Bate Family Histories

Stories about some of the ancestors of Helen Luana Bate Stringham
Compiled for Christmas, 2020

HISTORY OF JOHN THOMAS BATE

Written July 1950 by JOHN THOMAS BATE

Born January 8, 1878 at American Fork. Very cold and a blizzard. I should know, I was there.

Nothing much happened after that, that I remember, until I was about four years old. I used to go across the street to Grandmothers place. My grandmother Bate married Samuel Vowels. We used to go over and she would always have a jar of molasses cookies to give us.

Our neighbor, Jeff Eastman had two boys, Birtie and John. They had a rocking horse that they would let us ride. Their father said he didn't believe there was a God until he was hunting ducks after dark. A storm came up and he lost his way on the Mullner Slough. Just as he was about to step into a very deep hole the lightning flashed so that he could see his way and he said God saved him. He never said again that there was no God.

Now I was about five when two boys were smoking Cedar Bark by a shed and the straw caught fire. I remember my father helping fight it when he took hold of the shaves of a new hay rake. He pulled it out but left the skin of his hands on the shaves. He went home and mother put molasses and flour on them and wrapped them up and they got well.

I remember Samuel Vowles having oxen he used to farm with them. The next I remember we moved into town where father had a store. I started to learn the Piccolo. When the boys would come in the store they would lift me up on the counter and give me candy if I would play the Piccolo for them and roll cigarettes for them. I got so I could do pretty well but a little later I used to roll them when they weren't there and I would put a little black gun powder in the center of it. It would go alright until it got to the powder and then puff.....I rolled them but never used tobacco.

We used to take a little bucket and go to the molasses mill and get skimmings to make candy and the homemade wooden wagon used to gather kindling wood at the D & RG tracks.

We moved to Riverton, Utah about 1885 or 1886. Not much there only coyotes and jack rabbits. Lots of wind and snow. The water we had to use came out of Utah Lake. We used this water to swim in, water our stock, baptize, cut ice to put up and skate.

We walked to school one mile and a half. Church dances and etc. were in the same one room building. All grades with one teacher for all grades.

At the age of about ten the marshals started to arrest the Polygamists, Mormons who had more than one wife. At that time we had few phones, no radio, phonographs, electricity, motor cars. At about that time I rode on the horse and mule drawn street cars in Salt Lake City. We used bicycles. No paved streets. Fire departments in the cities used horses that were well trained.

Baseball was our main sport with horse and foot racing too. To brag a little I never was out run until I had my hip out. When I was 14 years old a horse threw me off and drug me by the foot. Knowing no First Aid or how to handle one with a hip out they tried to carry me every way. Laid me in a quilt but finally father put me on his back, that was tough...try it sometime. I lay for 6 hours for a doctor. Anthony Nelson took father to Salt Lake City twenty miles to get Doc. Pinkerton. Nelson`s horse, Silver, out traveled the Doc's fine team, the best he said in Utah. He offered to buy Silver.

Three weeks on my back and I was out again. Another time a horse kicked me in the head and they carried me in the house and after two hours I came to. Then a horse kicked me in the chest. One time a horse fell and broke my arm. I had lots of horses throw me and lots of them kick me. One fell with Silas Bills and I. It stepped in a hole in a bridge, I guess that was when I broke my collar bone.

Father ran a store and Post Office. I was night watchman when I was 14 to 17 years old. No one broke in while I was in there but one night I was ill so I slept in the house and burglars broke in and took cash, shoes and many things they could carry. Their burglar tools were found at the back door but they were never caught. I slept with two pistols under my head and a shot gun close and this was nerve racking for a boy my age.

Hunting deer, sage hens, ducks, jack rabbits, white hairs and cottontails was our game. Choosing up sides or shooting in competition with other towns for a dance to be paid for by the losing side was one of our Winter Sports.

Very few telephones, no movies, radios, football, basketball. Our lights were coal oil, lamps, candles. No flashlights, no autos. Bicycles had hard rubber tires. Few buggies. Saddle horses and carts is the way we courted the girls. If we could get the Home Sweet Home Waltz with a girl we could most always take her home. Some dance halls had a coal stove in the center of the hall and sometimes they would get tipped over. We had good times. The dance would start at 8:00 o'clock and the Home Sweet Home Waltz at 1:00 a.m.

I have had four dogs bite me. I like dogs in their place.

(Following was written March 1952 to November 1953)

We left Riverton, Utah when I was 20 years old. Father's family moved to Charleston, Utah in Wasatch County. I met a lot of nice girls and nice people. My Uncle Heber Wagstaff said he had a wife picked out for me up there and her name was Mauddie Simmons. He said that she was a good singer, good looking and a good girl. I went with some of the girls but I did marry Maude Simmons so my Uncle was right about what I liked.

While in Charleston I worked for George Simmons. I got his daughter for my pay.

I was Constable for 4 years. This was some experience what with the Indians and all.

I was Sunday School teacher at 21 in the 10 and 11 year old boys and girls class and now at the age of 75 I am still teaching the same class.

We had home dramatics and played at dances in the band in the Winters. One baby girl, Lillie, was born there then we moved to Garfield, Idaho which is west of Rigby, Idaho.

I got logs from mountains north an east of Rigby and built a two room log dirt roof house. The first Spring the mud came through. We used sage brush for firewood. We ate lots of eggs at 10 cents to 12 cents per dozen. The next winter I had 3 horses die and 35 head of hogs. Winters were cold 20 and 30 below zero. We broke ice on the Snake River which was 3 and 4 feet thick and hauled water to drink and water for house use. The Snake was five miles West from where we lived.

After father died I took Arnold my half brother to raise. I kept him ten years.

I worked in Sunday School in Garfield until we move to Perry, Utah. I worked with Fred Korth on W.T. Davis farm. We took it for five years but my name was not on the contract so after the first year Fred took over and he ran it one year but it didn't work out.

I rented land for a few years. Bought one acre for $1,000.00. Then worked at Perry Cannery for 27 years. Worked in Bushnell hospital for two years during the 2nd World War.

Moved to Brigham City, Utah and bought home on 54 South 2nd West for $6,000. I then worked in Sewing Machine Repair work. I have been Supervising a Teen-age Club for about nine years.

Now it is 1958. I am still supervising the Teen-age Club. I started at $10.00 per month and now I am getting $100.00 per month. I am 80 years young. Besides supervising I clean and wax the floor. There are three pool tables, three ping pong tables, checkers, record player room, snack stand (soda water and candy bars) and free telephone. All games are free. We have teenagers from other towns such as Logan, Tremonton, Garland, Honeyville, Bear River, Corinne, Willard,

Perry, Mantua, Ogden, and other farms around. Average crowd at a time is 25 with 100 in and out during the evening. No bad language, no tobacco, no roughness. Three nights a week, Mon. Wed. & Sat. Art classes in the winter. I have worked with them 12 years now.

I took Scout training under Oscar Kirkam in Ogden. It was the first scouting that came to this County under the M.I.A. I was President of the Mutual in Perry then. I was Scout Master first, then Councilman and group leader. I was registered in Scouting for over 25 years. Everyone should take Scout work or at least First Aid. I will never regret all I have paid out and the time I have put in scouting.

John and Maude Bate

John Thomas Bate with his sons Almon Birdell and DeLoy. Also some dead fish.

HISTORY OF WILLIAM E. BATE

By John T. Bate

Note: two other accounts of William Bates' life are available, but John Bates' account appears to be the most complete. Significant discrepancies and additions are shown as follows: {from Esther B. Green, a granddaughter} or [from Edward William Bate, his son]

William E. Bate was born May 12, 1846 in Staffordshire, Potreries, Hanley England.

At that time financial conditions were very serious which prevented the children from going to school. At six years old he worked with his father in the coal mines and worked very hard helping push the car loaded with coal.

The family consisted Father, Peter, Mother, Hannah, brother, Herbert, my father, William; Sister, Emily and brother Samuel.

My Father was a strong character. When a small boy, while going to school, someone flipped something at the teacher. The teacher thought it was William. He asked him if he did it. He said, "No I did not." The teacher whipped him and said, "Now will you own up to it?" He said, "No I did not." He whipped him again very hard, but Father said, "You may kill me but I will not lie, I did not do it." The teacher told his father William was the toughest kid he'd ever seen. But father was not able to walk to school for some time he was so badly beaten. They soon found out he wasn't guilty and the teacher asked his pardon, but he didn't go to school much after that for he had to work.

His parents were very strict with their children and would whip them very hard. The children did not disobey very often and if they did they would suffer lots to keep them from knowing. One time he stopped to slide on the ice a few minutes and slipped and fell and hurt his shoulder. Two Mormon Elders, were stopping at their home. One came up to little William, took hold of his arm to greet him. When he flinched, he asked him what was the matter. They soon found out his shoulder was out of place and had been for several days.

My father's family were all converted and the missionaries were there a lot and the family was very sincere in their belief paying tithes and attending to their meetings, but it was difficult for them to keep the word of wisdom as everyone in those days in England, almost, drank ale as they called it and wine. As it was used for meals as it was part of their living. It was very hard for my father for he was a working boy and when pay day came everyone treated the other but father tried very hard and succeeded. The leaders were very strict and warned the church members if they were drinking Ale or wine they could be excommunicated from the church. Many succeeded and many didn't.

They saved money for some years until they saved enough to send some of them to America, so on May 1856 my grandfather saw his wife, daughter, and youngest son, (my father) set sail on the shipped named for their Captain William Aregoni.

They were stranded in New York and it was while they were stranded that father's mother took very ill with colory (cholera) with many others. Her fever was very high and she was a very sick woman. Those days they didn't let a person with a high fever have water to drink. They thought it would be too sudden a change and the doctor told them by all means not to give her a drink. They left father, a boy of 10 to watch over her through the night. She begged so hard for a drink that little William knelt down and prayed to God to know what to do for her. It was told to him to get her a drink, so he slipped down to the creek in the night and brought her some cold water and the next morning she was better and was able to go on shortly after that.

My father hunted work and was successful in finding a job in a coal mine at the age of ten.

When he asked for the job, the boss of the coal mine made fun of him saying they wanted a man not a kid, but father begged him to give him a chance, so he did. This was in Minersville Pennsylvania, but this was a very hard job. His job was to go into the mine, the first one every morning, open a large double gate that he could not reach the handle so he would get down and put his fingers under the door and pull it open. The rats were so thick that they would bite his fingers under the door. Then he would go in the mine without a light and feel for the fan which had to be turned to get the air going in the mine. If they took a match it would start a fire until it was pumped full of fresh air. Sometimes the fire would come rushing out. He would jump in the ditch to escape the fire. Sometimes it would burn his flannel shirt off his back. The sitter and mother would get some odd jobs.

They saved a small sum of money, then they joined the company of Harten D. Waight {Horton D. Height} and came across the plains. He was 13 years old. They arrived in American Fork, Utah September 1, 1859. [Father drove the team from Winter Quarters all the way across and walked the entire way. His mother was sick most of the way. When they were about half way they stopped at night-his turn to herd the oxen. Three Indians came and stampeded the oxen away so he walked down a little way from camp by himself to pray to the Lord to help him find the oxen. To his great surprise when going a little way over a hill he met the oxen still stampeding coming toward him and he herded them back into camp. The Lord had answered his prayer right away. Upon arriving in Salt Lake, father worked for Brigham Young for some time and at his bidding he moved to American Fork to take up some farm land. The first year there he had a lovely crop until almost ripe, then crickets came by thousands and started eating the crop. Through the Lords goodness and mercy, gulls were sent to devour the crickets and saved about half his crop. After farming there for some time he got a sunstroke (this was shortly after his marriage and Arthur was born). The doctor told him he could not work in the sun for at least two years so he got a store in American Fork.]

They were soon comfortably settled and anxious to save what they could to send for the husband, father, and Brother Herbert but before they could save enough money to get them to Utah, the father met with an accident in the coal mine and was killed. They saved some money and borrowed the balance and sent for father's brother Herbert and he was soon on his way to Utah. {His hair was completely white by the time he was l9 years old.}

Father was a great lover of music from childhood. When he got to Utah he was very anxious to play some kind of musical instrument. He worked in Grant's Music Store in American Fork selling musical instruments, taking lessons whenever he could afford it and had the chance. Brother William Grant helped him all he could. Father was soon able to tune all the instruments. As he sold them, one day he was tuning a violin. He took to it very much and asked Brother Grant if he could buy it. He said he could tell it was no ordinary violin. Brother Grant sold it to him for what he paid for it, $25.00. Shortly after he got a phone call from the company saying it was sent by mistake and that it was a very expensive one. Brother Grant told them he had already sold it, so Father got it for $25.00. Father soon joined the band and earned some money to help the family out. He was soon chosen as leader of the band when he was sixteen years of age. Soon he was composing and writing music not only for the violin but for all the other instruments in the band and sold to other bands. He had some very interesting and faith promoting incidents in his younger life.

At one time one of the American Fork men got lost. He had been working for a man herding sheep. His boss fired him and sent him off poorly dressed, holes in his shoes. Some brought word about it and the neighbors got up a company of volunteers to hunt for him. Father and one man

went together one way. Almost everyone carried a pistol with them at such times. Father and companion went to the camp of the man who fired him. They questioned him and accused him of sending him off in the condition they said he was in. The man came at father with a pick. He turned around just in time to whip his pistol out. When he saw father's pistol aimed at him, he cooled down and said he didn't mean it. It was in the night and they had ridden all day and part of the night and were very tired. A fellow then tried to coax father to stay all night, but father said "no" he would not dare close his eyes around that man or he wouldn't live until morning so they started back toward home. The road was terrible and they could not make much time as there was no other way for traveling but by horseback. It was a very dark night and the snow was deep in places and the horse so tired that it fell in a ravine of deep snow up to his neck. Father said he bodily lifted the horse out of the snow. He knew he couldn't have done it by himself, but was helped by the Lord for without the Lord's help, they never would have gotten home alive. Some of the men froze their hands and feet but they found the man frozen to death.

On March 14th, 1868 he married Hannah Shelly{at the Salt Lake Endowment house}. She was born July 19th, 1847 in Stratfordshire England, emigrating when a small girl with her parents to American Fork.

They lived in a one room where six children were born. Arthur, Edwin, Samuel, Ernest, John and Jane. Edwin died at the age of three, Samuel one year of age and shortly after a little girl of eighteen months. This was a great sorrow to their little family, losing them all so close together.

Father started business of General Merchandise a little at a time until he built a business large enough to move into a large house and had one room for a music store and sold candy and ice cream, and soda pop and did very well. Another baby was born September 11, 1883, Edith. When Edith was three years old they moved to Riverton bought a small farm and opened a branch store from the Equitable coal at Salt Lake City: also the post office. His oldest son went on a mission to England. He spent 1 1/2 years in Ireland and was sent to England a half year. While he was gone his wife took sick and died two weeks before he returned which was a great sorrow, leaving three small children. Three more children were born to them, Pearl and a pair of twin girls, Alice and Amy, but the twins died a few months later. Father was a very religious man and had a great gift of healing. They had no doctors but if they were not appointed unto death, he would heal them by his faith and Priesthood. His family learned to rely on him for his inspirational advice. At one time he was very ill. All the neighbors had them call a doctor. The Doctor said there was no hope because of his working so hard and in the mines so young. One lung was gone and he could not live only a few days. After he was gone, Father sent for some of the neighbors he had great faith in and asked them to give him their faith and prayers. He asked if there were any that didn't have faith that he would get well to please leave the room. One brother went out and they exercised faith and prayers and he was soon around again and met the doctor on the street. It almost took the doctors breath away, but he said that he would never do another days work, but he did lots of work. He was never entirely strong as before in 1897. He built a pavilion and gave dances and ran his store and the band was his and his sons and daughters. It was a great success about that time.

He with the consent of his wife married in polygamy to Maude Janet Nell in Riverton. Ten children were born to them, Edward, Rose, Cora, Earl, Austin, Arnold, Rulon, Glen, Otis, and Vera.

When the passing of the manifests, the polygamists had great trial, trying to take care of his families and not allowed to live with but one wife. The officers of the law wasn't considerate at all of those in trouble and one of his boyhood best friends, being an officer of the law turned out to be his worst enemy. There was no more peace for the polygamists and father working so hard

to be honest and faithful to his trust. He was a very honest man and never needed a written agreement from anyone who knew him well.

I remember during the manifesto he was ordered to trial. He begged to get off for Sunday as he was the Assistant Sunday School Superintendent and was very strict in keeping the Sabbath Day holy. Of course they were suppose to take him and put him in jail until Monday for the hearing before the judge but they forgot to arrest him. They told him to appear on Monday. He said he would be there. They did not seem to doubt his word for they knew him to be to his word.

He went to Sunday School. The children when hearing he had to appear in court began to cry (for he was a great favorite with the children, not only with his own, but the children of the town). When they felt so bad, he said, "Children, if you will pray for me, I don't think I'll have to go to jail," and he didn't. When they saw him coming the next morning, they, the officers grabbed his hand and expressed their thankfulness for him being an honest man for they said, "We forgot to arrest you and you didn't have to come if you had taken that advantage of us." But Father said, " I told you I would come and I always keep my word. On that account he got off easy and was never in jail a minute as so many were.

He was very successful with his dances and band until they had a great fire and burned down his store. He took it very hard and his health was broken because of this. He gave up his business and post office and sold out, bought a small farm in Charleston, put up a Notions and Confectionery Store combined. {His first wife made candy and ice cream to sell in the store. He also sold the first phonograph that came out. You had to put tubes in your ears to hear it.} He and his sons kept their band together. They played for dances. He was a very good singer and was the choir leader. He was a wonderful leader in dramatics, lead plays and put on many dramas in that county. He would play every night in the week in the winter season but most all the money made, went for the ward. But father enjoyed it all and everyone that worked with him loved him. I can see him now as he would say the parts for the different characters. It made no difference what kind of a part whether Comic, villain, Sad or any other as he took the parts before, he would make us double up with laughter or tears stream down our cheeks or tremble with fear. Whatever part he would go through he was very true to everything he did.

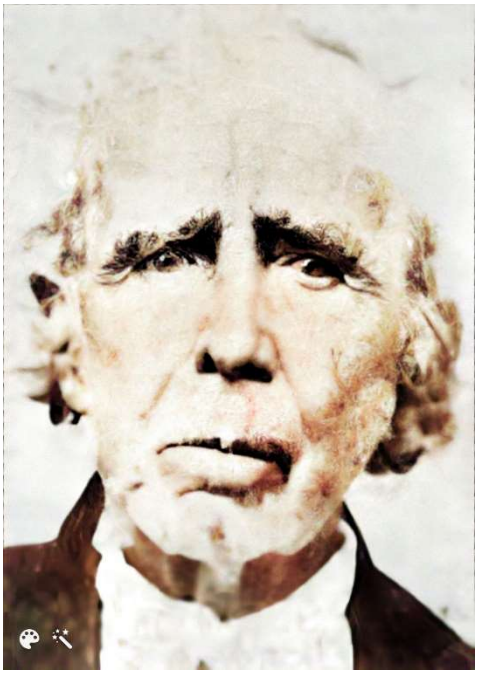
He was noted for punctuality. His motto was "never be late." In fact his favorite song was, "never be late." He drilled it into his family so thorough that everyone of his first family has the same family trait. He was a man of great faith. His family never had a Doctor except with a broken limb. They had so much faith in him that all they ever needed was his administration. He was sent for by people and always felt his great blessings. He was never known to whip a child. He could always ring a promise from us with his kindness and faith in him. He moved to Grant Idaho in l904 and lived there a few years where he kept up his training in Dramatics. {He settled on a place in what was later made Garfield ward. His 2nd family, my mothers family moved in a log house by the Burgess or the Swale as we always called it. They always built the home by a stream if possible to save carrying the water so far. All that was growing over the ground was sage brush. They planted trees, an orchard and a raspberry patch. As his own family was his dance orchestra he started playing for the dances in Willow Creek (now known as Ucon).}

Bought a farm to bring his boys up. He still played for dances and kept his family together for some years but when he went, it was sudden and he took heart trouble and Dropsy and died March 6, l907. {March 5, 1907}

Was buried in Grant Idaho. Just before he died the boys got a recording record on the Phonograph and he played a few pieces on his beloved Violin. Just a few days before he passed away. {Grandfather's second family were very young at his passing -the baby, Otis, only 6 months

old. He was a very stern man, never believed in going in debt. He was a good family provider. He was certainly a community builder and leader. His talent for music was handed down to most all his children in singing as well as playing.}
In his patriarchal blessing it promised he should live as long as he desired. It was fulfilled as his last words were "It is enough."

Benjamin Freeman Bird 1778 – 1862 and Marabah Reeves 1784 – 1833



Benjamin, son of Jeremiah Bird and Elizabeth Marsh, was born 19 January 1778, during the Revolutionary War. He was the fifth child and had four sisters and six brothers. With such a large family and the struggle of war, there was anxiety and worry for Jeremiah and Elizabeth.

In this year of 1778, France sent a fleet to help the colonists, in return, the colonists had to sign an agreement that they would fight until they won their independence from England

Benjamin was born at Morristown, New Jersey, and it could well have been because of the war since all of his brothers and sisters were born at Elizabeth. It was about this time that the battle for the Hudson River was in progress, and Howe was prevented from crossing New Jersey. This was also the year Washington was at Valley Forge, and pursed the English across New Jersey. The year of 1780 was the gloomiest year of the revolutionary war, but in the year of 1783 on the 19th day of April the war ended.

With this event there began a real struggle. The soldiers were returning home, sick and tired. It had been a hard war, with little enough for the soldiers, who had suffered untold hardships with short rations, poor clothing, and severely cold winters. It was a slow, hard road to recovery.

About 1887, the Chesapeake and Ohio railroads and the Erie Canal were built for transportation, and Ohio, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin were added to the Union. These states, formed on public land, gave Congress an added opportunity to sell land to the people and use the proceeds to pay off the debt incurred by the War of Independence.

We can see changes taking place in the lives of our Bird family. It would be interesting to know what part the Bird family played in this period, but we know nothing definite of Benjamin's youth. He seems to have been a very intelligent and active person.

On the 22 February 1800, Benjamin married Maribah Reeves; he was twenty-two years old and she was sixteen. Maribah was born in Essex County, New Jersey on May 8, 1784, the daughter of Phineas Reeves and Mary Taylor. This was the year the nation's capitol was moved from Philadelphia to Washington, D.C. The capitol building construction began in 1800.

