to flee under these distressing circumstances. Ann, with three small children *Wesley*, *Joseph* and *Margaret*, saw the date approach for sailing. Praying for divine guidance, Mrs. Robbins departed with her little family under the cover of darkness, totally unaware of the location of her husband; but upon arriving at the pier in New York he was there waiting for them. When the creaking ship, with gathering sails, slipped past the bustling guns of Fort Lafayette and into the gray waters of the ocean, many hearts were filled with sadness at the thought of what they might never see again. The ship had been provisioned for a six months' journey and a set of rules governed the conduct of all on board. Samuel Brannan, their leader, chose E. Ward Pell and Isaac Robbins as counselors on the long voyage.

While sojourning at Yerba Buena, another child, *Isaac* was born. After a year and a half a company was formed under *Ebenezer Brown* and the Robbins family emigrated to Salt Lake City. Soon after their arrival in the Valley, the mother, Ann Shinn Burtis Robbins died on June 11, 1849.

On November 16, 1851 in Salt Lake City, Isaac married Abiah R. Carter, daughter of William F. Carter and Sarah York. She was born August 21, 1834 and came to Utah in 1850 with the Joseph Young company. They were the parents of eleven children. Abiah died October 25, 1876. Four years after his second marriage, on March 24, 1855 at Provo, Utah Isaac married Hannah Libby Carter, also a daughter of William F. Carter and Sarah York. She was born March 25, 1841 and died April 2, 1930 in Provo. They were the parents of ten children.

Isaac Robbins in his maturity was a handsome man with dark hair and piercing eyes. He was over six feet tall. A good marksman, it is said he never returned from a hunt without bringing in all the game he could carry. He was a great lover of music and became quite an accomplished violinist for his time. A builder and farmer and civic-minded citizen of Provo for many years he was respected by all who knew him. He was a High Priest and first counselor to Bishop Bird of the Second Ward. He died January 4, 1883 and is buried in the Provo cemetery.

*Margaret Robbins Beck* was born October 5, 1843, at Chesterfield, New Jersey, the daughter of Isaac and Ann Shinn Robbins. After a sojourn of more than eighteen months spent in California she accompanied her parents to Utah in the Ebenezer Brown company arriving in Salt Lake City, October, 1848. Her mother passed away shortly after reaching the valley. Mr. Robbins then took his family to Provo and there Margaret grew to womanhood. She went to live in the home of Joseph Ellison and Hannah Forsyth Beck and on December

13, 1862, became his plural wife, being married to him by Elder George A. Smith in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City. Of this union eleven children were born.

Mr. Beck was superintendent of the Indian farm southwest of Spanish Fork for three years and Margaret became a close friend of these people. She learned their language and could converse with them fluently. Indians would come twenty-five miles to fifty miles to the Beck orchard in the fall of the year and stay to dry apples for themselves. Because of the generosity of the Beck family their large orchard and asparagus bed became almost public property. Margaret was an expert at making soda biscuits, doughnuts, squash pies and other delicacies. When she was a child of 12 years, she gathered a saccharine substance from the leaves of trees along the Provo River bottoms on her father's farm. This saccharine was soaked off in water and boiled down to a brown sugar which made a welcome addition to the diet of the first settlers for sugar was then selling at a dollar a pound.

Mrs. Beck is a well-remembered pioneer of Spanish Fork. She never took an active part in religious or public affairs but she was willing and eager to help those who were ill or in need of assistance in any way. She passed away at the age of eighty-one in the old home built for her by her husband in South Spanish Fork, loyal to her church and its principles.

*Ann Shinn Burtis* wife of Isaac R. Robbins, readily accepted the principles of Mormonism and no trial was too great for her to endure if she could make a home for her husband and children among the Saints in the West. After a short stay in California where a son, Isaac Rogers Robbins, was born February 28, 1848, she persuaded Isaac to join the *Ebenezer Brown* company and journey with them to Utah. The recent birth of her baby, and the hardships endured on the trip to the Valley, undermined her health and she died June 11, 1849 shortly after her arrival in Salt Lake City. She was laid to rest in the cemetery in Salt Lake City.

*Wesley Robbins* was born in Recklesstown, Burlington county, New Jersey February 25, 1841. He accompanied his parents to Salt Lake Valley, and when his father was called by Brigham Young to help settle Provo, Utah county, he went with him. He later married Caroline Larson and lived in Spanish Fork where he passed away.

#### JOHN ROGERS ROBBINS FAMILY

*John Rogers Robbins* was born the 11th of September, 1809 at Allentown, Monmouth county, New Jersey, the fourth child of Antrim and Lydia Rogers Robbins. He grew up in his native state and by profession became a doctor. He married the 23rd of October, 1831, *Mary Shinn Harper Burtis*, daughter of Daniel Burtis and Zilpah

Shinn. Of this union were born two children, Zilpah who died in infancy and *Charles Burtis Robbins*. Mary, the mother died the 17th of October, 1836, and on the 26th day of December, 1837 John Rogers Robbins married *Phoebe Wright*, born 27th day of February 1812. She was the daughter of Nahlon and Ann Milquist Wright. She proved to be a wonderful mother to Charles and gave him the love and care his own mother would have bestowed upon him. To this second marriage six children were born, *George Edward, John Franklin, Georgianna Pacific, Mary Frances, Emma Louise* and Sarah Frances.

John Rogers being a faithful Latter-day Saint desired to migrate with the others of his faith to the west. Rather than risk the perilous journey across the great plains and mountainous regions many of the Saints thought it wiser to travel by boat to upper California and sail as close as possible to the promised land. At the time of the sailing the Robbins family consisted of John, Phoebe, Charles, and their two sons George Edward and John Franklin. Whenever the passengers on the *Brooklyn* became ill Samuel Brannan sought out Dr. Robbins and solicited his aid.

