

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF WILLIAM RUFUS ROGERS STOWELL

Written under his supervision

by

James Little

When completed, carefully criticized for errors in facts by

WILLIAM RUFUS ROGERS STOWELL

Colonia Juarez, Mexico
January 1893

INTRODUCTION

As I approach the age of three score and ten, the importance of leaving a record of my life for my posterity was seriously impressed upon me. As its importance was manifest, the indifference in youth and middle age, which led me to be careless about keeping a journal or preserving letters and other valuable papers has been a matter of serious regret.

With the assistance of Brother James A. Little to put into proper shape what material I have been able to furnish and also to surround my life at some of its most important periods with the proper environment from history. I have been able, I trust, to leave this sketch of my eventful life in a form that may be both instructive and interesting to my children.

When I received the gospel of the Son of God, the spirit of gathering with the Saints to the places God had appointed was upon me.

Like our Father Abraham, I left my kindred and native at the command of God. In doing this my object was to cast my lot with the gathered Israel of Latter days and share in the blessings that were in store for them. Since doing this, the blessings of the Father have been sealed upon me by the Holy Priesthood, even the power of eternal increase. I have the fullest faith that if I keep the covenants I have made in Holy places that all these blessings will be realized in the future that lies before us. If so, then will every event in my life be of deep interest to my posterity from the fact that those events will influence their destiny.

I bear my testimony to all to whom this record shall come that the Gospel I have embraced is from heaven; that it has been planted in the earth for the salvation of the race; that it will never be taken from the earth, but will accomplish the object for which it was sent--the exaltation of the righteous and the destruction of the wicked and also the purification and sanctification of the earth.

William Rufus Rogers Stowell

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF WILLIAM RUFUS ROGERS STOWELL

Mr. Stowell's knowledge of his ancestors is quite limited, extending only to his Grandfather, Oliver Stowell.

This Patriarch of the family was born in the town of Stafford, County of Tolland, State of Connecticut, December 18, 1744. This act indicates that the family are Puritanic in descent and character.

Oliver Stowell married Abigail Strickland, January 30th 1778. She was born May 16, 1757 and died August 18, 1836. The date of the death of Oliver Stowell does not appear in the family record. He served in the War which separated the American Colonies from Great Britain, and was a professional physician. He was the father of a family of five children of whom Augustus Oliver Artemus, the father of tire subject of this sketch was the third child and second son. He was born in the town of Stafford, County of Tolland, State of Connecticut, June 4, 1783. He studied law and was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of the State of New York as the following Certificate will show.

"New York; Sign of Lord Cole.
BY THE, HONORABLE JAMES KENT,
Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Judicature of the
People of the State of New York

TO ALL TO WHOM THESE PRESENT MAY COME, GREETING:

KNOW YE, That Artemus Stoel having on examination in this present term of May been duly admitted and appointed by the said Court an ATTORNEY AT LAW, I do hereby Authorize and License him to practice in the said Court as an ATTORNEY, according to the laws of this State, and the rules and Orders of the said Court.

Given under my Hand and seal the Eleventh
day of May in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eight -- and in the Thirty-second
year of the Independence of America.

JAMES KENT

Be it remembered that on this Eleventh day of May, in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eight the within named Artemus Stoel personally appeared in open Court and there took and subscribed the Oath of office as Attorney of the said Court as by the Law is required.

Jas. Jarveis Clerk."

This Certificate has been preserved in the family papers and was probably issued when Mr. Stowell lived in the town of Solon, Oneida County, State of New York: to which place he had moved from the home of his childhood in Connecticut. The Certificate is very imperfect as it contains only one of the three given names of Mr. Stowell and the surname is spelled "Stool". His Son, the subject of this sketch, states that he is sure the Certificate was issued to his Father. He recollects it being understood in his youth that the family name was once spelled Stoel. He also recollects his Father practicing law after the removal of the family to Chautauqua County, New York.

William Rufus Rogers Stowell was born in the town of Solon, Oneida County, State of New York; September 23, 1822. In August 1825 the family moved into the town of Westfield, Chautauqua County of the same State. It was heavily timbered country, requiring great labor to clear the ground for cultivation. He at first purchased about one hundred acres of land and subsequently bought additions until his farm comprised two hundred and sixty acres.

The improvements on his first purchase consisted of three acres of cleared land and a Shanty, constructed of small piles, 14 feet square. It was not the character of his peace to be satisfied with scanty conveniences and he soon built a more comfortable house,

Lumber was scarce and it became necessary to remedy this evil by building a sawmill before making extensive improvements. He took with him into the country a blooded Stallion of Duroc Breed and a good Jack; the former he sold for \$900.00. He bred considerable fine stock for the market and dis@sed of it at

good prices. He was so thrifty and prosperous that in a few years he possessed a good farm with houses, barns, orchards and the conveniences and comforts of a wealthy farmer of that time.

The subject of this sketch labored diligently during his childhood and youth to assist his Father in gathering wealth and comfort. When about six years old his leg was accidentally broken; but in a few weeks nature repaired the accident. While yet in his childhood, a very important event was transpiring in the earth which molded his life and shaped his destiny. It greatly increased the value of that life, not only to himself but to his fellow men. That event was the restoration of the Gospel to the earth through the Prophet Joseph Smith. This remarkable man, sent into the earth to usher in the Dispensation of the fullness of times, was born on the 22 day of December 1805, in Sharon, Windsor County, Vermont. Through the ministrations of the Father and the Son and of Holy Angels he was duly prepared for his great mission Through the Revelations of the Holy Ghost he translated the record of the ancient inhabitants of the American Continent known as the Book of Mormon, in which is revealed the fullness of the everlasting Gospel. The sixth day of April 1830 in Fayette, Seneca County, State of New York; he organized the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Within a year a large branch of the Church was established in the Township of Kirtland, State of Ohio. It became, at once, a gathering place for the scattered Saints. The early part of February 1831 the Prophet located in Kirtland and it became the headquarters of the Church and a nucleus around which to gather its increasing numbers. The previous Autumn Elders had been sent to Missouri, preaching by the way. This indicated that still further to the West than Kirtland was another objective point towards which the movements of the Church would be directed. In a revelation given February 9, 1831, the Lord said to the Prophet: "And Ye Shall hereafter receive Church covenants, such as shall be sufficient to establish you, both here and in the New Jerusalem. And behold it shall come to pass that my servants shall be sent forth to the East and to the West, to the North and to the South; and even now let him that goeth to the East teach them that shall be converted(to flee to the West, and this in consequence of that which is coming on the earth, and of secret combinations."

This policy of gathering the Saints to Missouri as well as to Citron was soon carried out by directing of converts to gather there. These events proved that the "Ohio" with Skirt land as a center of operations was from the first only designed as a way station at which to gather strength for more fully carrying out the policy of "fleeing to the West", for as early as September 11, 1831, the Lord declared through the Prophet, Joseph Smith, that it was his "will to retain a strong hold in the land of Citron, Ohio; the Saints grew gathering in Jackson County, Missouri and began to consider that region as the future center of the Latter-Day work. In the meantime prosecution began to rage in Missouri and in November of this year, the Saints were driven from Jackson County by a mob. This was also an important year to the Stowell family, as it brought to them the first news of the Gospel which changed the whole tenor of their lives.

In February 1833, Dan, the half brother of William Rufus Rogers Stowell, and five years his senior, accompanied his Father with a load of hay each, to the village of Westfield where it was disposed of. On their return home, they overtook a Mrs. Brewster who was walking. She requested the privilege of riding on one of the sleds. As she seated herself, Mr. Stowell remarked, "It is a very cold day". "Yes," replied Mrs. Brewster, "It is very cold, but five persons have been baptized today." Mr. Stowell queried, "Of what denominational She replied, "Mormons." With some surprise Mr. Stowell remarked, "He had never before heard of such a people." Mrs. Brewster informed him that they were a new sect of religionists and that they would hold a meeting that evening to attend which she was then on her way. She also extended and invitation to him to attend the meeting. He accepted while his son Dan. took the teams home and informed the family that his Father had

remained behind to attend a Mormon meeting. The following day the Father arrived home about eleven o'clock A.M. accompanied by a Mr. Higbee, who came to Mr. Stowell's saw-mill for a load of lumber. An important feature in this chain of circumstances was Mr. Stowell bringing with him a copy of the Book of Mormon which he had obtained of John Gould, a fellow citizen. Mr. Stowell was in a cheerful mood and

related to his family what he had seen and heard of the new sect of religionists. His sons were old enough to attend to the usual duties of taking care of home and he, at once, became absorbed in reading the new book. He made no remarks about it until he had twice carefully conned it over, when he closed the book remarking with some emphasis, "That book is as true as the Bible." These circumstances from the first were attended with a strong testimony of the spirit that the doctrines of the new religion were of God. ,

This Book of Mormon was one of the first edition printed by Mr. Grandin of Palmyra, New York in 1830. It is a valuable family relic and is now 1892, in possession of WILL RUFUS ROGERS STOWELL. (This book is now, 1964, in possession of his grandson, Brigham Earl Stowell.) After further investigation Mr. August Oliver Artless Stowell became fully convinced that the doctrines taught by the Mormon Elders were of Divine origin, and was baptized in his own mill-pond the following April by Elder James Higher, who had accompanied him home the day after he attended the Mormon meeting to which Mr. Brewster had invited him. Soon after, his wife and some of the children followed him into the church.