Benjamin, being the fifth son, seems to be the one who pulled up stakes and left the old homestead, moving to Flanders in Morris County and starting a home for his new bride. Here five children were born to them; Phineas Reeves - January 29, 1802; Charles – September 19, 1803; Samuel – March 19, 1805; James – December 22, 1806; and Elizabeth - February 8, 1809.

People were building more substantial homes at this time. Many even built mansions, some of which still stand today. Lovely churches were built and industry was expanding. Church was still the center of life, with dinners and teas and dancing. Benjamin and Marabah were members of the Methodist Church.

Benjamin had lived when Washington was President and John Adams. Now in 1801 – 1809, Thomas Jefferson was President and sometime between 1809 and 1811, Benjamin took his family and moved to New York State. He settled at Hector in Tompkins County in the Western part of New York. Here they stayed several years, and three more children were born to them; George – January 15, 1811; Kelsey – March 30, 1813; Polly – January 13, 1815.

In January 1811 they, had a little boy named George, and on February 11 that same year, their first little girl, Elizabeth, died at the age of two. In 1813, their son George died also at the age of two and was their second child buried in Hector, New York.

After 1816, they moved to South Port, Tiago County. It would be interesting to know the reason for these moves, as these places are not far apart. The counties in this area have been divided many times since these early days. While living here, many important things happened to this family. Four more children were born: George – May 12, 1817; Amanda – January 24, 1819; Richard – October 13, 1820; William – July 18, 1823.

Their second son named George died February 25, 1818, and Samuel, the third child, died February 13, 1828. Samuel was twenty-three years old and was married to Casia Brown.

During this period the prosperity of this new nation was established. There seemed to be plenty of employment, materials, and opportunities for all. It was a time when many immigrants came to this new country. There was a trend toward building cities, beautiful homes and churches. America was young and growing and Madison was President, a man who greatly loved peace and tried constantly to avoid war or contention.

Benjamin and his family undoubtedly heard many stories of the sea and of the battles fought there between the ships of our country and those of France and England. The United States was proud of her ships and seaman. She was not strong enough at this time to fight an offensive war, but with her ships she gained respect from England and France by capturing and destroying their shipping. One of our ships at this time was known as “Old Ironsides” or by its real name, the “Constitution.”

In 1817, the year little George was born, Monroe was elected President of the United States, steam ships were being constructed to take the place of sails, and Alabama and Mississippi were added to the union. The question of slavery was one of the big issues facing the government, and England was still smuggling slaves into the south.

John Quincy Adams and Andrew Jackson were president while Benjamin’s children were growing to the age of responsibility. Their son, Samuel was born the same year as Joseph Smith, and Richard was born the year that Joseph received the First Vision and was visited by God, the father and His Son, Jesus Christ.

We know there was great religious contention during this time. Benjamin Freeman, being a religious man, was touched by these contentions. He was living in Western New York, not far from

Wayne County, and very probably heard a great deal of good and bad about the Prophet Joseph Smith. The Mormon Church had been organized and the Book of Mormon was being circulated.

In the winter of 1832, Benjamin Freeman and his wife Marabah lived in a comfortable home in South port, New York with eight of their nine living children. As the snow blanketed the New York country side a single Elder from the Church of Jesus Christ of knocked on their door. He asked for admittance and keep, since he was a minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ and was preaching without purse or script. Benjamin and Marabah were touched by the testimony that he bore. Over the next few weeks, by reading the book of Mormon, they became convinced that his message was true. Since the Elder had moved on, the Bird's grasped at the only link that would tie them to the glorious message that they had received, they subscribed to the “Evening and Morning Star”. Because the Church was in its very early infancy, having been only 31 months since the Church was organized, the Bird family had no where else to turn for additional information.

In the first addition of the “Messenger and Advocate” printed at Kirtland, Ohio, in October 1834, Oliver Cowdery, then second Elder in the church, published the following excerpt: "Mr Benj. F. Bird, of Southport, Tioga Co, N.Y. , writes under date of Nov. 14 (1833) and says : I have received your papers almost one year and because I held the book of Mormon as sacred as I do the bible, the Methodist (though I had been a regular member almost 37 years,) turned me out; but I bless God for it for though they cast me out Jesus took me in.

"He further adds, that he does not know as he shall ever have a privilege of uniting with this church, as he never saw but one elder, whom he solicited to preach twice; that it caused a great stir and noise among the people .

"If any of the elders are passing near, would they not do well to call ? We circulate some few papers in that place, the most of which is through the agency of our aged friend of whom we have been speaking, and from whom we acknowledge the receipt of money for the same."

Before a team of Elders could respond to Benjamin's request, he lost his sweet heart Marabah in the winter of 1833, leaving him with a heavy heart and the responsibility of raising eight children. As he shared his testimony of the truthfulness of the Church of Jesus Christ with his friends, many mocked, but a few hearts were touched. One who came to know by the spirit that Benjamin's testimony was true, was a woman named Margaret Crain. Margaret was the widow of Nathanial Daily. She was born In June 1893 in Essex County, New Jersey. After a short courtship they were married on the 25th day of April, 1833. After their marriage the family moved to Wellsburg, Tiago County.

A year later on April 9, 1834, Margaret bore Benjamin a beautiful daughter whom they named Margaret Jane. Finally in June of 1834, a team of Mormon elders came to the area and having the necessary authority, Benjamin, his wife Margaret and several of the married children of Benjamin and Marabah, with their spouses, were baptized.

Another child Benjamin Freeman, Jr was born on June 20, 1837 while they were living in Wellsburg.

Benjamin took his family and gathered with the Saints to Missouri in 1838. In 1839, He and his son Phineas and families were in Daviess County and suffered the violence and persecution involved with the exodus from Missouri.

Benjamin Freeman Bird and his sons Phineas and Charles Bird signed the affidavit wherein they covenanted with the other inhabitants of Far West to stand by and assist one another "to the utmost of our abilities in removing from the state of Missouri." They bound themselves to the extent of all of their available property to be disposed of by a committee for the purpose of providing means for the removal of the poor and destitute from the state. Their covenant was in vain when they were ruthlessly driven from Far West. As they left Far West, the Bird families looked back and saw their homes in flames. They left Missouri with only the clothes on their backs in the dead of winter, with nowhere to go, after having suffered the Far West holocaust.

After leaving Missouri the family went to Nauvoo where he and Margaret's third child Martha Marie was born June 2, 1840. In January, 1840, Benjamin purchased the property now known as the Bird-Browning site on main street from the Prophet Joseph Smith for $300. They built a nice two room log cabin with a root cellar which has been restored by the Church, and dug a well which is now on the south side of the property. In the spring of 1843 they built the two-story brick structure. (Later, they sold the property to Jonathan Browning, who then added on the first story of the middle section and even later, the gunsmith and blacksmith shops. Browning lived in the brick home approximately a year, then it was occupied by Lucy Mack Smith, the mother of the Prophet Joseph Smith. It was while she was living here that she wrote her autobiography which included the biography of her son. This is one of the most popular histories on the life of the prophet Joseph even to this day. Subsequent owners are thought to have added the small second story onto the middle section, the kitchen and probably even later individuals with German architectural liking, added the porch onto the back of the original two story living quarters.)

Benjamin and his family lived in the log cabin for three years and in the two story brick structure for a few months. During that time they enjoyed all of the special cultural events that have come to mark the Nauvoo period as being one of the most unique in history. Since converts from all over the world came to Nauvoo and established their homes during those years, there was a great mixing of cultures and arts. Bound by oneness, all being Latter-day saints, there was a friendly blending of a variety of cultures and a feeling of personal pride and friendliness. These people, who had been persecuted

and driven from Ohio and then Missouri, now lived in relative peace. They enjoyed a pronounced zest for life, which enabled them to enjoy and appreciate the unique cultural advantages that were theirs.

The Bird families traded at the store of the Prophet Joseph Smith, and often attended parties and socials at the mansion house. There were several occasions where Benjamin played a friendly game of croquet with his friends and neighbors, which included Joseph, Hyrum, Wilford Woodruff and Heber C. Kimball.

While living in the log cabin, Benjamin and Margaret enjoyed a time of relative peace and prosperity. Also at Nauvoo, Benjamin enjoyed the association of several of his children and many of his grandchildren. His sons Phineas, Charles, James, and Samuel all had their families at Nauvoo, and he still had living at home with him two sons by Marabah and the three children by Margaret.

In the fall of 1843, disruptions, both internal and external to the church, were caused by John C. Bennett and William Law, who were at one time counselors to the Prophet Joseph in the First Presidency. Benjamin with his home on Main street was in the middle of all of the excitement and persecution.

Because Benjamin was now 65 years old and had three children at home under the age of 9, he desired to move to a quieter location. As mentioned earlier, he sold the property and the newly built brick home to Jonathan Browning and purchased a large 50 acre farm on the outskirts of Nauvoo. (pictured at right)

Benjamin and some of his sons participated in the building of the Nauvoo Temple. His son, Phineas, was called on a mission to the Wisconsin pineries. In the pineries he was involved in cutting down pine trees, which were then floated down the Mississippi River to Nauvoo where they ultimately were used in the building of the Temple. Two of Benjamin's sons were called on proselyting missions; Charles to North Carolina and William to Connecticut.

His son Charles was one of the Prophet Joseph's personal body guards and it was his team and wagon that carried the bodies of the prophet and his brother, Hyrum, away from the mansion house.

After the death of the prophet Joseph, the Bird's, along with the other saints worked under armed guard to complete the Temple. Some of the family were able to receive their endowments in the third floor rooms of the Nauvoo Temple. In the large, third story at the front of the building, was where dressing rooms and chambers for preparatory ordinances were located. Sealings took place in the large rectangular room beneath the gable.

Emma was so concerned that the mobocrats would dig up the body of her husband, the prophet Joseph, and desecrate his grave for the $1,000 reward that was pending for him " dead or alive, " that she had ten men bury the remains of her husband and Hyrum in the basement of the Nauvoo House. Because at least ten people knew that they were buried under the Nauvoo House, her concerns continued to mount, until one night she appeared at the Bird home and asked for help to rebury the bodies in a secret tomb near the old Homestead. Benjamin's sons Charles and William were two of the four men that were entrusted with this task. They loaded the dirt from the floor of the cellar of the Old Spring House into the back of Charles' wagon and drove it out as far as they could into the Mississippi River and unloaded the dirt, thereby leaving no evidence that the martyrs were buried there.

Benjamin and his sons and their families were present after the martyrdom when Sidney Rigdon claimed that he was to be the guardian of the church. They witnessed President Brigham Young transfigure into the voice, appearance and personality of the prophet Joseph Smith and felt the Spirit bear witness to their souls that the Twelve should preside.

In January, 1846 , the presiding Brethren decided to move west. President Brigham Young, knowing that CharlesBird had one of the best teams of horses in the City of Nauvoo, asked Charles if he would be the first person to cross the Mississippi River on the ice. On February 25, 1846, Benjamin Freeman Bird stood under the old tree at the end of Teardrop Lane and watched his son drive his loaded wagon across the frozen river to see if the ice was firm enough for the Saints to cross.

Shortly after they arrived at Council Bluffs his son William accepted Brigham Young's call and joined the Mormon Battalion in the historic trek that has come to be known as the symbol of dedication and patriotism of the Latter-day Saint people.

Margaret left Benjamin at some point. We do not know the exact time but it appears likely that she never went farther with him than Nauvoo. She and their three children did not come west with the rest of the family. In a church record located in the Church Archives dated July 17, 1848 is the record of when Benjamin F. Bird was made Branch President of the Lake Branch at Winter Quarters and was also temporarily assigned as Bishop over the Branch. It also states that Jane Gully Bird (his third wife) was present at the meeting and there is no mention of Margaret.

So from this we can know that Benjamin married Jane sometime before July 17th, 1848 even though we do not have the exact date. Jane Jones Frilick Gully had two daughters by her previous marriage to Samuel Gully; Martha born about 1835 and Harriet born about 1840.

Because several of the Bird family were weavers by trade, Benjamin and his sons and their families were asked to remain at Council Bluffs and Winter Quarters and assist in the outfitting of the emigrant Saints. Many had been driven out of their homes without opportunity to take the necessary clothing and other items that they would need to make the long trek into the wilderness to they knew not where. The Bird family set up a woolen mill, of sorts similar to the one that they had at Nauvoo, and thereby assisted in the emigration of the thousands of homeless Saints. In 1850 the Brethren invited the Bird families to come West. They emigrated with the Milo Andrus Company. There were 206 persons and 51 wagons in the Company. On this train with Benjamin Freeman Bird were his wife and small children and Richard and James with their families. This was the first company of emigrating Saints for the season, leaving Missouri in June of 1850.

They took the pioneer trail over which the year before trains had passed which had been stricken with cholera. As the pioneers moved along they saw the bones of their dead comrades, as their bodies had been ripped out of their shallow graves by wolves and other scavengers and scattered over the country side.

Soon after arriving in Salt Lake City, Benjamin had the privilege of being present when apostle George A. Smith called his son James Bird to be the first Bishop of the Provo Second Ward and was also present when Elder Smith ordained him to that office.

Because of his advancing age and the trials he had been subjected to for the last fourteen years, Benjamin found the peaceful seclusion of the Rocky Mountains

particularly delightful. Several of the Bird families settled in the beautiful area of Springville and there Benjamin enjoyed the associations of many of his numerous grandchildren and watched them wax strong in the Gospel. Benjamin crossed over into the spirit world a content and happy man in 1862 and is buried near the home of his dreams in Springville, Utah.

He is buried in the Springville, Utah Cemetery.

HISTORY OF MAUDE SIMMONS BATE

By Maude Simmons Bate

I was born August 2, 1882 in a little dirt roof and floor hut of Georger Price Place in Charleston, Utah. I was the 5th child of the family. We moved from that place to a little home father built in the same town. The first I remember of my baby life was the birth of my half-sister. I just remember going into the bed room and climbing on a chair and pulling the sheet off a very white face and screaming. Father came running in and took me in his arms and I will never forget the sight of that face. They say I was two years old at the time.

I must of had a wonderful father for in my baby days I remember sitting on his lap while he sang to me and rocked in the old rocking chair. He must have taught me many songs for everywhere I went, I sang. I remember going walking with father and mother down to my Aunt Mary's on Sunday. I must have been very small for I remember when we were coming how tired I got and father would pick me up and put me on his back. How good that seemed. Sometimes I would doze off when father would say now you can walk a ways.

The next I remember is the joy of going to fast meeting with my father. We then had them on Thursday afternoon. Father was a farmer and a very hard worker but he always stopped to go to fast meeting and he allowed me to go with him. I was very proud of those days to walk with him with my hand in his and sitting close to him and cuddle up close to him and listen to the singing and praying.

Then came the Primary days. I remember being dressed up in my stiff starched dress and whirling around showing them. We would call for the children along the way. Sometimes it would rain then mother would put her parasol up but she would tell us to run between the drops of rain. What fun that was.

Primary then was just programs and I remember they would stand me on a chair and I would sing the songs being a loud singer I would or thought I was leading the singing. I remember admiring the flowers as we passed by.

I remember going to school on Friday afternoons. I wasn't old enough to go to school but they would have programs on Fridays. They would stand me on a chair and my brother John would sing a song. I know a lot of songs. I don't remember learning them but I guess I learned them from by father sitting on his lap in the evening. My own trouble in my younger days was thinking there was always something the matter with me. I was born left handed and they would either tie my hand behind me or wrap it up in a sling to keep me from using my left hand which was a very wrong thing to do as I could see later it made me self-conscious and gave me an inferior feeling but in my baby days I thought I was sick. I remember when I was getting ready to go to school we would be seven or eight years old before we went. We were made to understand we were to read our first reader through. I did but I couldn't read a word but I memorized it through. We learned the alphabet frontwards and backwards. My first remembrance of school was of the teacher coming up behind me and taking the pencil out of my left hand and putting it in my right hand. I wouldn't play ball although I could run fast and bat good but everyone would laugh and call me southpaw. So I wouldn't play ball. I missed the fun of school days. I could see later it was very wrong to start a child that way. (Don't do it.)

Mother was a wonderful mother, good and kind, but she wasn't a loving woman. We would climb up on father's knee and kiss him but not mother. But I could see later I missed mother's affection. I remember singing on father's lap and then he would sing and rock me to sleep and then mother would carry me to bed.

I would arouse enough to feel the kiss she would place on my cheek. I got so I would deliberately pretend to fall asleep just to get the kiss I knew she would give me. I remember making a great fuss of father's hair and whiskers and when mother would trim his beard if she cut it too short I would cry about it. I loved that beard.

I remember later when father met with an accident going from the canyon the load of wood

slipped down on the horses and father fell in between them and the wagon ran over his back. We all prayed for him so faithfully that he couldn't die we thought our faith was so strong. I can't remember much worth mentioning until I became quite a lady.

I remember being quite a giggler as a child and I can see now the eyes of my mother when we girls would be too noisy in meetings.

I guess I had to work hard as a child. I remember being glad when Dad prayed so I could rest a little

The next I remember was when I was in the Doctrine class in Sunday School. I was then about 17 years old when my best friend Josie Murdock made up our minds that we were going to seek for a testimony of our own. I started keeping company with John Bate about that time, but though I prayed continually I did not receive a testimony to my satisfaction until I had my 2nd baby. He was nine months old when I took down with Typhoid Fever. I had lived on the faith of John's father knowing he had the gift of healing when I took sick. I wanted him so bad but he had been dead a few months before. I took down with a terrible headache so terrible I had never known before. There was nothing they could get to ease the pain. All I could think of was if only Brother Bate was there and while I was suffering so terrible John and his brother Arthur came to administer to me. I remember them telling me what they were going to do but I didn't notice much but when they started I was struck with a feeling that something was different. I listened and recognized Grandpa Bates' voice. I looked up and saw Brother Bate hovering right over the top of the boys, John and Arthur. I could see him plain, he was in his robes and his hands covered the others hands and he promised me that the pain would go and I would rest in peace and at once it did and the rest of my sickness was spent without pain from then on. But I was very sick and the doctors said he could do nothing for me. I was blind and dumb I could not see or talk so I lay there day after day not knowing anyone only at times when they would wake me up. I could hear but I would go right back into unconsciousness one day when John and Arthur came to administer to me I was struck with the desire to speak to my family. I didn't care about dying but I wanted to know if I was going to and I asked the Lord if I was going to die please let me speak to my family. I fell asleep and dreamed my guardian angel told me he would take me to a place where it would be made known I should live or die. So we went to a line that was divided line between heaven and earth. I looked across to a beautiful place. I saw a band coming across a beautiful place. There seemed to be hundreds of men in this band and as they came nearer I notice one thing very unusual there were three in a row instead of two as I had known the usual was as they came closer. I could see Grandpa Bate in the first row the middle one I couldn't mistake him with his long fingers playing his violin in such wonderful soft music and my guide said if they came and stand in front of you and play, you will know your time has come. But if they pass by without noticing you, you will not go and they came up but passed right by not even looking up and I awoke up with a start satisfied that I would get well.

I lay and wondered about that for a long time but I was consoled greatly about and I slept how long I don't know but as the days went on I knew the family was greatly worried and didn't expect me to live and how was I going to let them know I tried to tell them what I had seen but I couldn't make them understand I couldn't talk. I couldn't use my arms they would put a pencil and paper in front of me but I didn't have any use of my hands. I lay and pondered how I was going to let them know all the time praying to the Lord to let them know I wasn't going to die. I lay altogether like that for about three weeks, praying all my awakening hours. I rested and slept most of the time having no pain at all.

Then one day Brother Warren Webster came to my husband and asked him if anything was the matter. He said that he was going into town the other day and a voice told him to go around that way and stop to Bates. He said it was so strong he could go no other way. My husband said "yes" there was, that I was very ill and he said well that explains it. I came to give her a blessing. Now my husband was a little worried because he knew that I was a little rascal about a man using tobacco administering but he said he would awaken me. I remember him taking my hand and I heard every word he said. He told me my time wasn't here and that I had a wonderful mission to fulfill and I would get better then I knew that all my family needed to insure them. I knew but they didn't. I commenced to get well and in a day or two I received my speech and sight back and was up and around in a week. Never the less I still prayed for a special favor. I wanted so bad to hear the gift of tongues, so I went to Utah from Idaho where I was when I had my first testimony.

We came to Utah time went on and I had many testimonies during my raising my family such as when I had my nose broken. It gave me trouble for quite a while. I was doctoring from the doctor until the doctor said I would have to be operated on. My little son Almon who had just received the Priesthood of a Deacon said, "Mamma, why are you feeling so bad?" I told about if and he said, "Mother you don't have to if we all fast tomorrow morning and have family prayer for you, your nose will be alright." It dumfounded me but we did and I never had any more trouble. I kept my date with the doctor but he said there is nothing the matter with your nose it is well. Another wonderful thing that happened to our family. My boys both went on missions. I still had a desire to hear the Gift of Tongues. One day I was to a Testimonial meeting for Primary. Being in the Presidency when the Spirit of the testimony came upon me. I could never get up to talk without crying as I could never hold my feelings since I had the Typhoid Fever an some people had remarked about it and I had lost faith in myself. But that day the Lord promised I could but I still wouldn't get up the spirit was so strong it seemed to be bodily lifting me up to my feet but I questioned the spirit and when the meeting was over while going out, the spirit spoke to me so strong I looked around to see who was speaking. It said if you had stood up you would of talked in the Gift of Tongues. If anyone ever suffered in the spirit I did. I didn't pray anymore for that favor instead I prayed for forgiveness so I gave up the thought of ever getting that chance again. But a year from that I was prompted again I would do as I was told. But I wasn't prompted anymore about that but instead I was prompted to write a note and hand it up to the stand for my sister-in-law Edith Turner, who was very ill and was going to be operated on the next morning. The same strong feeling came over me until I could not or dare not refuse again. I took a pencil and paper out of my purse and wrote if they would please remember Edith in the last prayer she being the President of the Primary in Charleston. I went down to the main floor and handed it up thinking all the time it seemed a silly thing to do and what a silly way of speaking it but I was prompted to and just had to. Well they got it and read it to the people it didn't sound so bad so I turned around to go out a little lady dressed all in black got up and spoke in Tongues. I'll never forget the feeling it seemed everyone raised in the air as she spoke not knowing what she said it might of been in another language but no one thought of that. It was just a simple blessing to every mother there and promised everyone would go home safe and find everything all right there. That was my prayers answered but in a different circumstance than I expected.

Maude Simmons above. Below: Dora Alice Simmons, Maude Simmons. Maude.

