

STEPHEN FORSDICK

DEDICATION

To my dear daughter whose untiring  
efforts in assisting me in getting  
the scattered pages of my life's  
history into readable shape and  
who is so lovingly caring for me,  
as my life is drawing to its close,  
this volume is most affectionately  
dedicated.

S. F.

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## CHAPTER I

### CHILDHOOD DAYS

I was born on the eighth day of October 1835, at the Long Spring Lodge, in the Parish of Watford, Hertfordshire England.

My father's name was John Forsdick and my mother's maiden name was Juliet Elizabeth Bartram. My father was born in the County of Suffolk in May, 1796 and my mother at the village of Leavesden in August 1797. This was about half a mile from the place where later I was born.

When my father was about twenty years old, he entered the employ of the Earl of Essex and married my mother soon after.

The home of the Earl of Essex was known as the Cassiobury Estate. I do not know how many acres the original park contained, but it was seven miles in circumference.

At different times parts of it were sold, until now very little of the old estate remains; in fact a great many of the old Estates in England have been divided and sold.

As I remember it, none of the estate at the time my father lived there was under cultivation. Some of it was in timber, but most of it in grass and was well stocked with horses, cattle, sheep, deer and wild game.

My father's occupation was that of Game Keeper and his work consisted of breeding and raising game birds; that is partridges, pheasants and hares and to watch the woods to prevent such game being killed by poachers.

I do not know just where the first years of my parents married lives were spent, but it was on the estate. In the year 1835 his beat, as it was called, embraced that part of the estate called Long Spring or the Gullet and it was while they were living there I was born.

When I was about six months old, Father was transferred to another part of the estate called the Springs. The house was on the Hemel Hempstead Road and within sight of Cassiobury House, the home of the Earl of Essex.

It was a promotion from Long Spring and I can remember the visits that the Head Keeper used to make. He would often bring apples and hide them on an evergreen tree and when he would start for home, he would take me to the tree and shake it and the apples would fall.

He was also the Park Keeper and his name was Bainbridge. I remember when he died and a man named Bailey took his place. He did not keep the position long and Lord Essex offered the place to Father.

It was a big promotion and much better pay. Father hesitated about taking it, as he did not know anything about deer, nor of using a rifle, which was used to shoot the deer.

My older brother John said that he would shoot the deer and Lord Clarendon's keeper, on an adjoining estate said he would help him until he could do the work.

Father accepted the place and we moved up into the Park and I soon found where Mr. Bainbridge got the apples he had brought to me.

It was a much pleasanter place to live. The Grand Junction Canal ran through the Park there and we had near neighbors. The Carpenter and blacksmith who were only a short distance away with their shops.

It was about a mile from Cassiobury House to the Essex Arms Hotel in Watford and it was a little farther from where we lived to the church and school.

My father lived at this place until he resigned in 1870 in favor of my brother John. Lord Essex built Father a home on another part of the Estate and he lived there until he died, at the age of eighty six and my mother two years later at the age of eighty seven.

I was next to the youngest of a family of five boys and two girls, none of

whom ever left England. I am the stray sheep of the family, reason for which will be given later.

My entire life until I was seventeen years old, was spent on this estate, so that my earliest recollections are of the woods and dells of old England.

Lord Essex entertained a great many of the nobility. It was part of Father's work to go with the hunters during the hunting season and I had the opportunity to see many of the ones who visited there.

The Dowager Queen Adelaide made a long visit at Cassiobury and during her stay many of the Royalty and Nobility of not only England, but of Continental Europe, especially of Germany visited there.

During her visit Queen Victoria, Prince Albert and their children were there. At that time, the Royal Standard, a flag used only where the reigning monarch was staying, was flying over Cassiobury.

On one occasion Father received word that Prince Albert and Prince Edward of Sax Weimer would shoot on a certain day and for him to take them where they could get the best sport, as he had full charge of the preserves.

I was deputed to attend close around the Prince Consort, even now I can well remember how he looked that day.

Well when he would shoot, one of his attendants would take the empty gun and hand him a loaded one. The gunpowder was carried in one pound cannisters, then poured into the powder horns.

They were not particular about shaking all the powder out of the cannisters and I soon found quite a lot of powder in the different cans.

I saved this and by night had quite a lot of powder and thought I would have some fun.

I got a piece of board about six feet long and a few inches wide and laid a train of my powder on the board. I went into the stable, got some straw, opened the lantern and lighted it. Before I reached the board, my straw had quite blazing and as I thought it would do not good unless it was blazing, I stooped down to blow it into a blaze. In a second my train was ablaze. I saw a blue flame and shut my eyes in time to save them, but my face was black. My brothers saw me and began to laugh at my black face. I ran to the pump and with a few strokes of the handle caught my hands full of water and washed my face, taking the black skin with it and then I suffered.

My mother heard me crying, but when she found out what I had done, at first refused to do anything for me. She told me that it would teach me to leave gunpowder alone in the future.

I had always been the favorite of my oldest sister and when she heard of it, she wrote to the folks and told them to have a good doctor take care of me, so that my face would not be scarred.

With good care it healed and left no scars, but I never experimented with gun powder again.

## CHAPTER 2

### SCHOOL DAYS

My first recollection of going to school, was to what was called "My Lord's School", because it was provided by the Earl of Essex.

Soon after I started a new school house was built called the National School. The old school was then discontinued and the buildings torn down.

There was another school in the town called the "Free School". It was founded by Mrs. Elizabeth Fuller in 1656. She endowed it with funds sufficient to provide schooling for forty boys and twenty girls and to furnish them with a suit of clothes each year.

The school house was a square two story building of brick, trimmed in white stone. It had a gabled roof with belfry on top and at that time was surrounded by a white picket fence. The founder Mrs. Fuller was buried beneath the building.

The school was governed by a Board of Trustees and admission to become a scholar was one of their perquisites to give. As vacancies would occur, each Trustee in turn would send some boy or girl to fill it.

At the age of eight years, I was admitted into the school and attended until the spring before I would have been fourteen in the fall.

The school age was from seven to fourteen years and the course of study embraced the three "R's" namely: reading, writing and arithmetic.

When a boy or girl reached the age of fourteen their school days were over. There had been provision made to apprentice them to some trade if their parents or guardians desired, but it was not compulsory. However, it cost ten pounds in those days to teach a boy a trade, so that it was considered quite a thing to get a boy into this school.

The suits furnished the boys, were made of a dark frieze cloth, with knee breeches and cutaway coats. We wore black shoes and white stockings. The caps were flat with red tassel on top and red band around the crown. We also wore a white Bib, like those worn by the clergy of the Church of England.

The suits worn by the girls were made of the same material, but they always wore aprons, with white cuffs and collars and little white caps.

During my school days we always marched to Church on Sunday and Tuesday forenoons. By "Church" I mean the Church of England, or as it is known in this country, the Protestant Episcopal Church/.

We attended school on Sunday the same as other days except that it opened at ten in place of nine.

Our school continued through the entire year, with vacations at the following times; one week holiday at Easter, two weeks at Whitsuntide, one month at Harvest time and three weeks at Christmas time.

We always had half holiday on Wednesday and Saturday.

On Sunday and Tuesday forenoons, we always had to say our Catechism and the Collect for the Day and to read from the Bible. Just before eleven o'clock we would march to the church and woe to the boy or girl who was caught whispering or laughing in church.

Our school building was in the same block as the Parish Church, so we only had to cross the lawn to get to the church. The old cemetery was in the same block.

In this manner my entire school life was spent.

The spring before I was fourteen, I left school and entered the employ of a Mr. Shute, who owned and operated three Silk Mills. He wanted a boy in his counting house and came to our school to get one. I was selected and began making my own living.

I worked there from the spring of 1849 until the fall of 1852, when I quit to go to America.

I started in at the Mill at eight shillings per week and in September 1852, I was getting sixteen shillings per week, which at that time was big wages for a boy.

I took a liking to the work and was trusted more than any boy who had preceded me and my prospects were all that could be desired. I had the respect of my employer.

Mr. Shute, the owner afterward told my father, that as soon as I had reached the age of twenty one, he would have made me manager of that part of the business and that I continued as I had started, would no doubt have offered me a partnership with him. He was worth nearly two hundred thousand pounds, when he died, so it can be seen what an opportunity I foolishly threw away.

### CHAPTER 3

#### A NEW RELIGION

At that time in England, there was only considered to be one church. That was the

State Church, or as I have said, the Protestant Episcopal Church.

The Roman Catholic Church was considered a Monster and all other denominations were called Dissenters.

A Churchman thought every one but those belonging to the Church would go to Hell and the different denominations thought the same of each other; while the Roman Catholics looked upon every one else as Heretics.

My mother attended the Baptist Chapel and often on Sunday night, I would go with her. Once in a while I would go to the Calvinist Chapel and now after a lapse of over seventy years, I can distinctly remember some of the texts and hymns, that I used to hear.

In those days a boy or girl was always expected to be able to tell the text and failure to do so, often resulted in punishment.

In the year 1848 a new sect made their appearance in the town and began to hold meetings. They called themselves the Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints,

and they preached that there was no salvation except by becoming a member of the same.

They preached that the true Gospel, through rebellion had been taken from the earth and that the Angel spoken of in Revelation as : "Bringing the everlasting Gospel to preach to those who dwell on the earth", had come to Joseph Smith in Palmyra, in the State of New York and commissioned him to preach the Gospel and establish the Kingdom of God on earth, never more to be overthrown.

They claimed that Peter, James and John had come and ordained Joseph Smith to be the Apostle to open the last dispensation, with power and authority to ordain others and to confer on them, the same power and authority that the Twelve Apostles had in Jesus' day.

They also claimed that a new Bible had been given to Joseph Smith, which was called the Book of Mormon.

For the benefit of those who have never read the "Book of Mormon", I will say that they claimed it to be an inspired historical record of the Ancient people who inhabited the American continent.

In many respects it is written much like the Old Testament.

It is just a history of a colony which left Jerusalem about 600 B. C. This colony embarked on the Persian Gulf and were led by Divine Inspiration to the Western shores of South America.

From here they scattered. These people kept a history of their lives and of God's dealings with them. These records were engraven in Hebrew and Egyptian characters, upon Metallic Plates and were handed down from one generation to the next.

One of their Prophets, Mormon, made an abridged record of the whole and it was called the Book of Mormon.

Mormon passed his record down to his son, Moroni. After the destruction of many of his people, Moroni was commanded by God, to hide the records in a hill, known to these Ancient people as Cumorah, which was situated in the Western part of the State of New York.

The Mormons claim that it was this same Moroni, in the form of an Angel, who revealed to Joseph Smith, then only a boy, the hiding place of these records and gave them other Divine instructions for the re-establishment of the Church of Christ on earth.

The Mormons claim that the American Indians are the descendants of this Ancient race described in the Book of Mormon.

The Book of Mormon is not, as many people think the Mormon's Bible. They use the King James translation just as other Christians do, but they claim that the Book of Mormon is an additional book of Scripture, containing many valuable truths. They place it along with the Old Testament as a book of history.

They preached that Faith in God and in Jesus Christ was the first requisite for Salvation. That repentance and ceasing to do evil and learning to do good, was the second thing necessary; that Baptism by Immersion for the remission of sins came next and the laying on of hands by some one commissioned of God for the gift of the

### Holy Ghost.

After compliance with all the above ordinances a person became a member of God's Kingdom on earth and were entitled to all the promises and blessings bestowed upon the Apostolic Church.

They believed and claimed that the signs that followed the Apostle's ministry followed theirs. That the sick were healed by the laying on of hands of the Elders of the Church; that devils were cast out and that some had the gift of prophecy, others the interpretation of tongues.

In prayer meetings. I have heard men and women get up and talk and unintelligible mass of gibberish for three or four moments and then some one else would get up and profess to interpret the same.

I have seen people who claimed they were sick claim they were healed by the laying on of hands of the Elder who of the Church. The caution, however, was always given, that if the Elder who laid hands on the sick was in poor health, he had better not do it, so that I now think the cases which were healed are much like the Christian Science of today.

The Mormons as they are commonly called, believe in a Literal translation of the Bible and in the Resurrection of the Dead.

They lay particular stress upon the second coming of Christ to reign a thousand years on earth, after that the world would be cleansed from all sin and made into an everlasting abode for the just forever.

They believe that all men will be judged by their own actual sins and not for Adam's transgression, as the death of Christ blotted out that sin.

They also believe that God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost are separate and distinct persons, each doing his own work, but all working together in harmony. They believe in the Divinity of Christ and that when this earth is cleansed from all sin and made into an everlasting abode, that Jesus will be the god of the world.

They seemed to have plenty of Scripture to substantiate their teachings.

The main thing that they wished however to impress was, that God had restored the Priesthood through Joseph Smith and revealed through him and his successor Brigham Young and from them through all the branches of the Priesthood; so that even without a Bible, the people could learn the way to Everlasting Life.

The Church Government was composed of the President of the Church, that Prophet, Seer and Revelator Brigham Young with his two Counselors.

Next came the High Priests, the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, the Seventies, the Elders, Priests, Teachers and Deacons, with Bishops to look after the temporal interests of the Church.

At the head of each Division was a President and two Counselors, corresponding to the Godhead, but each separate and distinct individuals, their interpretation of the Trinity.

## CHAPTER 4

### I BECAME A CONVERT

In England at that time, the Mormon Church numbered about twenty-five thousand members, divided into Conferences and these into Branches.

There was a President over each Conference and one over each Branch, with a General Superintendent over all.

The office of the General Superintendent was at Liverpool, where was published the Church paper, called the "Millennial Star".

The Superintendent at that time was Orson Pratt, one of the Twelve and a very able man. He was much better educated than most of them, as they claimed that a man did not have to be educated to preach, that God would put into their mouths, what

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he wanted them to say.

Long afterward, I heard Haber C. Kimball, Brigham Young's first Counselor in a sermon in Salt Lake City, ridicule education and say that "Peter was not educated and that he thought Peter could preach as good as any one".

After attending their meeting for some time and becoming thoroughly infatuated with their preaching, I was baptized by Immersion in the River Colne, by a Priest in the Church named Henry Kibbell, on the tenth day of January 1849, being at that time, only a little past fourteen years old.

In looking back to that time, I have sometimes thought that my parents should have prevented me from joining that church. Had they done so, the entire course of my life would have been different, as that was the turning point in my life.

The President of the London Conference at that time was John Banke and the President of the Watford Branch was Thomas Margetts, who the next year was promoted to the Presidency of the London Conference.

It is strange thing, but all the Presidents of that conference up to the time I left England, later left the Church. They were Moses Martin, John Banks, Thomas Margetts, Eli B. Kelsey and James Marsden, the fate of some of these, I will tell later.

To say that I believed the Mormon Religion but faintly expresses it. I was up and doing all the time. Attending meetings and on Sunday distributing tracts.

For the first four months, or until I quit school I could not attend the Sunday morning services.

After that I went the morning at ten-thirty, in the afternoon at two-thirty and in the evening at six-thirty and the morning and evening services were about two hours long. The afternoon services were devoted to taking the Sacrament and Testimony.

In the summer of 1850, I was ordained a Teacher, being admitted to the Aaronic Priesthood. The duties of the office was to visit the members, pray with them and see that no hard feelings existed among them, as it was held that unless harmony and brotherly love abounded, no progress could be made in the Kingdom.

About this time, I was appointed Clerk of the Branch to keep the minutes of the official meeting and to keep the Church records.

Besides the meetings on Sunday at Chapel, during the summer we would go to neighboring towns to preach; that is, two of us would go together and sometimes we would have two or three places going at the same time.

Monday night was Official Meeting, Tuesday night Prayer Meeting in another part of the town and Saturday night was visiting night.

The ones we would not see on Saturday night, we would go to on Sunday morning before Church.

In contrast to this, I so often hear people who profess to be Christians now complain because they have Church on Sunday night, thinking that services once a week is enough.

During the summer of 1851 I was ordained a Priest, that being a set or step higher in the Priesthood. I was now a regular preacher.

The first time that I ever undertook to preach was from the Epistle of James. My subject was "Faith and Works" and my ideas today are about summed up in that verse which reads, "Show me thy faith without works and I will show you my faith by my works."

Another thing that the Mormon Elders preached at that time was, that all the Saints (as all members of the Church were called) should be gathered together in one place. That place was in the Great Salt Lake Valley, where they could learn the mysteries of the Kingdom. It was there the Temple would be built and where God would talk with His Israel, as they said.

No one was considered to be very strong in the faith, unless they believed in the gathering of the Saints and prayed to go to Zion.

In fact, I think more prayers were made to God, to open the way, whereby they might be gathered to Zion, than were made to go to Heaven.

No Mohammedan ever thought more of Mohammed and the Koran, than the Latter



7.  
Day Saints did of Joseph Smith and after his death of Brigham Young, as the following verse from one of their songs will show.

Praise to the Lord who commenced with Jehovah,  
Jesus conceived in the Holy and Seer,  
Blessed to be on the last Dispensation  
Kings shall adore him and nations revere.

Hail to the prophet ascended to Heaven,  
Tributors and tyrants all fight him in vain,  
Laughing with God, he can cheer for his brethren  
Death cannot conquer this Hero again.

In 1851 the London Conference was divided into four or five Conferences. The branch to which I belonged being put off into the Western Conference, and a man by the name of Slack from Sheffield was made president.

His headquarters was at Lifford, my home town and I was appointed Clerk of the Conference. During the summer I acted as second of all the leaders of the Conference.

It was at that time I made the acquaintance of C. L. Penrose, who later edited the "Deseret News", the church paper published in Salt Lake City, and which is still published there.

I also met E. L. W. Harrison, who afterwards edited the Salt Lake Tribune, a paper started to compete with the "Deseret News", and which is still published.

## CHAPTER 5

### I JOIN THE MILL

During the winter of 1850 and 1851, the London Newspapers were born printing a very glowing description of a wonderful building that was being erected in Hyde Park and was to be opened to all nations of the world to place on view exhibits of all kinds.

The building was called the Crystal Palace. The outside framework to be made of glass, with an internal roof of glass. It would be open to the public in May, first. The price of admission was one shilling and I was one of the many thousands who visited it.

Whitson Monday was a Holiday at the mill, so I started from Lifford on an early train and arrived in Hyde Park early in the morning at the wonderful building which I saw.

I paid my one shilling and entered it. Even now I can scarcely describe it. It was a building like nothing I had ever seen and it could be real.

There were exhibits showing the goods and machinery from nearly all the nations of the world in spaces designated to them.

I remember one of the things which I saw was the Kohinoor diamond. It was placed under a glass plate and guarded by policemen.

I spent the whole day at the building and reached home that night about nine o'clock.

A short time later, my mother visited the Crystal Palace. Toward evening she became tired and having to go to a place called Richmond entitled the Overland Route to California, on exhibition in the Hippodrome. A friend named the Regents Hall, she went to see it.

When she came home, she told me about it and said that I missed a great treat by not seeing it.

Early in September, I made another visit to the Crystal Palace, but left early enough to visit the Hippodrome. It was on a very good and was unrolled by hand. The views were exhibited by persons talking and the animals were represented.

It was indeed wonderful, but very different from our present-day movies.

It seemed the top of General Grant's army crossing the plains and many of the scenes that I had seen in the movies. I had seen a similar scene across the plains.

I recognized Independence Rock on the Sweetwater river when we came to it, from the picture I had seen in England.

I remember one of the Mormon officers at the time in commenting on the Crystal Palace picture's remark: "The American eagle flaps her wings over a barren waste in Crystal Palace."

It is true, as the space given to the United States was almost empty. Another London paper replied to the first one by saying, "It is true that the American Eagle flaps her wings over a barren waste in the Crystal Palace, but she is flapping her wings over many hundreds of British subjects who are seeking shelter under them!"

During the past few years, I have been in England, I have been in the work. In September 1842, I told Mr. Smith that I was planning to go to America.

One day he found fault with a bill of Memorandum and told me to get it out of a pile of silk. He began to scold me and said, "I hear that you are intending ultimately to go to America." I told him that was my intention. Well, said he, "You had better go now!"

I replied that I would do so and I was just foolish enough to think that God had answered my prayers and opened a way, whereby I could go to Zion.

I told my parents that I was planning to quit and it almost broke their hearts, but the next day or two, I was told to quit and I thought I knew it all.

Mr. Smith told the Foreman to tell me that he was not in any hurry for me to quit, that I could stay as long as I liked or as long as I could live. My heart was set on going to Zion and I lived to bitterly repent of my decision.

The Foreman got another boy to take my place, but after a month he died. He then sent me to the same school from which I had come and told me to pick out some boy, whom I thought would do.

I thought I was going to work about the work, but he did not take to the work and did not learn it readily.

Another proof that Mr. Smith wanted me to stay, he retired my wages soon after he told me that I could go.

It must not be supposed that the bulk of those who started for Salt Lake expected to be one citizen of the United States, such was not the case.

