

Life of William Howell

By his Grandson,
William Louis Howell

My Grandfather, William Howell, was born on the 18th of September 1816, at St. Donats, Glamorganshire South Wales. St. Donats, a parish in the union of Bridgend and Cowbridge, Hundred of Ogmere, County of Glamorgan, South Wales, 6 ½ miles (South West) from Cowbridge, contains 151 inhabitants. It is close to the Bristol Channel. This place is distinguished as the site of an ancient castle. It was formerly of great strength and magnificence, which was one of the twelve fortresses erected by the Norman knights who attended Fitz-Hamon in his conquest of this part of the principality. The castle is situated on the sea coast, part of it is now habitable, and in the later style of English architecture. The park lies to the West of it and the gardens are on the South, between the walls of the castle and the sea.

William Howell was the son of Lewis Howell born on 19th of August 1792, and Ann Priest was born on 14th of May 1793; both were born at St. Donats, Glamorganshire, South Wales. Their parents were also from St. Donats. Lewis Howell was a carpenter, and when his son William Howell was a young man he went to London, England and studied and worked in a dry goods store, and it is possible that it was at this time when he trained for the ministry. There is not much known of the details. It is known, however, that he was both a Baptist minister and a merchant and was very good in both professions. Later he moved to Aberdare, Glamorganshire, Wales, and there he had a store, and was the Baptist minister of that place. Here he met and married my Grandmother, Martha Williams; she was born on 8th of June 1813, at Cefa Feunar, the home estate of her parents, about 3 ½ miles South East of Aberdare. It is situated on an elevation which commands a splendid view of the narrow valley on the south. The front entrance opens into a hall on the east side of which is a deer leading to the parlor, on the west side is the dining room. The rooms are well-furnished; all is wondrously neat and convenient. The other section extends north and south. It is 60 feet long, including the kitchen and carriage room. The drawing room is spacious and well furnished; the other rooms and upstairs are very nice. Walking up the hill in back of the house, in a few minutes we stand on the summit which overlooks the town of Aberdare and the numerous pits in the vicinity. The farm consists of about 180 acres of land and is in an irregular form. The land is mostly meadow and good for grazing. There are various coal veins in the valley under Cefn Pennar property; some of the veins are now mostly exhausted. This is where Martha was raised; she was well educated and was of the gentry class and her parents were well-to do. Her father, Reese Williams, was born there in Cefn Pennar; he married Alice Lewis, born about 1782 in Gellygaer, Glamorganshire, Wales.

Gellygaer, a parish in the union of Merthyr-Tydvil, hundred of Caerphilly, county of Glamorgan-South Wales, 7 miles South-East from Merthyr-Tydvil, contains 3215 inhabitants. The parish is beautifully situated on the eastern part of the county, bordering on Brecknockshire and Monmouthshire, from which it is separated, on the northeast and east by the river Rumney, which forms its boundary on those sides. The surface is boldly varied with abruptly rising hills, skirted with woods, and the farmers rely more upon the feeding of sheep and the increase of their livestock, than upon agriculture. There are places of iron-ore, coal and slate found there. This is where Alice Lewis lived, and she was married to Reese Williams there on the 16th of July 1803.

William Howell and Martha Williams were married in the Baptists Carmel Chapel, Aberdare, on the 26th of September 1839 by William Lewis Minister, Morgan Williams Registrar, District of Merthyr-Tydfil. They lived in Aberdare, a parish in the union of Merthyr-

Tydvil, upper-division of the hundred of Miskin, county of Glamorgan, South Wales, 4 miles southwest by west from Merthyr-Tydvil which is a post town, and 24 miles north from Cardiff. Aberdare containing 6461 inhabitants; the village is pleasantly situated on the banks of the river Dar. Its majestic groves of oak and fir, alternating with fruitful corn-fields and luxuriant meadows, are finely contrasted with precipitous and barren rocks. The sweep of the river, in some of its windings, appears to be hemmed in on every side by lofty mountains. There are several beautiful mansions, together with their gardens and grounds. The parish abounds with coal and iron-ore, the working of which, though it has defaced the beauty of the neighborhood, has added greatly to its wealth and the number of its inhabitants. There are several different churches in the town.