This first convert of the family to Mormonism first married Hulda Warren, by whom he had four children. He married the second time, Mary S. Holmes, who was born September 15, 1797, in Warwick, Hamden County, Massachusetts, and died November 20, 1885. By her he had nine children. Of these the second child and eldest son, WILLIAM RUFUS ROGERS STOWELL is the subject of this sketch. The principal events of his childhood have been noticed in connection with the history of his Father. He did not follow his Father and Mother into the Church of Latter Day Saints until August 1834, These were stirring times in the history of the Latter Day Saints. As before stated, the Saints in Missouri were subjected to many wrongs, and the 24th of November 1835, 150 of them were expelled by a mob from their homes in Jackson County, They scattered out into Clay, Davies and DeWitt Counties, They were not permitted to rest in these places, and they gathered into Caldwell County and located the town of Far West. The exiles made every possible exertion to recover their property but without success. These persecutions were a constant accumulation of unredressed wrongs heaped upon the Saints by the Missourians. They generally culminated in destruction of property and often in imprisonment and death. Death sometimes was due to personal violence, but often by diseases caused by exposure to the elements and want of the necessities of life

In 1834 a military body, called "Zion's Camp" marched from Ohio to Missouri for the relief of the Saints. This body of men witnessed many manifestations of the power of God in chastisement for not listening to Joseph, and in deliverance from their enemies. After Joseph had spent a short time among the Saints in Missouri, he and others commenced the return journey to Kirtland on the 9th of July and arrived there the first of August. There the Prophet found the elements of discord and apostasy in several leading elders. Much opposition had been aroused against him by false reports and accusations. The investigation of these did much to restore order and harmony.

The persecutions of the Saints are of importance in this connection as they served to weaken the faith of Augustus Oliver Artemus Stowell in the religion he had embraced only a few months before. In the winter of 1833 Elders visited the Westfield branch of the Saints each to preach the Gospel and to gather men and means to send to Missouri to assist the Saints who had been driven from Jackson County. The peculiar errand of these elders and the many exciting reports in circulation about the Mormons, impressed Mr. Stowell with the idea that the Mormons were about to break out in rebellion against the Government of the United States, He was a strong patriot and very loyal to the Government of his country. These views prepared him to sacrifice his religion to his Patriotism and he withdrew from the Church. He doubtless was honest in motive but in error with regards to facts. In time he became intolerant and so far antagonized his wife and children in the practice of their

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The power of tire apostates continued to increase until Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon were compelled to flee in the night. They left Kirtland on the evening of the 12th of January 1838. They arrived in Far West the 14th of the following March. The headquarters of the Church were now removed from Ohio to Missouri; and it was the signal for the evacuation of Kirtland. It had filled its mission and was no longer needed for the progress of the Saints "to the West".

The sixth of March 1838 the Seventies met in the Kirtland Temple to devise means of removing their quorum to Missouri. On the 10th of the month it was made manifest by "vision and Prophecy that they should go up in a camp pitching their tents by the way. On the 13th they adopted rules for their journey, which were signed by 175 men. On the 6th of July a company numbering in all--men, women and children--five hundred and fifteen souls, left Kirtland with 58 wagons and a large number of cows. It was called "the Kirtland Camp". It consisted principally of the poor Saints of Kirtland, the sick, **lame**, blind etc. with all who could not move without help. Zion's Camp was essentially a military organization not burdened with families. The "Kirtland Camp" was the first of the Saints traveling with ,Wagons, of any considerable magnitude, that was an emigrating one, burdened with women and children,, household goods, cattle, etc. This company suffered much by the way from destitution and sickness. A considerable portion of it stopped at various points on the road to recruit finances and health. The part that continued their journey crossed the Missouri River into Pike County, Missouri, September 20th 1838. The 2nd of October the company approached Far West. The Prophet Joseph and other leading Elders of the Church met them a few miles out and escorted them into the City. They camped on the Public Square where friends greeted friends in the name of the Lord. The wants of the company, for food were measurable supplied by the citizens of Far West. They needed the kind hospitality of friends for they had eaten but little for several days. By the way they had travelled they were distant from Kirtland eight hundred and sixty-six miles. They had now reached the land of Zion, the headquarters of the Church, and the Kirtland exodus had culminated but the "Kirtland Camp" were advised to settle in Adam-on-di-Ahman which had been located in June of that year on the north side of Grand River in Davies County, twenty-five miles north of Par West. They arrived at this place about sunset the 4th of October, "when one of the brethren living in the place proclaimed with a loud voice, 'Brethren, your long and tedious journey is now ended, you are now on the public square of Adam-onhi-Ahman. This is the place wher-e Adam blessed his posterity, where they rose up and called him Michael, the Prince, the Archangel, and he being full of the Holy Ghost predicted what sho ld befall his posterity to the latest generation.

Missouri was a "Land of Promise" to the Saints only to be retained on condition of keeping the law of consecration. This law was applicable to all members of the Church. That the conditions were not fulfilled is evident from Doctrines and Covenants Sec. 101.

With Divine requirements unfulfilled the Saints had not faith to contend with surroundings, antagonisms and the land of Missouri proved uncongenial soil for their work and growth. Even with this failure in coming up to the standard of excellence required of them, the purity of their principles, their progressive spirit, and their unity of action were too much for the crude intellectual and moral capacity of the average Missourian, and he made frequent spasmodic efforts to eject from his surrounding elements so antagonistic to his nature.

,then the Prophet, Joseph Smith, arrived in Far West in the Spring of 1838, it became the residence of the leading authorities of the church and it, and the surrounding country, a gathering place of its members. The Missourians feared the political power of the Saints on account of their unity and opposed their voting in the town of Gallatin and the August election. A knock-down fight occurred between the parties in which the Mormons were victorious. This aroused the popular excitement to fever heat. From that time antagonisms strengthened. Mobs became leagalized -military bodies under State authority-, the judiciary instead of defending the injured became a mere tool in the hands of a vindictive populace.

The climax of tyranny and wrong was reached when Lilburn W. Boggs, the Governor of the State issued a decree that the Mormons must either leave the State or be exterminated. The Saints were disarmed and their leaders imprisoned. In this defenseless condition they were robbed of their opportunity to protect themselves from being robbed of their property and other abuses by as graceless a set of villains as ever claimed connection with christian civilization.

The crisis came -and it was death or expatriation. The memorable exodus of the Saints from Missouri commenced in the Autumn of 1838, and continued the ensuing winter and spring under circumstances of extreme destitution and suffering. It was a dark day. They were leaving their "Land of Promise" to which they had clung with great tenacity and there was no other in sight. There had been no prophetic utterances to indicate where should be their next gathering place. Only those who had passed through a similar experience can conceive of their sufferings and they will never be written unless it is done by the recording angels. These they left ample evidence of along their trail to the west bank of the Mississippi River, opposite the town of Quincy, Illinois; a distance of about 175 miles. There hundreds escaped in winter storms with little protection except the forest along the river bottom, which furnished abundant fuel for their fires.

In fulfillment of a covenant made by the Elders, that they would not cease their exertions until their people were fathered out of Missouri, when those who owned teams had accomplished the deliverance of their families, they and their scanty stock of household goods were unloaded and the team returned to Missouri to deliver others from perils and death. Some Missourians living on the road travelled by the Saints in their vindictive hate ignored their usual customs of hospitality and at night denied women and children shelter from the rigors of a northern winter, the icy air of which was often breathed by newborn babes, others, with warm sympathies for suffering humanity, offered them such shelter and comfort as was practicable under the eyes of some vindictive neighbor. To honor of the citizens of Quincy, Illinois, be it said, "that they liberally administered to the wants of the fugitives from Missouri."

An unhealthy location called Commerce, on the east bank of the Mississippi river, was the only gathering place available for the Saints. It was a commanding site for their future city, near the head of the lower rapids, and one hundred and ninety two miles from the city of St. Louis. The ground rises regularly from the bank of the river to a considerable height with plain at the summit. The first land was purchased for the Saints May 1, 1839. The tenth of May the Prophet, Joseph Smith, lately delivered from a Missouri prison, moved on to the ground with his family in a condition of extreme destitution. Leaders and people occupied a common level. Burnings, plunderings and drivings had been a common lot. Leading men had suffered in Missouri prisons, and broken constitutions were the heritage of many of the people.

The camps of the Saints occupied the lower ground along the east bank of the river. They presented a general appearance of great destitution. Houses, covered wagon boxes and tents were luxuries enjoyed by few. They were slight protection from the scorching sun by day or from the chilling dews of the night. Their food was poor in quality and meagre in quantity. In a state of semi-starvation, alternately chilled to the marrow with ague or burning with fever, death reaped a bountiful harvest among these victims of religious persecution.

On the bottom lands along the river, and extending a considerable distance above the camps, were a succession of ponds of stagnant water filled with decaying vegetation, In the heat of summer miasmatic vapors from these stagnant pools filled the air with seeds of disease and death. It was soon evident to the people that these sloughs must be drained by cutting ditches from them to the river. So urgent did this labor appear that men who suffered from chills and fever on alternate days, labored on these drains the days they were free from these attacks. This labor was completed in the summer of 1840 and

from that time there was a marked improvement in the health of the place.

Notwithstanding the drawbacks at first of much sickness and extreme poverty, Nauvoo increased rapidly in population and material advancement.