He thought that in some way, God was going to set up a Kingdom with Brigham Young at the head. He was at the time Governor of Utah territory.

At that time, the mission of the Saints was to get to the gathering of the Church, from the whole world of the tribes from the nations of God himself, through the world of the world.

I was a young man of fifteen, a school boy in school, when I was called to the work, as I often say to my sorrow.

I will say now, that the Mormon religion at that time and for aught I know of the present time, was a material religion. Every thing was literal and not spiritual and the only way to be saved was to do what there in authority told you to do.

There was a Kingdom of Glory in Heaven. The Celestial, the Terrestrial and the Celestial and according to a man's faithfulness, so would be his glory.

In December 1832, at a conference in London a Revelation was read, purporting to have been given to Joseph Smith, authorizing him to have more than one wife, and that the way of glory was to have a Kingdom of the Celestial Kingdom.

This was the first time that Polygamy had ever been openly preached in England. The man who read it commenced on it and said "No doubt many would be offended and deny the truth".

He was right, many did, himself among the number.

## CHAPTER 6

## EMIGRATION TO ZION

My arrangements had been made to go to Salt Lake City, and while I did not at that time like the idea of polygamy I did not back out.

About that time, an old man of mine who had gone to Salt Lake in 1850, returned as a missionary. He told me such a plausible story, that it was not compulsory for a man to have more than one wife. He gave me such a glowing description of things over there, that I was sadder than ever to go and only waited anxiously for the ship to sail.

Arrangements had been made to take us from Liverpool to Salt Lake City for ten pounds per head and to furnish us with provisions all the way.

There was an agreement that we could take a hundred pounds of baggage with us, but I later found this was not true.

There was a very large migration last year. I think about five boat loads, and as each boat carried about four hundred, it aggregated nearly two thousand.

The Superintendent of the Church in Liverpool would charter the ships to carry Mormons exclusively. These ships could be secured very cheaply, as otherwise, they would have had to go in ballast mostly, or return cargoes to New Orleans at that time was very scarce.

The ships chartered were mostly American ships in the cotton trade between New Orleans and Liverpool.

Our route was to go by sail ship from Liverpool to New Orleans, thence up the Mississippi River by Steamboat to Keokuk Iowa and then overland by ox team to Salt Lake City, a distance of about eight thousand miles.

In February 1853, I received word that the ship International would sail on the twenty third and was to be in Liverpool on the eighteenth.

The winter had been very cold and I had enjoyed myself in hunting and visiting around with my friends and relatives. Snow fell about the middle of the month and was on the ground when I received notice to go.

I made my farewell visits and spent the evening of the seventeenth at home with my father and mother. The next morning, before they were up, at home, I kissed them all Goodbye and that same evening arrived in Liverpool.

The next few days were spent in getting our berths on board the ship, getting our baggage on board, buying our food and getting all necessary business arranged.

My mother had given me a pair of water, a pair of blankets and some other things, so that I did only to get a mattress and a very poor one it proved to be. The timber which was bought was of the cheapest sort and was worn out long before we reached our destination.

Our party was composed of an old man named John Boggett, three young ladies, a woman named Mary Smith, Miss Smith herself.

When it came time to pay for the passage, none of them seemed to have enough money. I had borrowed from Mr. I learned from Mary Smith that she had borrowed from Mr. I think that she had borrowed from Mr. I think that she had borrowed from Mr. As a consequence, when I arrived at my journey's end I was one hundred and had holes in the toes of my shoes.

On the twenty fifth day of February, the ship was towed out of the dock into the River Mersey and dropped anchor. We remained here two days, while all were ordered on deck, and were to our vessels were examined by a Doctor before the ship could get her clearance papers.

While we were anchored the Gentlemen from the ship died and were taken ashore for burial.

Our organization was then accomplished. Christopher Arthur from Liverpool was appointed President. John Lyons was elected Washington counselors and Elder

Six o'clock.

The bunks were divided into tiers, with a president over each and others were appointed to see that the bunks were made and everything kept clean and neat during the voyage.

A watch was appointed to see that all hands were in their bunks by ten o'clock at night. There were three London policemen on board and they were assigned to police duty.

On most coast and tramp ships, the officers of the ship look after these things, but by the terms of the Charter of the ship made by the Liverpool Superintendent, these duties were undertaken by the passengers themselves.

Most of us were in the stowage. A tier were in that was called the Second Main, for which something extra was paid, but after we were out at sea, the stowage proved to be the better ventilated and the more comfortable of the two.

I think we had over our rations, consisting of hardtack, rice, tea, sugar, salt beef or salt pork, &c. We were given four quarts of water each day and had to get it early in the morning.

We soon became more organized and commenced a routine which was about as follows; up at day light and get a haircut. Then come morning prayer. In all the bunks, when it was sunny and clean up. After that we could promenade on deck, sing or do whatever we chose until time to get dinner.

The cooking was done by two young men in a little house on deck called the Galley. In the morning they would have two big boilers of hot water, and these they boiled tea, took some of their cold water and exchange for hot water.

The meat was all boiled together, each person tying a wooden or tin tag with his name or the number of his berth on to his piece. Rice was tied up in a bag and cooked the same way.

If a person boiled anything dried or cooked in any other way, they would have to wait their turn.

Most of the passengers took fresh meat, fresh bread butter and many other things with them, so that we did not suffer for anything to eat.

## CHAPTER 7

### SICKNESS

In the twenty seventh day of February after breakfast, the ship weighed anchor and a tug hauled us up, we went fairly steady, but after a while, when they began to set the sails the ship began to pitch and roll a little.

When the tug let go of us, the ship settled down to business and so did most of the passengers.

At first we were a little dizzy, then sick at the stomach. The crowd on deck soon thinned out and by night a large part of the human cargo was learning what it was to be ever so sea sick and the next ten days were lost that to me.

The first morning that we were a little rough and some of the timid ones thought the ship would sink. I remember some of the sailors came down stairs to steady the anchor and some one asked them, if it was not dangerous the way the ship was rolling.

One of the sailors answered, "If it keeps this up for twenty four hours, the ship will sink, you", while in fact, there was no danger at all, but a sailor, like a cowboy, likes to play it off on a tenderfoot.

During the first week or two, the cooks had an easy time of it, very few having much appetite and the deck was not crowded. I used to crawl up on deck and get my nose through the railing and try to throw up my boots.

My best description of seasickness is that, the first day or two you are afraid you are going to die, the rest of the time, you wait and see how soon you do.

All things came to an end, however and so did seasickness to most of us and then we fell into our regular routine again.

The boat continued on its way. After we had been out of port six weeks, the Captain said that we would still be in Liverpool in six days, and said that if the wind did not change within a week, we would have to go on short rations until it did.

Maybe you don't think there was some earnest praying done for the wind to change, as it was characteristic of the Mormon religion to pray for the thing needed at the time, so that all our prayers now were that God would change the wind and bring us all safely home to Zion.

Well, whether the Lord changed the wind or not, I do not know, but the day before our rations were to be served out, we found in the morning that we had fair winds and plenty of it. I remember that the first mate said, "The Liverpool gale has let go of the shores and the New Orleans gale has got hold of it", and the ship was going through the water like a race horse.

On the sixth day of April, being the Anniversary of the organization of the Mormon Church, it was decided to celebrate the day in grand style on ship board.

Committees were appointed and a big program arranged. After morning and evening worship services had been held, the assembly was called to order by the President and singing, recitations and speeches were the order of the day.

He had some splendid singers on board and some pretty fair poets and with original and selected songs and recitations, the day ~~was~~ passed very pleasantly. While we were in the midst of our celebration, we passed close to another large sailing vessel bound.

One of the songs composed on that occasion was a description of the officers on the ship, as I have said nothing about them, will give part of the song. I do not remember all of it, but will give the parts I remember.

It was not to the tune of Yankee Doodle and you may judge when four hundred were singing with all their might we at least had some noise, whether it was very musical or not.

The exact number that started from Liverpool was four hundred and nineteen and the song was as follows:

"On board the International, all joyful and light-hearted bound Zionward, four hundred Saints, from Liverpool we started. We're English, Irish, Scotch and Welsh, assembled here together Resolved to do the will of God, whatever the wind or weather.

Now Elder Arthur's counselors, I wish you all to know it,  
Are Elder Lyons, from Glasgow, the celebrated poet.

And Elder Henry Addington from London's famous city who has been sick all the way, which has given forth our city.

The Captain's name is David Brown, he came from Massachusetts  
(I do not remember his line)

Of course he is a fraction out, but he is honest, rather  
And still in time become a Saint and serve our Heavenly Father.

The first mate's name is Albert Rose, the second is Arden Campbell  
The third mate is John Carter and then comes a sort of scramble;  
That is to say, a motley crew, of all colors and ship riggers  
Amounting to about fifteen, Swedes, Germans, Danes and riggers.

And last not leas't, the Carpenter, Carl Lusterland, a Swede; Sir  
The first of all the ship's company to embrace our Holy Creed, Sir.

After each verse of the choros,  
The singing loud. Ye Saints of God, in one united chorus  
Old Babylon, we've left behind and Zion is before us.

It must be remembered that all nations of the world were called by the Mormons,  
England and the inhabitants were called "Gentiles" and the average Mormon had  
no more love for a Gentile, than the old Israelites had in their day.

## CHAPTER 8

### WE ARRIVE AT NEW ORLEANS

After the vessel arrived we were our way to the South and West, the  
weather getting much warmer.

The women folks went to their bining beds and on covers. The ducking  
from which they were made, having been brought from England. One or two men did  
the setting and the rest of the crew. I think of at twenty five tents and  
on covers were made.

About this time some of the sailors wanted to be baptized and the Captain  
had a large tank erected on deck for the purpose. It was later used for a bath  
too, so that any one wishing to take a bath in sea water could do so.

The Captain was the first man to be baptized. He was followed by the second  
mate, then the sailors and the rest of the officers, until at the time we reached  
New Orleans the Captain, the second mate and entire crew, with one exception  
belonged to the Mormon Church.

The Carpenter, seeing that several of the sailors went through to  
Salt Lake with us.

I think the Captain had another object, rather than religion in view, because  
when he ordered the Captain he persuaded a young and pretty girl to stay with  
him. She went on trip with him, but died of the Yellow Fever the next time the  
ship came to New Orleans.

About the seventeenth of April we sighted land. It was the Great Inland Sea,  
one of the West India Islands, which was called "The Hole in the Wall". The  
channel is quite narrow at that place as I remember it and after that we passed two  
coral reefs, called "The Big and Little Islands".

It was not long until we could see another short distance off on each  
side of the ship. On without any incident about the twenty-fourth of April, we  
arrived at the mouth of the Mississippi river.

There has been a remarkable change. Other ships had baptized a few sailors,  
but to convert the entire crew, with just one exception, was something that had  
never before occurred.

When we arrived at the mouth of the river, the water instead of being nearly  
fresh, became salt. The sailors told us that the Mississippi river water had  
been a great deal of time in the sea and was now of the sea.

There was a look out on the shore and we were told us over the bar, then took another  
look at the other side of the river and proceeded down the river without stopping  
under.

The land on both sides of the river for some distance was low and swampy, but  
the water was so shallow that we were able to go up to the shore. It was quite a sight to  
see the ships and the land on the shores on the banks at the same time.

I think it was on the morning of the twenty-fourth of April, that we tied up at the levee in New Orleans, at midnight the day, in about nine weeks.

There was no sickness, except sickness, and one marriage, two or three births, so that we sailed with more on board than we had when we started.

Here the first part of our journey came to an end and a good many of us thought that this was the end, but we were badly mistaken, as we found before our journey was really ended.

At this point we received a message from Salt Lake of the name of John Brown. He was sent by Brigham Young to look after the interests of emigrants, to charter steam boats to take us to St. Louis and he was thoroughly on to his job.

One of the first on our given us, was not to talk about slavery. Uncle Tom's Cabin had been published a year before we left England and as it is a ritual, our sympathies were with the negroes, but New Orleans at that time, was a poor place to talk it, hence our caution.

Notwithstanding this warning, I remember that a man named Miller from Scotland got into a very heated argument on the levee, which was soon stopped by Brown.

Here our crowd was divided, some of the fell to do taking passage on the Allick Scott, at first the most comfortable boat on the lower river.

The bulk of it was transferred to the High Tom which came along side the ship and our baggage was shifted from the ship to the boat, as a very quick way to get it transferred.

At that time there was very little tariff on foreign goods, so that the examination of our goods, was not much more than a formality, and about the twenty eighth we started up the river to St. Louis.

As soon as we were started, a gun was set off and changed every two hours. The entire lower deck was cleared, so that we had the right of way. There was a big one of each kind of food to prevent any stealing on their part that the watch was set.

On the boat in the entire boat could be chartered and no other passengers were allowed on board without permission.

On one boatmaster's watchman on us, a man named Jacob Bates was President and permission was granted to him to go on to visit the way landing. One of these began to misbehave and Bates told him to get up or he would have him put ashore. The fellow replied, "You are not Captain of this boat" to which Bates replied "No, but I am a bigger man on this boat than the Captain and if you do not believe it, just try me and I will have you put ashore, so concluded that he had found his match and he better keep still.

In those days it was an almost unbroken forest on both sides of the Mississippi river. The towns were not large and occasionally there would be a cleared field. About three hundred miles from New Orleans, the boat stopped to unload some mill-work for the Mobile Railroad. It was at a clearing. There was a log shanty near the shore and on the sides were nailed some pig stakes. These were the first evidence of the way of us had ever seen, but have seen and killed many since then.

Our boat was a slow one and one of the songs that the rowboats sang was, "Fire away, my little boys and keep the boilers hot,

I'll give you fifty dollars if you'll pass the Allick Scott!"

Although the Allick Scott left New Orleans just a day before we did, we met her on our return-trip before we reached St. Louis.

I had some friends living in St. Louis and when I heard a hurried call, made by my parents, I immediately prepared for it.

When I returned to the boat, I found that the "Jeremiah Beams" on upper Mississippi river boat was also there. Our things were soon transferred and some time the

next night we landed at Keokuk Iowa, thus having completed our water journey without losing one of our number or death.

## CHAPTER 9

### IN CAMP AT KEOKUK IOWA.

When morning came it found most of our baggage in a large ware house on the levee and we went in to look around for the camp. It was located on a bluff about half a mile north of the business part of Keokuk.

At that time the business part of Keokuk was confined to about one street, which I think ran east from the landing.

The Mormon camp consisted of a long street with wagons on each side of it. We were shown our camp, which consisted of about twenty wagons with bows on them, that was all.

As we belonged to the ten pound company, we were told to divide ourselves into groups of ten and each ten to take possession of a wagon.

During the voyage I had become acquainted with a man from Newport Pagnall, in Bedfordshire, the county adjoining the one from which I came, by the name of John Bignell.

He was a man every inch of him and had a wife and little boy named Samy. He proposed that we go together and pick up another family to make our ten.

We picked up a family by the name of Butler. There was a man and wife and six or seven children, but as two of the Butler children were small and the Bignell boy just a little fellow, we only ever had ten adults.

Many times on the trip, we feared that we had picked some other family. Butler was a farmer and was fit for nothing else, while his wife was entirely out of her element on the plains. They had two good sized boys, but one of them was too long to eat; the other one, Jack did fairly well.

As soon as we were supplied with a wagon cover and tent, Bignell said that his wife and child and Mrs. Butler and their small children could sleep in the wagon and the rest of us in the tent.

From that time on, I pitched the tent with the help of one of the others. Some bacon and flour were served out to us and we commenced camp life.

In the meantime some wagons had been hauling our goods from the river to the camp and we picked out what belonged to us and put them in the tent or wagon.

I remember that it was very muddy. We had logs of rain, so that our first acquaintance with camp life was not very flattering.

We went to the timber, got wood for a fire. Eggs were cheap in Keokuk, so we bought some eggs, fried bacon and eggs and made pancakes and felt like we had had a feast.

Bignell's and I messed together and the Butler's by themselves, except when Mrs. Bignell could take pity on them and help them out.

After being cramped up on the board for so long, it felt good to have plenty of room to move about and we enjoyed it to the full. After we gathered plenty of wood and water, we went fishing and hunting and thus two weeks passed.

Some of the campers moved off and we became anxious to be on the move, but were told that our cattle had not come. Men were down in Missouri buying them and had to go farther south, than they expected, hence our delay.

While we were camped here a lot of us concluded that we would visit Nauvoo, Illinois, from which the Mormons had been driven seven years before.

One morning we started up the river to Montrose, then crossed the river on a ferry boat and were in Nauvoo.

We visited the ruins of the Temple built by the Mormons, who had hardly finished it before they were driven away. In fact, quite a number of the big



men left, but recrossed the river to assist in the dedication. A few nights after it was dedicated it was burned.

The Mormons always claimed that the mob which drove them out burned it, but I was afterwards told, that it was burned by orders from Brigham Young, so that the Gentiles could not learn their secrets.

We visited the house that Joseph Smith built, as he said by direct revelation from God. We found his widow living there, but she had married again.

She told us that Brigham Young had no right to lead the church, that he was a false prophet. They might just as well have tried to turn the Mississippi river up stream as to make us believe that. Our faith was too strong, so after wondering around until we were tired we went back to camp.

A few days later the cattle began to show the fun began. Mr Bignell had been a cooper in England, so he and I went among the cattle and picked out two yoke of oxen which we chained together and called "Our team". We then picked out two yoke of cows and drove them out of the corral and began to break them.

It was easy for them to do, but lots of the men had never driven a team in their lives. They did not know how to lead the oxen and could not put on, nor take off a yoke. They could not get their oxen near the wagon tongue and it took lots of patience, as they were much more stubborn than the cattle.

It would take two or three men to break a team, some on one side and some on the other, so that they were not more trouble than is something that I could never understand.

#### CHAPTER 10

##### THE JOURNEY OF THE MAIL

After ordering the cattle from the men who had them, the men went to their teams, and after getting the cattle ready, they started on a long overland journey.

We drove out a short distance where there was a meeting place and there a meeting was called for organization.

Joseph Bates was elected President, and he chose Richard Laddington and a man named Leger to be the Captains of the party, that is; each one would be Captain of half the party.

Each half of the party were named Captains, called the Captain of ten and it was their business to see that they all got through the mud holes and all came into camp on time.

I did not go with the men as captives at the start, but before the journey was ended I had the experience myself.

The first few days we were short drives, getting the cattle used to the work, as we were very heavily loaded.

It had been said to us in England that we could take a hundred pounds each across the river with us, but before we left England, the leaders told us that we could not take that much. We had to throw away our barrels, boxes and some of our tools and take care for our clothing, so that I do not think we averaged sixty pounds each.

By the time we had flour, beans and other provisions for ten people, our clothing and bedding packed in the barrels, we were very heavily loaded.

The year of 1843 was a very wet year in Iowa and we soon found lots of mud holes. As we got further west many of the streams were so deep and so wide that we would have to wade through them in the cattle. Several horses were tired of us, so that the roads were badly set up.

When we came to the river, our Captain Bates could not lead the team, but he had the good sense to use a very good horse to lead the team.

Then some of the best ones would get stuck and so would have to double teams and it was slow going. Perhaps the same thing would happen several times in a day.

Sometimes in crossing a creek, the banks would be very steep on both sides, then those who were not driving would have to put their shoulders to the wheel and help push the wagon out of the creek.

Going down, one man would stand on the bank and lock the wheel or wheels, depending upon how steep the bank, another man would stand in the creek and as the front wheels struck bottom, he would unlock the hind wheels without stopping the wagons.

The lock was just a chain in two parts fastened to the wagon box and by sliding it along the wagon was unlocked.

We crossed the Mississippi River at Farmington on a bridge. After we were about a hundred miles east of Keokuk, the roads began to improve. There was very little settlement and the road could follow the ridges.

We found plenty of rabbit and quail to shoot and saw some wild turkeys, but did not get any of them.

As we neared Council Bluffs, owing to the oxen and teamsters getting better acquainted, we were better off. The first of June, the first stage of our overland journey was made. We stopped just west of where the Chicago and North-Western Depot in Council Bluffs now stands.

At that time, all that there was to Council Bluffs was up in the hollow and it did not amount to much. The town was founded in 1847 by the Mormons and was called Haverhill.

The settlement here was under the presidency of Orson Hyde, but in 1851, Brigham Young called all the Saints in Pottawattamie Co. to come to Salt Lake and about all the faithful left.

Soon after they had gone the Gentiles changed the name of the town to Council Bluffs; because for a long time the bluffs, as we soon saw, were a favorite rendezvous for the different Indian tribes to meet and hold council, to make treaties, or to break them and go on the war path.

Here we found some people who had crossed the river with us, but who had left Keokuk before we did. They had concluded to go no farther, their faith having failed them.

Some of the ones who crossed Iowa with us, also decided to stop, among them John Daggett, who had been my berth mate on the ship.

