MORMON PIONEERS
of
HARRISON COUNTY
(now West) Virginia
in the 1830s

by
DIANE HILL ZIMMERMAN

Turning Our Hearts
to Our Ancestors

"Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet... And he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers..."

Malachi 4:6
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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I am indebted to many dedicated historians, family and otherwise, who kept various records which were invaluable to my research. Others made a special effort to respond to my queries and/or arrange a meeting to simply hand over vital information.

Joyce Skidmore of Sandy, Utah, wrote when she saw my query in the Boggess Family Association Newsletter. She's one of the busiest persons I know but she not only agreed to meet but she and her husband took us out to dinner at the prestigious Carriage House across from Temple Square in Salt Lake City. She gave me copies of her research on the Boggess family and arranged for another cousin, Karen Mazanis, to send me a biography of William A. Boggess written by Karen's son, Nicholas J. Mazanis, II.

Joyce has also written a musical pageant for the Utah Sesquicentennial featuring her ancestor, Eliza Ann Boggess and Eliza's younger brother, William A.

Judi Butt saw my notice on the bulletin board of the Family History Library, across the street from the temple, and arranged to meet Ray and I there to share information on the Robey family along with valuable research tips.

James L. Kimball, a relative of LDS President Spencer W. Kimball, is a librarian in the LDS History Library in Salt Lake City. He was not only helpful and interested but also supportive of my project. His unspoken blessing was a big boost in my self confidence and went a long way towards keeping me motivated.

I would have missed including the Cease/Skinner family if John Lunceford of Lucasville, Ohio hadn't responded to my query in the Genealogical Helper.

Reva Smith Ashcraft, a daughter of my grandpa Charley Smith's brother, Eugene, has been researching the Smith genealogy for years. She began feeding me information and priceless pictures as soon as she knew I was also interested. She introduced me to Absalom Wamsley Smith by sharing her copy of the book on his family, which includes his journal.

I became acquainted with Don Smith, another cousin, from Monroe, Utah, through a mutual acquaintance. We talked for hours on the phone about our Smith and Shinn relations and he sent me a 3-inch thick volume of his research.

During a visit in Draper, Utah with a former branch president of Parkersburg, Alonzo King, I learned he was on the Draper Sesquicentennial Committee. He offered to send me any data he ran across on Isaac Milton Stewart and Absalom Wamsley Smith who pioneered there. He did that and even better, linked me to Chester...
Ingram, Jr., a former resident of Clarksburg and a cousin through Aaron Smith. Chester sent me data of the LDS Church in Clarksburg in the 1960's. He and his wife, Maryland, are modern pioneers who moved west in the early 1960's when they were converted to the LDS Church. With no job or prospects they packed up four children and moved to Kearns, Utah so their children could grow up with other Latter Day Saints. Their families came close to disowning them but they have prospered and their children are strong in the gospel.

I remember the gentleman working in the LDS Church archives who told me about Henry W. Bigler without missing a lick on his word processor and Jack Sandy Anderson whom I met on a sizzling hot day in July at a Boggess family reunion at Lumberport. He told me much about the Shinn and Smith families, with whom we share connections, and lots more. What a great historian and wonderful man he is.

Bless them all!

I'm especially thankful for my extended family who endowed me with curiosity and taught me to love reading through their example. We lived in a rural area without access to a library but books were acquired through mail order catalogs or by exchanging them with one another. Magazines and newspapers were subscribed to and book clubs were joined. Sometimes when an especially good book was acquired it had to be read quickly so the next anxious reader could have a turn. Even after TV became available the preferred mode of entertainment was reading.

They also taught me to love conversation, not small talk, but really discussing things that mattered. I learned to enjoy the company of my elders and often sought out the community's senior citizens to entice them down memory lane. I was further blessed with the presence of fine story tellers within the family circle who beguiled me with hours of family lore. My love of family history can be traced through these associations.

When I lived with my mother's parents, Charley Parker and Mary Alice Harbert Smith, in Brown, I followed them up the hill in front of their house to Bethany Baptist church. Their son and my uncle, Lowell Smith, conducted the meetings and his wife, Mina Cornwell Smith, taught my Sunday School class. I attended with my cousins and best friends, Linda and Kim Smith, who happened to be their children. I have fond memories of singing in the choir during services, and in a cousin's quartet at revival meetings with Linda and Uncle Harley Smith's children, Gary and Shirley and their neighbor, Gary Martin; and of participating in Christmas programs, Bible School and Baptist Youth Camp. My conversion to the LDS Church is in no way a rejection of this experience but of adding truth to truth.

I also need to acknowledge the generosity of my husband who bought computers and financed postage, printing, phone calls, research trips and other expenses. He cheerfully sacrificed his own time and comforts to support this endeavor and I literally couldn't have done it without him. His wholehearted support is the wind beneath my wings.
When I updated this book in 2010, I decided to add my gratitude for all the knowledge and experience I acquired while serving as director of the Family History Center in Parkersburg and while on a mission in the Church and Family History Mission in Salt Lake City. Ray and I worked in the beautiful Joseph Smith Memorial Building, the former Hotel Utah, surrounded by history and spiritual giants. Everyday on our way to work we walked by the Family History Library and Church History Museum and through the SLC temple grounds. We were invited to special events and met special people. Our office overlooked the Salt Lake temple on one side and the flower and fountain filled plaza between the church office building and administration building on the other. When we ate in the church cafeteria, we rubbed elbows with church leaders. We loved it so much we decided to stay. We now make our home in Lehi, Utah just a few miles away from our daughter and her family.

Aided and abetted by all of the above and with the able assistance of editors and research assistants, husband Ray and daughter Molly Zimmerman Larson, a glorious historical drama with blessings still being manifested has been revealed. Introducing them to you is a very gratifying experience.
PREFACE

Former president of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Gordon B. Hinckley, has said:

It is good to look to the past to gain appreciation for the present and perspective for the future. It is good to look upon the virtues of those who have gone before, to gain strength for whatever lies ahead. It is good to reflect upon the work of those who labored so hard and gained so little in this world, but out of whose dreams and early plans, so well nurtured, has come a great harvest of which we are the beneficiaries. Their tremendous example can become a compelling motivation for us all, for each of us is a pioneer in his own life...

This quote has been an inspiration to me; furthermore, I believe our ancestors appreciate our thinking about them and working to preserve their history. Many times as I worked at my computer or researched in a library, or was simply minding other business, I could feel the presence of these good people near, nudging me on when I thought I'd checked the last source or typed the last line. When I was on a true trail I'd feel peaceful and industrious and sources opened up to me. But I'd get frustrated and irritated by feelings of being hindered when I started a false trail; they knew I had no time to waste. I am very grateful to be a small part of disseminating their history and I'm looking forward to meeting them someday.

The 150th anniversary of the first pioneer's entrance into the Great Salt Lake Valley was celebrated by The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints in 1997. It's appropriate that we in West Virginia joined in this celebration as some of our people were a part of this great migration. Many of them were from the Jones Run/Shinnston area of Harrison County, in what was then Virginia.

Most of this work was compiled in 1997/1998 and updated in 2010. I know there's more to this story and there's bound to be errors so, PLEASE, anyone with corrections and/or additions, including pictures, bring it to my attention. You may contact me at -

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INTRODUCTION

Those who spend a lot of time in Family History research understand how you sometimes develop a psychic connection to those who are dead or to places and even objects. This transcendent bond pulls families together by guiding you from one pivotal place or person to the next, conducting you gently forward into the past.

I have always loved history, especially as it relates to the family, but I didn't seriously begin researching my family history until I retired from working outside the home. It wasn't long before I began getting hints that members of different branches of my family from the Jones Run/Shinnston/Lumberport area of northern Harrison County (now West) Virginia joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in the 1830s period.

It became clear that many of these early Latter-day Saints subsequently were part of the exodus to Kirtland, Ohio; Far West, Missouri; Nauvoo, Illinois, and the Great Salt Lake Valley. This intrigued me as I am an LDS convert and didn't think I would ever have that special thrill that comes from having Mormon pioneers as a part of my heritage - the epicenter of which was on the very
Autumn near Franklin

ground where I spent the happiest years of my childhood.

It also explains how a local legend got started that Joseph Smith, founder of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, once stayed a week with my 3rd great grandfather, Ludwell Rogers, of Jones Run.\(^{(10)}\)

I combed through many journals searching for information for this book and was very surprised to read an entry concerning my great grandparents I. C. and Clarinda Hill of Weston, Lewis County, West Virginia. Edgar B. Wimer served there as a missionary from 1906 to 1908.

He referred to them in the entry for November 6, 1906, writing, “I met a kind lady by the name of Mrs. Hill who asked me to come back again.” On the 7\(^{th}\) he wrote, “We then went and took dinner with Isaac C. Hill, who had a sick boy at the time, (possibly my grandfather, Cecil J. Hill) but treated us nicely. When leaving they all asked us to come back. We were the first elders ever stopped with them. We helped Mr. Hill put out a fire which was in his neighbors fence before we left. He said we were welcome whenever we came back.”

Later in the journal Elder Wimer mentions writing to I.C. Hill, but unfortunately, didn’t note whether or not they were converted. I searched through the Eastern States Mission records for 1900 to 1910 and didn’t see their names.

One day my Grandma Hill casually told me that LDS missionaries used to board with them at their home in Clarksburg and gave me a picture of my dad on the porch getting a haircut from a missionary. This house still stands today on S. Chestnut Street. Another, albeit slight, connection.

**Franklin, West Virginia was another birthplace of early Latter-day Saints** and is also special to me. I spent my summers there and also went to school in Franklin for a year while living with my aunt and uncle, Harold and Lois Smith Arbogast. I had no idea my Hill ancestors were from the same area until a few years later when I learned this was where my great grandfather, I. C. Hill, was born. His parents were George W. and Emily Caroline Shreves Hill who lived on a “level” at Upper Tract, just outside Franklin. Emily was from the nearby Smoke Hole region.
The first LDS Church building in West Virginia was built in Franklin by young missionaries in 1905/06.

However, before the chapel's dedication in July 1906 there were rumored threats it would be destroyed. Bullet holes in the door are evidence of further antagonism.[14]

When Ray and I were married in 1962, we lived in Parkersburg, West Virginia. We drove clear across the state for district conferences, five hours on narrow, twisting mountain roads, to Franklin and the little country church. At that time the facilities were still outside, heat was from a potbelly stove, and conferences lasted all day. We thought nothing of bundling up a baby and driving five hours to meet at 10:00 a.m. We broke for lunch (which we packed and brought with us, supplemented by the delicious food provided by wonderful cooks) and met again at 1:00 p.m. for another two hours. And of course there were other meetings in between and after and we still had to drive home to Parkersburg. Those were the good old days.

Marquis Lafayette "Lafe" Harbert, my great grandfather, was mentioned in the journal of William H. Freeman, Jr., who served a mission in the Barbour County area of West Virginia from November 1890 to March 1892. At the time this was a part of the Pennsylvania Conference of the Northern States Mission. While he was journeying to his mission field he passed through Olive, Little Rock Camp, Harrison County, West Virginia. This is just over Loy Hill from the town of Brown where I was born.

Brother Freeman wrote, "Held a meeting and Mr. Marquis L. Harbert entertained Brother Thomas and I." This meant he and his companion, Hyrum F. Thomas, were fed and housed by Lafe Harbert.

Great Grandpa Harbert died just a few months before I was born. His wife, my Great-Grandma Harriet "Annie" Thompson Harbert, died when I was three. I remember her lying-in-state in her casket in the front room of my grandpa and grandma Charlie and Mary Harbert.
Smith's home in Brown. This was my first experience with death and it seemed a perfectly natural event and didn't traumatize me in the least. I think we've lost a lot in not keeping watch over our dead in the home as they did in past years. This was in the same house where both my mother and I were born, which has since burned down.

My 3rd great grandfather, Elijah Marsh, entertained missionary Elias Smith, 1st cousin of Joseph Smith, for at least one night. He said he liked the Latter-day Saints very well but did not believe in water baptism nor in their Prophet, Joseph Smith, etc. The Marshes were pioneers of Brown.

When our daughter, Molly, the above bundled baby, graduated from Brigham Young University and married a Utah man, Brian Larson, also a BYU graduate, I was concerned because she was so far away from family. However, she is surrounded by relatives, both living and dead. Descendants of Jonathan Lewis and Sarah Harbert Harvey still live in Pleasant Grove, about five miles from American Fork where Brian and Molly have their home. Many Boggesses still live in Sandy and there are Smiths at Draper, both towns a few miles up the road toward Salt Lake City. Other surnames associated with Harrison County also frequently pop up. She has kin in nearly every town and city along the Wasatch Front and beyond.

In 2005, we decided to join her in Utah and are continually bumping into descendants of those families. Their story is worth telling and preserving. Here is as much of it as I could find. I hope you enjoy it as much as I have.
CHAPTER ONE

**In the 1830s the spirit of God** was poured forth and manifested itself in the conversion of many valiant Latter-day Saints from Jones Run, between Lumberport and Shinnston, West Virginia. Many of them became church leaders, builders and pioneers who sacrificed everything they had, including their lives in many cases, setting a worthy example of obedience and righteousness. They were talented, dynamic leaders and established worthy, faithful families which became part of the foundation of the early church.

**Jones Run is a small stream** that meanders southeast from its origin on Kern's Hill towards Lumberport, a village about three miles away in northern Harrison County. The road is named for this "run," which it follows. By traveling via Jones Run, Shinns Run and other back roads you'll eventually reach Shinnston, if you're not distracted by the scenery and decide to just sit and enjoy.

I was born near this area and, on my great-grandfather Charles A. Boggess farm, spent the happiest years of my childhood with my parents, Charles and Louise Smith Hill, and my younger sister, Janet. After dad came home from WW II, we had moved into the house built by my paternal grandparents, Cecil and Wanda Boggess Hill, on land given them by her father. They had moved to the city of Clarksburg.

The Boggesses are my father's maternal ancestors and the Harberts and Smiths are my mother's maternal and paternal lines. These families and others each played roles in developing this branch of the Church.

Most of my ancestors had settled in the Jones Run area at the earliest beginnings (c.1780/1790) of Harrison County and I still feel strongly attached to this land of green hills and hollers. My maiden name is Hill, appropriate for one whose roots are deeply implanted in the state whose anthem is *The West Virginia Hills*.
I went to grade school at the two-room school at Dola. It had outside toilets, a pump for water and a coal fired stove. My only sibling, Janet, was still a preschooler when she and I roamed the lush, green countryside riding double on a retired mail horse, accompanied by our collie dog. They were named, appropriately and respectively, Ranger and Rover.

Ranger loved "his" girls and put up with treatment he'd never tolerate from an adult. Rover originally belonged to neighbors but constantly broke his tether and ran off to our house, even after they moved several miles away. They finally gave up and let us keep him.

We bummed cookies off neighbors, helped in the hay fields, picked berries, explored the pastures and woodlands, drank from the springs and played in family cemeteries.

I carved my initials in a tree that I'm pleased to report is still standing though scarred, weather beaten and many years older. I can relate to that. We were totally clueless that this place had fostered anything but a source of entertainment just for us. I'm so happy that we eventually learned more about what made this place so special.

The 2nd Great Awakening was what the religious excitement of the early 1800s was called, the 1st being from 1720 into the 1740s. Revivals were held frequently in an attempt to provide answers for those who sought spiritual guidance. Most people were very open to other religions and it was common for pastors of various denominations to be invited to preach in different churches. This was the atmosphere that awaited the missionaries who were guided into Harrison County.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was organized in April 1830 and missionaries were almost immediately sent out. There was a lot of movement on the roads and rivers between LDS church headquarters at Kirtland, Ohio, and Harrison County between 1835 and 1840, and the Harrison County branch grew rapidly. LDS Missionaries usually traveled from Kirtland, near Lake Erie, southward to the Ohio River where they floated to some point in West Virginia's northern
panhandle where they crossed into Beaver, Washington, or Greene Counties, Pennsylvania. They then roughly followed the Monongahelia River to its West Fork which led them to Fairmont, then known as Middletown, then to Clarksburg, preaching as they came. They traveled by boat, foot or "Shank's Mare" without purse or script, depending on hospitable strangers for food and shelter.

One of the unwritten rules of society was that everyone should share what they had with ministers of the gospel.

Missionaries sometimes would follow the Ohio further south and cross into West Virginia at New Martinsville or Sistersville and follow the Middlebourne/Shinnston Pike to Harrison County. They built up a budding branch in Middlebourne in Tyler County, which furnished some early church members in Utah.

Branches other than Jones Run and Shinnston in northern West Virginia mentioned in various missionary journals were in Morgantown, Smithtown and Cheat Neck in Monongahelia County, Middletown (now Fairmont) in Marion County and Booths Creek and Bingamon Creek in Harrison County.

On at least one occasion missionaries traveled as far south as my former home in Parkersburg, Wood County, West Virginia, before following the Northwestern Turnpike (now US Route 50) to Clarksburg, the county seat of Harrison County. They must have had some success in this area as Elizabeth, near Parkersburg, furnished at least two families to the early church; James and John Cazier were members of the Mormon Battalion before settling in Idaho and Utah.\(^{1}\) In the February 24, 1996 issue of the Church News, a Donald A. Cazier was called to be a mission President. I can't help but wonder if he is a descendant. I felt he was occupied with more important things so I didn't try to contact him.

Speaking of Parkersburg –

... in 1900, a dispatch was sent from Parkersburg to a New York paper, and tells of some difficulty. It was settled by the gentlemanly and courteous demeanor of Mormon Elders, who seemed to have been the indirect cause of the trouble.

... the Elders asked the proper authorities for the use of the City Hall to hold a meeting, and the matter was laid before the city council. Before that body could take action thereon, the women of Parkersburg, under the usual inspiration we presume, held an indignation meeting and protested against the use of the city hall for such purposes.
The result was that the hall was denied the Elders.

But the mayor seems to be a gentleman with liberal views and he vetoed that act of the council and told the Elders they could use the hall as long as they desired. The Elders, however, in view of the divided opinions on the subject, declined the mayor's kind offer and hired a private hall. The trouble, it is said, lasted for weeks and attracted keen interest in religious circles in state. (21)

I was pleased to see an article concerning the western Virginia mission in the 1995/1996 Church Almanac. It seems that as early as 1832 Elders Amasa M. Lyman and Luke S. Johnson baptized forty converts in Cabell County, West Virginia. (Incidently, Amasa Lyman's 4th great, grandson, Adam Lyman, also served a mission in West Virginia. He was in Parkersburg in December 1996 and early 1997.)

These brethren are also mentioned in the Doctrine and Covenants. Amasa Lyman in D&C 124, Luke Johnson in D&C 68 and Lyman Sherman (another missionary) in D&C 124.

William W. M'Lellin and Luke Johnson also preached in Ohio County. Then in the fall of 1834 Elders Lorenzo D. Barnes and Samuel James began raising up a branch of the Church in Shinnston, which would include the Jones Run people. On August 18-20, 1837, a conference had been held in Shinnston with about twelve hundred in attendance, more than we usually have at our stake conferences today. This listed some other missionaries and research sources. (36)

The same year as the conference, Elder George A. Smith, a first cousin of Joseph Smith, taught a grammar school in or near Shinnston and labored as a missionary as opportunity offered. There were at that time about 75 members of the LDS Church in the Shinnston branch. (20)

In his journal, Elder Smith said, "I attended conference at Shinnston, Harrison County, Virginia. There were about 70 Saints represented in different parts of the country. Elder Samuel James presided at the conference. Elders Lorenzo D. Barnes, Elias Smith, Solon Foster, John Lyons, Francis G. Bishop and Priest Jesse Turpin were present, having gathered in from their adjacent fields of labor to see each other and report progress. I preached at Shinnston meetinghouse on the Friday afternoon. Saturday and Sunday were spent in preaching and on Monday the elders met in council at the house of Augustus Boggess."

He had written earlier, "Elder John Lyons, who resided in the
neighborhood, was appointed president of the branch. Seven persons were baptized in Jones Run by Elder Samuel James, one of them a young lady named Bathsheba W. Bigler."

Concerning his need for employment, George wrote,

"I became aware that my clothing was beginning to wear out and so needed to buy a new suit. I took (taught) two grammar classes, one on West Fork and another on Jones Run, (possibly the school financed by Ludwell Rogers and Augustus Boggess) and taught about two months, and in this way procured myself some clothing."

I followed up on these and other clues and discovered that the missionary effort in this part of the world yielded spectacular results for the time and place. There were dozens of converts and hundreds more interested in the message. These people included community leaders and ministers. Most were related to me and many were baptized in the part of Jones Run which ran through my 3rd great-granduncle Augustus March Boggess' farm.

Curiosity changed to love which developed into a spiritual bond with people I never knew, but who seemed to approve of this project--truly a labor of love. My discoveries further enabled me to understand why my feelings about these places went deeper than mere familiarity.

It appears that the Jones Run/Shinnston/Lumberport area of Harrison County was a place where Saints were born and prepared for special missions during the restoration of the gospel on earth. I believe their contributions made a significant impact on the growth of The Church of Jesus Christ of latter-day Saints, which continues today. These earliest conversions occurred many years before we arrived on the scene, but Janet and I were similarly prepared when we too converted many years later. I moved away when I graduated from high school, but my sister joined the LDS church while still living with our parents in Clarksburg and subsequently converted me. She has my eternal gratitude for her sensitivity to the Holy Spirit.

Central West Virginia was peopled mainly by those of Celtic heritage, toughened by their New England or eastern Virginia experiences, traditionally seekers of truth and independence, warriors who fought to the death rather than face dishonor. I found
a good description of these people written by Edmund Campion\textsuperscript{1}, martyred 1581:

"The people are thus inclined: religious, franke, amorous, irefull, sufferable of paines infinite, very glorious, many sorcerers, excellent hospitalitie... . . They are sharpe-witted, lovers of lerning, capable of any studie whereunto they bend themselves, constant in travaile, adventurous, intractable, kinde-hearted . . . .

They migrated from the eastern United States in the mid to late 18th century, crossing the weather-beaten Appalachian mountains. When they came to the gentle hills of Harrison County, they were reminded of their homes in the old country. Here they set to work creating a new homeland in spite of frequent objections by the native peoples, mostly Shawnee.

**Native American people had utilized this land** as a hunting ground for hundreds of years though they didn't actually dwell here other than during hunting season. They respected the earth for its bounteous goodness but owning it and fencing others out was beyond their comprehension. The French and British also recruited them to discourage the newest Americans. Some were discouraged, but the strongest stayed.

These pioneers had to clear virgin forests so thick you couldn't see the sky let alone drive a wagon. Wild grapevines grew over and hung down from the trees forming a dense canopy and underbrush which they called "The Big Shade." Because the frontiersmen had to hack through them, the roads were little more than footpaths. Even riding a horse wasn't easy. Importing goods was very difficult as Winchester, on the other side of the mountains, was the nearest place to obtain supplies and it was a thirty-day round trip in good weather. They had to make what they needed and grow or hunt what they ate.

The women had to be as stalwart as the men. They didn't shrink into the corner and cover their heads while their menfolk fought for their lives. They killed their own snakes no matter what form they came in with children clinging to their skirts and another one growing under their aprons. This was a worthy training ground for saints-to-be.

\textsuperscript{1}Scholar and sainted Catholic martyr of England 1540-1581.
The branch in Shinnston grew rapidly for two years and then began to decline as the leaders left to join the Saints in Zion and persecution worsened. On May 1, 1840, Jesse Turpin and William W. Bush returned to Harrison County, where Brother Turpin had proselyted. They gave out an appointment for the following Sunday but only three came to hear them. The branch of the Church at this time was in a bad condition. The missionaries left on the 6th. The branches were discontinued by the mid 1840s. West Virginia had sacrificed her early branches to build the Church elsewhere.

This state still had to experience the devastation of the Civil War in which it seceded from the mother state of Virginia on June 20, 1863. As you read, remember that in 1832 it was still Virginia but because we now relate to it as West Virginia, I will refer to it by the modern name.

I didn't find any evidence that Joseph Smith ever ventured further into West Virginia than Wheeling, in 1832, where he purchased paper to publish the Book of Commandments. However, his brother, Don Carlos and first cousins, George A. and Elias Smith were in the region as missionaries. They were probably the Smiths who stayed with Ludwell Rogers. They all left some documentation of their missions, but Elias Smith was especially well educated and articulate. His journal proved to be an excellent source of information. Because of their contact with the Smith family, the Harrison County converts were particularly close to the Prophet Joseph.

MISSIONARIES TO HARRISON COUNTY

There were many worthy LDS missionaries who served in Harrison County but the one with the biggest impact was Lorenzo Dow Barnes. When Ray and I visited Kirtland in 2009, tears came to my eyes when I read his name in the receipts book of the Newel K. Whitney store. He had purchased a Hebrew grammar book for $1.50. He and others had studied Hebrew with Joseph Smith in Kirtland with Professor Joshua Seixas for two hours a day from January 26 through March 26, 1836.

Elder Lorenzo Dow Barnes seemed to be the nucleus of the LDS missionary effort. He was baptized in June 1833, in Norton, Medina County, Ohio, and immediately began serving the first of many missions that occupied his whole life. Elder Barnes labored in Harrison County at various times from 1835 to 1837. He had been named for a famous traveling minister, Lorenzo Dow, who also
preached in Clarksburg in the 1830's.  

Because Elder Barnes wasn't well educated and had a speech impediment, he was singled out by the sectarian preachers and was often the object of attack. Nevertheless, he experienced unusual success—after every debate baptisms followed. Lorenzo overcame the speech impediment by faith and perseverance and became an orator of superior power.  

Lorenzo left us a marvelous account of his labors in which he listed four converts that he baptized in Harrison County on September 8, 1837. They are William Harvey, Achsah Boggess, Betsy Harbert and William Coffman. I am related to all of them by blood or marriage. He too felt the area was blessed as illustrated in his journal

... I had come to this part of the land ... [as] a stranger and alone and knew not where to lay my head but ... friends I found on the right and left ... the standard has been raised. The little branch of the church ... was rising like a Rock in the midst of the Ocean in spite of storms of persecution that were beating against it. Multitudes flocked to hear and scores pressed forward into the kingdom of God ... many attend who have not ... attend[ed] meetings for years for say they, The Bible seemed like a sealed book to us before - it was dark - our souls not understanding it but since we have heard you preach it appears plain ... .

This enquiry after truth has not been confined to the lower class of people but all classes have been made partakers ... of its influence. One of these was Elder Levi Shinn, called "Elder" due to his ministerial status. He was a local pastor famous for seeking truth, who was extremely supportive of the missionaries. He told them that, "he had been preaching very much the same doctrine as we preach and he has been looking for something like this to come ... Your preaching grows better and better - your doctrine makes all those little crooked places in the Bible straight ... ."  

Elder Levi's journals are an outstanding source of information for local historians.

The town of Shinnston was founded by the Shinn family in the late 1700's and I am just one of their many descendants. As far as I know, Reverend Levi Shinn wasn't baptized but his son, Alpheus, was.

Others in this family may have converted or at least were sympathetic. Another son of Levi's, Asa Jonathan Shinn, married Ann Flowers, sister of Dr. Jesse

Shinnston, WV today.
Flowers, another staunch supporter of the LDS church and respected physician. Levi's daughter, Charlotte Shinn, married Thomas Harbert, a cousin of LDS convert, Sarah Harbert Harvey. Some in the Shinn family made their way to the Salt Lake Valley as a type of Utah barbed wire is named for them.

Dr. Jesse Flowers was considered "one of the greatest preachers of the Methodist Church in this region ... a man of independent spirit ... now a candidate for the Legislature of the State." He offered his home to Brother Barnes, saying, "Stay as long as you please ... I [am] a magistrate and there is a meeting house in Shinnston ... you may preach as much in it as you please and in the region roundabout and if any person or persons interrupt you I will take care of them." Lorenzo said, "... he is our friend and I trust will soon become our brother." Other champions were a Dr. Wade and the editor of the Clarksburg paper who refused to publish "scandalous reports" pressed upon him by "some who could not first derive the truth by scripture and fair argument."(2)

Lorenzo Barnes died of typhus at Idle, Bradford, England on December 20, 1842, at the age of 30, the first missionary to die on a foreign mission, and was buried in the graveyard of the Holy Trinity Church at Idle.

The following excerpts are taken from Heritage, The Story of Transatlantic Missionary Zeal Told in Hidden Epitaph by J. C. Jackson.

An interesting story is connected to Lorenzo's burial and tombstone. In 1852 the body was exhumed and sent to Salt Lake City for reinterment. The story is related in the official history of Holy Trinity Church published in 1980 to mark the 150th anniversary of its consecration.

Wright Watson, the noted local historian, in his book Idlethorp, claims the [epitaph] bears the following inscription:

In memory of Lorenzo de Barnes, who died 20th December, 1840. (Actually 1842)
He was a native of the United States, an elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter-day Saints and a member of the High Priests' Quorum in Camp in the year 1834.
He was one of the first Gospel Messengers from Nauvoo who has found a grave in a foreign land. Sleep on, Lorenzo, and ere long from this The conquered grave shall yield its captive prey. Then with thy Quorum shall thou reign in bliss, A king and priest to an eternal day.

The tombstone is still there but has been securely affixed against a stone wall in such a manner that the front of the tablet, bearing Barnes's details, is permanently hidden from view, while the outward-facing rear side has on it particulars relating to the interments of family of the sexton, named Shuttleworth. He may have assisted in the exhumation and then negotiated acquisition of the redundant tablet as part of his compensation.

This fascinating story has an interesting sequel. In 1980, some enterprising members of Holy Trinity Church decided to release the stone from the wall and temporarily expose the Barnes inscription in order to both photograph and make a rubbing of it for display at the 150th anniversary exhibition.

Following some press publicity, the Vicar was approached by one of the elders of a local Mormon Church who asked about the possibility of acquiring the rubbing for deposit in the Mormon archives in Salt Lake City.

Happy to oblige, the members of Idle Church gave the rubbing for dispatch to the United States and expected to hear no more of the Barnes' saga. Some time later, however, they were pleasantly surprised to receive from the Mormon archives photocopies of documents relating to the Idle missionary's final journey.

It appears that, after their journey, Elder Barnes' remains were received by Bishop Edward Hunter on September 3, 1852. Subsequently they were again laid to rest in Salt Lake City in surroundings somewhat different from those at Idle.

Almost 50 years later, on May 11, 1902, a memorial was erected over Barnes's second grave, the ceremony being witnessed by a large gathering of the brethren.⁶ Lorenzo's remains were disinterred and brought to Salt Lake City due to the wish of Joseph Smith. The
When Joseph Smith received notice of Lorenzo's death via a letter from Parley P. Pratt, it became an occasion for a sermon. The chief cause of his mourning for Brother Barnes was that he was buried in a strange land. He said,

[it is a privilege] to have our dead buried on the land where God has appointed to gather His Saints together and where there will be none but Saints, where they may have the privilege of laying their bodies where the Son of Man will make His appearance, and where they may hear the sound of the trump that shall call them forth to behold Him, that in the morn of the resurrection they may come forth in a body, and come up out of their graves and strike hands immediately in eternal glory and felicity, rather than be scattered thousands of miles apart. There is something good and sacred to me in this thing. The place where a man is buried is sacred to me. When I heard of the death of our beloved Brother Barnes, it would not have affected me so much, if I had the opportunity of burying him in the land of Zion. 

While researching at the LDS Church Historical Department, I came upon the diary of Elijah F. Sheets, in which he mentions Elder Barnes. Brother Sheets had been converted through the preaching of Lorenzo D. Barnes and also went on a mission to England. Elder Barnes had died in 1842 and, before Elder Sheets was released in 1845, he was asked to oversee the completion of Lorenzo's tombstone. The man who was to carve the inscription didn't complete it on time and Elder Sheets had to contact him several times, but was pleased with it when it was finally finished. He said, "I helped to put it up in the church yard and it looked very well .... And I think it will be as good as a standing teacher for it stands just before the church door and all the people that goes into the church can plainly see it. And the inscription is very plain."

Lorenzo preached in Pennsylvania more than he did in West Virginia so he is mentioned in A Brief History of the Pennsylvania Pittsburgh Mission compiled by Garry E. Bryant.

Elder Barnes turned his route from Westmoreland County toward West Virginia ... . One to two days into West Virginia he preached "where Elder S. James and Phineas Young had held a number of meetings better than a year before .... ." The work progressed so well in Harrison County, West Virginia, that Elder Barnes traveled eighty miles down the Monongahelia River into Pennsylvania and called upon Elder S. James for help in the work in western Virginia.
Elder Barnes also baptized Edwin D. Wooley from West Chester, Chester County, Pennsylvania. He became one of the great men of the Church, and his grandson, J. Reuben Clark, Jr. was a Counselor in the First Presidency of the Church. Brother Wooley was also taught by George A. Smith.

MISSIONARIES FROM the JOSEPH SMITH FAMILY

Elder Elias Smith was the first cousin of Joseph Smith. His journal is a historical treasure trove that his family placed in the BYU Archives for all of us to enjoy. It's not as detailed as one would hope but nevertheless presents an interesting profile of activity in Harrison County for the period July through September 1837, when Elder Smith ministered to the people there.

On June 19, 1837, he and companion Solon Foster left Kirtland on his first mission to preach the Gospel. They preached at every opportunity, crossed the Ohio River at Wellsburg, West Virginia, and followed the Monongahelia River, reaching Middletown or Fairmont on July 3rd. From there they went to Shinnston and up Ten Mile Creek and Jones Run to Brother [John] Lyons.\(^{(62)}\)

July 4, 1837: We found them well and were rejoicing to meet with brethren once more after traveling so long in the mud and rain through a hilly country. The weather extremely warm. My feet worn out almost, and in body somewhat exhausted. There was a small branch of the Church here in this mountainous place consisting of fifteen or sixteen members. The road from the Ohio River to the Monongahelia passes through a hilly, and in some places, rough and mountainous country. The face of the country in Monongahelia and Harrison counties is rough in the extreme and the people live on the streams which run between the hills.

July 7, 1837: Went to Mr. Abner G. Wamsley [first cousin one generation removed from Absalom Wamsley Smith] ... to hear Brother Turpin preach, whom I found there in good health. A tremendous storm in the evening.

July 8: Attended an appointment at Brother Alonzo Boggess' (my 3rd great-grandfather) at 4:00 p.m. Elder Foster addressed a small congregation on the first principles of the gospel.

July 9: Went seven miles to an appointment of Brother Turpin's at Brother Jacob Bigler's on Bingamon Creek, and in the afternoon returned to Mr. Augustus Boggess' and addressed a large congregation, more than could get into the house, so we retired into the orchard and spoke on the gathering of Israel and Book of Mormon. The best of attention was in general given. Afterward retired to the
house and confirmed Brothers A. Boggess and J. Bigler and Sister Frances Cunningham, and attended to the Lord's supper, which was administered by Brother Lyons.