It proved only another wayside station where the Saints might gather strength for a still ,greater move in this succession of exoduses. For the advancement of the people in the ordinances of the Gospel, it was necessary that another temple should be built. The land of Missouri had been so fully antagonistic in influence, that progress in that direction had been limited to selecting sites and laying corner stones. The corner stones of the Nauvoo Temple were laid on the sixth of April 1841, less than two years after the first purchase of land for the new city. Within five years that temple was so far completed that the object of its construction was realized, and it became the chief object of interest in a beautiful and populous city. Modern history will scarcely parallel this evidence of the vitality and recuperative powers of the Latter Day Saints.

In the shifting scenes of the church passing through, the Prophet did not lose sight of the objective- in the command "to flee to the west". On the 14th day of July 1843, at a meeting of Free Masons in the town of Montrose on the west side of the Mississippi river from Nauvoo, while conversing with 'his brethren, Joseph Smith uttered the remark-able prophecy that the Saints would be driven to the Rocky Mountains. In the winter preceding his death "He was inspired to direct the glance of apostles to the western slope, whence he said the people of GOD might establish themselves a few, worship after their own sincere convictions, and work out the grand social problems of modern life. This subject was present in his mind and often upon his lips during the brief remainder of h@.s earthly existence. Frequent councils were held and he directed the organization of an exploring expedition to venture beyond the Rocky Mountains. Although he did not live to carry out these inspired plans, not one of his prophetic utterances concerning the move of the Saints to the Rocky Mountains remains unfulfilled.

While the Saints in Nauvoo were rapidly making history the spirit of the gathering was upon young Stowell to such an extent that he could no longer be contended to remain in the place where he had spent his childhood and youth and on the 25th of September 1843 he bade farewell to Mother, Brother and seven sisters and started alone and on foot for Nauvoo, then the gathering place of the Saints, to share with them in the sacrifices and labors of the great Latter Day Work. He had only ten dollars in money which he had received from his former employer to pay his expenses. This was his first journey of -any considerable distance from home, since the removal of the family to Westfield in 1825.

About two days before leaving home he dreamed he stood on a sand hill of considerable elevation southwest of the Temple in Nauvoo. From it he looked over a considerable country east and southeast. A little to the northwest stood the Temple with the walls about half the height of the windows of the first story above the basement. Around him lay the city with many small brick houses, log houses and cabins, indiscriminately mingled together. Accustomed as he was to older and more solidly built cities and villages, it appeared scattered and very primitive. When he arose in the morning, he told his Mother he had seen Nauvoo and related to her his dream. The second day after leaving home he fell in with four men who were going west with a. team. They offered to take him with them if he would defray his proportionate expenses of travel, and they appointed him clerk of the company. This association proved agreeable and on arriving at Chicago, where young Stowell parted with them, the expense account was settled agreeably to all parties.

Chicago was then only a village compared to the magnificent city it is now, 1892. It was garrisoned by a Company of soldiers with whom the travellers encamped for the night. At Chic-ago Mr. Stowell embarked on a **like** steamer for Milwaukee. From there he travelled west through Wisconsin to Pe-waukie where lived his sister, Maria Wheeler. He remained with his sister about two weeks during which time he worked as carpenter and joiner on a

grist-mill at Prairieville. It was the first grist-mill built in the county. He also dug the first two graves at Pe-waukie in which white persons were buried. The country was new and none had before died there. His friends very much wished him to remain with them and offered him 80 acres of land on which to commence a home if he would do so, but none of these things influenced him as he was determined to see his people, learn of the condition and prospects of Mormonism and associate with the people whose fortunes he had chosen to share.

After visiting with his sister he continued his journey to Rockford on Rock River, and went down the river with two other men to Dixon, noted in the history of the Church as the place where the Prophet, Joseph Smith, was kidnapped by his enemies in the latter part of the previous June. After much trouble and abuse the Prophet was released on Writ of Habeas Corpus by the Municipal Court of the City of Nauvoo.

Mr. Stowell was at Dixon in November. There he left Rock River and went through the country on foot to Navaho, passing through the towns of Monmouth and Galesburg. He arrived in Nauvoo the 23rd of November 1843. In the southeast corner of the city on Parley Street, lived Stephen Perry with whom he had corresponded by letter before leaving Westfield, with whom he remained over night.

In approaching Nauvoo he had met with some disaffected people who belonged to the Church. They gave some very unsatisfactory reports about the Prophet Joseph and the Saints. The morning after his arrival he inquired the way to the Temple. On arriving there he saw a hill a little to the southwest and at once recognized it as the one he had seen in his dream before leaving home. He ascended it and in its surroundings fully recognized the fulfillment of his dream. From there he went into the Temple and viewed with much interest the peculiar architecture and construction of what had been done.

The next object that interested him was Joseph Smith. He felt and believed that he should recognize him on sight, and the complete realization of his dream which he; had just been contemplating served to strengthen his idea. He walked down to the Nauvoo Mansion which he had learned was built for the entertainment of strangers, He entered the barroom and as the weather was cool stood before the fire. Several men were in the room, but none of them filled his conception of the Prophet. There was frequent passing in and out by the door. In a short time a man came in and with his presence the impression that he was the Prophet. As he walked up to the fire, others courteously parted to let him pass and someone called him Brother Joseph. Then he was satisfied that it was, indeed, the prophet. On his way to Nauvoo, a man 40 miles from the city had sent a special message by Mr. Stowell to Mr. Smith about some land he wished to sell. This message included terms of sale, etc. He did not wish to deliver this message in a crowd and waited an opportunity. In a short time the Prophet walked to the back of the room and sat down by himself on a bench that stood against the wall. This was his opportunity. He sat down, introduced himself and delivered his message. Joseph Smith listened attentively until he was through, then abruptly arose from his seat took a long step, or two and declared--rd with great emphasis that he asked no odds of the man anyhow. He turned around to young Stowell and said, "Young man, you have done well to duly deliver the message, but we do not want the land." This first recognition and interview with Joseph Smith, as a whole, was not very flattering in the mind of Mr. Stowell to him as a prophet. In a day or two he was walking on the sidewalk of one of the streets of Nauvoo when he met Joseph and passed him with the usual salutations. He suddenly turned and said, "Stowell; Brother Stowell, I would like to talk with you." At the same time he turned to the fence and pat his arm on top and leaned his head into his hand. Mr. Stowell assumed a similar attitude facing him. Then he began to realize that he was, indeed, a prophet of God; for instruction of doctrine, words of wisdom and counsel flowed from him with the force and power of Divine inspiration. The words sank deep into the heart of the young man and helped to mould his future and make his life useful.

In looking around the city, Mr., Stowell soon learned that there was Plenty of work to do, but not means in circulation to reward the laborers who sought employment. He found men that were offering to work for their board. It was not the nature of Mr. Stowell to remain idle. He found one Philander Colton , who had a new house with the walls up and the roof on. He sought the job of finishing this. A bargain was concluded by which he was to have one dollar per day and his board for his labor. He did the work, received his board through the winter and a part of his wages, the remainder of which is still due.

The 31st Of January 1844, he received the following Patriarchal Blessing by Hyrum Smith, Patriarch of the Church of Jesus Christ.

PATRIARCHAL BLESSING OF WILLIAM RUFUS ROGERS STOWELL, son of Augustus Oliver Artemus Stowell and Mary S. Stowell. Born in the town of Solon, Oneida County, State of New York, September 23rd, 1822.

WILLIAM, I lay my hands upon your head in the name of Jesus of Nazareth to bless you. Although it is in the days of your youth great shall be your blessings in consequence of the exercise of faith in the morning of your days. Therefore, I say unto you, William, if you will continue faithful as you have begun, you shall be a bright and shining light unto this generation and unto your Father's house which light shall shine in your house through which salvation shall be administered unto posterity and to future generations. The same Will commemorate your name and make it honorable from generation to generation. This blessing is before you and again I say unto you, William, you are of the lineage of Ephraim, and shall be blessed with the Priesthood and a Dispensation of the Gospel, and in due time you shall administer and officiate in your office and calling wherein you are and shall receive light; cleave unto the Lord with all your might and where to lay your head, and finally bring you to Your inheritance, and to your place and station in the end of your days, as also to perpetuate Your name in honor, which will go down in lineage with the blessings of the Priesthood unto the latest generation. And if your faith fail not, your days shall be continued unto the coming of the Son of Man.

These Blessings I seal upon your head, even so,

In February Mr. Stowell was very sick with the measles, but well cared for at Brother Colton' s.

While we have been following the personal movements of the subject of our sketch, there were events transpiring around him of great general interest to the Saints.

After the deliverance of the Prophet from the difficulties that resulted from his arrest at Dixon on the 23rd of June 1843, his liberty and life were almost constantly threatened by his enemies.

Some remeeting of the City Council of Nauvoo gives quite a comprehensive view of the marks of his in a general situation. He said, I am exposed to far greater danger from traitors among ourselves than from enemies without, although my life has been sought for many years by the civil and military authorities, priests and people of Missouri; and if I can escape from the ungrateful treachery of assassins, I can live as CAESAR MIGHT HAVE LIVED, WERE IT HOT FOR RIGHT- HAND BRUTUS. I have had pretended friends betray me. All the enemies upon the face of the earth accomplish nothing, unless some who are among us, who have enjoyed our society, have been with us in our councils, participated in our confidence, taken us by the hand, called us Brother, saluted us with a kiss, join our enemies; turn our virtues into faults and by falsehood and deceit stir up their wrath and indignation against us and bring their united vengeance upon our heads. All the hue and cry of the chief priests and elders against the Saviour could not bring down the wrath of the Jewish nation upon his head, and thereby cause the crucifixion of the Son of God until Judas said unto them, "WHOMSOEVER I shall kiss he is the man; hold him fast." Judas was one of the Twelve Apostles, even their treasurer, and

dipped with their Master in the dish and through his treachery the crucifixion was brought about; and WE HAVE A JUDAS IN OUR MIDST."