OUR LIFE IN DETAIL - Maude and John Bate

by Maude Bate

November 16, 1958

Sitting here just thinking of the past--when you get old it seems you live in the past. My life was a very simple one. I was a happy-go-lucky one up to a certain part of my life. Up to 15 years I was kept home much of my life. At 16, I met friends--boyfriends--and had some experiences with a few. One I came home with from singing practice. His sister, Josie Murdock, was a bosom friend of mine. Her parents were better off than mine. She played the piano-not very good, but I wished I could do as good, as I was a lover of singing and music. She bought the music and taught them to me, I sang them. I sang with a quartet-Heber Wagstaff, Jimmie Richie, Mrs. Phoebe Daybell, and I. Josie's brother would walk me home.

We thought a lot of each other, but not too much. He was a little younger than I. I was very cautious with my boy friends. The first saloon was opened up at that time. He made his threat that he was going to spend the night in there. I told him if he did, he didn't need to come to see me again. He did, and he never came back, but I didn't care-I had another one I thought a lot of. He went on a mission. Another fellow that I thought lots of didn't have a good background, so Father would not let me go with him.

When the Bate family came to Charleston, I watched Johnnie very carefully for quite a long time. One night we went to choir practice. They left me to lock the door, and they all started off. I said, "Wait, girls, I can`t find the keyhole." A young man stepped up and lit a match for me. For the first time our eyes met and he winked at me. I was almost gone! A few Sundays after that a boy that tried to go with me (I didn't like him because he was a sheepherder) tried to get me to ride with him in his buggy. I wouldn't leave the other girls, so he tried to get Johnnie Bate to ride with him, saying he would show him a time. I said, "Don't do it, Johnnie, walk with us." He turned and said, "I never refuse a lady." That was the first time I had spoken to him, but he walked home with me. I was 17 years old that day, and I never quit going with him from then on. He was a very interesting talker, and we talked hard that night. By his language I got the impression he was a very well-bred boy. He was a well-educated boy, using very good language. I found it was an experienced education. He worked in his father's store, drove to Salt Lake City for his father for supplies. He was in the band, playing different instruments. I learned he was an honest, upright boy, who had no bad habits, and I loved his father. His father was just the ideal of a man. They had a big piano, and the girls and boys were all talented. I fell hard, for it was right up my line, loving all those things.

The next two years were very happy ones. I was so common and simple, I never had even gone to a soda fountain. My first ice cream soda was with Johnnie. He knew so much more than I and could talk so intelligently, sometimes I felt like a little kid with him. Father said one day, "Maude, do you like that boy?" "Why shouldn't I?" "Are you being serious?" I said, "Yes, if he is serious." Well, he goes right down to Bates house and hires Johnnie to work for him. The very next morning after hiring him, he asked him to pray in family prayers. I felt so sorry for him. My folks were farmers and John's family were all merchants. He was used to clerking in the store. His father was a musician, and he played in his father's band. He was used to dramatic work and such, wasn't used to hard work. But father surely gave him a working out. I knew Dad was doing it on purpose, but they didn't out do him. I don't know how he did it, but he did-kept up with them, but I sure felt sorry for him. Every night he was tuckered out, but he worked for us for about 3 years, then he worked hard getting a place (house and lot) for us, I insisted on having a home of our own before we married.

One night we went to a dance in Heber. When we came home with his beautiful horse and buggy, he asked me when he could see me again. We had been going together a few months at that time, before he worked for us. I smelled wine on his breath when he asked me. I told him he wouldn't need to come anymore. He said, “Why? I never got fired without knowing why." Then I told him I had a rule-I never went with a boy who used tobacco, drank liquor, or used bad language. They were my rules, and I would never break them. He said, "I just took a mouth full to please the boys. I don't drink." I said, “Well, think it over. If you want to live my rules, you can come back Sunday. If not,, we are through." I kissed him more tenderly that night, for I did love him. It was a week of suspense. That was the longest week of my life. I knew he was a boy of his word, but would he come back? He came back on Sunday. He told me later how he suffered between love and pride. He talked with his mother, his sister, they thought it was pretty stiff, but he decided for me, and he has kept his word, he never touched another drop, or broke the others either.

I was very happy at that time. I went with him for four years, found he was a man of his word. If he said he would meet me at a certain time, he was there at that time. All through life he was that way. Sometimes it was a little hard on me, raising a family, but he was just as strong at what he believed as I was at mine. In all his jobs he was the same. He learned that from his father. It was one of his father's laws before him.

After he quit working for Father, I was teaching in Sunday School, but when I called for him on my way, he would be in bed. So I thought I would stop that. I told the Bishop I wanted a helper teacher. He asked me who I thought I wanted. I asked for John. He never knew I asked for him or he would not have taken the job. But he did, and that settled the staying in bed Sunday mornings. Later he was asked to be in the prayer circle. Later, I remember Josie Murdock and I had a part in a Sunday School convention. We had to read a paper on what our religion was to us. We made a rule that from that day forward, we would both get a testimony of the Gospel for ourselves. From that time on, we both worked to that end. We both got married and moved away. I saw her only once after that when she and I both had children of our own. I never heard how she got her testimony, but I did hear she made it. That story is in another section. She died early.

We married April 1, 1930. I was 2l in August the same year. I didn't believe in long engagements, but I demanded a house to live in. I got it all finished when we were married and we papered a painted it. We never rented a home after that. But my pride of that home was short-lived. My first little girl was born in that little home about a year later, but when Lillie was a few months old the next fall, Father Bate moved to Idaho and talked John into going with him. It almost broke my heart, but there wasn't much of a job in Charleston, and they homesteaded a place and we had to live on it two years, I think. Mother was ill, and it relied on me to tend her. She wouldn't let me go without her, so we took her up with us. We had to live with John's mother that winter. I was very unhappy over this, but I respected the Priesthood and did it. It was a trying experience. Mother stayed with us five weeks, and died on the way home at Aunt Rose Meedhour's home in Logan, Utah. My sister, Rose, and I went to our mother's funeral. Our babies were five months old. They caught a terrible cold, nd Lillie had bronchitis, was a very sick little girl. That was the start of my testimony of faith and prayer. Brother Bate, John's father, had the beautiful gift of healing. He told me in confidence to believe him as he says it--the Lord puts the words in the mouth how it can be. Well, he gave her a wonderful blessing, promised her health that she would grow up and have children of her own. I had every hope and she got well real quick, but they kept me in one little room just large enough for a bed and tiny stove. They never let me come out only while she was asleep. I ought to have been very thankful but I was so unhappy things

weren't going as I wanted them to go.

We had nothing to live on-had to depend on other people. Of course, John played in the band two and three times a week, got $2.50 a night, but it all went to the second wife, as she had little children. We had two cows, but that went to them too. Sister Bate had one cow, would sell it for bacon to cook potatoes, and we had a few chickens, so we had a few eggs. Lillie didn't do very well. We had no baby food like they do now. We made pop, we called it. It was bread scalded in hot water with a little milk and sugarbeet. Lillie wouldn't eat it. When she was two years old she only weighed twenty pounds. We built a log cabin with a dirt roof and before Almon was born, we moved in our own house. I took heart with that. The first thing I did was to get all Lillie's pretty clothes out that I had put away, washed them all up, ironed them with care, drove nails all around the logs and hung them up to air. But a big rain came up and leaked through the loose dirt of the roof, and soaked them through with--not water, but mud. Well, I just gave up and spent most of my time crying and growling. That was the time I received my greatest testimony of the gospel. All this time I was praying for it and trying to live good enough to deserve it. I didn't deserve it, but I got it. The story of it is told in another section.

Those were trying days, and if the evil one tests you, it is at those times. They had a plague of flies. They were so thick, the place was full inside and out. We would get our meals ready to put on the table and go outside and break leaves off of the trees and with dish towels would all brush. When we got them to the door, one would run out the screen door, and we would brush them out. Even then one would keep brushing the table to keep them off the food. But everyone had them as bad, so that was all the comfort we had. Out house was built with green logs and when they got rather dry, the bugs would crawl out and we had to fight bedbugs. The winters were so cold and loose windows and doors; we burned sagebrush. It kept us stuffing sagebrush in the stove all the time. We carried water from the ditch by the barrels to wash and use. The snow was so deep it would pile up each side of the door to the walk. We couldn't see over it. We would not see the sun for months at a time and Idaho was noted for its wind. I've seen the time that my baby girl never had her coat off in the daytime nor out of her high chair which was close by the oven for four or five weeks. I would wash the clothes and hang them up around the room. They wouldn't dry from one week to the other. Every piece we needed we would hang by the open oven in the wintertime. In summer it wasn't like that.

We got our two cows back, but one of them was so old without getting fresh, that her milk went bad, so we just had one. We had a few chickens and plenty of grain to make bread, so that was what we lived on. We had rabbits to live on for meat. John raised pigs and we had pig meat, but he raised pigs one year. After boiling grain and potatoes on the stove every day to fatten them for sale, they all got the colary (cholera) and all died but one. And the hair all came off her. There was about 40 of them.

John was a man very fond of horses. He had a beautiful pair of work horses. I guess he fed them too much, they got stoppage of the bowels and both died. We had a beautiful bay mare we were fond of--she got too old to work, so he bred her and she had three lovely colts. One of them got drowned in the creek. When our span of work horses died, John had his land about ready, and the neighbor came and put his crops in. That made us very humble and made us feel very close to them. He sold the span of buggy horses, and bought a couple of horses to work with.

One time of our life in Idaho, I got very jealous of him. He played in the band very often with his father's band, made a little money, but it went to the second family; of course we were helped by him but I was home with a sick baby most of the time. It was bad enough, but the other Maude Bate made it her mission to tell me some yarns about the men making merry with their

playing. I was weak enough to listen to her and believed it. John made light of it, and it didn't help any. I got so jealous. We quarreled, and he was going to leave. As he was ready, he picked Lillie up and hugged and kissed her, but she clung to him and screamed, "I want my daddy!" He promised her everything, said he would send her a beautiful doll, but she wouldn't let go. Her little hands were clenched so tight he couldn't get her loose. We were all three crying, but we looked at each other, and I went in his arms. We made up and he told me later he never believed I could believe it. But he never said even he was sorry, but I felt it was just the evil one tempting us and at that time I was sick with Almon, my first boy who was born. We both worked the next few months. Almon was born weak and puny. I had a hard time raising him that winter. The next spring and summer I took sick--so sick I could hardly get around. I didn't stop to think that John was working as hard as I was. I grew cross and full of self-pity. He was aggravated with me, and one day told me I didn't know what sickness was. He said if I had been as unhealthy as he, I would put up with a little sickness. That hurt me very much, and I wouldn't forgive him. Ten days after that I took down with typhoid fever. Almon was nine months old then, and this story is in another section. John's father died when Almon was about 6 months old.

History of George Edward Simmons

19 Jan 1828-07 May 1902

George Edward Simmons, son of John Simmons and Martha Brayser, was born January 19, 1828, at Clayton, Sussex, England.

He was the third son of a family of ten. George Edward wrote in his journal that he didn't know his grandfather, but he was a tall dark complexioned man.

He married a Danish woman who was short and had red hair.

At the age of 21, he married Charity Waller on December 11, 1849. She was the daughter of Henry Waller and Amelia Mitchell. Eleven

sons and daughters were born to them. Their names were: Elizabeth, Fannie, Joseph, Jessie, Sarah Ann, Ellen, Charity, George William, Mary Jane, Harriet and Caroline. Fannie, Harriet and Caroline died in infancy.

The family lived at Hayward Heath Parish, a small market town with a railroad station, 13 miles north of Brighton, and 38 miles south of London.

The largest cattle sale in Sussex was held there. George Edward took care of horses and worked for one man sixteen years. They fed the horses scientifically. The hay was chopped and weighed and also the grain. When the horses weren't working so much, George Edward would feed them about one half of their ration and store the rest in a secret bin. When the work came on, he would feed them more, and his horses could work more and looked better than the other fellows horses, and they wondered why.

George and Charity joined the church and were baptized September 19, 1852. He organized a branch of the church at Bugeshill and presided over it for a long time. He was president of the Brighton Branch in 1873. He had a friend who played a coronet. He taught George Edwards son,

George to play. They would stand on street corners and play their instruments and sing. When a crowd gathered, George Edward would take over and preach the gospel. On some Sundays, he would walk thirty miles to attend his meetings.

Charity was a beautiful singer. She died August 1, 1874, leaving her eight children.

George did extra work trying to get money to take his family to Utah. He made a machine to chop hay into chaff or chopped hay for the farmers to feed to their horses. He fed the hay into the machine with his left hand while he chopped with a long knife which he worked with his right hand. It was a long and difficult undertaking to prepare to bring his large family to Utah.

On December 28, 1874, he married Dora Turner. She was the daughter of Benjamin Turner and Elizabeth Cox. She and her parents were members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, from Lewis, Sussex, England. Their first child Rose was born at Brighton, Sussex, England.

When she was ten months old, the family migrated to the United States in 1876. The came over on the ship "Idaho". From the first family the following children came to Utah: Elizabeth, Joseph, Ellen, Charity, George William, and Mary Jane. They stayed in Salt Lake City for two weeks and went to Charleston, Utah.

Farming and horse training was George Edward's trade. His desire was to get a homestead of 160 acres on the lower of Charleston, Utah.

He was unable to obtain $50.00 for the down payment. He offered a mortgage on it, but was told it wasn't worth it, and was unable to secure it. The

family moved to Bountiful, Utah when Joseph Benjamin was six weeks old. They had bad luck there. Their precious crops were flooded, and they lost them.

The family then returned to Charleston, Utah and homesteaded the place the Simmons family always lived on. It was very hard to get the $12.00 to secure the down payment for that homestead. George Smith, a brother-in-law, had a sick cow, he wanted someone to kill. George Edward hooked it on a harrow and pulled it home, got it on it's feet, put it's legs in a sling and cared for it and made it well. He later sold the cow, and secured the homestead.

George Edward was a good gardener. His rows were straight and not a weed in them. He like to experiment with new plants and seeds. He had an experimental garden, growing different kind of things, even peanuts. Later, he grew seed peas and sold to dealers in Salt Lake City, Utah. In farming, he was very exact. His rows had to be straight and perfectly in line. No one could work for him that couldn't plow a perfectly straight row.

While living in Charleston, Utah, he needed milk for his family, but he couldn't afford to buy a cow. William Bagley, a very good friend, loaned him a cow. Each year he raised the cow's calf until it was big enough to wean, and it was given to Mr. Bagley. This paid for the loaning of the cow. Later, he was able to get a cow of his own, and he gave William Bagley his cow back.

When George Edward was about 60 years of age, he went to Lake Creek to get a load of wood. They took two teams and wagons. His sons, George and Joseph went with him. Coming down the canyon the brake broke, and let the load go into the horses. The horses couldn't hold the load and started to run.

George Edward was thrown off, the wagon ran over him, hurting his back badly. He was sick for a long time. Bertha and Stephen taught him to walk by pushing his legs. His family had faith that their father would be made well. They would kneel about his bed every night and pray that he would be made well.

Mother used to say "Father won't die because his family won't let him." In his later life, he became quite crippled and Stephen used to sleep on the floor by his side so he could help him turn over during the night. One morning, he said, "It has been made known to me that I shall live about fifteen more years." He did live about that long.

George Edward had white, curly hair and a beautiful white, curly beard. When mother trimmed hair and beard, some of the children would stand guard to make sure she didn't cut it too short. They were very proud of their father. He was a very religious man, and no matter how busy he was, he stopped work to go to priesthood and fast meetings. He was a humble man, and would rather be mistreated than mistreat someone else. Stories have been told of his gift of healing, of how he raised a girl from the dead and how an evil spirit was cast out of a young man.

In 1901, he told his family that Jessie his son by his first marriage, who had stayed in England, was dead. The family did not pay much attention to him for he was quite feeble. But a short time later word came from England of Jessie's death. When they told him, he said, "I know, he came to me and bid me good-bye."

In 1954, Fern Coon made a count of the descendents of George Edward Simmons. There was about 620. George Edward had a religious quality that has been instilled in his large family, most of whom are in the church and active.

Joseph Simmons, George Edward's son from his first marriage was a stone polisher and he did a lot of work on the Brigham Young Monument and the stone work of the Salt Lake Temple. He was also a good musician, and played in a band for several years. It was while working on the Brigham Young Monument, that he became critically ill from a sun-stroke. He never did get well from this stroke, and died a few months later. His son George, from his first marriage was a fine artist, and did a lot of beautiful paintings. He was also a good musician.

George Edwards sister, Mary Jane came to Utah.

Top row: Alice, Joe, Maude, Stephen, John, Rose. Bottom: Dora, Bertha, and George

HANNAH SHELLEY BATE

By John Bate

My Mother Hannah Shelley Bate was the oldest girl in the family. So took most of the house work. I think there was 10 in the family. Joe, Steve, Sam, Him and Dave the boys I remember, Hannah, Jane, Ellen, Sarah Ann. One married a conder, they were farmers so had cows to milk, they lived in American Fork. Father took a sun stroke, doctor said he couldn't live but by faith was healed but was weak for some time. She had 10 children lost 5 while they were still small. They moved to Riverton Salt Lake County was buying a 20 acre farm from Tom Page. He said he wouldn't give them anymore time to pay, they only had $5.00 more to pay. They would have lost their place but Mother was making a bonnet. She got some card board slats out and there was $5.00 in gold dropped out that saved their place. We milked cows and made butter in a dash churn, printed it, sold the butter to the store for 12 ½ cents a pound. Would strain the new milk, put it in the pans to let the cream come to the top, skim off, put in jars. The first churn was sometimes it would take an hour. I remember when we used to haul water on sleighs from Jordon River in barrels, then put one in the kitchen ice all over it, wash pan on a stool, soap and towel, drinking water in a bucket one cup for all. I would like to tell you what we had in that one room log house it was about 16x18 , was stand, water bucket, comb case by front door then a window the only one, then a cupboard with all our dishes, pans of milk etc. Then a wood box, coal bucket, coal was $3.00 a ton, plenty of oak and maple to burn coal stove with pipe going straight up. Chairs and a treadle white sewing machine, then another door to the adobe bed room of course the old 8 day clock. Next was a lounge that could be closed half up. 3 boys slept there in the winter, outside in the summer. There was a flour bin next about 4 feet high 3 feet wide, 6 feet long with a large lid. Would put about 800 lbs. of flour in it for winter next, was some guns as we always had. In the corner was some shelves then the one only out side door. In the middle of the room was a table where we used to eat 3 boys 2 girls and parents. Under the table was some loose boards for the entrance to the cellar where we would put potatoes, cabbage, carrots and etc. for winter and seed for spring planting. No carpet, just some rag rugs that is wired. Ernest and I was playing blind fold, he hit the coal oil lamp, broke and set on fire. Mother was knitting, she smothered it out on the wood floor with a carpet rag rug. That was the end of the game. In the summer the flies were so bad that before meals we would have to drive them out with cloth towels, aprons, shirts or anything to swing, then the few hundred that was left we would use a branch with leaves to brush them off the table while we ate what the flies didn't. Do you think our Mother had an easy time, that was the good old times we never ate breakfast until all was there to kneel down for payer. We had plenty to eat for every family would kill 2 or more pigs a year, no freezers but when winter set in, we could hag it up

on the north side of the house it would stay froze all winter, good beef was only 10 to 12 cents a pound. By the quarter ½ the price. Plenty of white hares and cotton tails, jack rabbits, sage hens, pigeons, chickens and turkey. What about hot summer, we would move the stove outside in a little stove house there was lots of wind all year round. No pavement or oil roads so plenty of dust, but my Mother always had time to help us kids. I lay 3 weeks in that old log room, my hip had been that didn't make it any easier on Mother. But she always had time to get me any thing that I wanted, even to my single shot 22 rifle. I took the bullets out of some shells, Mother was outside, I put paper wads in the shell, she came running in, what did you do, look at the ceiling. I just killed a fly, we didn't realize how much our Mothers did for us then, how well I remember when my knee cap was cut open she washed it dressed it and when they carried me in unconscious I lay for 2 hours, when I opened my eyes, who was watching me. My father and mother did they have trouble and pain. Father had a sore on his right hand, it got blood poison in it, it was so hot that it would melt bacon the grease would run out what did he do? Told me to get the Elders, I did he had faith one of the Elders said get a Doctor but he had faith, next morning it was alright. It was very painful all night. Mother had a gathered breast very painful no doctor it broke then got alright after many days, she always had lots of faith in administering.

Hannah Shelley with her siblings and parents. She is the tall girl in the back on the right.

The Emigration of James Bowyer Shelley and His Family in 1851

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By Craig A. Shelley.

James Bowyer Shelley and most of his family were converts to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, or Mormons. From the time they were first baptized, they would have been encouraged to emigrate to Utah by Mormon Church leaders. Gathering to "Zion" was taught as a religious principle (Arrington 128).

Elizabeth Bray Shelley, James' wife, had previously joined the Methodist Church (Shelley). Her great grandfather, John Collier, was a Church of England pastor. Until about the start of the 1800s there were few other churches in England. These new churches in the early 1800s, such as the Methodists and Mormons, were called nonconformist churches. In England, there was often much contention between these nonconformists and members of the Church of England, or Anglicans. Most likely, Elizabeth's family was very upset with her repeatedly joining nonconformist churches. According to Earl, before leaving England in 1851 Elizabeth's family would not speak with her. Her parents were dead but she still had at least two brothers living nearby that may have been upset with her being baptized a Mormon.

In 1851, James Bowyer Shelley was just beginning to establish himself in Farmcote, Shropshire, England. On the 1841 Census, he is listed as an agricultural laborer. However, he was farming some land on his own at this time. The 1840 Tithe Map shows that he was farming ten parcels including arable land and pasture (Shropshire Records and Research Center). Clearly, the Shelley's had more wealth than typical agricultural laborers in rural England. Perhaps this is why they were able to emigrate to Utah before the Church provided financial assistance. The first English converts emigrated in 1850, the year before the Shelley family (Stegner 211). Although the Perpetual Emigration Fund, or PEF, was started in 1849, from 1849 to 1852, the Church was busy helping Mormons that settled in Iowa emigrate to Utah. The church did have PEF agents that handled travel arrangements but the PEF did not yet provide financial assistance to the English converts (Stegner 209). The first company of emigrants assisted financially by the PEF left England the next year in 1852 (Sonne 31).

Besides James Bowyer Shelley, the emigration party included James' wife Elizabeth, their seven children William, Thomas, James, John, Joseph, James, and Sarah. It also

included Thomas' new wife Charlotte and William's wife Jane and their four children (William, Hannah, Stephen, John L.). Altogether, there were fourteen in the party. Martha, James' eldest daughter, along with her husband Edward Alfred Banks and two-year old daughter Emily had never joined the Mormon Church. They stayed in England. The cost for PEF passengers prepaying their way in 1854 was £15 for those over 1 year old and £9 for less than one (Piercy 118). Since the wages of an agricultural laborer were about £20 annually, the Shelley family collectively saved many man-years of wages.