July 10: Left Brother Lyons and went to Mr. J. Barber's and took dinner, then took the road to Salem. Forded Ten Mile Creek five times, traveled nine miles and put up for the night with Mr. Elijah Marsh (my 3rd great-grandfather), who said he liked the Latter-day Saints very well but did not believe in water baptism nor in their Prophet, Joseph Smith, etc.

July 11: Went to Mr. William Martin's, (could be the William Martin who married Nancy Lyons, daughter of John Lyons) took dinner and left an appointment for the next Sabbath. Went from thence to Mr. William Davis on the State Road to Parkersburg, stayed over night, and left an appointment for the next Saturday, the 15th.

July 12: Went from Mr. Davis' on the State Road toward Marietta, Ohio, to the bridge across Middle Island Creek, turned down the Creek toward Middlebourne in Tyler County and stayed with Mr. Squire Layne overnight. Traveled this day thirteen miles.

July 13: Went down the Middle Island Creek four miles to Mr. Hyrum Layne's, took dinner with him and left an appointment for the next Sabbath at twelve o'clock. Parted with Brother Foster after dinner, who returned to fill the appointments we had previously made, and pursued my journey toward Middlebourne four miles, making twelve miles today, and put up for the night at George Lefevers.

July 13-26: Elias and Solon preached in the vicinity of Middlebourne, Arnolds Creek and Centerville. Some other names mentioned were James Weekley, Mr. Freeman, Mr. Stoneking, Mr. Bond, Samuel Underwood, Thomas Ankrum, John S. Wells, Abram and Aaron Shinn, Mr. Jones and Thomas A. Jones, and Mr. Stark. He worked several days for Mr. Jones with whom he stayed most of the time.

The people there were very receptive to the gospel. He commented of one meeting: "Preached on the second coming of Christ. Good attention was given, though when I offered to preach to them again, one of them said that I had told them nothing but what they believed in and intimated that they wanted no more. At 5:00 p.m. I preached again at Mr. Freeman's, three miles below, to a small congregation on the first principles of the gospel from 1st Galatians. Had greater liberty than before, and the people did not appear so much bound by tradition as those I addressed at Mr. Layne's, for they were not as ... universally Methodist. Was slightly opposed after I got through by Mr. Yater, New Light preacher, but not confounded. Traveled many miles today. Retired late to rest much fatigued from the exercises of the day, thankful for the blessings I had received.
from my Heavenly Father during the day."

July 27: Elder Foster returned to Harrison County and I returned to Mr. Shinn's and attended to my appointment at 4:00 p.m. Preached on the necessity of having prophets in the Church from Ephesians, Chapter 4, to a small assembly of people who were astonished at what they heard, and as I thought, many believed all that I said to them.

Aug. 16: Started for Shinnston to attend the Conference which had been appointed to commence on the 18th. Traveled sixteen miles and stayed over night with Mr. Thomas A. Jones, after having been refused once the hospitality due to the servants of the Lord.

Aug. 17: Traveled twenty-seven miles. It rained in the afternoon and prevented my getting to Jones Run, and I stayed overnight with Mr. Stark, three miles from Brother Lyons, where I went in the morning.

Aug. 18: Found Elder Barnes. From thence to Brother Harvey's and met Elders G. Bishop, G.A. Smith, S. Foster, Marcellus F. Cowdery, and Brother J. Turpin. The Conference was there organized and adjourned till the 21st at 10:00 a.m. at Bro. Augustus Boggess'. From Bro. Harvey's we went to Shinnston, six miles, where we met Elder S. James and Elder G. A. Smith. Preached in the afternoon to a small congregation.

Aug. 19: Elder L. Barnes preached in the forenoon and Elder Francis Bishop in the afternoon to a respectable congregation.

Aug. 20 (Sunday): A larger collection of people than had ever before assembled in this place on any occasion attended. More than one half than could get into the meeting house in the afternoon. A spirit of restlessness appeared afterwards as we ascertained. Some were desirous of raising a mob, but were prevented by the more civil part of the community who were by far the most numerous. At five Elder Barnes addressed them again, after which the Elders present spoke, exhorted, and bore testimonies.

Retired to Brother Lyons' in the evening.

Aug. 21: Attended the conference at Bro. Boggess'. Brother Hoopes from Columbiana was ordained a Priest and four were baptized.

Aug. 22: A meeting was held at Brother Boggess'. The Elders gave a short history of their travels. The members of the Church were called on to express their feelings... We had a glorious meeting, after which two more were baptized.

Aug. 23: Helped Brother Lyons part of the day about his haying.

Aug. 24: Went to Shinnston in company with Brother Cowdery. Found a letter from my father. From thence to Mr. Bigler's, where a meeting
was held. Elder James preached and Elders Barnes, Bishop, Foster, Cowdery and myself spoke, exhorted, and bore testimony. We had an excellent meeting. Elder Bishop spoke in tongues. Went home with Mr. Gov Shinn who treated us kindly.

Aug. 25: Went to Brother G. Lee’s, about six miles from Shinnston, stayed there and spent the day in conversation on various subjects. Rained hard in the night.

Aug. 26: Held a meeting at Mr. Freeman’s, one mile from Brother Lee's on Booth's Creek at 2:00 p.m. Had a small congregation. Preached on the first principles of the gospel from Ephesians, Chapter 4, after Brother Cowdery bore testimony. Good attention was given. Stayed over night at Mr. Freeman's. A tremendous shower of rain in the evening which raised the creeks equal to anything of the kind ever known in this country. Much damage done, etc.

Aug. 27: Two years today since I was ordained an Elder of the church. Held a meeting at twelve o'clock 3 ½ miles from Brother Lee's on Booths Creek at Mr. Crytier's, a Revolutionary soldier. Had a respectable congregation and good attention given ... . Brother Cowdery spoke a short time and bore testimony. I took dinner after meeting with Mr. Crytier and returned to Bro. Lee's. The day being pleasant, we held the meeting in a grove.

NOTE: From correspondence with Jack Sandy Anderson. Mr. Crytier is actually Leonard Critzer, a New Jersey veteran of the Revolution, who settled along what is now the Shinn's Run road, a short distance from its intersection with Route 73. Mr. Critzer's daughter married Eugenius Clark and was the mother of Mr. Clark's children. Abner Wamsley's widow (Lavinia Shinn) married Clark as his second wife. Eugenius Clark lived in Shinnston on lower Ferry Street, now Walnut Street, and was the long-ago town's wheelwright and ferryman; he was also a good cabinetmaker. His son, Leonard Clark, named for Leonard Critzer, was greatly beloved by his grandfather Critzer and spent much time in the Critzer home when he was a child and a young man. Leonard served as an officer in the Union Army during the Civil War and was killed. It's possible that the Mr. Clark is the Eugenius Clark, mentioned in the above paragraph.

Aug. 28: Left Brother Lee's in the forenoon, went to Shinnston, took dinner at Mr. Clark's, then went to Bro. Jonathan Harvey's (husband of my 1st cousin, three generations removed, Sarah Harbert) on Robinson Run. Traveled about twelve miles today. Stayed there over night.
Aug. 29: Spent the forenoon in writing a letter. In the afternoon Brother Turpin called on his way to Shinnston and Brother T. and myself went out and helped Brother Harvey bind up some oats and stayed over night.

Elder Smith began wending his way home to Kirtland arriving there on September 14, 1837. (62)

Elias Smith had many earthly years to spend in the work of God as he was baptized when young and remained a faithful member all his life. He shared in the Saints' ordeals in Missouri and Nauvoo before he too followed the Church Westward. He used his talent as a writer to edit various church publications.

In Salt Lake City he was the Postmaster from July 1854 until Johnson's Army came in 1858. He was also a respected Judge and a regent of the University of Deseret, which became the University of Utah. This ordinance was approved on February 28, 1850 and established the first university west of the Missouri River. He was one of the few college graduates in the Valley at that time. Elias married Lucy Brown in 1845 with Brigham Young officiating; then Amy Jane King in 1856 and also Charity Smith. He died in Salt Lake City on June 24, 1888. (1)

Don Carlos Smith, beloved younger brother of Joseph Smith, also served a mission in Harrison County as a companion to his cousin, George A. Smith. Don Carlos had been trained by Oliver Cowdery to be a printer and was editor of the Times and Seasons, an LDS church newspaper. Upon his untimely death, this newspaper said editorially,

The death of Brother Smith ... so unexpected, caused a sensation, not only in the minds of his relatives, but also among his friends, which will never be forgotten. He was endeared to the Church and to his friends by all that was virtuous, honorable and exalted in a Christian and a man - to his wife and children, by all that was affectionate, kind and lovely in a parent and father - to his aged mother - who yet survives, by all that was dutiful and affectionate in a son. (8)

Joseph Smith wrote,

On July 23, 1839, I told Carlos and George A. to go and visit all the sick, exercise mighty faith and administer to them in the name of Jesus Christ, commanding the destroyer to depart and the people to arise and walk; and not leave a single person on the bed between my house and Ebenezer Robinson's, two miles distant; they administered to over 60 persons, many of whom thought they would never sit up again; but they were healed, arose from their beds, and gave glory to God; some of
them assisted in visiting and administering to others who were sick.

"He was six feet four inches high, was very straight and well made, had light hair, and was very strong and active, weighing about 200 pounds. He had married Agnes Molton Coolbrith at Kirtland and they had three daughters. During his absence on a mission in the fall of 1838 his wife and two little children were driven by the mob from their home and she was compelled to carry her children three miles through snow three inches deep, and wading through Grand River, which was waist deep, during the inclement weather. He returned about 25 December having traveled 1500 miles, 650 of which were on foot."(7)

George A. Smith also represented the Smith family but will be addressed later.

Others who labored as Harrison County missionaries included Samuel James, Marcellus F. Cowdery, Francis Gladden Bishop, Solon Foster, Jesse Turpin, Lyman Sherman, Warner Hoopes, William W. Bush, J. Robertson, George, D. Watt, Joshua Grant, Jr. and his brother, Jedediah M. Grant, father of Heber J. Grant, who became a president of the Church. Jedediah had written to the Bigler's that he might "again soon visit them."(18)(21)

OTHER HARRISON COUNTY MISSIONARIES

Joshua Grant, Jr., served a three-year mission, about 1839 to 1842, with his brother, to Virginia and North Carolina where the pair baptized two hundred converts and organized many branches of the church. He was the youngest missionary in the field at this time but it's not clear if or when he was in Harrison County. The Grants were also close to the Joseph Smith family. Their sister, Caroline, had married William Smith, youngest brother of Joseph. Caroline died in 1845 in Nauvoo and her remains were deposited in the same tomb as Joseph Smith.

In 1839 Joshua joined his brother in North Carolina and the two brothers reported about 40 baptisms and more calls for preaching than they could possibly fill.

Joshua would later preside over the church at Cincinnati. He migrated to Utah in 1847 with a private freighting outfit hauling material for the United States army part way. He married Louise Marie Goulay and they settled in Salt Lake City where Joshua's short life ended in 1851.(7)
Jedediah M. Grant and Joshua were two of the first Elders of the Church to preach the Gospel in the southern states. When Jedediah left his mission in Virginia in 1842, "He left the kind hearted people of Virginia with tears in their eyes."[31]

Jedediah was a part of Zion's Camp (see page 25) in 1834 and after returning from that journey was ordained an elder in the church and began that active work in the ministry of the New Dispensation that never ceased until the close of his eventful life. He was identified with practically all the movements of the church; with the exodus from Missouri; with the founding of Nauvoo; with the exodus from that city; with the building of Winter Quarters. He was captain of one of the "hundreds" (a unit of one hundred) in the migration of the saints across the plains in 1847, arriving in Salt Lake Valley in October of that year.[5]

His little daughter, Margaret, died and was buried in a shallow grave in a lonely place on the roadside. Soon after, his wife, Caroline Van Dyke Grant, sickened and died. It was her dying request to have her remains brought to the Great Salt Lake Valley for burial, and likewise to have the remains of her little daughter brought there to rest beside her.

Jedediah made a rude coffin for the body of his young and beautiful wife and strapped it to the side of his wagon. Caroline Grant was the first adult buried in Salt Lake City. To his sorrow, when he returned for the remains of his daughter he discovered that the wolves had dug up her body, devoured it, and scattered her bones so that there was nothing left to bring to the valley.

He became the first Mayor of Salt Lake City, and remained in that position until his death. On April 17, 1854, he was ordained an Apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ and was chosen by Brigham Young as second counselor in the First Presidency of the Church. He also was speaker of the house of the territorial legislature from 1852 to 1855 and superintendent of public works of SLC.[45]

Very early in his life he became distinguished as a preacher of righteousness. He was noted for his originality, resourcefulness, and power of persuasion. He never prepared his discourses, as
other ministers did, but studied the Gospel and stored his mind with the knowledge.

While on his mission in Jeffersonville, county seat of Tazewell County, Virginia, some doubters decided to put this to the test. This was the home of John B. Floyd, who subsequently became Secretary of War, and many other prominent men.

The room chosen was in the court house and it was packed to capacity. Mr. Floyd and a number of lawyers and ministers were present, and occupied front seats.

Elder Grant came in, walked to the stand and opened the meeting as usual. At the close of the second hymn, a clerk, appointed for the occasion, stepped forward and handed a paper (the text) to Elder Grant.

Brother Grant unfolded the paper and found it to be blank. Without any mark of surprise, he held the paper up before the audience, and said,

"My friends, I am here today according to agreement, to preach from such a text as these gentlemen might select for me. I have it here in my hand. I don't wish you to become offended at me, for I am under promise to preach from the text selected; and if anyone is to blame, you must blame those who selected it. I knew nothing of what text they would choose, but of all texts this is my favorite one.

You see the paper is blank (at the same time holding it up to view). You sectarians down here believe that out of nothing God created all things, and now you wish me to create a sermon from nothing, for this paper is blank.

Now, you sectarians believe in a God that has neither body, parts nor passions. Such a God I conceive to be a perfect blank, just as you find my text is. You believe in a church without prophets, apostles, evangelists, etc. Such a church would be a perfect blank, as compared with the Church of Christ, and this agrees with my text.

You have located your heaven beyond the bounds of time and space. It exists nowhere, and consequently your heaven is blank, like unto my text."

He went on until he had torn to pieces all the tenets of faith professed by his hearers; and then he proclaimed the principles of the gospel in great power. He wound up by saying, "Have I stuck to the text, and does that satisfy you?"(69)

As soon as he sat down, Mr. Floyd jumped up and said, "Mr. Grant, if
you are not a lawyer, you ought to be one." Then turning to the people, he added, "Gentlemen, you have listened to a wonderful discourse, and with amazement. Now take a look at Mr. Grant's clothes. Look at his coat! His elbows are almost out, and his knees are almost through his pants. Let us take up a collection."

A collection was taken which enabled Elder Grant to purchase a fine suit of clothes, a horse, saddle, and a bridle but not one contributor was a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints though some joined subsequently.

Jedediah had served another short mission in the winter of 1846/47, heading east from Winter Quarters. He purchased the materials for making a flag, which for several years floated over "the land of the free and the homes of the blest" in Salt Lake City, and was familiarly known as "the mammoth flag." He was promoted to the major-generalship of the first division of the Nauvoo Legion. He was an efficient officer, valiant, energetic and just. In the difficulties with the Indians he manifested considerable skill, and always was regarded as eminently jealous of the rights of the red men as well as of the safety of the whites.

He was "distinguished for the burning zeal that seemed to fire his bosom and keep him ever at work dispensing the blessings of the gospel to the people and awakening within them that enthusiasm and sincerity necessary to the faithful believer in pursuing the life of a Saint .... His .... God-given intelligence .... preserved him from fanaticism ...." (31)

Heber C. Kimball visited him shortly before his death and gave the following account. Jedediah said to him,

"Brother Heber, I have been into the spirit world two nights in succession .... I looked to see if there was any disorder there, but there was none; neither could I see any death, nor any darkness ... or confusion .... the people ... were organized in family capacities .... [I] saw the righteous gathered together in the spirit world, and there were no wicked spirits among them.

[My] wife Caroline .... was the first person that came to me .... [I] saw many that [I] knew, but did not have conversation with any but [my] wife .... and .... she looked beautiful and had [our] little child [Margaret] that died on the plains, in her arms .... when I looked at families, there was a deficiency in some .... for I saw families that would not be permitted to come and dwell together, because they had not honored their calling here.
... the temple erected by Solomon was much inferior to the most ordinary building [I] saw in the spirit world .... I have seen good gardens on this earth, but I never saw any to compare with those that were there. Some may marvel at my speaking about these things, for many profess to believe that we have no spiritual existence.

But do you not believe that my spirit was organized before it came to my body here? And do you not think there can be houses and gardens, fruit trees and every other good thing there? The spirits of those things are made as well as our spirits, and it follows that they can exist upon the same principles. [I] felt extremely sorrowful at having to leave so beautiful a place and come back to earth, for [I] looked upon [my] body with loathing, but was obliged to enter it again."

The editor of the Deseret News in closing his obituary, says:

"Brother Grant needs no eulogy, and least of all such a one as our language could portray, for his whole life was one of noble and diligent action upon the side of trust, of high toned and correct example to all who desire to be saved in the Kingdom of our God. As a citizen, as a friend, as a son, a husband, a father, and above all as a Saint, and in every station and circumstance of life, whether military, civil, or religious, he everywhere, and at all times, shed forth the steady and brilliant light of lofty and correct example, and died, as he lived and counseled, with his 'armor on and burnished.' Though the Saints deeply feel his departure, yet they can fully realize that it redounds to his and our infinite gain."

Jedediah M. Grant died at the early age of forty-one, as a result of overwork. Twenty-four years of his short but eventful life were spent in hard pioneering. President Brigham Young said, "He had lived more in 24 years than most men lived in 100 years. His son, LDS Church President Heber J. Grant, was much like him."

Elder Samuel James was at a conference held on October 8, 1837 in West Township, Columbiana County, Ohio, in which he gave quite an interesting account of his labors, in company with others, in Harrison County, Virginia. He stated that the church in that region, when he left, numbered seventy-one members in good standing and that the work of the Lord was in a very prosperous condition in Virginia. Lorenzo D. Barnes made remarks concerning his mission from Virginia to this place and the prosperity of the causes of righteousness.

I discovered a bit more about Samuel in A Brief History of the Pennsylvania/Pittsburgh Mission compiled by Elder Garry E. Bryant. He states, "One of the great local missionaries in Pennsylvania was
Elder Samuel James who lived south of Pittsburgh and was a mighty force in the work from 1835-1840. While traveling across Pennsylvania in 1839, visiting and strengthening branches, he and his brother [Lewis James] found a branch of some forty-one members in Leechburg, Armstrong County. It was raised up and organized by Father Nickerson the previous winter."

I could find no other trace of Samuel James in Early Church Records. I did, however, find a Samuel James who was a member of an apostate group lead from the church by Sidney Rigdon. At a conference of the "Rigdonites" in Pittsburgh a Samuel James was to be a counselor to the President of the Church, Sidney Rigdon. Samuel James had been a missionary companion of F. Gladden Bishop, who also founded his own brand of Mormonism.\(^{(16)}\)

**Marcellus F. Cowdery** - I found only brief references to Marcellus, not enough to complete a picture of him. He is mentioned in the minutes of the conference of the church in Shinnston where he was appointed clerk. In *Membership of the LDS Church 1830-1848* he is listed as a brother to Oliver Cowdery who had labored in Ohio and who was dis-fellowshipped in 1838. However, in this same record he and Oliver are listed with different parents, though born near each other, so he may be a cousin rather than a brother. He is also mentioned several times in Elias Smith's journal of his mission to Harrison County.

**William Bush and J. Robertson** - The only references to them were as missionary companions to Jesse Turpin and Lorenzo Barnes.

**Francis Gladden Bishop** - On June 4, 1837 he wrote from Uniontown, Pennsylvania to the *Messenger and Advocate*, an LDS newspaper, giving some particulars of his travels and mission since leaving Kirtland the previous April. He was traveling with Elder Samuel James and they planned to travel and preach in Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia.

However, Elder Bishop wasn't content to have Joseph Smith lead the church but said he too received revelations, which were contrary to those in the Doctrine and Covenants. After a trial he was removed from the fellowship of the Church. Brigham Young said of him in a sermon in the Tabernacle, "We have known F. Gladden Bishop for more than twenty years, and know him to be a poor, dirty curse ... if you want to apostatize, apostatize, and behave yourselves. You shall not disturb my peace, nor the peace of this people ... ."\(^{(16)}\)

**Lyman Sherman** is one of the few men who requested and received personal revelation through Joseph Smith, considered a Prophet, Seer and Revelator for the LDS church. This is found as Doctrine and
Covenants, Section 108, in part as follows:

Verily thus saith the Lord unto you, my servant Lyman: Your sins are forgiven you, because you have obeyed my voice in coming up hither this morning to receive counsel of him whom I have appointed.

Therefore, let your soul be at rest concerning your spiritual standing, and resist no more my voice.

And arise up and be more careful henceforth in observing your vows, which you have made and do make, and you shall be blessed with exceeding great blessings . . . .

There is a reference in A Brief History of the Pennsylvania Pittsburgh Mission to Elder Sherman taken from the journal of George A. Smith. "Elders Don Carlos Smith and Lyman Sherman visited the Saints in this region [Jones Run, Harrison County] in March 1838. I accompanied these brethren back to Kirtland the last of March 1838."

Lyman was a member of Zion's Camp and a high councilor at Kirtland. He died at Far West, Missouri. (1)

The Church had two centers of population between 1831 and 1838. Joseph Smith, members of the Council of the Twelve, and a large number of Saints lived in the Kirtland, Ohio area, while many other Church members lived in western Missouri, presided over by their appointed priesthood leaders. Important events were happening in both places at the same time, and officers of the Church traveled from one location to the other as necessary. Most of the following are excerpts from Chapter Four: "Establishing Zion in Missouri," Our Heritage: A Brief History of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Zion's Camp, a rescue group, was an organized band of about 200 unseasoned volunteers called to relieve the suffering of the Saints in Missouri, in the spring of 1834. The Mormons had been beaten and driven from Jackson County to Clay County, their property destroyed and their bishop tarred and feathered.

These atrocities eventually led to an armed conflict at the Big Blue River. Two in the mob and one Mormon were killed and several wounded. The Governor instructed both sides to be disarmed but the weapons of the Saints were diverted to the mob. The defenseless Saints were attacked and their property destroyed. Church leaders instructed them to flee from Jackson County so they sought refuge in
Clay County.

At this point Zion's Camp was organized in Kirtland and marched 1,000 miles to Missouri where gangs of Missourians attempted to attack them after they had settled down for the night. A terrible storm suddenly blew up, the mobs were scattered and couldn't join forces. Three days later Joseph Smith received a revelation (D&C 105:9-14) in which the Camp was told –

... wait for a little season for the redemption of Zion. That they themselves may be prepared, and that my people may be taught more perfectly and have experience and know more perfectly concerning their duty and the things I will require at their hands ... even so will I fulfil ... I will fight your battles. (D&C 105:9-14).

Later, the organizational pattern and experience of Zion's Camp was to be used in the great migration to the Salt Lake Valley. They may not have been able to fulfill their primary mission but they gained experience in organization and trekking long distances. Most of the Church leaders were chosen from among their numbers, including nine of the Twelve Apostles and all seventy members of the Quorum of Seventy.

Most of the Missouri Saints continued in Clay County until 1836, when they were reminded by the citizens of that county that they had promised to remain only until they could return to Jackson County. As this now seemed impossible, they were asked to leave as pledged. Legally the Saints did not have to comply, but rather than create a conflict, they moved once again. Through the efforts of their friend in the state legislature, Alexander W. Doniphan, two new counties, named Caldwell and Daviess, were created out of Ray County in December 1836. The Saints were allowed to establish their own community of Far West, about 60 miles north of Clay County, as the county seat of Caldwell. The primary officers of the county were Latter-day Saints, and many people hoped this would end the persecutions of the Saints.

After a difficult journey from Kirtland, Ohio, the Prophet Joseph Smith arrived in Far West, Missouri, in March 1838 and established the Church headquarters there. In May he went north into Daviess County and, while visiting the Grand River, prophetically identified the area as the Valley of Adam-ondi-Ahman, the “place where Adam shall come to visit his people” (D&C 116:1).
Adam-ondi-Ahman became the primary community of the Saints in Daviess County. The cornerstones for a temple were dedicated at Far West on 4 July 1838, and the Saints began to feel that they had at last found a respite from their enemies.

Persecution soon began again, however. On 6 August 1838, a mob of 100 people at the election polls in Gallatin, Daviess County, would not let the Saints cast their ballots. This led to a brawl in which several people were injured. The growing disorder fostered by the mob in Caldwell and Daviess Counties caused Governor Lilburn W. Boggs to bring in the state militia to keep the peace.

Captain Samuel W. Bogart, one of the militia officers, was in reality closely allied with the mob. He decided to begin a conflict by kidnapping three Latter-day Saints and holding them in his camp on the Crooked River in northwestern Ray County. A company of Latter-day Saint militia was dispatched to rescue these men, and a fierce battle was waged on 25 October 1838. Captain David W. Patten, one of the Twelve Apostles, led the company and was among those mortally wounded in the fray. David's wife, Phoebe Ann Patten; Joseph and Hyrum Smith; and Heber C. Kimball came from Far West to be with him before he died.

The Mormon Extermination Order and mob violence eventually completely drove the Saints from Missouri. The order was issued by Governor Boggs to his commanding officer, General Clark. This caused great suffering to the Saints as they were forced from their homes without compensation, beaten, raped and murdered.

Your orders are therefore to hasten your operations with all possible speed. The Mormons must be treated as enemies, and must be exterminated or driven from the state if necessary for the public peace.

On 30 October 1838, three days after the extermination order was issued, some 200 men mounted a surprise attack against the small community of Saints at Haun's Mill on Shoal Creek, Caldwell County. The assailants, in an act of treachery, called for those men who wished to save themselves to run into the blacksmith shop. They then took up positions around the building and fired into it until they thought all inside were dead. Others were shot as they tried to make their escape. In all, 17 men and boys were killed and 15 wounded.

This order wasn't rescinded until 1976. My sister, Janet Hill Goss, lived with her family in Liberty, Missouri, at that time and said, she was greatly relieved when it was repealed. I think she meant it as a joke.
Having been left destitute, they sought relief in Quincy, Illinois, where kind citizens took them in. This directive forced an exodus, in midwinter, from Missouri of approximately ten thousand men, women and children. The vast majority of the Missouri Mormons resettled in Commerce, Illinois, on swampy land by the Mississippi that no one else wanted. They drained it and renamed it Nauvoo, meaning beautiful city.

MORE MISSIONARIES

**Warner Hoopes** had been baptized by Lorenzo Dow Barnes in January 1834 before he went with him on a mission to Harrison County. Most, if not all, of his family were also baptized. At one time he was imprisoned with Joseph Smith until they were discharged from custody on a writ of Habeas Corpus.

He was the son of Jonathan Hoopes and Rebecca Watts Hoopes, born in York County, Pennsylvania, October 29, 1817. He died at Weston, Idaho, February 13, 1891. Not being very strong as a young man, he was taught the shoemaker trade. While he was still a boy, his parents joined the Church of Jesus Christ of latter-day Saints. They were with the Mormons in their wanderings, and shared with the Saints the persecutions incident to the membership in the Church during its infancy.

For the first ten years of his life as a Mormon elder, Warner Hoopes spent most of his time in missionary work in the surrounding states, and while the Saints were fleeing through Missouri before the mobs, in the winter of 1838, leaving bloody footprints on the frozen ground, he alleviated the suffering very much by sitting near the campfire far into the night making shoes for those who had been driven from their homes before they could collect the necessary wearing apparel.

Joseph Smith Sr., father of the Prophet Joseph, and first patriarch of the Church, gave Brother Hoopes a blessing. One of the promises given was that the Lord would chastise him whenever necessary. Brother Hoopes always considered this a great blessing, and one which was literally fulfilled. Whenever he became the least bit slack in his religious duties, the Lord chastened him.

In 1840, he married Priscilla Gifford, daughter of Levi Gifford and Deborah Wing Gifford. Priscilla was born at Tioga County, Pennsylvania, March 3, 1818, and died in Weston, Idaho, August 2, 1876. She was a woman of remarkable faith and energy. To Warner and Priscilla Hoopes were born nine children; six girls and three boys.
Only four lived until maturity. Three died during the wanderings and persecutions of the Saints, and two were buried at Richmond, Utah.

Hoopes was imprisoned in the St. Joseph prison for ten months, supposedly for his own protection. During this time, all the property and money he had collected was spent to feed and clothe his family and for lawyer's fees. The last cow was sold for steamboat fare to Florence, Nebraska. Here, Brother Hoopes joined the family and his brother, Hyrum, from whom he got means for coming across the plains.

Warner received his "endowment" (a ceremony endowing him with requirements to enter the Celestial Kingdom, based upon his righteousness) in the Nauvoo temple and came to the Rocky Mountains in 1859 with the Harlow Redfield company.¹

He left a large posterity, some of whom live in the American Fork, Utah, area.

Elder Solon Foster was a very early convert to the LDS Church, being baptized in the beginning of its history. He wrote a letter to someone in Harrison County, probably someone connected to the Bigler family as he mentions each of them.

He wrote,

"Elder Elias Smith and myself left Brother Lyons on the 30th of August [1837] and went to a place where we had preached before ... . I shall never forget the kindness I received in your family. I often think of you. I cannot express my feelings, but I feel myself bound to you by the strongest Christian love, and may God grant that nothing may interfere between us to separate our friendship and us from the love of God.

Mother Bigler, may the Lord bless you and preserve you and pour out his spirit upon you. Mr. Bigler also. May the Lord bless him with a perfect knowledge of the things of God and reward him for all his kindness to me and my brethren. Jacob, also, I would not forget you. I hope you will be wise and do as your sisters have done [and be baptized]. Obey the things which the Great God who created you requires of you, that you may have a right to the Tree of Life. Sister Bathsheba, I would say the same to you, as to your sister. My feelings are of the best kind towards you all. My love to all."²¹

Solon married Sarah Downing in Nauvoo and they raised a large family, eventually settling in St. George, Utah. He was a carpenter, stockman and farmer.¹
George D. Watt was another missionary of note. He was the first convert from the Preston, England, area where hundreds of conversions took place under the ministries of Heber C. Kimball, Orson Hyde and Willard Richards. He won the honor of being first to be baptized by winning a footrace to the water, as follows:

Sermons were delivered by Heber C. Kimball and his companions at Vauxhall Chapel at the invitation of Nonconformist minister James Fielding, a brother of Joseph Fielding on 23 July 1837 and the following Wednesday evening. Large numbers of the congregation sought to join the American church. Reverend Fielding, fearing a loss of prestige and income, closed his church to the Mormon missionaries, ruefully reporting, "Kimball bored the holes, Goodsen drove the nails, and Hyde clinched them." 87

A group baptism was set for July 29, 1837 and word of the forthcoming baptisms quickly spread throughout Preston. Kimball estimated that between seven and nine thousand people were sitting and standing on the bank, watching the open-air baptisms. 87

Kimball recorded, "A circumstance took place which I cannot refrain from mentioning, for it will show the eagerness and the anxiety of some in that land to obey the gospel. Two of the male candidates, when they changed their clothes at a distance of several rods from the place where I was standing in the water, were so anxious to obey the Gospel that they ran with all their might to the water, each wishing to be baptized first. The younger, George D. Watt, being quicker of foot than the older, outran him, and came first into the water." 851

George Watt was another educated man from the British Isles who service was invaluable to the Church. He was born on May 18, 1812 in Manchester, England. He created the Deseret Alphabet, developed to ease the burden imposed upon students learning to read and write English. Thousands of new converts were pouring into Deseret for whom English was a new language. He also edited The Journal of Discourses which was a sixteen-page semimonthly subscription publication privately printed in Liverpool, England, in 1854-1886. It served as the printed word of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, particularly for members who had no access to the Salt Lake City Deseret News. 86

George A. Smith and Jesse Turpin, two of the Harrison County missionaries, married local girls.
CHAPTER TWO

THE BIGLER FAMILY GAVE THEIR ALL

The journal of Polly [a common nickname for Mary] Bigler, daughter of Jacob Bigler, Jr. reads: “Since his wife had embraced the Latter-day Saint gospel, Jacob Bigler soon became interested enough to send to church headquarters at Kirtland, Ohio, for a copy of the Book of Mormon. After reading some of it, he declared to his children that no man of himself ever made the Book. Following her father, Polly Bigler read the Book of Mormon and also became convinced of its truthfulness. She urged her brother Henry to study the book. Soon he also believed it and obeyed the gospel, seeking baptism at the hand of Jesse Turpin in July 1837. Before the end of the summer, the entire Jacob Bigler family had accepted the message of the Book of Mormon.”

Bathsheba W. Bigler, Harrison County beauty and daughter of wealthy farmer, Mark Bigler, married George A. Smith. Her family joined the church en masse and furnished many able leaders. Her mother, Susannah Ogden Bigler, was from an aristocratic Maryland family. This exodus removed the name of Bigler from Harrison County; there are none by that name in the 1850 or 1860 census.

Bathsheba's conversion to the gospel was the pivotal point between the stability of her refined Southern childhood and the sacrifices required of her as a Latter-day Saint. Bathsheba loved to spin, weave, and embroider with her mother and to go horseback riding with her father over their 300-acre plantation. There were occasional opportunities for schooling, too, when her father and neighboring landowners hired a teacher to teach a few months out of the year in a vacant house on the Bigler farm. As a young girl, she and a girlfriend traded names as a symbol of their friendship, and throughout her life Bathsheba kept her childhood commitment and used her friend's surname, Wilson, or the initial 'W' in place of her own maiden name. Religiously inclined, Bathsheba was careful to say her "secret prayers," as she called them.

George had witnessed Bathsheba's baptism on August 21, 1837, when she and seven other persons were baptized in Jones Run on the farm of Augustus Boggess by Elder Samuel James and confirmed by Elder Francis G. Bishop. (9) (13)

In February 1838 [George] -
"... made a provisional arrangement with Bathsheba ... that with
the blessings of the Almighty in preserving us, in three years from that time we would be married, or as soon thereafter as circumstances would permit."(9)

He was twenty and Bathsheba was fifteen. They waited to marry until eleven days after he returned from a mission to England on 14 July 1841. The marriage was performed by Don Carlos Smith, "which was the last official act of his life, being very feeble at the time."(7)

Don Carlos' fatal illness was the result of overextending himself in working in a damp cellar to get the press for the Times and Seasons, of which he was the editor, into order. He had also served on a mission to Harrison County.

George A. was ordained as an Apostle at the age of twenty-two and was First Counselor to Brigham Young, Church Historian, and grandfather to the eighth Prophet and President of the Church, George Albert Smith.