He was an old man and quite lame, but was soon compelled to walk nearly all the way, which he did.

He had expected his wife to meet him in Council Bluffs, but they had concluded to stay in St. Louis.

He came to me and told me that he would go no farther, but he could not pay for the ferry he had come from me in Liverpool. There was a steamer going to St. Louis and he could go deck passage and could pay when he reached St. Louis.

I made him pack up and the old man reached St. Louis in safety, only to die among his relatives. He was a good old man and it was sad to see the painful effort he was trying to keep up with the train.

In those days all carmen crossing the plains were called "Trains" either ox teams, horse driven, or mule trains, as the case might be. I understand that they were mule trains, because at that time, there were no railroads west of the Mississippi river.

When we went into camp, we found that the Missouri river was very high and as there was a large trainload of us, we settled down to wait and look around.

The ferry we had crossed the river was at where the railroad bridge is now

located. It was called the Lone Tree Ferry, because only one tree stood on the river bank on the Indian side.

The territory of Nevada had not then been organized and all the land west of the river belonged to the Indians.

At that time there was quite a strip of timber on the east side of the river and one day I shot a live deer, that ran out of it.

There was a big slough in the timber, but the river was so high, that they could sail from the extreme edge of the slough to the other side of the river.

It was the fourth of July before the train made of us got over and by that time the river was falling, so that the ground between the river and the slough was out of the water.

This made it necessary to keep one boat in the slough to ferry across it and the other boat in the main river.

There was only one man with each boat, so that we had to do our own work towing the boat up the river by hand far enough, that we could make a landing at the right place on the other side.

Volunteers were called for to man the oars and towline. I volunteered and was assigned to the boat in the main river. It took us ten days to ferry the thirty three men and the cattle across. It was hard work, the river was high and the current strong and lots of snags on the lower side.

I have no definite place, but some of us were drowned. We did not know the depths of the river, nor how easily the banks caved and we did not use the precaution, that we should have.

Fortunately there were no accidents and on the fifteenth of July, we had the last man across the river.

Here we learned that mosquitoes were, some of us were bitten so badly, we could scarcely see. We had not learned that smoke would keep them away.

I should have stated that when we were organized that a Captain of the Guards was appointed and all men and boys of fourteen or over were enrolled for Guard duty.

We were divided into two sections, Section one composed of all the able bodied men and was called the night watch, the old men and boys constituting the day watch.

It was the duties of the day watch to guard the cattle from the time we camped at night until eight o'clock and from four in the morning, until we were pitched up ready to start.

The night watch was divided into two divisions, the first section going on duty at eight o'clock until twelve, and the second division from twelve until four in the morning.

#### CHAPTER 11

#### ON THE PLAINS

During the day our guard duties had been very light, merely to keep the cattle from straying, but as we were now in the Indian territory, stricter rules and greater vigilance was necessary.

The Captain of the Guard made a list of the names and the first eight names called him to their guard, four in each watch until all had been on guard duty, then it commenced over and the same with the day watches.

Some trains always corralled their cattle at night, but we never did. Sometimes they would come to camp, sometimes quite a distance off, if the feed was better.

As soon as we camped at night, the cattle would be driven to water and then turned out to graze. As soon as some of them would begin to lie down, we would

bunch them up and start them driving around them.

Generally they would lie still until two or three o'clock, when they would get up and go to feeding.

If the night was stormy, or the wolves too thick, or a herd of buffalo near, they would get restless and often would have to call for help. A herd of buffalo could stampede a herd of cattle sooner than anything.

As a general rule it was not much trouble to get out the second watch, but you will always find some drivers in every crowd, we had them, but they had to take their turn.

Our Captain Gates would not travel on Sunday, unless we camped Saturday night when the feed was poor, then he would travel Sunday until we found good feed and stop.

He said that our cattle were our salvation, and as on ship board we had prayed for fair winds, so we now prayed that "God would bless our cattle and make them strong". Mr. Gates never failed to hunt the best camping grounds, where feed and water were plentiful.

He was a man of good sense and judgment, always letting the cattle fill up in the morning before starting and making the noon long or short according to the feed.

Our train consisted of thirty three wagons drawn by two yokes of oxen to each wagon and probably a number of cows and young stock with us. Part of the time, the oxen were hitched up, but as a rule they were driven behind.

There were about three hundred people in our train while on the Iowa side we had taken on more flour and bacon. We also had salt, sugar, tea, coffee and other things. At the time, I did not drink either tea or coffee, unless the water was very bad. We had two cows to each wagon, so that we had some milk to use.

Our bread was baked in cast iron kettles, by putting some coals under the kettle and some on top of the lid. When we had good wood, it was not such a hard task, but when the wood was wet or poor, or when we had to use wet cow chips, (which we often did) then baking was a hard job.

The women did the cooking and baking generally. In those days, we had no yeast flour, but they saved a piece of dough from one baking to the next. The bread was mixed in the morning and by night it was ready to bake. It was not always good, but it had to do.

Our day would begin about five in the morning. It was get up, eat breakfast then gather up everything, roll the bedding and put it in the wagons. Then strike the tent, roll it and pile it in the wagon and fasten the tent poles to the side of the wagon.

Then came the order "Get up the cattle". The day herders would start them toward the corral and we would drive them in. They were then yoked and hitched to the wagon and the lead team would start out and the other fall in line.

A corral was formed by dividing the wagons into two parts. In going into camp, the Captain would select the spot and the lead team would drive to a certain place and stop. The first wagon would drive up so that the end of the tongue was close to the high hind wheel of the wagon ahead.

The others would follow, until the seventeenth wagon made half of the circle. The eighteenth wagon would pull back and come up opposite number one and leave a space of twenty or thirty feet between them. The other wagons would then close up the other side, thus making two half circles, with an opening at each end.

When the order was given to get up the cattle the wagon tongues would be lifted and raised with chains to the wheel track, thus making a fence, with some one standing at each end.

The tents were always pitched and the fires built outside the circle.

This was done so that in case of an attack by the Indians, we could get behind the wagons and the first light would show us the attacking party.

Another kind of a corral was made by closing the front end, by having the wagons stop close together, leaving only one end open. Still another kind was made by driving the wagons close together with the tongues on the inside.

This kind was only used when a train was attacked when on the move. We were never attacked and always corraled like the first description.

When we stopped at noon the cattle were not unyoked but were unhitched and allowed to graze and we did not corral at noon, but stopped with the wagons strung out. Our noon meal was never much more than a lunch.

At night after we had corraled, the first thing to do was to get water and wood and get supper. We would pitch the tent and we who slept in the tents would make our beds on the ground.

After supper almost every night it would be bake bread and on a stormy night, this was anything but a pleasant job.

The watch would then be set and some meetings held and usually by nine o'clock the entire camp was in bed. Next morning it would be the same thing over and every day passed much as the day before.

Sunday we laid still if the feed was good. That was usually wash day in the camp and if any of the cattle needed shoeing, or any blacksmithing or wagon repairing to be done.

We usually had two or three meetings on Sunday and the rest of the day was spent in hunting, fishing or anything we cared to do, but the main thing, was to let the cattle rest.

We started from the place where the city of Omaha now stands on the seventeenth day of July and two days later crossed the Elk Horn river on a rope ferry and camped on the Platte bottom.

Several days later we crossed the Loup River on a rope ferry and it kept several of us, excepting, said to keep the passage open for the boat.

We had now left civilization behind us and found the road good, except where we had to ford a creek. Feed was plentiful and we could usually get all the wood we wanted from the Platte river.

Our Captain had been over the route before, having gone out to Salt Lake and back. We had a guide book compiled by William Clayton, who crossed the plains with the Pioneers in 1847.

This book gave the distance from point to point. Every creek was noted and whenever we saw "R. R. & T.", we knew it was good place to camp, as the letters stood for River Road and Timber.

The distance was measured in 1847 by a roadmeter and it was correct. When a strip of sandy road occurred, it was noted, as also were rocky roads or dangerous places in the mountains.

For the first hundred miles, the days and roads were much alike, unless we encountered a river or a storm, until we got near Wood River.

Here the first one of our party died. His name was Horsfall, he came from London and was about forty five years old. Poor fellow, he talked as long as he could, then lay day after day in the wagon, jolting along with nothing but creek water to drink until he died.

We dug his grave on the bank of a small creek, which I think they called Little Snake Creek. We covered him up in a sheet and laid him down in his grave. How long he lay there will never be known. The country was full of wolves and they would dig into graves.

It is hard to bury our friends where we can visit their graves, but to put them in the ground on the bleak prairie and go on, leaving them peacefully covered up by the wolves, was indeed hard, but it was the best that we could do.

After we were west of the present town of Great Island, Wood

began to be scarce and finally failed altogether and for over two hundred miles, refused to burn, either for portable chips for fuel.

We had a visit from a band of Pawnee Indians about a week after we left the river and as we got further west scattering bands came to put camp.

I remember that Mr. Linnell traded a pint of sugar to an Indian for a good buffalo robe. Some of the others traded for moccasins.

As the wagons were heavily loaded, no one except small children, sick folk and very delicate women could ride. When we came to a creek, we would pull off our shoes and stockings and wade across, both men and women and later we waded rivers the same way.

After we were west of the forks of the Platte river the roads became more steady, the grass not so tall and in due time, we came in sight of Chimney Rock.

This rock was on the south side of North Platte river and at that time was visible for about fifty miles. It looked very much like the chimney of a large factory.

This rock is still standing and is just two miles south of the present town of Mayard, Nebraska.

Another day or two brought us to Scott's Bluff, also on the south side of the river and a few days later we arrived at Fort Laramie. From here, we got our first glimpse of the mountains. Laramie Peak was the first we could see.

It is in the same range as Long's Peak and was about a hundred and fifty miles northwest of us when we first saw it.

We reached Ft. Laramie on the twenty second day of August and we were about half way to Wyo. on our over land trip.

I shall have more to tell about Ft. Laramie later, so that I will defer a description of it now, but I little thought as I went through it, that one of the most important events of my life, would occur at that place.

## CHAPTER 12

### CROSSING THE CONTINENTAL DIVIDE.

We stopped a day or two at Ft. Laramie and then started on the last stretch of our long journey.

At this place we crossed the Platte river, the water coming up to the high axle. The river was clear, with sandy bottom and the current very swift.

After crossing the river, we followed the Oregon Trail as far as Ft. Bridger.

I have found that there are a great many people who are confused as to the routing of these old trails, so I will briefly outline the two different trails.

The Old Oregon Trail started from Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas and went in a northwesterly direction to Ft. Kearney, Nebraska. From there it followed the Platte river to near its branches and kept along the South Platte to about the present corner of Colorado. It turned then to the northwest through Indian Territory to the North Platte river.

It did not cross the river, but followed along the south side to Ft. Laramie. From there it went almost west for a hundred miles and again turned south to the Snake River, past Independence Rock, over the Snake Pass to Ft. Bridger. From Ft. Bridger it went northwest to Oregon.

The Old California Trail or as it was sometimes called the California Trail, started from the corner to N. of Florence, Iowa and was called Winter quarters.

It followed the Platte and the North Platte rivers across the entire divide, keeping to the north side on both rivers. From Ft. Laramie to Ft. Bridger it followed the Oregon trail.

Ft. Bridger it followed the Oregon Trail.

There the Oregon Trail continued to the north and west from Ft. Bridger, the Mormon Trail branched to the south and west, through Echo Canyon to Salt Lake, thence on to California.

After leaving Ft. 4 miles we left the river and did not see it again for nearly a hundred miles. This was the pleasantest part of our entire trip.

The roads were good, water, wood and food plentiful. There was a good deal of gravel, which made it necessary to shoe a good many of the cattle.

In about a week, we came to the Platte again and one Saturday night, camped near the mouth of Deer Creek. There was a fine vein of coal up the creek a short distance and the blacksmith and others got several sacks of it.

We camped there for several days, shoeing cattle, washing and cleaning up generally.

Our cattle, thanks to the good judgment of our Captain, were as a whole in good condition.

We had several teams that had been stuck so often they had become balky and caused a lot of trouble.

The Captain ordered them to whom they belonged become discouraged and gave up the office and I was appointed to take his place.

For a while I was late into camp almost every night. I finally decided the only thing to do, was to keep the other teams belonging to the Tex back and keep these cattle behind while teams and simply pull them through. By doing this we could manage to keep pretty close to the rest.

The night before we left the Platte, I shall never forget. We had overtaken some droves of sheep, which were being driven through to California. Some one in camp found a stray sheep and had it tied to the wagon.

The wolves were so thick, that the camp guard had to almost stand over the sheep to keep the wolves away.

During the night a big storm came up, thunder, lightning, wind and rain.

I stood at one of our tent poles and Butler at the other and by firmly bracing ourselves, we managed to keep our tent upright. A good many of the tents blew down and our tent was soon filled.

After the storm passed, it looked like a cyclone had hit us. The only thing to do, was to put up the tents and pass the night the best we could. Our blankets were dry, but those whose tents blew down were wet.

After leaving Deer Creek, we crossed over the north side of the Platte and left it entirely.

From here we struck across country, through sand, sagebrush and alkali to the Sweetwater River. This was the hardest part of our journey. Dead and good water were scarce and could only be found in certain places. We were compelled to make several long drives to find a good place to camp.

Alkali water was very plentiful and it required extra vigilance to keep our cattle from getting it, as a very little of it would kill them. We soon began to get lots of dead cattle, that the trains ahead of us had lost.

I had said nothing about buffalo hunting. We only had one horse in the train and although we had bullets by the thousands, we only killed two or three.

About this time, as Old Scotchman, named Haggis in getting out of a wagon, while in motion, fell on the wheel went over his leg breaking it.

He was put back in the wagon. He fortunately had a man with us, who had been a doctor in Liverpool, who set the fractured limb, but he was unable to walk the rest of the trip.

Soon after this we came to Independence Rock, on the Sweetwater River, where we were told General Fremont had camped there on the fourth of July, some years before.

You will remember that I told you in the beginning that I had seen the picture of this rock in London and I readily recognized it when we came to it.

This is a rock about half a mile long and from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet high. At that time it was covered with names. Some painted, some chiseled and some in pencil. As I remember it, most of us wrote our names on the rock in some form.

Some of the boys climbed to the top of it and said it was shaped like a basin and contained water, but I did not go up.

The next day we crossed the Sweetwater River, which at that place ran through perpendicular cliffs about three hundred feet high and was called "The Devil's Gate".

I remember right in the top by the side of the road was a grave, with a big boulder for a head stone, with a name chiseled in the rock.

The roads now became very rough and rocky, requiring careful driving, not to break the rigors.

We drove along the river for say two days, our progress being necessarily slow, one day crossing the river three times.

Each time we were getting nearer the summit of the Rocky Mountains. We finally crossed the river for the last time and found ourselves on a fine stream.

The road was smooth and hard as a floor, with the mountains on the north and south of us. This was the North Pass.

After traveling this way for eight or ten miles, we came to a small stream and found that the water was flowing to the west and knew thus we had crossed the Continental Divide.

The decline became more pronounced and we soon found that the descent was a very rocky road and we crossed it at a place called Little Springs.

#### CHAPTER 12. ZION AT LAST.

The country from here to Green River was very barren, nothing but sand and a few brush. There was some vegetation on the river to the north of us.

This stream was called the Sandy and emptied into Green River. At this place we had to leave the road and go to the river to camp. We shot some crane hens and found them very good to eat.

At this time there were several people in camp with. A man named Scudder from London had two children sick.

He called a doctor and some others to administer the medicines of his sister with oil and laying on of hands. The medicine was for some time but they did not get better on the third day. The little children and one would do the praying.

I felt that the time for the "Laying on of hands" was well and according to the general rule, I said "The virtue and authority of the Holy Ghost is invested in me and in the name of Jesus Christ, I believe the disease and lay unto you, that you shall be restored to health".

The next morning over the other child did not seem to have any faith and it could recover and so I said "No". The child was still sick and I lay on hands. For I felt that the time for this, I said "I believe in the virtue of the Holy Ghost, I believe the disease and lay unto you, that you shall be restored to health".

Then Korrell, the son of the "Good River" died. We had no other river, but I lay on hands and said "I believe in the virtue of the Holy Ghost, I believe the disease and lay unto you, that you shall be restored to health".



they could never even see the river.

I think they took a chest they had with them and placed the child in it.

In a few days I came down from Lincoln's Fork. He was alone and we landed him near Green River. After filling the wares partly full, we rolled a rock into it, so that the wolves could not scratch him and fill the wares with dirt.

He was a nice fellow, we all liked him and with our hearts we left him there alone.

Soon after leaving Frank, we came to the crossing of Green River. It was a large stream with rocky bottom. The current was very swift and the water was so high the wagon went.

It was decided to double team, so that the oxen could ride across. This was rather slow work, as it had been rock to have to take the cattle back through the river for the next season.

We managed to get across all right and at that night on the river bank and found the provisions very dry.

We left Green River and going nearly due, crossed Black's and Han's fork of the river and camped on Han's fork on Saturday night quite early.

We cut willows and made charcoal, as there was no blacksmithing to be done. I have noticed the willow, that every train crosses the plains carrying a loaded sled with outfit, so that repairs could be made as we went along.

By this time we had begun to get short of food. Our supply of bacon being almost gone, we could expect to find some of the cows.

Our loads had become very light, as we had no more bread, flour and other provisions, that the oxen could carry from the wagons.

In a few days we arrived at Fort Union. There we found a company of the 10th Cavalry, and a large military organization, which had been ordered out by General Sherman to quell an Indian outbreak.

We found some old acquaintances who had left Lincoln's Fork some time before. We spent the evening at Fort Union, and visiting and felt that we were nearly back to the end of our long journey.

Fort Union was a small place, and the men and women, who had built the fort and traded with the Indians. When the Mormon pioneers passed his place in 1847 and told him, they were going to settle in the Salt Lake Valley, he told them, they would starve to death.

He told them he would give them the good valley for the first crop of corn they raised there. I do not know whether he kept his word, but I do know that they did grow in the valley.

Leaving Fort Union, we went on to the river and found a Bear River and here caught one of our oxen.

His name was James Green. He had a wife and two or three small children. It was a terrible sight, the wife's lamentations, she was too ill out of the world, already in a state to bury him.

We dug out a few more oxen and rolled them into the river and

and filled it with hay and left him to sleep the sleep that knows no waking.

This was the first of our party we had buried since leaving the Missouri river.

Wear river was not as large as Green river. Green river flowed south and after forming a junction with Grand river, was called the Colorado river and emptied into the Gulf of California. Wear river flowed northwest and finally emptied into the Great Salt Lake.

The second day after leaving Wear river, we came to the celebrated Echo Canyon and camped that night in the canyon.

We saw how small and insignificant it would be today, as the bluffs rise almost perpendicular hundreds of feet. We little thought at the time, that in less than four years the United States soldiers would be compelled to retreat and take up winter quarters at Fort Collins, having been met by the Nauvoo Legion who refused to allow them to advance any farther.

At the mouth of Echo Canyon we crossed the Weber river which also flows in to Great Salt Lake. Here we commenced to climb the mountains.

The ascent was very steep and the mountains. For four miles the road was a gradual incline, but near the top it was very steep and we had to use mule teams.

When on the top, we felt like I know the Israelites of old must have felt when they arrived in sight of the Promised Land, for though a cleft in the mountains, we caught a glimpse of the valley, with the mountains on the east.

The descent was very steep and most of the way down, we had to ranch look the mules.

The next day we entered the valley, through Fort Collins Canyon and encamped that night on the Public Square in Salt Lake City. The fort on Zion, for which we had traveled almost eight thousand miles.

From the first of June until June first by water and from June first until September this month overland, a distance of nearly ten thousand miles and almost every mile of it I had walked.

Here I met an old man of mine who had left me along the way. He was Steve Wood. He invited me to go to his with him, but as I was on a long journey, I had to say my fellow travelers and my long hard journey was ended.

In a few days, the men on the public square were deserted. The mules, carts and other things were in the city office and sold and the people were in the city scattered.

There were no more men, so I went to Fort Hill where I found the men who were in the little city. I was very much surprised in the end.

Eliza Weston married a man named Platt, whose first wife had died on the plains in 1841. She had a son named a son named Steve and Mary was the first I ever heard of.

When Steve was born in the city, he was a boy of five years old.

After that I saw Steve for a few days, he suggested that I go with him to his father and he said he would go with me and I decided to go.

# CHAPTER 14. POLYGAHY IN UTAH.

On the sixth day of October, that being the semiannual conference of the Church, we new comers had the chance to see and hear some of the big men of the church.

We saw and heard Brigham Young and the opinion I formed of him that day, I never had occasion to change.

There is no question about it, he was a man of great Executive ability. He knew his power and jealously maintained it. He knew that his word was accepted as law unto the people and he was very careful to cause his influence to increase.