William's children were all very young, the oldest being just four and the youngest was just two months old. Sarah, the youngest of James' children, was just eleven when they left.

Thomas Shelley, James' second son, married Charlotte Elsmore in the Church of England at the Claverley Parish Church on January 18th, two weeks before leaving for Utah. Thomas was a Branch President, a leader in the Mormon Church at the time. It may seem strange to us today that a Mormon Elder didn't marry them. However, the Church of England had virtually exclusive jurisdiction over wills, marriages, and divorces (Pool 112). A nonconformist minister, such as a Mormon Elder, didn't have the legal right to marry them at that time. Because of this, they got married in the Church of England, which was recognized as a valid marriage by the LDS Church too. It was common for many members to marry after they had departed on the sailing ship for Utah. Sparks recalls in 1853 that she was anxious to marry her fiancée in Liverpool before leaving but the church leader asked her to wait until the ship left port. Charlotte Elsmore is listed with her maiden name on the sailing ship's records. Perhaps Thomas and Charlotte had originally planned to marry during the voyage to Utah too. Perhaps they were anxious to start a family because Charlotte became pregnant before they started the trip in February.

Liverpool, the port city for their journey, is about sixty-two miles to the northwest of Farmcote. By 1840, Liverpool had a population of over 200,000 (Sonne 34). The city had its filth, thieves, and poverty but also it's elegant buildings, operas, and social gatherings for the wealthy. Liverpool was the most important seaport for Mormon emigration. It was a busy seaport on the River Mersey with about 20,000 vessels (clipper, square-rigged packet, schooners, barks, barketines, brigs, steamers, tugs, fishing boats) leaving and entering its port each year (Sonne 33). The Shelleys probably traveled by train to Liverpool.

After arriving in Liverpool, many Saints would buy their supplies just before departing. They would have provided their own cooking utensils for the voyage (boiler, saucepan, frying pan, tin plate, tin dish, knife, fork, spoon, tin or ceramic vessel for water). They also would have brought or bought their own boxes, barrels, and canvas bags to hold provisions (Piercy 21). Sparks bought her tin ware after she arrived.

Before boarding the sailing ship, all the emigrants had a medical inspection. Woodhouse recalls this "consisted in going to a small square window at an office nearby and there

each putting out our tongue, then the inspector stamped our tickets, a stamp for each person."

Their ship for the voyage was the Ellen Maria, a packet (or passenger) sail ship built in Maine two years before (Sonne 162). Although steamers existed at the time, they were far too expensive for Mormon emigrants to afford. Packet ships were sailing vessels built for speed. The captain was a seasoned officer that kept to a schedule. The first officers were tough and sometimes brutal. The sailors, called "packet rats", were sometimes inexperienced (Sonne 49). According to a passenger in 1853, the Ellen Maria was a "good looking craft" (Farmer). Walker said it was about 151 feet long and 33 feet wide. According to Piercy, the price of steerage passage to New Orleans ranged from £3 10s to £5 for adults and from £3 to £4 10s for children between 1 and 14 (18). Three hundred and seventy eight members boarded the ship. The adult men loaded their own belongings (Piercy 21). [The Museum of Church History and Art in Salt Lake City, Utah has an excellent display on pioneer emigration. In 2001, there was a manifest page for the Ellen Maria framed on the wall that lists the Shelley family out of all the possible foreign emigrants!]. Apostle Orson Pratt called George D. Watt as the ecclesiastical leader for the voyage. Among the members on board were Apostle Orson Pratt and his family, who had been the president of the mission in England and adjacent countries since 1848 (Piercy 6). The leadership may not have been as organized as on latter voyages of the Saints from Liverpool. James Cummings, a leader on the Ellen, divided his members into wards each with a president and recommended this organization to the Church Leaders the following month.

Overcrowding was common. To be placed in the same berth, or sleeping compartment, you had to be in the same family. A berth was 6 feet long. 18" of width in the berth was provided for each adult. Unmarried male passengers of the age of fourteen and older were berthed in the fore part of the vessel, separated from the other passengers (Piercy 21). The passengers provided their own bedding (Piercy 18). The toilet and bathing facilities were poor. According to Sonne, "…emigrants preferred American ships that had two heads, or water closets, on each side of the deck. Even then these enclosures could smell like cesspools(86)."

The Ellen Maria left dock on Feb 1st. Most likely, the Saints waved handkerchiefs to those family members left at the dock. It was also common to start singing songs, such as "Yes My Native Land I Love Thee." (Hart; Brower). The ship anchored in the Mersey River that night. On the 2nd of February, it departed with "delightful" weather (Watt).

It was common to find stowaways soon after departing. The following year, 1852, Wilson recalls when a stowaway boy was found on the Ellen Maria. "When we went out to sea three days a stowaway made his appearance on deck. He hid among the coal. He was as black as any niger. He was poorly clad and worse treated all the way. He was a lackey to all the sailors and if he did not move at the moment when ordered he was helped with a kick from the toe of a heavy boot. But he was not entirely annihilated."

They soon settled into a daily routine. Most likely, it was similar to other ships containing Mormons. At 6 AM there was a wake up call. The passengers cleaned their part of the ship and threw rubbish overboard. At 7 AM, morning personal prayer was said (Baker) and they ate breakfast. About 8 or 9AM, group prayer was held. At 9PM, lights were put out and another day was finished (Wilson). They held church meetings on Sunday and 2 or 3 additional times each week. Schools for adults and children were frequently held (Piercy 18). On this voyage, they had the extraordinary experience of Apostle Pratt addressing the group at times.

The government of England required passengers to be supplied each week with 2 ½ lbs bread or biscuit, 1 lb wheat flour, 5 lbs oatmeal, 2 lbs rice, ½ lb sugar, 2 oz tea, 2 oz salt and 3 quarts of water daily. Children 14 and under were given half of this ration. The Mormons were given in addition, 2 ½ lbs sugar, 3 lbs butter, 2 lbs cheese, 1 pint vinegar for each adult weekly and half that amount for each 1 to 14 year old. Members were advised to bring potatoes, ham, dried salt fish, onions, pickled onions, preserves, cayenne pepper, baking powders, mustard, sherbet, carbonate of soda, lime juice, plums, and currants (Piercy 18). Briggs listed the food available on the Ellen, another sailing ship that left the same winter, in detail: "The rations allowed for each one, was 25 pounds of hard biscuit, (so hard, we had to take a hammer to break it), 10 pounds of flour, 20 pound of rice, 50 pounds of oatmeal, 10 pounds of pork, 5 pounds of sugar, 5 pounds of molasses, 1 half pound of tea, 2 pounds of cheese, 1 pint of vinegar, and three quarts of water, daily, but the other rations, were for the entire voyage."

According to the trip report, there were strong winds on the 5th (Watt). It was perhaps similar to the winds experienced by Farmer two years later on the Ellen Maria. Farmer describes this experience as: "The ship rocking about like a cork and the water coming into the steerage. The hatch had to be put on and kept on for some time. In the afternoon the hatchway was opened and the brethren allowed on deck. At this time the Saints were rolling about, the boxes being turned over, pots capsized and dinners, meat, pudding and all rolling about. Everything one mass of confusion." Baker describes a storm her ship encountered near the same time the Ellen Maria sailed as: "It was awful, yet grand, to look upon the sea. I could only compare it to the boiling of an immense cauldron covered with white foam, while the roaring of the winds and waves was like the bellowing of a thousand wild bulls."

During the ocean voyage there were three births, three marriages, and four deaths (Watt). One of the deaths was the fifteen-month old daughter of Apostle Pratt. It was common for many of the young and old to die during the voyage. These funerals left a deep impression on some of the Saints. Briggs describes the mechanics of these ceremonies during his voyage on the Ellen the same year: "Their bodies were sewed up in canvas, and a heavyweight was tied at their feet, then boards were placed on the side of the ship, in a slanting position, and the bodies were slid down the boards, into the sea." Wilson, sailing the following year on the Ellen Maria, recalled a death, "She was sewed up in a sheet, a large piece of coal tied to her feet. She was lowered by sliding of a smooth plank feet first. …While the lowering of her body was being done, we watched her closely till she sank many fathoms down out of sight in the deep blue sea, and if anything is sad and

impressive and that is calculated to leave an impression upon the mind, it is a funeral at sea."

The Saints had their good times on the journey too. Most likely, the Shelley family enjoyed singing and dancing. Farmer recalls two years later on the Ellen Maria Mormons playing music and "… we had a dance on the Quarter Deck and several other kind[s] of amusement. The Saints as well as myself enjoyed themselves first rate." It was also common to see wildlife. Farmer recalls in 1853 in his journal seeing porpoises and a whale.

Because the Ellen Maria was sailing to New Orleans, it undoubtedly became rather hot. Baker sailing on the Bourn the same season said "I came on deck this morning before five o'clock, to enjoy the cool breeze, and see the sunrise. The heat is intense during the day and it is dangerous to be on deck with the head uncovered. Nearly half of our company are effected, more or less, with the prickly heat. The captain has supplied us with a large tub for the purpose of bathing the children, and the little ones are (many of them) dipped in it every morning. The men amuse themselves after another fashion. They put on a thin pair of drawers and pour buckets of water over each other, proving the benefit they receive by the increased healthiness of their appearance." Earl states the drinking water was so bad they could hardly drink it. It was common to have to ration the drinking water further. Woodhouse, sailing near the same time on the Ellen stated: "On account of the length of the voyage the water went bad and as we were in a tropical climate we felt it severely. Two quarts per day for each adult was the allowance. It should have been three quarts."

After a two-month voyage, the Ellen Maria approached the mouth of the Mississippi River in early April. A tug would have approached and towed the ship to New Orleans. New Orleans is located 110 miles from the Gulf of Mexico (Sonne 91). Many Mormons recorded in their journals, diaries, and histories the various sights as they approach the city between 1851 and 1853. Woodhouse in 1851 said, "The mouth of the river is said to be 20 miles wide, and is mostly filled with dense growth of large bamboo canes, common to the tropics, leaving about six narrow clear channels. The one we entered (the best one) was not more than eight to ten rods wide. For many miles our course lay between the tall line of bamboo, with no signs of solid banks." Farther north, he saw "The first dwellings … being built on piles, and only accessible with boats. The dwellers business was oyster fishing. The largest oysters I ever saw being caught there. Some of them as long as eight inches and large in proportion." Just before New Orleans, Woodhouse recalls "Below New Orleans were large orange groves… They [oranges] were laying thick on the ground, also a full crop of all sizes and developments yet on the trees. Some of the Negro children threw some on board the vessel." Baker recalls in 1851, "The houses of the planters are built in the cottage style, but large with verandas on every side, and beautiful gardens. At a little distance are the negro huts. From 30 to 50 on each plantation. They are built of wood with a veranda along the front, painted white, and mostly have either jasmine or honeysuckle growing over them. Each cottage has a large piece of garden ground attached to it in general appearance they are certainly very far superior to the cottage inhabited by the poor in England." Baker also recalls "Groves of orange trees are

very numerous; the perfume from which is very delightful, as the breeze wafts it toward us. Thousands of peach and plum trees are here growing wild and are now in full bloom." She also recalls seeing wild geese, foxes, raccoons, and storks.

As the ship approached the dock on April 6th, the church leaders most likely warned the Saints about the dangers of "wharf thieves, and also the danger of getting into quarrels in a land where deadly weapons were carried." (Woodhouse). Most likely, many of the Saints slept on the ship until a steamer was ready to take them up the Mississippi River to St. Louis, as they did when the Ellen Maria landed two years later (Farmer). However, the Shelleys had enough money to take a short break in the City. George Shelley states, "Here [New Orleans] they saw many strange sights and products that were new to them. Mother [Charlotte Elsmore Shelley] mentioned in particular large, red tomatoes with which the markets were stocked." However, they may have just looked at the tomatoes. According to Piercy, Mormon emigrants were cautioned against eating meat and vegetables after the long sea voyage in New Orleans (33).

New Orleans, the "Paris of the Bayous", was romantic, colorful, and exciting. It had an economy based on slavery, shipping, and cotton trade (Sonne 91). Many Mormons besides the Shelleys toured New Orleans. Some even lived there until they earned enough money to complete the trip. Many Saints recorded the sites they saw. Baker in 1851 said, "The levee is … completely covered with bales of cotton and other articles of merchandise…" The wharves stretched for miles along the bank of the river (Sonne 92). Baker went on to describe the City in much detail stating, "Some [houses are] as noble in appearance as any in Regent Street [in London]. …The Custom House, churches, and theaters are splendid buildings. …The roads themselves are not kept in order as they are in London. They are not paved. Just now the weather is hot and dry so in crossing them you sink in dust up to the ankles. … The sidewalks are from 16 to 20 feet wide, and very nicely paved with flagstones. They are raised 18" above the carriage road, so that they are always clean and dry. The streets are laid out in exact squares, crossing each other at right angles. The spaces between the streets are called blocks, thus on inquiring for St. Peter Street I was told it was 5 blocks further." Baker in her journal also described the people, "The higher class of citizens … dress very handsomely in European style …I saw slave girls following their mistresses in the streets, clad in frocks of embroidered silk or satin, and elegantly worked muslin trousers, either blue or scarlet, morocco walking shoes and white silk stockings, with a French headdress, … composed of silk with all the colors of the rainbow … jewelry glitters on their dusky fingers (which are plainly seen through their lace gloves) and in their ears. Their only business in the street seems to be to follow the ladies, who own them, and carry their reticule." Woodhouse contrasts the people with the Mormons when he arrived in 1851, "Every person seemed dressed in their Sunday clothes… Quite a contrast to many of our passengers from the farming districts of England, who donned their best knee breeches, tight leggings, laced up heavy nailed boots, smock frocks… to go onshore."

New Orleans, being in the south, was entrenched in slavery. This was a new experience for the Mormons passing through. Many of them commented about it. In 1851, Woodhouse recalls, "A row of Negro women with arms around each other, proceeded by

a dealer, who was offering them for sale in the street, seemed strange to us. They seemed careless and cheerful." In the same year, Baker recalls, "I also visited the female slave market … It is a large hall, well lighted with seats all around on which were girls of every shade of color from 10 to 30 … they were singing as merrily as larks." Baker also stated that she couldn't enter the male slave market because only men were allowed in.

There were many unsanitary conditions in New Orleans. Mosquitos spread disease. Epidemics of Cholera and yellow fever took their toll. "In brief, New Orleans was a city of many facets – a cultural oasis, a thriving business capital, and a pesthole" (Sonne 92).

Within a couple days of anchoring at New Orleans, the US Customs officers would have come on board the Ellen Maria to examine the people and the luggage (Grimshaw; Farmer). A Church leader in the meantime arranged passage for most of the Saints up the Mississippi on a steamboat called the Alexander Scott, one of the largest steamboats on the river. The Alexander Scott was a popular Mississippi steamboat in the 1840s (Sonne 96). It was built in 1842. It's dimensions were 230'x28'x7.8' (Sonne 171). According to Sonne, "This fine side-wheeler [Alexander Scott] had only one deck, a transom stern, a cabin above a plain head, and plied the Mississippi for about twelve years before being dismantled – as indicated in her registrations. In 1851 Mormons paid $2.50 for each adult, including all baggage, and half fare for children (Sonne 96-97)." Cummings booked the Scott the same season for another group. He said: " I would recommend the "Alex Scott" as a good, commodious, and safe boat, commanded by a good captain of the name of Swan. I am persuaded there is no better nor safer boat on the river."

Baker describes her steamboat, the Concordia, in detail. The Scott was probably somewhat similar. She said, "It is flat bottomed …The engines and boilers are on the deck, the stokehole quite open on each side and the firemen have an interrupted view of the country. The head of the vessel is pointed the stern circular. There is a clear passage of 8 feet in width all around the boat, except where it is stopped by the paddle boxes, and those have good steps both up and down. From this which is called the lower deck you ascend by a handsome flight of steps to what is called the hurricane deck, which is an open gallery 5 feet wide, entirely round the vessel with a low railing next [to] the water and roofed overhead. There are chairs here for the accommodation of the passengers. On the inner side of this gallery is a row of cabins with two doors each, one opening onto the gallery the other into the saloon, which is one 105' in length by 30' in width. Here the cabin passengers dine. The ladies cabin …is splendidly furnished with sofas, rocking chairs, work tables and a piano. The floor, as well as the saloon is covered with Brussels carpeting. There is also a smoke room for the gentlemen, opening out of the saloon forward, into which are card tables, etc., and in front of this there is a large open space. The whole width of the ship roofed over like the gallery and furnished with seats. From this is another staircase, ascending to the upper deck, on which are built several neat cabins for the officers. The one forward encloses the steering wheel. Here stands the pilot completely secured from wind and weather; to the wheel two ropes are attached which are conveyed downward to the lower deck. Each rope is then fixed to a lever which works the rudder. The whole arrangement is very simple and the elevated position of the pilot (40 feet above the lower deck) enables him to see and avoid any collision

with snags, which are pretty plentiful still, though the government has done much toward clearing them away, by sending out what they call snag-boats with men in them, to either drag away the snags by force, or let them float off; or by sending down divers to cut them off close to the mud. I do not know whether you know what I mean by snags and sawyers. A snag is a large tree which has either been uprooted by a hurricane or loosened by an inundation and at last been blown into the river. The heaviest part, of course, sinks to the bottom and it becomes fixed in the mud, generally in a nearly upright position and as the foliage decays, the naked trunk remains above the surface of the water. A sawyer is the same thing, with the exception that the top of the tree is below the surface, and of course more dangerous, and steamboats coming in contact with them are likely to have a hole knocked in the bottom in a moment. They then generally sink at once. Scores of steamboats have been lost in this manner. However I have run away from the upper deck, which is not a very pleasant place except in cloudy weather, and you are seated at an elevation of 40 feet from the river, although, on a moonlight night the view is delightful, at least to such an admirer of wild scenery as I am. The tops of the two funnels are 10 feet higher. They are placed forward and when there is a headwind, the upper deck is covered with hot cinders. They burn wood, not coal, and when the steam gets low, or they want to pass a steamer in advance of them, the firemen throw on rosin by shovelfuls."

Baker was a wealthy Mormon. Wilson describes a similar but somewhat different steamboat for the lower class passengers, "The steamboats on the river are huge monsters resembling old castles, having good saloon or dining rooms and are very commodious - that is providing you have plenty of money, but [steerage] passengers who are not overly stocked with this commodity must be satisfied with a pallet or a straw mattress laid upon a rack… Yuma prison beds [where he was later in prison for polygamy] are at least a class higher than what I had on the St. Paul." He also describes vividly how slaves were used to provide the firewood for the boilers, "In those days wood was used for fuel for the steamboats and it was niggers who entirely done the loading of the wood and they worked constant and earnestly, often singing as they marched in single file over the plank to deliver their heavy loads of wood from their shoulders -- being the first men I ever beheld in slavery, who had no liberty, but just to do as they were told or have a raw hide applied to their almost bare backs …"

The Shelley family departed New Orleans for St. Louis on April 9th. Wilson describes the Mississippi in 1852 during the same season as: "It is very circuitous, turbid and deep, its current generally is sluggish and some places a mile wide and it has many whirlpools and in some of them it seems as if a small boat would be sucked in." It was in this murky water near Memphis Tennessee that Elizabeth Shelley accidentally fell and drowned. According to Watt, Elizabeth Shelley fell into the river on the 14th (Thomas Shelley states the 13th in his "diary" but it probably wasn't written at the time and is most likely wrong). Watt states, "… in attempting to draw a bucket of water from the stream, while the boat was running ten miles an hour, was suddenly plucked into the water by the force of that mighty current. She floated for a moment, and then sank to rise no more. The engines were stopped immediately, and a boat manned and sent in search of her, but it was unsuccessful in obtaining the body." Earl states that, "Afterward the body was found and

Grandfather Shelley sent the money back for her burial." Although this could be correct, the location of her grave is not known. It also states in many other biographical sketches the body was never found (although these all seem to copy the same source). It is possible that the boat stopped.

Baker describes a similar experience where a passenger falls into the river the same year. However, the man Baker describes was an experienced riverman. She states, "The boat was stopped instantly, and every effort made to save him, but to no purpose. As he sunk he threw out his pocketbook, which was picked up by one of the men, and given into the hands of the clerk, in order to be restored to the relatives of the deceased. It contained his address and $275.00." According to George Shelley, Elizabeth was also carrying a great amount of money. He states, "Grandfather Shelley had a considerable sum of money when he left England. The purse containing the money was intrusted to the care of Grandmother who secreted it on her person where it remained until the morning of the tragic accident when she turned it over to Grandfather with the request that he take care of it."

To the naïve person, it would appear to be easy to get out of the slow moving Mississippi River. According to Piercy, who wrote his book on pioneer emigration just two years later in 1853, "Women should be careful not to attempt to draw water from the river in buckets. The current is so rapid, that when added to the speed of the steamer through it, it requires the strength of a man to procure the water with safety. Many lives have been lost in this way, which should be a sufficient warning to those who still purpose to ascend these rivers. In most of the boats there are pumps fixed, so that there is seldom any real necessity for drawing water by hand." Sonne stated that drownings like Elizabeth Shelley's were not unusual (96-97). Kimball (BYU Studies 12) suggests that Elizabeth's heavy water soaked skirts drew her under the water.

Theft was quite a concern for the Saints. Farmer relates the following from his trip in 1853, "This evening Elder Kendall desired me to appoint the watch for the night as there was a very unruly crew and things had been taken the night before so it was thought prudent to have a strong watch. We appointed 8 of us …" Later in his journal he states "…before we came to Memphis when they tried to make some more confusion. One of them began to cry and shout so as to alarm all the passengers. I desired all the brethren to keep to their posts for I could see it was a plan made to get us together while the rest stole something. But this they could not do. Brother Wilson informed the mate of their proceedings and when we arrived at Memphis this man was put on shore." But the attempted theft continued. Farmer recalls, "This evening it was thought wise to have a stronger watch so I appointed 18 men to watch over all the luggage inside and those that were on deck as there were some very suspicious men on board. One man was noticed to try to get under the berths and at other times his mates would try to get all they could."