One night, as Phoebe was on deck, she saw sober-faced men lowering a tiny bundle over the side of the vessel. The next day they buried her eldest son George Edward in a watery grave. Fourteen days later, just as the vessel reached 30 degrees south of the equator, John Franklin passed away. They tenderly wrapped him in quilts, weighted his little body and laid it to rest at the bottom of the mighty Atlantic. George Edward died the 28th day of February and John Franklin the 14th day of March, 1846.

On the peaceful waters of the Pacific Ocean, on the 16th day of June, 1846 a daughter was born to John Rogers and Phoebe Robbins. They blessed her Georgiana Pacific Robbins. By the time they had reached the Sandwich Islands Mr. Robbins was entirely out of money. On the last day of July the *Brooklyn* passed through the Golden Gate and soon her historic pilgrimage was over.

Perhaps John R. Robbins thought like Samuel Brannan that Brigham Young might be persuaded or influenced to build his Zion metropolis at the gateway of the Pacific, for he took up land in San Francisco. While living in California two daughters were born to the Robbins, Mary Frances born March 6, 1848 who died before the family arrived in Utah, and on the 27th day of May, 1850 *Emma Louise* was born. She later became the wife of Obediah H. Riggs.

Many of the Saints traveled east to Utah but the lure of gold kept a number of these Brooklyn Saints in California. Others stayed because of necessity. John R. still owned a farm in New Jersey and a man living there owed him some \$4,000.00; so he decided to make a trip back to his native state to arrange his business affairs, and from there journey to the Salt Lake Valley where the Latter-day Saint Church had now been established. He gathered a small group including his brother Charles and together they made their way down near the Isthmus of Panama. They had pack horses and mules laden with

provisions. The men rode donkeys while natives were hired to carry the women and children in hammocks suspended between poles. When this queer procession arrived at the top of the Sierras, about the half-way mark of their destination, the natives put down the hammocks and refused to go another step unless Mr. Robbins doubled their pay. After much arguing and discussion John told them they would have to abide by the price agreed upon. Some prospectors had joined them, and they told the natives that if they did not comply and keep their promise, they would never live to return to their homes. Again the natives took up their burden of human freight and wended their way down the Atlantic side of the Sierras. It was a hard and perilous journey and often the women were frightened. When John parted with the guides he gave each one of them a substantial reward.

In New Jersey at Chesterfield, Monmouth county, the 27th day of September, 1852 Sarah Frances Robbins was born. She was a little over a year old when she died and was buried on the way to Utah. Only three of the children lived to maturity, *Charles Burtis*, *Georgianna Pacific* and *Emma Louise*.

After their arrival in the Valley in 1853 John and Phoebe selected a piece of land which was later designated as 58 North 2nd West St., Salt Lake City, Utah. When he bought the place there was a one-room house on it but he added to it until it became a fine building. The house was built of adobe, the windows all had shutters and the boys used to call it a prison. Great cottonwood trees surrounded the grounds and the home was the gathering place of the young people between church services.

Under date of July 6, 1864 appeared this notice in the *Deseret News*: "John Rogers Robbins, C. Kincade, J. Needham and L. Stewart have arrived in our city in advance of their trains of goods to the value of one million dollars which are now on the road to this market and will soon arrive." Mr. Robbins crossed the plains three times. At one time he was going into the mercantile business with William H. Hooper, but being unable to collect the money owed him in the East, he was disappointed in this business enterprise.

John and his brother Isaac at one time owned considerable property in Park City. He erected and operated a lumber mill. Mr. Robbins continued active in the Latter-day Saint Church and was a member of the School of Prophets, a High Priest and served faithfully in various other church duties. He died in Salt Lake City February 3, 1873.

Phoebe kept the house on 2nd West until the time of her death May 4, 1898 nearing her 87th year. She kept a record of her life story which is in the possession of her descendants.

—*Maud Bliss Allen*

*Charles Burtis Robbins*: "I was born September 21, 1834 at Burlington, New Jersey and sailed with my parents from New York City, February 4, 1846, on the ship *Brooklyn* for California, reaching there

July 31, 1846. I was a printer's 'devil' when 12 years old on Sam Brannan's paper the *California Star*, the first paper published in California and I sold papers of its first issue at 10c each. I also remember my mother sending me to sell eggs to the sailors. I found a ready sale at \$1.00 each.

"At the time gold was first discovered I was living with my parents in their room at what is now known as the corner of California and Montgomery Street. In company with my father, John R. Robbins, and two other men, we were among the first to reach the gold fields on Mormon Island, as it was then called. I was the first boy engaged in the gold diggings. With a common milk pan I washed out gold, making as high as \$25.00 a day. After this I helped work one of the first 'rockers' used at that place."

Mr. Robbins claims the honor, while a boy, of breaking the first horse to work in harness and cart in San Francisco. His cart was a handcart from the Sandwich Islands. This, he states, was the first vehicle used in San Francisco as an express or transfer wagon drawn by a horse. He earned with his pony and cart \$25.00 to \$30.00 per day. His father seeing the success with which he was meeting, bought a horse, cart and harness from a ship from Sydney, Australia at a cost of \$1,000. He earned as high as \$50.00 per day, this being the second express wagon in San Francisco.