While the Howell family lived in Aberdare they were blessed with four children. Ann was born the 27th of July 1840; William was born 19th of April 1843; Martha Alice was born 19th of June 1845—she died the 9th of March 1846, being about nine months old; and Reese was born 5th of September 1848. They had a store selling drapes and dry-goods and did very well. William Howell was also minister in the Baptist's church. They were happy and were doing well in their work. They sent their daughter Ann to a boarding school at Swansea to be initiated into the mysteries of all that a well brought-up young lady should know.

A new religion was being preached in Wales and England; it was very unpopular, and the people condemned the religion and the people that accepted it. It also came to Aberdare where the Howell family lived. The name of the new religion was the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints or (Mormons). Mr. Howell being a Merchant and a minister wondered what the new religion was, but was too bashful and proud to go to their meetings, publicly. But a poor widow supported her family by the poor fare of the parish and went and found means to get a tract, which she gave to Mr. Howell. He read the tract again and again, and it convinced him of the poverty of his religion, and he wanted to learn more. The Elders were asked to call on them, which they did, and one of them was the late Apostle John Taylor. Mr. Howell and his family studied and prayed; they became convinced that the Elders had the truth. The power of God unto salvation was revealed in connection with all who obeyed the ordinances of the gospel that brought salvation to them.

The following is taken from the history of Ann Howell Burt, William Howell's daughter.

“One day she (Ann Howell) was sitting with her Mama sewing (for little girls in those days were made to sew by hand very beautifully, and knit and crochet and do fancy work, hours at a time, and did not have so very much time to play). Well, as I said, as she was busy with some needlework, there came to their house some strange men from America. One of them was the late apostle John Taylor. Ann wondered considerably at these men, for they were not like the ordinary business men who used to come and visit her father, and of whom she took little notice. These men were so different. They talked about God, about a new prophet like unto those that used to live in olden days that Ann had often read and heard about. And they spoke about the gospel of peace, which had again been brought to earth. Ann listened and wondered. Mr. and Mrs. Howell listened and wondered, too; their hearts were touched. They were religious people and wanted to serve the Lord; but this was new and strange to them, and they realized how they must indeed take up their cross if they would follow the Master; for in those days it was even more difficult for people in better circumstances to embrace the truth than at this day, when the way has been made somewhat smoother by those who have traversed it.

Mr. and Mrs. Howell took up the cross and the little girl stood by and looked on, but soon she was made to feel that she too must take up the cross, if she would follow, for persecutions began at once, and the once happy, peaceful home was now no longer the same. They had been so happy in their ease and enjoyment of this world's good things, slumbering securely, as it were without any serious thought of what God really intended this life should be to his children. But now it was all so different. They began to understand that we were sent here to work out their salvation, and they soon found that those who would live godly in Christ must suffer persecution, and it began at once.

Ann Howell was no longer the well-to-do merchant's daughter; she was only a Mormon girl—one of those despised, misled and foolish people, at whom all the world was pointing the finger of scorn. One day Brother John Taylor took her aside with her parents and gave her a wonderful blessing, and though she is now a vigorous old lady of some seventy years, the memory of that blessing is still with her and has been a comfort to her many times.”

After the Howell family was converted, it was a new life for them, as brother Howell wrote in one of his letters.

“So to the river I went with an officer duly called and authorized by God to administer the ordinance of baptism for the remission of sins, and by the gift of the Holy Spirit which I received through the laying on of hands, which spirit testified with my spirit that I was an adopted child unto God's family, that my sins were forgiven, that the person that officiated was a servant of God, and that church I was in was none other than the House of God, and the very gates of Heaven. Through the goodness of God I soon brought my family into the church to rejoice with me, and scores besides who have brought their families and others to rejoice in the coming salvation of all. So I rejoice in seeing the little stone rolling forth in my native land through the medium of tracts, etc., increasing in strength, velocity, and stature, and becoming already a great mountain; and it will soon fill the whole earth with the glory of God's power and goodness.”

The Howell family used their means to buy tracts and other literature, and help missionaries. And soon Brother Howell was sent to preach the Gospel to the Jersey Islands. And on August 14th 1848 was called to go to France and preach the gospel there. After Brother Howell had been in France for a while he went back to his home in Wales and when he went back to France he took his daughter Ann with him to help deliver tracts and ask people to come to meetings. This was in July of 1849. Ann and her father spent nearly a year-and-a-half in France, and soon learned the French language.