George and Bathsheba were often separated as he went on numerous missions and attended to the business of the church. A letter she wrote to him dated February 14, 1851 is typical:

I look at your portrait which I never forget. It hangs back of my bed and is the last thing I see and the first in the morning. Oh, it is such a comfort to me. It always looks pleasant and kind as you do and seems to say when I feel bad, 'Cheer up, all is well' and you will return and we will be more happy than if we had been together .... When the shades of night fall upon it, it does look so much like you that it makes the tears fall fast. (70)

Bathsheba was one of the first persons to receive the temple endowment in Nauvoo and to hear the Prophet Joseph Smith teach of the celestial order of marriage. In January 1844, a month after Bathsheba and George A. received their endowments, Joseph performed the sealing ceremony for them. She wrote of the effect of the revelation on celestial marriage on her life:

"Being thoroughly convinced ... that the doctrine of plurality of wives was from God; and having a fixed determination to attain celestial glory, I felt to embrace the whole gospel .... Like Sarah of old, I gave [the husband had to have the permission of the 1st wife to marry any other wives] to my husband five wives, good virtuous, honorable young women. This gave them all homes with us; being proud of my husband and loving him very much ... and believing he would not love them less because he loved me more. I had joy in having a testimony that what I had done was acceptable to my Father in Heaven."(70)

Over the next two years Lucy Meserve, Zilpha Stark, Sarah Ann
Libby, Hannah Maria Libby (Sarah's sister) and Nancy Clement were married to George A. Smith, and Bathsheba accepted them as sisters. A friend, Julia P.M. Farnsworth, described Bathsheba in middle age:

"She was then a tall, stately woman, with an abundance of beautiful brown hair, dark eyes, smooth fair complexion ... . I noted her superiority, her dignity of carriage, yet, with all that, she was easy to approach, lovable in manner, for she ever gave a sweet smile and a word of encouragement to little children and young people, also care and tenderness to the sick or aged. She was artistic in temperament, loved the beautiful, appreciated refinement, and always dressed in good taste."

George and Bathsheba were married for thirty-four years, of which she wrote, "I love my husband dearly. I believe but few in this wide world have been as happy as we have been. We have no differences, always agree on all points, our religion and our future hopes and expectations are the same."

George died in September 1875 from complications resulting from an old injury, a lung punctured while he was serving on a mission. Bathsheba wrote of his death:

His head lay ... against my bosom. Good angels had come to receive his precious spirit, perhaps our sons, prophets, patriarchs ... but he was gone, my light, my sun, my life, my joy, my Lord, yea almost my God ... . I must not mourn but prepare myself to meet him, but O my heart sinks within my bosom nearly.

"She was closely associated, both socially and religiously, with all the leading men and women of the Church. She held many offices of trust, and was interested in public affairs pertaining especially to women. She was also the first woman to have her funeral service in the tabernacle."

When I heard the Gospel I knew it was true, Bathsheba once wrote. When I first read the Book of Mormon, I knew it was inspired of God; when I first beheld Joseph Smith I knew I stood face to face with a prophet of the living God, and I have no doubt in my mind about his authority.

Bathsheba's journal leaves us with an account of most of her family's baptisms. Her parents, Mark and Susannah Ogden Bigler; next oldest sister Sarah; oldest sisters, Matilda and Nancy, were baptized in August 1837 or soon thereafter. The only brother, Jacob G., was baptized later in Far West, Missouri. Bathsheba's uncle, Jacob Bigler Jr., and his family had been baptized a few weeks before.
Bathsheba then says, poignantly, "A part of my first experience as a member of the Church was, that most of my young acquaintances and companions began to ridicule us."\(^{(13)}\)

Her brother, Jacob, had gone to Far West, Missouri, and purchased a farm for them. Sister Nancy Fleming and husband had sold out and were getting ready to leave but Bathsheba was told she couldn't go.

She writes, This caused me to retire to bed one night feeling very sorrowful. While pondering upon what had been said to me about not going, a voice as it were said to me. "Weep not, you will go this fall." I was satisfied and comforted. The next morning I felt so contented and happy. On observing [this] my sister Sarah said, "You have got over feeling badly about not going to Zion this fall have you?" I quietly but firmly replied, "I am going, you will see."\(^{(1)}\)

Bathsheba's parents were quickly overcome by the desire to gather with the saints in Missouri. Mark sold their beautiful home and farmland but stayed behind to settle business and bring goods later. His wife Susannah and son, Jacob G. (who had come back to travel with them); daughters, Sarah who would marry fellow Harrison countian Caleb Washington Lyons; Bathsheba; Melissa Jane who would marry Alfred Boaz Lambson in the Nauvoo temple; Agnes Matilda and husband John Snyder Martin; and Nancy married to Josiah W. Fleming, were fitted out for the journey. Daughter Mariah had married John Israel in 1832 and died in 1840; I was unable to trace where she lived or died.

Mark donated five or six hundred dollars to the church upon the request of the prophet in a letter written to him in 1839.\(^{(7)}\) Mark and Susannah would both die on the trail to the Salt Lake Valley.

Jacob Bigler Jr., the brother of Mark, and his family were also part of the entourage who removed themselves from Virginia forever. Jacob's family consisted of children - Henry W. who would join the Mormon Battalion; Hannah, who would marry Daniel Arnold Miller, and Emeline, who was to marry John Wells Hess.

Jacob's other daughters were Bathsheba, who died as a child, and Mary, nicknamed Polly, who died in 1838. These were by his first wife, Elizabeth Harvey, the sister of Jonathan Lewis Harvey. She died before the missionaries came.

Jacob Junior's oldest sister, Sarah, was married to John Righter. Their grandson's exploits in behalf of the confederacy became legend. This was Captain John Righter, who was finally captured near my grandparent's birthplace at Little Rock Camp near Brown, West Virginia.
Historian Jack Sandy Anderson wrote in his book, Ramblings that Sarah (Sally) Bigler, daughter of Jacob Bigler who married John Righter, lived to be over 100 years old, being born April 28, 1780 and dying July 7, 1880. After she was widowed she married Cyrus Ross, younger than she and whom she had suckled at her breast as an infant. Sarah also outlived her second husband. Known as "Sipe" Ross, his house overlooked Route 73 and was taken to Fort New Salem. It is usually referred to as the John Righter house, an error, for John Righter lived near present Saltwell and there died.

Jacob Sr. and Hannah Booher Bigler, the parents of Jacob Bigler Jr., had ten children. In birth order they were Sarah, Hannah, Mark, Ruth, Nancy, Jacob Jr., Henry, Bathsheba, Mariah and Rebecca. Each Bigler family unit used the same names so it can be quite confusing.

Sarah, or Sally, Cunningham was married to Jacob Bigler Jr. after the death of his first wife, Elizabeth Harvey, and journeyed with him to Utah. Their children were still very young but sons Adam, Mark and Andrew would all marry and establish families in Utah and Idaho. Adam would marry Isabel Clarinda Miller, who was the daughter of Daniel Arnold and Hannah Bigler Miller. Jacob Jr. also had a daughter named Mariah, after her cousin, who was born and died in Nauvoo.

Sally was the sister of Andrew Cunningham who also converted and traveled west with the Saints. Their mother, Amelia or Millie Lyons Cunningham was of the Lyons family, who furnished many LDS converts.

Henry W. Bigler recorded that his father, Jacob Jr., moved to Far West in the state of Missouri, the place the Prophet Joseph had designated, after the expulsion of the Saints from Jackson and Clay counties in that state, as the place of gathering for the Saints. He went up by land, pitching his tent by the way.

"I went up in advance, taking a few boxes of goods that could not well be taken in a wagon. I took a steamer at Marietta on the Ohio River, and landed at Richmond Landing, on the Missouri River, thirty miles from Far West. I arrived at this latter place in June 1838, and it was here that I first saw the Prophet Joseph Smith." (26)

Jack Sandy Anderson, told me he had heard stories of these Mormon converts gathering in their wagons at the river crossing. They were singing and cheering, saying, "We're headed for Zion!"

Mary Ann Boggess wrote to Bathsheba in Nauvoo from Harrison County, " ... when I came to the place where we parted ... where we sung our farewell hymn ... . so often have I thought
of you and wished that we were together. Oh that the time would soon roll on ... . remaining your friend until death" (15)

Mary Ann's death occurred not long afterwards. She would marry Bathsheba's brother, Jacob G. Bigler, bear his son, then both she and her tiny son died in Nauvoo. She is my 2nd Great Grand-Aunt.

Bathsheba's family suffered harassment on the journey, but were spared each time, primarily because they were also from a southern state. If the Missourians had known Mark Bigler had already freed his slaves for conscientious reasons, or that their part of Virginia would secede to become a Union state, it's doubtful they would have let them go unscathed.

Bathsheba further records, "Just before we crossed the Sand River, we camped over night with a company of Eastern Saints. We had a meeting and rejoiced together. In the morning it was thought best for the companies to separate and cross the river at two different ferries, as this arrangement would enable all to cross in less time.

Our company arrived at Far West in safety, but not so with the other company. They were overtaken at Haun's Mill by an armed mob and many killed and wounded." (13) (7) Such was life (and death) for the Mormon pioneer.


"Unfortunately, the Virginia emigrants arrived at Far West just as serious trouble broke out between the Missouri officials and the Latter-day Saints. The Bigler family had been on their farm near Far West only a week when Governor Boggs issued his infamous order directing that 'The Mormons should be exterminated or driven from the state.' Bathsheba therefore witnessed the cruel persecutions that were dealt to the members of the Church by the Missouri mob militia, and with her family as forced to flee to Quincy, Illinois, for safety, in February, 1839".

The Saints were able to remain in Kirtland long enough to build a temple and strengthen the church and its leaders but in 1837 and 1838 problems caused by apostasy and persecution hastened the end of the Church era in Kirtland.

The massacre at Haun's Mill occurred on October 30, 1838. Shortly afterward Joseph Smith and other leaders were taken prisoner by the state Militia. A court-
martial was held and the prophet and other church leaders were condemned to be shot by a firing squad the following morning in the town square at Far West. However, General Alexander W. Doniphan of the militia refused to carry out the shooting, calling the decision "cold blooded murder."

The prisoners were taken to Liberty Jail in Clay County, Missouri, where they were roughly treated and housed and barely fed. The Judges said they knew they were innocent and ought to be liberated but they dare not administer the law unto them for fear of the mob.

While their Prophet was imprisoned, over 8,000 Saints crossed from Missouri east into Illinois to escape the extermination order. The prisoners were shuffled from one prison to another until April of 1839 when the Sheriff was instructed to allow them to escape and they fled Missouri to Quincy, Illinois, to be reunited with their families.

After much suffering, in the depth of winter, "[Bathsheba's] family was among the thousands of the Saints on their way to ... Illinois." Despite the cold, illnesses, and death, she reported that at night the exiled Saints gathered around the campfire and sang the songs of Zion, trusting in the Lord that "all would yet be well."

Mark Bigler joined them in Quincy in the spring but, weakened by the ordeal he took sick, suffered seven weeks, and died in September 1839.  

The Latter-day Saints who made their way to Illinois, after a brief respite in Quincy and being reunited with their leaders, moved up the Mississippi River about 35 miles to an area known as Commerce. There they drained the large swamps in the area and began to build the city of Nauvoo beside a bend in the river.

Nauvoo, the Beautiful City. For the next seven years, Mormon converts from all parts of the United States, Canada and England came to Nauvoo and the city was soon a bustle of activity and commerce. Within four years, it had a population of twenty thousand, rivaling Chicago as the largest city in the state. The rapid growth of Church membership and thus their political power, polygamy, and a well-armed militia (Nauvoo Legion), fueled the intolerance of non-Mormons and the persecutions began again.

At a Relief Society meeting in Nauvoo, Bathsheba heard Joseph Smith express a presentiment of his. "He opened the meeting by prayer,
after which he addressed us, his voice trembling very much. He said,"

"According to my prayer, I will not be with you long to teach and instruct you, and the world will not be troubled with me much longer."

His presentiment came true not long afterwards. He and his brother Hyrum were martyred on June 27, 1844. George A. Smith was on one of his many missions. Bathsheba wrote to him on July 6, 1844:

"We have had strange times since you left. You will no doubt hear, before this reaches you, of the death of our beloved brethren Joseph and Hyrum Smith. They were killed at Carthage on the 27 of June and on the 28th they were brought home and such a day of mourning never was seen. It pains me to write such a painful tale, but the Lord has comforted our hearts in a measure ... . Brother John Taylor was wounded but is getting better, is quite weak but quite cheerful. Brother Willard Richards was not hurt. They were both in jail at the time of the massacre. I will not write anymore on that subject as I expect you will hear all the particulars before this reaches you." (70)

Joseph and Hyrum Smith with others had been arrested under false charges and imprisoned at Carthage jail, a few miles south of Nauvoo, "guarded" by militia known as the "Carthage Greys" who had vowed to murder them. Governor Ford of Illinois played an ignoble part. He had promised to protect the LDS leaders, but betrayed them instead. A mob of 150 men, armed and with blackened faces, made their way past willing guards and shot both Hyrum and Joseph to death and severely wounded the future president of the Church, John Taylor. (48)

Absalom Wamsley Smith, Harrison County convert, wrote:

The rains came down so heavily that even the heavens seemed to weep and all Nauvoo seemed to wear a deadly gloom.

Few mourned the passing of Joseph and Hyrum Smith more than the Knight family, consisting of Joseph and Polly Knight, Sr. and their sons, Newel and Joseph Jr. with their wives and children. After the Smiths, the Joseph and Polly Knight family may be the second family of the Restoration. The Knights knew Joseph Smith and accepted his claims before Oliver Cowdery, Martin Harris, or David Whitmer knew him. The Knights also stood by Joseph Smith more steadfastly than
did the Three and the Eight Witnesses\textsuperscript{1} and even some of the Smiths. They became a special type of witness, a family witness of Joseph Smith's prophetic work. They had known and supported the Smiths since they were boys and continued their support throughout all the events leading up to and after the organization of the Church. Newel Knight's heart broke, and he vented his sorrow in his journal:

"O how I loved those men, and rejoiced under their teachings! It seems as if all is gone, and as if my very heart strings will break, and were it not for my beloved wife and dear children I feel as if I have nothing to live for... . I pray God my Father that I may be reconciled to my lot, and live and die a faithful follower of the teachings of our murdered Prophet and Patriarch."

Following the martyrdom, the Knights passed still another severe test of loyalty. Unlike a number of others, they did not forsake the faith and follow false successors but chose to follow the Quorum of the Twelve. All the relatives in Nauvoo (except perhaps Nahum, for whom we lack records) left the city to go westward. When ready to depart, Newel Knight "once more had the satisfaction of walking through the streets of the City of Joseph, and beholding the great works he had so nobly reared before his martyrdom." Once across the Mississippi River, Newel looked back a last time at the city: "My heart swelled, for I beheld at a glance, from the eminences where I stood, the noble works of Joseph the Prophet and Seer, and Hyrum his patriarch, with whom I had been acquainted, even from their boyhood, I knew their worth, and mourned their loss.\textsuperscript{89}

Henry W. Bigler, the son of Jacob Jr. and Elizabeth Harvey Bigler, will continue the saga of the Bigler family. Henry's whole life since his conversion at age 21 was devoted to the service of God and country. We know this because he documented many of his adventures with journals, letters and articles.

He writes,

I well remember the first time I ever heard the names, 'Mormon,' 'Mormonites,' 'Latter-day Saints.' They sounded very strange to me. A

\textsuperscript{1}Witnesses who testified they saw and handled the golden plates from which the Book of Mormon was translated.
neighbor related to my stepmother (Sally Cunningham) that a company of 'Mormonites' had gone to the west [Missouri] led by a Prophet whose name was Joe Smith, to build a new Jerusalem and prepare for the coming of the Savior, which they said was near at hand. I listened attentively and regretted that their prophet's name was Joe or Joseph. My reason for this regret was, there was a man living in our neighborhood whose Christian name was Joe, who was forever picking quarrels and wanting to fight somebody at every gathering where he chanced to be; and for this not only disliked the man, but his name. So much for prejudice.

But the idea that the 'Mormons' were led by a Prophet, who claimed to be sent of God, and that the coming of the Son of man was near at hand, I did not feel to dispute, and remember saying to myself; "All these things may be true and the day of judgement close at hand." And oft times afterwards, when alone, I would think of these subjects and ponder upon them in my heart, though I said nothing to anybody about them.

Before I heard the elders, they had held several meetings in the neighborhood, and the people said they were smart preachers, that they had the scriptures at their tongues' end and seemed to know the Bible by heart. Their meetings were well attended, meetinghouse, school houses and private houses were filled to overflowing. But soon the priests raised the howl of 'false teachers,' 'false prophets,' 'delusion,' etc. Newspaper stories were hunted up and read to the people by the priests; but it was not long before the elders began to baptize, and soon a large branch was raised up.

After joining the Church, while I was reading the book of Covenants, I came to the revelation on the Word of Wisdom. At that time I was using tobacco; that is, I smoked cigars. I had just bought a bunch of one hundred; I picked these up, walked to the door, and I scattered them to the four winds.

At the time the Elders made their appearance in our neighborhood and began to preach, the inquiry was, "Where did they come from?" An uncle of mine (Mark Bigler) said he knew. "They had come from the moon, and had found a new road to heaven, four hundred miles nearer than the old route. But how did they get down?" The reply was, "They greased themselves and slid down on a rainbow."

My uncle Mark was called an infidel, because he did not believe in the so-called religions of the day. He had not as yet heard the elders preach; but when he did, he took them in; his house was a home for them. He joined the Church and died in the faith.
Not long after Henry was baptized, he went to see his grandfather Basil Harvey. He wrote,

My object was to have a talk with him and see if I could induce him to go and hear the Elders preach; for he himself was a minister and had been a professor of religion for more than forty years. He was my mother's father and a great reader of the Bible; but when I mentioned Mormonism he utterly refused to have anything to do with it. I offered to lend him the Book of Mormon to read; but this he refused, saying, "If I was to find the Book of Mormon in my house I would burn it." While talking, he placed his hand on my head, saying: "O, you sleek-headed boy! If your mother had been living you never would have joined the Mormons."

Soon after this he was taken sick and continued to grow worse. One night I was called up and told that my grandfather was dying. As I arose from my bed a thought came to me that if I would pray in secret for his recovery he would not die. The folks were so certain he was struck with death that his son had gone to a store near by to get cloth to make the burial clothes.

The change for the better was so sudden that my aunt (not a member of the Church) from some cause, suspected what I had been doing, and asked me if I had not been out praying for grandfather. I simply assented to the fact. In a day or two he was up and around, as usual.

I was at that time in the employ of my uncle (unnamed). One morning he said to me: "If there was an Elder within twenty-five miles I would go and be baptized." This reached grandfather's ears, and he disapproved of it so much that he told my uncle if he did join the "Mormons" he would not deed to him the place he had given him. It was not long until the Elders were around preaching; but my uncle never joined the Church. He became a disbeliever in the gospel and is to this day. I attribute this to his fearing his father more than his Maker; or, in other words, he loved his farm more than he loved God. Shortly after this, grandfather was taken sick, and in a few days, died.

Soon after grandfather's death I dreamed he came to me. He appeared to be frightened and in great alarm, and in the earnestness of his soul he begged me to forgive him for talking as he did to me in opposing the truth; and he acknowledged he was wrong. I have been baptized for him and
have done his work.

Henry Bigler was referring to the tradition spoken of in 1 Corinthians 15:29, "Else what shall they do which are baptized for the dead, if the dead rise not at all? Why are they then baptized for the dead?" Latter-day Saints believe the dead will have the opportunity to hear the gospel and accept baptism and other ordinances, such as eternal marriage, in the spirit world as Christ mentioned in 1 Peter 4:6, "for this cause was the gospel preached also to them that are dead ... " Since baptism and marriage are earthly ordinances it is performed by proxy in temples. See Matthew 22:29-30 where it reads: "Jesus answered and said unto them. 'Ye do err, not knowing the scriptures, nor the power of God. For in the resurrection they neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in heaven.'"

Henry's journal continues:

While passing down the Ohio River and up the Mississippi, on my way to Far West, I saw nothing that took my attention as did the first Indian I ever saw. I met him in St. Louis. He was large in stature, was wrapped in his blanket, and to me his countenance appeared grave. He seemed to be alone. I could not take my eyes away from him. I gazed and called to mind the Book of Mormon, the record and history of his race, and the promises therein. I was filled with pity, and from that day to this I scarcely ever have seen a red man without having those feelings and reflections. (26)

I beheld the Prophet for the first time in Far West. In company with him and others I went to see Adam's altar at Diahman. [Latter-day Saints believe that the garden of Eden was in the United States of America, in Daviss County, Missouri. This place is called Adam-Ondi-Ahman, sometimes called Diahman or the place where Adam dwelt. Here he built an altar. [We further believe that this is where Christ will first appear when he comes again.]It was in the timber, and where the stones came from, of which it was made I have no idea, as there was none like them in the country so far as I could learn. The stones of which it had been built were in huge blocks laying around near each other.

In the autumn of this year (1838) the mobs were making threats and I was placed as guard one evening near the printing office, in Far West. I was told to let no person pass without giving the countersign, not even the prophet himself. In the night some horsemen came galloping up the road. I hailed them and demanded the countersign. They could not give it; but said they were brethren who had been out to Diahman and were cold and hungry and in a hurry to get home.
I offered to take them to guard quarters, and if the captain of the guard was willing to let them pass, all right. This they would not do, and threatened to ride over me. I presented my gun, and told them I would shoot the first man that made the attempt. By this time we were doing some loud talking, so much so as to bring some of the brethren living near by to see what the matter was. After some little parley one of them said, "Give me a gun and I'll shoot him, so help me God."

"Hold on!" said a voice in the printing office, and out came Thomas B. Marsh. He said, "The little man is in the line of his duty, and if I had five hundred such men I could take the whole State of Missouri." I always liked Brother Marsh for this, and when he left the Church I could have wept. After eighteen long years had passed, and he returned to the Church, my joy was as great as my sorrow had been."(21)

THE MORMON BATTALION

This U.S. battalion was formed at Council Bluffs, Iowa, in July of 1846 to march to California to secure this land for the United States. President Polk's protection had been implored by some citizens of the state of Missouri, who feared retaliation from the large body of Mormons gathered along their northern border after they had been expelled from Nauvoo. Their fears were groundless, but Brigham Young also was in a dilemma. Not only were the Saints destitute but they needed permission to dwell on Indian lands until they could gather the necessary resources to travel further west. He sent an emissary to Washington with the objective of obtaining any help available. At this same time war was declared with Mexico.

President Polk was also worried about this large body of citizens who had been so ill treated by their country. He believed their political allegiance was in doubt, which fear was also groundless. The solution seemed to be to recruit their men into the army which would serve the purposes of garnering much needed funds for the impoverished Mormons, assuring their allegiance to the United States as well as helping defend the country against Mexico.

At first the saints were disconcerted by this request but rallied under the guidance of their leaders when they understood the advantages. It was already too late in the season to cross the mountains and the funds from pay and allowances would furnish much
He was also valued for his abilities as a sharpshooter and was usually sent out to hunt.\(^{(16)}\)

He left for Battalion service while driving a wagon for his cousin, Mrs. George A. (Bathsheba Bigler) Smith. Bathsheba writes that they lost four of their drivers, Henry, Jesse Bigler Martin, John Glover Smith and Chase, leaving no one but women and one boy to be wagoner.\(^{(13)}\)

**Henry's bravado and sense of humor** revealed itself when he saved the life of a Battalion mule.

The Battalion had marched to the Gila River and made a halt. Henry was assigned to be Colonel Cooke's orderly for the day. The Colonel, who wasn't a member of the church, had a favorite mule which he liked to watch while it ate its grain from a special blanket. One of the freight mules came up and was helping himself to this grain. The Colonel drove him off several times, but he kept coming back for more. The Colonel lost his temper and said to Henry, "Is your gun loaded?" "No sir." "Then load it and give it to me." He then turned and went into the tent.

Henry wrote, "I knew who owned that mule; it belonged to one of our own men. The thought came to me not to permit it to be killed. At this I took from my box a bullet and put the ball in my pocket. I then put the powder into my musket and rammed the paper in on top of it. Pretty soon the Colonel came out and, standing broadside, fired. The moment he discovered the animal was not dead, he dropped the musket and with an oath said, 'You did not load that gun right' and walked to his tent. His bugler, Mr. Guigly, and others who saw the trick fairly split their sides with laughter."\(^{(13)}\)

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**Upper left:** In 1848, on a cliff at the beginning of the Death Valley Trail, Henry Bigler carved his initials on his way back from CA. Donor & Photog: Charles Kelly. All rights reserved

**Common consensus, both military and historical, states that never in American history has there been an equivalent march of infantry: 600 men, women, and children, recruited by the U.S. Army from a mass exodus of Latter-day Saints then struggling across the plains of Iowa fleeing religious persecution in Illinois. They never engaged in armed conflict, yet they played a key role in securing from Mexico much of what today is the modern American Southwest in their 2000 mile march across half a continent.**

Their participation in the early development of California by building
Fort Moore in Los Angeles, building a courthouse in San Diego, and making bricks and building houses in southern California contributed to the growth of the West.

Following their discharge, many men helped build flour mills and sawmills in northern California. Some of them were among the first to discover gold at Sutter’s Mill. Henry Bigler’s journal is the official source that documents the day gold was discovered at Sutter’s Mill in California. He was employed there after having served in the Mormon Battalion, "marching ... eleven hundred miles, the greater part through an unknown wilderness, without road or trail ... ." Unlike most troops of soldiers, these young men were welcomed by the Californians because of their good habits and good deeds and were petitioned not to leave.

Men from Captain Davis’ Company A were responsible for opening the first wagon road over the southern route from California to Utah in 1848.

Ray and I went on a tour of historic Sacramento while visiting friends in California a few years ago. We were surprised to see a "Mormon cabin" at the site of Sutter’s Mill. It had been re-created in honor of the young Mormon soldiers who had done so much good work there.

Other historic sites associated with the battalion include the Mormon Battalion Memorial Visitor’s Center in San Diego, California; Fort Moore Pioneer Memorial in Los Angeles, California; and the Mormon Battalion Monument in Memory Grove, Salt Lake City, Utah. Monuments relating to the battalion are also located in New Mexico, Arizona, and Colorado, and trail markers have been placed on segments of the Battalion route.

Before the expulsion from Nauvoo, Henry worked on the temple and also went on a mission to the eastern states with Asa Lyons who was engaged to my 1st cousin, four generations removed, Eliza Ann Boggess. Neither had ever attempted to preach and Henry said of their first attempt,

Both discourses put together were not, figuratively speaking, a yard long.

On this mission, in Jackson County, then Virginia, Henry baptized a man and his wife before returning to Harrison County to spend the winter with family and friends. He returned to Jackson County in the spring and baptized five more before returning to Nauvoo. His preaching apparently improved for in September of 1842, he was called to another mission with cousin Jacob G. Bigler and another
cousin's husband, Josiah W. Fleming. They called on a relative in Fulton County and met Elder Alpheus Harman, who had no companion but wished to have one. Henry traveled with him passing through Illinois, the northern part of Indiana, and into the north-western part of Ohio. They met with no encouragement and it was very cold so Brother Harman left to return to Nauvoo, but he froze to death before he reached it.

Henry continued on, preaching at every chance. It was about the first of January 1843, snow on the ground a foot deep, that he reached a settlement, cold, tired and hungry. He knocked at a respectable looking house and asked if they could keep a servant of the Lord. At first he was denied but the man called him back.

The family was intrigued by his message and asked him to go to their church in the morning so he could give out an appointment to preach that evening at their house. The Lutheran minister invited him to speak with the result that evening, "The sleigh bells made music to my ears and I had a full house. After the meeting several tarried a while to talk with me; and from that time doors were opened and Mr. McMelon told me to make his house my home as long as I pleased."

After the Battalion experience he was called on another mission, this time to Hawaii, in 1850, together with George Q. Cannon and others. While some of the missionaries became discouraged because the whites on the islands would not embrace the gospel and left, Henry and others decided to remain and preach to the natives. This decision resulted in the harvest of thousands of human souls. The natives called him, affectionately, Henele Pekele.\(^{26}\)

Later he was called on two more missions in the States and to a colonization mission to southern Utah and thus became one of the pioneer settlers of St. George, where he resided until his death on 24 Nov 1900.\(^{31}\)

Henry wrote to a cousin upon his father, Jacob's, death in Farmington, Utah in 1859, "... Father is gone ... . Went without a struggle or a groan, easy as a child going to sleep ... . His faith was good until the last and I feel he will have a part in the first resurrection. ... I feel sorry to part with him, yet I believe he is better off than when here, suffering as he was."\(^{18}\)

Becoming acquainted with Henry Bigler alone would have made all the hours of research worthwhile. His personality came alive bit by bit and each part radiated his innate goodness and spirituality. Henry knew the gospel was true from the moment he heard it and, upon praying, was blessed with a vision and spoke in tongues.\(^{26}\) He was articulate as well as witty,
often at his own expense. This picture of him in his later years reveals his grin and the twinkle in his eyes that were still delightful.

Henry W. Bigler was loved by all who knew him (and by this person who didn't). Small in stature -- he was teased about being baptized in a horse track -- he none-the-less performed feats of bravery and endurance that would have defeated lesser men. He was an honest, unassuming, humble man, who died a faithful member of the LDS Church.

**Emeline Bigler**, Henry's sister, and **John Wells Hess** married in Nauvoo on August 20, 1845. He was born August 24, 1821 in Franklin county, Pennsylvania and Emeline was born August 20, 1824, son of Jacob and Elizabeth Foutz Hess. John was an officer in the Nauvoo Legion, and a body guard of the prophet.

Most of the Harrison County men helped to construct the Nauvoo temple and so did John. He and Emeline received their endowments there in January 1846 -- some of the last to have this privilege.

**John Hess** was one of those foresighted persons who maintained a detailed journal, so we are fortunate to get to know more about him. His parents, Jacob and Elizabeth Foutz Hess, and three oldest sisters had been baptized into the LDS Church by Bishop David Evans at their home in Richland County, Ohio, in March 1834. He wrote in his journal, "Previous to this we lived in peace with our neighbors but soon after our baptism our neighbors began to speak evil of, and persecute us in various ways."

They followed the counsel of the Prophet and moved to Missouri, in the spring of 1836. When the expulsion of the Saints from Caldwell County, Missouri occurred, they moved with them to Illinois and settled in Hancock County. For the third time, they acquired a piece of wild land and began to open a farm. After much privation and toil they succeeded in making a comfortable home, only to lose it all again.

John and his father, **Jacob Hess**, were destitute by this time as they had opened several farms only to lose them when expelled by mobs. Jacob "was stricken down with a shock of paralysis ... which rendered him entirely helpless." As the only son old enough to help, most of the labor had fallen upon John. By now he was the only support to his father's family, had a wife of his own, and had to move them all from Nauvoo in the spring.

He was only able to get together two rickety
wagons with a poor yoke of oxen for each. One of the wagons had to be devoted to his father in a special bed leaving one wagon to carry the outfit for the entire family, eight in number. This forced the women and children to walk and sleep in the open in every kind of weather.

They crossed the Mississippi River on April 3, 1846, and camped on the Iowa side the first night in a drenching rain. On April 4th they started on the wearisome journey, but the heavy loads and incessant rain ... made for slow progress. At best they could only travel from five to eight miles per day. The family had no shelter except what they could get by crawling under the wagons and much of the time they were obliged to cut brush to lay on the ground to keep their beds out of the water. The women and children walked through the mud and water and wet grass and waded many of the streams so that their clothes were never dry on them for weeks and months until they reached the place called Mount Pisgah in the western part of Iowa. Here the advance companies of the Pioneers had planted corn and vegetables for the benefit of those that came afterwards.

The journal reads,

We concluded to stop at this place for a time as our limited supplies were about exhausted and my father was so much worse that it was impossible to move him any further so we constructed a temporary shelter of bark which we peeled off from the Elm trees that grew in the vicinity. This was about the 15th of June.

Seeing that I could do nothing where I was, I concluded to take my own team and what I had and go to Council Bluffs, one hundred and thirty miles distant, where the Church authorities were then stopping.

So I made my father's family as comfortable as I could with the limited facilities I was in possession of, and taking my wife and my own team and little outfit, bade the rest of the family good by and started traveling in Henry W. Miller's company.

We were overtaken one day about dark by Captain Allen, who was accompanied by a guard of five dragoons, of the regular United States Army, all of whom camped with us for the night. The object of their visit soon became apparent from questions asked by them, viz that they were sent to see if the "Mormon" people
could and would respond to a call for five hundred men to help to fight the battles of the United States against Mexico.

This indeed was unexpected news; while the people of Illinois had driven us out and while we were scattered on the prairies of western Iowa with nothing in many instances but the canopy of heaven for a canopy - to be called under these circumstances for 500 of the strength of the camps of Israel seemed criminal and unjust indeed, but such was the case notwithstanding.\(^{(32)}\)

He enlisted on the advice of George A. Smith and others. A goodly portion of the soldiers uniform money was donated to the church, which greatly assisted them in helping needy families go west. Emeline was also enlisted as a laundress, one of four in Company E to do the laundry of 100 men. John was given the opportunity for another heroic act, which also illustrates his good character.

After struggling to reach Santa Fe via Fort Leavenworth they were ordered to go to northern California to aid General Kearney, who was about to fall before a force of the Mexican army. First they had to be examined by a doctor and any sick or disabled men and all the women were to be sent back. This meant the women had to travel several hundred miles with strange men without the protection of their husbands. John recorded, "This I could not do and retain my manhood."

**He remonstrated with the battalion officers,** but to no purpose even after telling them he would die rather than abandon his wife, "a bold assertion for a private to make to his captain, but the emergency seemed to demand it." Arguing with an officer is a grave offence for any private in the army, but he resolved to speak to General Doniphan. He managed to successfully appeal to the General officer so that all men having wives were to go with them with the "sick detachment." The journey was grueling as most of the men and animals were already broken down and supplies didn't last because of the slow travel.
John and Emeline managed to reach the Salt Lake Valley seven days after the Brigham Young Company on July 29, 1847 and were discharged the same day. They had only the poor outfit of a discharged soldier to begin their new life. John felt his service in the Battalion was—

... one of the noblest and grandest acts of my life for the reason that Israel was on the altar of sacrifice, and that the Mormon Battalion of which I was a member, as the ram into the thicket and Israel was saved.\(^{(32)}\)

The following autumn he went back to get his mother and four younger brothers and sisters and found them all well. His father had died the previous year, but his little brother David, though only nine years old, had put in a small crop of buckwheat and corn for the support of the family which enabled them to survive. After spending the winter, they arrived the following spring in Utah and found Emeline living in a log home built by brother Henry who had also returned from Sutter's Mill in Sacramento, California. They found her holding her first child, Jacob, in her arms. He had been born early in 1849.\(^{(33)}\)

John W. Hess was a very successful and prominent leader in the settlement of Davis County and Farmington. He was one of the earliest settlers in Farmington, Utah, where he was set apart by Brigham Young to be the third bishop of the Farmington Ward where he served for 27 years, until he was called to be 1st counselor to President W. R. Smith of the Davis Stake. In March 1894, he became president of the Stake and so remained until 1900. He was then ordained a patriarch. He also served as colonel and commander of the Davis County military district and was representative to the state legislature for three terms.