Charles came to Utah in 1853 and during the Echo Canyon campaign served in the Utah militia as a cavalryman, later achieving the rank of major. Mr. Robbins then moved to Cache Valley where he opened a mercantile establishment for W. S. Godbe until he went into the merchandising business for himself. In 1855 he married Jane Adeline Young who bore him nine children. Later he took a plural wife, Martha Allen, July 7, 1865, who bore him three children and on January 24, 1878 he married Harriet Vilate Robinson who had three children.

Mr. Robbins served as City Councilman, postmaster, special police, jailer, school trustee and was for many years chief of the Fire Department of Logan. He died November 10, 1905 a typical type of western pioneer who did his share toward making Utah a prosperous commonwealth.

*Georgianna Pacific Robbins* was born on board the ship *Brooklyn* on the Pacific Ocean June 14, 1846, one week before the historic vessel touched the Hawaiian Islands. She was the daughter of John R. and Phoebe Ann Wright. It was the express wish of Captain Richardson that she be named Helena Brooklyn Pacific, the first name being that of the Captain's wife, but after due consideration the child was given the above name. The parents had joined the Church in New Jersey in 1839, and after facing some of the trials in Nauvoo with the Saints had been advised by the Prophet Joseph Smith to return to their home in New Jersey because of health problems. In 1846, when the Robbins family learned that a ship had been



chartered to take the Eastern Saints to the West coast, they took passage on the *Brooklyn*. During this long ocean voyage the Robbins lost two little sons who were buried at sea and little Georgianna was born. After four years in California the family decided to return east and later go to Salt Lake City. On this long overland journey which took them near the Isthmus of Panama, Georgianna was carried on the back of a native while her mother with another infant Emma rode in a hammock suspended from poles and carried by natives.

In 1853 her family started from West Port, Kansas with a carriage, seven wagons and 32 horses and mules. They joined a caravan and reached Salt Lake City in August, 1853. After residing in Salt Lake a short time, Georgianna returned to New Jersey where she attended school until 1860, when she again crossed the plains by team and settled in the family home on City Creek in the Seventeenth Ward. She continued school, then taught music and with her sister Emma conducted a private school in the sixties. She owned one of the first pianos in the city.

In 1870 she married Dr. Clarence Barrett in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City. This union was blessed with four children, Ellen Louisa, John R., Isabella and Daisy. Mrs. Barrett died in Salt Lake City April 10, 1929 at the age of 82 years.

#### CHARLES ROBBINS

Charles Robbins, brother of Isaac and John R. Robbins, was born July 24, 1814. He was a passenger on the ship *Brooklyn* and after his arrival in California worked as a printer on the *California Star*. Charles accompanied his brother John R. on his return trip to New Jersey, crossing near the Isthmus of Panama. He remained in New Jersey until 1858 when he came to Utah by mule team. He lived for sometime in Salt Lake City and later moved to Utah county.

#### HENRY ROLLINS FAMILY

*Henry Rollins*, son of Austin and Betsey Wells Rollins, was born in August, 1790 at Kupley Green, Lincolnshire, England. He married *Ann Wetherogg*, born December 1, 1799 to Thomas and Ann Wetherogg of Hingle, Lincolnshire. They were the parents of five sons and four daughters, Nancy, Austin, *Alice*, *Jane*, Henry, Betsy, John, *Isaac* and *Steuben*. The Rollins family having heard and accepted Mormonism emigrated to the United States. They were living in Burns, Steuben county, New York when *Steuben* and *Isaac* were born. There is no further mention in the Rollins history of what became of the older children.

Learning of the death of the Prophet in Nauvoo, Illinois, the family decided to go west with other Latter-day Saint converts and establish a new home. Because of the condition of Ann's health it was thought best for her to go overland with *Steuben*, while Henry should take *Isaac*, *Jane* and her husband, *Thomas Tompkins*, also their two

small daughters, *Amanda* and *Jane E.*, and go via the water route around the Horn on the *Brooklyn* to the west coast. Henry, and this part of the family, made their home in Yerba Buena for a time then joined the little Mormon colony in San Bernardino. Two more years passed before he was able to afford an outfit for the journey to Utah where the Church had been established. Because of financial difficulties, it was not until 1851 that Ann and Steuben were reunited with other members of the family. Salt Lake City was their home for a time, then they moved north to Centerville, Davis county where they secured a farm. In 1856 Henry married as plural wife, Sophia Bray. No children were born of this marriage. Both Henry and Ann preceded her in death several years. Henry died at the age of 75, June 9, 1865 and was interred in the Salt Lake City cemetery.

—*Alice Rollins Ford*

### SUSAN ELIZA SAVAGE

Among the young unmarried passengers on the ship *Brooklyn* was Susan Eliza Savage who was born about 1829 in Skowhegan, Somerset county, Maine supposedly of French Huguenot ancestry. She was the daughter of Jacob Savage who was active in the continental navy. As a child Susan often read the Bible to her blind grandmother and consequently became well versed in its contents. Being of a deeply religious nature, she was much interested in the teachings of the Mormon Elders who were proselyting the Mormon faith near her home, and after attending some of their meetings was baptized a member of the Latter-day Saint Church. Finding work in a factory, she saved enough money for her passage on the *Brooklyn*, and then forsaking home, and family ties, cast her lot with her co-religionists for the long voyage around the Horn to wherever the destination of the Church might be.

After her arrival in Salt Lake Valley records show that she became the third wife of Truman O. Angell, well known Church architect. They were the parents of six children, three boys and three girls. Being somewhat of a scholar, Susan was one of the early day school teachers in the valley. She was also an energetic homemaker, learning quickly all the tasks common to the women of Zion in rearing their families. She died July 19, 1893 at Logan and was buried in the cemetery in Salt Lake City. A wealthy relative coming to Salt Lake City in 1897, Obed J. Wilson, regretted very much that she had passed away before he could see her again and spoke of her as the "flower of the family."

