

Autobiography
of
Joseph Alexander Rees



RECORD
OF
JOSEPH ALEXANDER REES
1840 - 1922

This is a copy of the record kept by Joseph Alexander Rees. The PLATE ANNEX included here consists of documents originally pasted in the Record itself. To reduce their further deterioration, they were removed, numbered and placed in a more protective PLATE ANNEX.

The PLATE numbers throughout the text of the RECORD indicate the approximate, original location in the RECORD of the relevant documents now contained in the PLATE ANNEX.

It is contemplated that the original RECORD and PLATE ANNEX will be donated in due course to the Utah State Historical Society for permanent retention in its archives.

Preface

In order that my children and theirs may become acquainted--though briefly--with the source from which they sprang, I have concluded on this the 13th day of August A.D. 1913 to copy from some previous writings of mine about myself and others and record them in this book.

Some years ago I commenced writing my autobiography in the belief that parents would do well to transmit to their posterity an unbiased account of their lives together with such happenings as they might consider to be of value. Among Latter Day Saints especially do I consider it almost if not an entire duty to connect past lives with present lives historically and make their genealogy as complete as possible. I wish I knew more about my ancestors than I do but must be content at present with the little I have and that little I want my posterity to know.

Joseph A. Rees.

Santaquin, June 22nd 1916

To my sons, Alfred, Alexander and Marcellus:

It is my wish that this record be kept in the care of Alfred as custodian. That Alexander and Marcellus be invited by Alfred, when they are old enough to appreciate and understand, to examine the contents of this narrative. That free access to this book be given to each of my daughters and that all or any of my offspring be allowed to copy any part of it, if desired.

Your father,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Joseph A. Rees." The signature is written in dark ink on a white background.

On a Friday morning about one o'clock on the 14th day of August in the year 1840 in the town of Fishguard (Abergwain) County of Pembroke, South Wales, England I first "breathed the breath of life". I was the fourth and last child of my mother.

My father's name was William Rees, my mother's name was Elizabeth Leyshon Rees. I've had but one sister, Elizabeth, who died in infancy, a brother William who lived to raise a large family and a brother David now living at Dolores, State of Colorado.

It doesn't frequently occur that all the children of a family were born at or about one o'clock Friday morning but such was the case with us children.

My father measured 5 ft. 7 ½ inches and was of a rather dark complexion. In disposition he was ever kind and was highly respected in business circles and among all who knew him because of the exactness of his dealings in the commercial world, the truthfulness of his word and his devotion to Christian duties. Yet he was skeptical regarding many beliefs and practices in vogue among the sects of the day. In his mind no lodgment was found for the beliefs, then prevalent in witchcraft, mighty appearances of ghosts, funeral processions of spirits preceding the death of someone and other kindred nonsense and ignorance.

Of father's youth and early manhood, I know but little. His parents died while he was quite young leaving him unprotected and untaught in the essentials of right living. However, he was born in a small village named Dinas about three miles from Fishguard about the beginning of the 19th century.

Some time in his younger days he drifted towards the coal and iron works around Merthyr Tydvil and Tredegar at which later place he had a son born to him out of wedlock. The child's name was John and when he grew to manhood he looked so much like my father in face and stature that no denial on the part of my father would avail in any court or before any jury. I am pleased to here remark that my father treated him as a father should and John showed great respect to his father. Of John's mother I know nothing.



Merthyr Tydvil Iron Works, circa 1870

For some years my father was a member of the Baptist church and occupied a prominent pew in the chapel. His business was store keeping. He dealt in cutlery, crockeryware and notions in general. He was also a prominent dealer in marine stores. He was certainly a decided worker. After toiling all day at his regular business, he would stay up late at night repairing umbrellas and parasols for his customers. He never loafed.

In the year 1849, father embraced the principles of the gospel of Christ as taught by the Latter Day Saints. Shortly afterwards he was ordained an Elder. He did but very little preaching. I remember but one occasion. Although lacking fluency, he was quite logical in his deductions. As I now view him, demonstration to him was a greater force of conviction than faith or revelation.

In those early missionary days the small branches of the Church were as a rule many miles apart. From one branch to the other the elders worked, selling tracts on the way and preaching when opportunity was favorable. Without purse or script those valiant men of God willingly gave their time for the high purpose of saving souls.

My father realizing their purpose and being in sympathy with them and their creed, fed and sheltered them willingly and gladly and did all he could to defend them against the bitter assaults of the members of other churches. I well remember the gathering of mobs and how they followed us along the streets of Fishguard. At one time they broke nearly every pane of glass in our house and offered other indignities while Elder Phillip Sykes was preaching in one of our rooms. It was at this time that my brother William attempted to heroically defend our rights against the mob. A sailor grappled with my brother in fierce anger to do him bodily harm and maybe worse, when in self defense my brother gave him a sharp cut which ended the fray. Next day my brother was arrested charged with crime. His case was taken to the High Assizes where he was not only exonerated by the judge but also justified.

The expense of the trial was heavy and bore somewhat heavily on my father's purse. It may seem strange, but nonetheless true, that throughout years of persecution, the heavy expense of the trial

above mentioned, the feeding and clothing of the Elders, contributions to the Salt Lake temple and for many other purposes, my parents grew richer daily.

Father was no coward. No person or persons could invade his home without a substantial protest-one to be remembered. Much because of my mother's unquenchable faith, the inspiration of her nature and her determined insistence to leave Babylon and go to Zion, father disposed of much of his property and in the spring of 1855 sailed to America arriving in the Salt Lake Valley October 29, 1855.

Father soon found that life and living were different in the untamed West to that of Wales. The business he followed with profit in his native land and among his Welsh speaking [illegible] not, with his reduced means, he carried on with any degree of success by him. His new and hitherto untried labors such as digging, ditching, fencing, canyon work, farming were not as pleasant nor as profitable as his accustomed work in Wales. Again: Some of the Utah missionaries did not portray conditions in Utah with exactness. In some instances they falsely described them. These same men failed to return to father according to promises money he loaned them on the way.

Father's faith began to falter and his desire to go elsewhere took a strong hold on him. To add to his mental attitude of disquiet, the "move" south, the temporary abandoning of his Salt Lake two homes and his one at Willow Creek (Now Willard), the news of the shocking tragedy at Mountain Meadows all contributed towards hastening his departure.

About mid-summer my parents, my brother Wm. his wife and child and myself joined a few of the dissatisfied and started from Spanish Fork, Utah County across the Plains in wagon drawn by oxen and arrived at Nebraska City in seven weeks from the time we started. From thence passage was taken to St. Louis and from there to New Orleans and thence to Liverpool and then to our old home-- Fishguard.



Nebraska City, circa 1860

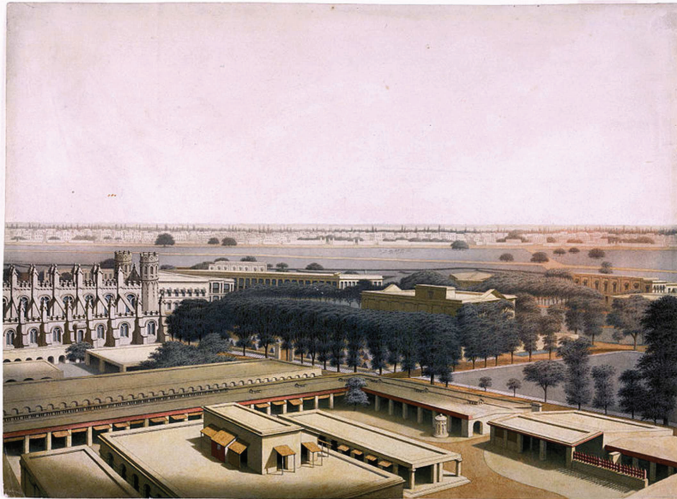
Father's numerous friends and relatives were elated at his return and willingly offered assistance in case he needed it. A Mr. Blancansee of Bristol, England hearing of his return sent him, as a token of respect and confidence, a beautiful silver mounted walking cane. Previous to leaving Wales for Utah my father dealt extensively with him.