The following are found in various places recorded in Church history.

(Church Chronology, April 6 1850)

Elder William Howell organized a branch of the church with six members at Boulogne-sur-mer, France. This was the first branch of the church raised up in that country.

* * *

(Church Chronology, Aug. 13 1848)

England had on this and the following day 28 conferences and 350 branches with a total of 17,902 members were represented in the British mission. Elder William Howell was called to go to France to open up a missionary field in that country.

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(Comprehensive History of the Church, Vol. 3, page 391, by Roberts)

The October Conference of 1849 appointed John Taylor of the Quorum of the twelve and Curtis E. Bolton and John Pack to a mission in France and Germany. Elder William Howell, a

zealous elder from Wales had preached the gospel in various places in the Jersey Islands and the coasts of France, and had baptized a few into the church, and organized a branch of the church with six members on the 6th of April 1850 at Boulogne-Surmer, France. Elder Howell was ordained to preach the gospel in France.

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The following was in the Relief Society Magazine of October 1956. The French Mission.
By Preston R Nibley. Page 650.

At a conference of the British Mission, held at Manchester, England, on August 14, 1848 and presided over by Elder Orson Pratt of the Twelve. It was resolved that William Howell of Aberdare, Wales, late a Baptist Minister, go across the British channel to Bretagne, France, and offer the gospel to the people of that country. (M.S. vol. 10, p. 254). Elder Howell thus became the first missionary to fill an assignment in France. However, he was delayed in reaching his field of labor, and it was early in July 1849 when he arrived at the port of Le Havre. There on July 30th, a few weeks after his arrival, he baptized his first convert, a young man thirty years of age, named August Saint d'Anna.

At the October conference of the Church held in Salt Lake City, in 1849, Elder John Taylor of the Council of the Twelve was appointed to preside over a new mission to be known as the French Mission. Elders Curtis E. Boltoh and John Pack were called to accompany him. These brethren arrived at Boulogne-sur-Mer on June 18th 1850 and began their missionary labors. The Book of Mormon was translated into French language.”

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Public Discussion France July 1850.

Mr. Cleve and Mr. Robertson—Elder John Taylor and Elder Taylor;—As there have been remarks made by these gentlemen, in regard to signs following in the gospel that we preach, I will call upon Mr. Howell. Elder Howell; — “This same gospel has been preached by the servants of the Lord in Wales, and thousands have embraced it. Mr. Taylor visited Wales four years ago and preached the same principles that he preaches here. All of the branches of the Church in Wales are edified, more or less, by the various spiritual gifts the members possess—having myself lately baptized upwards of a hundred in the principality of Wales. I can testify before the Lord, that some enjoy the gifts of wisdom and knowledge, others revelations, showing them things past, present, and to come through the spirit of God. Some have the gift of faith, and the gift of healing; others the gift of miracles and discerning of spirits, the gift of tongues and the gift of interpretation thereof.

A person of the name of John M'Manmouth from Hindostan, intimately acquainted with Dr. Cary, a Baptist Missionary at Calcutta, and a member of his church, understanding seventeen oriental languages, came to reside in the neighborhood of Merthyr-Tydvil. He was induced to attend a Saints' meeting; in the meeting he understood seven languages spoken by the gift of tongues by the brethren and sisters present. He testified that the young servant girl I had prayed in the Malabar tongue. The said girl, on another occasion, prayed in the Hebrew tongue. A Jew present, stating he understood what she said, but not the whole; he said she spoke in the ancient Hebrew and not the modern, and what Mr. Cater said concerning this matter is false. Seeing the Rev. gentlemen and audience present, making light of the gifts and blessings promised by God to his Church, made me think of the fox, endeavoring to smile and grin at the grapes, and say that they were sour because he could not reach them.

These gentlemen seek a sign,—I will give them a sign. Notwithstanding their opposition to the gospel, it will march through this nation gloriously, and thousands will believe and obey the truth and become members of the church.