The steamboat would occasionally stop for wood to fuel the boiler. It also stopped at towns or villages where the Saints would buy bread or other food. (Farmer). On April 16th the Scott arrived at St. Louis. Baker described the food markets available in St. Louis in 1851 as "…extremely good. They open at 4 o'clock every morning except

Sunday. All kinds of meat, poultry and fish are very cheap. The fresh meat is good, but not so large and fat as in the English markets. Vegetables and fruits are abundant, and of great variety. Groceries, wines, and spirits are very cheap." She went on to describe where the Saints met too, "The Mormons have six meeting rooms. They have also the use of the Concert Hall in Market Street on Sunday, which holds three thousand persons, and I could but feel amazed to see that spacious room filled to overflowing and the staircase and lobby crowded with those who could not get inside. They have an orchestral band, and a good choir, ten of whom are trebles."

According to Kimball (490), the residents of Saint Louis were generally tolerant of Mormons except for many excommunicated Mormons that lived in the city. Near the time the Shelley family arrived, a local newspaper, the Missouri Republican, published on May 8th, "…Mormon emigrants from England …whose funds generally become exhausted by the time they reach [St. Louis], generally stop here for several months, and not infrequently remain among us for a year or two pending the resumption of their journey to Salt Lake … There are at this time in St. Louis about three thousand English Mormons … they attend divine services twice each Sunday at Concert Hall…We hear frequently of Mormon balls and parties, and Concert Hall was on several occasions filled with persons gathered to witness Mormon theatrical performances." (Kimball 509).

A disadvantage of being near the Mississippi were the rampant insects and spiders the pioneers experienced. According to Stegner, May flies stunk up the summer backwaters and chiggers left ankles red, swollen, and itching (101, 229). My three younger children (April, Paul, and Karen) experienced abundant May flies, that made a tour of a steamboat in Keokuk less pleasant and we heard about chiggers eating the ankle of a girl in our campground in the summer of 2002.

According to George Shelley, "Upon reaching St. Louis, the Shelley family with the exception of William and his wife and four children, purchased mules and wagons together with the necessary supplies and started across the plains …" This is probably wrong. St. Louis was not a starting point for Mormon emigration. Although it would have been possible, according to Sonne, the Mormons from the Ellen Maria arrived at Kanesville aboard the side-wheeler Robert Campbell on May 21st (103). Clark states that the water was high enough to proceed up the Missouri on the 13th, just three days before the Shelley family arrived at St. Louis. Crook recalls his group leaving about this time, "…started for Kanesville … Fare five dollars per person. Twenty days on the road, on sandbar three days, very cold, river very low. Had to back down many times. Great amount of snags to be seen. Landed all safe May 2nd." Dunn recalls his group leaving on the 12th with 225 passengers.

In 1851, Kanesville was the staging area for Mormon wagon trains. In December, 1847, Brigham Young was sustained as president of the Church in the Kanesville Tabernacle. Winter Quarters, later called Florence Nebraska, on the west side of the Missouri River across from Kanesville was abandoned in 1848 (Stegner 84, 203) and Kanesville was made the new staging area. It flourished through 1851 with Mormon emigrants. Baker describes Kanesville on July 2nd, when the Shelleys were there, as "quite a pretty town,

and the surrounding scenery very beautiful (Holmes 258)." Kanesville's name was changed to Council Bluffs in 1853 by the State Legislature (Kimball 34).

However the Shelley's arrived at Kanesville, they stayed there for the month of May and June. According to Brower, her group arrived in Kanesville the same season and "…were assigned, with others, to two log cabins, or rooms where we were to sleep, and to do our cooking at a fire-place, taking our turn with the bake kettle. We made our beds on the floor at night. It was here we learned to wait to be patient and take our turn, as there were so many of us to use that oven. We were a pretty good set of people and did not quarrel."

The time in Kanesville was spent preparing for the trip. According to Piercy, wagons were bought by Church agents in Cincinnati and St. Louis and then shipped to Kanesville by steamboat (19). The wagon bed was 12 feet long, 3 feet 4 inches wide, and 18 inches deep. A full team was one wagon, two yoke of oxen, and two cows (Piercy 19). The wagon was topped with white canvas. The wagon cover as well as the tent was made on their sailing ship voyage to save money (Piercy 19). According to Piercy, the PEF allowed 100 lbs of luggage to anyone above eight and half that to those above 3. Toddlers and infants weren't allowed any luggage. In addition to luggage, Piercy states each wagon carried 1000 lbs flour, 50 lbs sugar, 50 lbs bacon, 50 lbs rice, 30 lbs beans, 20 lbs dried apples and peaches, 5 lbs tea, 1 gallon vinegar, 10 bars of soap, and 25 lbs salt. Wealthier pioneers sometimes also brought their own food, such as dried herrings, pickles, molasses, more dried fruit, and sugar (Piercy 19).

The recommended attire for the trip was practical and not the typical movie stereotype of a pioneer. Piercy recommended boots with a second covering on the toes (they get holes extremely fast otherwise), goggles (to protect the eyes from sand, dust, and sunlight), beards for men to protect their faces, India rubber galoshes for women, and very large sun-bonnets for women (Piercy 80).

The wagon trains were grouped into companies. Within each company there were divisions each containing ten wagons. If a wagon broke, the company continued to the campground but the division stayed until the wagon was fixed (Piercy 83). According to a document found at the Nauvoo Genealogical Research Center in the summer of 2002, James Bowyer Shelley was in the Alfred Cordon Company (Shelley). Perhaps the most detailed account of the journey is from Jean Rio Baker, who although she was in a different company, left just days before the Cordon Company. Her account is the best record that I have found to date of what the Shelleys experienced.

Baker left Kanesville on July 5th. In her journal, she recalls Apostle Orson Pratt's Company (who was with the Shelleys on the Ellen Maria), George D. Watt giving a Sunday sermon (who was the president of the Shelleys and other Saints on the Ellen Maria), and Alfred Cordon's company (the Shelley's company) on September 10th as being just a little behind them. In addition, her company arrived on September 29th, just days ahead of Cordon's Company on October 3rd. It is reasonable to assume that the Shelley family left Kanesville soon after July 5th (Holmes 259) in the Cordon Company.

As on the sailing ship, there was good organization during the trip across the plains too. William Clayton described this organization in his 1847 journal, "At 5 o'clock in the morning the bugle is to be sounded as a signal for every man to arise and attend prayers before he leaves his wagon. Then the people will engage in cooking, eating, feeding teams, etc., until seven o'clock, at which time the train is to move at the sound of the bugle. Each teamster is to keep beside his team with loaded gun in hand or within easy reach, while the extra men, observing the same rule regarding their weapons, are to walk by the side of the particular wagons to which they belong; and no man may leave his post without the permission of his officers. …At half past eight each evening the bugles are to be sounded again, upon which signal all will hold prayers in their wagons, and be retired to rest by nine o'clock."

As a company started it's journey, one of the first needs was to teach the men, "Greenhorns", how to steer oxen. The driver walked alongside the oxen calling "gee" (right turn) and "haw" (left turn). Piercy recalls, "'Greenhorns' were taught the art and mystery of teaming. These men had, in many cases, never even seen … oxen before. …Elder Miller was here and there and everywhere, giving untrained teams, and teamsters in training, many practical illustrations of the art. 'Geeing' and 'hawing' were most forcibly taught, and of course learned in proportion to the ability of the pupil. …The consequence is, that whenever a piece of rough or difficult road is encountered, the shouts and cries of 'geeing' and 'hawing,' and the cracking of the whips, are most terrific. …Nearly every man had the worst team in the company! Some steers would not 'gee,' others would do nothing else, and then would come an appeal to Elder Miller – 'O, brother Miller, do come here and try to make my lead steer 'haw,' for the stupid brute does nothing but run away from me.' 'Very well,' brother Miller would say, 'but let me see you drive a little first.' Directly this request was made the raw teamster knew he was going to make an exhibition of his ignorance, and sure enough he did so, for instead of keeping behind his leading oxen he went rather before them, which was sure to frighten them and cause them to scamper to the right again. Elder Miller would bring the oxen back, and with his good-humoured smile say – 'Now you are a pretty teamster ain't you, to go and place your ugly body and long dangling whip right before their eyes, instead of keeping back as you ought (Piercy 85).'"

The journey started by crossing the Missouri River by ferry. Crossing a river by ferry was a demanding task in those days. Piercy stated that one ferry carried two wagons at a time. "The starting point is usually chosen a considerable distance up the stream, so that the current may assist in conveying the boats to the landing place on the opposite side of the river. Ferrying is hard work. When the boat is pushed from the bank the rowers are obliged to ply their oars most vigorourly, as it is no slight matter to row across a river a quarter to half a mile wide, with a current running at the rate of 4 or 5 miles an hour. Six or 8 stout fellows are required to do the work (Piercy 81)."

A couple days later they arrived at the Elkhorn River. Because the Elkhorn was a small river, they would bring the ferry across with a rope. The oxen were herded separately across the river by the men and boys. The oxen didn't always cooperate (Piercy 86).

After crossing the Elkhorn, mosquitos were abundant. Baker recalls fine fishing and "millions of mosquitoes" (Holmes 259). Piercy recalls uninteresting sites together with "a lot of mosquitoes. They are very irritating (Piercy 85)."

After a long day of traveling, the chores weren't over yet. Huntington recalled from his 1848 trip, "As soon as we had struck our wagon in the corral, unyoke the cattle, gather wood, or buffalo chips for cooking, and usually to save fuel, dig a hole in the ground about 3 feet long, one wide, and 6 inches deep. This prevented the wind from blowing the heat away… The next thing was to get the cows (they were drove all together clean behind all the company) and milk, then drive stakes to tie the cattle to an about this time the drove would come in and then get the cattle and tie them. These were regular and sometimes as many more, according to camping ground, sometimes have to go a mile and a half for water and sometimes had to dig wells. Each ten herded their cattle and every man and boy able to do it took their regular turn according to the number of the ten. In the ten I was in there was an increase until the number of wagons amounted to 24 and 25 persons to herd, and it came each ones turn once in 5 days taking 5 to each days company. The guarding of the camp fell on each man proportionally once in 7 and sometimes 6 nights, and then half the night only. The herding and guarding together with my daily tasks kept me beat down and wore out all the time. The women were as well drove beat down as the men. Sundays were scarcely a day of rest nor could it be if we traveled Monday (Stegner 202)."

During the first two weeks, Baker's company was immersed in nature. They learned to enjoy "red-root green as good as spinach", they traversed deep ravines and swamps, survived violent afternoon thunderstorms, and had their first burial. The body was wrapped in a sheet and buried at the summit of a small hill where there were five other graves. The rough road inflicted a toll on the wagons, especially the critical wheels. Each company had skilled wheelwrights to make the repairs necessary along the way (Holmes 259-261).

Two weeks after leaving Kanesville (19th July), Baker arrived at the Loup Fork (Holmes 261). During the next four days as she progressed toward the Wood River, her company pulled wagons through sandy roads and saw frogs, hares, and doves. They also found an elk skull with a message written on it, warning them of an imminent danger of Indians (Holmes 261). Piercy recalls that in this region the roads were difficult but sandy and wind made it a major trial. "Veils and goggles were in great demand, for the wind brought the sand into our faces with blinding and choking effect (Piercy 88)".

An all too common problem was running over an emigrant with a wagon. Piercy describes what happened in his train vividly. "Learning that something was the matter I hastened to the spot, and soon saw that if I did not do something for him his chance of getting his leg set was a very poor one. I therefore took the case into my own hands, and turned surgeon, although I had never before seen a broken limb. In the first place I screwed up my courage to the sticking place and bared both his legs. I then took particular notice of the exact position of the bones in the unbroken leg and the position of the foot, and placed the right leg and foot in exactly the same position, and kept them so

by means of 2 boards, which I nailed together. These, with the aid of thin sticks or splinters, bound round the leg, with abundance of rag, seemed to answer the purpose. The continual jolting of the wagon rather retarded his recovery, but I am happy to say he got on very well (Piercy 87)."

Crossing Wood River was difficult according to Baker. As they approached the river, they crossed three deep ravines, two with water, and one overturned a wagon. Because of the rough approach, she decided to walk across the shallow river (Holmes 261). She said the next day was the hottest day yet. There was a hot wind too. The heat took its toll on the oxen, with many suffering. One of Baker's oxen fell down and died within minutes (Holmes 262). The day the oxen died, it was the 24th of July. She doesn't mention any celebration, just a hard day of traveling.

Still following the Platte River, they came near Fort Kearney. The Fort was on the opposite or Oregon Trail side of the river. Both Baker and Piercy saw Buffalo for the first time near this point on the Mormon trail (Holmes 262, Piercy 88). In Baker's company, they shot one and enjoyed its fresh meat. They also both heard of Indian attacks near here. Baker's company heard that Orson Hyde, traveling alone somewhat ahead of them, was robbed of nearly everything he had. Piercy, traveling in 1853, recalled, "We had a visitor from the camp ahead, who told us that one of their number, being about half a mile behind camp, was attacked by Indians, who stripped him of his clothes and then gave him a kick and told him to 'Puck-a-chee,' which is the Indian word for Begone. It is evidently impossible to know when Indians are near. I have been told that they will follow up a camp for days, keeping on the opposite side of hills, being unseen, yet steeling all, until a favourable opportunity presenting itself for robbing, they pounce on their prey like the tiger from its lair (Piercy 89).

By July 30th, Baker recalled they were "Much bothered with Buffalo, which are very numerous; strangers are apt to run in among our cattle, terrifying them very much, and it has been all the horsemen to do, to prevent their doing mischief on encamping for the night…(Holmes 263). As the Buffalo became more numerous, the Buffalo chips were commonly used as a replacement for firewood. Piercy states, "There were plenty of buffalo chips there. They are composed of grass, masticated and digested, and dried in the sun. It is a common joke on the Plains that a steak cooked on these chips requires no pepper. It is marvelous the wonders time and circumstances work. Young ladies who in the commencement of the journey would hardly look at a chip, were now seen coming into the camp with as many as they could carry. They burn fiercely and cook quite as well as wood (90)."

Both Baker and Piercy's companies had deaths. Piercy writes about one death, "The poor mother's grief was very affecting. What can be more distressing than to see a poor infant struggling with death, and to be utterly unable to render assistance (90)." The child was buried the next day, a Sunday, before they continued their journey. (Although Piercy's company frequently traveled on Sunday, Baker's company did not. Whether they traveled on Sunday was probably dependent on their leader and progress on the trail.)

Near the region when they started following the North Platte River, Piercy wrote about large brilliantly colored grasshoppers that the children gleefully hunted (90). Baker wrote about difficult days crossing sand hills but seeing Lizards, snakes, and grasshoppers (Holmes 263). Although Chimney Rock was on the south or Oregon Trail side of the North Platte, Baker wrote about it in her journal on August 9th. It was sufficiently interesting that she climbed a bluff to view it better. She called the scenery grand (Holmes 264). Baker should have also seen the Scotts Bluffs, today's site of Scotts Bluff National Monument, soon after Chimney Rock.

Indians visited with the Baker company as they followed the North Platte. Baker wrote, "Indians with us all day, very fine looking fellows, and very gaily attired, the dresses of the women some of them, nearly covered with beadwork, they came to camp with us, and stayed till dusk (Holmes 265)." On August 16th, Baker's company was near Fort Laramie. She never specifically mentions the Fort. She does mention a trading post that could have been in or near the Fort. According to Stegner, nearly everyone knew Fort Laramie but some Mormon trains by-passed the Fort after 1850 (141-2). At this point, the Mormons ferried across the North Platte and started following the Oregon trail on the south side of the river.

Just after passing Fort Laramie on August 18th, Baker describes difficult roads that damaged many wagon wheels (Holmes 265). They were traveling near or through what is called the "Guernsey Ruts Site", where it is possible to view ruts cut up to five feet deep in the rock today. Register Cliff is three miles east of the ruts, where hundreds of pioneers left their names, but Baker and Piercy did not mention it.

As they approached the region where Casper Wyoming is located today, they crossed the North Platte more than once. One of those crossings was just North of Casper, where the Mormon Ferry was located. Webber states, "Pioneers easily walked across the river when shallow in late summer but earlier in the year with high water some kind of boating was far more safe. Mormons installed a toll ferry of two 30-foot long dugout canoes lashed together then added planks to make a bed onto which a yoke of oxen, still attached to a wagon, could be coaxed aboard then rowed across the river. This outfit was tied to a large rope that stretched across the river to keep the ferry from drifting downstream. The ferry operated between 1847 and 1851. It was a money-maker for the owners who charged anywhere from $3 to $5 per wagon to cross the river (34)." Today, there are dams up river at Seminoe and Alcova Wyoming that make the North Platte a small stream compared to the substantial river it was in 1851 (Stegner 306).

As Baker's company continued along the North Platte, they saw many more Indians being escorted by a government agent to a great counsel of tribes. She wrote, "Our men at once loaded their guns, so as to be in readiness in case of an attack, but on our approaching the Indians, they opened their ranks, and we passed along, without any trouble, the Government agent was with them, in a buggy, and sitting between his knees, was the daughter of the chief, a pretty little creature of about 3 years old, who seemed to be quite pleased at our appearance …They made a grand appearance, all on horseback, and very gaily dressed, some with lances, others with guns or Bows and Arrows, also a

number of ponies, carrying their tents and the men passed on one side of us, the women and children on the other but all of them well mounted, their clothing was beautiful trimmed with small beads, altogether it was quite an imposing procession (Holmes 266)."

In late August, they would have passed Independence Rock. Baker never mentions it in her Journal. Some members of the original 1847 company wrote their names on it (Stegner 150-151). It was a tourist site even in 1851. Harriet Talcott Buckingham wrote in her journal that she searched the numerous names on it in vain, just like today's tourists, to find a familiar name written on it (Holmes 28). Baker does vividly write about the terrain, "We are among the Rocky Mountains, the country is a desert, except here and there a patch of grass, by the side of the small streams, the scenery grand and terrible; I have walked under overhanging rocks, which seemed only to need the pressure of a finger, to send them down headlong, many of them resemble the ruins of old castles, and it needs but a little stretch of the imagination, to fancy yourself in the deserted hall, of a palace or temple, there seems to be much metal among the rocks. I picked up some specimens, which I am told are silver, and Iron ore, also some lumps of coal, which burn brightly, our road is so steep, as to seem almost like going down a staircase; …" The ruins of old castles were perhaps the Scotts Bluffs, that they would have passed them weeks before, where today's Scotts Bluff National Monument is located.

On August 31st, George D. Watt, the president of the Ellen Maria packet ship that the Shelley's sailed on, spoke at the Sunday sermon of the Baker company. It isn't clear whether Elder Watt was a member of the company or not (Holmes 267). Near this time, Baker's company started following the Sweetwater River and passed Devil's Gate, but she never wrote about it. The original 1847 company kicked stones into Devil's Gate and fired guns to make an echo (Stegner 150-151). Baker mentions their company killing antelope and catching fish, which both would have supplemented their rations (Holmes 268). As they followed the Sweetwater upstream, they crossed over it many times. A well-known landmark that was passed was Rocky Ridge.

On September 9th, Baker's company camped at Pacific Springs, just west of the continental divide, which was crossed at South Pass. According to Stegner, at South Pass many members of the original 1847 company became sick with what they called "mountain fever" (Stegner 157). "It [mountain fever] announced itself with a blinding head ache, which was followed by severe pains in the joints and spine, by high fever, and often by delirium. For lack of a more precise name they called it mountain fever, and laid it to the sharp mountain alterations of heat and cold, or to the saleratus they had scraped up and used in baking, or to the inhalation of alkali dust. There is no telling exactly what it was. Altitude sickness does not seem likely, for even on the pass they were only at 7,550 feet (7,085 by Orson Pratt's barometer), and they had reached that moderate elevation by very gradual stages. Some historians, including Dale L. Morgan, believe it to have been Rocky Mountain spotted fever, or some related tick fever. No one in the pioneer company, and few later, died of it, but the joint pains and headache made riding the jolting wagons a torture. John Fowler arrived at the Big Sandy out of his head; several others were down, by morning several more. It was a blessed relief to the sick ones when at noon on June 30 they reached the Green River three miles above the mouth

of the Big Sandy and found that the river was too high for fording (Stegner 157)." After Thomas Shelley arrived in Salt Lake, he also stated that he had Mountain Fever and "…was brought down very low. So weak that I could scarcely get out of the house."

On September 10th, Baker's company is visited by a man from Cordon's company, which the Shelley family traveled within. Cordon's company was apparently running out of supplies and may have had an encounter with Indians. She wrote, "…2 men came up with us; one from Alred's, the other from Cordon's company; they left on account of provisions growing short, and teams giving out; they tell us that the companies were throwing away all that they possibly could spare, in order to lighten the loads, that 19 waggons, had left Pratt's company, and overtook Cordon's; they had been visited by an Indian Party, who had robbed 6 of them, bidding the owners defiance, and telling them they had 500 Warriors on the other side of the hill. It seems our people were frightened and suffered them to do as they pleased, except one Englishman, who gave the Indians a sound thrashing with his whip-stock, their 2 men have started without any provision, taking their chance of meeting with other companies, they supped with us, and started on, as they travel in the night only, in order to avoid the high winds, which we constantly have in the daytime, though the nights are quite calm and pleasant. They hope to arrive in the Valley, in time to send out provisions to the various companies, who are behind, who we fear will be much distressed (Holmes 269)."

Little is known of the Shelley trail experience; however, George F. Shelley states, "The trip across the Plains was rather uneventful. Mother [Charlotte Elsmore Shelley] relates that the roads were rough, and when a hill was encountered that she would push on the back of the wagon to aid the animals. Some Indians and buffalo were seen en route." Chances are, the experiences with Indians and buffalo were much more exciting than this statement implies. They certainly saw many of both. However, what is interesting is Charlotte pushing on the back of the wagon to aid animals. She wasn't just a strong twenty-three-year-old wife; she was over five months pregnant when they began the wagon train part of the journey. She must have been a very tough English pioneer woman.

On September 13th, as Baker's company approached the Big Sandy River, she writes that there was a strike by some of the teamsters. It is interesting to see the side of the pioneers that shows they had human weaknesses too. "This morning the general strike took place, among Robins's teamsters, there has been dissatisfaction for some weeks, owing to the scantiness, and inferior quality of their rations, and Mr. Robins, refusing to make any improvement, the men shouldered their blankets, and set off intending to take their chance for provision, on the road, as they go along. An hour afterwards, the camp started, by noon the captain had overtaken the men, and expressed his wish that they would return, in order that there might be an investigation of the matter; they agreed to do so, and we went on till sun-down, and encamped on Big Sandy river, to the great joy of ourselves and cattle, who had not seen grass or water, for 18 miles, one Captain then supplied the mutineers with a tent, and plenty of Buffalo-robes, and we all retired for the night (Holmes 270)."