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Surrounded by enemies without and traitors within, at a political meeting held in the City of Nauvoo on the 29th of January 1844, Joseph Smith was nominated as a candidate for President of the United States and on the 17th of May at a State Convention held in the same place the nomination was sustained.

Says George Q. Cannon in his "Life of Joseph Smith", "Such a candidacy was not assumed at such a time without careful and lengthy deliberation. Its purpose was to secure personal form or elevation for the prophet, than to bring his patriotic and statesman-like ideas before the world, and to force the sufferings of the Saints upon the attention of the thinking men throughout the land".

We will give the Prophet's reasons for this remarkable move. He says, "I would not have suffered my name to have been used by my friends on anywise as President of the United States, or candidate for that office, if I and my friends could have had the privilege of enjoying our religious and civil rights as American citizens, even those rights which the constitution guarantees to all her citizens alike. But this, we as a people have been denied from the beginning. Persecution has rolled upon our heads from time to **time**, from portion of the Government as yet belonging to the United States, like peals of thunder, because of our religion; and no portion of the Government as yet has stepped forward to our relief. And under view of These things I feel it to be my right and privilege to obtain what influence and power I can,, lawfully, in the United States, for the protection of injured innocence; and if I lose my life in a good cause, I am willing to be sacrificed on the Altar of Virtue, righteousness and truth,, in maintaining the laws and constitution of the United States, if need be, for the general good of mankind."

Soon after his nomination he wrote an address to the American people which was published with the caption, "Joseph Smith's views of the powers and policy of the Government of the United States." The following are the most important paragraphs in this remarkable document.

Myself born in a land of liberty and breathing an air uncorrupted with the sirocco of barbarous climes. I feel a double anxiety for the happiness of all men, both in time and in eternity.

My cogitations, like Daniel's, have for a long time troubled me, when I viewed the condition of men throughout the world, and more especially in this boasted realm, where the Declaration of Independence holds these truths to be self evident; that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; but at the same time some two or three millions of people are held as slaves for life, because the spirit of them is covered with a darker skin than ours; and hundreds of our own kindred for an infraction, or supposed infraction, of some overwise statute, have been incarcerated in dungeon glooms, or suffer the more moral penitentiary gravitation mercy in a nutshell, while the duelist, the debauchee, and the defaulter for millions and other criminals, take the uppermost room at feasts, or like the bird of passage, find a more congenial clime by flight"

"The wisdom which ought to characterize the freest, wisest and most noble nation of the nineteenth century, should like the sun in its meridian splendor, warm every object beneath its rays; and the main efforts of her officers, who are nothing more or less than the servants of the people ought to be directed to ameliorate the condition of all, black or white, bond or free; for the best of books says, "God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth. 11

Our common country presents to all men the same advantages, the same facilities, the same prospects, the same honors and the same rewards; and without hypocrisy, the constitution, when it says, WE, THE PEOPLE of the United States in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, ensure

domestic tranquility provide for the common defense, Promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this constitution for the United States of America; meant just what it said without reference to color or condition, and infinitum.

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The aspirations and expectations of a virtuous people, environed with so wise, so liberal, so deep, so broad, and so high a charter of equal rights as appears in said constitution, ought to be treated by those to whom the administration of the laws is entrusted with as much sanctity as the prayers of the Saints are treated in heaven, that love, confidence and union like the sun, moon and stars, should bear witness. (Forever singing as they shine; "the hand that made us Divine 11

Unity is power; and when I reflect on the importance of it to the stability of all Governments, I am astounded at the silly moves of the persons and parties to foment discord in order to ride into power on the current of popular excitement; nor less am I surprised at the stretches of power or restrictions of right which too often appear as acts of legislatures to pave the way to some favorite political scheme as destitute of intrinsic merit as a wolf's heart is of the milk of human kindness.

"Now people! People!! Turn unto the Lord and live and reform this nation. Frustrate the designs of wicked men, reduce congress at least two-thirds. Two senators from a State and two members to a million of population will do more business than the army that now occupy the halls of the national legislature. Pay them two dollars and their board per day, except Sundays: that is more than the farmer gets and he lives honestly. Curtail the officers of the Government in pay, numbers and power; for the Philistine Lords have shorn our nation of its goodly locks in the lap of Delilah.

--- Advise your legislators, when they make laws for larceny, burglary or any felony, to make the penalty applicable to work upon roads, public works, or any place where the culprit can be taught more wisdom and more virtue and become more enlightened. Rigor and seclusion will never do as much to reform the propensities of men as reason and friendship. Murder only can claim confinement or death. Let the penitentiaries be turned into seminaries of learning, where intelligence like the angels of heaven, would banish such fragments of barbarism. Imprisonment for debt is a meaner practice than the savage tolerates, with all his ferocity. Amon vicit omnia.

Petition, also, ye goodly inhabitants of the slave states, your legislators to abolish slavery by the year 1850, or now, and save the abolitionist from..... "Pray Congress to pay every man a reasonable price for his slaves out of the surplus revenue arising from the sale of public lands and from the deduction of pa-r from the members of Congress.

Break off the shackles from the poor, black man, and hire him to labor like other human beings; for an hour of virtuous liberty on earth is worth a whole eternity of bondage. Abolish the practice in the army and navy of trying men by court-martial for desertion. If a soldier or marine runs away, send him his wages, with this instruction, that his country will never trust him again; he has forfeited his honor. "Make honor the standard with all men. Be sure that good is rendered for evil in all cases, and the whole nation like a kingdom of kings and Priests, will rise up in righteousness and be respected as wise and worthy on earth, and as just and holy for heaven, by Jehovah, the author of perfection.

More economy in the national and state governments would make less taxes among the people; more equality through the cities, towns and country, would make less distinction among the people; and more loyalty, honesty, and familiarity in societies, would make less hypocrisy and flattery in all branches of the community; and open, frank, candid decorum to all men, in this boasted land of liberty, would beget esteem, confidence, union and love; and love; and the neighbor from any state, or from any country, of whatever color, clime or tongue, would rejoice when he puts his foot on the sacred soil of freedom and

exclaim, "The very name of America is fraught with friendship." Oh, then, create confidence, restore freedom, break down slavery, banish imprisonment for debt and be in love, fellowship and peace with all the world. Remember that honesty is not subject to the law: the law was made for transgressors....."Give every man his constitutional freedom, and the President full power to send an army to suppress mobs, and the state authority to repel and impugn that relic of folly which makes it necessary for the Governor of a state to make the demands of the President for troops, in case of invasion or rebellion.

The Governor himself may be a mobber; and instead of being punished as he should be, for murder or treason, he may destroy the very lives, rights and property he should protect.....

As to the contiguous territories to the United States, wisdom would direct no tangling alliance. Oregon belongs to this Government honorably; and when we have the red man's consent, let the Union spread from the East to the West sea; and if Texas petitions Congress to be adopted among the Sons of Liberty, give her the right hand of fellowship and refuse not the same friendly grip to Canada and Mexico. And when the right arm of freedom is stretched out in the character of a navy for the protection of rights, commerce and honor, let the iron eyes of power watch from Maine to Mexico, and from California to Columbia. Thus may union be strengthened,,, and freedom assured and foreign speculation prevented from opposing broadside to broadside.

Seventy years have done much for this goodly land. They have burst the chains of oppression and monarchy and multiplied its inhabitants from two to twenty millions, with- a proportionate share of knowledge keen enough to circumnavigate the globe, draw the lightning from the clouds, and cope with all the crowned heads of the world.

The Southern people are hospitable and noble. They will help to rid so free a country for every vestige of slavery, whenever they are assured of an equivalent for their property.

We have had Democratic Presidents, Whig Presidents, and Pseudo-Democratic-Whig Presidents, and now it is time to have a President of the United States; and let the people of the whole Union like the inflexible Romans, whenever they find a promise made by a candidate that is not practiced as an officer, hurl the miserable sycophant from his exaltation, as God did Nebuchadnezzar, to crop the grass of the field with a beast's heart among cattle.

In the United States the people are the Government, and their united voice is the only sovereign that should rule, the only power that should be obeyed, and the only gentleman that should be honored at home and abroad, on the land and on the sea. Wherefore, were I the President of the United States by the voice of a virtuous people, I would honor the old paths of the venerated fathers of freedom; I would walk in the tracks of the illustrious patriots who carried the ark of the Government upon their shoulders with an eye single to the glory of the people; and when that people petitioned to abolish slavery in the slave states, I would use all honorable means to have their prayers granted and give the liberty to the captive by paying southern gentleman a reasonable equivalent for his property, that the whole nation might be free, indeed!