The following is from the Comprehensive History of the Church, by Roberts, page 392. “Public Discussion in France Boulogne-Sur-Mer.” After a brief stay in England Elder Taylor and his associates of the French Mission crossed the English Channel, arriving at Boulogne-Sur-Mer on the 18th of June 1850. A hall was taken in the center of the city, and a course of lectures announced which were attended by a number of Protestant ministers of the city, three of whom finally joined in a challenge to Elder Taylor to publicly discuss the subject of Mormonism. The challenge was promptly accepted. The fact that the discussion was published and circulated in the British Mission gives evidence of the success of Elder Taylor’s advocacy, and defense of the cause he espoused. The three ministers asked that the discussion close (See William Howell’s letters to Millennial Star, Vol. 1q [*sic*], page 90 and 92 also, pages 157-9). Notwithstanding much opposition of the Church were organized in Paris, Havre, Calais and Boulogne-Sur-Mer. In June 1851 the branches of the Channel Islands were added to the French Mission. When a conference was held in Paris December 1851, more than four hundred members in the French Mission were represented.

The following is taken from the biography of Ann Howell Burt.

“Ann was baptized, and soon after her Father was called to go on a mission to France. He was the first “Mormon” missionary to go to that country. After opening the Gospel there, he returned to visit his family in Wales and decided to take his little daughter back to France with him, as she was apt, and thought after learning the French language, she might be a great help to him.

It was no small trial for Ann to leave her dear mother and brothers and her grandfather, who was a wealthy old gentleman and lived at Cardiff; but since they embraced the gospel, the grandfather had turned with their other friends and was no longer what he used to be.

Before she left, little Ann was requested to go on the stand one Sunday at meeting and sing “Home Sweet Home.” She sang it in her sweet childish voice, made tremulous at the thought of soon having to leave her home. Brother Taylor was so delighted with her singing, that he had the song printed on pink silk and gave it to her as a keep-sake.

Life for a “Mormon” girl, young as she was among strangers in a strange city, was not all pleasure. They were of course persecuted there as they had been in their home, and the language was quite an obstacle to be surmounted; however, Ann soon learned to speak French fairly well, and they helped distribute tracts from house to house. After three days or more they would generally call for the tracts, and if the people had read them Ann would give them some more and invite them to their meetings. Many times the little girl was driven away with threats, and she had to run as fast as she could to escape trouble.

They were located at a place called St. Mallow. It was among the poor where the Saints have generally had to locate. The feeling of opposition was strong against them and at one time, had it not been for the intervention of friends, Brother Howell would have been thrown into a pond of water. Brother Howell decided that it was best to leave the place and they immediately embarked for St. Servin to begin work there.

At their arrival, it being late in the day, they were unable to find lodgings and were obliged to spend the night in the suburbs of the city, outdoors, and without shelter.

After finding lodgings and beginning work again, Brother Howell and his daughter soon found that persecution followed them wherever they went, and it was not long until mob violence forced them out in the grove where they had spent their first night at St. Servin. The mob followed them, however, but Brother Howell succeeded in eluding them until towards morning, when he left his little daughter in the grove while he went unto the city to ascertain how matters stood at their lodgings. He told Ann to stay where she was and he would soon return with some breakfast. But soon after his departure some of the mob returned, and finding the girl alone, took her with them. Ann had no idea what they were going to do with her, and was of course badly frightened. She wept at the thought of her father's disappointment when he should come back and find her gone. Near the entrance to the grove they met a kindly-disposed woman who succeeded in inducing the mob to let her take the little girl in charge. The men were probably not sorry to get rid of the girl, since she would not and could not tell anything about her father, and he was the one they wanted. The kind lady lived near the entrance to the grove, took Ann to her home and gave her something to eat, for the child was nearly famished and worn out with fatigue and excitement. Ann kept a sharp look out from the window for her father, and when she saw the bottle green penwiper coat, the tall hat and her kind father's anxious face beneath it, she ran as fast as she could to get to him. She overtook him as he reached the place where he had left her, and where he stood much distressed at not finding her. Their joy at finding each other was great, and they thankfully returned to their lodgings.

Meanwhile Sister Howell, who was an energetic woman, staunch in the faith, and anxious to do all she could for the gospel's sake, had been left to manage and carry on the business at home in Wales. But she soon found to her sorrow that with embracing the truth their financial interests suffered. The business went down fast, for their patrons had turned against them and very few now came to buy from them, so that Sister Howell now had very little else than the allowance from her father, which she had received ever since she was married. Her father, being angry with her for the disgrace, as he termed it, she had brought on him by joining the despised "Mormons," now also threatened to withdraw this much needed money, unless she would promise to withdraw from the objectionable people.