President Hess filled at least one mission. He was a very successful farmer. At one time he had more sons in Utah, who were farmers, than any other man. He was the husband of seven wives and the father of sixty-three children.\(^{(78)}\)

Emeline was an extraordinary woman who had ten children under the most adverse conditions before dying at age 37 of complications of a premature birth. She had gone through all the privations associated with the Mormon exodus. This included long journeys while on foot and half starved; fighting the crickets and being saved by the sea gulls; and living for two months in the spring of 1848 without ever tasting anything but thistle roots and sego lily bulbs.

One of Emeline's daughters wrote—

Life in those early days was terrifically hard on the women, when they had to spin the yarn and weave the cloth to clothe
themselves and their children. Many a night I was awakened to hear the hum of the spinning wheel at 11, 12 and even 1:00 o'clock at night. Now add to that, the fact that all her children and one pre-mature birth were born between the years 1848 and 1862, the year she died, and you mothers especially, can have some conception of what she endured.\(^{(33)}\)

John greatly mourned her death, writing, "This was one of the greatest trials of my life, as she was the wife of my youth and had been with me through all of our poverty and trials of life which we had passed through. She died as she had lived, a faithful wife, a devoted mother and a true Latter day Saint."\(^{(33)}\)

After her death he married six more wives which included Frances Marion Bigler, granddaughter of Jacob and Sarah Cunningham Bigler, and Sarah Lavina Miller, daughter of Daniel Arnold and Hannah Bigler Miller.

**WOMEN PIONEERS**

Obviously, all these people were exceptionally courageous and illustrated a greater measure of faith than most are called upon to exhibit, but I'd like to add a special note of admiration for the pioneer women.

In general, men are more adventurous by nature than women. Their bodies and dispositions are better suited for the hard, dangerous work necessary to tame a frontier. For the most part, women like to put down roots and have more problems adjusting to leaving home and family behind. Additionally, they have to be concerned with the special requirements for pregnancy, childbirth, nursing infants and raising children. There was little chance these needs would be met when the only certainty in their future was the sure absence of any of the comforts these events entitled them to.

Think what it must have been like to keep babies clean with little water, soap or anything else to spare. Babies get awfully heavy before they can walk on their own. Few of them had a wagon in which to ride, not that this would have been comfortable anyway. Without springs on unpaved tracks, wagons were extremely uncomfortable. The vast majority walked every step of the way or even hauled handcarts. In many cases, they had lost the support of their men to missions, death, injury or disease. Many times the men were away addressing other tasks. These women had to be tough and tender too.

Women also have a greater need for privacy. Men aren't often bothered by this lack. There was little to no privacy available in a wagon train on the plains or desert. Both sexes knew they might face physical abuse at the hands of the mob; women also had to face the possibility of rape with all its horrors.
Women's work wasn't done when the wagons stopped for the night. Meals had to be prepared when fuel sometimes wasn't even available and there was little food to fix. Water and fuel must be sought, clothes must be mended and children tended with nothing available but what was brought with them.

Men may conquer but it is women who civilize. Their presence and sacrifice brought culture to the frontier regions of what we now know as the United States of America.

**A BIGLER/FLEMING CONNECTION**

Nancy Bigler married Josiah Wolcott Fleming, born on the 26th day of April, 1808, in North Middleton, or Fairmont as we now know it. He was the son of William and Ann Fleming. Nancy is another older sister of Bathsheba Bigler Smith. They were married in 1828.

The Fleming family's history is indelibly written in the history of Fairmont as Josiah's grandfather and great uncle, Nathan and Boaz Fleming, cleared the land where downtown now stands. During the first day of this clearing Elder Levi Shinn was told,

Boaz and his boys chopped down 13 large trees, lamed an ox, killed two copperheads, and uncovered a human skeleton, thought to be that of an Indian killed by Jonathon Bozarth, who first owned the land Fleming owns now. (46)

Boaz was also instrumental in establishing Marion County, though he wanted to name it Madison County after his friends, James and Dolly Madison. It is said he got the idea when Dolly, who was visiting her sister, Mary, married to John G. Jackson, remarked to him, "Why don't you get a county of your own and save yourself all this traveling on court days?" Boaz was in Clarksburg to pay his brother Nathan's Harrison County taxes and complained about having to travel almost 100 miles to pay taxes in two counties, Harrison and Monongalia. This family also contributed one of West Virginia's governors, Aretas Brooks Fleming, who was also one of the founders of Fairmont Normal School, now Fairmont College. (46)

Josiah and Nancy Bigler Fleming converted to the LDS Church and were baptized by Jedediah M. Grant in the West Fork River. The following year they decided to join the main body of the Church at Far West, Missouri and from there went to Nauvoo, Illinois, where they again went through the persecutions of the Saints in that city. They came to Utah in 1851. Their children, Thaddeus Ellis and Sarah Ann Fleming, met their eternal mates in Utah Territory. There the Fleming family made major contributions to the new church and even newer state, Utah.
I am indebted to whoever in the Fleming family saved Josiah’s letters and they contribute a large part of the history of the family. In a letter written that year to his father in Virginia he said in part:

It was a long and tedious journey and very hard on both man and beast, suffice it to say we survived and withstood the hardships of the journey. And when our eyes beheld the extent and beauty of this valley our hearts rejoiced and we fell to praise the God of Israel for his care and protection over us to see this goodly land. We think we have one of the choice lots in the city, 25 rods from the Temple Block. We have a nice house built of adobes, a beautiful stream of clear running water from the mountains, within forty feet of the door. The United States mail comes to the city once every month.

The following was taken from another letter that was written in 1852:

Dear Isaac, honored and affectionate brother, family and friends:

Having been called on a mission to Australia, I left my beloved family and friends in the vales of the mountains, in good health. I rented my house in the city, left Thaddeus and his mother a house and farm of forty acres in the Utah Valley. Also two city lots, a good span of horses, wagon, etc. And on the 3rd of December arrived at San Bernardino. Here we disposed of our effects and was helped to the coast by our friends.

Arriving in San Pedro. We went on board the Col. Fremont brig. In San Francisco, the Captain put a piece in the daily news stating that the Col. Fremont had arrived with thirty-six Mormon Elders on board, with our names and different missions. Soon our friends came to inquire after us. And began to administer to our wants, both those who belonged to the Church and those who did not. When the news reached San Jose, an agent came over in the first steamer across the bay to see us. He said they wanted some of the honors of helping to bear this mission to the nations, and gave us, himself, $4,000, praying for our safety in the Redeemer’s Kingdom. You can see by the above that the Lord is moving the hearts of the people in our behalf.

The next day went on board the ship Pacific, and sailed on February the first for Australia. After a long and tedious journey, we arrived in Sydney. We were set apart to our several fields of labor.
Among those Josiah Fleming converted to the Church and baptized was Apostle Francis M. Lyman’s wife, Rhoda. After laboring faithfully in the mission field for four years, he was released and set sail for home. He, with Augustus Farnham, were passengers on the Jenny Ford.

This testimony was taken from his journal, May, 1856.

Last night the wind was very high, and a heavy sea on, this morning it was less, we ran out a short distance in a quarterly direction by the Island. And while we were yet in full view of the town the wind ceased to blow, so we had no control of the vessel which was thrown before the waves toward the shore. A fearful sight as they dashed against the breakers flying high in the air.

Every sail was set, and every possible means was used to save the vessel from the approaching danger, but to no purpose. In a short time we discovered a huge rock at which our vessel was drifting. We soon realized the fearful danger, without any earthly means of preventing it. Every soul on board was waiting to see the vessel dashed to pieces; at this critical moment I called some of the Elders to come and stand between the passengers, crew, et. and the breaker. And by the power of the Priesthood and mighty faith, we might have power with our Heavenly Father to turn the vessel in another direction, as it did not seem possible that we should come to such a fearful death.

Yet we continued to drift broadside toward the rock, and when the last wave passed and the vessel towered within a few feet of the rock, only waiting the next wave to dash it to pieces, I lifted my eyes to my Father in Heaven, perhaps for the last time. I felt the power of God immediately rest upon me and I said, “Oh, God, the Eternal Father, in the name of Jesus Christ, thy son, I command this vessel to stand still and go no farther toward this rock.”

The next wave came rolling on, and raised the vessel to its full height, which soon passed and the vessel lowered in the same place. When I saw this, I again lifted my voice to my Father in Heaven, and in the name of Jesus commanded the wind to blow and fill the sails, which it did instantly and the vessel with all on board was out of danger, in a few moments.

I afterwards remembered that this power had been given me by Joseph Smith, Sr., and John Smith, Patriarchs who said I should have power over the winds and waves of the sea and they should be subject to my voice.
Josiah and Thaddeus didn’t see each other for nine years. Thaddeus had been called to go on a mission to the same place where his father had labored and they passed each other on the sea and thus were without each other’s company for nine years.

Josiah was three months crossing from Sydney to San Francisco, and there he received transportation to his home and loved ones in Utah Valley. From then on until the time of his death, he lived a peaceful and happy life. He was beloved by his children, grandchildren and neighbors. He passed away January 6, 1873, at his home in Provo at the age of 73 years.

Josiah traveled extensively in the Australian mission from city to city and was the means of many conversions. Travel in Australia is still not easy but was especially difficult at that time. He also served as a counselor in the mission presidency and was instrumental in bringing many of the Australian Saints to Utah. He said of this experience,

My health is still good, and I have been much blessed in all my labors and administrations in this country. I feel thankful to my Father in heaven that I was chosen to bear a part of the ministry of the gospel to this people ...

A letter he wrote to a nephew in Illinois in 1852 is so informative on conditions in Utah at the time that I have included excerpts as follows:

I, this morning, improve the opportunity of writing you a few lines from the Valley of the mountains where we arrived in safety and health on the 7th of September, 1850. The same fall we built a house 14 by 16 feet of adobes on our own lot near the Temple block, and lived in it through the winter and summer of 1851. Had a good garden on our lot, and raised a good crop of wheat on rented land. Last fall Thaddeus and I came up to the Utah Valley, (Provo) and sowed four acres of wheat about the first of October, and the last of December we moved up and are enclosing a farm of our own. We expect to commence plowing tomorrow for spring wheat on our land, we expect to break it with one span of horses. Our present situation is about 45 miles from the Great Salt Lake City. I have rented my house and lot in the city for $4.00 per month and I don't expect to part with it. We moved to this valley on account of its being more convenient to wood, and range for our stock. We live near the Provo River from which we can get plenty of water to irrigate our land.

Sary Ann had a daughter the 19th of January 1852 and calls her name Mary Ann. She is small and round favored like her
mother. So you may all know what our folks think of her. Thaddeus has grown in the last two years very fast and is smart at any kind of business. He has been going to school some this winter and when he is invited to a party, he is not much difficulty to obtain a partner, you know how this makes boys feel.

The Saints are now living in peace in all the valleys of the mountains and getting rich through industry and minding their own business. It has been so long that I have retired to my bed in peace and safety that I have almost forgotten the many cold and stormy nights that I have been called on guard against mob violence; the red men of the forest, and wild beasts, etc. It fills my heart with gratitude to God of Israel that we are spared to enjoy days of peace and safety, and blessings in this beautiful Valley.

We read your letter and was well pleased to hear from you but much surprised to hear the death of Elizabeth. I wish you were here to hear the teaching in relation to the living and the dead that you might know their situation. Know the exaltation and glory which they will attain when they receive their resurrected bodies, as they are now in the world of spirits and must remain till the morning of the resurrection which is not far distant. Nancy and Sarah Ann and Thaddeus send their love to you all and all enquiring friends.

Josiah W. Fleming

Provo City, Utah Territory

His son Thaddeus married Julia Turner who had been born in Kirtland, Ohio, to a Mormon pioneer family. They lived the life of successful farmers in the Provo area, with their extended family nearby.

Sarah Ann Fleming, the small, round favored "Sary Ann," had married a young man who had been a teamster in the same wagon train to Utah, David Cluff, Jr. The Cluff family journal records that

"There were not many young ladies in Utah at that early time to choose from, but if the number had been greater, his choice would not have been any better. Miss Sarah Ann Fleming, daughter of Josiah W. and Nancy Bigler Fleming, was a very charming and beautiful young lady, and after a brief courtship David and Miss Fleming were married on the 19th day of March, 1851, at the home of the bride's parents in Salt Lake City, Patriarch John Smith officiating." A few years later they were sealed in the Endowment House, used for sealing ceremonies before the
temple was completed.

The journal further records, "It was among the forest covered hills on the banks of the Monongahelia River where she was born. It must have been a thrilling, reverential feeling that came over [her son] Thaddeus H., when in December, 1901 he stood beneath the great "Elm Tree" of historic fame, under whose branches his dear mother played as a child." Sarah had the privilege of seeing her son fulfill a mission call to serve at her birthplace in Harrison County.

To escape persecution the Fleming family had left Virginia, journeying first to Kirtland, then to Indiana, Missouri and Illinois, keeping in touch with the main body of the church. The "great elm" spoken of is the tree immortalized by Granville Davission Hall in his best selling book, Daughter of the Elm, set in the Shinnston area and published in 1899.

In 1853 the young couple were sent to Parawan by Brigham Young to strengthen the new settlement against Indian depredations. Hesitant to go because Sarah was close to giving birth, they counseled with Apostle George A. Smith, who had been instrumental in the Fleming family's conversion in Harrison County. He gave them some excellent advice and words of encouragement as well as bestowing a blessing upon Sarah Ann. They proceeded on their journey cheerfully, having faith that the words of the servant of God would be verified.

While camped at the home of her uncle, Bishop Jacob Bigler, in Nephi, Juab County, her second little girl was born in a wagon. The next morning they continued their journey south as the group had to stay together, and got along admirably.

While living in Parawan, Sarah gave birth to two sons and had another harrowing frontier experience. They were living in a two room adobe house that was covered with slabs made fast to the ridge pole by wooden pins instead of nails.

David had gone up the canyon after fire wood and she was alone with her children when eight young warriors of the Ute
tribe came to the door. She had taken a pan of white bread from the bake oven, and placed it on the table with other loaves just as one of the warriors entered.

He gruffly demanded, "Heap bread, heap biscuit. You give me some." Sarah, knowing she had little choice, gave him the largest loaf. But this didn't appease him and he demanded more in spite of her pleading that she needed the bread for her children. He decided more force was needed and went out to get his bow and arrows from the saddle.

Sarah, who knew something of Indian tactics, took this opportunity to snatch the old Kentucky rifle off its pegs above the door and when the Indian returned he was faced with this rifle pointed at him by a desperate, but calm and resolute mother. The Indians decided to leave with one loaf of bread.

When this young couple returned to Provo they became involved with the Provo Dramatic Company, which was organized in 1861. David played the violin and they both enjoyed singing and acting. David had spent one winter in his youth attending dancing school. He also used his cabinet making skills to make musical instruments. They had five more sons and lost two of them to diphtheria before Sarah Ann died in 1879. When she realized her end was near she testified to her children -

"that this indeed is the true church of Christ and that Joseph Smith was a true prophet of God. She closed by exhorting them to be true to their inheritance transmitted to them through the gospel, that they might be saved in the Kingdom of God."

David Cluff Jr. had experienced many dangers during his youth, including being threatened at gunpoint by a mob at Nauvoo. When the Nauvoo temple was burned, he was sitting at his bedroom window and witnessed this event at about three o'clock in the morning. He ran, with others, to put it out, but the fire spread rapidly and nothing could be done. He had a firsthand knowledge of the sacrifice and labor that went into this beautiful edifice and was doubly stricken when he heard the mobs jeering.

David had learned to be a skilled carpenter and cabinet maker from his father, David Cluff, Sr., who had been a ship builder in New England before leaving his profession by the sea to follow the Church to the deserts of the west. David Jr. and his brothers established a successful cabinet manufacturing business in Provo. David was well informed and had excellent manners, which helped him to become a successful Utah legislator. He was also a militia leader and served a two-year mission to Australia. The Cluff/Fleming family left their mark on Utah.
The Miller Brothers

I include these men as they were the captains of several wagon trains with whom many Saints from Harrison County traveled and because Daniel married Hannah Bigler.

Henry W. and Daniel A. Miller were the sons of James and Elizabeth Gardner Miller. Henry was born May 1, 1807 in Lexington, Green County, Illinois. He and his wife, Elmira Pond Miller joined the church in 1835 and lived in Nauvoo until 1846. He served as a body guard to Joseph Smith. Daniel married Elmira’s sister, Lovisa. They were the daughters of Thaddeus and Lovisa Miner Pond.

Daniel A. Miller was one of the first five people to settle in Farmington, Utah, in 1848. He arrived here in October. He built a two-room log cabin on a tributary of North Cottonwood Creek. He later built a large adobe house on the corner of Main and Fourth North. Henry came to Farmington later and didn’t stay as long.

Daniel and Jacob (his son) Miller have the credit for plowing the first furrow in Farmington in the fall of 1848. Daniel also purchased the first threshing machine brought from California.

Henry had directed the building of the log tabernacle in Kanesville. He didn’t get to settle down in Utah as early or stay as long as his brother as he was directed by church leaders to return to Council Bluffs to plant crops, build bridges and roads and otherwise assist the immigrants safely to the Valley. He crossed the plains seven times, twice in 1850, once each in 1852, 1855, 1857 and twice in 1862. He acted as Captain on five of these trips and was thereafter honored with the title of Captain. He also served at least one arduous mission. Most of the following was taken from the ancestry.com biography of Sarah Wooding Smith.

At the General Conference of the Church at Salt Lake City held April 6, 1855, Henry W. was called to go on a mission to the Indian Territory to labor among the Creek, Cherokee and Choctaw nations. On April 14, 1855, he was blessed under the hands of Wilford Woodruff and ? Benson [probably Ezra] and set apart to preside over this mission. He started on the 1st day of May, his forty-seventh birthday. The forepart of the trip was rough owing to bad roads and stormy weather. Reaching Jacob Croft's place July 4, 1855, which place later became his headquarters, he took up his labors. In less than two weeks they commenced baptizing and organized a branch. Other branches followed and they gathered up many saints who had been led into that country by Lyman Wight. In fact, members of Wight's family including his wife, were baptized.
by them. In summarizing his work November 9, 1856, he says: "We sent one company of sixty-five souls to the mountains. . . . which were baptized in the Cherokee nation. Besides there were three branches left, and among them were ten or twelve native elders who had been ordained and were preaching."

Because of murderous threats, Henry was forced into a dangerous role in order to obtain oxen for a wagon train:

On November 10, 1857, in company with Elder James Case, he left for Council Bluffs. During this winter, he came near to dying of chills and ague, having suffered considerable during this mission. He went back to Quincy, Illinois, visiting relatives and friends. On return he had intended going across Iowa by way of Council Bluffs. At St. Louis he was met by Erasmus Snow, who said, "You have come in answer to prayer -- we want you to go into Clay County, Missouri, and buy cattle for us for the trip to the mountains." In May, he started on this trip, passing as a Californian through his disguise, and bought some hundred yoke delivering them to John Taylor and Erasmus Snow at Florence, Nebraska, June 22, 1857. Here a company was organized, and he captained it to Utah, reaching there August 7, 1857. (79)

In the spring of 1862, six companies or trains were called to go to back to Council Bluffs for colonists wanting to come to the Salt Lake Valley. Henry was called as one of the captains, and his train consisted of forty-seven wagons with four yoke of oxen to the wagon, made up from Cache and Weber Counties. At Black's Fork they laid over for fifteen days building bridges, receiving assistance and timber from Fort Bridger. At Green River, the cattle were forced to swim while the wagons were ferried over. Some oxen were drowned. He returned to Salt Lake City October 17, 1862. This was his seventh trip across the plains.

In 1864 he was called to go south to assist in the settlement of the "Muddy Mission", located at the Beaver Dam at the junction of the Beaver Dam wash and the Rio Virgin. The Deseret News of May 24, 1865, refers to a report from Henry W. Miller stating the affairs of the settlement as satisfactory, that fruit trees and grape vines were being planted.

Under date of December 24, 1867, James G. Blake, a pioneer (1861) of St. George, writes "Millersburg, founded and presided over by Henry W. Miller, known previously as Beaver Dam, was submerged by a flood in the Rio Virgin destroying the results of well-directed labors in making comfortable homes . . . There had been hardships from the beginning of the settlement, but this caused the place to be abandoned. The same flood laid havoc along the Rio Virgin and Santa Clara Rivers."
Owing to this disaster and the Indian troubles, the settlement was abandoned and broken up in 1866, and remained so for nine or ten years. Beaver Dam was about thirty or forty miles southwest of St. George, Utah, and was in the northwest corner of Arizona. Through this settlement, Henry W. Miller is credited with doing the first plowing in the state of Arizona. This is verified by Arizona State History.

From this unfortunate settlement, he went to St. George, where he took an active part in its development, and where he lived until 1885, when he came to Farmington, very much broken in health, and died at the home of his son, William, on October 9, 1885. He was buried in the Farmington Cemetery by the side of his brother Daniel.

He was a member of the Legislature for two terms and also took a leading part in opening up roads through the mountains and canyons for wood and timber. He was a member of the high council at Council Bluffs, Iowa. On July 14, 1877, he became a member of the high council of St. George Stake and remained there until his death. He was a director of the Canaan Stock Company (Livestock) of St. George, the Co-op Mercantile Institute, and the Rio Virgin Manufacturing Company (Woolen Mills).

Farmington is a short distance from the shores of the Great Salt Lake and overlooking Antelope Island. Nearby is Fremont Island, also known as Miller Island. Henry left an account of his interest in this island:

"In the spring of 1859 I went to the island known as Fremont Island in the Great Salt Lake and explored it, accompanied by my brother Daniel and Quincey Knowlton. I built a boat and after we had sheared our sheep we took them to the island. There were about 153 head. It was said that there had never been any stock on that Island before we took our sheep there. This island is about 25 miles from Farmington and about six miles north of Antelope island, where the church had some stock. This Fremont Island is opposite the mouth of the Weber River. After we had taken our sheep on the island, it became known locally as Miller's Island. It proved a good place for sheep, it being about four miles from the mainland and no wild beast on it to destroy the sheep. The herd increased very fast in number and needed no herder to take care of it. We used to visit the Island every few weeks to clean the spring and at times of lambing, shearing and marketing we spent days on the island at a time."(79)

Henry and Daniel Miller formed a partnership for the enterprise. Their sons and grandsons later took active part in the business, Jacob Miller being one of the most active participants. He was the son of Daniel. It was he who designed and supervised construction of a 50-foot sail boat, The Lady of the Lake, used many years for
John C. Fremont was among the first white men who visited the lake islands. In 1843, he with his party made an exploratory trip to this island, which we now call Fremont. While there he lost the cap to his spy glass. As a result many who have visited the island later were interested in trying to find this small piece of equipment.

Daniel Arnold Miller took up the cause of a Brother Yokum, whose case was discussed at a conference at Winter Quarters by Elder George A. Smith who said:

It is known to the conference that I have taken an interest in Brother Yokum who was shot to pieces at Haun's Mill. I want to say that Bishop Daniel Miller has bought him a place, thinking the brethren would put their mites together and buy it. The cost was about $20.00; the thing has been carried thus far, and Brother Miller has saddled the responsibility of it. It's the greatest miracle in the world that he is alive. The wound he got on his head was enough to kill a dog, but he has lived through it. It is such acts that make the potatoes grow. \(^{(21)}\)

This kind act was indicative of the life of Daniel Arnold Miller. He also helped the church financially and at one time consecrated all his property to it.

Brother Miller was Captain of the wagon train that brought his family to Utah on September 4, 1848. This was the same group with whom John and Emeline Hess traveled. He also captained the train that brought immigrants to Utah in 1853 without incident. \(^{(1)}\)

Included in this group were Hannah's father and step-mother, Jacob and Sarah Cunningham Bigler with sons Adam, Andrew and Mark. While they were camped on the banks of the Platt River they met 27 Elders from Salt Lake going east to leave on foreign missions.

Daniel Miller was a farmer, rancher, stockman, director of ZCMI and treasurer of Davis County. \(^{(1)}\)

Hannah Bigler, sister of Henry W. Bigler, became the plural wife of Daniel Arnold Miller in 1844. They were sealed for time and all eternity in the Nauvoo temple January 17, 1846. He had served as a missionary to Indiana in 1842 and was Bishop of Kanesville, Iowa, from 1846 to 1847. Daniel was counsel of Joseph Lee Robinson, the first bishop of the Farmington Ward.
He and his brother, Henry W. Miller, were assigned to get out timber to cut up into lumber for the Nauvoo temple. On one trip they encountered stormy weather. Their mother related in her journal how the men had to go ahead of the teams and break trail so that the oxen would follow. At night they shoveled out the snow, fixing a place to make their beds. During this winter they ran out of provisions and were out of bread for some time. When flour finally came they ate the dough before it could be baked.  

Melissa Jane Bigler was the daughter of Mark and Susannah Ogden Bigler. All of Mark and Susannah's six daughters were lovely, but Melissa was particularly so.

Alfred Boaz Lambson fell in love with her and stated his intention of marrying her upon glimpsing her in the doorway of her sister, Bathsheba Bigler Smith's, house in Nauvoo. He was not discouraged when he learned that she already had numerous suitors, but persevered, even developing a sudden interest in singing in the church choir so he could attend "singing school" to be with her. Even so it was a year before they were married and Melissa had to arise from her sick bed, being sick with the ague, (probably malaria) to attend her own wedding.

It's interesting that Alfred's account of the courtship is slightly different from Melissa's. He states that he visited her often as well as attending choir practice with her. Melissa told their daughter that they didn't spend much time together because he was so busy helping to build the Nauvoo temple that about the only time they saw each other was at choir practice at church. This is a good illustration of the dissimilar views males and females can have on their courtship.

This special time was fraught with more peril than normal as Alfred recalls:

One evening is especially impressed upon me. I had taken off my belt containing a knife and a brace of pistols when George A. [Smith] came in and asked me to lend it to him a few moments. He was worried about the mob, for it was the fall of 1844, when opposition raged, and not hearing the usual cry of the police telling the hour of the night, he had become anxious as he was always alert to the dangers threatening Nauvoo. I, of course, lent him the belt and he went out to ascertain conditions. Meanwhile, the lovers forgot that there was such a thing as a mob in Christendom, and an
occasional yell from vicious men, or a shot now and then was not enough to disturb our happiness.\(^{37}\)

**Alfred was a large and strong man**, six feet three inches tall. His grandfather was sometimes called "Giant Lambson" being nearly seven feet tall.\(^{38}\) The Lambson family traveled on the first steamboat, the *Fulton* into the interior of Michigan where they settled in Kinderhook, Michigan. His father was a skilled mechanic and blacksmith and taught these arts to his son. Alfred was setting up his own shop about the time two Mormon Elders came preaching the gospel and he "took a heap of notice and knew it was Bible gospel" even though he considered himself an infidel.

When he had the opportunity to travel west with some trappers headed for Oregon he took it because, in his own words, "Something kept drawing me west, farther and farther west." They were to meet the rest of the party at St. Louis so Alfred went via Nauvoo where he hoped to meet Joseph Smith. The first time he saw the Prophet he felt a very peculiar sensation; his sub-conscious self seemed to feel the greatness of this stranger. When Alfred told him where he was headed the Prophet said to him,

"Young Man ... when you join a fur company at St. Louis to go to Oregon, I will take Nauvoo on my back and carry it across the Mississippi and set it down in Iowa," adding, "I have use for you."\(^{39}\)

When it was time for him to leave he became so ill he was unable to travel. He was miraculously healed by Joseph and continued to stay in Nauvoo and listen to him preach, and to his dying day he never forgot the prophet's "thrilling and marvelous power for good." He was baptized April 4, 1844 and ordained a Seventy on the 13th of the same month.\(^{38}\)

In May he left on a mission for Virginia where he labored under the presidency of **Elder Benjamin Winchester** and **Seabert C. Shelton**, but was called back to Nauvoo with other Elders at the time of the martyrdom of **Joseph and Hyrum Smith**.\(^{37}\)

He later served another mission to the West Indies with Jesse Turpin but, when they were forced to leave, he completed his mission in Michigan where he baptized a number of people and organized three branches of the Church.\(^{38}\)

Alfred continues, "There was much joy for us in life and work, too, which I never evaded. In February [1846] the exodus began for which I had ironed 33 wagons for the march westward, for that was as much as we then knew of what our final destination would be. It was not until June, after the battle [of Nauvoo] began, that my wife and I left Nauvoo. After crossing the Mississippi, I set my tools up under an oak tree on the bluff and ironed three more wagons. Then
we took our course over the road used by the Saints who preceded us."(37)

They arrived in Winter Quarters in August and remained for some time to assist as a mechanic and blacksmith to prepare wagons and other things for the rest of the journey. This included fitting President Brigham Young's company. Alfred and Melissa and newborn daughter, Melissa Jane, left the camp at Winter Quarters, on the Missouri River, June 4, 1847 and arrived in Salt Lake Valley September 25, 1847.(37)

Alfred says,

"We travelled in Captain E.K. Fuller's [group of] Ten, Perigrine Sessions being the Captain of Fifty of which I was the blacksmith, and Daniel Spencer the Captain of Hundred. Our company of Fifty really consisted of about sixty wagons. I think I passed through most--if not all of the perplexing experiences, and trying circumstances incident to my occupation throughout the long, dreary and toilsome journey of three months and 21 days ... On one occasion with the organized help of the camp, and one or two skilled assistants, under my direction, we measured, cut, welded and set eighty-five tires in one day."(37)

**Being an artificer of superior ability**, his service to the company was invaluable. One of the members of that company said that without his assistance the company would not have succeeded in crossing the plains. Many a night on the journey he was called on for repairs that required all his attention until early in the morning of the following day. Alfred never charged a cent for his work which included taking care of lame horses, cows and oxen.(37)

Alfred had many close calls on the journey to Utah. Once he and Jacob Weatherby were assigned to escort a "demented woman" from the Elk Horn River back to Winter Quarters. They were outfitted with a wagon and a span of wild steers and were unarmed. The trip was made more difficult because the woman didn't want to go back and vowed her intention of escaping. Before they left, he and his companion rescued a woman and two children from drowning in the Elk Horn when the wagon in which they were riding slipped off the ferry. While Jacob saved the woman Alfred held one child in each arm up out of the water while he swam on his back to a sandbar.

On the same day, near the Papao, they were stopped by three Indians armed with rifles. Alfred relates,
I immediately would have made friendly signs and reasoned with them, but Elder Weatherby lost his head, and jumping out of the wagon, grappled with an Indian. I, of course, followed on the other side, grappling with the second and taking his gun away. The third fired at my companion, and he fell mortally wounded. I grabbed the slayer of Weatherby, taking hold of his side and taking a piece out with my hand, for he was naked. He yelled with pain and the sick woman, seeing her chance, to frighten the wild steers and away they dashed, wagon, steers, woman and all. I was left with Elder Weatherby and the Indians took to their heels.

I [tended to] the wounded man ... and turned to pursue the runaways. By good luck I overtook Bishop Whitney, who returned to the spot and lifted Elder Weatherby into his carriage. I finally found the woman and the wagon. Finding travelers going toward Winter Quarters, I relinquished the woman, steers and wagon to them with my commission to deliver her safely, if possible, at Winter Quarters. I then turned, single-handed and alone, to retrace my steps toward my family ... . I had no sooner laid my weary body down to rest than a voice cried out in the night, "Lambson has been killed by Indians!" Melissa replied, "I guess not; Lambson's in this wagon." Alfred was always grateful that he was able to return before she received this message. (37)

Alfred's contributions to the welfare of the saints continued for all the years he lived. He built the first plastered house in the valley and fitted the ironwork for the first seven mills in the valley using the iron from old wagon tires. He also forged the dies and punches for the Deseret mint. Two of their daughters, Julina and Edna, married Joseph F. Smith, the sixth president of the church, who was the son of martyred Hyrum Smith. Julina was the mother of the 9th president of the church, Joseph Fielding Smith. (38)

Melissa's first baby, also named Melissa Jane, had been born in a dugout at Winter Quarters that Alfred prepared and furnished comfortably for her. The child came while Alfred was away, as usual, helping others. Their biographer writes,

The narrative of the trials of our pioneer fathers and others is distressing to us, and yet we know from them that in all the trials through which they were forced to pass there was much joy for them. Melissa J. Lambson was very happy in that little dugout in Winter Quarters. The hair on that ox hide
rug was softer to her weary feet that the most luxurious velvet carpet could be to ours. And when she clasped her first-born to her loving heart, ... that mother [appreciated] the protection that rude hut afforded herself and babe. Safe from the elements which had so mercilessly pursued the fleeing Saints from Nauvoo to this spot, far from the horrid yells and threats of mobs, the artillery of enemies, the burning of homes! Now for the hours, at least, there was nothing to fear, and love and joy and thanksgiving crowded out the bitterness of the dread past! ...(37)

Daughter, Julina Lambson Smith, says,

From mother I learned that notwithstanding the trials and hardships of the journey to Utah, the Saints were united, and enjoyed each other's society. When the camp fires were built after the day's travel, they would come together, pray, sing, and spend a social evening and the friendship that grew among them was sacred and lasting. The visits of those dear brothers and sisters with my mother I shall never forget. They continued up to the day of her death when those who were left came to pay a tribute of love to her. ...(37)
Mormon Battalion built 1st courthouse in San Diego.

It's significant that most of the march of the Mormon Battalion was through "Terra Incognita" or unknown land.
Joseph Smith home & cemetery at Nauvoo

Diane by well where Joseph Smith died at Carthage jail. He had fallen out of upper window.

Graves of Joseph & Hyrum Smith at Nauvoo
CHAPTER THREE

In 1845, more than two hundred Mormon homes and farm buildings in Nauvoo were burned in an attempt to force the Saints to leave. The violence forced the Church leadership to announce that they would abandon Nauvoo and go West.

In a letter addressed to U.S. President James K. Polk in 1846, Brigham Young gave notice of the farewell:

We would esteem a territorial government of our own as one of the richest boons of earth, and while we appreciate the Constitution of the United States as the most precious among the nations, we feel that we had rather retreat to the deserts, islands or mountain caves than consent to be ruled by governors and judges whose hands are drenched in the blood of innocence and virtue, who delight in injustice and oppression.

Again the Mormons were compelled to leave everything but what they could put in a wagon at Nauvoo. Even though destitute, they had built another temple only to be forced at the point of a sword to leave it and the homes and farms they had carved out of a wasteland. Most Latter-day Saints received no compensation for their property or their labor. These virtuous, law-abiding citizens had been betrayed by the political and military leaders whose sworn duty was to protect them. Many times the Mormon leaders were wrongfully imprisoned. No charges against them were ever proved though some were jailed for months at a time.

The first group led by Brigham Young left in February 1846. They had to dodge ice blocks in the river but two weeks later the river froze over, a most unusual event that greatly aided evacuees that followed.