"Abolish the cruel customs of prisons (except in certain cases) penitentiaries, courtmartials for desertion; and let reason and friendship reign over the ruins of ignorance and barity; yea, I would, as the universal friend of man, open the prisons, open the eyes, open the ear@, and open the hearts of all people, to behold and enjoy freedom -- unadulterated freedom: and God, who once cleansed the violence of the earth with a flood, whose Son laid down His life for the salvation of all; and who has promised the he will come and purify the world again with fire in the last days. "

To bring before the people of the United States more fully the political principles of Joseph Smith and also his nomination as a candidate for the Presidency, at the ensuing fall election, a large corps of elders was selected at the April Conference. These were headed by the twelve Apostles and were distributed over the United States. William Rufus Rogers Stowell was selected one of these gospel political

missionaries, As a fitting preparation for this important work, on the eighth of April 1844, he was ordained a SEVENTY in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, in Nauvoo, under the hands of President Joseph Smith and Elder George A. Smith, Through the previous winter he had been a regular attendant at the meetings of the elders quorum to which he belonged and was diligent in acquiring all the information of doctrine and the policies of the Church. Occasionally the Prophet or Apostle John Taylor would attend the elders' meetings and give much valuable information and instruction. This attention to the duties of his office in the priesthood made him much better fitted for the important mission before him.

SPECIAL CONFERENCE.

We publish the names and destinations of the elders this week, and purpose giving particulars of the business transacted by Conference in our next number.

The following is a list of the names of the elders who are appointed to the several states, together with their appointments. Those who are numbered with the figures 1 and 2, will take the presidency of the several states to which they are appointed.

NEW YORK.

Charles Wandell 1st	Wm. Newland
Marcellus Bates 2d	Allen Wait
Truman Gillett	Wm. H. Parshall
A.A. Farnbam	C.H. Whoelock
Edmund Ellsworth	Timothy B. Foot
Gregory Bentley	George W. Fowler
Homer C. Hoit	Henery L. Cook
Simeon A. Dunn	Elijah Reed
Daniel Shearer	Solon Foster
James W. Phippin	Hiram Bennett
James H. Van Natta	Chandler Holbrook
Samuel P. Bacon	Lyman Hall
Bradford Elliot	Wm. Felshaw
J.R.G. Phelps	Daniel Fisher
John Tanner	Martin H. Tanner
Thomas E. Fuller	Gilbert D. Goldsmith
O.M. Duel	Charles Thompson
O.M. Duel	Charles Thompson
Samuel White	B.C. Ellsworth
Wm. R.R. Stowell	Archibald Bates
Wm.D. Pratt	David Pettegrew
Marcellus McKown	Ellis Eames
Horace S. Eldridge	

Those elders who are numbered in the fore going list, to preside over the different states, will appoint conferences in all places in their several states where opportunities present, and will attend ALL the conferences, or send experienced and able elders -- who will preach the truth in righteousness, and present before the people "General Smith's views of the power and policy of the General Government" and seek diligently to get up electors who will go for him for the presidency. All the elders will be faithful in preaching the gospel in its simplicity, and beauty, in all meekness, humility, long suffering and prayerfulness; and the Twelve will devote the season to travelling, and will attend as many conferences as possible.

Elder B. Winchester is instructed to pass through Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, North and South Carolina, and Virginia, to visit the churches, hold conferences and preside over them.

BRIGHAM YOUNG, Pres.

W. RICHARDS, Clerk of the Quorum of the Twelve.
Nauvoo, April 15, 1844.

On the 9th of April, they were appointed to go on this mission, and left on the 1st of May 1844 on foot with Elder William H. Parshall for traveling companion. They were appointed to make the State of New York their objective. At first they directed their force toward Chicago, but before reaching there turned East through South Bend, Indiana to St. Joseph, Michigan. From thence to Toledo, Ohio; there they took a steamer for Detroit, Michigan and then for Sandusky, Ohio; from here they traveled again on foot South the Waterford and Wattsburg, Pa. and from there to Westfield, Chautauqua County, New York.

This was a long journey on foot, probably a thousand miles. It was accomplished without purse or scrip, depending on the Providences of the Lord for subsistence. When Elder Stowell started, he had but little experience in church policies or general political affairs. From a human standpoint there could have been but little hope of accomplishing the object for which these Elders labored: but it was all in the program of the Latter Day Work in which they were engaged. The following incidents will serve as a partial illustration of his labors and of the spirit of the people.

Toward evening of the day's travel on foot in the State of Indiana representing themselves as Mormon Elders from Nauvoo, they asked for food and lodging for the night at all houses along the road, only to be refused. As darkness approached they came to a new house partially finished with the door invitingly open through which could be seen the carpenter's bench surrounded with shavings. In these they found shelter and repose for the night. Although they laid down supperless, they arose in the morning quite refreshed with sleep. They brushed off the shavings that clung to their clothes and continued their journey. About nine o'clock they arrived at a farmhouse which looked prosperous. At the gates stood an elderly gentleman with whom Elder Stowell exchanged the customary salutations. He then stated they were Mormon Elders from Nauvoo and how they had spent the previous night and asked for breakfast. The gentleman replied that he lived therewith his son-in-law who was out on the farm at work, but he would go in and see his daughter. She soon appeared at the door when the following conversation took place:

"My Father tells me you are Mormon elders and want some breakfast." Yes Madam, that is true. I do not like your people and do not like to encourage them. Very well, then do not treat us. But I do not like to have anyone go away hungry.
Well, then, madam, be kind enough to give us our breakfast."

The lady seemed disposed to repeat her former assertions that she did not like to give the Mormons encouragement. Elder Stowell assured her that they did not wish to obtain their breakfast under such conditions and turning to his companion said, "We'd better go on as I do not think we will get breakfast here." The lady again asserted her dislike to see anyone go away hungry. Elder Stowell then said with considerable earnestness, "madam, if you feed us, we wish you to do so as servants of God, and if you turn away, we wish you to do as such. She dropped her head for a moment as if in deep thought. They were ushered into the parlor and the father sat down with them, evidently prepared to hear what was to be said. Elder Stowell took from his pocket a pamphlet containing General Smith's views on the "Powers and Policies of the General Government" and commenced to read it. The gentleman seemed very much interested and earnestly inquired, "Who is this Joseph Smith?" Elder Stowell explained that he was a prophet and the leader of the Mormon church and that the doctrine he was reading contained his views of the principles of Government. The gentleman stated that he had served under Washington in the Revolutionary War and that what he had heard sounded very much like his views.

About this time the son-in-law came and after introductions, the reading was renewed. The father and son-in-law both considered the principles it advanced as sounding good, and said if they had come the evening before they should have had the best that the house afforded. He invited them to call on them

if they ever came that way again. This shows that conservative thinking men could not but approve of the principles advocated by the

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Prophet; but there was an intense prejudice in the minds of many against the man and his people as was manifested by the lady of the house.

The following circumstances indicate the push of Elder Stowell in emergencies. He and his companion, Elder Parshall at LaPorte, Indiana shared the hospitality of Christopher Merkley, who belonged to the church. It was very rainy a muddy time. The streams which were usually forded with ease were too high to ford and could only be crossed with a ferry. As the boat was about to leave their side of the river, Elder Stowell asked the Captain to be kind enough to let them cross free, as they were missionaries and had no money: but he was promptly refused. The boat crossed and came back. He told his companion that this time he was going over on the boat, and if he did not wish to be left he must step onto it as he did., He again stated their case to the captain, who refused again. Elder Stowell told him they must go on and they were going over on this boat and that he dare not put them off. They stepped on and nothing further was said to them.

The date of the arrival of Elder Stowell at his Mother's house at Westfield is only known approximately. It was probably about the 1st of June 1844. He had been absent eight months during which time he had seen the gathering place of the Saints; become 'acquainted with them; had obtained a personal knowledge of the prophet and leader of this dispensation; had learned much of men and of the world by traveling about 2,000 miles, mostly on foot; had traveled at least half of this distance in filling an important mission and had arrived at last at his old home among relatives and friends of his childhood ,and youth; but the spirit of the gathering wns upon him and the home of his youth had lost its charm.

On arriving at his home he found his brother Augustus and sisters Minerva, Laura and Matilda prepared for baptism, and he joyfully administered the ordinances for admission into the church. The family that now especially looked upon him as their leader consisted of the Mother, seven sisters and one brother as follows: Sophia, Minerva, Laura, Matilda, Augustus, Alice, Juliette and Alvira. They were all prepared to migrate to Nauvoo. There were crops to gather and market, considerable property to dispose of and exchange for the means of travel, etc. As it was desirable to make the journey to Nauvoo while the season was still favorable for traffic much had to be done in a short time. By the latter part of July the family, with two horse teams, left Westfield for the home of the Saints.

The Stowells had been a family of thrift and influence and many regretted their departure. There was also some little romance connected with the going of young Stowell. Strong inducements were thrown out for him to remain, but he met these advances with a heartfelt plea that he was a Mormon, that he could not for any worldly consideration forsake the religion that he knew to be divine; nor fail to gather with the people whose fortunes he had decided to share. The family was accompanied by Elder Stowell's traveling companion, William H. Parshall.

When Joseph Smith, the Prophet and his Brother were assassinated, Elder Stowell was at this home in Westfield. Mr Lancaster, his former employer, came to him with the newspaper which stated that Joseph Smith had been assassinated in Carthage jail. Elder Stowell says, ""While I felt to mourn deeply the loss of our noble leaders, my faith was not in the least shaken in the doctrines and principles that the Prophet had planted in the earth. The spirit of gathering with the Saints and of sharing their fortunes whatever they might be, was still upon me and I continued to labor diligently in preparing for the journey for Nauvoo."