### THE FAMILY OF GEORGE SIRRINE

*George Warren Sirrine* was born at Cold Springs, Putnam county, New York December 6, 1818, the son of Isaac and Sarah Garrison Sirrine. Showing an unusual aptitude for machinery, he was put into a shop for further training, where he learned the trade well and this

experience prepared him for later opportunities needing his mechanical skill. When he was sixteen years of age his father built two mills, one of which George was given the full responsibility of running.

On February 4, 1846, the good ship *Brooklyn* sailed out of New York Harbor bound for California. It was loaded with Mormon emigrants and George Warren Surrine was among them; he having but recently joined the Latter-day Saint Church, much to the displeasure of other members of his family. On the long voyage George became acquainted with a young lady, *Emmaline Lane*, sister of Octavia Austin, also a passenger on the *Brooklyn* and they found opportunity to develop a heart interest in each other. Immediately upon arriving at Yerba Buena, where Mormon pioneering in California began, they decided to get married, it is said, this being the first marriage ceremony performed on the Pacific Coast in the English language. Samuel Brannan united the young people in the holy bonds of matrimony.

Being without funds George and his new bride bargained with a merchant for needed household supplies on credit. Furniture, cooking utensils and provisions, totaling ten dollars put their house in order. A year later Emmaline gave birth to a daughter, but before the child (Sarah Ann) was a year old the young mother died. Not long after George married *Esther Ann Crismon* and the child was reared with the children of his second marriage.

Samuel Brannan appointed George as a special police officer in the Vigilance Committee when it was found necessary to establish law and order in young San Francisco. On one occasion when ruffians were taking over a store and disposing of its merchandise, Samuel Brannan spoke to Mr. Surrine saying, "We have got to find out who is the strongest part, the cut-throats or the good citizens." George answered, "I am of the same opinion." A plan was then made to round up all the rough element. It was announced that Samuel Brannan would talk to the people about the general principles of right living and it was pretty certain that the ruffians would be there and assert their power if possible.

Under the plan a special assignment was given selected men to stand close to each of the "Ruffs" and at a given signal each deputy was to take his man. George was assigned to watch Jack Powers, one of the leaders of the gang. Soon after the talk began Powers reached for his gun intending to shoot Brannan, but George knocked the gun with his left hand and the bullet went wild in the air. With his own gun poked into Power's ribs, George said in a cold, clear voice, "Drop that gun, put up your hands, Powers; submit quietly or you are a dead man." When Power's hand went up, it is said that nine other pairs of hands were also extended heavenward and the toughs marched off to jail and put under double guard. Later they were sentenced to "enlist on a Man 'O War or walk the gang-plank." One of them walked the gang-plank to a watery grave—the rest enlisted.

When colonization of the now San Bernardino area was favored by the General Church Authorities, George Warren Surrine not only helped to raise the money to buy the land, but he was given the responsibility of taking the San Francisco subscription to San Diego. On his journey by boat he outwitted two would-be thieves. Having placed the money in a pair of old boots which he placed in his tool chest, he deliberately made it opportune for the suspected thieves to see him remove everything from the tool chest and also clean and polish the boots. The questionable character left the ship at the next stop, apparently convinced they had followed the wrong man.

Mr. Surrine came to Utah with his family in 1858. They brought with them the first load of honey which he sold at a very good price. In 1864 colonization of the Bear Lake area in Idaho was initiated, and George Warren moved his family to Paris, Idaho where he immediately took active part in the economic development of that part of the country. He took charge of the construction of one of the first grist mills and the first sawmills and became a partner in their operation and ownership. He also opened a mercantile store in Paris. Here he remained until 1877, when he responded to a call from Brigham Young to help colonize Arizona. On September 10, 1877 George Warren Surrine with his family of nine began their southward journey. At "Doc" Dunyan's Meadow some twenty miles south of Salt Lake City, the Surrines joined an Arizona company consisting of ten families numbering seventy-two people. The group was well outfitted with twenty-five wagons drawn by sixteen span of horses and mules and twenty-nine yoke of oxen. They drove ahead of them two hundred cows and calves and sixty more horses.

At Richfield, they found good camping and grazing grounds so they laid over two days. Here, on the 23rd day of October, 1877, Serretta Melissa Surrine, wife of Warren LeRoy Surrine, gave birth to a baby girl who was christened Addie. Upon reaching the Colorado River at Lee's Ferry, George Warren demonstrated his pioneering ability and leadership in helping direct the company safely across the treacherous river. After nearly two days of continuous effort the task was achieved without unfavorable incident.

The journey onward was filled with difficulties. The going was rough over roads that could hardly be called such. In places the wagons were steadied by ropes and by dragging trees to slow their course down the steep sides of the mountains. Water was scarce and forced marches were made to bridge gaps between suitable camp sites.

On Christmas Eve the company was still in the highlands of Arizona and that very night a storm arose depositing thirty inches of snow. When morning came the weary travelers pressed onward, and on December 29, 1877 they were at last at the camp overlooking the valley of the Verde. At this camp George Warren's wife gave birth to a baby girl who was given the name of Florence. When the company reached the Salt River Valley, they immediately selected the site upon which to lay out their farms. They learned from settlers who had

arrived the previous year that an ancient canal had once threaded the mesa. Mr. Surrine, with other men in the company, made a survey of the land and determined the old canal could be utilized if it were cleaned. By faith and works they were able to bring water from the river to the mesa. When the town of Mesa, Arizona was laid out George was among those who planted the first orchards, assisted in organizing a Zion's Co-operative and Manufacturing institution, and organized and built the first flour mill in the area. To the day of his death he was an influence for good in the community, continually being of service and exemplifying the virtues that characterize a community builder. Today, Surrine Street in Mesa, Arizona, is a land mark honoring one of the West's real builders. George Warren Surrine was truly a pioneer.—*Patricia A. Pyper*

(The passenger list gives the name of John Surrine, wife, Nancy and son, George. Available records reveal that this family immediately returned to the East where they thereafter made their home.)