Josiah B. Convers, a non-LDS Quincy physician, deplored and condemned the rising anti-Mormon sentiment, as did many other local leaders. He recalled,

"Scenes of destitution, misery and woe met the eye. Families were hurrying away from their homes, without a shelter, without means of conveyance, without tents, money, or a day's provision, with as much of their household stuff as they could carry in their hands. Sick men and women were carried upon their beds, weary mothers with helpless babes dying in their arms hurried away - all fleeing, they scarcely knew or cared whither, so it was from their enemies, whom they feared more than the waves of the Mississippi, or the heat and hunger and ... dreaded death of the prairies on
Crossing the frozen Mississippi,
by C.C.A. Christensen

which they were about to be cast. The ferry boats were crowded, and the river bank was lined with anxious fugitives, sadly awaiting their turn to pass over and continue their solitary march to the wilderness."[39]

Many lost their lives that first winter season including Melissa Bigler's mother, Susannah Ogden Bigler. Both Melissa and Bathsheba were too ill to attend the funeral of their mother.

By the middle of May (1846), it was estimated that sixteen thousand Mormons had left Nauvoo and crossed the Mississippi River. The winter crossing of the rivers, streams, creeks and bogs of Iowa was the hardest part of the Mormon migration. By September of 1846, the only remaining Saints in Nauvoo were those too old or sick or poor to be able to gather the means to leave.

The anti-mormons or "regulators," whose core was the notorious "Carthage Greys" who had murdered the Prophet and his brother, fired cannons upon the Saints who were leaving Nauvoo as quickly as they could. Nauvoo's defenders responded with cannon fire of their own but despite a valiant resistance they were forced to surrender. Armed men ransacked and plundered private property, molested the Saints and desecrated the temple.

On October 5, 1846, a St. Louis newspaper reported that Joseph L. Heywood, (ancestor of Reed Heywood of the Charleston WV Stake Presidency) one of the Nauvoo Trustees, was in the city asking for provisions to help the poor who had recently been driven from Nauvoo. The article asked for clothing and money to be donated to help the Saints.

We know their wretched state, not from report, but from eye witness, of misery which is without a parallel in the country. They are literally starving under the open heavens; not even a tent to cover them - women and children, widows and orphans, the bedridden, the age-stricken and the toil worn.

A miracle occurred on October 9, 1846 when thousands of quail descended on the camp of starving saints. This event was another
similarity to that had by ancient Israel in the wilderness, as recorded in Exodus 16:13. Joseph Fielding wrote,

They came in vast flocks, many came into the houses where the Saints were, settled on the tables, and the floor and even on their laps, so that they caught as many as they pleased. Thus, the Lord was mindful of his people.

Susannah Ogden Bigler died in Winter Quarters in 1847, but the rest of this family would eventually assemble in Utah. Her grandson, Jesse Bigler Martin, would later view the remnants of her monument on his return from service in the Mormon Battalion.

An Uncertain Pilgrimage – Brigham Young had gathered what little information was available on the Salt Lake Valley Basin while in Nauvoo and added to it in Winter Quarters by the Missouri River. Mountain men and Father Pierre de Smet, a Jesuit missionary, stopped at Winter Quarters and provided information about the Great Basin area. Despite them advising against it, Brigham Young insisted the Mormons would settle in a location no one else wanted. The Great Salt Lake Valley met the requirement in all respects.72 The fact that it was far away from civilization was a plus.

Most of the following is extracted from an article in the Ensign, Sept. 1997, pp. 42-53, "Winter Quarters: Church Headquarters, 1846-1848", by Richard E. Bennett.

The enemies of the church thought the death of Joseph Smith would mean the death of the church but Brigham Young believed the church could be saved by a mass migration – and West was the only way to go. This mass exodus, unlike anything seen in American religious history, would save the Saints but they had to abandon Nauvoo or risk being slaughtered on its streets.

The exodus did not take place all at once but in groups leaving from February 1846 throughout the year and into the winter. Brigham Young, sustained as president of the Camp of Israel, but not yet President of the Church, led the advance “Company of the Twelve.” They began crossing the Mississippi River on February 4, 1846, planning to plant crops along the way for those coming behind, establish camps somewhere west of the Missouri River as farms or way stations, and “dispatch a swift company across the mountains with seeds ... for a spring and summer crop” all in 1846.

This camp inched its way west, establishing farms at Garden Grove and Mount Pisgah in central Iowa but arriving at the Council Bluffs region of the Missouri River two months behind schedule with thousands of Saints following. During this trying period, much of lasting importance occurred: the 500-man Mormon Battalion was raised, new patterns of worship and charitable service were initiated, revelations were received, and the First Presidency was
reestablished — all amid formidable obstacles.

During April, May, and June 1846, three times as many Saints left Nauvoo as went with President Brigham Young’s advance group. Among the 10,000 spring evacuees were Apostles Wilford Woodruff and Orson Hyde, many of the 300 men who had been guards and pioneers in Zion’s Camp who now had returned to Nauvoo for their families, workmen who had finished the Nauvoo Temple, and new LDS arrivals from out of state. Because of grass and springtime weather, their treks across Iowa took only 4 to 5 weeks, compared to the first company’s 14 weeks.

**Nebraska’s first city, Omaha,** was born with the official selection of the site by the Apostles. Named Winter Quarters, it was soon divided into five-acre blocks measuring 380 feet by 660 feet. A block could accommodate 20 houses and a population of 150 to 300 people. Houses were built on the outside of each block, with gardening areas reserved for the inside of the block. Wells were dug, wide streets laid out, bridges built across streams, and a large stockyard sectioned off south of the city for cattle.

The quality of homes varied widely from large, sturdy, two-story dwellings to snow-covered tents. A one-and-one-half-story Council House — a community center, town hall, and gathering place was built.

The Camp of Israel transformed into a prairie city in barely two months. Approximately 7,000 Latter-day Saints spent the winter of 1846-47 at the “Bluffs” 4,000 at Winter Quarters, Nebraska, and another 3,000 on the east side of the Missouri in what became Kanesville, Iowa. In addition, some 2,500 Latter-day Saints were scattered along the Iowa trail, while about 1,700 were in Missouri, mostly in St. Louis.

The pioneers banded together and supported one another. President Young called upon all Latter-day Saints “to unite with us in the principles of self preservation” so that the camps could be made as self-sufficient as possible. In the fair and equitable distribution of what little they had lay the temporal salvation of all.

The need to provide better care for the needs of the poor and hungry in camp initiated a major change in Church administration: the call of local bishops to preside over relatively small numbers of people. The change allowed bishops to offer more personal care and has proved to be a blessing to the Church ever since.

**And Should We Die — William Clayton** was a part of the second train, “The Emigration Camp” led by Elders Parley P. Pratt and John Taylor of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles. He was a dedicated record keeper so he kept a detailed journal of the journey. He was a convert from England and was an admirer of and very close to Joseph Smith, who recognized his abilities.
Two days before his death Joseph had instructed him to save the records of the church if he could and if not, to destroy them. William took the records with him and kept them safe.

He had been instructed by Brigham Young to measure the road carefully as he traveled and gather such other information that might be of benefit to the companies that should cross the plains and mountains in years to come. He designed this odometer to be attached to a wagon wheel which served the purpose well. His notes were of great service to the pioneers.

He had to leave his wife, Dianthas, with her parents in Nauvoo due to a difficult pregnancy. After a terrible night on the plains of Iowa, he received word that Dianthas had delivered her first and only child. He was inspired to pen a classic hymn that became the theme song of the Mormon pioneers and is still a favorite in meetings today. Here are two verses of "Come, Come Ye Saints" for you to contemplate.\(^{(66)}\)

\[
\text{Come, come ye Saints, no toil nor labor fear;} \\
\text{But with joy wend your way.} \\
\text{Though hard to you this journey may appear,} \\
\text{Grace shall be as your day.} \\
\text{'Tis better far for us to strive} \\
\text{Our useless cares from us to drive;} \\
\text{Do this, and joy your hearts will swell -} \\
\text{All is well! All is well!} \\
\text{And should we die before our journey's through,} \\
\text{Happy day! All is well!} \\
\text{We then are free from toil and sorrow, too;} \\
\text{With the just we shall dwell!} \\
\text{But if our lives are spared again} \\
\text{To see the Saints their rest obtain,} \\
\text{Oh how we'll make the chorus swell-} \\
\text{All is well! All is well!}
\]

William Clayton was one of the remarkable characters of early Utah history. Born in the county of Lancashire, England, July 17, 1814, ... and grew to manhood with a love for books and nature. An early convert of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, he conducted one of the first companies from England to Nauvoo, and there became one of the trusted secretaries of the Prophet Joseph Smith.
With the exodus from Nauvoo, he was Clerk of the Camp of Israel, and when the Mormon Pioneers left Winter Quarters in April, 1847, he as appointed by Brigham Young one of the historians of that noted company. His journal of that memorable expedition over the plains is one of the most valuable diaries we have of that early period of western history.

It appears that at least 1,000 died at the camps from 1846-48. The exodus would ever be more trial than trail. President Young said, "We are willing to take our full share of trouble, trials, losses and crosses, hardships and fatigues, warning and watching, for the kingdom of heaven's sake. ... and we feel to say; Come, calm or strife, turmoil or peace, life or death, in the name of Israel's God we mean to conquer or die trying."

Yet, if the air of Winter Quarters was saddened by death it was also brightened by music, dancing and the voices of children. In many other ways Winter Quarters put on a happy face and an active appearance.

A significant revelation was announced to the general membership of the church by Brigham Young on 19 January, 1846. It was "The Word and Will of the Lord concerning the Camp of Israel in their journeyings to the West." The revelation covered many topics, including the organization of companies in the impending spring migration. At this time when some defectors were laying claim to Church leadership, the Lord declared in the revelation that the westward trek must be "under the direction of the Twelve Apostles."

President Young told the people, "The Church has been led by Revelation just as much since the death of Joseph Smith as before." Four days after announcing the revelation, President Young stated confidently that "he had no more doubts nor fears of going to the mountains."

The advance, exploratory company — "the Pioneer Camp" — headed by Brigham Young, finally rolled out of Winter Quarters on 5 April 1847. This advance company of 143 men and boys, 3 women, and 2 children set their course by the setting sun after being duly organized according to the revelation.

Mountain man Jim Bridger met Young along the trail and told him that it was not prudent to bring a large population into the Great Basin until it is proven that grain can survive the cold. So skeptical was he [Bridger] that he told Young, "I would give $1,000 for a bushel of corn raised in the basin."

Two months later, Elders Parley P. Pratt and John Taylor of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles led a party of 1,553 men, women, and children — "the Emigration Camp" — in the wake of their leader.
Meanwhile, the primary objective of the thousands left behind was to plant and harvest substantial crops, gather provisions, organize themselves, and prepare for the exodus west as soon as possible. The fall of 1847 found the pioneers much stronger, more prepared, and better provisioned than the year before.

President Young and other members of the advance company had arrived in the Valley on July 27, 1847. They returned to Winter Quarters in October, 1847. A few weeks later, in accordance with government demands that the Church vacate Indian lands, President Young announced plans to begin abandoning Winter Quarters in the spring of 1848. Those able to go west by spring should do so, while those remaining should move to the other side of the river to Kanesville.

... Even imminent historians confuse the early-day locations of Council Bluffs, Kanesville, Winter Quarters, Florence, and Omaha on the Iowa and Nebraska sides of the Missouri River. In early journals and letters from the Saints, "Council Bluffs" referred to the entire district on both sides of the Missouri River. Almost without exception, any use of the name "Council Bluffs" after mid-January 1853 refers to the city once named Kanesville.

Winter Quarters, established in September 1846, occupied the high ground where the Omaha Water Works now overlooks the Missouri River. Today Winter Quarters may be referred to as ... Omaha.

The Latter-day Saints settled between fifty-five and sixty towns in southwest Iowa and the eastern fringe of Nebraska while staging wagon trains of refugees west to the Great Salt Lake Valley between 1846 and 1853. However, until 1985, most history-book accounts have not acknowledged the Mormons' founding of these settlements. Council Bluffs, county seat of Pottawattamie County; Glenwood, county seat of Mills; Macedonia; and Honey Creek are some of the towns that were originally established by Latter-day Saints.\(^{90}\)

Reestablishing the First Presidency had weighed heavily on the Twelve for several months. The Apostles gathered to deliberate the matter which culminated in the prayerful action of sustaining Brigham Young as President of the Church, with Elders Heber C. Kimball and Willard Richards, both of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, as President Young's counselors.
A special conference was planned. To accommodate the general membership of the church, two hundred men under the direction of Henry W. Miller, (more about him later) worked three weeks to construct a 60-by-40-foot log tabernacle. On 27 December 1847, after three days of conference sessions, Elder Orson Pratt presented the matter of business everyone had crowded into the tabernacle to hear – the reestablishment of the First Presidency. A crowd of more than 1,000 people voted their unanimous support.

In his remarks to the Saints, President Young acknowledged the Spirit of the Lord and said, “... Joseph told the Twelve there is not one principle or key to enter in the celestial Kingdom but I have given you... The Kingdom is set up and you have the perfect pattern and you can lead the Kingdom in at the gate. I am going to rest.”

Said Elder George A. Smith of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, “Now the thing is right.”

Kanesville, Iowa, and vicinity became a layover place where those too poor, tired, discouraged, or unprepared could delay their journey a year or more, plant and reap crops, procure teams and outfits, and make other necessary preparations. After these pioneers left for the mountains, new arrivals from the East or from overseas would take their place and repeat the preparation cycle. Families departing for the Salt Lake Valley were often urged either to give away their farms or to sell them at low prices to incoming converts who were often penniless or destitute.

After the discovery of gold in California in January 1848, Kanesville’s economy boomed. Church members prospered by selling produce, livestock, and labor, and the unexpected infusion of gold-fever money gave many of those previously too poor an opportunity to head west.

By the winter of 1852, most Latter-day Saints had pulled out of Kanesville, the surrounding Iowa settlements, and the way stations of Garden Grove and Mount Pisgah. Approximately 5,500 Saints took to the trail in 1852, twice as many as in any other year.

As they traveled over the trail, they improved it, built bridges or ferries for those that would follow in addition to plowing fields and planting crops. Ferries were established and fees charged to help finance the migration. Under Brigham Young’s direction, it wasn’t long before the desert literally, “blossomed as a rose.”

Seventy-thousand Latter-day Saints used the Oregon/Mormon trail from 1847 to 1869. Use of the trail stopped in 1869 with the driving of the "golden spike" at Promontory Point, Utah, for the transcontinental railroad.
Diane at grave of Jonathan & Sarah Harbert Harvey in Pleasant Grove cemetery.

Ray at Ferry House by river on Mormon Trail

Ray standing in ruts pioneer's wagons carved out of solid rock on Mormon Trail.

Garden Grove marker.

Rebuilt Kanesville tabernacle

Monument on summit of Little Mountain, final climb on Mormon Trail.

This is the Place monument SLC.
CHAPTER FOUR

THE MARTIN FAMILY

Jesse Bigler Martin was single and about twenty years old at the time he enlisted as a private in Company B of the Mormon Battalion.

He had been baptized in 1839 as were his parents, John Snyder and Agnes Matilda Bigler Martin, and probably others in his family. Jesse Bigler Martin would eventually settle in Farmington, Utah with Henry Bigler, his first cousin and Emeline Bigler Hess, Henry's sister, and her husband John Wells Hess. His mother was the oldest sister of Bathsheba Bigler Smith and she remained faithful to the church even though her husband eventually apostatized.

They lived out their lives in Sonoma, California. A Snyder family was also mentioned in some of the records I searched, but I couldn't fit them in with this family.

Jesse arrived in Utah for the first time in a wagon train consisting of 397 wagons, 74 horses, 19 mules, 1,275 oxen, 699 cows, 184 loose cattle, 411 sheep, 141 pigs, 605 chickens, 37 cats, 82 dogs, 3 goats, 10 geese, 2 hives of bees, 8 doves and one crow. They had left the Elkhorn River June 1st and arrived in Great Salt Lake City September 20, 1848. Jesse Turpin was also in this group.

After his mission to Great Britain, he was placed in charge of a wagon company consisting of thirty-four wagons and approximately two hundred souls. They arrived in Salt Lake City September 12, 1857. A member of this train, Elsie Edge Booth from Great Britain, reported that, "The company was just ahead of Johnston's Army and the strange, wild rumors concerning the intention of the military detachment to exterminate the Mormons furnished no encouragement to the weary travelers. Many treasured articles brought from across the sea had to be discarded by the wayside as the journey lengthened, and food had to be rationed to men and teams as the burden grew too heavy for the wearying animals. One day mother and a companion thought they would lighten the load and enjoy the exercise of walking for a while, not realizing that the line of march could not well be broken and that her delicate state of health might prevent her keeping up; but, thus it happened, and they were obliged to walk several miles before the caravan rested a
sufficient for the women to catch up.

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

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

In 1863, he was called by President Young to preside over the Scipio branch in Millard County, and again his families battled anew the hardships of pioneering. Because of the unfriendliness of the Indians the settlers built a fort near the East mountains, known as the First Fort. In this enclosure the men made dugouts for their families until such time as a more substantial fort could be erected which was called the Second fort. At the end of the Black Hawk hostilities the people moved onto the lots they had drawn, and Jesse built two cabins with two rooms each for his families on the land allotted him. The remainder of his children were born and reared here. The first telegraph south of Salt Lake City was installed in one of his homes and two daughters learned to both send and receive messages.

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

Jesse Martin was a poet and expressed his feelings in a song he wrote while on his mission in England.

No more in the meadows majestic and grand,  
I'll gather the bluebells of Virginia's far land.  
But traverse the deserts far off in the west,  
The land of the free where the Saints will be blest.  

I know I am Called, the truth for to tell,  
To gather the meek to our own mountain dell.
From the hand of the tyrant forever set free,
I am Called, I am Called, to warn them to flee.

Now I am a stranger on Old England's land,
To preach to the people the kingdom's at hand.
That the stone from the mountain's beginning to roll,
And will soon fill the Earth as the prophets foretold.

So, dear companion, your prayers I embrace,
That from sickness and death I long may be saved.
That I may return to the Valley so fair,
To the land of the free, for my home it is there.

Jesse Bigler Martin

Fortunately for us, he left a journal of his mission from which I have taken excerpts. I have corrected spelling and added punctuation for clarity. (Words were spelled phonetically and it was normal to have little to no punctuation at that time.)

March 9, 1853: I went to Burnley and the Saints had collected money to buy me a pair of shoes. I never said anything about it but they saw that my shoes were gone and they gave me a new pair.

April 11, 1853: I was in the town of Acrington visiting the saints and went to their singing meeting. This is my birthday and I am 29 years old and have been in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints 16 years and am now 8,000 miles from my home and loved ones, on the Island of Great Britain, preaching the gospel of life to those that will hear me.

May God grant me wisdom that is pure from above
To teach his pure gospel with meekness and love
That superstition and error may soon recede
And the bright rays of truth spread with great speed.

June 23, 1853: I received a letter from my wife. She lives in Salt Lake City, Utah territory, North America. My family is all well and in good spirits. May the Lord bless them and keep them from harm is my prayer till I return to them from my mission in England.

April 11, 1854: I went to Brother Morris' and spent the evening as it was my birthday we had ... some cakes and sang and rejoiced together. I rejoiced that I had spent so many birthdays in the Church of Christ. I am now 30 years old having been with the Saints
ever since the year 1839 - being driven with them from Missouri and also from Nauvoo ... now I am in Old England preaching the gospel of Christ and assisting to gather the saints from this land. May I be kept humble and faithful all my days to do good to my fellow man. May God bless my feeble endeavors to do so is the prayer of one who is trying to do good.

December 21, 1856: We voted to fast the first Sunday in each month and pay the value of a good dinner into the Immigration Fund.

December 25, 1856: I went over to Sister Rogers and took dinner with them. She had a goose for our Christmas Dinner. In the evening I went to Brother Manicoras with several of the Saints and spent a few hours in singing and enjoying ourselves. This is the third Christmas I have spent in England.

December 28, 1856: I met with the Saints in Bath and many of the Saints from different parts of the conference were there. This being the last conference that I should be at in Bath. The Saints came from far and near to bid me goodbye as I was going to leave them and go to my home in Great Salt Lake City. We had a good time all day. It was voted in conference to give me 15 pounds or 75 dollars, also to make me a testimonial in connection with the other two conferences. The testimonial should be a sword with these words engraved on it. DEFEND OUR RIGHTS.

(He has been ill for several days and suddenly gets worse.)

January 29, 1857: Bro. Israel Evans [mission president] came from Wales and laid his hands upon my head and blessed me and I got better from that time. I feel truly thankful to my God for the blessings of this day ... I was confined to bed for 20 days.

January 30, 1857: This morning I feel quite smart.

February 9, 1857: This morning I got up and washed myself all over in cold water which made me feel much refreshed.

February 27, 1857: I received a letter from Sister Sarah Ann Norris who went to Utah territory in 1856 by the handcarts in Elder Welles Company. She is well and in good spirits living in Cedar City. She told me in her letter that she had seen my wife and had kissed the children and went with my wife to milk the cow.

March 9, 1857: I went to the waters and was re-baptized according to the council of Bro. [Brigham] Young. Several of the Valley brethren went with me.

April 11, 1857: (His birthday on ship coming back from England.) The wind was still blowing fair and we were sailing fast. This day is my birthday. [I am] 32 years old today. Sister Elizabeth Walker made a pudding for me. Sisters Annis Bedford and Priscilla Noble
and Israel Evans and Benjamin Ashby helped to eat it.

May 22, 1857: I went to Centerville (Iowa) and inquired at the land office for John S. Martin who is my father. Found he lived eight miles South East from Centerville on Section 15. I started and found him. Spent the day and stayed all night with him. He has forsaken the Church of Christ and is a bitter opposer. His spirit is entirely changed from what it once was. My mother is still a firm believer in the divine mission of Joseph Smith.

Saturday May 23rd I left fathers and went four miles to see my sister, Isabel. She has Married Mr. Charles Benson. Spent two or three hours with them. Took my leave of them and started to overtake the herd of cattle. Went six miles north of Moravia and stopped for the night.

June 28, 1857: (Apparently near Florence, Neb.) I called at my sisters and she gave me some butter for the plains, some golden syrup for my wife and some presents of sweet meats for my children. I passed my grandmother's grave. The inscription on it was Biggler. (Susannah Ogden Bigler) ^34^

Jesse Bigler Martin's two wives experienced the full gauntlet of trials common to Mormon pioneer women. He had married Sophronia Moore in Salt Lake City on December 14, 1848. He left for his mission in the spring of 1853 leaving her with two children and another on the way. While he was gone the cricket plague came.

Almost starving as they were, Sister Martin viewed the little plot of grain and knew if the crickets took that, she and her small children would surely starve. She had no husband at home to help with killing the crickets and was weary enough with all the work she had done to get the grain crop along to where it was. Nor could she ask for help from the bishop, when the crickets were taking everything in their way.

Kneeling down, she prayed as she had never prayed before. "Father," she pleaded, "my husband is absent in Thy service. Surely you will not forsake us in his absence. The crickets are on their way to our patch of grain but my faith is not shaken. I know you can spare our crop, and we must have food."

The cricket horde divided just outside her land, going each side of her small plot of grain and leaving it undisturbed. She gave of her store to help others who had been less fortunate. ^35^

Others had their grain saved by hundreds and thousands of sea gulls
as reported in a letter published in the Little Rock Arkansas Democrat.

The crickets have not troubled us any this year. Hundreds and thousands of gulls made their appearance early in the spring, and as soon as the crickets appeared, and made war on them, and have swept them clean, so there is scarce a cricket to be found in the valley. We look upon this as one of the manifestations of the favor of the Almighty, for the Mountaineers say they never found gulls here until the Mormons came. It was truly cheering to see the flocks of these saviors, extending several miles in length, come in from the lake early in the morning, and eating crickets all day, then at sundown form in a mass, and wing their way to the lake, for a night's rest. One curiosity about them is that they didn't eat the crickets merely to live, but after feeding they would vomit them up and go to eating again, and thus continue eating throughout the entire day...

When Jesse returned from his mission, he married Ann Clark as a plural wife on December 20, 1857. She was a convert to the Church from Bristol, England—an educated, talented woman who came to Utah with a handcart company, and who all but perished from starvation and exposure. The marvel is that she—with hundreds of others—never grew bitter nor complained at the terrible hardships they suffered.

When asked for the story of her moccasins, she would tell, in her gentle, cheerful way, how her feet were bare on the frozen ground, and how she traded an article of clothing to an Indian for a pair of moccasins. Snow had fallen, so at night Ann put her moccasins before the fire to dry. An older, starving woman took one of them and chewed it most of the night, so poor Ann had to continue her journey with only one moccasin. There was no complaint nor ill will toward the older woman; only sympathy that she was in such distress. She became the mother of eleven children.

Brigham Young called her to be a school teacher at Scipio, Utah. Although she lived in one-room log cabin and had little ones, the school began. Two beds occupied one end of the room. Each morning "School Ma'am" took those heavy bedsteads down and stood them, with the straw ticks (mattresses) against the wall. The fireplace was in the opposite end of the room. Some of the benches were kept in the house and used in the place of chairs while the surplus benches were put outside. Pupils early learned that those who came first could select warm benches, while the late comers shivered on the often frozen ones. With only two or three books, lessons were largely from charts.
"School Ma'am Martin" was not only an excellent teacher and disciplinarian, but as a mother and a Latter-day Saint she was truly a heroine. She was the mother of eight living children and school was never closed.\textsuperscript{(35)}

**Evelina Martin** of Tyler County, West Virginia, probably one of the Saints of the Middlebourne branch, was born in 1816 to Reuben Daniel Martin and Mary Swearingen. I suspect, but haven't yet proved, that she was connected to the Harrison County Martins. She was baptized in February 1841 in Nauvoo and received her endowment in the Nauvoo Temple in February 1846.

She married **Francis Boggs** who was born on May 17, 1807 in St. Clairsville, Belmont, Ohio, a son of Alexander Boggs and Hannah Martin. He was also baptized in Nauvoo in 1841 by John Cairn and ordained a Seventy. He took an active part in building up Nauvoo. Evelina and Francis were among the first pioneers to enter the Salt Lake Valley. She arrived in the second Fifty under Captain Isaac Haight of the pioneers of 1847, but Francis was in the first historic group, the Brigham Young Company, to look upon the Valley.

He resided in Salt Lake City for some time and served one term in the Utah territorial legislature. He was a pioneer of southern Utah at Washington, Utah, where he died January 22, 1889. His wife bore him eleven children, the family doing much to forward a number of pioneer enterprises in Iron and Washington counties, Utah.\textsuperscript{31}

The above Captain Isaac Haight's descendant, **David B. Haight**, was an Apostle when he dedicated the first phase of the church building in Parkersburg, West Virginia, in 1970. My husband, Ray, was called as the first bishop in Parkersburg.

Elder Haight was still an Apostle and in his 90's when Ray and I served our mission at the Church and Family History Mission in Salt Lake City in 2004/5 and we met him once more in the Joseph Smith Memorial Building where we worked. We were invited to his funeral when he died not long afterwards having lived a long and useful life of service.

**Brother Boggs** no sooner arrived in the Valley when he was instructed to return and bring more of the Saints to the Great Salt Lake. He went back to Winter Quarters, where he and Evelina had lost a baby son, and was elected to be a captain of ten on the return trip. Brother Boggs filled a number of positions of trust in the community as well as a term in the Utah Legislature.\textsuperscript{(35)}

He was a great asset as a colonizer because of his knowledge of carpentry. Later he was called to strengthen the settlement of
Parowan and also filled a mission to Las Vegas. After his return from that mission he was called to Dixie, or southern Utah, and he and Evelina both died there in Washington, Washington County, Utah. (1)

Daniel Miller and James Cazier of the Mormon Battalion were in this company as were other returning soldiers. (21)

Mary Martin, daughter of Joshua Martin who kindly received Lorenzo Dow Barnes and opened his house for meetings, was born in 1811 in Harrison County and married there William Niswanger on December 18, 1828. Only she is listed in early church records with William as spouse. She received her endowment in the Nauvoo temple in 1846 and was sealed to a spouse in 1852. This is puzzling as they died in Newton, Missouri in 1873 and 1882. They may have continued to Salt Lake and then moved back to Missouri as the only place available for sealings in 1852 was the Endowment House in Salt Lake City.

A William Martin married a Nancy Lyons in Harrison County on January 5, 1809. (1) (66) Elias Smith mentioned visiting with a William Martin in his journal and John Lyons had a daughter named Nancy, so it's very possible they are the same people and were members of the church.

Lorenzo Dow Barnes "had been very kindly received by a Mr. Joshua Martin who opened his house for preaching where I held a number of meetings." An Allen Martin had requested to withdraw from the church, which request was considered and granted by the council during the conference in Shinnston in 1837. There were other Martins who joined the church in Tyler County but I couldn't place them in the Harrison County family group.

THE BOGGESS FAMILY

My 5th great-grandfather, Robert Boggess, was a compatriot of George Washington in the Tidewater area of Fairfax County in Virginia. George used to drink at Robert's "ordinary" and race his horses on the Boggess racetrack. They were vestrymen together at Pohick Church at Lorton, Virginia, as was George Mason, another framer of the U.S. Constitution. (23)
Robert was close enough to Washington that he once asked to borrow money, which request was denied, as shown in *Writings of Washington, Nov. 1745-Dec 1799*. I wonder how close they were afterwards?

Robert's son, Samuel Boggess, married into the *Dorsey* family, pioneers of Virginia and Maryland circa 1646. Original settler, Edward Dorsey was a Puritan and had fled England due to the Civil War. He converted to Quakerism in Virginia and was one of a number of "Puritans and Independents" that left the Virginia colony in Lower Norfolk around 1646-48 due to differences with the governing body of that colony. They founded a colony they named "Providence on the Severn River", later changed to Annapolis. The military cemetery of Annapolis Academy is on what was the Dorsey plantation named Hockley-in-the-Hole.

**Dorsey Pedigree.** Clark Ridpath in his *History of the World*, Vols. I & II traced this pedigree through Charlemagne and Charles "the Hammer" Martel to Caesar. This claim also includes *Queen Boadicea*, red-headed queen of the Iceni, a Celtic tribe of Britain. She led an uprising against the invading Romans and came near to defeating them. I’m saddened that she’s not an ancestor as she is one of my favorite characters in history.

The Right Honorable Richard William Alan, Earl of Onslow in his *The Dukes of Normandy and Their Origin* believed the lineage was through William D’Arques, uncle of William the Conqueror. Others have said it was through Norman D’Arcy, apparently the above uncle’s son and a first cousin of William.

Modern DNA studies have proved the line to be Irish, possible descendants of the first Kings of Ireland. The name is derived from the Irish O’Dorchaidhe (pronounced Oh-Dork-a-hey) which became O’Dorcey and then Dorsey with several variations.

**Samuel and Elizabeth Dorsey Boggess** brought these names and several slaves to Jones Run, where they acquired many acres of land. They and their neighbors, the Rogers, were the largest slave holders in Harrison County.

Many Boggesses still live there today. My grandmother, Wanda Opal Boggess was born on Jones Run where she also married my grandfather, Cecil Jennings Hill. My dad, Charles Edward Hill, was their oldest child.
English Civil War in Colonial America. Edward Dorsey came to America to escape the English Civil War between Charles I and the forces of Oliver Cromwell but the problems followed him. The Battle of the Severn was a skirmish between Catholic followers of Lord Baltimore, Lord Proprietor of Maryland at that time, and Protestant settlers. It took place on March 25, 1655, on the Severn River at Horn Point, across Spa Creek from Annapolis, Maryland. At that time the area was referred to as "Providence" and is now the neighborhood of Eastport.

Following the battle, Providence changed its name to Annapolis. It has been suggested that this was the last battle of the English Civil War.

Achsah Boggess, one of the converts on Lorenzo Barnes' list, is my 2nd great-grandaunt. She, too, was baptized in Jones Run on the farm of her uncle, Augustus Boggess, who also opened his home to many meetings. His children, Eliza Ann and William Augustus, were converts who also crossed the plains and mountains to the Salt Lake Valley.

Achsah married John G. Coffman shortly thereafter and didn't follow the saints west. They had fifteen children, one of whom, Theopolis, was killed in 1863 at an early battle of the Civil War at Fairmont. However, she and John retained Mormon doctrine as their tombstone in the family cemetery on their farm is inscribed with part of a verse from Revelation 14:13,

Blessed are the dead who died in the Lord for they rest from their labors and their works do follow them.

Alonzo Boggess, Augustus' brother and Achsah's father, is my 3rd great-grandfather. Alonzo apparently joined the church as Elder Elias Smith called him Brother and meetings were held at his house. His daughter, Mary Ann, married Jacob Bigler but she and her infant son, Alonzo, died in Nauvoo.

Alonzo and brother Augustus married sisters, Katherine and Lydia Stringer. They are descended from James Davis and Samuel Jordan, first settlers of Jamestown in 1607/08. Their descendants are eligible to join the "Ancient Planters of Jamestown Society", if they so wish. I've written a book about these remarkable characters entitled, James Davis, Popham Colonist and Jamestown Settler, Ancestor of Many of the Boggesses of Harrison County, (now West) Virginia.

Augustus Marsh Boggess owned many acres of the Jones Run area. He and Ludwell Rogers, at whose home Joseph Smith was supposed to have stayed, built the first school and hired teachers at their own expense. Ludwell also possessed a large farm that was one of the
original land grants and is still farmed by his descendants today. Baptisms were performed in the little creek they named Jones Run after the first settler, John Jones. They could have taken place in the area illustrated in the picture on page one. This picture was taken directly below the old Boggess cemetery that is on the original Samuel Boggess land. Samuel was an officer in the Revolutionary War. On May 3, 1997, I attended a DAR ceremony when a Revolutionary War Veteran’s marker was installed at his grave.

Some of Samuel's property was acquired by his son, Augustus, after Samuel's death and it is believed he built his home near the same site. Jones Run road used to follow the stream at this point so it would have been convenient to hold baptisms here. The missionaries would have built a temporary dam the day before the baptisms so there would be a pool deep enough for baptism by immersion. It’s not possible to locate the exact spot, as the stream has changed its course over the years due to strip mining and flooding.

Amelia Boggess, another of Alonzo's daughters included a note in Mary Ann's letter to Bathsheba which alludes to membership. She married George W. Robinson, and remained in Harrison County.

Eliza Ann Boggess followed the church to Utah where she left a large posterity. We know she was as resolute as she was petite. When only fifteen years old, she broke off an engagement to another convert, Asa Lyons, when he turned against the church. She told him, "Go home and stay until God calls you to preach." Augustus, her father, told Asa that, "He didn't want to be troubled by such persons who pretend to serve the Lord while serving the devil."(15)

Asa Lyons was the son of John Lyons, leader of the Shinnston/Jones Run branch. Asa and Henry W. Bigler were called to go on a mission together (page 48). They spent the winter in Harrison County but in the spring, when Henry left to continue the mission, he left Brother Lyons there, "... he having concluded to marry a wife."(26) Alas, it was not to be.