His talk was always in the positive and to the point and he showed no mercy to those who opposed him.

He was appointed Governor of Utah Territory in 1846, so that his term of office would expire in 1853. When I arrived there, there was some talk of another Governor being appointed.

The Mormons wanted him re-appointed and were fearful if a Gentile were appointed, there would be trouble. To calm things down, I heard him say in a sermon at that time "I am and will be Governor of Utah, until the Lord Almighty shall say, Brigham you need a Governor no longer, then I will step aside and not before".

During that first winter, I took the Mountain fever. Our living was poor bread, potatoes and scurvy, not much to tempt a sick man.

Steve was kind in his way, but he knew nothing about sick folks and there I lay week after week, with no medicine, until I finally wore out the fever.

Just as I began to improve, Steve told a Mr. Webster how very sick I had been and she began to bring us things to eat and by spring, I was about well.

I have many times in the years that are passed been asked the question "Why did I leave the Mormon Church?" I have usually replied "The practice of Polygamy". That was the main reason, but I found very things about Mormonism, as it was practiced in Salt Lake City, which I did not like and which we were not taught in England.

Looking back to that time, I know now that I was disappointed from the time I landed there. At first I tried to make myself believe that I was not and that every thing was as I had expected to find it, but I know now that it was not.

Now will remember, I was only a child when I joined the church. I was so thoroughly instructed with their teachings and so young, I did not understand things as I later did.

From the time I had joined the church, I had thought of Brigham Young as a little lower than the angels and of Salt Lake as a good place to live.

I suppose that it was only natural that I should be disappointed, when I found Salt Lake far from being like my idea of heaven and that after all Brigham Young was just a mortal man.

There was one thing that I heard him say soon after I reached Salt Lake, that helped to sow the seeds of doubt and dissatisfaction in me and it was this, "out of the things on leaving the Rock I will bring down from the top of the mountains and the valley and the mountains to the sea when they reached Salt Lake".

These Elders would buy a team or two and buy goods in the states and drive them through and sell them at an enormous profit.

Now in our company a certain Elder borrowed considerable money from a family before leaving England and after they reached Salt Lake, he would not pay them and they complained to Brigham about it.

The next Sunday in his sermon he brought up the matter and said "That money you loaned to Brother---was not your money, the Lord just got back his own."

That settled it. After Young disposed of any matter in that way, there was absolutely nothing that could be done. This bothered me a great deal. I thought of it continually and tried hard to make myself believe that it was right and for a while I succeeded.

I could not forget it and other things were continually coming up, until finally I began to doubt and after the first seeds of doubt were firmly planted, other things only helped to add to it.

You will remember that in the beginning I told you that at a General Conference in London in 1831, was the first time that we had ever heard any one openly preached, but I had my plan all made to go to Salt Lake and I did not back out.

From the very first however, I did not like the idea and the more I said of it after reaching Salt Lake, the more I disliked it and it just happened that from the time I arrived there, I was destined to see much of it.

The last of March 1834, I hired out to work for Jacob Gates, who you will remember was our Captain crossing the plains. He was to pay me seventeen dollars per month and board. I had to take my pack in produce at the end of seven months.

This man Gates, who had one wife in Salt Lake, had made love to a girl in England and had taken her to Salt Lake when he had a second wife.

I soon found that it was quite a custom for a returning missionary to bring back a girl with him and marry her as soon as they reached home "A reward for that they had done for the Lord."

In going to work for Gates, I had a good chance to see how things were in the home and I made up my mind that I did not want any of it in my life.

Mr. Gates another one, was a Vermont man, a thorough American housekeeper and a stranger coming into the home, would have thought that wife under two was the hired girl, until he saw her born. The first Mrs. Gates had been with the Normans and was particularly intimate with Mrs. Hunter, the first wife of Brigham Young.

While I was there, the first Mrs. Hunter died quite suddenly and in talking with Mrs. Gates, I said "Isn't it sad about Sister Hunter's death?" She gave me a look which I shall never forget and said "Stephen, there are lots harder things to do, than to die." I understood what she meant.

Another case which came under my close observation was that of a man named Webster, husband of the woman who had been coming home, when I was recovering from the fever the winter before.

Mr. Webster was President of the Elders Quorum and a high officer.

It was the sister Young at that time to get all the big men of the church into polygamy so they would all hold together.

Mr. Webster had a wife and nice family of children ranging from twenty one, down to a small baby. He thought a great deal of his wife and family and did not want to take a second wife.

Abner C. Kimball, Young's first counselor was always hinting to him to take a second wife, but he would not take the hint. At last Young sent for him and counseled him to take another wife and counsel from Young was the same as a command.

Mr. Webster went home and told his wife about it. They talked it over and he told her, that it seems he would have to take a second wife, so that he would let her pick out some for him. Some one who she thought would be agreeable.

They had a young English girl working for them whom the children all liked, so his wife told him to marry her, that she would do as well as any one and he married her.

Mrs. Webster said like her heart could break when she told her about it.

Another case was in the summer of 1884. I was hauling wood from over the little mountain. Two teams usually went together to double over bad places and a young fellow named Frank Bacon went with me.

Frank was very much in love with a young girl and expected to marry her and the girl seemed to think a great deal of him.

One day when we went into the city, some one told Frank that his girl was married and gone. At first he did not believe it, but soon found that it was true.

A bishop from Brigham Canyon had come to the city and asked for her and she was given to him and he had taken her to his home.

I have heard lots of men swear in my time, but I do not think I ever heard any one swear harder than Frank did and I did not blame him. It almost broke him up.

I soon found that the claim that there was no compulsion about polygamy was not true. The Mormon children were taught to "obey their parents."

If a man had marriageable daughters and some men already married wanted one of them, he would go to Brigham and make his wants known.

If it pleased Young, or any other said "If it was the Lord's will." he would say for the girl's father and tell him to say "another go and get his daughter." which was done, and the girl was not consulted.

Young used a great deal of tact in giving his advice and the following instance will show: I inferred that some one, who had some other wife was having some trouble with them and had gone to Young for advice, so was the custom.

A man said to him only, in an address he said "I'll have if you give so not you'll sell in harness, don't sell all to pieces, but do as you wish if you were driving a lot of horses, one was faster than the other.

You would say to the slow one to make it keep up now look the fast one onto its haunches to make it go slower, but with you this, it would gently up the slow one along and hold the fast one back as much as you could and after a while your fast one will all right too." Suppose the same course with your wives, it will soon be along all right."

In visiting Salt Lake City today, if you should go through the Temple Grounds, they will entertain you with a talk on their religion and will allow you to ask questions.

Perhaps the question most commonly asked is about Polygamy. In fact, I have found that a big majority of the people know little or nothing about the Mormon belief, except that they believed in and practiced Polygamy.

They will tell you, that Polygamy is no longer practiced, but you cannot get one of them to condemn the practice, or to admit that it was wrong. They will just tell you that it is no longer practiced among them.

I have often been asked if I thought it was still practiced in Utah and if the church really sanctioned it.

I have a great knowledge for sure and I have confined myself to things that I know to be true in writing this history.

I do know that there are men in Utah today living with more than one wife, but they were married before the Manifesto was issued. Many of them had very young wives at that time and they have continued to live with them and have raised large families by them.

I have heard people who have visited among them recently say, that they do not think the present generation of Mormon women could consent to be Polygamous wives. Many of them are highly educated and they would not love as their own mothers did.

Another thing they will tell you is, that never more than four percent of the Mormons ever practiced Polygamy. There was a reason for that. Before a man could take a second wife he had to get the consent of his first wife.

He must also have a certain amount, in other words, he must be able to support more than one family before he was allowed to take a second one, so that usually the richer the man, the more wives he was likely to have.

When I was in Utah from 1883 to 1886 it was almost one hundred percent Mormon, but now the City is only about forty three percent Mormon.

Many of the small settlements are almost a hundred percent Mormon now, but in all the larger cities you will find many Gentiles, as they are still called and many of the Protestant Churches, also the Catholic Church.

## CHAPTER 15.

### SECRET WORK IN THE TEMPLE.

In visiting Salt Lake City today, visitors are always welcomed to the Temple Grounds and are very courteously entertained by the guides while making a tour of the grounds.

Every thing is open to the Public except the Temple. They will tell you that no one except Mormons in good standing are allowed within the Temple.

I saw writings of conditions there in the fifties. At that time, the Temple had not been built, but all the secret work was done in the Endowment House, with order and vows of secrecy. They had Deacons in order to enforce the penalty for violating such oaths.

While I did not go through the Endowment House, I was always on the alert, with a yearning to learn all that I could.

At that time Salt Lake was almost one hundred percent Mormon, so that it was easier to hear of the secret workings, than it would be now.

I perhaps know as much as any one who has not been through the Temple.

The Mormons claim that their Temple is modeled after King Solomon's Temple and "As Solomon's Temple was an Holy Place to the Jews, so is the Mormon Temple to them."

Perhaps in no way do the Mormons differ more from other religious denominations, than in their idea of marriage and the family ties in the hereafter.

They believe that there is hope in the future life for those to whom the chance of salvation did not come in this life. They believe that the Gospel is preached in the Spirit World, but that the outward ordinances of the Gospel, such as baptism pertain to this world and may be performed by the living for the dead.

Much of their secret work in the Temple is for the Dead. Often times one person will be baptized in the name of and for a number of his relatives, who are dead.

The Mormons reject the idea of One Heaven, where all who attain a certain degree of righteousness enjoy Eternal bliss and of one place of Eternal punishment, to which all who fall short of this degree are irrevocably assigned.

They believe that all mankind will be resurrected, but that there will be different degrees of reward and glory; that Christ will reward every man according to his works, as in the writing of the Apostle Paul (1 Cor. 15:41) "There is one glory of the sun and another glory of the moon and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead."

Mormonism teaches a doctrine of eternal progression in which this life is but a brief and vital step and that the ties made on this earth are continued in the hereafter.

Perhaps one of their hymns will give you a clearer insight into their belief along this line. This hymn was a favorite of Brigham Young and many times during services, have I heard him ask that it be sung. He would always say "Please sing my favorite" and we all knew what it was.

O, my Father, thou who dwellest  
In the high and holy place,  
Whom shall I remain thy presence  
And again behold thy face?

In thy holy habitation,  
Thine my spirit once abide  
In my first primeval childhood,  
When I entered by thy side?

In the heavens are parents single  
And the Father knows no more,  
Truth is reason, Truth eternal  
Tells me I've a mother there.

When I leave this frail existence,  
When I lay this mortal by,  
Thou, O Father, say I feel you  
With my royal crown on high?

And at length when I've accomplished  
All you sent me forth to do,  
With your mutual approbation,  
Let me come and dwell with you.

The Mormons believe that no woman can gain the Celestial Kingdom unless she be the wife of some man and the higher the man in the Priesthood, the higher will be her degree of glory.

There are many Mormon Women, who are the sealed wives of Joseph Smith, Brigham Young and other big men in the church, who were married to other men on earth.

In Heaven, they will be the Spiritual Wives of these big men and take a higher place in the Celestial Kingdom.

The practice of sealing wives, is still done in the Temple differ from other marriage ceremonies, in as much as they claim to marry "For time and for eternity." while our ceremony reads "Till death us do part."

They claim that the marriage is sealed for time and eternity, claiming the same over which Christ gave to his Apostles, saying " whatsoever ye shall seal on earth shall be sealed in heaven and what soever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven."

Marriages performed outside of the Temple are not sealed and are for this life only. They recognize divorce, claiming that the same power that made the bonds, can loose them, but it is only upon the proper grounds, that the Church Divorces are granted.

In this secret work in the Mormon Church none but the tried and faithful are admitted. As this work was formerly done in the Endowment House, it was called "Their Endowments."

At these secret meetings, men would be adopted into the families of the big men of the church, thereby insuring them a place in the Celestial Kingdom.

The man would be given a new name, which they swore never to reveal to any one, but I know one man while I was there who adopted into one of the big men's families. He undertook to call himself by that name, but was stopped and told that he could not use that name on earth.

Now all this secret working of which I have written was claimed to have been given Joseph Smith by direct revelation from God and is not found in the Book of Mormon, as many believe. None of this was ever preached in England. I never heard of it, until I reached Salt Lake City.

Heber C. Kimball was one of Brigham Young's counselors and I often heard his preach. One sermon which I have always remembered well was the line that "We should become like clay in the hands of the Potter."

He said "What would we think of a lump of clay, it would undertake to dictate to the Potter the kind of a vessel he should make of it."

He then went on to say that "Brother Brigham was the Potter, working under the direction of the Master Potter and if this people would continue to be as clay in his hands, the Lord would continue to bless them. Anything which Young did or said, always found a ready second in Heber C. Kimball.

I suppose that is one of the things that I did not like about Mormonism, as it was practiced in Utah. I could not and I could not see, as it was, in the hands of any one.



Had I been willing to have seconded such teaching and to have believed that it was right, I would have had no trouble in working up, but many of the things they taught and practiced in Salt Lake. I could not believe were right and I could not blindly follow the leaders, as most of them did.

At that time the Mormons felt very hard toward the people in the States, the Gentiles, and I never detected any great love for the Government while I was there.

It was a favorite theme with them, to talk about the persecutions which they had endured at the hands of the mobs in Missouri and Illinois.

I heard J. W. Grant, who succeeded Willard Richards as Brigham's second counselor in talking about it one day in a sermon, say "That, as the Government had never brought those Hobocrats to trial and punished them for driving the Mormons out of Nauvoo, Illinois and Jackson County Missouri, and for the murder of Joseph and Hyrum Smith, that the time would come when Mob Law, would be triumphant in the United States."

He ended his sermon by saying "God bless our friends, wherever they be, but soon all our enemies."

I have omitted to say, that there is a branch of the Priesthood, called the Patriarchs. It is their business to bless both adults and infants and they are supposed to speak as the spirit gives them utterance.

They predict and promise all kind of things in the name of the Lord and my faith in them got a hard knock, when I saw one of their predictions utterly fail.

In 1854 a baby girl was born to Gen. Platt, formerly Eliza Hester, who you will remember was one of our party from home.

Patriarch Charles Hyde, blessed the babe and told what a glorious future awaited it here on earth; said that it would live to be a great singer in the Temple when it was built.

In the spring of 1853, I was at Platt's house and stayed all night. Toward morning I noticed that the child was not breathing as it should, but at that time, I knew nothing about babies.

I did not pay much attention to it at first, but it kept getting worse until that terrible whistling noise, which always accompanies Peripneumonic Croup set in.

I awakened the parents and we could see at once that the child was very sick. At the request of the Mother I laid my hands on it and prayed over it.

It was useless, the child continued to grow worse and the mother ran across the street to get an old lady to come and see if she could do anything for it. While she was gone, the child died in my arms, the father being too excited to hold it.

When the mother returned, I told her the child was dead. She said "Oh! it can't be dead, for Brother Hyde said she would live to sing in the Temple." It was pitiful to see her grief, she quite at last realized that the child was dead.

After that I did not have much faith in Patriarchal Blessings.

## CHAPTER 16.

### CHILD LOST IN THE LAKE.

In 1854 President Pierce appointed Colonel Stephen J. Steptoe, of the Regular Army, to be Governor of Utah Territory and gave him a command of three companies of Infantry to enable him to assume the office.

They arrived in Salt Lake in the fall of the same year, but Young refused to surrender the office. Colonel Steptoe after investigating things, found the force he had with him entirely too small to cope with the Nauvoo Legion. He refused to assume the office and sent his resignation to Washington, there it was accepted and he was ordered to go on to California in the spring.

The soldiers were quartered in barracks, about three blocks northeast of the Temple square all winter.

It was customary among the Mormons to garland the heads of the Church with a brass band, of which they had a very good one, on Christmas Day.

While they were playing in front of J. W. Grant's house, some of the soldiers in the crowd listening, made some remark that did not suit the Mormons.

Eph. Hanks a "forger" knocked one of the soldiers down and that started a fight. A big crowd soon gathered about a block south of the Temple square. The soldiers came running up from the barracks.

About that time William Young Jr. and some of Kimball's boys came riding up. They rode their horses up among the soldiers and with the butts of their whips knocked down soldiers as fast as you could count.

Other soldiers came up and a few shots were fired. By that time the officers arrived and ordered the soldiers to their barracks and the fight was stopped.

The Mayor J. W. Grant ordered the Captain to keep his soldiers off the streets. The Nauvoo Legion was called out and in a very short time Martial Law was in force.

It was bitter pill for the soldiers to swallow, but they had to take it. The Mormons only wanted some good excuse to have cleaned them out.

Among the officers stationed there that winter was Captain Moses Inalls who afterward became Quartermaster General of the United States Army. When the soldiers left in the spring, they took four or five Mormon girls with them.

At that time, there was not a House of Prostitution gambling house or saloon in all Utah. It is true that whiskey could be bought. W. C. Staines had charge of it, but nothing except an order from Brigham Young could get it.

You can see that Young was absolute dictator in every thing.

It was an unwritten law at that time, that "He that seduces his neighbor's wife or daughter, should die and her nearest relative should kill him."

At that time a Gentile was thoroughly ostracized. He was not allowed to go to a dance, or any social gathering, nor to speak to a Mormon girl.

It was a standing order if a man joined the church "Don't let him marry one of your girls, until he had suffered and wintered there and proven himself worthy."

It had been reported to me in England, that the Mormon missionaries were called by direct revelation from God, but I soon found that all that was said, was to send in young men willing to be sent

I said in the beginning of this narrative, that all the Presidents of the London Conference up to the time, I left England later left the church.

Moses Martin, who was President in 1847 and 1848 left the church and went to California in 1851. John Banks who was President in 1849, rebelled against Young in 1857 and was killed.

Thomas Hargett was president in 1850 left Utah in 1856 and was killed on the Plains, I will tell more of his death later.

Wiliam B. Keesey, the President in 1851 rebelled against Young and with a few others started an opposition paper, called the Salt Lake Tribune or Herald, which is still published in Salt Lake City.

James Warden, the President in 1853 left the church on account of Polygamy.

Dancing was as much a part of the Mormon religion as a prayer meeting. A dance was always opened and closed with prayer and no round dances were allowed.

The theater was favorite place for Brigham Young and the theater he built in Salt Lake in the early day, is still standing. He had a machine chair close to the stage and no play was allowed to be shown until it had his approval.

In many ways Salt Lake City is a very remarkable city, being now one of the most beautiful cities in the United States, with its wide streets, beautiful lawns and homes.

When the pioneers first landed there in 1847 Young immediately started to lay out the city. It was built on the east side of the valley, near the mountains.

When I arrived there, the city consisted of nineteen wards. Each ward except the eighteenth and nineteenth, contained ten acres. They were divided into eight lots, four on each side of the block running back to the center.

At that time there were no two blocks facing each other. One block would have four lots facing north and south. The next block to the north and south, would have four lots facing east and west. At that time, they had schools in all the wards.

The streets were a hundred and twenty feet wide and on each side of the street was a water ditch for irrigating.

Young claimed to have been the "Father of Irrigation." One of the first things he did after entering the valley, was to build canals and ditches. Although they were not such like our modern system of irrigation, the present system is based on a system over the one installed there in 1847.

The water used for irrigation at that time, came from City Creek and the Red Butte Canyons.

The church organization in Salt Lake was complete. First the President, Brigham Young and his two counselors Heber C. Kimball and Willard Richards, but Richards died early in 1854 and Edw. Smith was appointed in his place.

Then came the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, who had general oversight over the whole church and they were traveling most of the time.

Next came the High Priests Quorum, then Thirty three Quorum of Seventies, who were literally traveling Iters, Priests, Teachers and Deacons. Each of these had their own president and two counselors, thus making the "thirty" in every thing, but each of these had one person, the one in the spirit of the word.

We had also been taught in England that a direct revelation from God, was necessary before a person could be ordained to the Priesthood, but I found this was not true.

The fall that I arrived there, several new Quorums of Seventies were organized and all that was necessary was to send in your application.

I did not join any of them. In the winter of 1954 John Bebecker, resident of the Elders quorum, learning that I had been Clerk of the Conference in England, proposed that I join the Elders quorum and act as its clerk and, I did.

No record had been made of the Elders since the settlement of Utah, so that I made a new record entirely and that kept me busy most of the winter. I suppose that some of my writing will always remain among the London Records in the Temple.

Brigham Young was always on the alert, either himself or his immediate associates, for anything that might be preached that did not emanate from the proper authority and to take steps to stop it.

There was a certain Bishop named Woolley, who talked a good deal about the Resurrection and had some views which did not suit Young.

One morning just before services started in the Tabernacle, Young arose and asked "Is Brother Woolley in the congregation?" Woolley answered "Yes" Young asked him to come to the platform.

After sitting on a few moments Woolley arose and said "I understand that Brother Woolley has been talking a good deal lately about the resurrection, now I want Brother Woolley to preach us a sermon on the resurrection."