On September 15th, Baker's company approached the Green River, which was an oasis to her, "… passed through some very beautiful country, and we were just the ones to appreciate it, having seen nothing but sand and wild sage, for 300 miles, with now and then a mountain stream to break the monotony of the scene, we forded the river, a wide rushing stream, and clear as Crystal, along the sides the cottonwood trees were numerous, we traveled through this beautiful scenery, for several miles, on looking down the banks, which are very steep, except at the fording place, I observed a white sandy appearance among the pebbles, so being blest with a tolerable share of the failing, of which our first parents left so plentiful a supply to their posterity, I managed to scramble down to the water edge, and on taking up some, first looking at it, and then tasting, I found it to be pure salt, how it got there I cannot imagine, as the water is quite fresh, and we are at an altitude of 6500 feet above the level of the sea. We encamped in a grove of timber, on the banks of this beautiful stream, which seemed like a paradise, after the long stretch of desert country, through which we have been traveling for the last 4 weeks…(Holmes 271)."

Harriet Talcott Buckingham wrote in her journal about the water they drank from the Muddy Creek River, "…camped upon Muddy Creek a stream was never more rightly named for we could not step upon its margin without sinking into the mire (Holmes 35)."

On the 19th, Baker arrived at Fort Bridger where she was able to buy fresh beef of fine quality for ten cents per pound and potatoes for three cents per pound (Holmes 272). Just past Fort Bridger Piercy recalled hearing wolves, "They seemed to wail and gnash their teeth for the fun of the thing. It was, however, no joke to me to be hushed to sleep with such music (Piercy 99)."

Two days later, Baker's group arrived at the Bear River. She describes the region's scenery as "very romantic" and "sublime" but was glad it rained to reduce the choking dust, "We have had gentle but incessant rain all night, to our very great comfort, as the dust has been almost choking us, for the last 3 weeks, with a continued west wind, which just blows in our faces (Holmes 273)".

On September 26th, Baker saw the Salt Lake Valley for the first time but the steep descent remained, "the descent of the mountain was awfully steep and dangerous…so the two ladies, 'in the straw' [they both just given birth] were the only ones who remained in the wagons. When I arrived at the base of the mountain, I turned to look at the coming wagons, and was actually terrified to see them rushing down, though both wheels were locked, but no accident occurred, and we are now at the entrance of a narrow defile between rocks measuring 800 feet perpendicular height, with a serpentine stream running through it, which we shall have to cross 19 times (Holmes 274)." On the next day she notes, "…we came to a deep ravine, over which was thrown an apology for a bridge, we got over without accident, but how it was that there were no wagons overturned or Oxen killed seems almost miraculous. Our road afterwards was through a forest of small timber, which made it very unpleasant traveling …Eliza [who just recently gave birth] has suffered much from the roughness of the road, which has been worse to-day, than any

part of the journey since leaving Kanesville and our Captain gives the comfortable assurance to us, that it will be still worse tomorrow (Holmes 274)."

On the 28th, the promise from the captain was fulfilled, "Of all the splendid scenery, and awful roads, that have ever been seen since creation I think this days journey has beaten them all, we had encamped last night at the foot of a mountain, which we had to ascend this morning. This was hard enough on our poor worn out animals, but the road after was completely covered with stones, as large as bushel boxes, which our poor oxen, sunk to the knees, added to all this there was the Kanyon Creek, a stream of water running at the bottom of a deep ravine, which intersected our road in such a zigzag fashion, that we had to ford it 16 times at a descent of 15 to 20 feet and of course an equal ascent, and that in some places nearly perpendicular. One of my own teams were forced down a decline, with such rapidity, that one of the oxen fell into the stream, and was drowned before it could be extricated, this makes 6 oxen I have lost on the journey, the mountains on each side of us seem to be solid rock, but in the crevices on their sides trees are growing in abundance, and the tops covered with groves of splendid fir-trees; in some places large pieces of rock have been detached, and have rolled down the mountain side, many of them as large as a small house, in some instances, the rocks lie directly across the road, which occasion much difficulty in travelling, in one spot, the rocks had appearance of a ruinous gateway, through which we had to pass, the opening was very narrow, only one waggon could go along at a time, and that along the bed of Kanyon Creek, which seems to have forced its way through the opening I have described, it then turns off to the side of the road, which is immediately under overhanging rocks for some distance the grandeur of the scenery to my mind takes away all fear, and while standing in admiration at the view Milton's expressions in his Paradise Lost came forcibly to my recollections – 'These are thy glorious works, Parent of good, in wisdom has thou made them all.' – and I seemed to forget all the hardships of our long journey, suddenly I heard a sound as of rushing water, on my left hand, and looking in that direction, I observed that the mountain stream buried itself among some bushes, and sure enough there was the prettiest waterfall I had seen yet. I cannot describe it as it deserves, and alas! I am no artist or I would make a drawing of it; however the cataract in itself, was comprised of 15 separate falls, over as many pieces of rock, the whole perpendicular height, being about 35 or 40 feet, it stuck me with both awe and delight, and I felt as though I would like to have lingered a long time watching it, I dare say many would laugh at me, and they are welcome, if doing so affords them any pleasure; however the shouting of the teamsters, warned me to keep moving, if I did not wish to be left behind. On going about a quarter of a mile from this lovely spot, we came upon 7 waggons all in a row, every one of them with a broken wheel or axle; the sight made our company very careful for fear of being in the same hobble passing there; as well as we could in the narrow road, we came to some others, and soon after some more in the like fix, making in all 17, we picked our way, as well as we could, and at about sunset, we emerged from the Kanyon, and caught a faint view of our destined home; we encamped in a hollow, just at the entrance of the valley, and night came on, before we could obtain a good look about us, I then began to find that I was very tired, so went to the waggon and found Eliza had suffered much, from the jolting of the days travel; thank God however it is over now, and they tell us that 5 miles tomorrow, will bring us into the said Salt Lake City…(Holmes 276-277)."

On September 29th, Baker's company arrived in the Salt Lake Valley. She described it as "…laid out in squares, or blocks as they call them here, each containing 10 acres, and divided into 8 lots, each lot having one house …(Holmes 275)." Harriet Talcott Buckingham described Salt Lake in July 1851 as, "…an immense ploughed field but as we approach nearer it is a garden of Luxuriant growth The most pleasing feature of the city is the brooks & water which flow on each side of evry street & rows of young cotton wood by the side (Holmes 39)." When Harriet left the Valley the next month, she wrote, "One would hardly think that in four years such improvements could be made. As you enter the valley each way as far as the eye can reach we see fine farms & herds of cattle grazing upon the range & lands so regularly laid out too."

James Bowyer Shelley and his family arrived in the Salt Lake Valley on October 3rd. Thomas Shelley states in his diary that, "We came into the valley October 3. On the 6th attended Conference. I saw Brother Brigham for the first time and rejoiced much that I had been counted worthy to be gathered here with the Saints of God."

Although they attended a General Conference of the Mormon Church and were spiritually revived, their physical bodies weren't in great shape. Thomas relates in his diary, "The 24th of October, my wife Charlotte was very sick, delivered of a child [James Edward Shelley]. It was by the power of God through the Holy Priesthood that she was restored. At the same time I was sick with Mountain Fever was brought down very low. So weak that I could scarcely get out of the house." Their journey was over. It took just over eight months. They had fulfilled the commandment to go to Zion.

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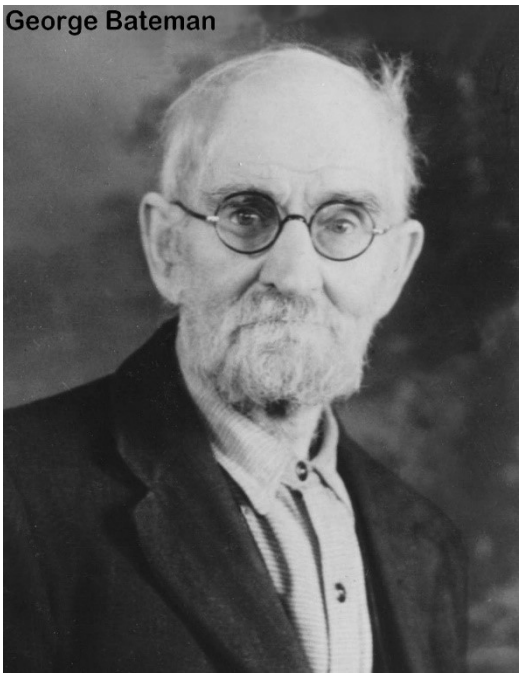
GEORGE BATEMAN 1850 -1940

by William Henry Bateman - 1967



George Bateman, his wife, Anna Wilks, and their son, Fred came from England to America accompanied by their parents, aunts and uncles, and brothers and sisters. At times their faith was at a low ebb because they sailed six weeks on the Atlantic in an old sail boat.

After landing on the east coast, they all traveled directly to Ogden, Utah. While living there a short while, Joshua Jarvis came to Ogden with a pocketful of soil from Bear Lake County, Idaho. He encouraged George to move to Bloomington, Idaho to purchase a farm. George had been a first class farmer in England, so he willingly left for Bloomington with Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis and his family. Because of the shortage of blankets, the two women slept in the wagon and the men outside by the fire in Emigration Canyon.

When they reached Bloomington George only had one shirt and fifty cents to his name. The next day he started walking to Almy, Wyoming, which was 70 miles away, to work in the Almy Mine. He returned to Bloomington in the spring with $100 in gold. This was quite a bit of money compared to his previous wage in England which had consisted of twenty -five cents, a glass of beer, and a piece of cheese each day.

Upon his arrival in Bloomington, the Probate Judge, George Osmond, deeded him a half acre plot of land. He built a nice split-level home. This was to be their permanent home after working a few more years in the Almy Mine in Wyoming. Almy was where his second son, John, was born.

After finally settling in Bloomington, George set up a freight business in Afton, Wyoming. This provided a modest, yet sufficient means to support his family. Often he would take his sons with him in the loaded horse-driven wagon. They would stop in Garden City, Utah at Chris Hansen's; in Laketown, Utah at Joe Lamborn's; in Randolph, Utah, at Joe Carbett's Ranch; and in Evanston, Wyoming at Barney Fox's Camp House. The individual fare for these men to sleep, cook, and have their horses fed was only thirty-five cents.

When their goods--cheese, fish, wheat, eggs, chicken feed--were delivered, they would start back with a load of sugar. This could be delivered for fifty cents a hundred. Each two week interval trip made them $25.

Besides being busy in freighting, George was a farmer, blacksmith, horse-trader, and carpenter. He loved to keep busy and accomplish worthwhile projects. The evenings were often spent reading.

His personality radiated a love for others. He often would say: "Always speak to the other man, even if he doesn't speak first." He seemed to have a joke for every occasion. "He was much like Will Rogers,"

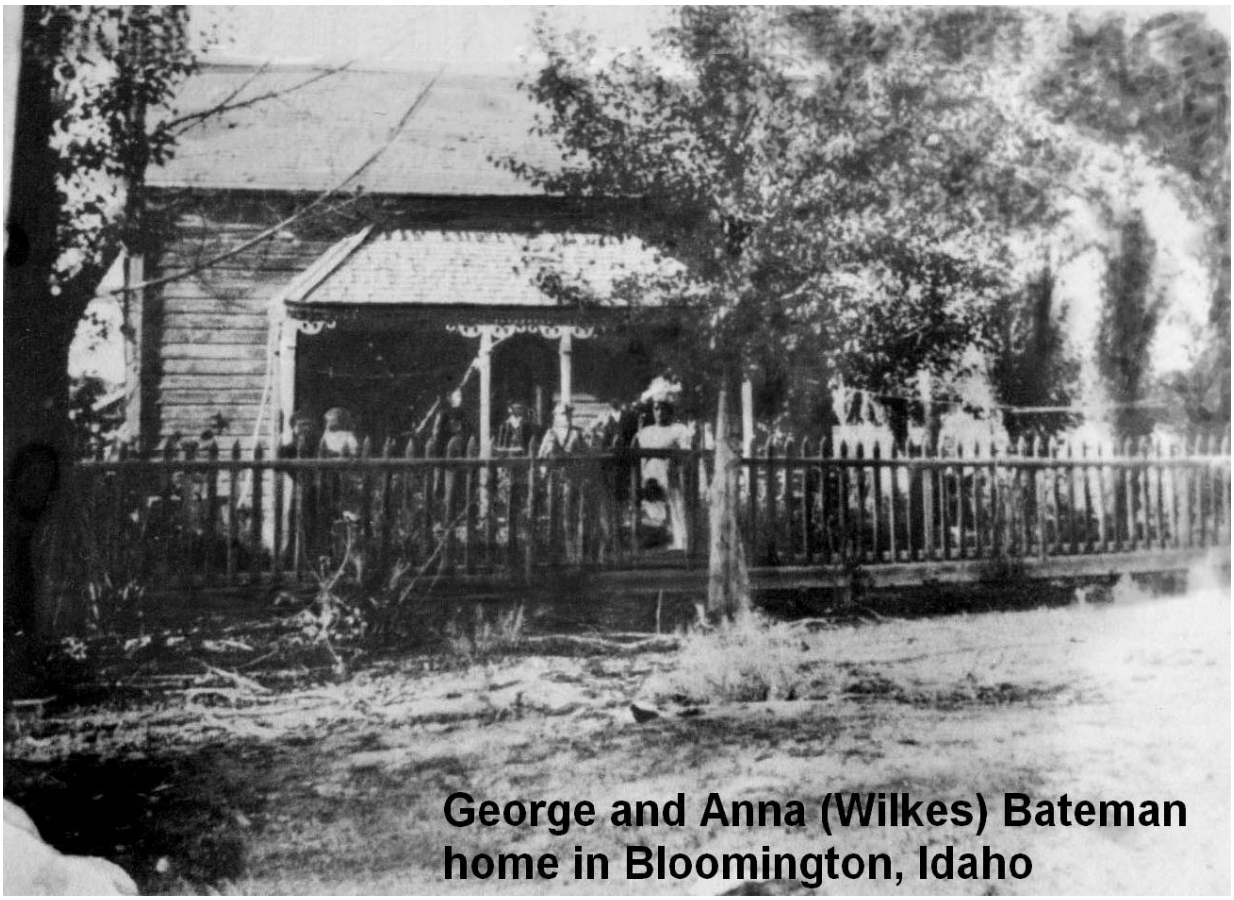
remarked his third son, William Henry. His grandchildren eagerly anticipated his weekly treats of candy and toys after he'd return from Evanston.

Although only 5' 8" and of a slight build, George was very strong physically and spiritually. He carried four bushels of wheat while working in England. He never seemed to complain of sickness. While resting, his death came quickly with no pain.

Spiritually, he was a pillar of strength. He was a counselor to the Bloomington Ward Bishop. His love of church books exhibited his profound knowledge of church doctrine. His soft-spoken mannerisms attracted listeners with an intense feeling while he spoke. Humility and kindness also were his virtues.

With honor to his name, George died at the age of 91. He came from a long line of long ¬living ancestors.

Two of his seven children are now living (1967). They are as follows: Lucy Pugmire, 76, of Salt Lake City, and William Henry Bateman, 81, of Brigham City, Utah. (1967)



George and Anna (Wilkes) Bateman home in Bloomington, Idaho

Thomas Innes
The Immigration of His Family
& Settling in Idaho

written by Julie Cannon Markham, a great-great-granddaughter

In the summer of 1850, thirty-four year old Thomas Innes and two of his sisters, Jane and Charlotte, left Liverpool on the ship *Waterloo*. Jane was six years older than Thomas; both were single. Charlotte, the youngest sister, and her husband William Thews, were also on the ship with their three children, the oldest being six. The *Waterloo* docked in New York City on July 31, 1850. Charter ships organized by LDS agents did not travel until 1852, so at this time the family was traveling independently. Thomas, a graduate of the University of Scotland,[1] had joined the LDS Church the previous year. It doesn't appear that his sisters were Mormons, as they later joined an Episcopal church in Idaho. Emigrating to Zion was not the only reason people were willing to leave everything behind and spend two months on a cramped ship. To millions of Europeans, America was a beacon for a better life, temporally if not also spiritually..

Thomas traveled as far as Pennsylvania, settling in Elizabethtown, one hundred miles west of Philadelphia. There he worked for a coal mining company. Because Thomas's widowed father and a third sister, both members of the LDS Church, were still in England, Thomas chose to wait in Pennsylvania so he could help them cross the interior of the United States for Utah. Likely the plan was for them to follow soon, but they did not immigrate for five more years. They sailed on the ship *Juventa*, an LDS charter ship filled with Mormon immigrants and returning European missionaries. Charles was seventy-six years old at the time of this voyage. Mary, almost ten years older than Thomas, sailed with her husband James Robson and three sons using Perpetual Emigration Funds.[2] Their oldest son, still a teenager, had emigrated the previous year with other members of the Church, also borrowing from the PEF. This particular son of Mary's, namesake of his grandfather Charles, had apprenticed in England as a paper maker for ten years, becoming quite proficient. He established the first paper mill in Utah, became a bishop and later, in colonizing Arizona, served in a stake presidency until his death.

While waiting for his family, Thomas met and married Margarette Jane Louttit. Margaret was thirteen years younger than Thomas and about 23 when they married in 1853. She immigrated to America with her two brothers, John and James the previous year. Her father was a ship builder and master of the ship *The Little Active*. Also in this family were two sisters who both stayed in England. Jane died unmarried, but Mary, just a few years younger than Margarette, remained close to the Methodist Church and raised a family. Her descendants are still in England today.[3]

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[1]Daughter Mary wrote that her father Thomas received a "splendid education," graduating from the University of Scotland.

[2] Mary and James Robson buried four children, one just a few months before they sailed.

[3]Hilary Ford, a great-great-granddaughter of Mary Louttit, contacted me via email after finding an early version of this biography online and provided this information. She said her family had always been Methodist.

Margarette's father James, like Thomas's father Charles, was widowed. He had remarried in England after his wife's death and had two more children. I struggled to learn more about the Louttit family, so I was surprised in 2010 to receive an email from Hilary Ford, a great-great-granddaughter of Margarette's sister Mary. Hilary believed John, James and Margerette came to the US for a better life, and possibly to join the LDS Church. So, perhaps they were LDS converts also waylaid in Pennsylvania. Margarette's brother James, who chose to remain in Pennsylvania with his brother John, had several sons, one named Alma and another named Moroni. A nephew named a son Mormon.

In May of 1855, the *Juventa* docked at the port of Philadelphia and the travelers were met by Thomas, who took his father into his home. The *Juventa* was the first LDS charter ship to sail to Philadelphia, and the voyage had gone so well this was considered a promising new route for LDS immigrants. Mary and her husband continued on to Utah with their fellow passengers, traveling by train to Pittsburgh, and then by steamboat to St. Louis. From there they met up with a wagon train led by Richard Ballantyne, reaching the Salt Lake Valley in September, ending their six month journey from England to their new home. They settled in the farming community of Plain City, north of Ogden.

By 1860, Thomas had moved his family, which included his father, further west to Pittsburgh. His children were Emma, 7, Charles (our ancestor), 5, and Thomas, 3. Mary was born that year. Thomas's sister Jane had married a widower and was possibly living near their sister Mary and her family in the Midwest. Eventually these two sisters were among the early settlers of Boise, Idaho. There are several references to these family members in St. Michael's Episcopal Church there.

Thomas's daughter Mary later recorded that her family was well situated in Pennsylvania. By this time Thomas was a mining engineer with the title of Inspector. Still, Thomas and Margaret made the decision to leave her family in Pennsylvania and make the two thousand mile journey to Utah. There could have been many practical reasons in addition to a faithful desire to gather. The latter half of the 1850s was filled with calls for war by the federal government against the Mormons in Utah Territory. This would have been a factor in delaying their trip west. Federal troops, under the direction of Sidney Johnston, had marched west in 1857 to quell what some believed was a Mormon revolt. In 1858 the inhabitants of northern Utah moved south to the Provo river bottoms, likely including Thomas's sister Mary and her family. By 1858 this drastic situation was resolved, but many realized that the United States was on the verge of erupting in civil war. Thomas may have felt the time was right to move his family to the safety of Utah Territory. Church records show that Margarette was baptized in May of 1860 by a local missionary. Perhaps her conversion was the key to their leaving Pennsylvania. It appears she never looked back, as she was a faithful and courageous pioneer for the rest of her life.

Seventy years later daughter Mary wrote a tender poem about her family's trek from Pittsburgh to Salt Lake City.[1] From her verses we learn that they left Pennsylvania in June of 1861 and traveled via train, boat and wagon nine hundred miles west to Florence, Nebraska, where Mormon agents were organizing wagon trains and handcart companies heading to the Salt Lake Valley. Once they reached Nebraska, the family joined John R. Murdock's wagon train. This was an interesting case. John Murdock was an experienced leader and left Utah well-prepared with wagons and the

supplies necessary for the trip back. As he traveled east, he deposited caches of flour and other provisions which were used on his return trip. His trip from Salt Lake City to Florence took nine weeks and actually included musicians to provide entertainment on the way back. On the trip east they camped with westward wagon trains and enjoyed everyone's company and shared their music. He met his passengers in Florence, many of whom were Scandinavian immigrants. He wrote, "We remained at the river a short time and then loaded the luggage of the emigrants into our wagons. There were from sixteen to twenty persons, men, women, and children, assigned to each wagon. Those who were old enough to walk were expected to do so the greater part of the way. They would ride, occasionally, when the roads were good. I always appointed two men whose duty it was to look after the passengers. It was certainly novel to see a train starting out with everything that could be put into wagons and everything that could be tied to the outside, such as buckets, cans and all kinds of cooking utensils. It reminded one of an old turkey with a brood of young ones keeping her company. Generally there were about seven hundred passengers in one train." This company left Florence on the 4th of July, 1861. They arrived in Salt Lake in September and Thomas and his family immediately traveled north to Harrisville, not far from his sister Mary in Plain City, settling there for three years on a rented farm. A son, James, was born in Harrisville in 1863.

Mary recalled that her parents were not accustomed to farming at all and used to laugh about how little they knew about farming. Margaret traded her hand made quilts for sheep and calves.

By that time, Brigham Young was considering the organization of settlements in what is now Idaho. The West was still a frontier, and there were more dangers and risks in being far from the Salt Lake Valley. The Bear River Valley was one of three hundred and sixty settlements established under the direction of Brigham Young, a master colonizer who in just thirty years turned the barren deserts of the West into a refuge for upwards of eighty thousand Saints.