#### THE SKINNER FAMILY

*Horace Austin Skinner* was born in Vermont, October 8, 1815. He married *Laura Ann Farnsworth*, born in Shirley, Massachusetts October 7, 1819. She was the daughter of Levi Farnsworth and Hannah Harriet Burrage. Their eldest son *James Horace Skinner* was born in the town of Warpole, New Hampshire the 16th of April, 1842. He was four years old when he set sail on the *Brooklyn* with his parents and an uncle, *Alphonso Farnsworth*, for California.

The Skinner family moved to San Bernardino in 1850, and eight years later journeyed to Utah via the southern route to Beaver, arriving in February, 1858. Their first home was in a cellar, but during the summer a log house of one room was built. Mr. Skinner also helped build the public buildings of this town. He was chosen first mayor of the new city, Beaver, which office he held for many years. Horace Austin Skinner died January 13, 1878 in Beaver City, Utah. His wife, Laura Ann, died September 3, 1895 at the family home in Beaver City.

*James Horace Skinner's* first memories of California were of a small flour mill where wheat was ground between two rocks by a Spanish family near the mission and of the hotel over which his parents were put in charge until they could earn enough money for the move to San Jose and the later move to San Bernardino. The following is taken from his own writings: "I remember well when peace was signed between the United States and Mexico, as I was one of the boys that represented the 29 states. We were all dressed in uniforms and each carried a banner supposed to represent the state that each was born in. It was one of the grandest sights that a person will ever see in a lifetime and once seen never to be forgotten. The first white girl born in California was our Goddess and carried the stars and stripes.

*We were all on a float some ten feet from the ground, drawn by six white horses. All crafts and trades were represented in the parade. We led the procession and were back at the starting point before the last had left. After the march was over we were taken to a banquet where we were waited upon as if we were the Lord Mayor of London. We were given our costume and banner. I kept mine and brought it to Utah with me when I came. The booming of cannon, snapping of fire crackers and the shouting of the people was something long to be remembered."*

James Horace went to school in San Bernardino and while there was baptized into the Latter-day Saint Church by William Mathews and confirmed by Amasa Lyman and C. C. Rich. When the journey was made to Utah in 1858, he was one of the boys who drove the loose stock and oxen over the long trail. While encamped on the Muddy they were surrounded by Indians and for a time it looked as though they might encounter serious trouble. However, they fed the Indians and gave them an oxen to kill, and while the redmen were feasting they moved the heavily laden train on its way. Since the little settlement of Beaver was 250 miles from the nearest stores in Salt Lake City, all the clothing had to be made. The boys assisted the men in making adobes, gathering wild berries, herding cattle and various other chores needed in the survival of an infant settlement. Soon the men of the community met and formed a community building plan. Roads were opened to the canyons to bring out wood, a sawmill was built, and a tannery erected where shoes were made. James remembered his mother's first shoes were made from homespun tops and leather soles.

When James was a young man he became acquainted with Ellen Cartwright, daughter of Thomas Cartwright who had come to Utah from Lancashire, England. James and Ellen were married August 1, 1860. When a school of telegraphy was opened in Beaver prior to the completion of the telegraph line through that section, James and William Ashworth were trained under S. A. Kenner, the Church furnishing all the instruments. Going to school at night and being a carpenter during the day, James helped to build the first school house and church in that community. While working on the Church a rider brought news of an Indian raid on the Lillywhite ranch, eight miles south of town. All the men left at once, but by the time they arrived the Indians had gone taking all the cattle and horses. One man was killed and Mr. Lillywhite wounded by an arrow. The family saved their home from burning by pouring milk on the blaze. In 1871-72 James was called to work on the St. George Temple and while working there was called back to Beaver to serve as a juror for the trial of John D. Lee.

In 1876-1877 he was sent on a mission to the New England states and after his return engaged in the furniture business for thirty years. During those years he held many high Church and civic positions. He was a member of the town council, district school trustee,

county tax collector, also a member of the board of directors of the First National Bank of Beaver and a member of the Quorum of Seventies.

James Horace Skinner died March 28, 1917 in Beaver City, Utah. Funeral services were held in the Stake House.

—*Lenora Cox Brown*

### ALPHONSO FARNSWORTH

*Alphonso Farnsworth*, a convert to Mormonism, came on the ship *Brooklyn* accompanying his niece, Laura Ann Farnsworth Skinner and her husband. He was a resident of San Bernardino, California for a time, then came with the Skinner family to Utah settling in Beaver where it is presumed he passed away.

### ROBERT SMITH FAMILY

*Robert Smith* was born in Scotland May 12, 1812 and emigrated to the United States with his wife *Catherine Clark Smith* in 1840. A son, *Hyrum Joseph* was born in Philadelphia February 5, 1845 and was a year old when he was brought by his parents to California on the *Brooklyn*. Two other children, *Daniel* and *Mary* accompanied them. Mr. Smith died in San Francisco about 1855, and two years later Catherine married Isaac Harrison, Company E. Mormon Battalion, whose wife had died in childbirth. The Harrisons came to Utah by mule team and wagon crossing the Sierra Nevada mountains and the plains of Nevada, arriving in Salt Lake City in 1857. Their first home was in Holladay, thence they moved to American Fork, and a year later returned to the Little Cottonwood area at which place Mr. Harrison taught school. From there the family moved to Sandy where they made a permanent home. He died March 2, 1894. There is no record of the date of Catherine's demise.