Woolley arose and preached a very good sermon and quoted scripture to uphold his theory.

Then he sat down, Young arose and said "We have listened to a very eloquent sermon, from Brother Woolley a very eloquent sermon indeed, only Brother Woolley didn't know anything about what he has been talking."

He went on to say that, "All we know about the resurrection is what old Paul wrote and that he wrote a good many things, that nobody understands. That the facts of the matter are, no one knows anything about the resurrection and never will until after they are resurrected and when any one undertakes to tell what the resurrection is like he is talking about something he knows nothing about."

That was his way of stopping any one preaching anything that the church did not sanction.

In the Mormon Church then and the same applies at the present time, they have no regular preachers as other churches do. Every man is supposed to be able to get up and preach a sermon when called upon, so that it can readily be seen, how necessary it was, that no one person be allowed to preach his own principles free by his own interpretations.

Here brethren collected a box in the Mormon church and the Lord of the heaven peered in church. Each member is supposed to tithing.

I believe that I have written much about the Mormon Church to give the average person a good idea of their belief and Church Government and in the way in which they differ from other religious sects in time.

I have tried to be fair, to give both the good side of their religion with the other.

Most writers have taken a decided stand either for or against. Many things that have been written, which I have not mentioned. Most of those things, I have heard many times but in this, I have confined myself strictly to the things which came under my personal observations.

They tell us that the impressions formed in childhood remain with us through life. Many of the teachings of the Mormon church, which I learned and so devoutly believed in my youth, I still believe, but many of them I do not believe.

As a whole, I consider the Mormon people a kind hearted and generous class of people. That they were sincere in their belief, is plainly shown by the sufferings they endured in crossing the plains and settling up of the valley.

It is quite possible, had I remained in England, I might still believe as I did when a child; that the Mormon Church was the only church that was right.

However, I have lived long enough, that I have come to believe that no particular denomination have a monopoly on Heaven. All are striving for the same Heaven. There is good to be found in all churches and good and bad people in all of them.

## CHAPTER 17 WINTER IN BRIGHAM CITY

I will again take up my personal narrative. After I quit working for Jacob Gates in October 1854, I went to work for a man named Zennifer, hauling wood from the West Mountain.

It took two entire days to make the trip. I had to get an early start to get back to town before dark the next night.

The first day, I would get upon the mountain and get the load out and down into the canyon to camp, as there was no place we could double teams.

I hauled alone and one day, something hindered me from getting an early start. Night came on while I was still on the mountain. Not having my wood all cut, I decided to stay on the mountain all night.

I worked until dark, then turned the oxen loose to graze, without taking off their yokes. I built a big fire and got plenty of wood to keep it burning all night.

It was very late before I went to sleep, but finally did. Toward morning I was awakened by the oxen coming to the wagon on the run.

I heard some animal, evidently a large one crashing through the brush after the cattle. I sprang up and began to stir the fire and soon had a good blaze. Whatever animal it was stopped, but I could still hear the brush crack, but it was getting farther away.

I did not sleep any more that night, but kept the fire bright and was glad when morning came. I have no doubt that it was either a grizzly bear or a mountain lion and I had nothing but an ax with which to protect myself.

When I reached the city I told Hennifer, that I would haul no more wood and I did not not, but worked for my board doing chores that winter.

In the spring of 1855, I bought a yoke of oxen and in about a month one of them died. That spring the grass hoppers came early and ate up almost everything, they did not leave until June.

I saw Mr. Nebeker and he said that he was going to plant some corn and potatoes. The wheat had all been eaten. He said if I would let him use my ox, he would let me have some ground for corn and potatoes and I did.

Everybody was discouraged. The hoppers had eaten practically everything and it looked like famine.

There was absolutely no work in the city. Late in the summer, hearing that

times were better at Brigham City, about sixty miles north, I walked up there and went to work for a blacksmith, named Williams, who had crossed the sea and plains with us.

He only had work for me part of the time and in October, there was a man going to the city with a team and I went with him.

The first thing that Nebeker's folks asked me was, "Had I come to dig my potatoes?". I had forgotten all about them, as I never expected them to do any good, but I found that I had about twenty bushels of good potatoes and some corn fodder.

I cut up the corn and put it in a pen and hired the man with whom I had come to the city to haul my potatoes back on shares.

I bought a new coat and some other things which I needed and returned to Brigham City.

Soon after that John Bignell and family came up there looking for work. There was very little work and no empty houses. Williams took them in and we all wintered together. I think if it had not been for my potatoes, we would have starved.

Winter set in early, snow falling the middle of November and continued until the next March. It was hard getting wood, but as Williams must have charcoal, I climbed the mountains cut down cedars and rolled them down the mountain side.

As winter advanced, the snow got deeper and for a time we could not get to the mill. We had to grind wheat in a coffee mill and make bread out of the meal just as it was.

Just to show how hungry we became; there was a lot of cattle broke through the ice on Bear River and when word reached town, nearly all the men started down to get the cattle out to eat.

Bignell and I each got a quarter and we thought it was the best beef we had ever eaten, but we were so hungry, anything would have tasted good.

A lot of us formed a theatrical company and learned some plays, got up dances, played cards; anything to kill time and anxiously waited for spring.

Lorenzo now was President of the Stake of Zion and I became intimately acquainted with him. All the dances and plays were held at his house. He had a large house, had two or three wives with him there, but the one which came from England was in Salt Lake. A man named Harvey Pierce was Bishop, but I heard that he later left and went to California.

Mr. Bignell and I used to sit and talk things over many times. I was utterly disgusted with myself and everything else. I felt that I had enough of Salt Lake and he felt the same way.

About this time, I made another trip to Salt Lake, walking it in a day and half, but as the snow was on the ground I became snow blind and could not see for two days.

On the way down, I sold my fodder, and the man was to pay me in the spring.

I was in the city over Sunday and went with an old acquaintance to the Tabernacle. Kimball preached and all his talk was, in denouncing those who were going to leave, as many were preparing to do as soon as the grass started.

He said "No one but horse thieves and murderers would leave". I turned to my companion and said "He's a liar". I guess my companion thought I had gone crazy, for to dispute one of the big men's word was sacrilege.

Next morning I returned to Brigham City and we began to make preparations to leave. Bignell had a yoke of cattle and a man named Palin had a good wagon. He wanted to leave, so they joined together.

I had very little of anything, but they wanted me to go with them and I did.

My clothes were nearly worn out, but I had a little wheat that I had been saving for seed. I took it to the mill and had it ground into flour and we used

it on the journey.

About this time, the church heard of cattle that had wintered in Cache Valley were driven south. Now the man in charge of this herd was a man, whom I had always been told was one of the Destroying Angels.

Just north of the city, one of Bignell's cattle was down at the creek drinking, when they came along. They unyoked one of their poor oxen and yoked up Bignell's and drove south with it.

In the evening some men told us about tit. We got a replevin and before day light started and overtook them as they were ready to start.

The officer told this man what we were after. He said "If you can find the ox you can have it", but it had gone back to its mate in the night. We did not find it and this man began to taunt Bignell.

Bignell told him if he would take off his pistol belt and meet him on equal ground, he would thrash him, but this fellow would not do it. Without his gun he was no man at all.

After that we had no peace. I had a hog that we were going to butcher. They came on to me for twenty dollars poll tax. It was a put up job but they took my hog. I also had a lot in Brigham City and had dug my water ditch, they took that, even my pick and about every thing I had.

The night before we left Brigham City, I went to a meeting. It was a fellowship meeting. I got up and told them that we had paid everything they had demanded of us, justly or unjustly. That we were going to leave in the morning, but we were neither horse thieves or murderers; that we had our guns with us and should always keep them loaded and if any one attempted to follow us, we would never say "Halt", but would shoot at sight, and with that I left the meeting.

The next morning we started. We only had one yoke of oxen but our load was light. We had all been in Zion long enough to wear out about everything we had taken with us. We had nothing except a little flour, not enough to take us half way back.

Bignell had a little tea and a few other things, but altogether we were in a very poor plight to start on that long overland journey. Personally I did not care.

I was utterly reckless. My faith was shattered and I did not care whether I lived or died.

We knew that in all probabilities we would go hungry before we could get anything, but we were going anyway.

About the twelveth day of April we left Brigham City for Salt Lake, which we reached three days later.

On our way down stopped to get pay for my fodder but the fellow said he could not pay me. Finally he gave me about ten or fifteen pounds of beef.

## CHAPTER 18

### BACK TO GOD'S COUNTRY

Before starting on our journey back to the States or "Gods Country" as we called it, I will give you a description of our party.

John Bignell and his wife and little girl, the little boy they had when we went out having been drowned and the little girl was born while they were in Utah. There was also James Palin wife, and two children and myself.

The wagon would not hold all of us to sleep, so I had to sleep on the ground un the wagon, rain or snow, ice or mud, it was all the same.

We only had one yoke of oxen and they were poor, so that we men had to walk, except that we rode in crossing rivers.

We left Salt Lake City about the fifteenth day of April and got over the little

mountain. We were told that there were twelve or fifteen wagons camped there going east, under the leadership of John S. Davenport, but they had gone before we arrived.

The next day we reached big mountain and although there were a lot of missionaries going east, one of them would double with us.

Near the top of the mountain, it was very steep. It was all we could do to get the empty wagon up. We had to carry everything on our backs a little ways, then go back and push the wagon, then carry a little farther and push the wagon until we reached the top.

While we were doing this a four horse team came along and stopping ~~7/4/11~~ to let their horses rest, Judge Kinney said "Boys where are you going?" and I told him "Back to God's Country if we can get there".

He said "Why don't you get some of these fellows to double with you" and I told him "Because they were Saints and we were not."

He said "Well boys, here are the last of the United States officers leaving Utah, they have run us out at last. Goodby and I hope you get through safely", but I know that he doubted if we would.

When we reached the top of the mountain and had our things loaded in the wagon, we stopped to take one last look at the valley, but with what different feelings, than when we got our first good glance.

We started down the mountain. Near the summit was a big bank of snow, but the road was well broken. When we were about a hundred yards down the hill, one of the wagon tires broke and came off.

This brought us to a sudden stop. We found the only thing we could do, was to take the tire back to the city.

We were all tired, so turned the cattle out to pick what they could find. After resting until nine or ten o'clock Palin and I carried the tire back to the city.

We reached the city before daylight and crawled into an empty covered wagon, that stood in the street and rested until day light.

We called the blacksmith and had the tire welded and started back, making much better time than coming down, as we could now roll the tire on smooth ground.

We reached our camp, about seventeen miles before noon and found they had dinner ready. Bignell had wood ready to heat the tire. We soon had it on and started down the hill, reaching the bottom in safety.

As soon as we found feed we camped.

We traveled over the same ground, we had gone in 1853. Then we were full of hope and faith, but now we had neither and felt that we would be lucky indeed if we reached civilization.

On the last day of April, we camped on Green river and the next morning, the first day of May, a bucket of water, which we had left by the fire was frozen solid.

A few days later, toward night, it began to snow and as the Sandy river was near the road, we turned off and going to the river bottom, ran into the Davenport camp, where they had been resting for a day or two, as the feed was good.

Next morning they hitched up and started on, but we concluded to rest a day, so we were still alone, but it was there that I first saw my future wife.

Bignell shot a goose and we had a feast. The next day we started on and the night after, camped just east of the South Pass on a big slough. Here we shot a lot of ducks. We had some for supper and put the rest in the kettle and set it on the fire when we went to bed, so that it would be ready in the morning.

It was a bright moonlight night and about midnight Bignell called to me. "Steb (he always called me that) isn't there something at the kettle?" I was under the wagon rolled up in a buffalo robe and his little dog slept on the robe



at my feet and I had the rifle rolled up with me.

I looked out there and there not ten feet from me, was a big white mountain wolf. I told Bignell, that it was a big wolf.

I pulled the rifle from under the robe with one hand, holding the dog with the other. There was a string on the guard and in some way it had gotten wound around the set trigger and when I pulled the trigger, the gun would not go off.

Finding that I could not loosen it with one hand, I let go of the dog, who then bounded out at the wolf and drove it away. Had I held the dog a few moments longer, Bignell would have shot the wolf from the wagon with my shot gun.

I crawled back under the wagon, but did not sleep very much the rest of the night.

We started to take a cut off the next day, because the roads were better. The Davenports had camped on the Sweetwater that night, six or seven miles from us. The next night they camped before we did, going south of the road to get feed, while we camped almost in the road, near a big gulley.

In the night Bignell called to me that he thought it was snowing and did I see anything of the cattle.

I threw the robe off my face and a lot of snow fell on my face. The snow was five or six inches deep, but the cattle had gone into the gulley and were close up to the wagon, protected from the storm.

We waited for the Davenport's to overtake us the next morning, but their cattle had run off in the night. They found them ten or fifteen mile away, so we went alone.

The next day, we heard there was a French Trader, a few miles ahead of us. We were now getting into Indian Territory and Bignell proposed that I go ahead and ask the Frenchman if we could travel with him. He said he would be glad to have us, but said we had better cross the river that night, as it was rising fast. I started back expecting to meet the wagon in two or three miles, but kept on until dark and found them not far from where I had left them.

They had mired in the slough and had to carry the women and children and everything in the wagon to dry ground. Then they had to dig and pry the wagon out and had just started when I got back.

While they were stuck the Davenport's came up and hunted a better crossing. That night we camped close together. In the morning we joined with them and traveled the rest of the way with them, but we had traveled over three hundred miles alone.

The next night we camped near Independence Rock.

In two or three days we reached the North Platte River, but found it too high to cross. We went down the river, to where a man had built a bridge. I think he charged us a dollar for crossing the river.

At this place we learned that the Cheyenne Indians were on the war path and found a company of United States Cavalry camped.

The Captain told us, we had better not go on now, said that the Frenchman would not go until more wagons came.

We told him that we were almost out of provisions and that we must go on Indians or no Indians. I think they let us have some flour and told us, when we reached Ft. Laramie to go to the Colonel in Command and he would give us enough to last us until we reached Ft. ~~Wadsworth~~ Kearney.

Thanking Captain Heath, we started on and the first night out set a guard and kept it up until we reached Ft. Laramie.

The second night, just as we camped, two Mexicans came into camp on foot and in Spanish asked for bread. Mrs. John Davenport had been in California and had learned a few words in Spanish and she understood them, when they asked for Pan.

We gave them some bread and after looking around they started to leave.

John Davenport called us together and said "Boys, I believe these men are spies, send in by the Indians to see how strong we are and how well armed." He suggested that we take them prisoners to take them with us to Fort Laramie.

That would make extra guard, as some one would have to stand guard over them all the time.

We saw that his idea was very feasible, so we surrounded them and with signs and what little Spanish Mrs. Davenport knew, we made them understand they were prisoners and that we would shoot them if they made any attempt to leave.

In this manner we marched them until we were within fifteen miles of Fort Laramie, where we met another company of Cavalry and the Mexicans managed to get away and we saw no more of them.

I firmly believe had they gotten away that first night ~~if~~ the Indians would most likely have killed us before morning.

There were only about fifteen or twenty men and boys all told in our party. We were poorly armed and short of ammunition and I have always thought that we owed our lives to John Davenport's good judgement at that time.

The next day we reached Fort Laramie and on applying to the Colonel for help, he ordered the Quartermaster to issue us sufficient rations to carry us to Fort Kearney, about two hundred and seventy five miles east.

## CHAPTER 19

## LIFE AT FORT LARAMIE

In looking around the Fort, I passed the Sutler's Store and a man asked me if I did not want a job. I asked him what kind of a job and he said "Cook for the Sutler's".

I told him that I did not know enough about cooking to undertake the job. He said that he would stay a few days and teach me enough, so that I could get along, he said they were not particular.

He wanted to go to Cincinnati, but they would not let him go, until he found some one to take his place. I finally told him, that I would stay.

After all that I had gone through in the last three years, I thought twenty five dollars a month with board and lodging mighty good pay.

I went down to the camp and got my gun and what few belongings I had and gave my rations to Bignell. I b'd them all Goodby, wished them the best of luck and went back to the Fort and began to cook.

After we joined the Davenport train, I found they had a young girl about seventeen years old, named Malissa with them. She was a younger sister of John S. Davenport.

She was the only girl in the train and I was the only boy of near her age. We soon became acquainted and in a very short time were the best of friends. On the plains day after day and especially where there was danger on all sides, it did not take us very long to feel like we knew each other well.

Her father took a strong dislike to me from the very first and tried in every way to keep us from speaking.

Youth was much the same then as now, and the harder they tried to keep us apart, the more we tried to be together.

After I decided to stay at the Fort and just before the camp moved on, I went down to bid her Goodby. I found that she was not there. She and Mrs. Palin had gone to the Fort to bid me goodby, she having heard that I was going no farther.

I met them coming back from the Fort and asked her where her folks were going and she answered to "Florence, Nebraska" I told her that I would write to her and when I came back to the states would come and see her.

She said she would be glad to see me and so we parted, little thinking that the next time we met, it would be near the same spot.

The next morning, they started on east and I was left among strangers. I now for the first time in over a year, had the pleasure of sleeping in a bed.

After lying on the ground or floor, with nothing but a blanket or buffalo robe, a real bed surely felt good.

I had been half starved for so long that I felt almost like I was in Heaven for a while after I stopp'd at the Fort.

Fort Laramie was built in 1847 and was on the northwest bank of the Laramie River, about a mile above where it emptied into the Platte.

At that time, in the summer of 1856, the Fort was garrisoned by Four Companies of the sixth Infantry.

Colonel Hoffman was the Commander of the Fort and Captains-Lowell, Ketchum, and Foote, and First Lieutenant Caslin, commanded the Companies. John C. Kelton was Adjutant and assistant Quartermaster General.

Doctors Page and Getty were the Surgeons and Reverend Wm. Vaux was the Chaplin.

Of these, Colonel Hoffman later became General and commanded on Governor Island in New York Harbor. Caslin also became a General and Kelton became

Adjutant General of the United States Army and I read in one of the papers later, that Lowell, joined the Confederacy and was in Command at New Orleans when it was captured by Ben Butler.

Tutt and Dougherty were the Sutler's. The store was built outside the Fort, so that you need not pass the guard to get in/out.

The store was a doby building about seventy feet long and sixteen feet wide. The store room was in the south end, the kitchen in the north and the Sutlers living rooms in the ~~center~~ center.

The hospital was still farther away to the northeast and the Chaplin lived outside the Fort.

I soon found a man at the Fort, who had come from a neighboring town in England. His name was Sam Covington and I had known his folks in Salt Lake.

He was cook for the Colonel, so that whenever I wanted to know anything about cooking, he would either tell me or show me how it was done.

I had very little trouble, however as they were not particular. I did not have to bake bread, as they had a Post Bakery.

We had fresh meat nearly every day. The Indians would bring in buffalo and Antelope meat, so that we lived well.

It took some time to become accustomed to the noise the Indians made. There was always a lot of them camped near the Fort and they would keep up their dances and noise most of the night.

I had to milk two cows and many times, I would have to drive the wolves out of the cowyard.

About a month after I stopped at the Fort, Mr. Tutt brought a man in to dinner. ~~As~~ As soon as I saw him, I recognized him. He was the man whom you will remember, I told you was called "One of the Destroying Angels" and was the same person who had driven Bignell's ox south from Brigham City. He did not remember me. He said that he was going to the Missouri River, but I thought then, that he was on some ~~other~~ other business.

A few days later a team drove up to the store door and I saw that it was Thomas Margetts, the man who had been President of the London Conference and whom I had known in England.

In talking with him, I found that he had left Salt Lake for good. He had a wife with him, but not the one he had in England. There was another man, wife and a small child with him.

They were out of provisions; so I told him to apply to the Colonel.. I also told him that this man had passed the Fort a few days before and for them to be on their guard.

Margetts had been through the Endowment House and knew all the sacred workings of the Mormons. He was a good talker and a dangerous man for the Mormons to allow to leave.

He thanked me for the information and got his rations. I bad them goodbye and was the last man, who knew him that ever saw him alive.

A soldier whose time was out started from the Fort with them.. He hunted a good deal on the road and one day, when about two hundred miles down the river, he shot a deer.

It was nearly night, so he took part of it to where they were camped and went back over the hill for the rest.

When he came in sight of the camp, he saw that the wagon was on fire and in the distance some men riding away on horses.

When he reached the camp, he saw that all five had been killed. The child had evidently been picked up by its feet and its brains beaten out on the wagon tire. The balance had been scalped to make it appear to be the work of the Indians.

The soldier, being left alone made his way on foot to Ft. Kearney, but soon met a westbound train of Mormon Emigrants and told them of the tragedy and

they stopped and buried the bodies.

That same year N. W. Babbitt who was delegate from Utah Territory to the U. S. Congress, was killed not far from the place, where the Margetts' were killed and a few days later this same man again at dinner at the Fort.