In a little over a year after our return my mother returned to Utah while father was away on business. Her leaving unmanned father to a degree and for a time became somewhat dissipated, but soon rallied again. In another year I left Wales forever, leaving my father alone except Brother William & family who had [illegible].

Personally, I know nothing of father's doings after I left. Occasionally we corresponded. In one of his letters he wrote, "It is not good for man to live alone and since your mother left me I thought best to marry again--which I've done." He married a young girl of about 20 years of age by the name of Hannah Roberts. To them were born a small family, the only survivor being a daughter named Mary. Father was stricken with blindness some time before his death. He died at Fishguard Pembrokeshire March 19th, 1875.

Before closing this brief account of my father I must write what I know about his relatives. His father's name was John Rees, a slater by trade and owned a small farm at Park de bach, Dinas, Pembrokeshire, Wales. He was stricken about middle age and was buried near where he lived in a cemetery named Macpelah. His wife, I believe, survived him some years.

Father had an only brother named David who enlisted in the English Army Dec. 20th, 1813. He served his full time of 21 years. In a letter, dated 26th of December 1837 he wrote that he



Fort William, Bengal, India

expected to sail for native land (he was then and had been in India) about the 16th of January 1838. It was only 16 days afterwards that he died of "mortification" and was buried in that far off land, Fort William, Bengal, India. I have in my possession several letters he wrote my father--all breathing a pure Christian spirit. May his redemption be sure. He left a wife named Martha.

Father had two sisters named Ann (called Nanny) and Hannah. Both were quite religious and each had a family of respectable children. None of them joined the "Mormon" Church.

My Mother

No name clings to the memory like that of mother. How can it be otherwise? She owns us by natural right. We are hers and she is ours. Neither time nor distance nor death and the grave can ever divorce us from her. Her child is ever and always her idol of love and devotion. She never deserts him. Whatever his condition in life may be--whether an exalted ruler or an outcast, a possessor of riches or living scantily in poverty, dressed in robes or in rags, a man of commanding influence or a pliant tool he is her boy and right there all argument ceases.

Mother's love is Christ love. It is both upbuilding and redeeming. Because of these supernal qualities she stands next to God on earth. The father's sturdy character, his intellectual attainments, his commanding position cause us to admire him and because of the care he takes, the protection he gives and the sustenance he secures we love him--but not as we do mother.

My mother, I consider, was an extraordinary great woman. Her traits of character I now esteem with proud reverence. Born of parents in humble life, reared in the midst of struggling conditions for mere existence, deprived of the advantages of education, wandering from place to place in quest of work, oftentimes left alone without parental guide and made subject to the allurements and temptations besetting one so unfavorably situated and yet emerging a clean, spotless, strong-minded, pure souled person. She made proper use of disadvantages, using them as steps to success.

Sometimes she felt the burden of life hanging heavily, but with fadeless faith in herself, with unconquerable courage and with sublime confidence in her maker she kept moving upward into higher, brighter realms of thought and action until at last she won the prize of life--she became a member, a true, loyal, unswerving member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

Through trial and tribulation she ascended. Adverse conditions she transmuted into real helps. No difficulty daunted her progress. She was a real heroine in the battle of life. She fought for righteousness and found it in her 49th year (1849) when she embraced the [illegible]

My Mother

My mother's maiden name was Elizabeth Evans. She was born at Newport Monmouth Shire, South Wales, England about the year 1800. I think her father was at one time a miller. He afterwards joined the English Army, fought at the battle of Trafalgar and was wounded there. His subsequent life is not known to me. Her mother paid my mother a visit at Fishguard, South Wales when I was about 5 or 6 years old. I distinctly recall the time she returned to her home accompanied a short distance by my mother and myself.

My mother had two sisters and I believe one brother who died young. One of the sisters--a Mrs. [illegible]--lived in Hereford City. Mary I think died in the maturity of life.

Mother was married to my father about the year 1831 or 1832--judging from subsequent births. Her children's names etc. are as follows:

1. Elizabeth who died very young
2. William born at Fishguard, S. Wales in 1833 and died and was buried in the same place, April 1855
3. David Rees--now living in Dolores, Colorado, U. States, was born January 1837.
4. Joseph Rees born at Fishguard Aug. 14, 1840.

I have cause to believe that the earliest period of my mother's married life was unpleasant. After a while, however, father joined the Baptist church which had an ameliorating effect on his manner of living. Whether mother joined the Baptists I am not sure, but of one thing I am certain, she did not believe that it accorded with the organization of the primitive church.

While I was quite young she led me by the hand to the Baptist Sunday School. She took particular pains with us boys to memorize parts of the Sermon on the Mount and also the Ten

Commandments. I was but 6 years old when I stood on a bench in the Baptist chapel, Sunday school period, and recited the Ten Commandments for which mother gave me a penny. Beside doing household work mother attended to the selling of store goods and on every Thursday stood at her stand in the market place to dispose of her wares.

I was not yet 9 years old when to strangers came into our town to preach, pray and sing. They received permission to occupy a part of the market place which was about 150 yards from our house. Mother was washing clothes when they commenced. At hearing their singing she hastily changed apron and gown and went to see the strangers and to listen to what they had to say.

Let it be remembered that mother never took kindly to the doctrine taught by any of the sects with which she was acquainted although she had for many years investigated them. Sometime before the arrival of those new preachers and while mother lay in bed one night, her Sister Mary appeared to her and said "Betsy, this year the Lord has something to do with you." It came to pass surely.

The time had now come. As dry air greedily absorbs vapor or a sponge water so did she without qualm or hesitation receive the word of God from those very humble servants whom He had sent forth without purse nor script. They were invited to our home where they received kind treatment as well by my father as by mother.

In a short time mother was baptized, being one of the first converts in that part of Wales. Father soon followed as also my brother David and I. Soon persecution raged and with it an increase of membership to the end that a flourishing branch of the Church was organized. In our meetings the Spirit of the Lord was abundantly poured and a new feeling took possession of our minds--a feeling to flee from Babylon to the gathering place of the Saints.

No pen can describe the change that came over my parents--especially over mother. At this particular period my folks were accumulating wealth more rapidly than ever and their future prospect to become independent was very promising. It is true that they alienated some former friends because of their belief in "Mormonism", but men and women of thought and reason, those not darkened through ignorance nor bound by priestcraft remained true and faithful to them.

I can well recall my own feeling. At set of sun I would watch the orb as it apparently moved westward and wished it were my chariot and I were in it going to "Upper California". Had it been that great riches were to be ours or that social, civil or physical advantages were to be won with certainty, it wouldn't be unreasonable were we to sell our and move anywhere. In this case however no such allurements, no such attraction. Our minds were made definite as to place and purpose with no other view, no other desire but to obey God: "Come out of her my people." The dominating purpose to do the will of the Father finds no parallel among other human desires. It stands alone and is invincible.

On April 17, 1855, in the springtime we started on our journey, bound for Zion; 431 of us in a wooden vessel. The family consisted of father, mother, my brother William, his wife Elizabeth, my brother David and me. It took seven weeks for the Chimborazo to cross the Atlantic from

Liverpool to Philadelphia. The voyage was rather stormy, the accommodations miserable and seasickness a dominant factor.

From Philadelphia we journeyed by train to Pittsburgh, then down the Ohio and up the Mississippi to St. Louis. Here we changed boats. From St. Louis we went up the Missouri to Atchison, Kansas, where we stayed outfitting and preparing for a period of seven weeks, and on October 29th, 1855 we arrived in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake.



Fort Laramie, Wyoming

My parents bought a one room adobie house on what is now known as 1st South and about 6 West. here we spent the winter. My brother William (Billy) his wife and babe name John Laramie because he was born close up to Fort Laramie on the North Platte lived in a rented house. In the spring of 1856 my brother David went to Carson Valley and from there to California.