Her father was also much displeased with Sister Howell because she was contributing largely of her means to help the cause along in France. The tracts had to be translated and printed in French; lodgings had to be paid for as well as many other expenses, and it all had to come from Sister Howell's now fast diminishing supply.

One day Sister Howell's brother came as a messenger from their father to persuade his sister to leave the Mormon Church. Their Father had sent him with the express command for her to sever her connections with those people and to leave off sending money to France for the purpose of helping their cause along. And furthermore he sent word that if she did not comply with his wishes she would be disinherited and her allowance cut off.

This was an awful blow to Sister Howell, who could not see how the cause in France could go on without the money she received from her father; Yet she knew that God did not have to depend upon any one person, but she was so anxious to do and help this work along.

She told her brother that she was unable to comply with her father's wishes, as she knew that it was safer for her to do the will of her Heavenly Father than that of her earthly father, and that she was sorry, as she sadly needed her father's help.

Finding that all his pleadings were vain, her brother returned to their father with this message, and when the old gentleman heard it he became so enraged that he struck the table with

his cane and swore that on the next day he would send for his lawyer and she would be cut off without a penny. Her brother plead for her to no purpose.

Meanwhile, Sister Howell went before the Lord and laid the matter in His hands. She asked Him to clear the way for her, that she might be able to carry out her heart's desire if it so pleased Him. She felt comforted after this, and that evening she went to prayer meeting. She had not spoken to anyone about this trouble of hers, being a very reserved woman who always kept her own counsel.

The Saints used to have spiritual feasts at their prayer meetings. They were all full of this new and wonderful gospel, and they were spiritually minded, seeking the Kingdom of God, and trying to keep His commandments. They rejoiced in coming together, and often some of the Saints spoke in tongues; others interpreted, and they enjoyed other manifestations. That night one brother arose and spoke in tongues, and the interpretation was to this effect—the sister who was sorely troubled about her financial affairs should take comfort, as God would work out all things for her good.

Sister Howell went home supremely happy, knowing that the Heavenly Father would provide a way for her. She went to bed that night with thanksgiving in her heart. About midnight she was awakened by a loud ringing of the door-bell, and springing up in alarm she ran to the door and there found her brother once more. He was in great haste, and told her to hurry and put on something; he had a carriage waiting to take her back to their father who was dying, but wanted to see her before his death.

How anxious was the daughter to see her father once more and say a few words of comfort to him before they should part; but when they arrived at her father's house he had gone beyond the pale [*sic*] of understanding the things of this world.

Her father had been taken severely ill soon after supper, and he died before morning, without having recognized his daughter, but also without having time to alter his will.

Sister Howell was left in possession of her monthly allowance and also received her share of interest from the coal mine of which her father had been part owner.”

Rees Williams (Father of Martha Williams Howell) died the 9th of July 1849, at his home in Cafn-Pennar, he had a large family and lived on an estate of 180 acres of land and there was a coal mine on his place of which he was part owner for 99 years. The place was about 3 ½ miles South-East of Aberdare. It was a beautiful place except for the coal pits. His Wife, Alice Lewis, had died on the 3rd of December 1835 when who was 53 years old, they were married 16th of July 1803 at Gellygaer, the birth place of Alice Lewis. The will of Reese Williams states that he was formerly of Belle Vue Terrace in the parish of Swansea. He took sick on the night of the 9th of July and he died sometime during the night, and it might have been the morning of the 10 when he died, as it states in his will, executors of the said deceased. (Diocese of Llandaff Consistory Court.) Reese Williams was a proud man and he and his family were of the upper class and was well educated and well-thought-of in their community, and when his daughter Martha and her family joined the Mormons it hurt him so bad he couldn't get over it.

In the late fall or early winter of 1850 William Howell and his daughter Ann was released from their mission in France and returned to their home in Aberdare. They had been gone for a year and a half and had had many wonderful experiences. They were welcomed back by many new friends, of more humble origin perhaps than their friends of former days, but whose friendship was sincere.