During dinner, he asked Mr. Tutt, "When did Babbitt pass?" Mr. Tutt told him that Babbitt had not passed and this man replied "I'll bet the Indians have gotten his scalp". He said that when he was down the river a few days before, he saw a flock of buzzards circling around and he bet they had picked his bones.

I have said very little of the work of the Destroying Angels. Other writers have told many stories of their deeds, but knowing this man as I did, it seemed strange to me, that both these crimes should have been committed when he was in that vicinity.

I have always firmly believed, that had I been through the Endowment House, I would never have been allowed to leave, but they did not think I knew enough of their secret workings to try to prevent me from leaving.

## CHAPTER 20

### I STEAL MY BRIDE FROM A MORMON CAMP

In September the Mormon Emigrants began to pass the Fort. That year they had adopted a new scheme. That was to have handcarts and the people walked and pulled or pushed what little baggage they had.

There was a certain number to each hancart and they were called The Handcart Trains. They had a few wagons along to haul the provisions and tents.

This was by far the hardest method of travel ever used on the plains but only goes to prove what people can and will do, if their faith is strong enough.

One day I was down at the crossing of the Platte and a number of the soldiers were down there. It was quite a sight to them to see the women wade the river, between two or three feet deep.

Mr. Tutt was down there. He always rode a white mule and carried his holsters strapped to his saddle.

A company were crossing the river and had all gotten over except one old lady. One of the obsses told her to wade across and she replied that "she was afraid". He told two of the Mormon men to go over and lead her across and added "When you get her in the middle, duck her".

The soldiers fired up at that and began to amke ready for a fight, but the men lead her across all right.

It was a good thing they did, because Mr. Tutt told me afterward, that the moment they had ducked that old lady, he would have shot the men who ordered her ducked.

Some people whom I had known in England were in one of the trains and were ina bad way. One young fellow had worn his shoes entirely out and as I knew they would get caught in the snow before they reached their destination, I pulled off my shoes and gave them to him.

Another one begged for some sugar and a little tea and he got both. These men afterward left Salt Lake. One returned to England, the other lived near Glenwood, Iowa some years ago.

I asked one of the leaders if they had not started too late and if he did not think they would suffer before they reached their destination? He replied "No, the Lord will take care of his Saints" but many of them died on the Sweetwater.

A bad storm came up and a good many of them froze to death. There was nothing except rocks where they died, so they piled the bodies in a heap, cut willows and laid over them and rocks on top of all.

The driver of the mail, which left Salt Lake, October first of that year, told me that when he passed the place, the wolves had torn away the rocks and eaten the bodies and the bones were scattered around.

Who will say that these poor people did not believe their religion and die the death of martyrs?

About the middle of September a company of Mormon Elders came into the Fort. They did not travel with handcarts but had good horse and mule teams and could make good time.

Among the number was William H. Kimball, the eldest son of Heber C. Kimball. His first wife was the oldest sister of John S. Davenport and a sister of the girl with whom I had crossed the plains.

He got drunk at the Fort and Mr. Tutt asked him to dinner. He talked so much at the table, that the others excused themselves and went into the store, leaving him to finish his dinner alone.

I knew him, but he did not know me, so I began to ask him questions and all about the Davenports. He told me that John S. was down on the Missouri bottom with his father in law, and that the old man was at Florence, Nebraska.

I asked him where the daughter Malissa was? It was now over four months since I had bade her goodbye and I had heard nothing from her.

He told me that she was on her way back to Salt Lake, that her father thought it best for her to return. I asked a good many questions and managed to find out, that she was in a company in charge of a man named William Woodward.

By that time he had finished his dinner and his companions had a hard time getting him started.

~~My friend Sam Covington had obtained permission just before I reached the Fort to get married. When I told him that "My girl," as I called her was on her way back to Utah, he asked why I did not get her to stop at the fort.~~

He said that he knew she could get a place to work for Mrs. Page, or that she could stay with them until I was ready to go east.

I thought it over. I knew that her father was sending her back to Utah, thinking that I would not stop long at the Fort, but would soon be around Florence to see her.

I kept posted on where the different trains were. One day I learned that this particular train had crossed the Platte lower down and would be passing after dinner.

After dinner, Sam and I went down to where the Emigrant road crossed the Laramie river, which at that place was bridged.

We stopped on the bridge and in a very short time I saw her coming. After shaking hands and asking about the old camp, I asked her to let the crowd pass, as I wanted to talk with her and she did.

I then proposed that she leave the Mormon train and come to the Fort with me. I told her if she could not find a place to suit her, I could marry her at once. To this she consented.

We were to come to the camp after supper and hunt up her wagon. ~~She was to throw her bundle outside the line of firelight, Sam would get it and she was to go to the fort with him.~~

I would stay in camp and visit with some whom I knew, until they would have time to reach the Fort.

Everything worked out exactly as we planned it. She threw her bundle out as far as she could, Sam gave it a kick and sent it outside the line of firelight.

She then came out where we were and after talking with all of us a little while, bade us "Goodnight" and suantered outside the firelight, joined Sam and made her way to the Fort with him.

I knew the direction of the Fort and undertook to take a short cut for it,

but I had better have kept in the road, as I got into a big bed of cactus and had hard work getting through.

However, I managed to get through and inside the Fort. I ran across<sup>xo</sup> the house where Sam lived. He said that every thing was all right. Taps sounded as I was crossing the parade ground, but the Sentry did not challenge me and I got into my kitchen and went to bed.

## CHAPTER 21

### MARRIED AT FORT LAPAMIE

The next morning at breakfast Mr. Tutt and his clerks were talking about some one having stolen a girl out of the Mormon camp and brought her into the Fort.

I did not say anything at first, but finally smiled and Mr. Tutt said "Stephen, I believe that you know something about it".

I then told them all about it. Mr. Tutt asked "Do you want to keep the girl here and marry her"? and I told him that was what I intended to do.

He told me in that case for me to go right away and send the girl to Mrs. Page and let her go to work for her. Then he told me to go see the Colonel and tell him all about it.

He said for me not to wait a moment longer, that they could help themselves to whatever they wanted. He said "the one who reaches the Colonel first would no doubt win".

I ran across the parade ground to where Sam lived and told her to go at once and hire out to Mrs. Page for a month at least and she did so.

I then went to the Colonel's office. I told the orderly that I wished to see the Colonel.. I was invited in and told the Colonel all about it, except that she had gone to work for Mrs. Page.

He was a very stern man, a strict martinet and said "How dare you Sir! steal any one out of that camp. No Sir, I shall not protect her, but will give her up whenever they come for her.

I then told him that she had gone to work for Mrs. Page. That Mrs. Page wanted help and she was at her house. His manner underwent a complete change.

He said "Ah! that is quite a different matter. If she has become an inmate of the Fort of her own free will and is in the employ of one of my officers, I shall most certainly protect her and unless she so desires, I will not give her up, Good morning Sir."

My interview was ended, but I knew I had won. At the door I met some of the men from the camp coming to see the Colonel.

They told their story. He told them, if the girl wanted to go back to the camp, she was at liberty to go any time, but if she chose to stay, he would protect her.

I went back to the store and told Mr. Tutt what the Colonel had said. He told me that I had better marry the girl at once and that would settle all nonsense about it.

He told me to go and see the Chaplin and if the girl was willing to marry her that night.

She was perfectly willing and on the night of the second day of October 1856, we were married by the Reverend William Vaux. The Chaplin of the Fort.

When I undertook to pay him, he firmly refused to take anything, telling us that "Uncle Sam paid him full time" and remarking that "We would have all our lives in which to repent," bade us Goodnight.

I will say now, that the repentance never came and neither of us ever regretted our hasty marriage on the plains.

Mr. Tutt gave me two bottles of champagne and Mrs. Covington made us a wedding supper.

The Mormon Camp moved on the next day, but they left three wagons behind to try and get her back. Then they found that she would not go back, they invited us to go down to the wagons on a visit.

I asked the man if he thought I was green enough to do such a thing. I told them that before I would be in their camp fifteen minutes, they would be on their way west, with the girl a prisoner and I would be at the bottom of the Platte river.

There were some of them hanging around the Fort all the time. Mr. Tutt told us both to keep pretty close and not let any of them get hold of us.

Finally some of them came to the store and wanted us to go down to the camp and be married in a legal manner, claiming that Mr. Vaux had no authority to marry us.

Mr. Tutt came into the kitchen while they were talking and told me to let him answer them.

He called them everything he could think of, then ordered them out of the store and concluded with "Now you better get away from here while you can, for I have only to report to the Colonel what you have said about Reverend Vaux and I expect you would get what you would like to give Stephen".

With that they left and we saw no more of them at the Fort and they soon left on their westward way.

My wife was a tall slender girl, with hazel brown eyes and brown curly hair and was just a few months past seventeen when we were married and I lacked six days of being twenty one.

She was the seventh of a family of eleven children and was born in Wayne Co., Michigan. I do not know when her parents joined the Mormon Church, but they were with them, when they were driven out of Nauvoo, Illinois in 1844.

In the winter of 1846 and 1847, they lived at Winter quarters. In the spring of 1847, when Brigham Young with his band of Pioneers started for Salt Lake, her father started with them.

The children were all small, one a baby only a few months old, so it was decided that the family remain at Winter quarters.

Mr. Davenport was a blacksmith and when the Pioneers reached Ft. Laramie, it was decided that he stay there and do repair work for the trains that were following.

Sometime in the fall of 1847, he returned to Winter quarters and in the spring of 1849 took his family overland to Salt Lake.

That was during the Gold Rush to California and the two oldest sons and the oldest girl not married, went on through to California.

John S. being the oldest son went to California, but did not remain there long and came back to Salt Lake. In the spring of 1856, he decided to go back to the Missouri river and the entire family went with him and it was on that trip that we over took them on the plains.

The father, mother and younger children returned to Utah, where the children married and most of them have died there.

John made many trips back and forth to Utah, but his wife would never go there to live. They moved to Republic County, Kansas and for many years were near neighbors of ours and he died near Chester, Nebraska in 1902.

## CHAPTER 22

### THE FIGHT AT ASH HOLLOW

In the year of 1854 a Mormon train of Danes were nearing Fort Laramie.



One of their cows became lame and they left it. Next morning they went back for the cow and found that the Indians had butchered it and taken the meat across the river to their camp.

They went back to the Fort and reported it to the officer in Command. He sent a Young Lieutenant and twenty five men with a small field piece to arrest the Indian who killed the cow.

The Indians were camped on the river bottom about twenty five miles below the fort, waiting until the Great Father paid their annuities.

The Lieutenant was a young hot headed fellow and over zealous at getting a detached command. Instead of leaving his field piece on a knoll overlooking the camp, he marched all his men and gun right down into the camp.

Through his interpreter, he demanded of the Chief that he surrender the man who killed the cow.

The Chief told him he could not do that. He said that they found the cow lame and thought they had left it; that they were hungry, so they killed the cow.

That all had some of the meat and all were equally guilty. He said that they were willing to pay for the cow as soon as they received their pay, but that was all ~~if~~ they could or would do.

The officer told him, if he would not surrender the man who killed the cow, he would take him (the Chief) prisoner, and he ordered his men to take the Chief prisoner.

It was his last order. As soon as the soldiers advanced toward the Chief, every tent belched forth smoke and every soldier fell, either dead or wounded. The wounded were soon killed and the whole company scalped.

As soon as the interpreter saw what was happening he managed to ride away badly wounded. He made his way to the Fort, told his sad tale and died.

The force at the fort was so small, they were unable to send a force strong enough to bury the soldiers and a Cavalry Escort, who were coming with the Pay Master to pay these same Indians found and buried them.

Years after that a monument was erected at the spot they were buried, but the bodies were later moved from that place.

The next year, General Harney was sent with a strong force of Cavalry and finding the Indians camped on the north side of the Platte river, opposite Ash Hollow, fell upon them and nearly exterminated the whole band.

Had the Lieutenant used ordinary judgement, all that loss of life could have been avoided.

I have heard and read so many different stories of this massacre, that I have written an account of it.

This happened between the time I went to Salt Lake in 1853 and when I returned, but it was still so fresh in the minds of soldiers at the Fort, that I heard the story many times, from men who were there at the time.

## CHAPTER #23

## THE END OF THE TRAIL

When the October mail from the states arrived, it brought orders from the War Department for Lieutenant Kelton and Dr. Page to report at Washington as soon as practicable.

Mrs. Page wanted my wife to go the Ft. Leavenworth with them and Mr. Tutt wanted me to stay with him until the Next August. He offered to build us a small house back of the store where we could live and I could continue to work for him.

It was finally decided that we would go as far as Ft. Leavenworth with them. I was to cook for the officers and my wife was to hlp take car of Mrs. Page's child.

About the fifth of November we bade adieu to Fort Laramie and started east, this time traveling over the Oregon Trail.

Our outfit consisted of four wagons, with a six mule team to each wagon. One wagon was occupied by Dr. Page and famil. My wife and I rode and slept in one and the other two were for the escort, which numbered about twenty five.

There was no snow on the ground when we left the fort, but the first night out, it began to snow and we had snow nearly all the way.

We followed along the south side of the north Platte river, through Ash Hollow and there crossed to the South Platte a little east of the present town of Julesburg, Colorado.

We met the Salt Lake Mail at O'Fallon's Bluffs and from them we learned that James Buchanan had been elected President.

One night we camped about fifty miles west of Ft. Kearney. We had wood enough to last us one night. The next morning a regular blizzard was raging and we could not see twenty feet from the wagons.

What little wood we had was saved to heat the wagon occupied by Mrs. Page, they being the only ones who had a stove in the wagon. The storm raged all that day and the next, but the morning of the third day was clear, but very cold. The whole country was level, every little gulley being full of snow and no road to be seen any place.

One of the wagons was buried in the snow, so Lieutenant Kelton ordered the cover taken off and the bows broken up for fuel. The wagon and harness for six mules was left in the snow.

Some of the mules were pretty badly used up, but we managed to get three pretty good teams of six mules each. Nearly all the soldiers and teamsters were more or less frostbitten.

We decided the only thing to do, was to try to move on the best we could. Lieutenant Kelton rode ahead and with a long lance tested the snow.

Every once in a while we would come to a draw and then we would have to dig a road through and a night we were just three miles from where we had started that morning.

We should have been at Ft. Kearney two days before and as a consequence, we were almost out of provisions.

That night the Lieutenant hired a young Irishman to goto Ft. Kearney for help. He had been over the road a good many times and ~~the~~ said that he could make the trip.

He was warmly clothed and took feed for himself and horse for on day. He started out after dark, but when about a mile from the camp found that all the mules were following him.

He stopped until the teamsters came for the mules the next morning.

That night, instead of being at Ft. Kearney, he camped on Plum Creek. He

said that his hands were so cold and numb he could not strike a match, so stood against a tree all night and divided his last ration with his horse.

The next night, he reached the Fort and gave his letter to Captain Wheaton, the Commander. He told us later that he was so cold and hungry when he reached the Fort, that he took his supper in his hands to eat, as he could not hold a knife or fork.

Captain Wheaton ordered teams to be made ready with plenty of rations and at daybreak they started to meet us.

In the meantime we had been slowly working our way the best we could. After looking in vain for relief the first day, we felt our only chance was to keep going as much as we could.

Our rations were all gone, the mules had nothing to eat, the grass being all covered with snow. The next afternoon the Lieutenant rode ahead hoping to be able to kill a Buffalo, but could not do it and it looks for a time like we would perish.

A little before night fall that day, when we reached a slight elevation, we saw in the distance, some wagons coming to meet us.

As soon as they saw us, they stopped and by the time we reached them, they had a big fire and a good hot supper for us.

The next day we reached Ft. Kearney. There was some talk of staying there all winter, but as the orders from Washinton would not admit of delay, it was determined to push on the best we could.

After resting a few days, we got fresh teams and a new escort and started on. The first night out another blizzard struck us, but it only lasted one night.

Here we started across the divide in a southeasterly direction and came to the Blue River, near the present town of Alexandria, Nebraska.

The first settlement which we found was at Marysville, Kansas, just a few shanties and a blacksmith shop.

Here we shot some wild ducks and picked up a man from South Carolina, who had his feet badly frozen.

In a couple of days we came to a large Indian Camp and they told the Doctor, if he would leave the man with them they could cure him, so we left him there.

We now had settlements all the way and on Christmas day, we camped early near a large farm house. The owner of the house invited the officers and Dr. and Mrs. Page to eat supper with them.

Mrs. Page, however belonged to the F. F. V.'s (First Families of Virginia) and could not think of condescending to eat with a common farmer. The Lieutenant did and told her when he came back, what a fine supper she had missed.

We had wild turkey and with other things, had a very good dinner.

On the twenty eighth of December, we arrived at Ft. Leavenworth. Here we settled up with Dr. Page for our services and bade them all goodby.

## FRONTIER LIFE IN IOWA.

We found that only people in Government employ were allowed to remain in the Fort, but we were fortunate to find a man who had brought a load from Weston, Missouri and was going back empty.

We hired him to take us across the river. The report had reached the fort that the ice was not safe, as a team had just broken through; but the owner of the team thought he could make it.

He was anxious to get home, so we put our things in his wagon, which was drawn by five mules and started out.

On reaching the river, we found that the ice was unsafe at the regular crossing, but the driver thought it would be all right farther down stream and attempted to cross.

When we were only a few yards on the ice, the lead span of mules broke through. In order to get them out, the driver had to get into the river. His clothes were soaked and in a short time, were frozen stiff.

After getting the team out of the river, the wagon was backed off and we found better ice a little farther down and without any other mishap, we reached Weston.

After resting there a few days, we started by stage for St. Joseph and arrived there January first 1857.

St. Joseph at that time was the head of the regular Steamboat navigation, although smaller boats went up the river to Omaha and every spring some boats would go north of Omaha.

For a number of years St. Joseph had been an Indian Trading Post, operated by a Frenchman, named Rubideaux.

After the territory on the west side of the river was opened for settlement, quite a little city had sprung up. The land on the east side of the river had been settled for several years, so that the city at that time enjoyed a very good trade. The main crop was Hemp.

Several towns had started on the west side of the river, the principal ones being Atchison and Doniphan.

Farther up the river toward Omaha quite a number of small towns were started on the Nebraska side. Nebraska City and Plattsmouth being the largest. Bellevue a town between the mouth of the Platte river and Omaha had been in existence before the country was opened for settlement.

On the Iowa side, there was no towns of any size until you reached Council Bluffs. Here was a small settlement called St. Mary's. It was merely a Trading Post, over which Peter A. Sarpy a French Trade had charge and for whom Sarpy County was named.

He was a Dare-devil, afraid of nothing. He owned the ferry boat, which ran between St. Mary's and Bellevue. He had given orders to the Captain of the boat to only take a certain number of teams at a time. He said that "even if Peter A. Sarpy wanted on and the boat was full, not to take him".

I remember one day, just as the boat was ready to start, he came driving a mule team hitched to a buggy down to the landing and undertook to drive on the boat.

They told him he could not go that time, but he had been drinking and as soon as the boat started, he drove his team into the river.

It was hard work to save him and his team and buggy were lost. However when I was in Iowa in 1874 nothing remained of St. Mary's. The river had caved in and taken it, with hundreds of acres of farm lands down the stream.

The channel of the river was continually changing and the Indians at that time, claimed that the Missouri River was once like the Platte River is now;

a wide shallow stream. The old river channel beds at that time seemed to bear out the theory. The old channels could be found on the east side of the river, several miles from where the main channel was at that time.

When the channel changes from one side to the other a sand bar forms. After big rain the old channel would fill with sand and the boats would have to hunt the new channel causing much delay.

All the boats on the river at that time, were flatbottomed and were provided with spars, that were forty or fifty feet in length. These spars were in front of the cabin and were connected with an engine, that was used to hoist heavy freight out of the holds.

The boats were always loaded to sit a little lower in the water in the bow, than aft and in running on a sandbar the front of the boat would be aground, while the after part would be afloat.

The spars were then lowered over the side of the boat and the engine would lift the bow, by pressing down on the spar, then the main engine would drive the boat forward until it would again strike bottom.

The foot of the spar would be moved forward and the same thing done over and over, until they were clear of the sandbar. This was indeed slow work.

On the completion of the Hannibal and St. Joe railroad, the company put on a weekly line of two boats to Omaha and one to Leavenworth, a town that had started south of Ft. Leavenworth.

They kept the Omaha line going until they completed the railroad to Council Bluffs in 1869.

After being in St. Joseph for a while, we decided to go up into Iowa near where John Davenport was living, but had to wait for the opening of Navigation in the spring.

I went to work at anything I could find to do and my wife found plenty of work helping the women who needed help.

I started cutting wood, across the river near the present town of Elwood. The timber was frozen and not being much of a wood chopper, I quit and went out into the country to break hemp.

I soon found plenty of work and could break so well that I was soon able to make a dollar and a half to two dollars per day and before the close of the season was making three dollars per day.