The Bear Lake Valley lies across what is now northern Utah and the southeastern portion of Idaho. It is nestled between two beautiful mountain ranges whose snows feed the valley streams and the nineteen mile long Bear Lake. Trappers discovered the valley in the earlier part of the 19th century and it became well known for its furs and pelts which were taken by pack trains to St. Louis. The valley, lake and river were named for the abundant bears whose population was significantly reduced by trappers before the Mormon colonization.

Another change in the valley was the massacre of large bands of renegade Shoshone Indians. These bands were under the control of Chiefs Leigh, Bear Hunter and Pocotello. Their presence threatened everyone in the area, even other native tribes. In the winter of 1862-63, they challenged Federal soldiers who in return attacked and killed many of the natives from the dangerous tribes – hundreds of men, women and children, although Chief Pocotello escaped.

In 1862, President Young was anxious to take advantage of a new homestead law passed by Congress. Settlers could apply to live on 160 acres and after five years would receive title to it. President Young wanted the Bear River valley secured by LDS pioneers in a successful attempt to preclude Gentile settlers from claiming this land. Brigham Young himself was not unfamiliar with the Idaho Territory, having traveled throughout it during 1856 in preparation for the Utah War.

In August of 1863, Brigham called his apostle Charles C. Rich to lead an exploring party to the Bear Lake Valley and select a settlement site. A few men from Cache Valley accompanied him with wagons in consideration of settling permanently. Fifty men also went on horseback in this first party and many cut logs and built homes. There were still Native Americans in the area, a band of the Shoshones who followed Chief Washakie. Unlike the renegade Shoshones, the Washakies weren't known for being fierce.

In October of 1863 most of the men returned to Utah for conference and then departed with their wives and more supplies in preparation for the winter. About one hundred and twenty men, women and children lived in the valley during that first winter. These early Mormon settlers found abundant fish and plenty of game in the meadows of the Bear River valley. To give an idea of the quality of these people, in the middle of the winter of 1864, two men went over the mountains to another settlement in Idaho to buy violin strings so the community could stage the play *William Tell.* They also organized a choir.

In May of 1864, President Brigham Young visited the settlement. He and his party, which included apostles George A. Smith, John Taylor, Heber C. Kimball and Wilford Woodruff, were fed fish fried in butter. President Young spoke to them on practical matters including safety, working together, trusting in the Lord, planting flower gardens and educating their children.[4]

Chief Washakie was actually a personal friend of Brigham Young, and about this time President Young and Apostle Rich used this friendship in smoothing out difficulties which had arisen in colonizing the area. The Mormon settlers worked to promote peace between themselves and the natives and also between various factions of the Washakies. President Young and Elder Rich visited Chief Washakie and Chief Pocotello at the shores of Bear Lake. They watched the waves come in and Elder Rich asked the chiefs to stop the waves. They replied that they couldn't. Elder Rich explained that the waves represented the settlers, and it would be easier to agree on peace instead of fighting with them. The two chiefs agreed on peace and the settlers and the natives enjoyed a feast, with the Mormons providing the beef which thrived in the meadows.

Eventually Washakies, who had refused to settle on reservations, lived peacefully in Southeastern Idaho, building homes, schools and adapting to farming. These bands were friendly to the Mormons and there were even cases of cattle being returned when a young buck stole from a nearby herd. Many, including Chief Washakie, joined the LDS Church.

In 1864 Thomas joined with seven hundred new settlers in the Bear River Valley who organized several communities, including Montpelier, Bloomington and St. Charles. The family initially lived in a dugout in Paris.[5] Considering the large numbers of newcomers, they were probably

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[4]In part, President Young said, "It is our duty to preserve our lives as long as possible. . . Keep your children in school, and let every father and mother make their homes so interesting that their children will never want to leave it. Make your houses and homes pleasant with foliage and beautiful gardens, with fragrance and variegated colors of flowers, and fruit blossoms, and above all, teach them always to remember that God must be in all our thoughts, and that from him proceeds every good thing."

[5]Paris was named after Fred Perris, an early settler. The name was intentionally misspelled.

lucky and grateful for that home. However, the winter of 1864-65 was much more severe than the previous winter and many cattle died. Some settlers wanted to leave, but Apostle Rich gave a stirring speech declaring that he had been called to settle the area and he would not leave. He died there twenty years later. One of his sons married Mary Jane Innes, the daughter whose writings have appeared in this chapter. Thomas and Margaret's sixth child, Charlotte, was born while they lived in the little dugout. Again, daughter Mary wrote, "The first winter was spent in a dugout with a fireplace and a hay floor, but as soon as canyon roads were open in the spring, Father soon built a house of sawed logs which was comfortable and warm. The grain and vegetables were frozen nearly every year, which made flour scarcely fit for pig feed; but Father made [the one hundred mile] trip to Ogden every fall with a load of oats and barley which he exchanged for good flour, then he would stay and work hauling sage brush which was used for fuel. He traveled by ox team, taking one week to go and another to return. Some of the family would accompany him, which was a special treat. He always bought one pair of shoes for each of us which was all we had for the year, going bare-footed in the summer. He bought our year's supply of molasses, dried fruit and groceries. We always had plenty of milk, butter, meat and eggs as well as fish and wild game." Because of the fresh water and large grazing areas, cattle raising proved to be very successful.

The second winter for the settlers was much better than the previous year. The harvest included an abundant supply of potatoes and wheat which was shared with the Washakies. Settlers often catered to the begging of the natives in order to keep peace. This was in line with directives from Brigham Young. A pioneer in Bear Lake wrote to the *Deseret News* during this time and said, ""Po-co-tell-o, the renowned Indian warrior, whose reputation for honesty is almost as great as that of a congressman, has paid a begging visit to the settlements without stealing anything from the settlers; the definition of the word, Po-co-tell-o in English literally means 'give us a sack of flour and two beeves.'"

The last of Thomas and Margarette's seven children, William, was born in a new frame home in 1868. Jane's grandfather Charles had moved with them through all of these trials. The following year Thomas and Margarette made the one hundred and fifty mile trip to Salt Lake City. There they were endowed and sealed together in the Endowment House. Father Charles accompanied them and received his own endowment. The Logan Temple, sixty miles away, was not dedicated until 1884, but Margarette kept track of her many family members and performed ordinances in their behalf after their deaths, including the ordinances for Thomas's sister Charlotte. In 1905, sixteen years after the death of her husband Thomas Innes, four of her living children accompanied her on a trip to the Logan Temple and were sealed to her and Thomas. Son Charles acted as proxy for Thomas and other relatives.

The aged widower Charles Innes helped build the first meeting house in Paris, a one room log cabin. He hewed the benches from solid logs. Muslin, in place of glass, was greased and used for windows. This kept out the cold but allowed light to filter in. Charles lived to be 92.

Fifteen years after settling in Paris, Apostle Rich called Margarette to serve as the Relief Society president in the First Ward where she served for seventeen years. Her responsibilities included caring for the sick and dressing and burying the dead. She also became a skilled pill maker.

Various family writings have described this process. “Making pills was an art in itself. The pills were made from flour, sugar, and drugs that were available. The dough was rolled into long, thin rolls, then cut into even, small pieces. The pieces were then rolled between the hands making a round pill. They were then put out to dry on wooden dough boards. As president of the Relief Society, Margaret had the responsibility of dispensing the permits for all liquors which were used as medicines. This was a great responsibility as the men would sometimes take advantage of this and claim their family members ill and needing this medication, use it themselves.” Another settler in Paris, Emeline Grover Rich, the daughter of Thomas Grover, was a plural wife of Apostle Rich. She worked with Margarette in caring for the sick and injured. Emeline became a skilled midwife and physician, even treating the settlers’ animals. She obtained the first dental equipment in the area, serving as the first dentist. The stamina and courage of these pioneer women was a vital resource in these early communities.

Mary recorded a comment made by her father’s sister Jane, who visited the family in Paris, probably traveling from Malad where she eventually settled. “His sister Jane Allison, while visiting us in Paris, said she had never known him to tell a falsehood. Their father, she said, was a very strict disciplinarian and believed that to spare the rod was to spoil the child. The temptation to evade the truth was sometimes strong, but she had never known Thomas to deny doing anything to get out of punishment. His loyalty and devotion to his friends and his deep affection for his family was recognized by all who knew him.”

Mary also wrote, “He was known for many years as the best educated man in Bear Lake Valley and the only one with a college degree. His advice was often sought and his decisions were always reliable. I have never asked him a question he could not answer. He was most generous to his family and friends, but very independent about receiving help. He was a man who did his own thinking and made his own decisions. I remember one time some of the leading citizens got up a petition to have the post master removed from office while he was away for a short time. ‘No,’ he said, ‘I won’t sign it. I consider you are taking a mean advantage of the man in his absence.’

“The last time I saw my father alive was when our son Ivan was two weeks old. He walked to our home and brought a nice chicken dressed by Mother. He died a few days later and after a few hours of illness, May 10th, 1889. Thomas was sventy-two. The funeral services held for him were wonderful; Apostle John W. Taylor and Moses Thatcher were among the speakers.”
The only words we have that he wrote are from a verse he composed for Mary’s autograph album:

May your life be long and happy.
Truth and virtue still retain
That you may be counted worthy
The promised blessings to obtain;
With your husband be united
That your happiness may increase
And your children rise and bless you,
Fill your life with joy and peace.

Mary wrote that her mother, "was an excellent knitter, knitting for the whole family, including her grandchildren. She made all the stockings, gloves, mittens, scarves, and caps. She was noted for her good cooking especially her raisin bread. Her generosity was known all over the valley. She would share anything she had, often giving the last jar of jam to a sick friend." Margaret died in Paris in1909 at the age of eighty.

Six of the seven children of Thomas and Margaret Innes lived to adulthood and among them they had fifty-one children. As President Young directed, they all learned skills, such as farming, music, school teaching and carpentry. Young William died at the age of sixteen, apparently from a severe illness. Church records show he was ordained an elder just before his death.

Sources:
History of Bear Lake Pioneers by Edith Parker Haddock and Dorothy Hardy Matthews, 1974
Writings of Mary Jane Innes Rich 1860-1936.
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Mormon Immigration Index
Overland Pioneer Travel 1847 - 1868
Names of Persons and sureties indebted to the Perpetual Emigrating Fund Company 1850-1877 by War, Maurine Carr BYU BX 8672 .N2262 vol. 1 no.2
Census, vital records and ship manifests from Ancestry.com
Early LDS Church records of Paris, Idaho.

1. This poem was read by Mary Innes Rich at a program given for the pioneers at the Howard Hotel in Brigham City on August 12th, 1929:

Eighteen hundred sixty-one in the month of June
When birds were nesting and roses in bloom,
McKeesport then was looking her best
Each bush and tree for summer was dressed;
Steamboats were passing from cities above
In the Innes home was peace and love.

Preparing to leave their cozy home nest,
And go by team to the unsettled West....
Father, Mother and children four
With an aged sire who had passed four score.
Helpless, we would pray, and the way so long,
But hearts were brave and faith was strong.

They went to Florence by boat and train,
A short time there they to remain,
To join John Murdock's ox team van
Two families to a wagon, I think was the plan.
The men all walked, and women folks, too,
Some of them walking the whole way through.

The children by spells helped lighten the load

As they toddled along the dusty road.
Camping at night by a running stream
To refresh the camp and graze the team.
When supper was over and children in bed,
They gathered for meeting I've heard it said.
Or danced on the ground to a lively tune
By the dim campfire or light of the moon.
They traveled along with many a break
In September they reached the Great Salt Lake.

The Innes' settled at Harrisville
Rented a farm the ground to till.
Farming you see was not in their line.
They had never milked cows or tended to swine.
I have heard them laugh at their amateur ways
Of running a farm in those early days.
The beautiful quilts that Mother had made
Were exchanged for sheep and calves in trade.

They moved to Paris in sixty-four;
Built a dugout with hay for a floor.
A smoky old chimney that wouldn't draw,
Though snow was deep and weather raw.
To this humble home a sweet babe came,
The fairest of all, Charlotte by name.

The following year we left the hay
And moved in a brand new house to stay.
It seemed like a mansion so dry and warm
With never a leak in the heaviest storm.
Their water cure books and home made pills
Proved a panacea for many ills.
They doctored their own and many others.
In those days all were as sisters and brothers.

Helping each other in every way;
Giving their time with no thought of pay.
They never gained riches, mere comfort at best,
But never regretted they came to the West.
They loved the Gospel, and felt fully repaid
For every Sacrifice they ever had made.

Our Pioneer parents were brave and true
And paved the way for me and you.
It's up to us and the younger generation
To follow their example to gain salvation.

Mary Innes Rich

History of Bear Lake Pioneers, compiled by Edith Parker Haddock and Dorothy Hardy Matthews, 1974, 979.644 D3h (FHL) BX 8670 .H629 (BYU).

The Innes family arrived in Bear Lake in 1864. They had come from McKeesport, Pennsylvania. They spent the winter in Illinois and joined with the John Murdock Ox Cart Company at Florence, Nebraska, July, 1861. There were five hundred people in the company with thirty-three wagons. Only the women and children and the sick rode in the wagons, and the woman and children walked much of the way. The wagons were put in a circle each evening and if the day had gone well, they danced and sang. Sometimes, they sang the songs of Zion to bolster their spirits, especially when many were sick or some had died. They arrived in Salt Lake City on September 12, 1861. They were called by Brigham Young to settle in Harrisville, Utah, near Ogden, later being called to Bear Lake.

At the time they crossed the plains, Charles Innes, (born June 19, 1779, Plessey, Durham, England) was 82 years old. He walked all the way. When he came to Paris, he helped to build the first meeting place, a one room log cabin; he hewed the benches by hand from solid logs. Charles Innes died in Paris, Idaho, January 21, 1871.

Thomas Innes (only son of Charles and Mary Blanch Innes) was born at Rytton, England, December 1, 1816. He was a well educated man, having studied in England and Scotland. He joined the L.D.S. Church in England and with his father came to America, settling in Pennsylvania, where as a mining engineer, he was Inspector of Mines. It was here he married Margaret Louttit. They had Emma Idell, Charles Wheatley Blanch, Thomas, and Mary Jane before leaving Pennsylvania. James was born in Harrisville and Charlotte Isabell and William Alexandra in Paris, Idaho. Thomas, a man with a college education, who had never worked on a farm and knew nothing about machinery or animals, found it very difficult to make a living after coming to Harrisville. At one time, he was considered one of the best education men in Bear Lake Valley and was consulted often, but due to a partial loss of hearing could not teach or pursue the occupations for which he was best suited.

The Innes family arrived in Bear Lake the second winter for the pioneers; it was the hardest winter for them. The wheat was frozen and the supplies were low. They told the stories of meat being so scarce that the soup bone would be passed from house to house as long as it could flavor the soup. Their first winter in Paris was spent in a dugout with a fireplace, smokey chimney, and a hay floor. The next spring Thomas built a log home. The grain and vegetables were frozen nearly every year, which made flour scarcely fit for pig feed, but he made a trip to Ogden with a load of oats and barley nearly every fall and exchanged it for good flour. He would stay in Ogden and work hauling sagebrush which was used for fuel. He would buy each member of the family his yearly pair of shoes, plus material, molasses, dried fruit and other groceries for the winter. This trip by ox team took one week to go and another to return. Thomas died May 10, 1889, at Paris, Idaho.

William Bird 1823 – 1894 and Ann Roylance 1833 – 1887

William Bird was born in Southport, Chemung, New York on July 16, 1823. He was the son of Benjamin Freeman Bird and Marabah Reeves. He was the twelfth and last child born to this couple.

In 1832 when William was nine year old, a single Elder from the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints knocked on their door. He asked for admittance and keep, since he was a minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ and was preaching without purse or script. Benjamin and Marabah were touched by the testimony that he bore. Over the next few weeks, by reading the Book of Mormon, they became convinced that his message was true.

Since the Elder had moved on, the Bird's grasped at the only link that would tie them to the glorious message that they had received, they subscribed to the Star ("Evening and Morning Star" periodical produced in Kirkland from 1832-1834). Because the Church was in its very early infancy, having been only 31 months since the Church was organized, the Bird family had no where else to turn for additional information.

In October 1834, in the Messenger and Advocate printed at Kirtland, Ohio (Oct. 1834 – Sept. 1835), Oliver Cowdery, published the following excerpt: "Mr. Benjamin F. Bird of Southport, New York writes under date of Nov. 14, 1833. I have received your papers almost one year; and because I held the Book of Mormon as sacred as I do the Bible, the Methodist (though I had been a regular member almost 37 years) turned me out; but I bless God for it; for though they cast me out Jesus took me in." He asked that if anyone was passing through his town if they could stop as he would love to unite with the church.

Before a team of Elders could respond to Benjamin's request, he lost his sweetheart Marabah in the winter of 1833, leaving him with a heavy heart and the responsibility of raising his children. William, the youngest child, was ten years old when his mother died.

Finally in June 1834 the Elders were able to contact Benjamin and baptism him and several of his married children and their spouses. Benjamin and his family including his married son Phineas moved to Davies County, Missouri and were later driven out of that state when the Extermination Order was issued. William was only sixteen years old.

William was baptized a member of the church September 13, 1839 in Adams County, Illinois by Charles C. Rich.

The family settled in Nauvoo and Benjamin purchased the property now known as the Bird-Browning Site on Main Street from the Prophet Joseph Smith for $300. They built a nice two room log cabin with a root cellar, (which has been restored by the Church) and dug a well. In 1843 they build the two-story brick structure which was later sold to Jonathan Browning and the family moved to a large 50 acre farm on the outskirts of Nauvoo.

While they were in Nauvoo, William's father, Benjamin helped to build the Nauvoo Temple. William was ordained an Elder on April 10, 1843 in Nauvoo. On the same day that he was made an Elder he was called to serve a mission in Connecticut with Joseph Outhouse as his companion. He faced much religious persecution during his mission. When he returned the from his mission the Saints were making

preparations to leave their beautiful Nauvoo because of the persecutions which were being inflicted upon them.

In February 1846 the Bird family crossed the frozen river and began their trek west. As some of William's brothers were weavers by trade the family was asked by President Young to remain at Council Bluffs and Winter Quarters to assist in outfitting the saints. It was 1850 before Benjamin and his family completed the trek to the Salt Lake Valley.

It was while the family was at Council Bluffs that the United States government approached President Brigham Young and asked for men to help with the Mexican-American War. The Mormons needed money for the trek west and the government needed men to fight the Mexican army in California. Upon President Young's request William along with over 500 others enlisted on July 16, 1847 and was known as the Mormon Battalion.

William, age 22, was in Captain James Brown's Detachment and was a Private in Company B. The battalion marched from Council Bluffs on July 20, 1846, arriving on August 1, 1846 at Fort Leavenworth (Kansas), where they were outfitted for their trek to Santa Fe. Battalion members drew their arms and accoutrements, as well as a clothing allowance of forty-two dollars, at the fort. Since a military uniform was not mandatory, many of the soldiers sent their clothing allowances to their families in the encampments in Iowa. The group then set off on their 2000 mile march. Their journey was filled with hardship, freezing nights, scarce supplies and marching mile after mile, day after day, trudging. They averaged 20 miles a day, blazing a new trail across the desert

In his journal Albert King Thurber told the following story. "A Mr. Colwell was traveling within close proximity of the Battalion for protection from the Indians and lost his cattle. They had seen Indian tracks and could hear them nights, close onto camp. As the Battalion was laying over to rest, he and William Bird volunteered to help Mr. Colwell look for his cattle. They had not gone far when they found an ox that had just been killed in Ute style by shooting an arrow under his ear. They traveled a little farther and he and William came to a projecting ledge, nicely hidden with brush set up in front. They immediately made a gallant charge and tore away the brush but no Indian was found, but a large quantity of meat nicely packed away, a portion of which they packed on a mule, thinking they had been very fortunate in replenishing their provisions. When they got back to camp they boiled the meat a long time and decided it was time to eat. When they tried to eat the meat they found that it was rather tough and the longer they chewed the tougher the meat become. They both came to the conclusion to never bother the Indians again unless it was necessary to protect their own camp.

In August 1846, as they continued their trek toward Santa Fe, New Mexico William was "thrown by a wild mule," which fell on him and fractured his right elbow. On this trek the soldiers suffered from excessive heat, lack of sufficient food, improper medical treatment, and forced long-distance marches. This was a very trying time for William with his elbow injury and improper medical treatment. On 9 October 1846 the weary soldiers dragged themselves into Santa Fe, the provincial capital of New Mexico, which had some six thousand inhabitants. They had traveled one thousand miles. Their approach was heralded by Col. Alexander Doniphan, who ordered a one-hundred-gun salute in their honor.

At Santa Fe, it was decided that fifty-five members of the Battalion who were worn and weakened by the trip would be sent to Fort Pueblo, Colorado to spend the winter. Because of his fractured elbow

William was detached with the sick to Fort Pueblo. The group was under the direction of Captain James Brown. When they arrived in Fort Pueblo they met John Brown and his company of Mississippi Saints who were wintering there also. This group of Mormon Battalion members lived as best as they could during the 6 months they spent in Pueblo before starting another long trek back north to find Brigham Young's wagon train.

On May 24, 1847 the group left Pueblo. There were 140 of the sick detachment and 40 of the Mississippi Saints all bound for Utah. There were only 29 wagons, 1 carriage, 100 horses and mules, and 300 head of cattle to make the journey. They traveled north to Fort Laramie, arriving there June 16, and then found the Mormon Trail and headed west. They found that Brigham Young and the original Vanguard Co. was only a few days ahead of them. This company arrived in Utah just five days after the arrival of the original company on July 29, 1847. The men were anxious to see their new home and be reunited with their families

President Young and the twelve came out to meet them in the midst of a very heavy rainstorm. The group rode on to have a look at the valley and as they came to the mouth of the canyon they saw what they thought was a bear but which proved to be four wolves. They all started for the animals, everyone trying to load their guns as they were all empty. Someone shot one of the wolves and William got off his horse and cut the tail off and stuck it in his cap and wore it into camp. The group received a hearty welcome.

The group of volunteers had left Council Bluffs looking natural enough but now they looked like mountaineers, sunburned and weather beaten, mostly dressed in buckskin with fringes and porcupine quills, moccasins, Spanish saddles and spurs, Spanish bridles and jinglers on them; and long beards, so that if they had looked in a glass (mirror) they would not have known themselves. "Went away afoot, came home riding a fine horse and receiving a hearty welcome and a "God bless you," from the Lord's ministers, was worth all we suffered."