The Other Missionary Marriage in Harrison County

Mike Stephenson, a descendant of Jesse Turpin, has what remains of Jesse Turpin’s diary and very kindly allowed me to use that and the
rest of his extensive research.
Jesse wrote in his diary, "I went to Harrison County, Virginia to visit Brother Augustus Boggess. This one evening we had a special course of business to talk over. It was the matter of asking for the hand of his daughter in marriage. I went to Clarksburg to secure a marriage license. In September 24, 1840, I was married to Eliza Ann Boggess at Clarksburg."

Jesse Turpin continued proselyting in Harrison County for several years as it was noted in the Journal History of the Church that on Saturday, May 31 1844, a meeting was held at the schoolhouse on Jones Run. "Brother George Watt preached in the forenoon and I [Jesse Turpin] preached in afternoon after which 6 persons were confirmed under our hands who had previously been baptized under the hands of Watt and [Jonathan Lewis] Harvey."

The Journal of LDS History, 15 Jul 1837 states: "Elder Jesse Turpin, who left Kirtland, Ohio, April 24, 1837, on a mission, wrote from Harrison County, Virginia, that he had traveled about 500 miles since he started on his mission; had preached 29 times and baptized 5 persons."

The following letter has been preserved in the archives at the Church History Library as MS 598. Spelling and punctuation have been changed.

Harrison County, Virginia, July the 15th 1837

Dear and Affectionate Brothers,

... . I am in Virginia and preaching the gospel. I travel alone all the time but God is with me. I left Kirtland on the 24 of April and have traveled about 4 or 5 hundred miles and have preached 29 times and baptized 5 persons and many more believing. The work is rolling on fast in all parts all though hate and delusion are raging but the time is swiftly rolling on when it will all fall to the ground and be burned as stubble and all that --- do wickedly shall burn too, so I beseech you in the name of Jesus Christ to prepare your self for this event that will take place before this generation will pass away, so I warn you to flee from the wrath to come for your redemption draweth nigh. ... J. Turpin.

George A. Smith wrote, "Brother Jesse Turpin, who could not read intelligibly, had been preaching in the county of Tyler, and had been severely opposed by the Reverend James West, a Methodist."

Jesse was apparently as fierce a warrior as he was a preacher. He joined the militia in Utah and battled the Indians. He must have
been a fair swordsman as he was chosen to teach that art to the militia. He also joined the Salt Lake City Dramatic Society and built the first adobe house in that city. He was a harness maker and saddler by trade.

Jesse tells of his very hard early years. He was born June 22, 1816 and had a very tough childhood, his mother dying when he was only eight. His father married again twice to widows with children and Jesse had to work very hard. He received no education so didn’t learn to read or write but eventually mastered the trade of saddler and harness maker. He was converted by Elder Wilford Woodruff, who was to become the third president of the church. He immediately began preaching with great success and rarely stopped until the end of his short life.

He said in his diary, “the time from 1836 to 1844 was spent in traveling and preaching for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints”.

He went to school one winter in Kirtland where he must have learned to read. He also studied phonography under the direction of G.D. Watt. [Phonography is probably a system of shorthand writing].

I have condensed his diary but in essence, he said,

In the spring of 1837 I went on a mission to Virginia all alone. I preached and prayed by the power of God. My labors were extensive. I had more callings than I could fill. God blessed me with wisdom and understanding. In the spring of 1838, I met in conference with Father Joseph Smith [Sr.] and D. C. [Don Carlos] Smith and others. There I was ordained an Elder.

On March 1, I left Ohio and went to Tennessee and visited my father, who received me kindly. I preached to my old neighbors and went to school some two months. I then went to Shelbyville, Tennessee and worked at my trade. I then went to Quincy, Illinois. From there to Nauvoo, this was in 1839. I preached by the way and at every opportunity I had after leaving Ohio until I arrived at Quincy.

The winter of 1839 I carried on my saddling business in Nauvoo. I attended April Conference 1840, where I was received into the Seventies and ordained as one on April 14, 1840. I then started with William Rust to visit the eastern countries and preach the gospel. We journeyed to Lima and kept company with Elders Hyde and Page on their way to Jerusalem.

We later made leave for Warsaw and then to Quincy and took a boat for St. Louis. On our way over to St. Louis I was invited to preach to a large congregation of travelers. When
we landed in St. Louis, we boarded the steamer Fulten. We left the Fulten at Sisterville, Virginia. We journeyed through mud and rain up Indian Creek and down Glenville Creek. We arrived at Brother Boggesses. The distance we traveled from Nauvoo to Virginia was thirteen hundred miles.

We traveled from Brother Boggesses to Pruntytown from thence to Kingwood, Preston Co. There I preached one time which was the 8th of May. The 9th we left and went 12 miles in the rain give out an appointment to be held at the Morland Glade meetinghouse, the distance being 63 miles from brother Boggesses.

We traveled great distances to preach the Gospel. We talked by candle light very often. The reason I had to do so much preaching in the meetings was because my companion had never done much preaching and he felt a delicacy of blushfullness. This the Lord had enabled me to overcome. The Lord blessed us with his spirit.

One of those he baptized in Virginia was Henry W. Bigler in July 1837 who said: "As soon as I had been immersed, and while yet standing in the water, Brother Turpin laid his right hand on my head and prophesied that I would go forth and preach the gospel, stand before great men of the earth, and bear testimony to the truth of "Mormonism." Henry was confirmed by Elder John Lyons.  

Back to Jesse’s diary: The time between July 1841 and November 3, 1843 was spent in traveling and preaching. I also built me a house and made preparations to make my family comfortable. On October 31, 1843, I again assumed my field of labor with J. G. Bigler. We went to William Carders. He was afraid of his faith and order, and could not let us preach in the meeting house, nor in his home.

Up to the date of November 19, I had been preaching, so I took leave back to my father-in-laws home where I had left my wife. Being so troubled about her, I traveled in the mud and rain and water. November 22, 1843 I arrived at my destination and found my wife in tolerable health. During this time until December 1, 1843, I spent my time working and reading.

After I returned to my home in Farmington, after being away for some time, I found myself in possession of a family consisting of my children, my wife, her sister and mother. [This is his second wife, Jane Louisa Smith and her sister and mother] I worked day and night and gathered together by work, one yoke of oxen, two cows, six hundred pounds of flour and I started to Council Bluff to join a camp of Saints. Through many trials and difficulties I arrived at Silver Creek where there was a small camp of Saints. Here my wife’s
sister got married. I had a very tough time on this journey."

From the LDS Millenial Star No. 8 Vol XV Sat, Feb 19, 1853, written by Brigham Young, dated 13 Oct 1852, ... "A special conference of the Elders was held at the Tabernacle on the 28th and 29th of August... when many Elders were selected and set apart for their various missions as follows: ... West Indies: Jesse Turpin, Alfred B. Lambson, Darwin Richardson, Aaron Farr."

Thus began Jesse Turpin’s most dangerous mission. Eliza Ann must have traveled east with him because she gave birth to their last child, Matilda, in Virginia on July 22, 1853.

The West Indies mission was not successful and the missionaries barely escaped with their lives. Prejudice against them was very strong and a mob, 150 strong, prevented them from renting a hall in which to preach. The elders informed them that, "They were not there to force their principles upon the people, to quell mobs, nor to protect property, but to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ to those who were willing to hear it." Before they left they had to run the gauntlet and were shot at.

Some missionaries to British Guiana also met prejudice when the Harbor Agent would not allow them to be shipped to any English island. They joined with the other West Indies missionaries and went to New York, as the only alternative, and landed in February 1853 and labored in the United States. (16)

As usual, Jesse was a very successful missionary as written:

On 4 Mar 1853 Elder Orson Pratt wrote from Washington, D.C., a letter to a friend in G.S.L. City from which the following is extracted. "... The four who went to the West Indies were about the same as expelled; they are now laboring in the States. Bro. Turpin will preach in the middle states and will, during my absence to England, occasionally call and take my letters from the Post Office at Washington and forward the same to those who may send for the back nos. and answer such letters as may be of importance."

Brigham Young History 1853:74, 14 May 1853 says: "Elder Jesse Turpin has lately baptized nearly 30 persons in New Jersey and Elder Preston Thomas about the same number in Texas. Many of these will emigrate to Utah this season. Elder Orson Pratt estimated the immigration to Utah this season at four thousand."

It’s ironic that Jesse should survive so many dangers only to succumb to cholera. Written in the Latter-day Saint Biographical Encyclopedia. Vol. 3, "... [Jesse Turpin] labored in the West Indies until 1854, when he was released to return home. Having arrived on
the frontiers, and while making preparations to cross the plains, he took sick with the cholera, which broke out in the company, and died near Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, June 22, 1854. Many other saints also died and their remains were buried in a private cemetery, which is still preserved [surrounded by an iron fence] and frequently visited by missionaries and others...

Some believe Jesse and Eliza divorced but that doesn’t appear to be the case. They were estranged for a while, probably due to Jesse planning to take a second wife in plural marriage. He writes in his diary, “After I had lived with my wife five years, she was persuaded by her father to leave me. I know her father treated me very coolly. I know not what cause she had for leaving except that it was I was determined to keep the commandments of God. After she left me I was married to Jane Smith April 16, 1846. She was friendless and upon the point of suffering. After I had married her I took care of her mother, who was in low circumstances, which was brought on by her sickness. The Lord prospered me and I took good care of the old lady. We [Jane and Jesse] had three children, one boy and two girls.”

However, Eliza and Jesse had two more children after this and she was journeying with him to Utah when Jesse contracted cholera and died. She is also included in his will as recorded in Utah probate proceedings, as follows:

Salt Lake County, Utah Probate Records p.43-45 reads: Office of Probate for Great Salt Lake County, Sept. 20, 1854. After listing Jane Turpin’s inheritance:

“... For the use and benefit of Eliza Ann Turpin, wife of the said Jesse Turpin deceased, and her children, four in number, viz: James Moroni, aged 11 years; Elizabeth E. J. aged 8 years; Virginia A. aged 4 years, and Matilda A., aged 1 year, the following property as provided for by law is hereby set apart, viz: one yoke of oxen, two cows, one wagon, one cooking stove and the bed and bedding belonging to the branch or part of the said Turpin’s family as appears from the Bill of Appraisement made by A.C. Brower and Joseph Home, appraisers, duly appointed by the court on the 23rd September 1854. …”

E. Smith, Probate Judge.

Salt Lake County Probate Records Book A p. 101 reads:

“Territory of Utah, Great Salt Lake County. On the eleventh day of February A.D. 1856, it having been made to appear to the satisfaction of the Judge of the Probate Court within and for the County of Great Salt Jesse Turpin (1816) ... that there was property of right belonging to James Moroni Turpin, son and minor heir of the late Jesse Turpin of Great Salt Lake City who died in the year 1854
and that the said James Moroni Turpin had no legal
guardian to act for him and in his stead in the
collection of said property and the management herein
for his use and benefit during his minority and Peter
Van Valkenburgh [his step-father] having filed in the
office of said court bonds, conditioned for the
faithful performance of his duties as guardian of said
minor James Moroni Turpin the court granted to him
letters of guardianship to manage the property of said
minor according to law.”

The Life Story of Daniel Lee Higley states: “My grandparents, Jesse
Turpin and Jane Louisa Smith were married 16 April 1846 at Nauvoo,
Illinois by Lorenzo Snow. With their one child and great grandmother
Smith, left in the spring of 1848, crossing the plains in President
Young’s company. They endured many hardships on the way. They
arrived in Salt Lake City Sept 20, 1848. Grandfather built the first
adobe house in Salt Lake City.”

Eliza Ann Boggess had broken her engagement to Asa Lyons. She and
Jesse Turpin fell in love and were married on Christmas Eve, 1840,
when she was only 16. They lived for a time in Nauvoo after their
first child, William Augustus, was born as they are listed on that
census record.

Jesse was ordained a Seventy in the Nauvoo temple and Eliza and
Jesse were endowed there on January 9, 1846, during the period when
the last ordinances were taking place. (1) The Saints’ desire to
receive their endowment was even greater than their fear of the mob,
because they took the time to attend the temple in spite of frantic
preparations to depart. In the end, mob warfare did succeed in
driving the saints from their homes, temple, and indeed their
homeland.

It seems Eliza found it very difficult to leave her
Harrison County home because she returned for the birth
of each of her five children. The first child, William
Augustus, died at the age of two and another son, James
Moroni, was born in Virginia before she and Jesse were
endowed in the Nauvoo temple, January 9, 1846. Two
months after her endowment Eliza again returned to be
with her mother, Lydia Stringer Boggess, to give birth
to her third child and first daughter, Eliza Jane, on
March 28th. On April 16th of the same year, Jesse
formed a plural marriage to Jane Louisa Smith, a
destitute convert from England, in Nauvoo.

From here the chain of events is rather confusing.
Apparently Eliza’s father convinced her not to return
to Utah with Jesse, probably because he had taken a
second wife. This wife, Jane Louisa Smith, gave birth to a son, Jesse Richard, on September 21, 1847, in Missouri, as she and Jesse were on their way to Utah territory. They and little Jesse entered Utah the following year in the 2nd Brigham Young Company with Jesse Bigler Martin.

Jane Louisa, at age 13, had come to America with her family, leaving on January 16, 1843, aboard the Swanton sailing from Liverpool. Her parents were Daniel and Sarah Wooding Smith; her sister was Mary Ann, age 7; her brothers were John, age 4 and a married brother, Samuel (age 24), with his wife Mary Ann Line Smith (age 31) and their daughter Mary Ann, listed as an infant. They traveled with 212 other saints plus about 38 crew members, bringing the total to 250 souls. The Swanton was the nineteenth shipload of Latter-day Saints to leave England to make their home in America.

Jesse must have gone back to Virginia for Eliza, as they are in the 1850 Harrison County census and another daughter, Virginia Ann, is born to them on October 26, 1850. They returned to Utah together as both of Jesse's families are listed in the 1850's Utah census - Annie (Eliza Ann) in Brigham City and Jane in Granger. On one of her journeys, Eliza brought back one of the first threshing machines in Utah.

After Jesse’s ill fated mission to the West Indies and his completion of the mission in the eastern states, Jesse, Eliza and family again outfitted for the formidable journey to Utah but Jesse contracted cholera and died.

Eliza continued to Utah, married Peter Van Valkenberg and settled in Union Fort. She had several more children and, with her husband, made at least one more journey to Virginia in 1862. This must have been a particularly difficult trip as their terrible suffering while stranded at Ft. Kearney, Nebraska, was reported by missionaries.

Heather Hardy was researching in the LDS Church Archives and came across a letter written by Peter Van Valkenberg, second husband of Eliza Boggess Turpin, on August 11, 1861, and included in the Journal History of the Church. She was kind enough to forward me a copy. This further documents the journey he and Eliza made to Harrison County.

Peter says that they arrived on Jones Run at the home of Eliza's father, Augustus Boggess, on the 4th of December 1860 and the "new wife" had given birth just a few days previously and was unable to get their supper. They had to wait until 11:00p.m. to eat. The new wife was Mary Martin Boggess, whom Augustus had married after the death of Eliza's mother, Lydia Stringer Boggess.

Apparently Peter had been sent on a mission to Harrison County and
Eliza and children came along. They left Great Salt Lake City with a group of other missionaries. After reaching Omaha, November 6, 1860, they embarked on the boat, Chippewa and arrived at St. Joseph on the 9th without accident. On the morning of the 10th they "took the cars" at 6:00, and by 4:00 that evening had arrived at Hannibal on the Mississippi. Here part of the company took the northern road for Chicago and Peter and the rest of the brethren took the boat Hannibal City that evening for St. Louis, where they arrived safely at 9:00 on the 11th. At St. Louis his family separated from the rest of the group and took passage on the boat Agonant of Pittsburgh, for Parkersburg (WV) where they arrived "after a long and tedious voyage" on the evening of the 3rd of December.

At Parkersburg they "put up" at a hotel where "we were soon exhibited to the astonished and wondering crowd as live Mormons from Salt Lake." He commenced preaching and the crowd was quite surprised at the doctrine as "they had heard a great deal about the Mormons, but had never seen one before or heard their doctrine preached or explained." They retired about 11:00 p.m. and awoke refreshed on "terra firma" and went to breakfast where "pains were taken to treat us kindly and especially the children. This seemed to mortify some of our very religious traveling companions on the boat, who had informed on us."

It took them 3½ hours to go to Clarksburg via train where they hired a team to go to Jones Run through snow, ice and mud, in some places, half a leg deep. He said,

The country was in confusion, all business stopped and the religionist preparing for their winter's operations. A series of protracted meetings was got by the Baptists and Methodists. I soon ascertained that they had marked me and determined not to give me a chance to preach. The preachers soon commenced wholesaling the old stereotyped slanders and the people began to retell them, but they were soon divided amongst themselves. The magistrates and politicians soon singled me out as an abolitionist and threaten to arrest me but did not accomplish their object which was to frighten me. I was told that Virginia would not tolerate a Mormon in her territory. I replied that it was evident to me that she did tolerate worse characters such as fools and hypocrites.

After Lincoln was elected Peter was threatened with hanging if he didn't keep quiet. He replied,

that I should talk when and as I pleased and that if I was hung that I would assure them that some poor, miserable devil would keep me company through the dark valley and shadow of death; but through the kindness and protecting care of the Almighty Father, I and my family have been preserved.
Peter also reported some information on how the Civil War and West Virginia's secession from Virginia was disrupting the state. He said,

Governor Lecher in eastern Virginia and Gov. Pierpont in western Virginia. Life and property is unsafe and fearfulness has surprised the whole nation.

He didn't want to stay but he only had Virginia money, which was essentially worthless, and Eliza had just had another child, Julia, on June 30, 1861. They moved on Jones Run,

to the place where Rolla Jackson lived and commenced farming without a plow, hoe, ax or team, on a hill side so steep that a horse couldn't go straight up it. I 'charged works' and got a team and put in 11 or 12 acres of corn and one acre of sugar which looks well. I could not get 25 cents a day at my trade.

Some of the people in the area still remember the Elders' testimony. They say that the Mormons used to preach that the time would come when the people would be glad to take a sack on their back, or a bundle under their arm and flee to Zion for safety. I tell them that every word and every syllable that they ever heard a Mormon Elder utter by the spirit of their calling, either in public or in private, would most assuredly come to pass; but to gather up materials for good Saints here is like the gleaning of grapes after the vintage is done.

He was invited to preach at Shinnston "but the country was immediately flooded with troops from Ohio and Iowa and it was deemed advisable to postpone an appointment until the excitement had passed a little. "Whether I shall preach there or not depends upon the future. Brother Pratt's and Brother Snow's instructions to me when we parted were to bear my testimony wherever I went to the truth of Mormonism and preach if invited to do so. This I have done as far as testimony is concerned."

Peter was fearless and it's ironic that he survived all the threats in Virginia only to be shot when he arrived back in Utah. In 1874, Peter Van Valkenberg was murdered, apparently over water rights. (19)

William Augustus Boggess, Eliza's youngest brother, arrived in Salt Lake City with Captain Lewis Brunson's company on June 17, 1862. (21) His father deprived himself of the companionship of his youngest son by allowing him to leave home rather than sacrificing him to service in the Civil War. Augustus died two years later, so William never saw his father
again though Eliza did make the above journey.

William was baptized a member of the LDS Church on June 12, 1862, when he was 22, while waiting for the wagon company to depart from Council Bluffs, Iowa. The camp at that time consisted of 538 log houses and 83 sod houses. (48)

He and four other youths served as teamsters assisting Mormon emigrants journeying to the Salt Lake Valley during 1862 and 1863. They drove wagons and teams to the Missouri River and back - a five-month round trip. (49) They were praised by their Bishop for service and bravery. William lived for a short time in Sanpete, Utah, and helped haul granite used in building the Salt Lake Temple. William E. Berrett describes the temple quarrying process:

The granite for the building was obtained at the mouth of Little Cottonwood Canyon, twenty miles to the Southeast. There the elements of an earlier epoch had loosened huge blocks from the massive granite walls and deposited them at the mouth of the canyon. It was not necessary to quarry into the granite mountain pass. These boulders often weighed many tons and had to be divided by the use of hand drills, wedges, and low explosives. Even the broken stones often weighed several tons. These were hauled to Salt Lake City by ox teams, four or five yoke of oxen to a single stone. The round trip took three or four days. (48)

William married a native Norwegian girl named Bergitte Orstand in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City in 1868. The temple wouldn't be finished until 1893 so this was a temporary place to perform the sacred sealing ordinance. Bergitte had come to Utah with her parents when she was twelve years old, crossing the plains by ox team, walking all the way. (50) They settled on a farm in Union and raised a family. William and Bergitte's lovely home is still standing today although part of a rental housing complex.

**THE BIGLER/BOGGESS CONNECTION**
Mary Ann Boggess, mentioned before, married Bathsheba Bigler Smith's brother, Jacob G. Bigler, who returned to Virginia to claim her after his parents and sisters were settled in Nauvoo. I can't blame Mary Ann for falling in love with him. Even in a picture taken when he was elderly, he had a beautiful smile and soulful eyes. Mary Ann had been baptized in 1836 and she and Bathsheba were close friends who were born within two months of each other in 1822.

Mary Ann had written to Bathsheba wishing "time would roll on" and they could be together again. It did indeed roll on and they were reunited when she and Jacob also established a home in Nauvoo. They had a son, Alonzo Harrison Bigler, who was born on April 14, 1842, and died shortly thereafter. He was named for her father and brother. Mary Ann became one of many who sickened and died of the prevalent fever, on October 29, 1842, and is buried with her tiny son in Nauvoo.\(^{(17)}\)

Ray and I searched for her grave on a trip to Nauvoo but it wasn’t listed anywhere that we could find. We did drive by the property Jacob and Mary Ann owned in Nauvoo. It’s a beautiful, level to rolling, property just outside the city limits of Nauvoo.

Jacob named a daughter by his second wife after Mary Ann. He served a second mission to Lewis County (formerly part of Harrison County) Virginia, after her death, returning to Nauvoo in May of 1844. He and Amy Lorette Chase were married the following month.

Jacob became closely acquainted with the Joseph Smith Junior and Senior families. He was such a frequent visitor that mother Lucy Mack Smith called him "my son."\(^{(64)}\) He helped move them from Quincy to Commerce (now Nauvoo) and some Egyptian mummies were a part of his load.

These mummies had been purchased by friends of the Prophet from Michael H. Chandler, who had inherited them from his uncle, Antonio Sebolo. Mr. Sebolo had acquired them while excavating a tomb near the site of ancient Thebes. Mr. Chandler was touring the United States with the mummies and seeking a translation of the hieroglyphics on rolls of papyrus found with them.\(^{(48)}\)

Joseph Smith translated the hieroglyphics, which can now be read as the Book of Abraham in the Pearl of Great Price.\(^{(65)}\)

Jacob, too, worked on the Nauvoo temple construction and in performing ordinances therein. He and Amy were endowed there
Christmas Day, 1845. They abandoned their home in Nauvoo early the following year and existed in Winter Quarters and Kanesville, Iowa, where Jacob served as Bishop and Probate Judge, until the spring of 1852. After acquiring a "moderate outfit for the journey," they made the arduous trip with the Benjamin Gardner company, arriving in the Salt Lake Valley in September 1852.

They were immediately directed by the First Presidency to settle in Nephi, where they lived the remainder of their lives. Jacob served as presiding Bishop and first President of the Juab stake. He would serve a mission to Ireland from 1861-1862 and was left in charge of the European mission 1862-1863; served in the Utah Legislative Assembly 1853-1862; as Mayor of Nephi 1859; as Probate Judge 1864-1876; and as Patriarch from 1878 until his death in 1907. (64)

THE HARBERT/HARVEY FAMILY

Sarah Harbert's grandfather, Thomas Harbert, migrated to Jones Run from the Quaker region of the Delaware Valley of New Jersey via Apple Pie Ridge near Winchester, Virginia, and Deckers Creek near Morgantown, in 1775. He had been mustered out of the Colonial army with the rank of Captain. (29)

His granddaughter, Sarah, was one of the first Harrison County converts I discovered. Sarah's father, Samuel Harbert, was a Revolutionary War soldier who fought to protect the "back door of the Revolution" as an Indian scout, as did his brothers, Edward and John. He and his brother, John Harbert, (my 3rd great grandpa) married sisters, Abigail and Sarah Loofbourrow, another old New Jersey name.

Interestingly, their relative, Charles Franklin Loofbourrow, moved to Salt Lake City in 1889 where he served as a judge and president of city council. His son, Frederick Charles, was also a judge as well as district attorney and representative to Congress. Charles married Fanny H. Hodgkins at Marshalltown, Iowa. Their other children were Wade, Jesse H. and Leon L.

Abigail and Sarah are descended, through the Wade family, from Thomas Dudley and Simon Bradstreet, two of the first governors of Massachusetts. They came in 1630 on the flagship Arbella with Governor Winthrop in the "Winthrop Fleet." Anne Dudley, daughter of Thomas and wife of Simon, was America's first published poetess whose classic poems are still widely read and studied today. The Dudley family descends from the royal houses of western Europe. (57) (58) (28)

I can't resist including a few lines of Anne's most popular poems.
She was a paradox in all aspects of her life. Though enduring many bouts of ill health herself, she gave birth to and raised eight healthy children whom she adored.

In reference to her Children, 23 June 1659:

I had eight birds hatcht in one nest.
Four cocks there were, and hens the rest,
I nurs’st them up with pain and care,
Nor cost, nor labour did I spare,
Till at the last they felt their wing,
Mounted the trees, and learn’d to sing.

She was not the cold-hearted puritan we’ve been taught to picture, but loved her husband passionately all her life. Of him she wrote:

If ever two were one, then surely we,
If ever man were Lov’d by woman, then thee;
If ever wife was happy in a man,
Compare with me ye women if you can.
I prize thy love more than whole Mines of gold,
Or all the riches that the East doth hold.

At a time when women who pursued intellectual occupations were considered abnormal, she wrote the first book of poetry published in the English language by an American, though, as a woman, she couldn't sign her work. Indeed, the publisher had to assure the readers she had not neglected her housewifery duties but wrote when she could have been sleeping. This was to mitigate the chances she would be accused of witchcraft, the men at that time not being able to comprehend that a woman could accomplish such a feat without help from the devil. Fortunately, she was encouraged by the men in her life. Of society’s views she wrote:

I am obnoxious to each carping tongue
Who says my hand a needle better fits
A Poet's pen all scorn I should thus wrong
For such despite they cast female wits;
If what I prove well it won't advance
They'll say it's stol'n,
Or else it was by chance.

She had been married for two years when, at the age of 18, she abandoned a luxurious lifestyle as a pampered gentlewoman in Lincoln Castle in Lincolnshire, England, to board a tiny vessel for a dangerous journey to a raw, new world. She had joined that Great Migration of religious non-conformists known as the Puritans to live in a primitive cabin with no creature comforts in order to enjoy religious freedom.[67]

With this blood in her veins, it's no wonder her granddaughter, Sarah Harbert, had the courage to thwart society, join the Mormons, and leave everything she had to follow her conscience. She was merely following the example of her 5th great grandmother.

Jonathan Lewis Harvey, from Bingamon Creek, and Sarah Harbert were married in Harrison County where they were baptized into the LDS Church in August, 1836. One source suggests Jonathan was baptized as early as 1832. If this is correct, he would be the foundation for the branch that grew there. Their two sons and two daughters converted, married church members and founded more Mormon pioneer families. Other members of their family also were baptized. Jonathan and Sarah made the arduous western journey, to Nauvoo and beyond, at the ripe old ages of 64 and 51.

The Harvey family, consisting of the parents; son Lewis and his wife, Lucinda, and four-month-old baby; daughters, Elizabeth, who was single, and Cecelia, widowed with two children; and youngest son, George Alfred, who was also single, arrived in the great Salt Lake Valley with the Captain Cook company on September 3, 1850. On September 11th, Brigham Young directed them to what is now Pleasant Grove, Utah, one of the original seven families to settle there. They arrived in Pleasant Grove on September 13, 1850. Sarah and Jonathan's oldest son was named after his father but...
was called Lewis. He had married Lucinda Clark at Council Bluffs, Iowa, in 1849. They decided to build their Pleasant Grove homes in a group to serve as a fort-like protection from the Indians. The site was near the cottonwood grove and Grove Creek for which Pleasant Grove was named.

They put their wagon beds up on blocks to sleep in and set to work clearing land and cutting logs, using the running gear from their wagons to haul them. Winter set in early before the houses could be finished. There was plenty of game for food so they got along fine the first winter. When finished, the houses were about twelve by fourteen feet in dimension, had flat roofs covered with mud and willows and the doors and windows faced west.

The first death occurred in October as a log fell on a little boy and killed him. The next day the same log fell on Lewis Harvey, pinning him down and breaking his leg. Since there was no doctor, the men had to set the broken limb with Lucinda Harvey assisting. He was laid up all winter, so their home wasn’t finished until spring.

Spring arrived early and the settlers eagerly fell to work on their own farms. They wouldn’t have to abandon this land -- it was theirs for as long as they wanted it. Considering that these settlers had no experience with irrigation, the crops and gardens raised that year were excellent - wheat, oats, barley and vegetables. Hay for the cattle grew wild in the meadows west of town.\(^{(51)}\)

No more plowing and planting fields for others to harvest! The women must have sang as they put the finishing touches on their first permanent home in years. Work isn’t as laborious when you’re improving and glorifying your own particular haven on earth.

This family wasn’t inclined to leave journals, but are mentioned frequently in the history of Pleasant Grove. When the town was incorporated in 1855, Lewis Harvey served as city councilman for two terms. He had been called to go to Parawan, Iron County in 1853, but apparently returned after the settlement was established.\(^{(51)}\)

He was ordained a Seventy in 1857 and served as president of the Quorum. Jonathan and Sarah are buried about five miles from where my daughter, Molly Zimmerman Larson, lives today in American Fork, Utah. We’re not much further away in Lehi.

George Alfred Harvey, Jonathan and Sarah’s other son also lived and died in Pleasant Grove. He married Betsy Agnes Brown in 1859. They had seven children.
OTHER HARRISON COUNTY CONVERTS

William Coffman and Betsy Harbert are two more of the four Harrison County converts listed in Lorenzo Dow Barnes' marvelous journal. The others were Achsah Boggess and William Harvey. I haven't yet found any more information on William Coffman, but he's probably related to me through my great, great grandmother, Mary Coffman Boggess. Betsy Harbert is probably Elizabeth, Sarah's younger sister.

William Harvey is the last one listed in Lorenzo's journal and he is Jonathan Senior's brother. He was baptized in Harrison County in August, 1836. He married Ruth Shinn, of the Shinn family who were the founders of Shinnston and incidentally also my ancestors. They followed the Saints to Adams County, Illinois, where he died in 1859.

Benjamin Harvey, son of Basil and half brother of Jonathan Lewis Harvey, was married to Eve Rogers Lyons by his father, Basil Harvey on March 19, 1827. She was the daughter of Rhodam and Mildred Nelson Rogers and widow of Henry Lyons. They moved to Doddridge County, West Virginia where they lived out their long lives.

Benjamin Harbert, Sarah's brother, also probably joined the LDS Church. He named his son Nephi, hardly a common name in West Virginia at this or any other time. It's from The Book of Mormon, a history of God's dealings with the people of this continent. Nephi was the valiant son of Lehi, whose family left their riches in Jerusalem in 600 BC when Lehi was warned of its impending destruction by God.

They built a ship and made their way to America where they established a great civilization whose archeological remnants are still being uncovered. Jesus visited them as his "other sheep" (John 10:16) after his resurrection. He taught them the same lessons he'd taught the Israelites.

Their civilization waxed and waned depending on their righteousness, but the more righteous portion were eventually annihilated. The survivors today are some of the North and South American Indian tribes who were looking for a "Great White God" to return to them at the time of the Spanish conquistadors. This is one reason they were conquered so easily.
My sister, Janet, and I met one of Benjamin’s descendants a few years ago. We were driving down Jones Run hoping to find someone who could help us locate the site of Harbert Fort. We saw Gary Harbert’s name on his mailbox and turned into the driveway, interrupting him mowing the lawn. Gary graciously took us a short way up the road to show us the location of the fort and also the cemetery where Thomas and Cecelia Harbert are buried.

Gary's home is on part of the original Thomas Harbert land grant and he still treasures a log from the fort and a grinding stone from the mill Thomas Harbert built. Every time he plows his garden he finds more Indian arrowheads and other artifacts. He and I share the builder of the blockhouse, Thomas Harbert, as a 4th great grandfather. Thomas was killed there while defending his family from an Indian attack.

Then he took more of his valuable time to show us a log he saved from the original fort and a box of arrowheads he’d discovered. The mill wheel from the original Harbert mill was leaning against a post and surrounded by a beautiful clematis. How we appreciate his kindness.

The John Murphy, Edward Cunningham, Jacob Reese and Thomas Harbert families had been “forted up” in the Blockhouse while Indians were raiding. After several days of being cooped up with several children, they decided it was safe to let them out to play while the women made lye soap.

The first warning was the screams of the children. Thomas grappled with the first Indian to enter the house and threw him to the floor, striking and severely wounding him with a tomahawk. A shot from outside hit him but he continued his advantage over the Indian until he was again shot, this time a mortal wound, through the head.

Four adults were wounded and several children killed and at least two, Mary Murphy and Joseph Cunningham, were captured. Those killed included Thomas’ little daughter, Cecelia. His granddaughter, Sarah Harbert Harvey, was to remember this child by naming one of her daughters Cecelia.
Cecelia Harvey experienced some tragedies of her own. She went with her parents to Illinois where she met and married Joseph B. Taylor, also a convert. He was soon led away from the church by apostate propaganda. Cecelia became desperate when she couldn't sway his determination to go back to his family in Adams County and take their two children with him. Neither could she bear to give up the husband she loved nor her children. She prayed and prayed for a way out of the dilemma.

Finally they agreed that he should take one child to be raised by his mother and she would stay in Nauvoo with her parents with the other. But which one to give up? Her daughter, Sarah Jane, was five and healthy but her son, Lorenzo, was only three and physically handicapped, so she choose him.

Two years later she received word that Taylor had gone away and his mother had died. Her little girl had been left in the home of strangers. Her parents were too old and no one else was available to fetch the child, so Cecelia packed up a horse and left on the two-week journey by herself. It was a fearful ride and when she reached the home where her Sarah Jane was living, the child didn't remember her. They rode double back to Nauvoo and soon were on their way to the Great Salt Lake Valley. She is listed in Pleasant Grove records as a widow, so Taylor must have died also. There she married Shadrach Driggs, who made a good home for her children. 