After the close of hemp breaking, I worked around for about a month. About the first of June we took passage on the Steamboat Admiral and landed at Millville Landing midnight and the next day we went out to John Davenport's.

I went to work at anything I could get to do, mostly sawing shingle blocks, out of the big cotton wood trees that grew along the river.

It was while living here on the third day of August that our first child, a boy was born.

The next spring I bought a yoke of oxen and twenty acres of land. I broke out part of it and planted it to sod corn, which made fifty five bushel to the acre.

The next spring, I traded my land for a horse and my team of oxen for another horse and rented a place just east of Bartlett, Iowa.

That winter I took the Malaria and was sick all winter and in the spring, was hardly able to move.

In April our second child, a girl was born. My wife and the children were sick all summer. Times were very hard for us, so in the spring of 1860, we decided to go east and look for work.

We drove our team to St. Joseph and sold them and took passage on the Steamboat Julia for St. Louis.

## CHAPTER 25

## LIFE IN MICHIGAN

I did not find anything to do in St. Louis, so we went to Detroit, Michigan. I went to work for seventy five cents per day and had to take it in store pay.

I soon found a cousin of mine, who had left England some years before. He got me a position with the Michigan Central Railroad at ninety cents per day in real money.

I will say here, that this cousins name was Horace Fosdick. You will notice that we did not spell our names the same. Although our fathers were brothers, they could never agree on the spelling of the name.

My father always claimed that their father spelled it with an "R" while his father insisted that it was spelled without one.

I have often seen the name Fosdick in print, but never with the exception of my own family, have I ever seen my name in print in this country, but I am the only one of my father's family that ever came to America.

After I had been at the depot for a year, I was made Foreman over a gang of men. The Michigan Central Depot at that time, was west of Third street and fronted on the Detroit river.

The Steamboat Union, met the trains arriving over the Michigan Central and ferried them across the river, making connections with the Great Western of Canada at Windsor for Niagara Falls. Coming back it would transfer passengers from Windsor to the Michigan Central.

Another boat called the Windwor did the same work from Windsor to the Michigan Southern and the Detroit and Milwaukee depots in the east part of the city.

My work was in the east bound freight office. A good share of the freight consisted of flour in barrels. One hundred barrels at that time making a car load.

In the fall of the year, flour shipments from the west were very heavy and more men were taken on at that time.

I had charge of eight new men and found plenty to work breaking them in. Our regular hours were from seven in the morning, until we would get all the cars that came in during the day unloaded.

Sometimes this would take until after midnight; then back again at seven in the morning. We were paid for over time after seven o'clock at night, so that our regular day was twelve hours.

It was a hard life. Later in the season, whenever there was a chance to rest, most of the men would sleep and had to be wakened as soon as another train of cars were backed in to be unloaded.

In the summer a great deal of wood was received and later in the fall mess pork and beef, and lard in tierces was handled.

As soon as freezing weather set in, whole trains of dressed hogs arrived from Chicago. These with the wool were all consigned to the Great Western. The Steamboat Union ferried them across the river, often assisted by the Steamer Transit, which carried all the livestock arriving at both depots across the river.

After the Civil War had been in operation for some time and the Federal troops had forced their way into Tennessee, Alabama and Mississippi, trainloads of cotton began to come through our depot.

Originally this was shipped over the Mobile and Ohio Railroad to Paducah, Kentucky. There it would be dumped down to the bat landing and taken up the River to Cairo.

It was then taken to Chicago and transferred to the Michigan Central cars and shipped to Detroit, to be turned over to the Great Western.

That road could not handle so much freight, so it had to be taken care of in Detroit and it made lots of extra work.

It was reported at one time during the winter of 1862, that the Michigan Central freight depot had one million dollars worth of cotton and the same amount of flour, besides thousands of barrels of beef and pork on hand at one time.

The livestock arriving from Chicago and way points was unloaded at the stock yards, about a mile west of the depot. After being fed and allowed to rest, they were driven into town and loaded on the Transit and ferried across the river and loaded into Great Western cars for Niagara Falls.

While navigation was open, most of the flour and non-perishable freight was shipped by lake to Buffalo. The Western Transportation Co., had a line of propellers plying between Detroit and Buffalo.

These boats would unload their west bound freight then drop down to our flour sheds and load with flour and clear for Buffalo between daylight and dark.

When the ice became dangerous on Lake Superior we would get some of their boats to load and they carried about a third more than the regular Buffalo boats.

It had been the rule, late in the fall to discharge the extra gang, but as the Civil War had largely increased freight traffic, the extra gang was not laid off, but more men taken on. Wages increased until in 1865, the men were getting a dollar and half per day.

Abraham Lincoln had been nominated at Chicago soon after I went to Detroit. Soon after that the Democratic Convention nominated Breckinridge and Lane and the Baltimore Convention nominated Douglas.

Slavery was the main issue and there were lots of Breckinridge flags in Detroit. Lincoln was elected in the fall and the Civil war began the next spring.

After Captain Wiles seized the Royal Mail Steamer Trent and forcibly took Mason and Seidel prisoners, it caused a tremendous sensation in England and across the river in Canada.

For a time it looked like war between England and the North was inevitable. British Red Coats were dispatched to Windsor and Sandwich, in plain sight of Fort Wayne on the American side.

War was happily averted, largely through the influence of Prince Albert, for which we in Detroit were devoutly thankful.

In the spring of 1863, I ~~very~~ foolishly quit the railroad to accept what seemed a better proposition in Western Iowa, but which did not prove to be as good as it looked.

Our second little girl was born while we had been in Michigan and in the spring of 1863, I took my family back to Iowa.

While we had been in Michigan we had not realized much of the effects of the Civil War, except for an increased amount of business.

After we returned to Iowa we saw much more of the effects of the war. We settled near the intersection of the four states.

Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa and Missouri were a part of the Louisiana purchase. Iowa became a separate territory in 1838 and was admitted to the Union as a state in 1846.

Missouri was admitted as a state in 1821 after a long and bitter political controversy in Congress. The south wanted it to be a slave state and the north insisted that it must be a free state.

The dispute was finally settled by a compromise to the effect that a slavery would be permitted in Missouri, but excluded from other parts of the Louisiana Purchase north of Latitude 36 30.

In 1836 Missouri was reduced from its territorial size to the present state limits. At the outbreak of the Civil war, the people of the state were divided in sentiment and both sides took up arms.

Kansas and Nebraska were made territories in 1854 under the Kansas Nebraska bill. Again the question of slavery arose.

They were both Free States but Kansas especially was the scene of many bitter conflicts. The territory of Nebraska at that time, comprised a part of Colorado, Montana, Wyoming and the Dakotas.

While there were no regular armies in our immediate vicinity, there was a great deal of guerilla war fare around us.

The leader of these was Quantrell, with his band of Outlaw Rebels.

At that time all the boats on the Missouri river between St. Louis and St. Joseph had to protect their Pilot houses.

This was done by covering the sides with sheet iron, but they must necessarily leave an opening in the front.

The Steamboat, The Sam Caty, was in Government service and was returning to St. Joseph with a number of sick and wounded soldiers belongign to a company of Federals from St. Joseph.

Just below Independence, the channel of the river compelled the Pilot to steer straight for the bank. Quantrell and his band were in hiding and opened fire on the boat.

They compelled the Pilot to land and forcibly took all those sick and wounded soldiers ashore, stood them in a row and shot all of them. The boat was then allowed to proceed up the river.

All the bridges over the Hannibal and the St. Joe Railroad were guarded. The Feds and Rebs, as they were called hated each other bitterly and lost no opportunity to damage each other.

That fall I sold wood to the boats on the river until it became frozen and the boats quit running.

During the winter I again had the Malaria and was sick until spring.

Life was anything but pleasant there, so in the spring of 1864, I returned to Detroit and went back to work at the Michigan Central Depot.

I stayed there another year, but my health did not improve, so we decided to return to England.



CHAPTER 26  
IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE

We left Detroit the last of February 1865 for New York and engaged passage on the Sailship Liverpool for London and left on the morning of March fifth.

I was sick nearly all the way, but my wife and the three children enjoyed the trip.

We arrived in London early in April and took the train for Watford and I was once more at home, in my father's house, after an absence of over twelve years.

My parents were living in the same place and their daily life was exactly the same as when I left.

With the exception that all had grown older, I could almost imagine the past twelve years to have been a dream.

My brother, five years older than myself had died. The rest like myself were all married with families of their own, but the general conditions had changed very little during the years I had been away.

A few days after we reached home, one morning Lord and Lady Essex rode down to the Lodge. Father went out and they told him, they understood that I was home and they would like to talk with me.

I went out and they asked me a good many things about life in America and finally said they heard that I had married an American girl and they would like to see her. I found that a good many of my old friends were curious to see what kind of a girl I had married.

American wives were not as common in England at that time, as they later have become.

I called my wife and introduced her to Lord and Lady Essex. She often laughed about it. Not having been raised in England and not having been coached, as to what was expected of anyone in talking with nobility, she talked with them as she would any one.

After visiting around for two or three weeks I grew tired of being idle and largely through the influence of Lord Essex, I soon secured work on the London and Northwestern Railroad.

I reported at the Main office in Euston Square with a letter from Lord Essex and after passing a very severe examination, I was ordered to report at the Birmingham Station at once.

I arrived in Birmingham on the twenty sixth of April and as I was alking up the street the first thing I saw was a big bulletin telling of the Assassination of President Lincoln. A little farther up the street, I saw an other account of it, but it was not until we got the papers the next morning that we knew the particulars.

The mail from the States had arrived that day as the cable had not then been laid.

I went to work in the Parcels Department, which is much the same as our Express Offices. The pay was only seventeen shillings and six pence per week for the lowest grade.

I was given work in the Second Grade, but at the lowest wages, but my experience with the Michigan Central made the work very easy for me.

I had left my family at Father's, until I could get settled. When I went for them, I found them with my sister. Her two children had the measles and it was not long before our three took them.

I returned with out them, but by the time I had a house rented, they were able to come and we were once more settled.

My work called for one week during the day and the next week night work, changing with the other man, who was getting twenty shillings per week.

After I had worked that way for some time, I asked the Superintendent for the same pay, that the man I changed with, was getting. I was told that the company did not raise any ones pay, until they had worked for a year.

I told Mr. Apted, the clerk in charge, that if I could not have the same pay, that the other man was getting I would not stay in the grade. I would go into the lowest grade it paid just as much and was not as hard work.

It was not every one who could do the second grade work, so in a short time Mr. Apted told me that they had broken their rules and raised my pay. The same thing happened when I was transferred to the first grade work, which paid twenty one shillings per week.

That was hardly enough to live on. My years in the states had made me too independent to cater to every one a little my superior, as I would have done had I never left England and as any one was expected to do.

For so long, I had been where men were on an equality, that I did not find the work pleasant.

I remember one time in particular when I was reported. I was busy transferring parcels from one part of the station to another and had a wheel barrow of parcels and had to cross the track with them.

There was a train coming and I had to run to get across. Just in front of me was a Gentleman, as they were called. I called to him to get out of my way, but he paid no attention to me and in passing him, I ran against him.

He immediately reported me and I was called into the head offices.

The man in charge asked me about it and I told him just how it happened. He said that this Gentleman, insisted that I apologize to him. I told the clerk that I would not do it, that I gave him warning to get out of my way and it was either hit him or get hit by the train myself.

Late in the fall, it was reported that a man, largely interested in American Railroads was hiring men and sending them to Cincinnati to work. During the winter I wrote to him for particulars.

His name was Sir Martin Pete. He replied to my letter by saying, that not knowing me personally, he could not promise me any particular position, but that he would give me a letter to the Superintendent of the road and I could no doubt get something when I reached Cincinnati.

We decided that we had had enough of England and that we would return to the United States.

I went down home and borrowed some money from Father and bade them all good-bye and late in February, we took passage on the Steamship Alabama for New Orleans.

## CHAPTER 27

### STORM AT SEA

This was the third time I had crossed the Atlantic, but was my first trip in a Steamship. We soon found a big difference between riding in a wooden sailing ship and an iron steamer. The former rides the waves and while it does a lot of pitching, there is very little rolling. The steamer cuts right through the waves and drenches the deck with water. While there is very little pitching, it rolls a great deal.

We left Liverpool in the afternoon, with the Storm Signals flying. There were two other vessels cleared for New York, so we did not stop.

After we were through the English Channel and out into the open sea, we found the storm in full blast and it continued for three days.

The next morning, I took my little boy and went on deck. The spray from the bow of the steamer was worse than rain, so we soon went below.

The first day, none of us were allowed outside our rooms, but during the

night a huge wave smashed our sky light, letting in great quantities of water.

The ship was rolling from side to side and the water splashing across the floor. Some boxes that were not well fastened broke loose and began to batter down some of the bunks.

The steward in charge sent for help. The Chief Stewart came and seeing the danger sent for the Captain.

The Captain sent word back that he could not spare a man, but that he would change the course of the ship long enough to get the passengers, about fifty, into the Main Cabin.

As soon as the rolling eased up a little, a scramble took place, to be the first ones to get out.

I had put my wife and children into my bunk when the water broke through. We decided to wait until the rush was over. We had little hopes of escaping, but were afraid if we tried to get up in the rush, we might get separated.

We were almost certain the ship would go down and we decided to stay together until the last.

After the rush was over, we started up the ladder, to the main deck. Even then the outlook was bad. We had to go quite a distance to reach the quarter deck and it was pitch dark.

My wife had the baby in her left arm, the other little girl, we had between us and I had the little boy by the hand.

We had started for the Upper deck. There was a pen on deck which had contained some sheep, but the storm had broken one side of it loose and swung it across the gangway. We soon came to a halt. I found that the little boy was inside this sheep pen and we had to back up to get him out.

All this time the water was roaring in the scuttles close to us. When we reached the steps leading to the Upper Deck, some one opened a door leading from the main cabin to the Deck. We were close enough to dash in there, before the door was closed and we were safe for a while.

We were wet and indeed a sorry looking bunch to take possession of the First Cabin. I had managed to carry with me a large woolen shawl which we had, so that we all laid down on the floor until morning.

The next day the cabin skylight was lifted by the storm and the water poured in on us again. They immediately nailed a large piece of tarpaulin over the broken skylight and we men went to work dipping up the water and carrying it out and soon had the floor fairly dry.

We had a number of Irish Emigrants on board. They were all so frightened, that it was hard to do anything with them. There was a big bunch of them huddled together in one corner, screaming and praying.

When the skylight broke and let the water in on us, I remember one big Irishman began to cry and reached out his hand to the fellow beside him and said "Good bye Jessie, I thought last night we were gone, but we are gone this time sure". This set the other to screaming louder.

When we began to bail out the water, we tried to get them to help, but you could not get one of them to move. My wife went to them and told them, "If they could not get up and help, for goodness sake to stop screaming", but all efforts to quiet them was Useless.

The storm lasted two days longer and finally subsided. We were afraid every thing in our trunks and boxes would be ruined. It was two days before we could get down to them, but found them dry and not harmed by the storm.

The ship did not encounter any more bad storms, but we had stormy weather nearly all the way.

About two weeks after the big storm abated we were surprised one morning to miss the throb of the engine. We were told that the boiler had sprung a leak and that steam had been let down, so it could be patched.

One of the ship's loose hands, who were always playing pranks and trying

to scare some one, told a green Irish boy, who had a sister on board, that the ship was sinking.

He told him that the water had put out the fires that the Captain was going to desert the ship and that the women and children would be put off first in the boat.

He told this boy to ask if he could not go with this sister in the first boat. Soon after that the First Mate a thorough seaman commenced his walk around the deck. This sailor told the boy that this First Mate was the man to ask.

We noticed that the boy was following the Mate around and when he started to go up on the Quarterdeck, the boy walked up to him and said "And Please Sir! and can I go off in the first boat?"

The First Mate was a very stern man and not knowing why the boy asked the question, replied "I don't care a d---n what boat you go in".

The sailor told the boy, that meant he could go.. He went downstairs screaming and crying and told his sister that the ship was sinking and then pandemonium broke loose again. The Stewart hearing the commotion, asked the cause of it and was told that the ship was sinking.

He told them it was not so, that there was no danger at all, but his word had no effect on the Emigrants. He then sent for the Captain but he could not quiet them, so the Chief Engineer came and told them, they were working on the boiler and would soon have it fixed and steam up and the engines started.

He told them if they did not believe him, for some of them to go down with him and see if he had not told them the truth. They were finally convinced and it was not very long until we heard the throb of the engine and all was quiet once more on board.

In nearing the Bahama Bank, we went through the Hole in the Wall and passed between the coast of Florida and Cuba and in due time arrived safely at New Orleans.

It had been thirteen years since I had first landed at New Orleans in 1853, but such a change. When I landed there the first time, the Levee was crowded with out going ships and steamboats, but now it was deserted.

The effects of the Civil War on New Orleans was plain to be seen. There was only one boat at the Levee, the Indiana. It was to leave that afternoon for Cincinnati and we took passage on it. At Louisville, however we were transferred to the General Lytle.

When we arrived in Cincinnati, I lost no time in presenting my letter from Sir Martin Peto to the Superintendent of the road.

He received me very kindly and told me, had I come eight months or a year sooner, he could have given me a good place, but the Civil war was now ended and they were over run with men wanting jobs.

I told him that I had worked for the Michigan Central in Detroit. He told me if I wanted to go there, he would give us a pass to Toledo, but could not give us one beyond there.

I told him that I would appreciate the pass to Toledo and it was not far from there to Detroit.

We landed in Detroit in the evening and left our baggage at the depot until morning. That night the depot and Steamship Windsor were burned. A number of lives were lost and we lost all our baggage and had nothing except the cloths we were wearing.

## CHAPTER 28

### I BECOME NATURALIZED

The next mornign I applied again at the Michigan Central Depot for work and was given my old job once more and started to-~~re~~ work.

During the year I had been in England, the freight houses had burned and a number of the men lost their lives. ~~Among them~~ Among them, being the man who had taken my place. All that was ever found of him, was a bunch of keys, known to have been in his possession.

I stayed at the depot from April of 1866 until November 1867. Everything was very high in Detroit at that time and wages had not increased in proportion to the cost of living.

Hour was twelve dollars per barrel, calico and muslin thirty to forty cents per yard and everything else in proportion, while about the most any of the men were receiving was a dollar and a half per day. We found that we could not live as we had when I was there before.

I was offered a position in Western Iowa, to clerk in a store for twenty five dollars per month, with house and firewood furnished, and as everything was much cheaper, we decided to go back there.

Looking backward now, I think there is the time I made a big mistake. At that time Frank Snow and Fred Delano were clerks in the offices at Detroit. Both afterward became Presidents of Railroads. While I might never have become a President, at that time, I was considered a first class man in the freight department.

We had another boy born while living in Detroit and now had a family of four children.

We returned to Iowa by the way of Chicago. From there to Council Bluffs, over the Chicago and Northwestern, which had just been built.

I worked in the store that winter, but not liking the confinement, I moved down on the Missouri bottom and sold wood to the steamboats on the river.

I took a contract to clear off twenty acres of timber, guaranteeing the owner one hundred dollars per acre.

I had a saw mill come and we saved the logs into lumber and the rest was cut into four foot cord wood.

I was surprised to see so many boats running, but with the building of the Union Pacific railroad, Omaha and Council Bluffs had grown to be quite large cities.

There was a regular line of boats called "The O. Line" between St. Louis and Omaha, besides the St. Joe and other boats going up the river.

These boats were nearly all stern wheelers and burned lots of wood. It was seldom that a boat would take less than fifteen and more often twenty cords of wood at a time.

I bought most of my wood at a dollar and half per cord and sold it for three fifty and four dollars per cord, so that I made good money at that.

One of the boats which I loaded whenever it passed my landing was the Old Sam Gaty, the boat which Quantrell had forced to ~~land~~ land four years before.

I continued in this work as long as the river was not frozen, until the close of navigation in 1870.

After the Burlington had built their road through the St. Joe and Grand Island in connection with the Hannibal and St. Joe roads, it was found that they could make so much better time, that the boats could not compete with them and were forced to quit.

After that there was no money to be made hauling wood so I moved across the river into Nebraska territory and rented a farm. I planted a crop of corn and had fine prospects, but a severe hail storm struck us and very little of the crop was left.

Early in April of 1870, I received my Naturalization papers and became a full citizen of the United States and swore to obey the laws of this country.

I became a full citizen at the District Court in Glenwood, Iowa.

As I had always been a firm believer in a tariff for revenue only, I naturally cast my lot with the Democratic party. I took an oath of allegiance to the United States and swore to obey the laws of this country.

I have always tried to be loyal to my party, never but once did I desert the ticket, that was in 1896, when they made Free Silver the issue.

I have never been so narrow however, that I could not see good in the other side, nor to recognize that my neighbor did not have just as good a right to his views as I had to mine.