Father bought a log house, two town lots and 60 acres of land at Willow Creek in

1856, now Willard, in Box Elder County. Mother, in the mean while purchased a house of 3 long rooms, dirt roof and whose walls were made of pounded dirt called spanish wall. This house was nearly opposite the Staines place afterwards owned by Wm. Jennings.

Pres. Brigham Young authorized and counseled a Reformation by virtue of which the people repented of their sins, confessed their errors, drew nearer unto the Lord and thus prepared themselves to better meet the nearby but not yet seen coming of an invading army.

In 1857 the coming of Johnson's Army caused a great stir in Salt Lake City. In 1858 a general move of all the people southward carried with it my parents, while I was at Echo standing guard. My folks stayed temporarily at Spanish Fork at which place I found them on my return, after being honorably discharged, from Echo.

I found my father and brother William in a state of dissatisfaction with the very trying then existing conditions. They were going either to California or to Wales. I failed to be impressed with the idea of leaving Utah. Here I had formed social, religious and military relations. I got acquainted with the boys and like them, and with the sweet girls whom I, at least, admired.

Mother felt as I did and wept copiously when father and brother had made full preparations to cross the Plains once more and return to Wales. I objected strenuously to go with them, but

father insisted, and one day took me before Bishop Butler who told me that inasmuch that I was under age it was my duty to go along. Perhaps his advice was the best for me, but I regret ever since and do now that I obeyed him.

Well, with two wagons and four yoke of oxen we crossed the Plains arriving in Nebraska City in just seven weeks from the time we started. Nothing of great importance took place on our



New Orleans, circa 1858

overland journey. At Bear River I sold a 3 year old steer to an Indian named Ben Simons. That steer I bought of a member of that Company of emigrants that was murdered at the Mountain Meadows. Father sold a few sacks of flour at Ft. Bridger for [illegible]

We met a number of military wagon trains, some loaded with provisions, other with war materials. At Nebraska City a yoke of cattle either strayed or was stolen. On a river steamboat we

went to St. Louis, where my brother William and family remained. The rest of us took passage on another boat to New Orleans. Competition was strong those days between boat companies so that river passage was very cheap.



Down Easter Pocahontas

We remained at New Orleans seven weeks waiting an opportunity to sail across the ocean. Finally we boarded a beautiful three masted ship--the Pocahontas--whose captain was a fine man by the name of Delano. We were caught in a hurricane not far from Cape Hatteras. The fury lasted for two

days. One morning during the storm we came close by a dismantled vessel with no one on board. Evidently they had all perished. The trip across the ocean was called the fastest made up to that time, being only 22 days from New Orleans to dock in Liverpool. From Liverpool we took passage on an old weather beaten steamer to Milford and from Milford to Fishguard by coach.

I stayed at Haverfordwest a town 14 miles from Fishguard, at a Latter Day Saints family named White, for a few days. I then took coach to Fishguard. I have already written about some things that happened after our return, indeed I have repeated some things for emphasis. Henceforth, I shall confine my narrative to myself in particular, but must allude to others when occasion requires.

*Joseph A. Rees
Now in his 74th year
since Aug. 14-1913.*

I have on page 3 of this record given the time and place of my birth. I shall now proceed to give an account of myself correctly as near as I am able to recall events.

Childhood and youth is a continual period of plasticity. During this period there streams into life the good and the bad. The mind takes cognizance of all but retains only such inflowing material as suits its liking during the successive steps of its development.

The environment one is placed in or brought up is a factor of great importance either for weal or for woe. If the environment is a complex one consisting of both good and evil each of these constituents stamps itself in proportion to its power or influence together with the disposition to accept, receive or repel and refuse.

It is believed that heredity claims a prominent part in determining the kind of life a person shall lead and that its influence springs from remote progenitors as well as from near ancestry. Environment however, modifies heredity. There is in my opinion a third agent and one that should be paramount; one that should be able of its own volition to weave into life's fabric the material offered or presented by environment and heredity.

If it be true that separate, apart and distinct from the body there exists another part of man-- Spirit--in which dwells intellect, will and emotion and that previous to entrance into the body it was an organized entity and therefore pre-existed, it must be assumed that it possessed certain individual characteristics and traits peculiar to itself. I shall not attempt to enter the mystery of how each individual spirit came to be distinct or rather to be organized with qualities proportionately different from others, but to rest satisfied with the well known fact throughout nature, so far as can be determined, that nature has no duplicates in all her realms. As far back as I can remember I recognized myself as not being my brother; that father and mother were separate individuals, that no two beings were one and the same.

In the act of development into final growth, two things are essential--the intrinsic character of the seed and the external forces acting upon it. So with man. He is the product of forces back of him, around him and in him. Even in old age (in less than one month I'll be 76) there need be no deterrent if the machinery of life has been and is well lubricated and kept in action. To me life has been, despite losses, sore trials and dark sorrows, a continuous kindergarten in which I have strive to subdue and conquer myself and to bring myself in harmony with the Divine, by constant strivings to break loose from the Narrows and enter the broad field of upward Climbing. It takes much effort with a determined will to untie and unfasten knots tied by antecedent hands and at the same time battle the forces of ever present hostile environment.

Assuming these to be true then, I must have had original capacities which being united mechanically and in such a manner as to be capable of performing actions through activity, became or always was a sentient being. I then not being you, and in order of time occupied my present body with whatever good or maybe bad--with whatever strength or weakness of character was given one from previous parental or other conditions, or I may modify by adding what I had acquired. At all events, the indisputable fact remains, I was born, born a distinct and separate self.

Now (1) as to environment. Social. My earliest impressions, still alive, led me to believe my home as a whole to be well fitted for me. One foggy day--I was then quite young--mother was in mental pain, father was under the influence of drink. My child sympathies were with mother, a budding feeling of dislike towards father. The curtain dropped and remained down for many years after that.



Baby being carried "Welsh fashion"

Father was a regular attendant at church, mother more often was home with her children reading the Psalms to David and me, and with great pains causing us to memorize beautiful scripture gems, the Ten Commandments and portions of the Sermon on the Mount. Father prayed long, aloud and fervently; mother quietly. She taught us to repeat the Lord's Prayer always before retiring.

I can just remember being carried "Welsh fashion" by mother down to the market-place. I've been told since that at that time I had scurvy on one side of my body. Surely one of my sides--the left--is larger than the other. This physical condition however has never warped my judgment or caused me to be one sided in any of my affairs. When about 5 or 6 years old, I was kicked by a Jack Ass on the left cheek. Figuratively, the act has been repeated often since. It is wisdom to always consider the source and let it go at that.

In those days education was not general. Schools were usually held at the teacher's home. There were no graded schools--but little system, poor methods, forced order, miserable furniture, meager apparatus. Teachers as a rule were broken down soldiers or sailors or at best a woman too frail to perform hard work. To one of these I was sent at first. I must have been quite dull for I distinctly, very distinctly remember her crowning my head, and face indeed--with a dunce cap. This I was made to wear with my feet firm on a stool about 2 feet above the floor. Instead of benefitting me in my "tasks" it caused me to hate school. For a short time afterwards I attended three other schools with little or no profit. Nor could it be expected under such poor and uninviting conditions as then prevailed.

Finally I attended a National School with some degree of success. A system of grading was introduced, ample furniture, walls with maps, books in plenty, backless seats, loud studying and arbitrary discipline. Here for the first time, in Fishguard, necessary conveniences were close by and separately kept for the boys and girls. A fairly sized play ground with swings, "fly around" and a complete mast with ropes gave ample opportunity for play. Here I learned to spell, cipher, read and write with a smattering of English history.

Some of the pupils annoyed me by calling me such names as, "You old Saint", "You little Satan" and other kindred epithets. That species of persecution often became intolerable and especially as I was the only "Mormon" boy in school, and none to side with me. I bore those indignities with becoming outward fortitude while within I felt deep resentment and would have retaliated but for the advice of my parents with the saying: "Blessed are ye when persecuted for my name's' sake". Just what length of time I attended school in Fishguard I can't very well tell. At most not over three years.