As the church grew the persecution increased, but the Saints did not grow faint hearted for there were many manifestations of spiritual gifts, and many miracles were performed to strengthen the faith and testimonies of the Saints.

One day there was a multitude of people surrounding the house of a collier who had just been carried home on a stretcher, apparently dying. A great lump of coal had fallen on his back and broken his spine. He had lately joined the Church but his wife had not. Great sympathy was felt for the man, and several doctors were sent for by various people. They held a Consultation and came to the conclusion that the man would only be able to live a couple of hours. The injured man whispered to his wife to send for the Mormon Elders. Brother Howell, who was president of the branch, came with his counselors and they administered to the sick man. Brother Howell commanded him in the name of Jesus Christ to arise from his bed, and those who stood around the bed heard the bones of the sick man's body crack as they slid back into their places, and the man arose from his bed and gave thanks to God . . . for his mercy.

Soon after Brother Howell had returned from France he was advised to emigrate; so, accordingly, he sold out, and with his family prepared to move to Zion. He took what he could with him; he had a large supply of books which he took, also dry goods, shawls, clothes, etc.

In the first part of February 1851 Brother Howell and his family left Aberdare, Wales to go to Liverpool to sail for America.

As he left Wales he wrote, "It has been truly said, that the instinct which prompts men to cleave to the land of their nativity is one of the strongest of our common nature. This feeling is inherent in every Welshman. The mountains and vallies, towns and villages of his native land, enchanted as it were by the various romantic elegies of the Welsh Bards, cause his heart to cleave to the home of his fathers, shuddering at the thought of having his death bed surrounded by strangers, and his grave in a foreign land. This love of country has given birth to the loftiest deeds of patriotism—the finest outbursts of poetry and most patient endurance of hardships and suffering throughout the length and breadth of Wales; the finest climates, the brightest skies, and the most fertile plains in other parts of the world have no charms for the Welshman, no pleasure for me out of my native land.

Knowing this to be the common feeling of my countryman, and at the same time finding a hundred lately leaving their country. (Abraham Like) friends and relations, knowing but one language, sacrificing property and all that is dear to commence a journey of some eight thousand miles! Described by their enemies as the valley of the shadow of death, and the place they are going to as the region where death reigns through famine, pestilence, and common destruction; yet I find those Latter-day Saints (and I suppose the English are the same) going forth bold as lions, in flocks as harmless as doves, happy as angels, singing Zion's songs, with their hearts filled with joy and gladness having the same feeling, as the poet says, "

I will not write it all as there are 6 pages, but read the "A Farewell Glance at Wales" by William Howell (from the Millennial Star of March 1851, Volume 13, page 78).

It was very trying for Sister Howell to leave Wales at that time. She was not very well as she was expecting a baby, and the last month she felt quite miserable. And her brothers and sisters were very much against her leaving. Her share of the coal mine which she was receiving royalty from had to be taken care of. Her share was put in the court of Chancery (the court having jurisdiction in equity), where it remained for about ten years.

She had great faith in the gospel and had a strong testimony, and she would do all she could for the gospel's sake; in spite of all the hardships she was cheerful and happy to come to Zion.

The Howell family left Wales and arrived in Liverpool about the 10th of February. The Emigration records F 6184 part one has on record:

William Howell	age	34 minister.
Martha Williams Howell	“	37
Ann Howell	“	11
William Howell	“	9
Reese Howell	“	3

February 10th Ship Olympus; fare asked for a deposit of 6 pounds to sail for New Orleans on February 28th. Captain Wilson of the ship was a good man. The ship did not leave until March 4th 1851 from Liverpool.

It was nearly a month from the time the Howell family left dear Aberdare, Wales, until they were on their journey on the good ship “Olympus.” The ship of seven hundred and forty-four tons a crew of about 52, and a company of 245 converts, with William Howell as president of the company, and T. Bradshaw, T. Smith, J. Livesey, and W. Hemshaw as counselors, all of whom paid their way, none of them taking advantage of the perpetual emigration fund. The ship was all loaded on the 2nd of March, on Saturday. On Sunday they had a meeting, using a large box for a pulpit and nearly 300 people retired for the night. On Monday March 4th 1851, the Olympus left her mornings in the docks for to anchor in the river, then down the river Mersey to the open sea. Tuesday March the 5th the beautiful Olympus with her white sails spread forth to catch the ocean breeze, commenced her course with a speed of 200 miles per diem. The passengers were very happy, some reading the bible, and others church books, some singing, others watching the waves. Each day they had a school for the children, also prayers, and speaking, and everyone was treated with kindness and love.