As before stated, the Stowells commenced their journey for the West the last of July 1844. They journeyed through the Northwest corner of Pennsylvania across Ohio and through Indiana. Their destination was advertised with "Nauvoo" written on both sides of the wagon cover. While encamped in Indiana one day a. whole family came to their camp. They had seen the word "Nauvoo" and suspected that it might be Mormons. It proved to be Father

Eldridge and family, who afterwards gathered with the Saints. Warm greetings were exchanged for it was like the meeting of old friends away from home and among strangers and they had a very pleasant evening. Brother Eldridge wished to send to Nauvoo a yoke of oxen, five two year old steers and a cow; the oxen and cow to his son-in-law Busby, four of the steers for tithing, one to be butchered on arrival and the beef to be divided between Elder Stowell and his son-in-law. For taking these, the former was paid in supplies for the road, money to pay ferrying across the rivers and the cow furnished milk for the family, which added to their comfort.

Only one serious accident happened to them on their journey. When crossing a prairie Elder Stowell got out of the wagon to walk and let his sister drive the team. They were spirited animals and became excited, as a result the harness was considerably damaged and the shoulder of Elder Parshall dislocated.

Arriving near Carthage, Elder Stowell called at a farmer's and inquired if he would sell him some hay, instead of answering, the farmer asked, "You are Mormons going to Nauvoo, are you?" There were several men standing about. These now turned their attention to the travelers. Elder Stowell replied, "Yes, Sir, we are Mormons going to Nauvoo." "Don't you know that Joseph Smith has been killed?" "Yes, I'm aware of it." "Are you not afraid to travel through here?" "No, I am not afraid of anything; I have as much right to travel a public road as anyone."

There appeared to be some excitement among the bystanders and one of them remarked, "You are damned independent." "Yes, I am independent, for I am an American citizen, with all the rights of one." Turning to the farmer, he continued, "I asked if you would sell me some hay, for which I will pay you the money. If you do not wish to, I want you to say so and I will go on." This seemed to recall the man and he furnished the hay without further remark.

After a fairly successful journey the family arrived in Nauvoo the 9th of September 1844. Nauvoo did not appear to Elder Stowell the 'bright, happy home of the Saints he left a few months before. There had been no change in the general features of the country; the temple stood out in bold relief on the hill; there was the rustle and stir usual in an enterprising and growing city; but to him it seemed overshadowed with gloom clothed in mourning. He walked the streets and conversed with friends and acquaintances, but there was a spirit of sadness over all. Perhaps this feeling was on account of his sensing more keenly the great loss of the Saints since his arrival in their midst, and on the ground and in the surroundings where he had first learned to love and revere the prophet. Going home after one of his rumblings, he said to his mother, "I feel so homesick, I do not know what to do. Everything looks as gloomy as death."

Several days passed in this way, when one evening after retiring to rest he had a dream or vision which he relates as follows:

"To me it was very plain and distinct. I came up on the East side of Joseph's mansion. It was not the one in which I had before seen him, but larger-- more grand and beautiful. There were broad steps in front the whole length of the building, extending to the top of the basement; there they were joined to a platform or landing several feet wide. There were two broad folding doors twelve or fourteen feet in height opening to the inside. There stood a doorkeeper to inquire my business. I told him I wished to see the Prophet Joseph. He turned to go into the house and bade me follow. He passed two doors on the right of the spacious hall and came to a third which he opened and directed me to go in and I would find Joseph. He then returned to his former position. The building was the most beautiful I have ever seen. Everything in the room in which I entered was of the purest white. I saw a bed in the corner to my left and on the farther side of the room. On this lay the Prophet on his back. As I came to the bed he reached out his right hand and shook hands with me. After shaking hands, I passed my right hand across his body, laid it on his left shoulder and kissed him. A little one side of the

pit of his stomach I saw the bullet hole where he was shot. From it diagonally down to his right hip, was the appearance of a strip of fresh blood about the width of a man's finger. Otherwise everything about him and his surroundings was beautiful and clean.

Joseph immediately got up and together we walked through the hall to the platform in front of the house. I there saw my horse and buggy by the hitching posts. At the time I had none, but it appeared that I had. I said, "Brother Joseph, will you go home with me". He said he would and got into the buggy while I was unhitching the horse. We conversed pleasantly as we traveled along. The streets with their ruts and undulations seemed as natural as those I traveled daily.

"Arriving at my gate we went into my house and introduced him to my mother and sisters. The privilege of introducing the Prophet to the family afforded me great satisfaction. After a little, Joseph went to the door and locked across the city towards his residence as though he wished to go home; but I was not yet satisfied. I desired his blessing and said: "Joseph, will you bless me?" He replied, "I will." I set down on the stump of a maple tree nearby and he laid his hands upon my head and pronounced many choice blessings upon me. He also declared that the blessings of God should be upon my efforts to assist in rolling on the Latter Day Work. And at the close he said with much emphasis, "AND YOU SHALL BE BLESSED."

When I arose in the morning I said to my mother, "Be of good Cheer, Mother, Joseph is alive and all is well." The darkness and despondency that had brooded over me had passed away. This occurred about the fifteenth of September; my mind was at rest and with and with my usual courage and energy I begin to labor to provide for the family and to make the home pleasant.

Before Elder Stowell went East in the Spring of 1844, he formed an acquaintance with Miss Hannah Topham. On his return the acquaintance was renewed and they were married in Nauvoo on Christmas day 1844, by Elder Lorenzo Snow. Soon after marriage he moved to a home of his own, but still continued to look after his mother and sisters.

Elder Stowell had been raised as a farmer and in the season of 1845, he famed East of Nauvoo. He was blessed with very generous crops, while much of the grain raised that season was destroyed by the mobs, he succeeded in harvesting his and bringing it home. In addition to farming, he shared with the people in their labors in public works, and particularly in pushing the temple forward to completion. All the while persecution was raging against the Saints and the time was rapidly approaching when they would be compelled to leave their beautiful city in the hands of their enemies.

In the autumn of 1845 so much pressure was brought to bear that the leaders of the Saints were compelled to make a treaty with the mob to allow them to stay until Spring. However, later in the season the excitement the mob ran so high that they were disposed to break the treaty and the Saints were so driven that they began immediate preparation to evacuate Illinois as soon as possible.

During the latter part of January, 1846, a company of pioneers of one hundred picked man was organized under the command of Colonel Stephen Markham. This was sub-divided into fifties and tens. Elder Stowell belonged to the second fifty under the command of Captain John Gleason. The special duties of this body was to open roads, build bridges, and generally prepare the way for the oncoming traveling Saints; also to take jobs of work when opportunity offered and so obtain supplies for the camps. This corps was broken up into detachments which were more or less concentrated as was deemed advisable. In common with the organization Elder Stowell worked under the direction of his leader at anything required of him; for a time before leaving Nauvoo much of this labor was cutting and preparing timber for wagons and fitting up teams for the pioneers. He also did what was necessary to prepare his own outfit. From the first to the fourteenth of February 1846, he assisted ferrying across the Mississippi River.

"On the 13th his own team was ferried across and he encamped on the West side of the River. That night two or three inches of snow fell, the following day he drove out to the camp on Sugar Creek. On the 15th, Brigham Young with other Apostles arrived at the camp.

The people were encamped in a bend of Sugar Creek, in the form of a large semi-circle. On the 16th while the people were at work at their various labors of camp life, Elder Stowell saw Brigham Young accompanied by several others of the twelve, walk to a wagon and climb into it, because it was the best place from which to speak to the people. With a clear, distinct voice he said, "Attention, O Camp of Israel." All looked up, the labors of the camp ceased and the people gathered around their leader. With words of kindness dictated by a heart full of sympathy he began to instruct them regarding their duties to themselves and each other and to the peculiar circumstances in which they were placed. He then began to organize the camp more fully for the Westward March.

There was much suffering in the camp on Sugar Creek, violent storms, excessive cold and fatiguing labor made heavy drafts on the strength and vitality of the people, many of whom were thinly clad and poorly fed. Fortunately, however, Elder Stowell was in full strength of vigorous young manhood and with a great capability for endurance. So with a heart full of sympathy, he found great daily satisfaction and pleasure in toiling for their relief and suffering. It was such men in the camps of Israel that proved Saviors to the weak and feeble by sustaining them in every trying emergency.

Before leaving the camp on Sugar Creek, John Boyce, the captain of Elder Stowell's ten, went back to Nauvoo and Peter Goodman was appointed in his place. The first of March the camp on Sugar Creek comprising nearly 400 wagons, commenced its march for the Missouri River. No mortal pen will ever truly describe the sufferings of the Saints on Sugar Creek and on their weary journey across Iowa.

"Many of our Sisters walked all day, rain or shine, and at night prepared suppers for their families with no sheltering tents and then make their beds in and under wagons which contained their earthly all. How frequently with intense sympathy and admiration, I watched the Mother, forgetful of her own fatigue and destitution, take unwearied pains to fix up in the most palatable way the food allotted to them and as she dealt it out, cheering the hearts of her homeless children, while as I truly believe, her own heart was lifted to God in fervent prayer that their lives might be preserved."

In the midst of these trials there was comfort and consolation in the thought that they were leaving their enemies. All were cheerful and happy in the anticipation of finding a resting place from persecution, somewhere in the solitudes of the Rocky Mountains. But it was not for all to realize these hopes; exposure to the elements, excessive labor, want of proper food, and comfortable clothing, forced many to lay down their weary bodies in unknown graves.

During these scenes, Elder Stowell and his company of pioneers obtained jobs of grubbing land, cutting timber and splitting rails, shucking corn and etcetera, for which labor they received corn, bacon, provender for the animals and whatever the country could supply for the wants of the traveling camps. & cow was procured which was assigned to his tent for his use.