After the family joined the Church and as the gospel spread and new members were added and branches of the Church were organized in several places in the County I was introduced into a new atmosphere far more congenial than any I had hitherto breathed. Added to these were the important presence and influence of the Elders who from time to time visited us in their rounds. While quite young, I was ordained to the office of deacon and afterwards ordained a priest.

No mob following, no jeers, no kind of persecution prevented me from doing my duty as I was advised or counseled. It was no uncommon occurrence for the Elders and saints who were with them to be followed by a shouting, howling, cursing mob.

Upon occasion father rented a large, commodious hall for the special purpose to give our townspeople an opportunity to see and hear the President of the Welsh mission and others deliver the gospel. The evening was set for the occasion. That day by the way, I walked 7 miles to meet them but somehow missed them. My 14 miles walk proved after all to me that I had--though a lad of maybe 12 or 13--a sincere love for my religion.

Well, the Elders arrived safe and sound. They were Wm. S. Phillips, president of the Church in Wales, Thomas C. Martell, a well dressed, educated, brilliant young man and Thomas Jenkins who had a number of influential relatives in town. Meeting time arrived, the Elders took their places and in a short time the hall was filled. In a short time the mob spirit asserted itself to the extent that not a word could be heard from the speaker. The principal cause of the excitement lay

in the fact that Thomas Jenkins--a former citizen of the town and a one time Baptist--had joined the Mormons and had become one of its preachers.

The ignorant rabble shouted, yelled, screamed, and acted in a most degenerate way and yet they were called Christians. I sat along side the Elders and watched proceedings carefully and with interest. The climax was now at hand. President Wm. S. Phillips quietly pulled at the coattail of Elder Jenkins and bid him take his seat. This being done a shout of victory arose from the mob, they thought they had triumphed. Wait a minute. With cool, calm and a quiet demeanor Pres. Phillips arose to his feet, then raising his hand and pointing it towards the howling crowd, he shouted, "Ye people of Fishguard, I command you in the name of Jesus Christ to be still at your peril." The mob's turbulence subsided. A quiet calm followed, and Bro. Jenkins was told to continue his sermon, which was done without further molestation.

In company with Elder David Rees (no relative) I went to Cardigan a large town some 16 miles from home. Here we were without purse or script trying our best to spread the principles we so devoutly believed. It was a trying time for me. Accustomed to regular meals and plenty too, it was a change to go without food for 24 hours at a time.

One Sunday while there we bore our testimony on a street corner. I was very glad when time came to return home again to my parents. I considered it a pleasure to attend the Saints meetings at home as well as those miles away. With either father or mother, and sometimes both, I attended conferences and meetings at Haverfordwest 14 miles away, Lettersen 6 miles, Castell Redyn near Mathry 6 miles from home. Our conveyance was on foot.

Among the Elders who came to preach in our vicinity I well remember the following named persons which I give in their time order of ministration: William Rees (no relative) a fine singer, John T. Evans, singer and fine preacher; John Price and a Brother Morris each in time president of the Pembrokeshire Conference; Thomas Evans, a wooden legged man, full of zeal and integrity; Phillips Sykes an honest, conscientious, indefatigable worker and David Rees before mentioned.

All those brothers made their headquarters at my parents' home, were always well received, were fed and clothed. Although my father chose to leave the main body of the Church and return to Wales, I can not but firmly believe that the years of his active work in protecting the Elders from violence, in providing the saints with a meeting house at his expense and in furnishing a home for the travelling Elders and in entertaining a considerable number of the Saints at Conferences and his free donations towards the Salt Lake Temple and towards other good causes connected with the work of the Lord--I say, I can not but believe that our Father in His justice and mercy will redeem him and repay him a thousand fold in his kingdom.

I sometimes visited my father's sisters Hannah Richards near Lettersen and Ann--called Nanny--near Dinas some 3 miles from home. Hannah was a typical Welsh woman, ruddy, strong and even tempered. Her husband James Richards by name was a tall man--a very hard working farmer. They had some three or four children. David their son became a sailor. At times he would return home for a vacation and would visit us. I liked him very much because of his liberality to me--a little fellow--in giving me an occasional half penny. Aunt had two fine girls

whose names (I think) were Mary and Martha. The family was highly respected by all who knew them.

My Aunt Ann, or Nanny, lived on what was named Dinas mountain where they tilled a small farm. Her husband John (I am not quite sure of his name) was a sea faring man and of an eccentric disposition. They had a few children among whom was Thomas a very religious youth. Of the other children I know but little. Aunt Ann, as I saw her in my youth, was a large woman and given to much piety.

My brother William, the second born in our family, my sister Elizabeth being the first--and who died in her infancy--was born in 1833 at Fishguard. Consequently he was about seven (7) years my senior. He was short of stature, athletic and sportive in youth. Within a half mile of our home the sea entered a small harbor called Aber Gwain (aber means port, and Gwain the name of a small river that flowed into it). Here my brother performed several feats in swimming that but few could rival. In temperament he was rather hasty but loyal to perfection to his friends. At the risk of his life he fought a mob one night while Phillip Sykes was preaching in our parlor. The mob--among whom was a policeman by the name of Lloyd--broke nearly, if not all, every pane of glass in the front part of the house. During the melee a stout built sailor made an attack on my brother William who in self defense slashed the fellow. Next day a warrant of arrest was served on my brother. A trial was held before a justice of the peace and the case was sent up to the Quarterly Assizes which was held at Haverfordwest--the County capital. Father engaged an attorney, several witnesses were examined with the result that the jury brought in a verdict of "Justifiable".

My brother David--now living in Dolores, State of Colorado is my senior by three years and seven months. He is somewhat shorter in stature than I am, stoutly built, quick and active in body. From my earliest recollection of him he has been a victim of the strange, the wonderful, the obscure. The realities of life did not concern him as much as the unknown, the mysterious, the fanciful. Often times, especially in adult life, have I known him for days together spending his time uselessly gazing into a "peep Stone" seeking "information from Beyond".

In crossing the Plains in 1855 he drove two yoke of cattle while "Billy" (my brother William) drove three yoke all belonging to my father. One day, on the South Platte a large herd of buffaloes ran wildly between our travelling caravan of wagons, stampeding a number of oxen. One huge animal jumped between the wheelers David drove and the bed of the wagon breaking the wagon tongue. It was well it broke otherwise the startled team may have carried my mother, who was within, to her death. Indeed it was providential.

In the spring of 1856, David along with others left--for Carson Valley--now in Nevada. He then went to California where he remained until 1858. After his return to Utah, he disposed of all the property my parents left behind them, consisting of a house, two town lots and sixty acres of land in Willard, Box Elder County, two houses and city lots in Salt Lake City. In this he was justified having by letter from father then in Wales permission to dispose of all of it.

After this David returned to California but to return a soldier in General Connor's army in the autumn of 1862. By the way a soldier's life did not seem to satisfy him so he deserted the army

somewhere near Promontory Point and wended his way to Cache Valley and thence to my home in the 15th Ward Salt Lake City. Here he kept himself “scarce” for some time indulging his fancies, with the “fascinating Peep Stone”. So taken up was he with the delusion that he ventured one day to visit President Brigham Young. To him he told of his “wonderful” Peep Stone and its “strange manifestations” together with sights of apparitions his overwrought imaginations conceived. After listening to all he said, the President summed it up in three telling words: --“A swamp angel”. David was much dissatisfied with such a terse verdict and still continued to dwell in the realm of superstitious phantasmagoria. For some time he and I peddled dry goods and notions in the City and surrounding settlements.