*Hyrum Joseph Smith* was eighteen years of age when he engaged in the lumber business, first with John Woolley and later with Samuel Woolley who owned a sawmill in Little Cottonwood Canyon. He contracted to furnish logs for the mill, cutting timber in the winter and hauling same to the mill in the summer by ox teams and carts. He married Sarah Reed April 4, 1866 and they took up land in Salt Lake City, now 5th South between 4th and 5th East, there Hyrum built a two room adobe house, later replaced by a five room brick home for his growing family. Seven children were born to them all of whom were reared to maturity but one. In later years he took up farming as a means of livelihood. He died December 4, 1914.

### ZELNORA SNOW

*Zelnora Snow* was born February 25, 1824, in Bernardson, Franklin county, Massachusetts, the daughter of Prince and Asenath Scott Snow. When she was nineteen years of age she went to Lovell, Massa-

chusetts to work in a factory and while living in that city came in contact with Mormon Elders. She attended some of their meetings and shortly after, on the 11th of April, 1844, was baptized a member of the Latter-day Saint Church. Some two years later she boarded the ship *Brooklyn* in New York harbor with other converts. While enroute to California she became acquainted with the Glover family. The following is taken from her own writings:

"I came to the Valley in the fall of 1849, in an oxteam, and this country was anything but inviting at that time. I heard the principles of plural marriage taught as it was revealed to Joseph Smith. I believed and on July 7, 1851, I married William Glover as his second wife. On August 8, 1852 Asenath, my first child was born. In September, 1853 Mr. Glover went on a mission to England returning in the fall of 1855. We moved to Farmington the same fall. We raised four children, two boys and two girls—one boy died when a year old. As I said before I was the second wife. My husband took another wife after me and we all lived as one big, happy family in one house. After the death of my husband I went to live with my son, Andrew, at Lewiston, Utah."

Zelnora Snow Glover died from the effects of a fall being then in her 77th year.—*Annie Asenath Smith Benson*

#### QUARTUS SPARKS FAMILY

Quartus S. Sparks, his wife *Mary* and son *Quartus Jr.*, were passengers on the ship *Brooklyn*. In 1853 they became residents of San Bernardino, California where *Mary*, the wife and mother, passed away. *Quartus*, the son moved to Beaver, Utah in 1858 where he became active in civic and Church affairs. His death occurred there.

We are indebted to *Mary Woolley* for the following information which she copied from the History of San Bernardino and Riverside counties:

Another early lawyer of the city was *Q. S. Sparks* who had been one of the Brannan party which arrived at San Francisco in 1846 and who settled in San Bernardino in 1853. He had only a very ordinary, common school education and no learning as a lawyer, nor was he of a studious nature; but he had gentle manners, a steady flow of language, and natural tact and gift of oratory. At the time of his arrival he had several thousand dollars, but unfortunate investments soon cleaned out his capital and he began to appear in court for clients, although not at this time admitted to the bar as an attorney. By the time the Mormons left this locality and the filling of their places by others, *Mr. Sparks* had acquired very good standing as a practitioner, especially in the defense of criminal cases and after his admission to the bar in 1858, he continued to make steady advancement so that for several years he stood among the leaders of the bar in San Bernardino County. He was also in much demand as a speaker on public occasions and never failed to acquit himself in such addresses with much ability. One of the numerous anecdotes told



about this pioneer legist is as follows: His client was charged with grand larceny in stealing a horse and the associate counsel in the case endeavored to have a consultation with Mr. Sparks in order to agree upon a line of defense and to prepare some instruction for the jury. When he found that Sparks could not be tied down to such routine business, his associate finally asked him what he was intending to rely upon, to which he gave answer: "I rely on God Almighty, Q. S. Sparks and the jury." He doubtless knew that the facts as well as the law were against his client, but his tact and oratory so worked upon the jury that he secured an acquittal, despite the fact that the accused had been seen stealing the horse from a pasture at night and had been caught riding the animal on the following day.

Mr. Sparks was the principal of the San Bernardino city schools in 1853. During the later part of his life Quartus made his home for some years in Los Angeles, but he eventually returned to San Bernardino, where his death occurred in August, 1881, when he was 75 years of age.

### WILLIAM STOUT

William Stout with his wife and child embarked on the ship *Brooklyn* with other Saints, and shortly after the vessel docked in Yerba Buena bay plans were made for the building of a city where all the members of the Mormon Church would come. From the writings of Paul Bailey comes this description of the site chosen for this city-to-be. "Along the headwaters of the majestic San Joaquin River, at the juncture of the Stanislaus slept a land of breath-taking natural beauty, boundless level acres and a climate which rivaled Italy. Its soil was deep, it had wild game in abundance and more important it possessed a natural waterway to a seaport site on the bay. A more perfect setting could scarcely be imagined. Samuel believed he had marked the site of another Kirtland, Nauvoo or perhaps even the New Jerusalem of the latter days."