A few days before the arrival of the camps at Garden Grove, Elder Stowell's company, numbering about thirty men, took a considerable job of making rails for a Missourian. On returning to their camp at the close of the day's work, they found twelve or fifteen Missourians in it well armed. They were talking to the women and appeared quite free and sociable. It was an unusual occurrence, but the pioneers quietly awaited developments. Wrestling and other feats of strength were soon introduced among the men, in which the pioneers generally beat the Missourians, at which the latter were evidently chagrined. They began to look a little serious and their leader stepped up to Captain Gleason and informed him that he and his company must leave the place. Captain Gleason in a friendly,

courteous manner, informed him that they had no intention of remaining, but the work they had contracted to do would be completed in a few days when they would certainly go on their way. This did not satisfy the Missourian and he authoritatively demanded that they should leave immediately. Captain Gleason, looking him steadily in the eye, quietly remarked, "We shall remain until our contract is filled." Then turning to his men, he directed them to get out their guns and ammunition and to see that they were all in good condition. The Missourians remained only long enough to see these active preparations, then abruptly retired to the blacksmith shop about 1/4 of a mile distant. In the shop was a barrel of whiskey. Under the exhilarating effects of this, they hooted and howled all night and occasionally fired their guns; but they did no further damage. The work was finished and the pioneers moved on to Garden Grove, where the leading camps had arrived on the 24th of April.

The following incident will serve to illustrate the experiences of these pioneers and the kindly spirit of some of the Missourians.

The company of Elder Stowell had three large tents which sheltered the sleepers and some of their effects at night. In the night a violent gale set in from the Northwest, and two of the tents were blown down. They could not be put up again in the wind and so the men and women prepared in the middle of the night to go to the house of a Missourian not far from the camp. He welcomed the unfortunates and the and his family vacated their beds and sat up the remainder of the night in order that the women of the company might rest. Elder Stowell is very sorry that he cannot recollect the name of this hospitable family to place it on this record.

To provide for the inhabitants of a city driven from their homes into a wilderness, exposed to the sweeping storms and bitter cold of winter, with little else than the slender resources of the is a task which but few men could hope to successfully accomplish. Besides the food supply of the people, it required daily large quantities of grain to sustain the animals of the camp, for these were the necessities of existence, the peoples' means of deliverance.

The 16th anniversary of the organization of the church found them camped on a branch of Shoal Creek, where they were forced to remain for a period of two weeks on account of snow and mud. The 6th of April, nine or ten teams were sent to the settlement for corn. In about three days they returned, the most of them empty. There was but little strength in the cold, dry grass and the animals were poor and weak.

Sister Stowell accompanied her husband in all his labors with the pioneers and with a few others of the Sisters had contributed to making the camp more cheerful and home-like. ;was determined to make this a way station, a place of rest for those who preferred to stop, to recruit their means of existence. It was still a seasonable time for putting in corn and other crops. The camps were organized for labor and by the 10th of May, many houses were built, wells were dug, extensive farms fenced and the place assumed the appearance of having been occupied for years. The 11th of May a portion of the camps resumed their journey for the 14issouri River. Elder Stowell remained at Garden Grove, cultivated a good garden and raised a fine crop of corn. The place was about 150 miles from Nauvoo.

Returning to Nauvoo, we find that Elder Stowell's Mother and Sisters, who had been forced to remain at Nauvoo awaiting the return of some of the men of the advance camp, were driven out with others in September 1846. Many of them encamped on the West bank of the Mississippi River to suffer from sickness and went until relief was sent from the advance camps, while others scattered into the surrounding regions. Among the latter were the Mother of Elder Stowell and his sisters. They went up the Mississippi to Peoria, Illinois.

It was not only the fortune of Elder Stowell to be a pioneer of the first company of

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Saints that left the camp on Sugar Creek on the first day of Spring, 1846, but as well to assist in moving to the West, the last unfortunate remnant driven from Nauvoo. He expected to find his mother and her family but found that she had gone on into Illinois as before stated.

In common with his people Elder Stowell had the spirit of moving Westward as the way opened and circumstances permitted. In March 1847, when the grass of the prairies were still brown with the frosts of winter making it necessary to haul feed for animals, he moved to Council Bluffs, accompanied by Wheeler Baldwin. He, with others of the company, settled on the East bank of the Missouri River about three miles below the Mormon ferry. He built a log house, fenced a farm and raised a crop, this was strictly in keeping with the general council given by the Apostles-- to make improvements for themselves, and for those who would follow after them. Most of the Saints were preparing for their advent into the wilderness. But those expecting to remain, like Elder Stowell, were equally earnest in fencing fields, breaking up the virgin soil and preparing to grow food for all.

On the 11th of February 1848, the first child and son was born to Elder Stowell and named, William John Thornton. The Father had not sufficiently recovered from the sacrifices attending the Nauvoo exodus to go to the mountains this year, and so with the idea of bettering his condition, he moved to Musketoe Creek about three miles from Council Bluffs in the Spring of 1848, built another house, opened another farm on which he spent the summer. Here his first born died on November 29th 1848.

Elder Stowell, in common with his people around him, was in no mood for making a permanent home. The object of his labors to assist himself and others to reach the Saints' home in the mountains. In the winter of 1848-49 he moved to Nodaway County, Missouri, where David Evans had led a small company over which he presided. On account of deep snow and sever weather, he experienced much difficulty in getting there. He was employed by Mr. Stone Braker to tend a saw and grist mill under the same roof. This was his first experience in making flour. In the Spring of 1849, he moved to a Mr. John McLean's and worked for him during the Summer. He lived in a small settlement of the Saints in a log house in which the fire place nearly occupied one side, it was quite the method in frontier settlements where fuel plentiful and warmth and comfort an important consideration.

In the Winter of 1849-50 Apostle John Taylor and others arrived in the settlement on their way to Europe. He had occasion to spend a night in the house of Elder Stowell. At one time during the evening he sat with his head in his hands and appeared absorbed in meditation. Of a sudden he turned to Elder Stowell and said, "When are you going to the Mountains?" He replied, "Just as soon as I can, but I do not know when." Elder Taylor continued, "If you will do just as I tell you, when the next emigration is ready to go, you will be on the banks of the Missouri River ready to go with them. Let all your labors, all your exchanges of property, in fact, everything you do, do with this object in view. Accept it in your faith that you are going and in talking with others on the subject, tell them that you are going and you will be all ready to go when the emigration starts." Elder Stowell replied, "I will do as you tell me, as near as I can."

"I accepted this prophecy in full faith that it would be fulfilled, centered all my energies in that direction. I commenced selling and exchanging Property. Everything worked in my favor. Men would come to me wishing to buy what I had to sell, with the pay in cash or the property I wanted in exchange,

often most unexpectedly. When Captain David Evan's company was ready to start about the 15th of June, I was ready to go with them with the team of four good yoke of cattle and a good outfit. Better still I was out of debt. The prophetic promise of Elder Taylor was fulfilled in every particular."

In these moves, there were many personal experiences that would be as interesting as Elder Stowell's in illustrating remarkable providences that opened the way to obtain the means of gathering to the mountains. There was considerable cholera among the Saints

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on the Platte River in 1849, and several deaths from it. It appears unfortunate that several companies of the Saints, among them that of Elder Stowell's, traveled the road on the South side of the Platte River. Elder Stowell's wife and her sister both had the cholera and recovered. During this period of trial, the burden on him was excessive. He says of these times, "there was much mud along the Platte, making the roads heavy and the labor excessive on the teams and very disagreeable on the people. Night and day I had to wait on and are for my sick; prepare and cold food, drive my team and stand my turn on guard nights. Under these conditions there seemed no end to toil and I could get but little sleep. I was sometimes asked why it was that I was never sick and I usually replied that I had no time to be sick. The sick often died in the wagons and were hurriedly buried by the roadside. It was a time when it required all the faith in God that could be exercised and all the bodily endurance we were capable of to combat the evil that had us in its toils."

At Pacific Springs on the West side of the South Pass, Elder Stowell waded in the cold water of the marshy ground around the springs to get the cattle out, a job which many were reluctant to do, and was soon afterward taken with the mountain fever, but he soon recovered. Nothing further of unusual importance occurred to him on the journey to Great Salt Lake Valley, where he arrived about the middle of September.

On this journey, Elder Stowell had a fairly successful experience shooting buffalo. His principal incentive was not to enjoy the excitement of hunting the noble game, but to supply the company with meat, an article of food which the excessive labor they performed, and living in the open air caused them to crave but which they often did without many days at a time. On Approaching the buffalo range, there appeared at first two buffalo near camp in the morning. The sight was new to many and created considerable excitement. Of this scene he says, "Several men started directly after them. I saddled my horse, took rifle, pistol and knife and followed up a ravine to head them on their course. After the other pursuers had given up the chase, I shot the leader and returned to camp for assistance to dress it and get it to the wagons. It was very fat.