General Patrick Connor

About the year 1864 he volunteered as a teamster to go and bring the Emigrants across the Plains. Again for some reason he deserted his post of duty, joined the Josephites and became an advocate of their claims as the rightful church. Some time elapsed and he became dissatisfied with the Josephite cult and became, instead, enamored with the claim of Sidney Rigdon and became an advocate of his pretensions. He soon found himself on the pinnacle of his ambition, he was ordained as one of Sidney’s twelve apostles! To me he wrote: “We are going to near Pittsburg to hold a conclave at which Jesus Christ will appear. There we shall behold him, feel him and handle him, otherwise how could we preach to the world for certainty that Jesus lives”. Sidney died and so did David’s faith in him. Whether David went to Pittsburg I am not certain, but one thing I am aware of from his writings to me up to the present, he still adheres to the mythical, the delusive, the obscure, the surreal.

Nevertheless this imperfection of his nature, I must ascribe to him an honesty of purpose. Though unsubstantial as some dreams that haunt our sleeping hours, he feels convinced of their reality and though he wanders from one belief to another he seems to believe that thus he is ascending from realm to realm of ever increasing betterment.

In each of us there is an individualism of some sort--unique and incomprehensible. Whence did he obtain or receive the peculiar (to me) traits of his character? From what source did I get mine? Isn’t there a mysterious something connected with each of our organizations that makes us different in some thing or things from all others? Am I accountable for deeds the seeds of which seem to have been incorporated into my very being and seem to be or to have become a fundamental part of my existence?

If my angle of sight gives me a different view to that of another am I to blame for the mental and emotional or spiritual photographs impressed within me by such a view? If I am an earnest investigator for truth and yet fail to perceive it but am led to conscientiously believe that the spurious metal I have is gold and can not be convinced otherwise probably because of some unaware imperfection in my make-up, am I to be rejected, to be totally blamed and not receive

credit though my utmost attempts have been to secure to myself and maybe to others the priceless gem of absolute truth? It appears to me that somehow, somewhere in the unknown and as yet unrealized depths of man's creation a full, a complete and perfect answer may be given to these cogitations. We must wait.

After all, silently yet potently running through these inquiries I find somebody intruding the questions: Are you void of understanding? Have you been robbed of understanding? Isn't it possible for you to discover truth from error? Do you possess the power of discrimination? Have you made a proper use of your reasoning powers? Have you willed to be dissatisfied with any and all that does not harmonize with the true, the noble, the great, the progressive?

To these queries comes an answer: "To those attuned it may be possible". We were three brothers, conceived in the same womb by the same agencies, born in the same manner, nurtured upon the same loving breasts, listened to the same lullabies, brought up in the same Christian manner, had the same natural environment and taught the same divine truths--and yet it is strange how we differ in many essentials. My brother William during my association with him cared but little to investigate religious principles, but rather given to the acquisition of material riches. He became, however, a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints but never took an active part therein.

I now recall a very heroic act of his. About the year 1852 or 3 while a meeting was being held at our home. Elder Phillip Sykes--a most devout man--was the speaker. His text was, "Woe unto you Scribes and Pharisees", etc. Soon a mob of ruffians, headed by one Lloyd, a policeman, gathered on the premises and with rocks, clods, etc., broke nearly every window pane in the house. Fired with patriotic zeal my brother William attempted to check and hinder their diabolical work, whereupon he was set upon by one John Nicholas. In the scuffle my brother, in necessary self defense and in his rightful defense of our home slashed the fellow for which he was the next day arrested. In due time he was tried before a jury at Haverfordwest and was honorably acquitted.

Such was his character though making little or no pretensions to church practices, yet he was at all times a staunch defender of those proclaiming the truths of revealed religion. He was honest. He was a practitioner in athletic sports especially swimming in which was an adept.

At a somewhat early age, probably at 19, he married a young lady of Haverfordwest by the name of Elizabeth whom we called "Betsy". They raised a numerous family of respectable children, one of whom, named John Laramie, was born close by old Fort Laramie on the North Platte, Nebraska in 1855. Born in a wagon at noon.

In 1855 my brother William emigrated to Utah along with father's family. For a while he settled at Willow Creek, now Willard, Box Elder County where he farmed for a living part of his time and at other times he worked at odd jobs especially wood hauling in company with myself from Coon's canyon in the Oquirrh range about 20 miles southwest of Salt Lake City.

In 1858 in company with father, mother and myself, he and his family started back for Wales. After about seven weeks we arrived at Nebraska City. From thence we went to St. Louis, Mo. on

a river steamboat. Here my brother found employment for a while. He then moved to New Orleans, and engaged to work on a river steam boat from Orleans up the Red river. While thus engaged he was stricken with yellow fever and after a severe struggle he regained his wonted health.

In 1860 he and family returned to Fishguard at which place he dealt in notions, crockeryware, etc. Occasionally he wrote to mother from whom I received intelligence concerning him. He died and was buried at Fishguard. His death took place April 1885 and was buried close to my father in a graveyard called [illegible] about [illegible] from the old turnpike gage as one goes out of Fishguard towards Haverfordwest. His wife Elizabeth died in the year 1905 on the month of November.

The names of their children are as follows: John Laramie Rees the oldest living ("Betsy" had two miscarriages before emigrating), Hiram, a Rector at Abertillery, Wales, William, Byron, David a very prominent businessman,

I love my brothers very much and hope, trust and pray God that in a future life we may be privileged to see each other, associate together and with our families and beloved parents enjoy the mercy of God and in the society of the pure, the good, the noble and progressive, march onward from one degree of light and intelligence to another still higher and higher.

My mother was filled with gospel spirit which she infused into every member of the family. In those early church days every Latter Day Saint was desirous to flee to Zion, and one of our regular hymns was "O Babylon, O Babylon, we bid thee farewell" etc. This mother sang to us and all sang it to each other. In 1855 we put that song into practical effect. At private sale and public auction my parents disposed of all things not needed on our journey or at our destination-- Utah.

Early in the spring of that year (April) we bade farewell forever, as we then thought, to our native land and with joy and pride left Liverpool on board a ship named Chimborazo; sailed across the Atlantic in thirty four days time and safely landed at Philadelphia May 21st. From there we took train to Pittsburgh and then down the Ohio and up the Mississippi on a river steamboat named Ben Boll. From St. Louis we went on board the Amazon to Atchison, Kansas, at which place we remained for seven weeks. After being on the "Plains" for nearly twelve weeks we arrived in safety in the City of the Great Salt Lake, Oct. 29, 1855.

Of the incidents of the seven months journey many are grand, some are gloomy. While on the ocean many were sea sick and all were tumbled and tossed mercilessly by the angry waves to which our miserable old ship responded too willingly.

Such a grateful change it was to place foot once more on terra firma at Philadelphia and to view the beauties of that well cleaned city. From the Ohio and up the Mississippi to St. Louis and thence up the Missouri to Atchison gave me such pleasure, and additional knowledge of natural scenery that even now I can picture each scene quite vividly. At Mormon Grove near Atchison we spent much time in training the wild, untamed oxen to pull logs of wood and afterwards wagons. Here the cattle numbering some hundreds took a stampede one evening causing the loss

to us of one yoke of cattle. My soul was full of exuberance when once more we were on our way. We had a jolly time. A delightful change of scenery greeted us hourly as we wheeled along. Even now past realities seem so vivid that it almost seems I can hear the “Gee”, the “Whoa” and an occasional crack of the whip. Such fun at the Big Blue, scampering through the woods, climbing trees and gathering wild grapes and luscious Pottowatomi plums! While there, some United States troops crossed the river westward and as I now believe to clear the path of Indians who were quite hostile.

On the Platte River! Here we are close to Fort Kearney. Now for a swim. How delightful. After walking day after day we feel as nimble as the roe and while “Billy”, David and “Daddy” (we called our father “Daddy”) were unyoking the cattle, and “Mammy” getting her cooking utensils ready--a crowd of us youngsters could be seen in athletic endeavor to get the biggest pile of “Buffalo chips”. Now in the buffalo country. Such a sight! Hundreds? Pshaw! Thousands and thousands more in plain view even obstructing temporarily our free passage. At night a double guard was placed around our grazing herd to keep the buffalo from mixing with the cattle.