On July 31, 1847, Brigham Young assumed command of the soldiers and ordered them to gather brush for the bowery. They built a comfortable shelter forty by twenty-eight feet in size. On Sunday, August 1, they all went to meeting in the new bowery and listened to Pres. Young. During the week the soldiers shared their knowledge of how to make adobes. The adobes, 18x9 inches were used to build the old fort. They worked under church direction, cultivating the soil and making adobes for both living quarters and a fort.

William helped as they made preparations to spend their first winter in the valley.

Then August 16, 1847: William was a member of the group of Battalion volunteers and some members of the Pioneer Company that departed for the Missouri River to meet their families and bring them back west, after thirteen months of separation.

Sometime later he returned to the valley, perhaps with his father and family who made the trek in 1850, however he is not listed as traveling with them.

Here in Springville Utah is where William met his future wife Ann Roylance. Ann was the daughter of John and Mary Ann Oakes Roylance and was born in Lower Peover, Chestershire, England, October 8, 1833. Ann was just a child when her parents joined the Mormon Church and then when she was seven years old they immigrated to join the Saints in Nauvoo. They sailed out of Liverpool, England on

February 7, 1841 on the ship Sheffield, and arrived in New Orleans, Louisiana March 30, 1841 on their way to join the saint in Nauvoo, Illinois. They arrived in Nauvoo on April 19th.

Ann was baptized in Nauvoo and then when the Saints were forced to leave their beautiful city traveled with her parents to Council Bluffs, Iowa. Here her father volunteered to join the Mormon Battalion and left for California with the other volunteers leaving her mother alone with seven children and not even a tent to live in. The bishop had a log cabin built for them to live in while her father was gone.

After Ann's father was released from the Battalion in California he returned to Iowa and helped his family move to Salt Lake Valley, arriving in September 17, 1850. The family was sent to help settle Springville, arriving there on the evening of September 19, 1850, the day after the first settlers came to that community. This became their permanent home and Ann grew up there and became acquainted with William Bird whose family had also settled in Springville. I suspect William and Ann's father were well acquainted having both been members of the Mormon Battalion.

In 1851 on September 28, William and Ann were married in Springville, Utah. The young couple made their home in Springville for the next twelve years. Five children were born while they lived here: William Henry 1852; Amanda Jane 1853; Andrew James 1856; Anna Mary 1858; and Mary Ann 1859. They buried two of their children in Springville; William Henry who died when he was three years old and Anna Mary who lived only 15 days.

In 1859 William took his family and moved to Cache Valley, Utah settling in the town of Mendon. His brother Charles, 20 years Williams senior, and his family also moved to Mendon. While living here William and Ann had their sixth child, John Alma, born on May 4, 1862.

In 1863 Apostle Charles C. Rich was called to establish a settlement in the Bear Lake Valley. On September 28, of that year William and Ann moved their children and belongings from Mendon to this new area and built a home in Paris. It was a very primitive settlement and those living there suffered a great deal from lack of food and warmth, but they were determined to stick it out and create a community. They had to all work together to survive the long and cold winters and provide for their families.

William and Ann's last two children were born there. Emma Cordelia, on July 21, 1867 and Charles Vernon on August 9, 1871.

William kept a little notebook. One item in the book says "September the 28, 1863; I landed in Bear Lake (he ran out of room and had to add Valley at a slant." The book contains a list of genealogical date concerning his family and ancestors. The original is located in the LDS Church Archives, Salt Lake City, Utah.

By 1881 William was residing in Paris, Bear Lake, Idaho, and his health was rapidly declining. In 1887 on August 28, his companion of thirty-six years died. She was buried in the Paris Cemetery.

By 1888 William was partially deaf, suffered from a kidney disease and had rheumatism in his right elbow. As his health declined, so did his prosperity.

By January 5, 1893 William, now age 70 owned only a lot with a log cabin valued at $100, fifteen acres of meadow land worth $37.50 and some livestock.

April 18, 1894, William joined his Ann in the Eternal World. He was laid to rest by his wife in the Paris, Cemetery. There is no headstone only a military marker on his grave.

Sources: History of the Church. Vol. 5, Ch. 18, Pg. 349

Times and Seasons, Vol. 4, Pg. 158

Members, LDS 1830-1848, by Susan Easton Black, Vol. 5, pp 496-498

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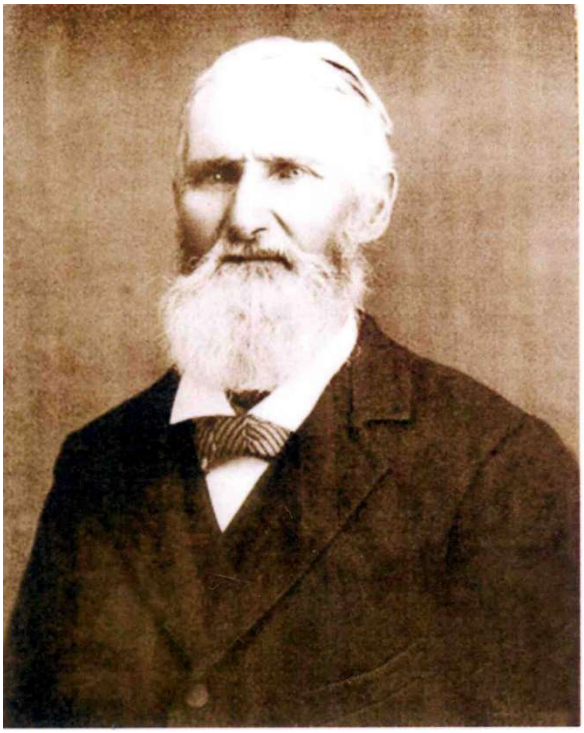
Messenger and Advocate, Vol. 1, No. 3, December, 1834, p. 45.

Mormon Battalion Pension Records

History of Mendon – Second oldest Settlement in Cache Valley

Heart Throbs of the West, Vol 8, p.414

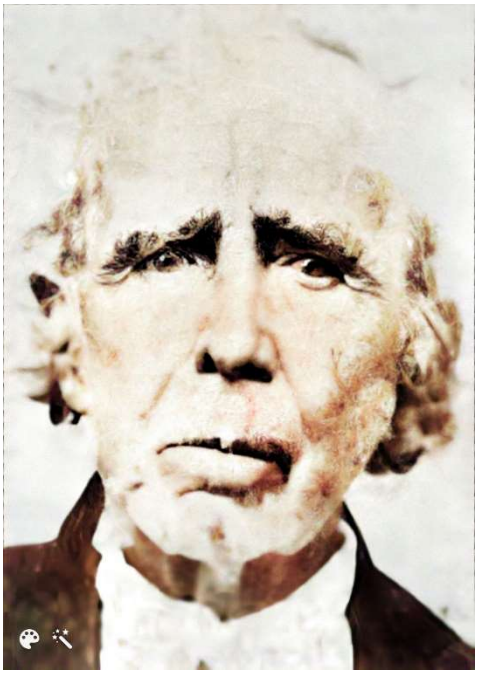
William Bird Papers, LDS Church Archives



William Bird and his wife, Ann Roylance
William 16 July 1823 - 18 Apr. 1894
Ann 8 Oct. 1833 - 28 Aug. 1887

William is the son of Benjamin Freeman Bird and Marabah Reeves
He is the brother of Charles Bird

Benjamin Freeman Bird 1778 – 1862 and Marabah Reeves 1784 – 1833



Benjamin, son of Jeremiah Bird and Elizabeth Marsh, was born 19 January 1778, during the Revolutionary War. He was the fifth child and had four sisters and six brothers. With such a large family and the struggle of war, there was anxiety and worry for Jeremiah and Elizabeth.

In this year of 1778, France sent a fleet to help the colonists, in return, the colonists had to sign an agreement that they would fight until they won their independence from England

Benjamin was born at Morristown, New Jersey, and it could well have been because of the war since all of his brothers and sisters were born at Elizabeth. It was about this time that the battle for the Hudson River was in progress, and Howe was prevented from crossing New Jersey. This was also the year Washington was at Valley Forge, and pursed the English across New Jersey. The year of 1780 was the gloomiest year of the revolutionary war, but in the year of 1783 on the 19th day of April the war ended.

With this event there began a real struggle. The soldiers were returning home, sick and tired. It had been a hard war, with little enough for the soldiers, who had suffered untold hardships with short rations, poor clothing, and severely cold winters. It was a slow, hard road to recovery.

About 1887, the Chesapeake and Ohio railroads and the Erie Canal were built for transportation, and Ohio, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin were added to the Union. These states, formed on public land, gave Congress an added opportunity to sell land to the people and use the proceeds to pay off the debt incurred by the War of Independence.

We can see changes taking place in the lives of our Bird family. It would be interesting to know what part the Bird family played in this period, but we know nothing definite of Benjamin's youth. He seems to have been a very intelligent and active person.

On the 22 February 1800, Benjamin married Maribah Reeves; he was twenty-two years old and she was sixteen. Maribah was born in Essex County, New Jersey on May 8, 1784, the daughter of Phineas Reeves and Mary Taylor. This was the year the nation's capitol was moved from Philadelphia to Washington, D.C. The capitol building construction began in 1800.

Benjamin, being the fifth son, seems to be the one who pulled up stakes and left the old homestead, moving to Flanders in Morris County and starting a home for his new bride. Here five children were born to them; Phineas Reeves - January 29, 1802; Charles – September 19, 1803; Samuel – March 19, 1805; James – December 22, 1806; and Elizabeth - February 8, 1809.

People were building more substantial homes at this time. Many even built mansions, some of which still stand today. Lovely churches were built and industry was expanding. Church was still the center of life, with dinners and teas and dancing. Benjamin and Marabah were members of the Methodist Church.

Benjamin had lived when Washington was President and John Adams. Now in 1801 – 1809, Thomas Jefferson was President and sometime between 1809 and 1811, Benjamin took his family and moved to New York State. He settled at Hector in Tompkins County in the Western part of New York. Here they stayed several years, and three more children were born to them; George – January 15, 1811; Kelsey – March 30, 1813; Polly – January 13, 1815.

In January 1811 they, had a little boy named George, and on February 11 that same year, their first little girl, Elizabeth, died at the age of two. In 1813, their son George died also at the age of two and was their second child buried in Hector, New York.

After 1816, they moved to South Port, Tiago County. It would be interesting to know the reason for these moves, as these places are not far apart. The counties in this area have been divided many times since these early days. While living here, many important things happened to this family. Four more children were born: George – May 12, 1817; Amanda – January 24, 1819; Richard – October 13, 1820; William – July 18, 1823.

Their second son named George died February 25, 1818, and Samuel, the third child, died February 13, 1828. Samuel was twenty-three years old and was married to Casia Brown.

During this period the prosperity of this new nation was established. There seemed to be plenty of employment, materials, and opportunities for all. It was a time when many immigrants came to this new country. There was a trend toward building cities, beautiful homes and churches. America was young and growing and Madison was President, a man who greatly loved peace and tried constantly to avoid war or contention.

Benjamin and his family undoubtedly heard many stories of the sea and of the battles fought there between the ships of our country and those of France and England. The United States was proud of her ships and seaman. She was not strong enough at this time to fight an offensive war, but with her ships she gained respect from England and France by capturing and destroying their shipping. One of our ships at this time was known as “Old Ironsides” or by its real name, the “Constitution.”

In 1817, the year little George was born, Monroe was elected President of the United States, steam ships were being constructed to take the place of sails, and Alabama and Mississippi were added to the union. The question of slavery was one of the big issues facing the government, and England was still smuggling slaves into the south.

John Quincy Adams and Andrew Jackson were president while Benjamin’s children were growing to the age of responsibility. Their son, Samuel was born the same year as Joseph Smith, and Richard was born the year that Joseph received the First Vision and was visited by God, the father and His Son, Jesus Christ.

We know there was great religious contention during this time. Benjamin Freeman, being a religious man, was touched by these contentions. He was living in Western New York, not far from

Wayne County, and very probably heard a great deal of good and bad about the Prophet Joseph Smith. The Mormon Church had been organized and the Book of Mormon was being circulated.

In the winter of 1832, Benjamin Freeman and his wife Marabah lived in a comfortable home in South port, New York with eight of their nine living children. As the snow blanketed the New York country side a single Elder from the Church of Jesus Christ of knocked on their door. He asked for admittance and keep, since he was a minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ and was preaching without purse or script. Benjamin and Marabah were touched by the testimony that he bore. Over the next few weeks, by reading the book of Mormon, they became convinced that his message was true. Since the Elder had moved on, the Bird's grasped at the only link that would tie them to the glorious message that they had received, they subscribed to the “Evening and Morning Star”. Because the Church was in its very early infancy, having been only 31 months since the Church was organized, the Bird family had no where else to turn for additional information.

In the first addition of the “Messenger and Advocate” printed at Kirtland, Ohio, in October 1834, Oliver Cowdery, then second Elder in the church, published the following excerpt: "Mr Benj. F. Bird, of Southport, Tioga Co, N.Y. , writes under date of Nov. 14 (1833) and says : I have received your papers almost one year and because I held the book of Mormon as sacred as I do the bible, the Methodist (though I had been a regular member almost 37 years,) turned me out; but I bless God for it for though they cast me out Jesus took me in.

"He further adds, that he does not know as he shall ever have a privilege of uniting with this church, as he never saw but one elder, whom he solicited to preach twice; that it caused a great stir and noise among the people .

"If any of the elders are passing near, would they not do well to call ? We circulate some few papers in that place, the most of which is through the agency of our aged friend of whom we have been speaking, and from whom we acknowledge the receipt of money for the same."

Before a team of Elders could respond to Benjamin's request, he lost his sweet heart Marabah in the winter of 1833, leaving him with a heavy heart and the responsibility of raising eight children. As he shared his testimony of the truthfulness of the Church of Jesus Christ with his friends, many mocked, but a few hearts were touched. One who came to know by the spirit that Benjamin's testimony was true, was a woman named Margaret Crain. Margaret was the widow of Nathanial Daily. She was born In June 1893 in Essex County, New Jersey. After a short courtship they were married on the 25th day of April, 1833. After their marriage the family moved to Wellsburg, Tiago County.

A year later on April 9, 1834, Margaret bore Benjamin a beautiful daughter whom they named Margaret Jane. Finally in June of 1834, a team of Mormon elders came to the area and having the necessary authority, Benjamin, his wife Margaret and several of the married children of Benjamin and Marabah, with their spouses, were baptized.

Another child Benjamin Freeman, Jr was born on June 20, 1837 while they were living in Wellsburg.

Benjamin took his family and gathered with the Saints to Missouri in 1838. In 1839, He and his son Phineas and families were in Daviess County and suffered the violence and persecution involved with the exodus from Missouri.

Benjamin Freeman Bird and his sons Phineas and Charles Bird signed the affidavit wherein they covenanted with the other inhabitants of Far West to stand by and assist one another "to the utmost of our abilities in removing from the state of Missouri." They bound themselves to the extent of all of their available property to be disposed of by a committee for the purpose of providing means for the removal of the poor and destitute from the state. Their covenant was in vain when they were ruthlessly driven from Far West. As they left Far West, the Bird families looked back and saw their homes in flames. They left Missouri with only the clothes on their backs in the dead of winter, with nowhere to go, after having suffered the Far West holocaust.

After leaving Missouri the family went to Nauvoo where he and Margaret's third child Martha Marie was born June 2, 1840. In January, 1840, Benjamin purchased the property now known as the Bird-Browning site on main street from the Prophet Joseph Smith for $300. They built a nice two room log cabin with a root cellar which has been restored by the Church, and dug a well which is now on the south side of the property. In the spring of 1843 they built the two-story brick structure. (Later, they sold the property to Jonathan Browning, who then added on the first story of the middle section and even later, the gunsmith and blacksmith shops. Browning lived in the brick home approximately a year, then it was occupied by Lucy Mack Smith, the mother of the Prophet Joseph Smith. It was while she was living here that she wrote her autobiography which included the biography of her son. This is one of the most popular histories on the life of the prophet Joseph even to this day. Subsequent owners are thought to have added the small second story onto the middle section, the kitchen and probably even later individuals with German architectural liking, added the porch onto the back of the original two story living quarters.)

Benjamin and his family lived in the log cabin for three years and in the two story brick structure for a few months. During that time they enjoyed all of the special cultural events that have come to mark the Nauvoo period as being one of the most unique in history. Since converts from all over the world came to Nauvoo and established their homes during those years, there was a great mixing of cultures and arts. Bound by oneness, all being Latter-day saints, there was a friendly blending of a variety of cultures and a feeling of personal pride and friendliness. These people, who had been persecuted

and driven from Ohio and then Missouri, now lived in relative peace. They enjoyed a pronounced zest for life, which enabled them to enjoy and appreciate the unique cultural advantages that were theirs.

The Bird families traded at the store of the Prophet Joseph Smith, and often attended parties and socials at the mansion house. There were several occasions where Benjamin played a friendly game of croquet with his friends and neighbors, which included Joseph, Hyrum, Wilford Woodruff and Heber C. Kimball.

While living in the log cabin, Benjamin and Margaret enjoyed a time of relative peace and prosperity. Also at Nauvoo, Benjamin enjoyed the association of several of his children and many of his grandchildren. His sons Phineas, Charles, James, and Samuel all had their families at Nauvoo, and he still had living at home with him two sons by Marabah and the three children by Margaret.

In the fall of 1843, disruptions, both internal and external to the church, were caused by John C. Bennett and William Law, who were at one time counselors to the Prophet Joseph in the First Presidency. Benjamin with his home on Main street was in the middle of all of the excitement and persecution.

Because Benjamin was now 65 years old and had three children at home under the age of 9, he desired to move to a quieter location. As mentioned earlier, he sold the property and the newly built brick home to Jonathan Browning and purchased a large 50 acre farm on the outskirts of Nauvoo. (pictured at right)

Benjamin and some of his sons participated in the building of the Nauvoo Temple. His son, Phineas, was called on a mission to the Wisconsin pineries. In the pineries he was involved in cutting down pine trees, which were then floated down the Mississippi River to Nauvoo where they ultimately were used in the building of the Temple. Two of Benjamin's sons were called on proselyting missions; Charles to North Carolina and William to Connecticut.

His son Charles was one of the Prophet Joseph's personal body guards and it was his team and wagon that carried the bodies of the prophet and his brother, Hyrum, away from the mansion house.

After the death of the prophet Joseph, the Bird's, along with the other saints worked under armed guard to complete the Temple. Some of the family were able to receive their endowments in the third floor rooms of the Nauvoo Temple. In the large, third story at the front of the building, was where dressing rooms and chambers for preparatory ordinances were located. Sealings took place in the large rectangular room beneath the gable.

Emma was so concerned that the mobocrats would dig up the body of her husband, the prophet Joseph, and desecrate his grave for the $1,000 reward that was pending for him " dead or alive, " that she had ten men bury the remains of her husband and Hyrum in the basement of the Nauvoo House. Because at least ten people knew that they were buried under the Nauvoo House, her concerns continued to mount, until one night she appeared at the Bird home and asked for help to rebury the bodies in a secret tomb near the old Homestead. Benjamin's sons Charles and William were two of the four men that were entrusted with this task. They loaded the dirt from the floor of the cellar of the Old Spring House into the back of Charles' wagon and drove it out as far as they could into the Mississippi River and unloaded the dirt, thereby leaving no evidence that the martyrs were buried there.

Benjamin and his sons and their families were present after the martyrdom when Sidney Rigdon claimed that he was to be the guardian of the church. They witnessed President Brigham Young transfigure into the voice, appearance and personality of the prophet Joseph Smith and felt the Spirit bear witness to their souls that the Twelve should preside.

In January, 1846 , the presiding Brethren decided to move west. President Brigham Young, knowing that CharlesBird had one of the best teams of horses in the City of Nauvoo, asked Charles if he would be the first person to cross the Mississippi River on the ice. On February 25, 1846, Benjamin Freeman Bird stood under the old tree at the end of Teardrop Lane and watched his son drive his loaded wagon across the frozen river to see if the ice was firm enough for the Saints to cross.

Shortly after they arrived at Council Bluffs his son William accepted Brigham Young's call and joined the Mormon Battalion in the historic trek that has come to be known as the symbol of dedication and patriotism of the Latter-day Saint people.

Margaret left Benjamin at some point. We do not know the exact time but it appears likely that she never went farther with him than Nauvoo. She and their three children did not come west with the rest of the family. In a church record located in the Church Archives dated July 17, 1848 is the record of when Benjamin F. Bird was made Branch President of the Lake Branch at Winter Quarters and was also temporarily assigned as Bishop over the Branch. It also states that Jane Gully Bird (his third wife) was present at the meeting and there is no mention of Margaret.

So from this we can know that Benjamin married Jane sometime before July 17th, 1848 even though we do not have the exact date. Jane Jones Frilick Gully had two daughters by her previous marriage to Samuel Gully; Martha born about 1835 and Harriet born about 1840.

Because several of the Bird family were weavers by trade, Benjamin and his sons and their families were asked to remain at Council Bluffs and Winter Quarters and assist in the outfitting of the emigrant Saints. Many had been driven out of their homes without opportunity to take the necessary clothing and other items that they would need to make the long trek into the wilderness to they knew not where. The Bird family set up a woolen mill, of sorts similar to the one that they had at Nauvoo, and thereby assisted in the emigration of the thousands of homeless Saints. In 1850 the Brethren invited the Bird families to come West. They emigrated with the Milo Andrus Company. There were 206 persons and 51 wagons in the Company. On this train with Benjamin Freeman Bird were his wife and small children and Richard and James with their families. This was the first company of emigrating Saints for the season, leaving Missouri in June of 1850.

They took the pioneer trail over which the year before trains had passed which had been stricken with cholera. As the pioneers moved along they saw the bones of their dead comrades, as their bodies had been ripped out of their shallow graves by wolves and other scavengers and scattered over the country side.

Soon after arriving in Salt Lake City, Benjamin had the privilege of being present when apostle George A. Smith called his son James Bird to be the first Bishop of the Provo Second Ward and was also present when Elder Smith ordained him to that office.

Because of his advancing age and the trials he had been subjected to for the last fourteen years, Benjamin found the peaceful seclusion of the Rocky Mountains

particularly delightful. Several of the Bird families settled in the beautiful area of Springville and there Benjamin enjoyed the associations of many of his numerous grandchildren and watched them wax strong in the Gospel. Benjamin crossed over into the spirit world a content and happy man in 1862 and is buried near the home of his dreams in Springville, Utah.

He is buried in the Springville, Utah Cemetery.