Shadrach Ford Driggs was born in Iowa where he learned the trade of wagon building and furniture making in early manhood. He had established a fine, two-story shop in Nauvoo and made hundreds of wagons for the saints to use for the westward journey. He remained until the very last families were leaving and found he had no lumber left for his own wagons. The church had made a number of large hand carts that had been used to haul material and stone during the erection of the Nauvoo Temple. These were given to Driggs and he made two strong wagons to bring his family to Zion.

In Pleasant Grove he built another shop and manufactured wagons, furniture, wheelbarrows and all sorts of tools. His plowshares were in demand by farmers and if a death occurred he also made the coffin. He was considered the best judge of timber in the county and had hated to leave the East and its hardwood trees. However, he found a fine stand of maple trees which he felled and dragged down the mountain. Traces of this drag road may still be seen. He also made what was perhaps the first maple sugar in Utah. His children must have loved that.
His three brothers, Sterling, Samuel and Lorenzo Driggs, were also Mormon pioneers.

Elizabeth Harbert Harvey was the oldest daughter of Jonathan and Sarah Harbert Harvey. She married James Harvey Tidwell. James went by Harvey, his middle name. Perhaps this couple were drawn to each other because they shared this name in common. They were married in Pleasant Grove on August 28, 1853, after his family settled there. His parents, John and Jane Smith Tidwell joined the Mormon church and moved from Indiana to Utah. is father, John Tidwell, son of William and Sarah Goden Tidwell, was born January 14, 1807, in Shelby County, Kentucky. He was married to Jane Smith of Clark County, Indiana. He was captain of a company that left Council Bluffs for Salt Lake Valley and crossed the Missouri River on June 8, 1852. He and Jane were accompanied by their three sons. (71)

They too were known by Joseph Smith as this story from the Prophet's journal relates:

February 20, 1843. About seventy of the brethren came together according to previous notice and drewed, sawed, chopped, moved, and piled up a large lot of wood in my yard. The day was spent by them in much pleasure, good humor and feeling. A white oak log, measuring five feet four inches in diameter, was cut through with a cross cut saw in four and a half minutes by Hyrum Dayton and Brother John Tidwell.

Harvey was a little young to make much impact on church history of this period. I only found one interesting story about him, though there are several references to his father.

At Manti, Utah, in September, 1860, James Harvey Tidwell and others were called upon by the Indians to dig a grave for a squaw who, according to their statement, was dead. They had a grave of several feet dug when it was noticed that the squaw whom the Indians had brought to bury was not dead. When they refused to dig any deeper the Indians went back home.

The herd boys who were at that spot reported that the Indians commenced to bury her themselves. They laid a board upon her breast which reached to her feet and threw the earth upon her. When she cried they stopped and waited till she was quiet, then again threw the earth upon her and until she was buried. When Bishop William Seeley of Mt. Pleasant heard of
the affair he sent men out to "resurrect" her, but she was dead. (21) Harvey and Elizabeth had their first child in Pleasant Grove, but they spent the remainder of their lives in Sanpete County at Mt. Pleasant where they had several more children. According to a report filed by George A. Smith on May 12, 1868, this area suffered greatly from Indian hostilities. Much labor had to be expended in herding, guarding, building forts and hunting Indians, and yet all the settlements bore unmistakable evidence of thrift and prosperity. (22) Mt. Pleasant was the largest town in the area. The fort was burned by Indians in 1853 with the settlers losing much of their worldly belongings. However, they didn't lose hope or their spirit because, even with their limited means, they procured musical instruments and started a band of which Harvey Tidwell was a member. (22) George A. Smith was placed in charge of establishing settlements in this part of Utah, so he was very interested in its progress. It was natural that he should choose settlers that he knew so some were from Harrison County, Virginia. Harvey's father, John Tidwell, also settled in Mt. Pleasant. So did Bishop Edward Hunter, who had served as Captain of a wagon train bringing impoverished Saints to the Valley from Kanesville, Iowa, in 1852, and with whom many of these Saints had traveled. Elder Ezra Taft Benson, great-grandfather of a former president and prophet of the church with the same name, made a report concerning immigration from Kanesville to President Brigham Young and Counsel on March 16, 1852: Council Point Branch, John Tidwell, Captain; 202 souls, 32 horses, 148 oxen, 88 cows, 17 sheep and 121 young cattle. 146 of this company are able to fit themselves, 40 will have to be helped with their entire outfit. [The Captain] Thinks all will be able to go and take their poor with them. (21) Ezra Taft Benson, the great grandson, served President Eisenhower as Secretary of Agriculture and the LDS Church as a general authority and president and prophet for many years. While an apostle, he created the Charleston, West Virginia, stake, which includes Parkersburg, and ordained my husband, Ray Zimmerman, as a high priest and bishop of the newly created Parkersburg Ward. According to John Tidwell's obituary, he left a wife and eight children, sixty-seven grandchildren and thirty-seven great grandchildren and lived and died a consistent Latter-Day Saint.
CHAPTER FIVE

THE HAYMOND FAMILY

Edward Owen Haymond, Jr. was another Harrison county convert, son of Edward Haymond and Sarah Woodfin. He was born December 8, 1803 in Harrison County and died 15 Mar 1861 in Springville, Utah. Edward is a great-grandson of John and Margaret Calder Haymond, who came from Montgomery County, Maryland and settled in Harrison County in 1773. This was a military and civic minded family and they contributed greatly to the settlement of the county. Henry Haymond wrote an excellent book, History of Harrison County in 1910.

Edward Owen Haymond and his wife, Margaret Ann Cecil, migrated to Utah with the Jonathan Foote Company in 1850 and were original settlers in Springville. They had eleven children. Edward was a Captain of artillery in the militia and a farmer.

The only tie I have with this family, other than origin and religion, is a shared adventure with my 3rd Great-Grandfather, John Harbert.

John and Sarah McIntire had been killed and scalped by Indians in 1791. Elder Levi Shinn reported that a frightened group of people were gathered at his home when young John Harbert rode up on the murdered McIntire’s horse. They determined that someone needed to ride to Nutter Fort (near present day Clarksburg) to warn them and report the murders. Elder Levi wrote in his journal,

It was a brave deed. "John Harbert volunteered to carry the news of the Indian attack to Nutter’s Fort," and mounted on John McIntire's horse, "undertook and accomplished this most dangerous mission. Everyone in that time in that place believed that somewhere along the way to Nutter Fort, Indians would be waiting to 'waylay' the messenger. It was a brave deed, and our prayers went with young John Harbert."

A tracking party of eleven men was made up at the Fort and John Harbert was chosen to be part of it along with John and William Haymond, who would be Edward Owen Haymond’s 1st cousins, one generation removed. They succeeded in finding and mortally wounding one or more of the Indians and captured
their plunder, which included the scalp of Mrs. McIntire.

THE SMITH FAMILY of HARRISON COUNTY, WV

Absalom Wamsley Smith is another of my cousins who was converted. His grandfather and my 5th great grandfather, Aaron Smith, and Aaron's father, James Smith, were both soldiers in the Revolutionary War. Aaron served at Valley Forge with General Washington. They settled in Harrison County on Simpsons' Creek, between today's Bridgeport and Clarksburg.

Absalom's and my grandmother, Sarah Allen Smith, wife of Aaron, was renown for shooting and killing a bear that was threatening to enter their little log cabin by tearing down the chimney. He had smelled the meat cooking in the fireplace. Bears aren't that easy to kill but Sarah quickly assessed the situation and knew she didn't have time to wait to be rescued so she made her one shot count.

She had another adventure that illustrates her resourcefulness and courage. In the spring of 1777 Grandpa Aaron Smith had gone to Winchester to purchase much needed supplies, a month long trip, leaving Sarah at home with two young children and two servants. She was in the doorway churning cream into butter when a neighbor came riding up to warn them the Indians were raiding and to head for the fort (Power's Fort).

Grandma Sarah quickly put food into two cloth bags, tying them shut and together at their tops. She mounted the hastily saddled horse and a servant put the baby in her lap, the toddler behind the saddle and the bags across the horse's withers in front of the saddle. She told the servants to get to the fort as fast as they could by a shorter route not suitable for horses.

When she got to Simpson Creek, it was overflowing from the spring rains and she was afraid her children would be swept away. Dismounting, she took off her voluminous petticoat and placed a child in each end, then tied them in securely with the string from the bags. She placed the children in the petticoat "bags" across her lap and urged the animal across the stream. They made it safely to the fort as did the servants, one of whom was carrying the crock of cream on his head. He wasn't about to let the Indians get their cream.
Sarah Allen was the daughter of Joshua Allen, yet another early Harrison County pioneer who built many of the roads in Harrison County. Joshua Allen was granted 350 acres of land on the West Fork of the Monongahelia River adjoining the land of John Simpson [for whom Simpson’s Creek is named] to include his settlement made in 1775, with a preemption right to one thousand acres adjoining. [now at the town of Hepzibah].

“Joshua Allen was born in Hunterdon County New Jersey and moved his family to Pennsylvania, then to Apple Pie Ridge near Winchester, Virginia. There Sarah married Aaron Smith and came to Simpson Creek, Harrison County, Virginia.”

Joshua Allen was a widower when he married Mary Swiger, widow of John William Swiger, immigrants from Germany. Joshua had a son, Barnes, by his former wife, Elizabeth Barnes. Barnes married Eve Swiger, daughter of Mary and John William Swiger.

I am therefore descended from Joshua Barnes Allen through his first wife's daughter, Sarah, who married Aaron Smith, and Mary Swiger, through her son Jacob, whose father was John William Swiger.

"Joshua Allen, who in 1774 packed his possessions over trails from the South Branch of the Potomac River to reach the 400 acres of land later to be granted him by Patrick Henry on the waters of the West Fork River near the town now known as Hepzibah, might not be surprised that a traveler in 1985 can move from his farm via Elkins to the Virginia line almost entirely by roads built by his great-great-grandson, Wayne F. Allen. Nor would Joshua Allen be surprised that four generations of his progeny in the 20th century would construct roads all over North Central West Virginia, Virginia, and Maryland, for Joshua had road building in his blood. In an age before public funds paid for upkeep of roads, the county court named Joshua Allen overseer of a long stretch of roads through and beyond his farm in Harrison County. He decided what work was needed to make the road passable and directed those whose land bordered the road to carry out the work.”

It is unclear how the [Hepzibah] community got it’s name, but it is believed to have taken it’s name from the Hepzibah Baptist Church. The area was originally settled by Joshua Allen and his son Barnes in 1775. Barnes Allen planted four hills of corn which gave him the right to 400 acres of land. Barnes Allen built a cabin then traveled to Fort Pitt and was married. The marriage produced six children, the youngest of which is buried at the Hepzibah cemetery.
One day, while Barnes Allen was away from home, a party of Indians raided the cabin. Mrs. Allen had seen the Indians coming, so she ran out the back door and hid in a beech tree. Mr. Allen saw the glow from a fire and returned to find the cabin burned and his wife gone. He heard a bird call that had been an established signal and found his wife there in the tree. In later years the family referred to the Beech as "Grandmother's Tree" and would never allow it to be disturbed.

Mr. Allen took his wife to the house of Mr. Shinn near the site where the Maulsby Bridge would be built. Shinn and Allen were hurrying to Power's Fort to give an alarm when three Indians fired on them. Shinn returned fire and wounded one of the Indians, who was later found in a swamp on Simpson Creek. They killed the Indian and took his scalp.

The exact site of the Barnes Allen cabin is not known, but it is said to have been on the bank of the West Fork River.

Absalom Wamsley Smith was named for his mother's family, the Wamsleys, another old Harrison County family. They are most famous for their farm near Shinnston called "Big Elm Farm," the locality of Granville Davission Hall's novel, Daughter of the Elm.

Through the Wamsleys, Absalom is also descended from the Shinn family, former Quaker pioneers. It was this family who instigated the original "Land Looking Expedition" from New Jersey, which encouraged the settlement of this area by many of my ancestors.

Absalom took time to write a few notes in a journal, which leaves us a picture of life in Harrison County in the 1830's. He says,

Virginia was then a new country and the chance to educate your children was very limited. Our school was a small log cabin with a few rough benches, without any books, maps, or charts, or any blackboards, as was seen in school houses in later years, so that my chances for an education was not very good. We went to school about three months in the year, in the winter season, for four or five years from the time I was twelve years old till I was seventeen.

In the year 1833, on November 13th, I and my brother Elisha, were returning home from a corn husking at Uncle

Daughter of Elm tree in 1965

Log cabin school

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James Smith's [my 4th great grandfather] about eleven o'clock at night. I noticed in the sky numbers of stars falling from the heavens, from the southeast direction. We watched them for a few moments and they increased very fast. We were much excited over the strange experience, but we went home. The stars continued to fall but we went to bed without informing my father of the strange phenomena, with the intention of getting up after taking a short sleep. About two o'clock in the morning I got up, and the stars or meteors, as they were called by some, caused me to call my father and the rest of the family. There were all greatly surprised at the great sight. Many of the neighbors saw it and were greatly frightened. Some said they thought the world was coming to an end. This continued till daylight, then they disappeared.

In 1838 Absalom had followed his older sister, Delilah, and her husband, Solomon Shinn, from Harrison County to Quincy, Illinois, where Absalom converted to the LDS church. It's not clear whether Delilah and Solomon were LDS or not. There is a comment in The Shinn Family in America to the effect that they "passed through the Mormon troubles of this region, and he became a famous preacher and successful farmer. He died in Cooper County, Missouri." This leads me to believe they were converts who remained in Missouri.

While living in Adams County, Absalom leased 20 acres of land from Solomon's brother, David Shinn.

Absalom became re-acquainted with some old friends from Harrison County who had also converted and followed church counsel to remove to Missouri. They were driven out by mob warfare and Governor Boggs' infamous "Mormon Extermination Order." They sought relief in Quincy, having been left destitute. 

Absalom courted and won the hand of Amy Emily Downs. They went back to Harrison County to meet his parents, accompanied by her brother, James Downs, who spent the winter teaching school. They returned to Nauvoo and for a while enjoyed prosperity and lived in a beautiful home. But persecution and suffering were heaped upon the Saints, and vicious mobs came to drive them away. Absalom and Amy experienced the terror of the mob when they were dragged from their newly built home in Nauvoo and held down while it was ransacked and burned.

This group had been particularly close to the prophet Joseph Smith. Isaac Stewart and his brother-in-law, James Downs, had been on guard near Carthage the night the prophet was martyred. Ezekiel Downs, the father of James, Matilda and Amy Downs, was a bodyguard.
to the prophet and the shock of his death shattered his faith and he gave up his religion. His wife, Charlotte Rawlins Downs, never weakened. One son, Sidney, remained with him and another son, Asa, returned to him in Iowa, where he had settled. Charlotte never saw them again as she moved on to Utah with the remainder of her family.

They left everything behind to follow Brigham Young to the Salt Lake Valley, arriving in 1852 in the Isaac Milton Stewart pioneer wagon company of which Absalom was a captain of ten. The Smith and Stewart families became two of the premier families to settle what was South Willow Creek, so called because of the many willows that grew along the creek. This settlement was later called Draper, in honor of its first pioneer, William Draper.

At South Willow Creek, they took upland and built a two-room adobe house facing the west. Later when the survey was made for State street, it passed right through this property so that it faced both east and west. The house was added to, a little at a time, until there were twenty-two rooms. As the years passed on, Absalom kept a livery stable to care for the horses of travelers, mostly church leaders going to conferences, etc. The travelers also needed a resting place so he housed them in his home for the night, and it grew to be known as Smith's Inn.

Isaac Stewart had baptized Absalom in Adams Co., Illinois in August of 1843 and married Matilda Jane Downs, sister of Absalom's wife. They continued their harmonious working relationship as Isaac served as bishop of Draper for 24 years with Absalom as his counselor. Between them they greatly aided the agricultural progress of the county with improved irrigation and farming methods. They also were instrumental in assuring that Draper's children would have a good education and community in which to live.

**Women and Polygamy**

A word of explanation about this principal seems in order.

Only three percent of LDS men were worthy enough to marry plural wives and Absalom was one of the chosen few. Plural marriage assured that every woman who desired to be married could obtain this blessing - which they believed was necessary for eternal exaltation. There were many more women converts than men, plus many LDS men were killed in various tragedies or died of privation and
hardship. Even in cities there were few economic opportunities for women to be self-supporting so it also gave them security.

As they didn’t have the full time job of taking care of a full time husband, they had more free time to pursue other interests. Some women traveled east to receive medical education and became life-saving midwives, others were nurses and a few became doctors. Others were trained as teachers and businesswomen. They led their own organizations and raised funds for worthy projects.

Women's Suffrage—the right of women to vote—was won twice in Utah. It was granted first in 1870, 50 years before national suffrage, by the territorial legislature but revoked by Congress in 1887 as part of a national effort to rid the territory of polygamy. It was restored in 1895, when the right to vote and hold office was written into the constitution of the new state.  

Many leading LDS women were active in the national women’s suffrage movement. A shining example was Emmeline B. Wells. She was active in the national movement where she served as liaison between Mormon and non-Mormon women and fielded hostile criticism associated with the practice of polygamy. Most of the following is taken from an article by Carol Cornwall Madsen, “Emmeline B. Wells: A Fine Soul Who Served,” Ensign, Jul 2003, 16-23:

“As editor of a monthly newspaper, The Woman’s Exponent, Wells was an articulate spokesperson for women's rights and a defender of plural marriage. Abandoned by her first husband and widowed by the second, she was largely responsible for the support of her five daughters throughout her life.

Drawing on her own experience as the plural wife of Daniel H. Wells, prominent civic leader, she argued against the view, widespread in the non-Mormon world, that women's rights and plural marriage were irreconcilable opposites, the one based in sexual freedom and the other in sexual bondage. For Wells, women's rights and plural marriage were instead complementary, since in plural marriage a woman found the personal freedom and independence to exercise her rights as a member of society. On the national level, she was closely associated with both Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Susan B. Anthony. For nearly thirty years she represented Utah women in the National Woman's Suffrage Association and the National and International Councils of Women. Beginning in 1879, with her attendance at a suffrage convention in Washington, D.C., Wells
acted as a lobbyist for Utah interests.

She frequently appeared before Congress, met with four Presidents of the United States, and, while in London representing the United States for the International Council of Women, was presented to Queen Victoria.

The Exponent was a generally accepted voice for the women of the LDS Church. However, the Exponent's editorial board and management also acted independently of the church hierarchy and had considerable influence in matters of Utah and national politics. Its editorials frequently championed both plural marriage and women's suffrage.

From Volume I, Number 1 of The Woman's Exponent:

**IS IT IGNORANCE?**
by Emmeline Wells
The Woman's Exponent, July 1, 1883
[Note: Emmeline Wells is here writing at a time of intense federal pressure on the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to abandon its faith in plural marriage. Only the year before, in 1882, Congress had passed the Edmunds Law, making plural marriage or polygamy a federal crime.]

It seems a very common thing with people unacquainted with the facts to say, it is the ignorance of "Mormon" women "that keeps them in bondage," that "makes them submit to plural marriage," when in truth the very contrary is the case. It is because of the intelligence they possess on subjects connected with their existence here and hereafter, as well as that of their posterity and kindred, the hopes entertained, and the actual knowledge concerning the future that causes them to embrace a doctrine so unpopular and so objectionable in the eyes of the world.

. . . . Who are the "Mormon" women, who accepted plural marriage when the principle was first revealed to the Prophet Joseph, and taught to a few of the people called Latter-day Saints?

They were just such sound, practical, intelligent women as the foremothers of New England and the women pioneers of those Eastern States. Women prepared to encounter hardships and privation, perils by land and sea for the sake of the religion in which they devoutly and implicitly believed.

Aye, more! Determined not only to make the sacrifices incident to all those sufferings, but still further to prove their integrity to God by denying themselves that others might be benefitted and exalted. . . .

. . . . The women who entered into these sacred covenants of marriage for time and all eternity accepted this holy order as a divine revelation and commandment, and in all sincerity, with the purest motives obeyed the same.

. . . . In order to investigate the "Mormon" question it is essentially necessary to know the people themselves, and not accept testimony of reporters, tourists and sensational writers nor yet of political demagogues, whose sole aim is to make capital by the votes of the Territory, and turn everything into the hands of their own party. "Mormon" people have rights under the Constitution, and they
will seek to maintain them, women as well as men. If anyone supposes these same women citizens to be ignorant of the rights the ballot gives them, then they know very little about the women of this Territory, and our advice to them is, let the matter rest until you have an opportunity of solving the problem by thorough investigation, and not from one side, and remember the words of the Savior, "Judge not, lest ye be judged.

Absalom was sealed to five wives and became the father of thirty-two children. These families produced many outstanding church and civic leaders. One of his daughters, Mary Catherine Smith Shipp, was one of the first to practice obstetrics in Utah as a practical nurse/midwife, delivering over 500 babies and never losing a mother.

Absalom's journal documents his return to Harrison County as a missionary in 1869. It's exasperating that there are so few details and interesting that many of the people he visits appear to be members of the Church, though without any formal organization. They had probably been baptized or were supporters of the Church, but weren't interested or strong enough to be leaders. I had previously reported that the branches were discontinued in the 1840s. There had been much opposition, but he doesn't, however, mention any objections to his message at this time. He doesn't share his feelings easily and is prone to being positive, so he probably just didn't dwell on it. As terse as it is, it's nonetheless a fascinating record of an earlier time.

Oct. 25-31, 1869: Absalom's journey began from Salt Lake City where he traveled by train to Omaha, Nebraska. He crossed the Missouri River, boarded another train and went to his brother-in-law's, Asa Downs [in Iowa].

Nov. 1-4: Visited with family and friends and wrote letters, one to Francis M. Smith, in West Virginia.

Nov. 5: Left for Bluff City, arrived at the station. Got on the cars [train] at 5 o'clock. Started for Quincy, Illinois, on the Rock Island Railroad.

Nov. 6: Arrived at Davenport [Iowa] at 8 A.M. Got on the steamer Minnesota for Quincy, Ill. [saw an] Iron Bridge, ten span.

Nov. 7, 1869: Arrived at Burlington [Iowa] at 5 A.M. passed Nauvoo at 12 o'clock, the former home of the Saints, once a prosperous city but now a desolate looking place. Preached on the steam boat.
at and by consent of Captain Hill and the request of Thomas Buchannan. Bore my testimony to the truth of the Kingdom of God. Conversed with many, was treated respectfully. Arrived at Quincy at 12 and thirty minutes.

**Nov.8-10:** Found J. Rawlins, also Elijah Sechorn. Stopped over night. Started by Payson [Illinois] in a wagon of a son-in-law, Enoch Moore. Stopped over night. Traveled two miles to David Shinn's and stopped overnight.

**Nov.11:** Traveled three miles to see my niece, Sarah Ann. [Apparently daughter of his sister, Delilah] Found her well, six children, four sons, and two daughters, all in good health. Stopped overnight.

**Nov.12:** Went to visit a man by the name of Smith. Found he was my second cousin, Timothy Smith, a brother to my grandfather, Aaron Smith. Returned to J. Shinns. Then went to Ranklin Shinn in Payson that night.

**Nov. 13-18:** Proselyted and visited with Oliver Shinn, Mr. Dustin, and Isaac A. Shinn.

**Nov.19:** Left Quincy on a steamboat. Arrived at Clarksburg, Illinois at ten o'clock P.M.

**Nov.20:** Got on the car 7:02 o'clock A.M. Went four miles. The engine got off the track and could not get on again until 5 o'clock P.M. Arrived at Sister Booth's. Stopped overnight. She treated us(?) very kind and invited us in to her parlor.

**Nov.21:** Crossed the river to Nauvoo. Stopped at Miller's and got our supper. Then went to see Major Bidomen, Mrs. Bidomen [Emma Hale Smith] was formerly the wife of Joseph Smith, the Prophet.

**Nov.22-25:** Traveled east ten miles on foot. Stopped at Lewis Larsen's for the night. Traveled eight miles to my brother Elisha Smith. Remained there for two days but Elisha didn't come home, was in Dallis about eight miles off.

**Nov.26-30:** Went down to Dallis [Dalles City, Illinois] and found brother. Stopped overnight. Promised to preach there Sunday evening. Went back to brother's house and couldn't get back to Dallis to fill appointment due to storm. Wrote two letters, one to family and one to Brother Lemmon. Went to Dalles. Visited Samuel and Asa Shinn, Emery Shinn on the road.

**Dec.1-3:** Got on the boat New Boston, 3 P.M. Paid $5.50 for cabin passage to Davenport, 115 miles. Arrived there at 2 P.M. next day. Got on train for Chicago at 9 P.M. and got there at 7 o'clock the next morning. Friday punched the ticket for Wheeling for $14.25. Spent the day visiting the city. Got on the cars at 4 o'clock P.M.
Dec 4, 1869: Traveling via Cleveland and Wellsville, arrived at Wheeling at 6 P.M.

Dec 5-6, 1869: Spent the day in looking around and conversing with many persons on the progress of the Latter-day Saints. Went to see the suspension Bridge across the Ohio River, 1010 feet long. All in one span. Cost $25,000 dollars. Purchased a ticket to Grafton on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and to Clarksburg on the N.W.R.R. for $4.75. Arrived at Clarksburg where it was snowing and very muddy. Started afoot for Aunt Polly Shinn's. Found her and her daughter Harriet living in the old place, both in good health and very glad to see me. Went to see Austin Shinn at the old Wilson Mill he had lately purchased. Returned to Aunt Polly's. Stayed over night.

Dec.7: Went with Aunt Polly and Harriet to Uncle William Smith's. Found Uncle and Aunt Mary (Shinn Smith) and their son William and his wife (Mary Bell Ogden) and one child all in good health. Stopped over night. Conversed much on the principles of the gospel and scriptures.

Dec.8: Started to Uncle Elias Smith's. Found him and Aunt Mary and their son Jefferson and his children all in good health and very glad to see me. I took dinner with Uncle and went to see Uncle Jedediah Smith. He married Mary A. Rogers. Found him and wife in good health.


Dec.11: Went to William McIntyres.

Dec.13: Started in company with Jedediah to see Marion (Francis Marion Smith). I found him in Clarksburg. He married Elizabeth Ann Rogers, daughter of William Rogers. They had three children, daughters, Columbia G., Clara B., Rachel A. I found them all in good health. Up to Sunday the 19th I remained at brother Marion's reading and conversing with them on the principles of the gospel.

Dec.20-21: Went to G. Adams. Mrs. Adams maiden name was Tobiatha Wood. Went to Aaron Smith's (married Catherine Martin) and found him and his wife and son, Mordecai, in good health. Stopped over night.
Dec. 24: Went to Uncle Elias Smith to see if I could get the Smith meeting House. [Smith Chapel on Simpson Creek Road] He did not know who had charge of it. Went on to J. Smith's, my brother [Jacob or Jedediah].

Dec. 25: Went to L. Smith's, [probably Levi] had a good dinner of turkey and everything else necessary. Read and conversed on the gospel.

Dec. 27: Went to Clarksburg about my interest in my father's estate. My interest in the widow's dowry was $83.19 which I received. Also my share of the modern place to be paid by Levi Smith; $56.20. I bought me a suit of clothes for $26.00.

Dec. 29: Started in company with J. Smith to see sister, Lovina Harbert. Traveled eight miles through the mud. Arrived there 4: P.M. and found them well. She married Robert Harbert. She has eight children, five boys and three girls. Remained there five days, conversing about the gospel Tuesday. I went over to J. Coffman's. [Probably John G. Coffman, husband of Achsah Boggess Coffman] They have fourteen children, 1 daughter and ten sons living. Went to [½ brother] John Wesley Smith's. He married Fidelia Harbert. No children.

Jan. 10, 1870: Attended a Baptist protracted meeting.

Jan. 11-14: Received a letter from my family stating all was well at home. Rained all day. Went to see if I could get the Baptist church house to see if I could preach in it. They refused to let me have it as they said the seats were not fit to sit in.

Jan. 16: Went to a Methodist meeting house, obtained the promise of the house to preach in.

Jan. 19: Spent the day in reading the first principles of the gospel, and in the Smith Church talking to a large congregation. Bore my testimony to the truth of the Latter-day Saint work.

Jan. 20: Went to see my home place. Many scenes of my youth were brought to my mind. In passing my old home was greatly impressed of the need of having my mother affiliated for [temple ordinances completed.]

Jan. 22: Went to see cousins Robert and Charlotte Martin. She is in very poor health.
Jan. 25-27: Went to see John Lowe. He married cousin Rhoda Smith. She has been dead several years. He married a second wife by the name of Robinson, my second cousin. She is also in very feeble health. Took dinner with John Whitaker, then went to Uncle Elias'. Went with Uncle Elias to the grave yard to see my father's and mother's graves.

Jan. 29-30: Tried to get a house to preach in at Bridgeport.

Spent the time in conversing with Mr. Shinn and others on the principles of the gospel. Mr. Shinn said he would ascertain about a house.

Feb. 1: Spent the day at Levi's in conversation and reading. Went to see Stephen Allen, [married to Sabra Smith] cousin to my father to see if he could get the Hepzibah church for me to preach in, agreeable to the promise he made me a week previous.

Feb. 2: Spent the whole day conversing on the Gospel and bearing my testimony on the truth of the Latter-day work, and that Joseph Smith was a Prophet of the Lord, and Brigham Young his legal successor. I went to Burtis Bartlett's to spend the night. Austin Shinn promised me I could get a meeting house the following Sunday night in Bridgeport, to preach in.

Feb. 5: Wrote home to my family. Remained four days at my brothers then went to fill my appointment at Bridgeport. I preached all night on the redemption of Israel in the last days. I bore my testimony to the truth of the Latter-day work. Spent the night with Mr. Stout. He treated me very nice and requested me to give him another call.

Feb. 10: Left on the morning train for Clarksburg. Went through a long tunnel 2700 ft. long. Between Bridgeport and Parkersburg, a distance of 100 miles, has 22 tunnels.

NOTE: Mark Twain, after a train ride through north-central West Virginia said, "A tunnel on the B.& O. Reaches all the way from Clarksburg to Parkersburg. It has 23 airholes."

My Uncle Lowell Smith at grave of Aaron and Sarah Smith at Smith's Cemetery on Simpson's Creek road. Old stones are their original markers.

Over in Clarksburg, I conversed with people on the prosperity of the Saints in Utah. Went to Cherrylamp, a village 13 miles west to
see my half-sister, Tobiatha Jane. She married a man by the name of David Murphy. They have two children living and two dead. Had a long interview with the Methodist minister of this place, and bore truth to the Latter-day work.

Feb. 12-23, 1870: Wrote a letter to Bro. Call in Ohio. Went to Austin Shinn's and at the school house to fill my appointment to preach on the first principles of the gospel. I am in very poor health. Prospects for preaching not very good. I continued to [prepare to] travel west to Indiana. Went to Clarksburg to prepare leaving West Virginia, trunk $5.00.

Feb. 28: Procured a ticket to Huntington to visit Elijah [his brother]. He married Elizabeth Jane Starbuck. They have five children.

Mar. 2: Visited a school. Spoke to the scholars by request of the teacher, Robert Euing.

Mar. 6: Preached to a full house. I spoke with great freedom, bearing my testimony of the gospel.

Mar. 9: Spent the day in Quincy, traveled to my brother Harrison Smith's [in Missouri]. He married Sarah Denham. Traveled to Council Bluff to see Asa Downs. Asa has 14 children.

Mar. 21: Started home. Arrived at Omaha, and it cost me $1.50 to cross the river. Purchased a ticket across the plains to Ogden (Utah) for $62.00.

Mar. 25: Arrived home and found my family in good health. (3)

His son, Parley Smith, records one of his favorite sayings:

"Man is the only animal that can be skinned more than once."

When I saw his picture, I was struck by the resemblance to my own grandpa, Charlie Parker Smith. They also shared some characteristics. For example, Absalom liked horses [he kept several teams of white ones] and was a reader. I often saw my grandpa with a book in his hand and in his youth he was a teamster. His son Bert's description of him also fits my grandpa. (3)

His son, Bert L. Smith, was born when his father was 62 years old and remembers his father as a quiet man, rather stern in appearance, but really very agreeable. He was
Virginia Lewis, a descendant of Absalom Wamsley Smith, was featured in this article included in the Church News edition for the week ending February 14, 2009.

Rejoicing with her ancestors

Descendant of settler families reminisces about Draper past

A walk with Virginia Lewis through the small cemetery in Draper, Utah, is more than reminiscing — it’s a history lesson. Sister Lewis, who is 103, will take your arm and lead you up and down the neatly trimmed rows telling you stories of her pioneer ancestors buried there, mostly people she knew personally. Beyond the trees lining the cemetery, the new Draper Utah Temple sits on the hillside overlooking the south end of the Salt Lake Valley. Sister Lewis recently attended the temple open house and believes her ancestors would be pleased.

Sister Lewis is the oldest living descendant of two prominent Draper pioneer families. Her maternal grandfather, John Fitzgerald, was just 6 years old when he crossed the plains with Brigham Young’s first wagon company. Her father, Perry Fitzgerald, was a wagon captain and helped raise the first flag on Ensign Peak. Her paternal grandfather, Absalom Wamsley Smith, settled in Draper after the early Saints were driven from Nauvoo, Ill. He served in the first bishopric of the Draper Ward under Bishop Isaac M. Stewart, his brother-in-law. Both were friends of the Prophet Joseph Smith. The Fitzgerald and Smith families were among the initial group sent to settle what was then called South Willow Creek.

“Both my parents grew up in the old fort,” Sister Lewis recalls. “The early settlers would be thrilled that their hard efforts bringing in irrigation and setting Draper have created such a great community.”

Now a booming suburb of Salt Lake City, it is hard to imagine the small farming and ranching town of Sister Lewis’s youth. She is the youngest of 10 children and her father, Heber Absalom Smith, owned a large sheep ranch north of Pioneer Road.

“We would climb the hillside where the temple now stands and pack a picnic,” she said. “My father would run his sheep there.”

Sister Lewis also remembers digging up sego lily bulbs, which grew abundantly on the sandy hillside above her home. “They’re OK if you don’t mind shaking off a little dirt,” she explained. “They taste a little like a potato, only more sweet and solid.”

Her pioneer ancestors were introduced to sego lily bulbs as a valuable food source when they entered the Salt Lake Valley. To be a “bulb eater” meant you were one of the original settlers. Sister Lewis was pleased to see depictions of the sego lily carved into the woodwork and woven in the delicate carpet patterns throughout the Draper Utah Temple.

Looking to her ancestors as a pattern to follow throughout life, Sister Lewis has taken her pioneer spirit across the globe. Her husband, Rulon D. Lewis, worked as a soil scientist for the United States Department of Agriculture. They lived in Africa and Thailand where he taught people how to more efficiently plant crops. In Bangkok Sister Lewis served as the country’s first Relief Society president. After her husband passed away in the mid-1960s she settled in Orem, Utah, where she lives today as a member of the Orchard 1st Ward. She has worked as a tour guide on Temple Square and served in the Provo Utah Temple for 15 years. Sister Lewis believes the key to her longevity is to always look forward with faith.