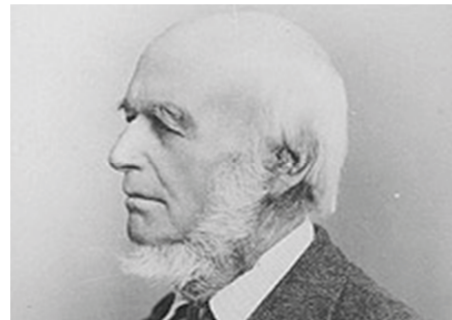
Fort Kearney, Nebraska

was to observe religious and moral principles that the influence of his personality permeated the entire camp. As near as I can remember our camp consisted of 39 wagons or near that number. Evening and morning prayers was the willing rule. cursing, swearing or vulgarity I didn't hear the entire journey.

On, on we wended our way, now slowly travelling on the “boundless” prairies, climbing sand hills, crossing rivers, up steep mountains, down steep declivities, winding through canyons and at last entering the Valley of the Great Salt Lake. Surely, in a small way I felt the spirit of the Pioneers and in my boy heart I felt as the Prophet Brigham did and said, “This is the place”.

Our first winter in the valley was a change, indeed. The snow was very deep. Cattle were dying in considerable number “over Jordan”, skating was plentiful, dances, soirees and lectures were numerous, food for man and beast was somewhat scarce, but the people generally enjoyed good health and peace and contentment was supreme.

Our Captain, Charles (Charlie) Harper was a decidedly excellent man, so careful he



Charles A. Harper

I went to school in the 15th ward that first winter. The school house was in reality a meeting house. I forget the teacher's name. He was a Texas. One day he asked me to read. I stood close to his desk and read the first Psalm--or tried to read. Before I got through he called out to me, "For God's sake, stop reading so fast". I stopped and I do not remember reading before or after during that winter in school. In school, I got acquainted with many of the boys and girls--the Moody's, Empry's[?], Cunningham's, Mitchell's, Staple's, Chamberlain's, and a crowd of others.

When spring came I spent much time hunting our cattle--2 or 3 yoke of them--which, because of a shortage of forage we turned them out on the west range to live or to die. All died except one Jerry a good faithful animal. We fed a pair of oxen, Braddock and Knox at home.

That summer I hauled my first load of wood from a canyon, Coon's canyon in the "West Mountain". My companion was an elderly man--John Jones "y cefn".

The following autumn and winter of 1856-57 I took small jobs sawing wood for different people. I felt very proud of my earnings, and especially of a pair of top boots surmounted with [illegible].

I spent part of the summer of 1857 with my father at Willow Creek--now Willard, Box Elder County. From there, at times, I hauled wheat to Salt Lake City. While hauling one load, my oxen balked on the Sand Ridge between Ogden and Ray's Ward. I returned on foot to Ogden and secured the service of one John Williams to assist me through the sand. For his aid, I gave him a fine concertina.

One day I undertook to walk from Willard to Salt Lake City. When I got as far as the Hot Springs 4 miles north of the City, I lay down to rest. Sumer caught me napping and in its sweet embrace on the salt grass, out in the open air I stretched myself, obviously, until the morning sun bade me pursue my journey. The same summer--1857--I engaged to a Brother Forsythe of the 15th ward to go fishing in Provo river. A young man by the name of Phillips was my partner. We walked back and fore. We commenced business a little below the mouth of Provo Canyon. We drove stakes into the river bed and between them we placed willows. At one end we constructed a revolving willow basket, moved by the flowing water in hope of catching all the fish that attempted to go up or down. Our enterprise was not successful. One day while driving spiles, I fell into the river and was carried down stream quite rapidly and had it not been for a net already stretched from side to side of the river in which I was caught, the possibility of living until this day, Nov. 22, 1913, is very doubtful.

The winter of 1856-57 to me is memorable. Then the Reformation among the people had a decided uplifting effect. Missionaries were appointed throughout the whole habitable territory whose calling was to invite all to repent of their sins, acknowledge them, turn to God in humility, seek His forgiveness and live nearer Him in the future. I cannot describe the general effect except from a boy's point of view which impressed me then as being necessary and of having accomplished, in most cases, the desired result.

A considerable degree of fanaticism, however, showed itself among several thoughtless undergraduates who advocated severe penalties upon those who varied or differed in their views

from orthodox teachings. One Richard Ballantyne--the founder of the first Sunday School in Utah, a man full of zeal and religious energy was somewhat carried away--as I then thought--on the wings of bigotry. He and another missionary, Elder Johnson (surnamed Buttermilk) a quiet, dignified, unobtrusive and wise man visited [illegible] Block at the home of Brother Thomas, a castor oil manufacturer. Here all the families of that Block [illegible] to be questioned, rebuked and counseled. During Elder Ballantyne's remarks he used very strong and threatening language against apostates in general and gave my father a drubbing entirely uncalled for. He lauded me in high terms, predicted a future full of glory? But his remarks fell flat on my ears because of his abusive remarks to my father. Instead of aiding my father to a higher level of religious action it had a contrary effect, nor did he aid me in the least. Elder Johnson was the antipodes of Ballantyne and his remarks found favorable lodgement. While apparently censuring Brother Ballantyne for his spurtive action at that time, it must be said that he was a conscientious man, led a life of honor, was a valiant in defense of his convictions and died a true man. All of which shows our--my--imperfection, though at the same time trying to do right. Poor, arrogant, feeble man!

The year 1857, and I 17 years of age in August 14th. Distinctly I remember a grand celebration held in the mountains of Big Cottonwood although I was not present. Here a great number met under the leadership of President Brigham Young that intrepid leader--"the mouthpiece of God". In the midst of their joys comes the news that United States troops were on their way to discipline the "Mormons" into obedience to the laws of the United States.

Words fail to describe such ignominious folly. Here in these mountain vales were a people who had been ruthlessly despoiled of home and possessions of varied kind, a people whose great leader Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum had been cruelly and wantonly murdered, a people who had furnished 500 of their best men and then, too, while suffering the results of maddened mobs, and in a wilderness--to assist in fighting the battles of the Republic against Mexico. Uncle Sam, you may well and ought to blush with shame because of your defiance of common sense.

The effect of the news was soon spread to the remotest hamlet in the territory. An intense feeling of righteous indignation filled the breasts of all loyal Americans within our borders. Brigham Young who then was Governor issued a Proclamation recounting some of the sufferings of the saints, their rights as free men under the Constitution and forbade any and all armed forces to enter into or through the territory without permission. The reading of it fired my patriotism to the extent of military ardor. In the fall of the year Captain George Price invited me to take part in defensive action. With a number of others we joined the militia and wended our way to Echo Canyon. Here I did duty as others until relieved on a furlough of short duration. It was but a short time after returning home that I was again mustered into service. I have not been able to find any on that campaign as young as I.

Many incidents of fun, folly and weakness could be related: On our way out the first day an attempt was made to get some molasses brandy of Bishop Moon. The deep snow at Killion's ranch afforded us the first night out, a soft bed with boots for a pillow. The next day exercised our muscles in pulling at ropes fastened to the front of the wagon tongue--aiding the poor straggling oxen over the Little Mountain.

The second night we camped at the foot of the Big Mountain and had a big time piling on logs on a fire whose glare bathed the surrounding hills in weird colors. Such a time as we had pushing, pulling and crawling up the Big Mountain the following day, and night--I had the exquisite discomfort to stand guard but a short distance below the stars with cold keenly felt. When my two hours time was up, I lost no time in urging Oliver Bess my bed mate to get up and do his duty. "Bill" Evans and one or two more had their toes frozen. They returned. It was hard pulling the next day down a steep canyon until we reached East Canyon Creek. Here we camped for the night in comparative comfort.

Shortly after sunrise next morning we made our way towards Weber river. There many of us waded. We camped at the mouth of Echo that night--close to an Indian wigwam. The Indian was



Fort Bridger, Wyoming

a Delaware and one who commanded much influence among the Weber Utes. His name was Ben Simons and his vocation was trading between Fort Bridger and Salt Lake City.