From the money of Brannan & Company, Samuel purchased a boat, named the *Comet*, and loaded it with provisions, machinery, seeds, etc. Twenty experienced farmers were summoned, and with William Stout as superintendent, sailed up the river to the site chosen which they named New Hope. But the venture begun with such enthusiasm soon began its decline. There was quarreling between the brethren and William Stout claimed for himself the first tilled acreage of one hundred and sixty acres and the log house. After Mr. Brannan's return from his meeting with Brigham Young in Salt Lake Valley, the pioneers at New Hope lost no time in abandoning the project. However, William Stout was the one man who was determined to stick it out. He objected strenuously to Mr. Brannan's suggestion that since Brigham Young had refused to bring the Nauvoo Saints to California, the farm and its holdings be liquidated and the receipts thereof credited to the common fund. By this time both he and many

other Saints had reached the conclusion that the common fund had come to mean Samuel Brannan.

During the hectic days of the gold rush in California Samuel Brannan turned his energies toward selling tools and supplies to the miners in the various camps at exorbitant prices. At Mormon Island he opened a second store, the first being in the Sacramento Valley, where he combined it with a much needed boarding house. William Stout was placed in charge of it. Sometime later Mr. Stout traveled to Santa Cruz where he became interested in the lumber business. Still later, according to the records of San Bernardino and Riverside counties, when the first election was held in San Bernardino county in 1853, William Stout was elected district attorney serving from 1853 to 1855. He is also mentioned as the principal of the San Bernardino City schools in 1853. He left the Latter-day Saint Church sometime following the New Hope venture.

### JESSE A. STRINGFELLOW

We are indebted to Leah H. Kartchner for several items pertaining to the *Brooklyn* pioneers who remained in California. The following newspaper clipping was copied by Mrs. Kartchner at the Santa Clara Museum. Permission was given by Clyde Arbuckle, the city historian.

Jesse A. Stringfellow, who died in this city (San Jose, California) on the 8th inst. was an old pioneer. He was born in Westchester, county, Pennsylvania November 17, 1823. He left his home for California in 1846 in the sailing vessel *Brooklyn*, came around the Horn, arriving in San Francisco with only one copper cent . . . He had to go to work the first day he landed. San Francisco was then composed of less than half a dozen houses. He immediately went to work at carpentering having learned the trade before he left home. He succeeded well, at one time owning considerable land, but lost all through hard luck. He worked at building until the Mexican war broke out when he enlisted under Fremont, served until the war ended, then went to mining, doing very well. He built the first flour mill in California near Napa. From there he went to San Jose where he built some of the first houses. He married in San Jose, *A. S. Roberts*, June 5, 1850, she having crossed the plains in 1849. Still remaining in San Jose he went to farming, keeping to that so long as his health permitted, which was till about four years ago when cancer broke out on his face. He had it operated upon in San Francisco by one of the best surgeons there. It was no cure, it only came back and what he suffered no one can tell. He often prayed for death to release him from this world of pain. He was a just, true and upright man, respected by all who knew him. A kinder husband and father never lived. He leaves a wife and three grown children, two daughters and one son, to mourn his loss. Filed for Probate: The last will and testament of Jesse A. Stringfellow, deceased. To the widow, Sophronia, the premises on which

she resides on Fourteenth Street, corner of Taylor, together with all improvements and appurtenances. One half the remainder of the estate goes to the widow, and the other one-half to be divided, share and share alike, between the children, Mary A. Garesch, William A. and Lovely J. Stringfellow. The widow is named executor without bonds. The estate is valued at \$53,500.

Mr. Stringfellow was 56 years of age at the time of his death.

### THOMAS TOMPKINS

The following article was written by J. W. Guinn and published in the History of California—Southern Coast Counties years ago.

One of the earliest pioneers of the state of California was Thomas Tompkins, now deceased, who arrived in San Francisco in 1846, and in spite of the trials and privations of a frontier existence had a long and successful career in this state. He was of English birth, the city of his nativity being Lincolnshire, where he was born August 15, 1817. When but eleven years old he was brought by his parents to America, the family settling in New York State where the mother's death occurred shortly after their arrival; the father living there until he had reached the advanced age of 84 years when his death occurred. There were ten children in the family. Thomas Tompkins received his education through the medium of public schools of New York, his home being about nine miles from Rochester. After school days he engaged in agricultural pursuits in New York; and in that state occurred his marriage to *Jane Rollins*, a young lady of English parentage who came to America with her father and mother on the same ship that brought the Tompkins family, the vessel being a sailing craft that required three months to make this trip. Of this union were born two children, *Amanda*, who became the wife of B. F. Garner of San Bernardino, and is now deceased, and *Jane E.*, now Mrs. Hunter of Los Angeles.

In 1846 Mr. Tompkins and his family boarded the ship *Brooklyn* which had been chartered and was bound for San Francisco via Cape Horn, visited the Island on which Robinson Crusoe lived, and arrived at their destination July 31, 1846. Soon after landing he took up government land and engaged in-ranching, and when gold was discovered a couple of years later, he was of the few who kept his head throughout the excitement, and instead of rushing off to the mines he found his gold mine in a 150 acres of potatoes and other vegetables and grain which he sold at almost fabulous prices. He also owned and operated the first threshing machine outfit that was ever run in that part of the state. He, with his family, made a visit and spent some six months on the Society Islands. In 1852 Mr. Tompkins, thinking there were still greater opportunities for the ranchman in San Bernardino county, brought his family here, purchasing the present ranch which is a part of the original purchase from the Mormon Elders of Salt Lake City. Later, in 1858, he sold out his holdings and removed to Salt

Lake City, but not being quite satisfied with the entire workings of the Mormon faith there, he soon returned to San Francisco county and was fortunate in being able to buy back his original purchase, and this place is now being held by his widow. His first wife died in San Bernardino county, and in 1865 he married Miss A. F. Perry, daughter of Jeremiah and Jane (Merrick) Perry, all natives of Tennessee. By this union Mr. and Mrs. Tompkins became the parents of seven children, namely: Perry, married Zora Avery, lives in Berkeley, and has one child; Henry, married Lelia Patton, lives in Los Angeles; Walter, married Lulu Alexander, lives in San Bernardino; Birdie, Daisy, Violet, Mabel, at home.