Some families in groups were partaking of dishes of food, well seasoned with hunger, for the sea appetite is sharp; they were happy indeed. One boy said “Father, we must not leave this vessel, for we have plenty to eat here.”

They had meetings on Sunday and on the other six days in the following manner; daily prayer meeting—mornings at ten, evening at nine; daily school for the children as well as those of the Saints, evening lectures at 5 PM on religion, geography, history, astronomy and various subjects.

The Captain and crew were very kind; they listened to the discourses delivered, made enquiries about our principles, read our books, and were greatly impressed by the faith, love and kindness shown by the saints. The Captain and crew had a stage put overboard and held with ropes for baptizing. Twenty-one of the crew was baptized this way; the confirming was done on Sunday.

There were a few bad storms on the Atlantic. The Captain and crew marveled at the faith and courage of the saints. They did not become afraid, but put their trust in the Lord. When it seemed like the ship would be lost, the saints prayed and sang songs praising the Lord, and said they knew they would be protected.

The Olympus was nearly fifty days going from Liverpool to New Orleans. When they arrived in New Orleans there were about 29 of the crew and Captain that were baptized into the church.

There was one birth, and two children died on the journey.

The following is from a letter of William Howell to the Millennial Star, June 15th 1851, Volume 13, page 188, written on April 27th at New Orleans.

“A pleasant passage from Liverpool to New Orleans is about fifty days. Fifty added to the Church by baptism on the Olympus. Twenty-one baptized in the open sea, from a stage let down by the ship; meetings were held by the Saints on board—peculiar kindness of the Captain and crew.”

From New Orleans, the Howell family and the other Saints went up to St. Louis and on to Kaneshville Landing (Council Bluffs), Iowa on the “Statesman.” After the boat landed, the cooks and crew left her, preferring rather to be teamsters across the plains for the Mormons, and have their society in Utah, than remain on the Missouri.

The Howell family stayed at Kaneshville for a while, and William Howell started a store. On the 20th of June 1851 a son was born to them; they named him Louis, a French name after the French emperor—as brother Howell was the first Missionary to France, and his French missionary experiences were very dear to them. It was getting late in the year now and they decided to stay in Kaneshville for the winter and leave for Utah in the next spring.

After the Howell family had joined the church they were very busy spreading the gospel to others, and it was the greatest desire to bring others to the knowledge of the truth. No sacrifice was too great for the gospel’s sake; they had unusual success. Brother Howell was a very pleasant man and was a very good speaker, and was full of enthusiasm and love of the work of the Lord, and carried such a good spirit with him. Sister Howell admired him in his energetic enthusiasm and ability in speaking, and the power to show to others the things that were true. And as she was expecting a baby, she prayed that the coming child would have the ability of her husband to speak, and have the desire to preach the gospel to others. The answer to this prayer was fulfilled in the birth of her son Louis at Kaneshville, Iowa, on June 20th 1851.

Brother Howell did not enjoy his stay in Kaneshville long, unfortunately. Shortly after that he was stricken with sickness and died on the 21st of November 1851. This was a terrible blow to Sister Howell. Nevertheless, the brave woman, determined to carry out his and her intentions of going to Utah, continued, and she prepared for the trip. The large supply of books that they had brought with them were sold at a sacrifice. They were too heavy to haul, and the money was needed to prepare for the trip West.

The following is from the history of Ann Howell Burt.

“The trip was hard and trying for Sister Howell who was unused to the rough side of life. Ann bore her part of the hardships with the cheerfulness of a child who has the happy faculty of finding pleasure and diversion in the most forbidding surroundings. However, the journey was over at last. Brother Howell and his family took up their abode at Council Bluffs, where he started a store for the purpose of maintaining his family till the next year, when they intended to continue their travels to Salt Lake. But God had decreed it otherwise. Brother Howell was a delicate man, and the hardships of the new life soon told on him. He died at Kaneshville that same fall. Brothers Hyde and Benson, two of the apostles, visited him every night to comfort him in his last hours. He died in full faith.”