Next day about noon we were at our destination and soon commenced pitching our tents and in erecting poles a la Indian mode for the purpose of living under. Military duties were scrupulously attended. Prayers were attended by all and on definite time. All took turns in furnishing wood and in doing necessary camp chores.

My captains were (1) Mr. Forsythe, (2) Melancthon Burgess, (3) George Burgess and (4) Thomas Howell.

One night after being relieved from picket duty, Tom Winegar and I decided to return from the guard house, stealthily pass Johnny Jenkins and "Bill" Coon who had taken our places as guards. This we succeeded in doing, after which by a series of capers, noises and rock throwing scared those defenders and ran them into camp. Hurriedly we scampered to the guard house, hastily and quietly we went under cover when lo, rifle shots break the silence, the drum beats, and in a very short time the intrepid Capt. Howells with the camp's full force, heavily armed are on the scene ready to give battle to the daring invaders. "Tom" and I kept our mouths shut about our trickery but were foremost, the balance of that night in loud and frequent outbursts of bravery?

I was on guard duty the night Governor Cummings rode down the canyon in April on his way to assume the duties of Governor. We saluted him as he passed and at that instant huge bonfires on all the surrounding terraces, precipices and high up on the mountainside presented such a weird and yet magnificent picture as to baffle description. The "war" was over and we were ordered home. Home? Where was it? Upon returning to Salt Lake City I found nearly every place deserted. Loneliness and silence everywhere. I reached our place and found my parents gone.

Where? Down South. But where South? I bundled my bedding and started to find them. On my way I passed by the Council House and for the first time since my entrance into the Valley did I hear the name of God blasphemed. It is needless to state that the impious lips were not those of a “Mormon”.

In going south I saw such a medley of variegated teams, quaintly dressed people and odd looking, assorted vehicles as to form one of the strangest real moving pictures ever seen. Despondency formed no part of that strange cavalcade but rather a sublime, cheery confidence such as one may feel when about to achieve a long wished for success. Those people were Latter Day Saints who formed the rear of a great, fully-expected exodus. Having boundless confidence in their Church leaders and unfaltering trust in God they left their comfortable homes and dearly worked for farms, gardens and orchards to go whither they knew not, rather than submit to oppression and persecution not in the least deserved. History, as yet, has failed to give due credit to those self sacrificing, honest, true American citizens.

I reached Spanish Fork somehow and there found my parents. A crisis now took place in our family history. Father and my brother William and his wife became much dissatisfied with conditions and determined to return to Wales. Mother and I were utterly opposed to leaving Utah. Why should we leave? Were the testimonies borne by us darkened? Had our faith in God vanished? Was it for nought that we left our native land with the resolve then that Zion should be our future home, and that among her people we would put forth our best energies to bring to pass the things spoken of her?

Reasoning was in vain. The contrast between a quiet, easy life in Wales and the shifting, moving, uncertain and turbulent condition of the day overshadowed and entirely obscured the vision that once filled their minds with the future glories attending continuous, earnest effort. But not alone the necessary and unavoidable conditions attending the “move” that affected them. They had lost confidence in men they once trusted. Those men had proven themselves unreliable, dishonest, and unexemplary. Yet they had been the bearers of truth, missionaries sent forth to enlighten the world, calling men to repentance.

Father had forgotten, “Put not your trust in an arm of flesh”. For the time being he failed to discriminate between man and principle. He failed to remember that man is fallible while truth is infallible. How prone we are to see faults in others and if prejudiced we magnify them beyond all reasonable proportions. Indeed, as a very small object placed before the eye may shut from view the glories that lie beyond, so a trifling error in others seen by us hides their often times noble qualities.

Arguing with father to let me stay was finally settled by Bishop Butler who told me it was my duty to obey my father as I was under age. Possibly I was right in complying with the wishes of my father and the well meant advice of the bishop, but I’ve regretted many a time complying with either.

Mother felt sad and sorrowful. Through the gloom of despondent feeling she saw a light beyond. She told father, “William I will accompany you to where I found you.” This she reluctantly did, but to return to Utah when conditions became favorable which she did in 1860.

Referring again to father's desire regarding me going to Wales with him and the bishops advice, I do not wish to blame either, but I cannot help but treat their error as a defect of seeing into the future rather than a defect of right intention.

I think it was in July 1858 that we started from Spanish Fork on our journey across the Plains. We were seven weeks on our journey. Between Salt Lake City and Fort Bridger we met the rear end of the invading army and its train of supplies. At nearly every step one could hear the Lord's name taken blasphemously. At Echo where I spent most of the previous winter, prayers ascended daily to Him in whom we trusted and never once did I hear His name spoken except in reverence. How changed now! Here is an army of the United States sent to Utah to teach the Mormons the moral code and to compel them to yield obedience to law. Think of it! Such hellish travesty on reason, on common horse sense. Ridiculous undertaking. A stain on that idiotic administration, Buchanan's.

At Fort Bridger we sold some flour at \$20 per [illegible]. We disposed of our outfits at Nebraska City. From there we took river boat to St. Louis, Missouri. Here my brother William and family remained to work. From St. Louis we--father, mother and myself took another boat to New Orleans, La. We were here about five weeks during which time I witnessed some of the barbarities of the slave trade. My heart was touched with pity at seeing human beings placed on the auction block and sold as merchandise.

While we were there, the yellow fever caused the death of a great number. I, too, was taken ill but not with the deadly yellow. A slave working on the levee gave me a prescription. I obtained the ingredients, compounded them, used them and got immediately well. God bless the niger.

From New Orleans we took passage to Liverpool on board a fine three masted ship named Pocahontas, with a very able seaman name Delano as captain. We were just 23 days from port to port after encountering very rough weather a part of the voyage. From Liverpool we took steamer to Milford Haven, Pembrookshire and from thence to our former home, Fishguard, by coach.

How changed things seemed to me. Such a contrast between the ever progressive "Mormons" of Utah and the stagnant earth and atmosphere and people of this little town. With solemn pity and apparent piety many of our old time neighbors and friends welcomed us to their homes. Talk about coining! In a very short time the Christians (?) had minted a myriad falsehoods about our return; the Danites, the Massacre at Mountain Meadows painted in lurid colors, Brigham Young confiscating all my father had, and the Mormon Rebellion. Each of these was told in as many ways as there are points in a compass. All falsehoods I resented when given an opportunity, so did my parents.

For about 2 ½ years I remained at Fishguard, during which shades of light and dark, scenes of joy and sorrow, of friendship and enmity filled the time. How I longed for my "Mountain Home"!

Hurrah! Mother, who had returned to Utah in the spring of 1860, sent me a pass from Liverpool to Utah. To get means for this purpose she had labored hard and unceasingly as only a mother would. Now, I parted with my dear father, my brother and his family lately returned, a number of friends and a young lady, Ann Williams with whom I had kept company for several months. Sorrowful as I might be in parting, I must admit that no tears flowed in consequence. So filled was I with joy at returning to the place I loved so much, to once more embrace my mother and to find congenial employment totally eclipsed all else.

My return trip was to me somewhat eventful. At Florence, Nebraska I formed the acquaintance of an evil genius named Shaw who boarded and lodged at the same place I did. In the mean time I engaged to drive team to Utah for a Mr. Gwyn who was supposed to have considerable money. One day Claudius Spencer asked me if I would go and get his clothes from the wash. To this I consented. During my absence the thief, Shaw, entered Brother Gwyn's room, broke open his trunks and purloined a belt full of sovereigns. It was I, after returning with Spencer's clothes, who gave the alarm. While passing through the corridor on an upper floor with the clothes, and passing by Gwyn's room I discovered something wrong. At once I informed Gwyn and others. An excitement arose. Search was made here and there. Shaw was seen by some one making haste in the direction of Omaha. Pursuers--I was among them--hastened after him. In a short time we had him bagged and the money found intact--all of it.