Politically, he was a strong advocate of the principles embraced in the platform of the Republican Party. His death in January, 1885 at the age of 66 years, removed a successful, honorable and highly respected man. Mrs. Tompkins who survives him is an active member and liberal supporter of the Benevolences of the Unitarian Church. She owns a fine ranch of 85 acres devoted to the raising of hay and grain and lives in a very comfortable home thereon.

#### THE WARNERS

*Caroline E. Warner*, an early convert to Mormonism, was a passenger on the ship *Brooklyn*. It was the desire of her husband that she accompany this group of Saints, and that later they would be reunited at the place chosen by the Church as the new Zion. Caroline and her husband never met again, although he came to Salt Lake Valley. Records show that she remained in California and later married a Mr. Thorpe. Her death occurred in the early 1880's.

*Myron Warner* with his son *Henry* and daughter *Sarah* were converted by humble Mormon missionaries and were numbered among the passengers of the ship *Brooklyn*. History records that when a group of Saints left San Francisco for San Bernardino, California, Myron Warner and his children were among them. Sarah married William Burnett of San Bernardino. There is no record of any members of the family coming to Utah.

#### GEORGE K. WIMMER FAMILY

*George K. Wimmer* with his wife *Mary Ann*, sons *Israel* and *Moroni*, and daughters *Elizabeth*, *Louise*, *Emmajean Dembra*, and *Sarah* who died at age 6 months and was buried at sea, were passengers on the ship *Brooklyn*. Parley P. Pratt arrived in San Francisco July 11, 1851 and immediately set to work in reorganizing the church by setting up the Pacific Mission of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. In this autobiography he says:

"On July 20th I preached at 11 a.m. in a large room, a goodly number of persons out to hear and good attention. The next morning we repaired to the water and baptized eight persons and the same

evening met at the house of Brother Wimmer and organized a branch of the Church." Later he speaks of Mr. Wimmer as the George K. Wimmer who arrived in San Francisco on the ship *Brooklyn* and who served with Mr. Marshall at the Coloma gold strike. Just prior to sailing for Chile, Apostle Pratt held a public meeting at which time George K. Wimmer was unanimously chosen and set apart to preside over the San Francisco branch of the Church. Later records show that Mr. Wimmer lived in San Francisco, and it is claimed by some historians that part of his family took up a residence in Utah for some time.

### CONCLUSION

And thus the story of the *Brooklyn* Saints has been told. Each and every member of the group in his or her way played a part in the history of the west. They proved their courage when they left their homes and severed family ties to embark on this small sailing vessel for such an extended journey. William F. Carter, referring to members of this Brooklyn colony, states in his diary under date of January 30, 1853: "Their names shall be had in everlasting remembrance for the noble acts of benevolence and God-like principles that they voluntarily manifested toward us, His servants. They have merited the confidence, prayers and blessings of all the Saints for their noble acts of benevolence in aiding and assisting to bear the gospel to the nations of the earth."

Louisa Barnes Pratt testified to the goodness of their hearts for in her journal we find the following: "The hearts of the brethren and sisters who landed there (California) in 1846 from the old ship *Brooklyn* were open to receive us, to supply our wants and prepare us for our voyage across the seas. I found a sister Corwin, mother of Samuel Brannan's wife, an exceedingly kindhearted woman, full of faith and good works. With Sister William Morey, I felt much at home, shared largely of her benevolence. Brother John Lewis came with his carriage, took us to his residence at the Mission Dolores. The old mission house was built in the year of Independence. It resembles some old ancient abbey, which it is, built by the Catholics. 'Tis of immense size, long dark alleys—with awe they strike the mind. We spent two weeks there, were kindly entertained. Numbers there were in that branch of the Church who showed us great kindness. A better class of citizens never lived in San Francisco—a city of money and business."

This history of California notes the accomplishments of the *Brooklyn* Saints who remained in that state; while both the history of the Church and state acknowledges the achievements of those who came on to Utah where they spent the remainder of their lives.

## HERITAGE

*I watched soft darkness creep along the hills,  
As if reluctant that a day should die.  
And in the teeming city down below  
A million lights streamed out across the sky.  
I saw the lighted buildings far and near,  
Sharp etched against the evening's dusky blue,  
I saw the evening star, and one late robin,  
And all the dear familiar things I knew.*

*I heard the muffled roaring of the city,  
The air with half a hundred sounds was filled.  
Then suddenly it happened, for a moment—  
One full long moment—every sound was stilled.  
The scene below me changed,  
The lights were candles,  
The buildings were squat cabins here and there.  
I saw the men, the long full skirts of women,  
And heard the children's laughter on the air.*

*It seemed as tho a vanguard stood beside me,  
The spirits of a mighty valiant band  
Who walked long miles across a blistering desert  
To gain the shelter of a Promised Land.  
They lived their lives and then they laid them down,  
Knowing full well that they left much to do,  
But knowing too, that we who walk behind  
Will see the thing they started, finished thru.*

*We will not walk alone, God still abides.  
And truth and love and justice are the same.  
The heritage they left for us is filled  
With lovely things, for which there is no name.  
Words are but futile, they cannot express  
The blessings we have reaped down thru the years.  
We do not walk alone—THEY walk beside us  
Those faithful ones—Those stalwart pioneers.*

—Grace Lamborne

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