On state and county tickets, I have always placed the man ahead of the party. And some of the best friends I have ever had, have been members of the Republican party.

I have always tried to be a loyal American citizen and have always been a firm believer in law enforcement.

It made no difference to me whether the law suited me or not, or whether it was considered popular, I held that so long as it was the law of our land, it was my duty to both obey and uphold that law.

In my younger day, I always took quite an active part in politics, but after the election was over, if my man was defeated, I felt that I owed allegiance to the victor and that he was my President, even if I did not help to elect him.

In the fall of 1872, I was elected Assessor of Lyons Township, Mills County, Iowa. I finished my assessing during the spring following.

It was while living there, that we experienced the panic of 1873 and times were very hard in Western Iowa.

The next few years I farmed around Glenwood, Iowa but much of the time crops were poor. In 1875 we had fine prospects for corn. It was about a foot high in June, when an immense cloud of grasshoppers settled down on the bottom land and in a very short time, had eaten everything in sight.

It was a very wet year in Iowa and after the hoppers left, the corn grew up again and made about half a crop.

I had a fine patch of potatoes and the only way I could save them, was to cover them with the cultivator and after the hoppers left, I harrowed the dirt off.

Three more boys had been born to us, during the ten years we had been in Iowa.

Late in the fall of 1876 I moved to Graig, Missouri to take charge of a Grist Mill. I bought corn and wheat and shipped flour.

Business was good and I did well there, but the owner of the mill, through an unlucky speculation, lost heavily and had to sell the mill.

The new owner wanted to run it himself, so I had to give it up.

It was here in April of 1878, that our youngest child a girl was born.

## CHAPTER 29

### WESTWARD AGAIN

My health had never been very good on the Missouri bottom, so we decided to go farther west.

In July 1878, with my family, I moved to Republic County, Kansas. My family now consisted of myself, wife and eight children. Five boys and three girls, ranging in age from twenty one down to a baby of three months.

The St. Joe and Grand Island had built their road through to Grand Island, Nebraska. We went as far as Fairbury, Nebraska by rail.

From Fairbury we drove about forty miles south west to the Rose Creek

settlement, as it was called.

Here I bought eighty acres of land, with a small house and barn on the place.

We were once more, as you might call it, On the Frontier. The country had been settled for eight or ten years, but we had no close towns and our nearest railroad was at Belvidere, Nebraska about twenty five miles north.

We hauled what grain we had to sell to Belvidere, often selling our corn for eight and ten cents, after hauling it twenty five miles. Farmers in this Western country do not think twenty five miles much of a drive now, with the trucks they have, but with a team and wagon it was a long haul.

We had lived in a good many localities, but never did we find better neighbors than we had there. Among the early settlers at Rose Creek, were the Carpenter Brothers, Register Brothers, John Mosshart, Charley Northrup, Dutton, Bugbee, Cooper and others.

Of all the old settlers, I think the only ones living now are Zack Carpenter, who still lives on the old home place, Mrs. Libbie Register who lives at Chester and myself.

Farther west of us about six miles was another settlement, called Craineville. Desmond Craine was the Postmaster, it being on a Star Mail Route and it was here we got our mail.

Others living there were Thomas Benson, Childs, Glenn Wilkie, and Iarkins. These were all either Scotch or English.

East of us about six or eight miles, was another settlement near an inland town called Ida.

It was while living on this place that we saw our first and only prairie fire and I shall never forget it.

My farm was located about half a mile south of Rose Creek, a small stream running almost due east and having a good grow of timber on the banks.

Between Rose Creek and the Nebraska - Kansas line were some fairly well improved farms, owned by two brothers by the name of Clark, with their sons and families, but most of them had good fire breaks around their land.

North of them across the line in Nebraska for a distance of almost ten miles, the country was very sparsely settled and was covered with a heavy growth of grass.

Early in November of 1878, we noticed the reflection of fire on the clouds to the northwest. The wind was blowing from the south, so we were not much alarmed.

On Sunday evening, the wind changed to the northwest and we saw that the fire was coming our way.

We knew that the timber and creek on the north would be a fire break for us at that point. Section seventeen to the north and east of us, was covered with heavy grass. We knew that if the fire crossed the state line, it would reach section seventeen and we were afraid it might jump the creek at that point.

My oldest son and a young man who was at our house visiting, and who was farming near section seventeen, saddled their horses, intending to beat the fire to his place.

Although the fire had not crossed the state line when they started, it beat them to section seventeen. They had run their horses a mile and half, while the fire had traveled almost four miles.

Any one who has never seen a prairie fire can not imagine what it is like. In this case the wind was blowing about forty miles per hour and the fire traveled as fast as the wind. The flames seemed to fairly roll over the prairie.

The boys kept on and reached the home of a man named Dooley, who lived south of section seventeen. They were all asleep and unaware of their danger.

The boys awakened them and helped them to save their property, and then rode on east.

About a mile east of Dooley's place, the creek made a sharp turn to the north. The grass there was ~~was~~ small and the timber held the fire back and it soon burned itself out.

No lives were lost, but Uncle Ned Clark, who lived near the state line was severely burned.

On February eighth 1880 our little boy Charley aged eight years, died with diphtheria and the rest of the children were sick. It was during this time, that we realized the goodness of our neighbors.

The summer of 1881 was ver dry, with hot winds, which burned up the corn. That fall I sold the farm and moved to Chester. The Burlington had built their road west from St. Joes and the village of Chester had been started.

Our three oldest children had married and with the death of Charley, there were now only four children at home.

We stayed in Chester that winter and the next spring moved on a farm south-east of Chester and raised a good crop. The next year we had prospects of a fine crop of corn, but on the afternoon of July tenth, a severe hailstorm swept over us and not a vistage of the crop remained.

Our chickens had nealy all been killed by the hail stones and we were discour- aged.

That winter I moved to Chester, bought three acres in the south part of town and built a small house on it and there I lived for thirty eight years.

I was elected Justice of the Peace in 1884 and served one year.

Grover Cleveland was elected President in November 1884 and in September 1885, I was appointed Post Master and served until January first 1890.

In the fall of 1891, I was nominated for Clerk of the District Court of Thayer County on the Democratic ticket.

My wife was sick, so I did not make any canvass and was beaten by James Dinamore, the Republican nominee, who was up for re-election.

My wife died on the third day of April 1892 after an illness of almost two years. We had been married over thirty five years and raised a family of eight children, with one dying in infancy.

We had experienced all the hardships that could befall the earlysettlers. Through it all she never complained and was always willing to make the best of what ever we had.

She was always a ture wife and help mate, a loving mother and a kind neighbor. The weather was never too cold, or the roads too bad for her to go miles to help a neighbor in tim eof need.

After the death of my wife, the three boys started out for themselves and I was left alone with my youngest daughter.

The Democrats had again bee victorious and I was appointed Post Master for the second time, taking my office on the first of January 1894.

My daughter was my assistance and housekeeper and in this way, the next three years were spent.

## CHAPTER 30

### GROWING OLD

On February twenty second 1897, I was married the second time to Miss Eliza Howe of Denton, Nebraska.

My term as Post Master expired January first 1898 and I retired a good deal from Public life.

I had my little home in the south part of town, consisting of three acres and there I spent most of my time.

I served four terms as Presinct Assessor, wrote Insurance and was Clerk



and Sexton of the Chester Cemetary Association and with these things I managed to keep fairly busy.

As the years passed and I grew older, I suffered a great deal from Rheumatism. From 1916 I was confined pretty closely to my home and in a way lost track of affairs in the town in which I lived.

I had always been very fond of reading and much of my time was spent in that way.

My wife died on the eleventh of March 1922, after a long illness.

My youngest daughter, who was living in Sidney, Nebraska invited me to make my home with her and I accepted the invitation.

I had lived in Chester and on the same place for over thirty eight years and had always supposed that I would die there, but it was not to be.

At the time I left there, I was the oldest person in town, being eighty six years and six months old and was one of the oldest settlers.

James Wilson being the oldest resident of the town, having been there since 1880. George Strain and Mrs. Belle Brown moved there about the same time I did, but had not lived there continually.

We left Chester in a huge down pour of rain, which turned to snow as we reached Oxford, causing us to miss our train at Brash, Colorado and we did not arrive in Sidney until two o'clock on the morning of March twentieth.

I was made to feel perfectly at home in my daughter's home and soon grew to like Sidney very much.

My old friends thought I would never be able to content myself any place else, after living in Chester so many years and being so old.

Much has been written and told about the Pioneer Days of Sidney in the year of 1868. It was made a military post and known as Fort Sidney. The fort was discontinued in 1894.

At the time gold was discovered in the Black Hills prospectors from the east came through Sidney over the Union Pacific and freighted overland to the hills about two hundred miles north.

These prospectors with the cowboys all ready in the country and the desperados who always follow these trails gave to the town the name, "The Toughest town in the United States".

They tell us of a time when the Union Pacific refused to stop their trains in town, until they cleaned up.

In July 1922 all the bodies buried in the old cemetery were disinterred and shipped to Fort McPherson National Cemetery near Maxwell, Nebraska.

At that time bodies were found which had been buried with their boots and hats on, just as they fell. Others were found with rope around the neck, all telling a silent story of the manner in which they met death, and bearing out the stories of the Pioneers that many in those days were buried with the boots on, others buried between sunset and sunrise and all that was ever known, was there was a new grave in the old cemetery.

But this is all ancient history now and out of the ruins of old Fort Sidney has arisen one of the best towns on earth and one of which all may be proud to call home.

It is located in the Lodge Pole valley, with hills to the north and South, the valley extending to the east and west. It is on the Main Line of the Union Pacific, of which it has for many years been a freight division point.

It is also on the Burlington Branch between Denver and Billings, Montana, and on the Lincoln Highway.

Our little city is now an ideal place in which to live. The old days of lawlessness are gone. Fine school buildings, churches and homes have taken their place. Our people as a whole, are energetic and law abiding.

On the talbe lands to the north and south are the wonderful wheat farms,

which have made Cheyenne County famous.

Just now times are a little hard caused by the low price of farm products particularly of wheat.

I cannot help but compare conditions here now, where all have the necessities of life and many of the luxuries of life, with the hard times, I have known in the past.

The people of today cannot realize the trails and hardships of the early Pioneers, nor how much they owe to those who blazed the trail across this western country.

## CHAPTER 31

### AFTER ALMOST SEVENTY YEARS

My health improved rapidly after reaching Sidney. With good care and the invigorating climate, it was not long until I could ride for miles in the automobile, without getting tired. When I first arrived, My daughter and her husband told me, that just as soon as I could stand the trip, they would take me to see the ruins of Old Fort Laramie, about a hundred and fifty miles northwest of us.

At the time, I did not think I should ever be able to make the trip, but about the first of July we began to plan for it. On the morning of July sixth, we left Sidney about eight o'clock in the morning. This time we traveled in a Dodge Roadster at the rate of thirty five to forty miles per hour. This was quite different from walking and driving two yoke of oxen hitched to a covered wagon.

On this trip we traveled as far in ahlf and hour, as we would drive in a day in the olden times.

We drove north through the town of Huntsman, Gurley and Dalton, to Bridgeport about forty miles north. A few miles north of Dalton we came in sight of the Platte Valley. We did not cross the river at Bridgeport, but kept along the Old Oregon trail, on the south side of the river. Soon after leaving Bridgeport, we came in sight of chimney Rock. This was the first thing that looked at all natural. You will remember that this rock was one of our old landmarks. It is possible that the storms and winds of almost seventy years have worn some of it away, as it did not look quite as tall as I remembered it, but otherwise it was just the same. At Bayard we crossed the Platte on a fine bridge, but which we had forded many times years ago. I could hardly make myself believe that I was traveling over the same ground, over which I had traveled in my youth. At that time as far as the eye could reach, was one sandy barren prairie, but now a fine irrigated country, with beautiful fields, trees and vines.

We passed the towns of Minatare and Melbeta and soon came within sight of Scotts Bluff, another old landmark and which looked natural. Continuing west, we passed the towns of Mitchell, Horrell and Henry. Here we crossed into Wyoming and spent the night at Torrington. Next morning we started for our destination. Going through the town of Lingle, Wyoming, we came to the first monument on the Old Mormon Trail, the others we had seen had been on the Oregon Trail.

I had been watching for the Laramie Peak since leaving Scotts Bluff, but the day was cloudy, so that we could only see a dim outline of it.

Up to this point, with the exception of the two old landmarks, nothing had looked at all familiar to me. Soon after leaving the town of Lingle, I recognized a break in the hills to the southwest and told my son-in-law, that I knew that place. We soon came to the present town of Fort Laramie, which is about two miles from the Old Fort. At this place we left the highway and crossed a bridge to get down to the old place. This bridge is some distance below our old

fording place and a different road lead from the bridge, past the old cemetery to the fort.

However, I recognized the old place at first glance and soon found myself standing and gazing on the same landscape which I had not seen for nearly seventy years and where one of the most important events of my life transpired. I cannot find words to express my feelings and as in a panorama, I thought of the intervening years and the changes they had brought to me. Then I first saw the place, I was only a boy of eighteen full of hope and faith and with life all ahead of me while the Fort was a beautiful and well kept place and alive with activity.

Now I was an old, old man, with life behind me and the old fort was deserted and in ruins. The change in the fort I suppose was not greater than the change in myself.

The Old Fort is now private property and a sign "No admittance" posted on the gate. My son-in-law had been there two years before and knew Mr. John Hunton, who lived there, so we went to see him.

I found that Mr. Hunton came there just after the close of the Civil War, or ten years after I left. He told me that he worked for a man named Ward, whom I had known as an Indian Trader and who later bought the Old Sutler's Store.

Very few of the old buildings remain and they are a mass of ruins, but it just happened that the ones left were the ones in which I was most interested.

The old Doby Store building is still standing, but the outside kitchen door in the north end has been closed. The doors and windows in the rest of the building are the same, so that the general appearance of the building is not much changed.

On the inside of the building the partitions and openings are the same. The same old counter with their iron railings, over which Mr. Tutt and Mr. Dougherty sold their goods are in the same place.

An addition to the store had been built, blocking the back door to the kitchen. Mr. Hunton kindly took us through the other building into the kitchen and I saw the room which had been my home for four months turned into a stable.

I pointed to the place where my cot had stood and Mr. Hunton said he had slept in the same place, the first two years he was there.

I might add, that the picture of the old building can be seen in the Wyoming State Capital at Cheyenne. It is said to be the oldest building standing in Wyoming today and I think without any doubt one of the oldest buildings west of the Missouri river.

The two story frame building a little the south is the one which was occupied in 1856 by Colonel Huffman, Captains Ketchum and Lowell and Dr. Page, but it was very badly dilapidated.

Dr. Page, ~~who~~ had occupied the upstairs apartment in the north end and it was here my wife had worked the month we stayed at the fort after we were married.

I saw the window of the room we had occupied, but the stairs were too badly worn for me to attempt to climb them.

This building, I was told, in later years was known as Bedlam. General Charley King has written a novel entitled "Bedlam or a Story of the Sioux War of 1876". The scenes of which are laid in this building.

All the other buildings around the parade ground are gone, just a few foundations, impossible to distinguish them.

There was one small building some distance out and this was the place where my friend Sam Covington had lived and where he took my wife the night she stole out of the Lorman Camp and came to the Fort.

The old corral where I went to milk is now a grove of tall trees, which Mr. Hunton told me, he set out over fifty years ago, and which changed the looks of the whole place, just as the trees all down the valley changed the looks of the whole place.

The bridge over the Laramie river where I met my sweetheart and asked her

to leave the Mormon Camp and come with me is gone, but I could locate the place where it once had stood, also the place where I got into the cactus bed.

Time and decay have changed every thing made by the hand of man, showing how fleeting are his works, but the flow of the river, the hills and the general landscape, God's handiwork remain in the same and will no doubt until the end of time.

As I turned in leaving for one last look at the old place, which I had never expected to see again, the thought came to me "Why did not the state of Wyoming buy and preserve the old Fort as a State park?"

The Yellowstone Highway passed close by and hundred of tourists would have visited it each year.

No prettier place could have been found, with the hills on the south, the mountains in the distance and the beautiful Laramie river flowing through it. It could have been made into one of the beauty spots of the West.

It was the oldest for west of the Missouri river and sheltered and gave aid to many of the early pioneers of the West, but like the pioneer, It is now a thing of the past and lives only as a Memory.

## CHAPTER 32

### RETROSPECTION

Little more remains to be told. What I have written in this narrative are events just as they happened in my life, without any attempt at fiction.

I have endeavored to give the readers some idea of the life and hardships endured by the Pioneers of the Western country and of the methods adopted by them.

I have also tried to give an unprejudiced outline of the belief and history of the Mormon Church, both as it was preached to us in England and as I found it practiced in Salt Lake City in the early days.

I have told no exaggerated Indian Stories, as I had none to tell. Although I crossed the plains twice in the fifties and spent much of my life on the frontier, we were never molested by them.

During our trips across the plains, as I have written many came to our camps, but they were always friendly.

It was ten or fifteen years later that the Indians were dangerous. Many of them came to Ft. Laramie to trade and I remember at that time, they told us the Cheyennes were on the War Path over on the Lodge Pole, south and east of us.

I often wonder if the boy of today, if he is living seventy five years from now, will be able to look back and see the changes and improvements which I can remember.

I have lived to see many things which years ago we would have said were impossible, come to pass; until now I sometimes wonder if anything is really impossible.

The next seventy five years will I am sure, unfold many wonderful things in the way of discoveries, inventions and improvements, but the days of the Pioneer in America are gone forever.

I have lived to see the ox team with their cumbersome covered wagon give way to the Stage Coach and Pony Express, to be followed later by the railroads, automobiles and airplanes along with the telegraph, telephone and wireless.

I have seen this great American Desert, which was once the undisputed home of the Red men and buffalo give way to the White Man and his civilization.

From the barren desolate prairies as I first remember it, I have seen it develop into one of the richest and most productive countries on earth.

I offer no words of advise to the youth of today, knowing full well that it would be useless. My experience will do them no good, they must all work out their own destinies.

As a boy, I was unwilling to heed the advise of my parents and stay with them, being determined to go my own way and many times did I bitterly regret that I had not done so.

There is an old adage that "Opportunity knocks once at every man's door". I know that he knocks, not once, but many times at every man's door, but in a form which few recognize until too late.

I know that from a purely financial standpoint, I missed my first golden opportunity when I quit the mill in Watford and came to America.

Again when I first went to Salt Lake. I know that had I been willing to have followed the leaders there at that time and to have believed every thing they did was right, I would have had no trouble in working up.

I had my chance when I was appointed Clerk and made up the records of the Elders Quorum, but I could not make myself believe some of the things they practiced were right, although many of their teachings I still believe.

Again had I stayed with the Michigan Central in Detroit, besides the countless opportunities which every new country offers along with its hardships.

I realize that my experience in this, is no different from the average man. We can all look back and see the opportunities we have missed, but few of us are gifted with foresight.

I have no formula for my long life. Perhaps it is due to the fact, that I came from a family of long lived people. My father, mother and one brother died between the ages of eighty six and eighty eight. One brother was over ninety. My oldest sister died in her ninety eighth year and my youngest sister died a year ago, in her ninety seventh year.

I never dissipated and never tasted tobacco but once in my life, that time made me sick and I never tried it again.

I have seen more of Pioneer life than falls to the average man. I think I have seen every phase of it.

I have seen my crops killed by dry weather and by wet weather, by hail storms and hot winds. Eaten by grass hoppers and chinch bugs and have sold the crops I did raise at the worlds lowest prices.

I have had my share of sickness and death.

But why say more. I have not only lived out Man's allotted three score years and ten, but am nearing the four score years and ten.

Sitting today on the porch at my daughter's home in this beautiful western Nebraska town and reviewing my long life, I feel that with all my hardships and trials, I have had many blessings and many things for which to be thankful.

But my troubles are all over and I am happy and contented.

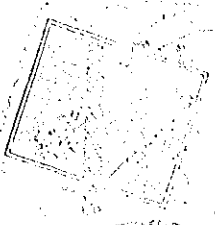
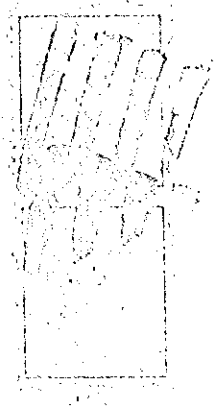
Now as the day is drawing to a close, I think how typical of my life this day has been.

The mornign sun arose in a cloudless sky. Early in the forenoon clouds appeared, hiding the sun, only to clear away and come again, with intervals of sunshine and shadow all day, for as in the words of Longfellow,

"Into each life some rain must fall  
Some days must be dark and dreary."

But now as the twilight hour approaches, the clouds have all cleared away and the sun is slowly sinking in the west.

THE END.



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