Before his trial came off some evil influence had been at work with him to the extent of causing my arrest as an accomplice of the theft. I was held for trial. I was taken before a Justice charged with abetting the crime. No evidence was or could be produced against me altho Shaw declared I was guilty. I was fully exonerated and released and the villain Shaw was sent to Prison. I hope and pray that my boys or my boys' boys will, under no circumstances fall in with a stranger. In the above case he fell in with me in order to carry out his diabolical scheme.

When we came to Sweetwater I hired out to one Joseph Silver, a Portugese. Mr. Silver kept station for the Overland and Pony Express. Thomas Thomas, a Welshman from Llanelli joined me in labor for Mr. Silver. Both of us were assigned to cutting hay some 2 miles from the station. Here we labored for some weeks at a fair wage.

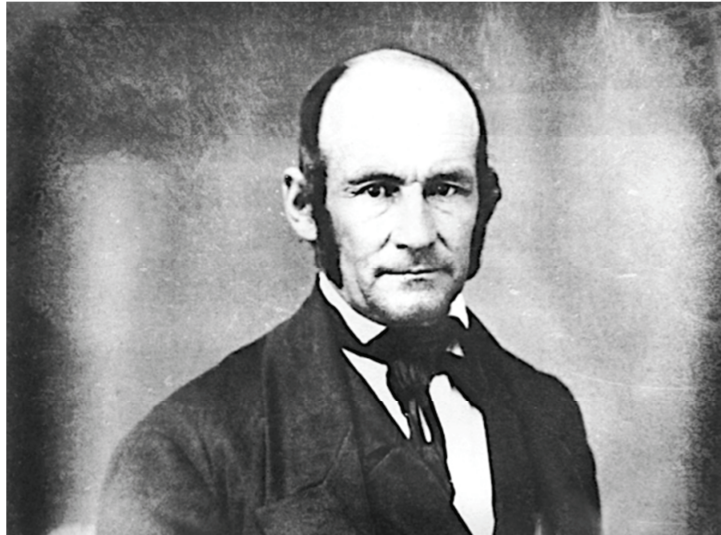
It was late in the fall 1861 when I started from there to Salt Lake City, in an Overland reaching the City about midnight. After dismounting, I made hurried tracks to my dear mother's home. Intuitively she knew my knock at the door. Imagine the pleasure of once more embracing mother and of mother's pride in welcoming her boy home again. I found mother suffering with a sore leg the result of sportive play with father before I was born.

I soon found employment at odd jobs. I worked steadily for Bishop Cunningham on his farm on the Jordan besides hauling wood and doing chores. Afterwards I worked for Joseph Chamberlain and Sam Williams partners in a shingle mill on East Canyon Creek. I became quite expert in picking shingles in front of the descending knife. More than one of the boys had their fingers cut off at the same business. Here too, I did considerable chopping and hauling logs to the mill.

One day 1862 while getting the timber I saw a cloud of dust on the Emigration road. Anxious to see the travelling saints, I left my partners, one Wilson Rawley, in charge and curiously scanned

the weary yet merry travellers. I hurried forward after being told that a young lady of my native town was somewhere in the front. After a walk of nearly 10 miles I was gladdened by seeing and kissing a beautiful young lady whom I once well knew by name Maryan Jenkins who in a few months became my wife--Feb. 21, 1863.

Heber C. Kimball an apostle a prophet, a counselor to President Brigham Young officiated at the marriage ceremony in the Endowment House, Salt Lake City in which Maryan Jenkins and I became husband and wife for all eternity. The lower picture of President Kimball appears more



Heber C. Kimball

like him in the day of our union than the one above except his mouth. In the endowment house that day he was affable, kind and courteous and seemed possessed of a strange--to me--intuitive, penetrating and discerning power. The lower picture shows him as he really seemed in times when firmness and determination of a high order were prominent and necessary in Utah. He, most certainly was a representative of the best manhood, of the strictest honesty and of unswerving devotion and loyalty to all that is virtuous, chaste, and elevating.

In worldly matters both of us were poor although we didn't heed it. We were young and full of untrained and undirected ambition. It was at mother's single room adobie house in the 15th ward that the marriage ceremony was performed by Bishop A. Cunningham with mother, Martha Coslett and Jack Balser as witnesses. I bought a bottle full of whisky rot gut to treat the bishop and Jack. I think they liked it.

Finding mother's room too inconvenient we rented a two room house of Mrs. Benjamin Evans the divorced wife of B.E. once the president of the church in Wales. We had no furniture or wares of any kind to start with. I engaged to work again for Chamberlain and Williams who kindly allowed us to draw on their account. We purchased cups, saucers and bowls, some provisions and other necessaries and felt as rich as Croesus.

In the early spring Maryan and I in company with Theophilus Davis started to work at a shingle mill for the men above mentioned. Here we camped until hay time when we worked first for a man by name Hand and afterwards for a Mill Creek polygamist out at Parley's Park north east of Snyderville. Maryan and I worked faithfully for quite a while and then left for Salt Lake City.

One of Keller's wives had a wooden leg. One night the cruel old boss got very angry at her, took her wooden leg which lay along side her in the wagon box and commenced punching her. She called for help. I was on hand in an instant. I will let the reader imagine what took place.

Before winter set in we bought a one half lot of mother, built a one room adobie house and partly furnished it. Next year in January (1864) our first babe, a girl, was born. We named her Catherine Elizabeth. After Maryan's confinement she was troubled and pained very much with a sore breast. Little Katie as we fondly called her slept on my arms for quite a while because of her mother's sickness.

In the autumn of 1863, Catherine and William Jenkins, a sister and brother of Maryan arrived from Wales. William was about 16 years old. He had the sad misfortune of being afflicted with epileptic fits. Having no home, we gladly bade him welcome to share our frugal meals and hardbed on the floor. He proved a blessing to us in our very straightened circumstances. One day I took him up to Bishop Hunter, then the presiding bishop of the Church. He allowed me so much a week for his maintenance which was nearly sufficient to bread all of us. This was winter time with no work for laborers. Had there been work I could not justly leave my wife alone in bed with a young babe whom she could not handle because of her ailment.

In addition to Catherine (Kate) our first born January 31, 1864, we added to our family list Josephine, born the last day of October 1865, Joseph Alma born Feb. 5th 1867, Hyrum Evans Rees born in July (midsummer) 1868 and Maryan born in the first part of the year 1872.

Catherine grew to womanhood, married an outsider, by the name of William Codington a musician. She died and was buried at Tacoma State of Washington. Josephine, too, grew to womanhood, married an outsider by the name of Mayo Perry, moved to California, died and was buried at Sanfrancisco. Her children are Mayo, Nina, Norma, Catherine, Helen and Lee. Alma died, unmarried, at the age of 22 and was buried at Spanish Fork, Utah (Born Feb 5, 1867). Since his early childhood he was badly afflicted with a curvature of his spine causing one shoulder to be much higher than the other besides his urinary organs troubled him very much. His troubles weighed heavily upon him so that in a despondent hour he took poison and died. He was a noble boy and his death caused me much sorrow. Hyrum grew to manhood. The last I heard directly from his was from Silver City, Idaho. Born

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After nine years of married life she gave birth to another girl baby which very probably brought about her death in the spring of 1872. We named our baby Maryann. On her mothers breast she was laid to rest in the cemetery at Grantsville. The funeral was a large one and the sympathy of the people genuine. I hope she'll be mine again.

Here I was left with four little children. At this time my name was presented at a general conference that is in April following her death for a mission to Australia. Bishop Rowberry advised me to go to Salt Lake and present my family situation before the proper authorities whereupon I called on Apostle Carrington who told me there was no need to send men in my circumstances on a mission. I was released.

I succeeded admirably in securing the help of a splendid aged lady by the name of Michelle[?] who acted so kindly towards my little children in all respects besides being clean and tidy in her housework.