Since the announcement of the Draper Utah Temple, Sister Lewis has been watching its progress with anticipation. “My mother and father were married in the Endowment House. They used to go pretty regular to the Salt Lake Temple with a horse and buggy,” she said. “They never dreamed there would be a temple in Draper.”

During her tour of the temple Sister Lewis marveled at the craftsmanship. “I was amazed with the beautiful wood that came from Africa where I lived for two years,” she said. “The temple makes Draper more beautiful. A temple always is a blessing for the community which it is in, for peace and success for the people living there.”

Sister Lewis will be attending one of the dedication ceremonies in March. Some of her ancestral photos will also be placed in the temple’s time capsule. “Maybe this is what I lived for,” she said, “to rejoice with my parents and ancestors. I feel certain that they will be right there alongside me.”
always an early riser and would take care of the irrigating from 3:00 to 7:00 A.M. He seemed to have a knowledge of how much to say, and further than that he did little talking. He was not of the visiting type, but he would sit around and listen while his family did most of the talking. He raised his children without the use of the rod and taught by example. He was respected by his family, neighbors and community and was always fair with people.

He always attended church regularly, and was interested in Community betterment. He was active, in a limited way, right up to within three months of his death at age 84. When he felt the end was near he asked a representative from each part of his family to get together and divide his property. There was an attorney in the group, and they reached an agreeable division of his property in one day's time. There was considerable property but it didn't have much money value at that time.

His children took turns sitting up with him during the three months of his illness before his death. They had the immortal words of the poet placed upon his tombstone:

> His life was so gentle and the elements so mixed in him that nature might say to all the world, "This was an honest man." 

"Most remarkable experiment in Western American history."

I did find some Shinn pioneers to the Salt Lake Valley but, while related through common ancestors from New Jersey, they didn’t come from the Harrison County group. The James Shinn Senior and Junior and Robert Shinn families were members of Captain Edmund Ellsworth’s handcart company, the first to arrive in Salt Lake City.

They left Iowa City on June 9, 1856 and arrived in the Salt Lake Valley on September 26, 1856. The company consisted of 274 persons, 52 handcarts, and 5 wagons. The Shinn’s lost two family members to death: Sidney died on Jun 24th and Emma, aged two, died on June 26th. The handcart record doesn’t give Sidney’s cause of death, only stating, “Sidney Shinn, son of James and Mary Shinn Jr., died this morning. Buried thirty years south of the bridge on Four Mile Creek, on the east bank, under an elm tree.”

The entry for June 26th reads: “Emma Shinn, daughter of Robert and Eliza Shinn, died this morning of whooping cough, age two years and eight months.” For June 27th: “Emma Shinn was buried this morning twelve feet southeast of a walnut tree on the west bank of the..."
Raccoon, near opposite the sawmill."

Deaths in the company appear to be from disease rather than accident or hardship except for one man killed by lightning. The Shinn’s weren’t mentioned again until September 6th when the record states: "About four a.m. this morning the weather became more settled, but we found to our sorrow that twenty-four head of our cattle were missing, owing to the negligence of Robert Shinn and James Shinn Jr., who were on guard. We had to remain in camp again today as the cattle were not found till about three p.m."

On the date of arrival, September 26th, the entry is: "The brethren from the city sent us a wagon with provisions as we were rather short. At thirty past ten a.m. the camp rolled and traveled thirteen miles. About eight miles from the city we were met with Governor Young and his counselors, the Nauvoo brass band, the Lancers and a great many others. We were first rate received in the city. Provisions of all kinds came rolling in to us in camp. The brethren of the city manifested great interest towards us as a company, which caused our hearts to rejoice and be glad."(91)

One cannot understand 19th-century Latter-day Saint history without understanding the concept of gathering to a central location. It was, simply, part and parcel of the conversion package... . It was the actual physical gathering of covenant Israel to a designated location where they would build a temple and establish Zion. Between 1856 and 1860, nearly 3,000 Latter-day Saints traveled by handcart from Iowa and Nebraska to the Salt Lake Valley in a total of 10 handcart companies. But... willing and even anxious converts didn’t necessarily translate into financially able ones. Most members, whether located on the banks of the Missouri River or in urban Liverpool, England, were poor... .

President Young and the Brethren created the Perpetual Emigrating Fund (PEF) in the fall of 1849. Essentially the PEF was a revolving fund. Latter-day Saints with means would donate funds, which were quickly funneled to converts waiting to gather. Then, upon arrival, the gathering converts would work on public work projects, repay their loan in cash, commodities, or labor, and thereby replenish the fund. By 1852 PEF monies, initially used to bring in Church members from the middle and eastern United States, were made
available to thousands of European Saints. But there was simply not enough money to go around.

By the early 1850s, nearly everyone in the United States who wanted to gather had ... yet there were thousands of converts waiting in Great Britain and Scandinavia. "We should hardly judge that there were a hundred families among the Saints in Great Britain who are able to go direct from this to the Salt Lake basin," wrote European Mission president Orson Pratt in 1849. "We are in hopes that the time will soon come when there will be capital sufficient to enable the Saints to pass on to the place of their destination without any delay." The handcart plan was born of this concern and hope...

The handcarts, with wheels as far apart as normal wagon wheels, were constructed of wood, usually Iowa oak or hickory. There were regular carts and slightly larger family carts. The larger family cart often had axles of iron rather than of hickory. Ideally, at least two people pulled them; by journey's end sometimes it was but one. Not surprisingly, supply rationing was severe. Adults were allowed only 17 pounds of baggage, largely clothing and bedding; children were allowed 10. Larger carts sometimes were loaded down with as much as 400 to 500 pounds of food, bedding, clothing, and cooking utensils.

The captains of handcart companies were as rugged as they were faithful. All had considerable trail experience. Each company had accompanying ox-drawn baggage and commissary wagons—about one wagon for every 20 handcarts. Handcart groups also took along public tents, each tent sheltering about 20 people. The actual period of handcart migration was brief—from 1856 to 1860... . The benefits of President Young's plan were apparent with the arrival of the first two groups, consisting of just under 500 emigrants. Led by Captains Edmund L. Ellsworth and Daniel D. McArthur...

It had been a strenuous but safe journey. "We waded streams, crossed high mountains and pulled through heavy sand," wrote participant Mary Ann Jones, "leaving comfortable homes, father, mother, brother and sister to be where we would hear a prophet’s voice and live with the Saints of Zion."

Understandably, the day of arrival... was viewed as a day of triumph—a day for both
solemn reflection and gala celebration. ... The Deseret News reported that men, women, and children gathered from everywhere to greet their fellow members, "the numbers rapidly increasing until the living tide lined and thronged South Temple Street." ... Altogether, the first three companies had completed the journey from Iowa City to Salt Lake City in less time and with equal or possibly fewer casualties than the typical wagon train. It would seem the "most remarkable travel experiment in the history of western America" was a success.

[The tragedy of the Willie and Martin Handcart companies] did not stop handcart travel. A missionary company going east in 1857 traveled using handcarts, and between 1857 and 1860 five additional emigrant companies took carts west across the plains. ... Altogether, nearly 3,000 people reached Zion using handcarts. About 250 of that number died along the way; and about 210 of those pioneers were in the Willie and Martin Companies. (92)

Our son-in-law’s ancestors, the Robert and Margaret McBride family from Scotland, were in the Martin handcart company. Against the advice of their leaders, they and the Willey Company began their journey too late in the season and were caught in winter snowstorms. One morning they found their husband and father frozen to death, leaning against a wagon wheel. He’d been so worn out he couldn’t make it to his bed. Ill and starving, the company set up camp in Martin’s Cove. The next morning a son, Peter McBride, found himself unable to get up — his hair had frozen to the ground. Peter is Brian’s father’s ancestor and his mother is descended from a daughter, Janetta. Brian and Molly named their youngest daughter, Janetta. President Young was shocked when he received word that the companies were stranded. He didn’t know they had attempted the trip so late in the year. He halted Sunday worship services to give instructions for their rescue. A wagon train of men and supplies left Salt Lake City as soon as they could load up. They met the companies and carried them to safety to the Valley, though some of them still had to walk. There was only room in the wagons for those with frozen feet.

... It is interesting to note that the Willie-Martin survivors
chose not to dwell on the suffering and death; very few expressed bitterness... . Almost all retained a vibrant faith in the gospel, and for some the ordeal resulted in their gaining "the absolute knowledge that God lives for we became acquainted with him in our extremities." In retrospect, it is clear that many Saints in 1856 were determined to come to Zion at almost any cost. (92)

Isaac Shinn, son of Levi Shinn and Elizabeth Smith, married Nancy Robey, a daughter of Jeremiah Robey and Mary Ogden and the sister of Jeremiah Robey, Jr., of the following paragraph. They did remove to Hancock County, Illinois but didn't leave with the Saints who went to the Salt Lake Valley. They both died in Hancock County, he in 1871 and she in 1876.

THE ROBEY FAMILY

Jeremiah Robey was another Harrison County convert particularly close to the Prophet. He was born on April 14, 1808, into the old Harrison County families of Robey and Ogden. His father was Jeremiah Robey, Sr., and his mother was Mary Ogden, the sister of Susannah Ogden, wife of Mark Bigler. Jeremiah's parents were among the wealthy, prominent people of Harrison County and had a large family. (52)

In his early manhood Jeremiah Robey learned the trade of carpenter and cabinetmaker. He went from one place to another where carpenters were needed, always demanding a good wage. In 1833 he married Ruth Tucker, by whom he had ten children.

His uncle, Mark Bigler and wife Susannah, had become members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and had moved to Nauvoo, Illinois. While Jeremiah was away working in Indiana, his wife, Ruth Tucker Robey, had also been converted. She made the major decision of also moving to Nauvoo with her children and have her husband meet them there. She wrote to him that work was plentiful in Nauvoo so he joined his family in Nauvoo in 1841. Ruth had been a member since 1838 but he had not yet converted.

When he arrived in Nauvoo, he was welcomed by his friends and uncle's family. After remaining in Nauvoo for a short time, he too was converted to the Gospel and was baptized in May 1841 by the Prophet Joseph Smith. In October of 1842, he was ordained an Elder by Wilford Woodruff.

He worked unceasingly on the Nauvoo Temple and was the one to
hang the last door. He went through all the trials and persecutions of the saints at that time, but never faltered in his faith and was very much grieved over the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum. After they were forced to leave Nauvoo they went to Mt. Pisgah, Iowa, where they remained for a time and then moved on to Council Bluffs. There they joined the David Wood Company and came to Utah, arriving in Provo in August, 1852.

While in Provo, Jeremiah, in company with Edwin Bunnell, worked as a cabinet maker and carpenter. He had settled there on the advice of George A. Smith, who had married his cousin, Bathsheba Bigler, and who said there was need of carpenters and cabinet makers in that place. In 1859 they again moved, this time to Midway, Utah, and thus became one of the early settlers of Provo Valley. After arriving he devoted most of his time to farming, as his second son, Jeremiah A. Robey, had learned the trade of carpentry and could handle most of the work.

He was one of the pioneer bee keepers of the valley, and he set out some of the first fruit trees: apple, pear and plum. He raised currants, gooseberries, and strawberries for his own table and had success with celery.

For a number of years he was recorder for the Snake Creek Mining District, and held the position of school trustee for over 13 years. He was a quiet, unassuming man. He lived to see the fifth generation of his posterity and had a picture taken with them. He was always an earnest advocate of the gospel, and loved to bear his testimony to its truthfulness. He impressed upon his family and friends the knowledge he knew that Joseph Smith was a prophet of God. He served a mission for the LDS church in West Virginia in 1876 & 1877.

He was in a particular position to know that Joseph was a Prophet, as he was a close friend. He was with the Prophet and Hyrum Smith as they went to Carthage and their final destiny, and was holding the reins of Joseph's horse when he said,

“I am going like a lamb to the slaughter; but I am calm as a summer's morning; I have a conscience void of offense towards God, and towards all men. I shall die innocent, and it shall yet be said of me - he was murdered in cold blood.”

When Ruth Tucker Robey left Harrison County with her children to go to Nauvoo, she had no idea she would never return to her West Virginia home and her people. She endured many of the trials and hardships incidental to pioneer life, but was always cheerful and
contented.

She was hospitable and made everyone welcome in her home; no one was turned away hungry from her door. She was a good hand in sickness and helped many who were suffering and in pain. She was always kind to little children and was loved and revered by her grandchildren. At the death of her daughter, Susan, she took her three little motherless girls and reared them to womanhood, caring for them as though they were her very own.

Ruth was a sweet singer and used to sing the old-fashioned songs, and tell stories of her early days and experiences in crossing the plains and during the early Indian troubles. She loved to bear her testimony to the truthfulness of the Gospel, and that Joseph Smith was a prophet of the Lord. She was loved and respected by all who knew her. She died very suddenly while sitting in her chair on a Sunday morning at the age of 75 years and six months.

Jeremiah Robey lived to be 94 years and seven months old when he died after an illness of one week. In his latter days he did a great deal of temple work for his ancestors, in both the Salt Lake and Manti temples.

Jeremiah and Ruth told their children they had been sealed by the Prophet in the upper room of Joseph's store in Nauvoo and Jeremiah often said he felt well paid for his work on the Nauvoo Temple since he was able to receive his endowments there. A

The Brigham Young University production, Joseph Smith, the Man is based on the testimony of Jeremiah Robey as told by his granddaughter, Lethe C. Tatge. This is also available on a Moments from Church History video under the same title.

THE CUNNINGHAM FAMILY

Andrew Cunningham was the brother of Sally Cunningham, wife of Jacob Bigler, Jr. The Cunninghams were a courageous and hardy pioneer Harrison County family, originally from Ireland, whose battles with the Indians are a well-known part of West Virginia lore. Andrew's father was Adam Cunningham. Adam Cunningham's grandfather, Edward, had helped build Thomas Harbert's blockhouse as did Thomas Cunningham, Edward's brother. They also built another fort near Enterprise, about four miles from Wyatt. These two forts could house most of the settlers during Indian raids.
Edward Cunningham and his wife, Sarah Price Cunningham, were instrumental in driving off the Indians who attacked Harbert's Fort that day. Edward killed or badly wounded two and Sarah severely wounded one, who was grappling with her husband, by striking him a savage blow in the face with an ax. Their son, Joseph Cunningham, was captured, adopted by the Indians, and lived with them for 16 years. When he returned he was called, "Injun Joe" and could never give up his Indian ways.\(^{(30)}\)

Thomas' wife, Phoebe Tucker Cunningham, was also captured by Indians during another raid, saw four children killed before her eyes, and remained a captive for four years. Rebels Simon Girty and Alexander McKee were instrumental in her release.\(^{(46)}\)

Andrew Cunningham's mother was Amelia or Millie Lyons Cunningham. Millie Lyons' brother was John Lyons, whose leadership was instrumental in building up the LDS branch in Harrison County.

Andrew migrated to Quincy, Illinois, about 1839. Although he must have been exposed to LDS doctrine in Harrison County, he didn't join the church until shortly after his marriage in 1841 when he and his new bride, Lucinda Rawlins, were both baptized. He, too, was influenced by the Saints who congregated near Quincy after being driven from Missouri. He returned to Harrison County in 1840 to move his mother and her family to Illinois, his father having died in 1829.

Andrew Cunningham was back in Nauvoo by Aug 1840 as mentioned in Mary Ann Boggess' letter to Bathsheba Bigler Smith. She also mentions Jackson, William and Richard Cunningham as "all coming back" [to the church] and Edward Cunningham breaking his thigh and hurting his shoulder, so apparently several members of this family joined the church. Jackson, William and Edward were Andrew's brothers.

His family migrated to the Rocky Mountains, starting in the spring of 1848 from Council Bluffs, Iowa, with the Amasa M. Lyman company. This organized emigration from the Missouri River to Great Salt Lake City was divided into three divisions in the charge of the First Presidency of the Church: Brigham Young headed the First Division; Heber C. Kimball the second and Willard Richards the third.\(^{(35)}\)

Andrew began as a Captain of Ten with responsibility for 27 wagons but was soon a Captain of Hundred. His own outfit consisted
of two wagons, one drawn by a pair of horses and the other by a yoke of oxen and a yoke of cows. The Third Division was comprised of 502 whites, 24 Negroes, 169 wagons, 50 horses, 20 mules, 515 oxen, 426 cows and loose cattle, 369 sheep, 63 pigs, 5 cats, 170 chickens, 4 turkeys, 7 ducks, 5 doves, and 3 goats. This division left the Elkhorn River July 10, 1848 and part of it arrived October 19, 1848. The remainder was in Salt Lake City by November.\(^{(35)}\)

The Cunningham's weren't quite finished with Indian conflict, as revealed in a story related by Nancy Porter Mattice, a child member of his company. Her father had put Nancy; Alma, her fifteen-year-old brother who was to drive the wagon; sister Malinda and their stepmother, Lydia Ann Cook Porter, with a three-month-old baby in the care of Captain Andy, as he was called. The father remained behind with the rest of the family until he could sell his property. Nancy's grandparents were already in Salt Lake City to receive them.

In Nancy's own words, an old Indian wanted to trade for her, as -

> He saw mother had more family than anything else; he thought she could spare one. He offered her twenty-five head of horses and a big pile of buffalo robes and blankets but mother always said no.

Captain Andy [Cunningham] cautioned the mother to watch Nancy carefully. The Indians drew away for awhile only to return again to turn their attention from Nancy to her baby brother. An old squaw came up to the mother and asked to hold the three-month old baby boy. The mother was reluctant but didn't want to cause any more problems so she allowed this. When the old woman got him she whirled and ran as fast as she could to the crowd of Indians.

The mother was screaming and Nancy and others were crying and the Indians were creating even more commotion when Captain Andy stepped upon the wagon tongue, took off his hat and called for order. In a minute everything was quiet. Then he said ". . . Let the Sioux listen to the white man. Bring that baby back or there will be war right now. The white man will fight for his children." Then he said in an undertone, "Every man to his guns," and in a very short time every man was in line and the Indians were in a huddle, seemingly counseling what to do. After a while, which seemed a long time to us, here came the squaw with the baby saying: "Here take it, here take it." They were a thankful family to get the baby, and to get started on the way again.\(^{(35)}\)
When the Cunninghams arrived in the Great Salt Lake Valley, they settled first near the old Pioneer Square. Andrew was immediately called as counselor in the bishopric of the 15th ward and as Deputy Sheriff of Salt Lake City. With the Sheriff, he contracted to build the Salt Lake County court house.

In 1855 Andrew was called on a mission to Illinois and the neighboring states. Before he returned from this mission he directed 17 men in establishing an outfitting place for the Saints still crossing the plains. They surveyed and laid out the townsite now known as Genoa, Nebraska. Then they enclosed 750 acres of land, plowed and planted 200 acres, and built a steam saw mill in a cottonwood grove below the settlement on Loup Fork. After erecting a meetinghouse out of cottonwood logs, he returned home in August 1857.

He no sooner got there when he was called as captain of a company whose mission was to establish a settlement in the Snake River country of Idaho. This town is now called Blackfoot. Before he had time to catch his breath, he was again sent to Idaho as captain of a company of 100 men sent to protect the Salmon River settlers against the Indians.\(^{[35]}\)

Soon afterward, in January 1859, he was called as bishop of the 15th Ward, where he served for nine years, until shortly before his death in 1869.\(^{[42]}\)

None of Andrew Cunningham's assignments were easy, but restoring Salt Lake City to its former order after Johnson's Army established Camp Floyd in Cedar Valley was one of the toughest. While the camp remained it was a social problem to Salt Lake City and the adjacent settlements. Immoralities, gambling, drunkenness, thefts, etc., accompanied the army.\(^{[48]}\)

Andrew was chosen to be marshal and to organize a powerful police force and,

... by severe discipline, at length restored the city to its former order and suppressed the lawlessness of desperadoes, which for awhile reigned, terrorizing the citizens and impeding public affairs.\(^{[35]}\)
This episode in United States history is a particularly sad one. Utah territory (numerous petitions for statehood had been denied) was wrongly accused of various misdeeds. Without any investigation of these false charges, on May 28, 1857, President Buchanan ordered the U.S. Army to invade Utah. No notice or explanation or opportunity to defend itself against these charges was given. The Mormons were rightly suspicious of a government that had either been unable or unwilling to protect them before so it was concluded that no good could come by allowing the Army to invade the state and take over the government of Utah.\(^{(48)}\)

The difficulty of communication in those days and the isolation of the Saints in the Utah valleys made it possible for the Army to be well under way to the West before the Utah people became aware of it. When word was received that the army was near, preparations for war went quietly forward. Brigham Young and his counselors knew they had stores to last three years and determined that, when the invaders came, nothing would be left standing in Salt Lake City and its settlers would all go southward while the militia took to the mountains to fight a guerilla warfare. Brigham Young stated,

> Liars have reported that this people have committed treason, and upon their representations the President has ordered out troops to assist in officering the territory. We have transgressed no law, neither do we intend to do so; but as for any nation coming to destroy this people, God Almighty being my helper, it shall not be.\(^{(43)}\)

A "scorched earth" policy was taken and the army nearly perished that winter. The people never panicked, having perfect faith in their God and the church's leaders. As word leaked out President Buchanan was severely criticized.\(^{(48)}\)

From the floor of the Senate, Senator Sam Houston voiced the opinion of many:

> The more men you send to the "Mormon War" the more you increase the difficulty. They have to be fed. For some sixteen hundred miles you have to transport provisions. If they ever reach Salt Lake City they will find it a heap of ashes ... and they will meet the fate of Napoleon's army when he went to Moscow ... . these people will fight desperately. They are defending their homes ... . they will fight until every man perishes ... . they have provisions for two years; and they will carry on a guerrilla warfare ... . As for troops to conquer the Mormons, fifty thousand would be as inefficient as two or three thousand ... . These people expect nothing but extermination or abuse more intolerable than even extermination would be, from your
troops, and they will oppose them.\footnote{144}

Fortunately an old friend of the Mormons came, at great personal sacrifice, to mediate affairs. Colonel Kane, for whom Kanesville, Iowa was named, was successful in turning the tide in favor of peace and opened the way for a reconciliation.

The unwavering position of Brigham Young, that with the help of the Lord the Saints could withstand the entire Army of the United States, won the respect and admiration of the world.\footnote{48}

Andrew Cunningham also served two terms as a member of the city council. In 1862 he also married Mary Ann Ramsey, an English convert. By 1868 his health was beginning to fail and he died in Salt Lake City in 1869.

THE LYONS/BIGLER CONNECTION

Sarah Bigler was another lovely daughter of Mark and Susannah Ogden Bigler who followed her parents to Nauvoo. On January 16, 1840, she married a fellow Harrison Countian, Caleb Washington Lyons, brother of Asa and son of John Lyons. Theirs is a particularly tragic story and is further evidence that Harrison County Saints were especially faithful.

Caleb, with his father, removed to Far West, Missouri, in 1838, purchased land in Caldwell County. During the war of the state of Missouri against the Saints, he was actively engaged as an express carrier. This was a dangerous time for the Mormons.

Caleb was fortunate to leave the state alive but he became one of the first settlers of Nauvoo. He was also Lieutenant in the Nauvoo Legion and a member of the Seventies. While working in the harvest field in July 1846, he received a cruel whipping inflicted by a party of mobocrats.\footnote{21}

Caleb and ten other Mormon men were working on the Davis farm, about twelve miles from Nauvoo, when a company of a hundred or so armed men surrounded the field. Some of these men were recognized as being members of the infamous "Regulators" who were harassing the Saints in an effort to force them to leave the state. One suspects their motives had more to do with confiscating property than religion. One of the laborers, John Hill, (no relation to me), made an affidavit before a Justice of the Peace where we learn some of the details.
The harvesters realized they had no chance of escape so one of the men named James W. Huntsman, ancestor of Jon Huntsman of Huntsman Chemical Co., and Jon Jr., former Governor of Utah and current Ambassador to China, waved a white handkerchief and went out to negotiate with them. The regulators, however, were only interested in inflicting injury. They removed the innocent men's weapons, then sent one of their men into the woods to cut heavy hickory rods. Then two or three of them at a time would use these rods to beat their victims. The innocent Mormon men were placed in a ditch, on their knees with their chests against the bank, and struck twenty or more times each. John Hill swore that afterwards he wasn't able to do the "least service for himself" for three weeks.

The "Regulators" smashed some of their guns and stole the rest before ordering them back to Nauvoo saying, "— leave for the Holy City and don't look back." After going about fifty yards a shot was fired after them with the ball narrowly missing John Hill's head. 

In 1848, Caleb took a job as a deck hand on the steamer Edward Bates to earn enough money to equip his family for the hard journey to the Rockies. At that time steamboats were incredibly dangerous and accidents happened frequently. The Edward Bates was no exception. On August 12, 1848, near Hamburg, Illinois, its boiler exploded, killing and drowning about 28 persons and scalding some 31 more. Caleb was one of those drowned. His body was never recovered from the muddy Mississippi River. Sarah Bigler Lyons was left alone with three small children at Quincy, Illinois.

Sarah had no means to buy the necessary provisions and equipment for the imminent westward trip. She made it as far as Kanesville, Iowa, where she remained until the Perpetual Emigration Fund supplied the means to move her family to Salt Lake City.

This Fund was begun by voluntary contributions by members of the church, most of whom were already destitute, but who wished to bring those even poorer to the Valley. The ones who benefitted then repaid their costs thus perpetuating the Fund.

In October 1849, Bishop Edward Hunter left Salt Lake Valley on a special mission for the purpose of gathering up poor and worthy saints to be sent to the Valley by means of this Fund. Bishop Hunter arrived in Kanesville the second week in December and notified the chosen families to prepare themselves. Among these families was the Widow Lyons and Solon Foster, a former
missionary to Harrison County. Bishop Hunter called upon Joseph L. Heywood to assist.\(^{(21)}\)

In the meantime, he had to buy oxen, which were very scarce due to the "golddiggers" buying them up on their way to California. He said, "I could not get broke cattle at any price. However, by the strictest economy in making in trades and sale, I have succeeded in getting a tolerable good stock and a number of good cows." They began their journey on July 4, 1850.\(^{(21)}\)

Sarah Bigler Lyons married Bishop Thomas Taylor in 1852, lived a long life, and died in Salt Lake City.\(^{(1)}\)

**THE CEASE/SKINNER FAMILY**

**Eleanor Cease** (Seas or Seese) was another LDS convert born in Clarksburg on March 20, 1814. Her parents were Michael and Eleanor Poling (Poland) Cease. She didn't join the church there but was baptized in Illinois in 1840. She had married Horace Billings Skinner, probably in Cincinnati, in 1833. There is a family tradition that Eleanor's parents cooked there for shipbuilders. Horace was a cooper by trade. He was born on February 28, 1809 in Putny, Windham county, Vermont.

Horace and Eleanor lived in Golden Point, a part of the Nauvoo 10th Ward, where Horace had been set apart by Hyrum Smith as a counselor to the presiding officer, Bishop Evans, of the 11th Ward. He was also ordained a high priest by Hyrum Smith.

They both received their patriarchal blessings from Patriarch* John Smith in 1845 and their endowments in the Nauvoo Temple on February 7, 1846. They left the area with the Saints between April and June 1846 and settled at 90 South Third West Street, Provo, Utah.\(^{(53)}\) In the 1850 Utah census they are listed in Provo City with twelve children. Provo High School now occupies 3/4 of the site where his cooper shop stood.

Horace Skinner's homestead was a two-room adobe house built on the north side of the road just above the Lake Bottom Canal. Eleanor died April 12, 1872. Some time later Horace married a widow, Mrs. Engelfield. He worked at the cooper trade until just before he died.

*A patriarch is an ordained office in the Melchizedek Priesthood of the LDS Church with the special calling to pronounce individual blessings upon members of the church, based upon their worthiness, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit.
THE ROGERS FAMILY

Since missionaries from the Joseph Smith family had stayed with Ludwell Rogers, I thought it was unusual that no Rogers had joined the LDS church but could find no evidence that they did. I was therefore very pleased when a descendant of Ludwell's sister, Delilah Rogers, contacted me when she saw my notice on the bulletin board at the Family History Library in SLC.

She is Catherine Tenney of West Jordan, Utah, and is descended from Delilah's daughter, Elander, (Elender) Ludwell Rogers who married Richard Stubbs on June 21, 1843. I didn't catch this family because Delilah's husband was called Abijah Ware in their marriage record in Harrison County and Wyer in Early Church Records. They were married February 13, 1816. Delilah wasn't listed in the early church records under her maiden name.

Delilah's parents are Rhodam and Mildred Nelson Rogers who were also the parents of Eunice, Rhodam Jr., Peyton, Ludwell, Elizabeth or Betsy, Sarah and Edith or Eve. Rhodam Sr. was a Revolutionary War veteran and is my 4th great-grandfather.

Delilah and Abijah had converted and traveled west with the other Saints where they settled in Provo, Utah. All of their children died young except for Ellander Wyer Stubbs. Abijah died in 1853, not long after they arrived in Utah, and is buried in Provo. Delilah then married Samuel Vincent, died on November 24, 1876, and is also buried in Provo.

LASLEY\WHITE

I was going to say, "Lastly, we shall consider the Lasley family," but reconsidered as it's awfully corny.

Elizabeth White was born to William White (or Wight) and Louisa Woodard White in Harrison County on November 5, 1813. She was married to John Welton Lasley who was born in Cincinnati, Ohio. Elizabeth received her endowment in the Nauvoo Temple on February 6, 1846, and was sealed to her spouse April 16, 1867. They were residing in Adams County, Illinois, as early as 1835 when their first child was born. Sadly, of the first seven children born to them, five died before the age of two and another died at twelve. All of these were born during that tragic time period between 1835 and 1841. In the 1856 Utah census they are living at 55 North Kanyon, Bountiful, Utah, with ten children and an older man named William W. Lasley, probably John's father.

John Lasley was a member of the 14th Quorum of Seventies. He died
in Bountiful in 1858 and Elizabeth died in Rockland, Idaho in 1884. (1)

Lorenzo Dow Barnes had written to church headquarters while on his mission to Harrison County -

Beloved Brethren, should this come into your hands I have one word [for] you before I close. No doubt your prayers are arriving daily [at] the Throne of Grace for our brethren abroad; therefore remember ... the people in Western Virginia in particular ... pray for us ... [and] to God the Father of Light and our Lord Jesus Christ is all the glory for ever and ever, amen. (2)

He had recorded in his journal -

There appears to me to be many noble minded and honest hearted persons in western Virginia whom I expect to see coming forth to Zion with songs of everlasting joy in their hearts [who will] obtain joy and gladness and their sorrows and sighing shall flee away. Their prayers were answered as many "noble minded and honest hearted" persons from Harrison County were truly converted. As did their forefathers, they followed their faith to safety and exile in the vast, empty west. Their sacrifice and courage soon filled the emptiness with a mighty people whose worthy sons and daughters are going forth to bring the gospel of peace and joy to people throughout the world.

ZIMMERMAN’S PIONEER TRAIL JOURNEY

Ray and I completed our own “pioneer trail journey” in 1999. We were still living in the east and decided to drive cross country to visit our daughter, Molly (Mrs. Brian) Larson, and her family in American Fork, Utah. We bought a booklet of directions to each LDS site of interest and visited them all. The most interesting to us was Martin’s Cove in Wyoming where the Martin Handcart Company had been stranded.

We had the opportunity of pulling a handcart into the Cove from the Visitor’s Center, but declined. Molly and Brian’s family visited the Cove in the next year and did pull a handcart several miles in the hot July sun. Their respect for their ancestors increased enormously.

As we traveled in our air-conditioned vehicle, 70 mph, down duel paved highways, eating in restaurants and “camping out” in a motel
every night, we reflected on our comfortable journey as compared to those early Latter-day Saints' journey some 150 years ago. We concluded that we doubted our ability to leave nearly everything we possessed and begin the journey, let alone endure to the end. Their hardships would only be beginning when they reached their destination. They weren't heading toward a land of milk and honey—at that time the Salt Lake Valley was a treeless wasteland. They would have to grow or make everything they needed to survive. That they did endure these trials of faith and create a land of milk and honey is a living testament of that faith.

The LDS Church is no longer a provincial, western based church but is an international organization. There are now more Saints living outside the boundaries of the United States than within. The world is dotted with our temples, 152 all over the world either in operation, under construction or announced, the most recent groundbreaking being in Rome, Italy. In the 2009 statistical report we numbered over 14,000,000 members with 340 missions; 51,736 serving as proselyting missionaries all over the world and thousands more as service missionaries in various capacities. There are 28,424 wards/branches in 2,865 stakes. Few could argue, "The stone was cut out of the mountain without hands." Daniel 2:45.

The Church provides an astounding amount of relief and development projects for humanitarian purposes in all countries, without regard to nationality or religion of recipients. We no longer just take care of our own. After urgent needs are met, the Church looks for additional ways to help with the long-term needs of the community. The Church’s approach is to help people become self-reliant by teaching skills and providing resources for a self-sustained life. Thousands find jobs annually through its employment centers and on-the-job training at Deseret Industries stores.

The Perpetual Education Fund is modeled on the Perpetual Immigration Fund in that it makes loans to recipients for their education and the loans are repaid and recycled to others. One hundred percent of the donations given to the Church's humanitarian services are used for relief efforts. They are supervised and run by volunteers. The Church absorbs its own overhead costs.

As Ray and I look out over Utah Valley from the deck of our home on Traverse Mountain, near Lehi, we marvel at the growth in just the few years we’ve lived here. The population has exploded and thousands of homes and businesses have been built. Utah is one of the few states managing well in these tough economic times. The sky is full of aircraft making their way to or from the airport in
Salt Lake City and the Interstate Highway is congested with traffic. We're justly proud of our three universities and numerous colleges just between SLC and Provo. Three LDS churches with three congregations each have been constructed in our development. We wonder if Brigham Young foresaw all this when he gazed at the Valley for the first time and said, "This is the right place." We know he was right.

In Oct. 1999 general conference, then President Gordon B. Hinckley said,

The centuries have passed. The latter-day work of the Almighty, that of which the ancients spoke, that of which the prophets and apostles prophesied, is come. It is here. For some reason unknown to us, but in the wisdom of God, we have been privileged to come to earth in this glorious age.

... We stand on the summit of the ages, awed by a great and solemn sense of history. This is the last and final dispensation toward which all in the past has pointed. I bear testimony and witness of the reality and truth of these things. I pray that every one of us may sense the awesome wonder of it all as we look forward shortly to the passing of a century and the death of a millennium.

And so we shall go forward on a continuing path of growth and progress and enlargement, touching for good the lives of people everywhere for as long as the earth shall last.

At some stage in all of this onward rolling, Jesus Christ will appear to reign in splendor upon the earth. No one knows when that will be. Not even the angels in heaven will know of the time of His return. But it will be a welcome day.


Molly’s son, Elder Andrew Larson, with his mission leaders, President and Sister Albrecht, upon arrival in his mission field in Japan. Feb. 2010
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