"Another morning after traveling a few miles, three buffalo passed near the camp. The captain had a bulldog who soon waked them up to their highest speed. They were fast going to the mountains. I quickly saddled my horse, and took over the hills across their course, and soon came up with them. They were running single file, a fact that made it difficult to get in effective shot. I determined to take the chances of breaking the file, so made a dash at the center one. As he turned, I shot him fatally. We had traveled some time without seeing a buffalo and the people were getting very hungry for meat. "

"One day the captain discovered a lone buffalo a long way off. He asked me if I thought I could get him. I told him I would try, but would like to have some one go with me as it was too far away from camp to be prudent to go alone. The captain told me to pick my man and I asked for Abraham Hatch. We saddled our horses and started out. We kept the hills between us and the buffalo hoping to get near enough to shoot without scaring him. In this we were disappointed, for before we were in range he started off full

speed. I told Hatch we would have to find him in the open now. We dashed after him but young Hatch's horse shied and I had to try it alone. To make a reasonable sure shot, it was necessary some way to check the speed. For this purpose I crowded the buffalo out on a ledge of rock when suddenly he turned and dashed at me. A touch of the spur and the horse sprang by him, but barely in time to be missed by the animal. As we passed I shot him in the side. He was soon being dragged to camp by six yoke of oxen. After the buffalo was dressed, the captain told me to take what I wanted for my family and the balance would be distributed to the company. I told him I was not the man who wished to fare better than the rest but that I wished to share alike with them. It was a large fine buffalo and supplied the camp with meat for sometime. Buffalo were scarce on the route, and I think I killed all that were used by the company; but the other men killed deer, antelope etc."

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On his arrival in Great Salt Lake, Elder Stowell sensed the kindly providences of God that had been over him through the fiery furnace of affliction and also the magnitude of the blessings in store for him in the midst of his people. He first worked at the Old Fort in the Sixth Ward; then for a little season on the house of Brother Edward Dalton, a little South of the city on Mill Creek and spent the time hauling wood out of Parley's Fork to obtain the means of subsistence. From there he moved to Provo in January 1851.

Elder Stowell at once built a house on his town lot in Provo, he obtained 25 acres of land North of the town on which he grew a fair crop the ensuing season. This season, 1852, Mrs. Stowell became dissatisfied and obtained a divorce from her husband.

Matilda Packard, a sister of Elder Stowell's accompanied by her husband, crossed the plains in 1850 and settled in Springville about four miles South of Provo. On August 21, 1851, she died of childbirth. Elder Stowell attended the funeral and by request of the bereaved father, took home the infant son, then ten days old. The father married again when the child was about six months old and took home the baby. When he his about 15 months old, the father fell from a load of timber in Hobbie Creek Canyon and was run over by the wagon and killed. So Elder Stowell took the child again, and raised him in his own family. Under his roof he grew up to be a good man and an excellent mechanic. This man is now (1892) living in .Ashley's Fork, Utah, where he has a fine family and is much respected.

Elder Stowell and Cynthia Jane Park were married in Provo by Apostle John Taylor on the 19th of October 1852.

It was the fortune of Elder Stowell to be called upon to do considerable military service in defense of his people. Whenever responsibility was placed upon him, he evidently acted with efficiency and good judgment. The Provo militia was organized out of the old nauvoo Legion and he was mustered into an artillery company. He remained in that company for a year.

In the Spring of 1855, an express arrived from Iron County bringing the news that considerable excitement had been raised among the Ate Indians by an attempt of the sheriff to arrest some emigrants who had been trading arms to them. The Express, Samuel Lewis and Charles Carter, arrived at Elder Stowell's in Provo nearly exhausted for want of sleep and with their animals badly worn. Elder Stowell, as was characteristic of him, took them rapidly to Salt Lake in a carriage in which the men could get some sleep. They changed teams twice on the way. The Governor, Brigham Young, at once ordered 800 men, among them was Elder Stowell, under Captain William Wall of Provo, to proceed to Iron County by forced marches. Without baggage wagons and with only what they could carry on their horses and such supplies as could be obtained along the way, the march was rapidly accomplished. On arriving at Parowan, the difficulty was amicable and the expedition returned to Provo.

There had been considerable uneasiness manifest among the Ute Indians during the spring and early summer. On the 18th of July, Alexander Keel was shot by Indians at Payson when he was after water at a spring back of his house. This fairly inaugurated an Indian War. On the 19th, 150 cavalry of Colonel Peter Conover marched South to assist the weak settlements. W.R.R. Stowell was one of this expedition. During

its progress to Manti and its presence in San Pete Valley, the Indians were quite active and hostile, making several attacks on settlements and individuals. After remaining a few days in San Pete Valley, the expedition commenced its homeward march. While encamped on Willow Creek, where the town of Mona now stands, they were fired on by Indians, but were faced by 50 men and soon retired. They reached Provo the following day, but from this time on during the season, Elder Stowell was on hand for military duty. He also kept a hired man who worked for him when it home, and for whom an outfit was furnished when in the public service. During this time, Elder Stowell was also commissary for Colonel Conover.

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About the first of October, Elder Stowell's half brother, Dan, arrived in Great Salt Lake City from the East with his wife and five children. They were enroute to California, but decided to remain over the winter as his health was quite poor from the fatigue journey across the plains. Dan had belonged to the Church when a boy, but when he grew up lost all interest in religion. Elder Stowell, having been much in the public service without remuneration, was in poor circumstances; but notwithstanding these difficulties, he obtained a house for his brother and assisted him to the comforts of the winter.

Elder Stowell, being called among others to go South with one hundred other men and their families to strengthen the place on account of the Indians, sold his property in Provo and moved to Fillmore with his family.

In January, 1854, his brother's wife died and in March his brothers health was so far recovered that he thought of going on his way to California with his children; but just before starting he took a severe cold and dropped off, leaving the care of his little ones to his brother, who took them to his home in Fillmore to raise them as his own. In this connection there is an episode which is interesting -- almost romantic. It shows the nobility and greatness of heart of the woman who held the keys to his home. On Saturday, April 22nd 1854, Elder Stowell arrived home at Fillmore with his brother's five orphaned children. On Monday the 24th, his son Brigham was born. Thus the wife, while Claspings to her heart her first born, with the deep and sweet impulses of a young mother's affection, was able to also extend a mother's care and sympathy to the orphans who had been brought to her hearthstone in very destitute circumstances. And so they found themselves in a new country, much reduced in circumstances with a family of seven children, six of whom were orphans.

An appropriation had been made by the Congress of the United States to build a State House for Utah State Territory. The town of Fillmore was selected for its location. The first work Elder Stowell engaged in on his arrival in Fillmore was hauling rock for this building. Then at times he worked at his former business of butchering, which greatly assisted him to live. His more general occupation was working in the canyon, getting out building and sawing timber. He worked two yoke of steers and these with several animals managed to winter on the range grass around him. In the Spring he went to farming and succeeded in getting food for his family.

The following serious accident to one of his adopted children, and a miraculous case of healing, we will relate in his own words:

"One day, accompanied by two of my brother's little boys, I was at work in the field. On returning home I took the youngest on the horse behind me. I told the other one to mount the other horse. He attempted to do so from the wrong side of the animal and carelessly put his foot in the stirrup without grasping the bridle rein. The unusual circumstance frightened the animal and it ran about fifty yards with the foot in the stirrup. With every jump of the horse he was jerked up and his head bumped on the ground. With great presence of mind the lad worked the foot out of his boot, which released him just before reaching a rocky piece of ground where doubtless he would have been killed. The horse I rode became so excited that I was obliged to hold her and could not let go in order to stop the other horse. When the boy released himself from the stirrup, he rose, brushed the sand from his face and said he wasn't hurt ... but immediately wilted down senseless. I worked with him for sometime before signs of life began to appear. I got him on to the horse and took him home. He was so dazed that he paid little attention, but he roused up a little and said, "Uncle, I would like to be administered to." I asked in a near-by neighbor and we

administered to him. He immediately began to look around, then he arose to his feet, first trying one foot, then the other, to see if he could stand. He walked across the floor and said, "I am well and feel well." The following day he requested me to baptize him. He was about twelve years old at this time; had learned some of the principles of the Gospel and I gladly initiated him into the Church.

In May 1853, a company of emigrants on their way to California by what was then known as the South Route, camped near Fillmore. As usual with the Indians, they came around the camp to gratify their curiosity or perhaps to trade, when an emigrant drew a gun and deliberately shot one down. This was a cowardly act and naturally aroused the spirit of revenge in the Indians, who from then on continually harassed the freighters coming over the South Route. W.R.R. Stowell, with ten good men, was appointed to take these freighters over the mountains to Nephi, about 65 miles toward Salt Lake City. This was a very delicate task, the rivers being high and having to be forded.

This took a great deal of time and Captain Stowell did not feel at liberty to make any charge for his services. Gratitude appeared to be minus quality in the hearts of the freighters, and they were allowed to return home empty handed.

In the Spring of 1854, the Indians engaged in the massacre of Gunnison and party and were arrested. Two of them were young Ute chiefs, from Kanosh near Fillmore. Someone was to convey them to Salt Lake but for sometime no one could be found for the job. As a last resort, President John A. Ray came to Elder Stowell who consented to undertake the journey. He made a long trip without fear and the Indians seemed to respect him and they gave no trouble whatever. From Provo, he was accompanied by Deputy U. S. Marshall George Bean, who assisted him in delivering the prisoners over to the proper authorities. He was given \$97.50 for his pay which was greatly appreciated.

In the winter of 1854-5 in connection with Lewis Burnson, Elder Stowell labored in the canyon, getting out timber and lumber for the State House, often working on the building itself.

In the fall of 1854, Elder Stowell inquired of Brigham Young if he was at liberty to move from Fillmore and was given permission to do so. In the Spring of this year, Apostle George A. Smith had advised him to move to Ogden, saying that it would be the chief city in all that region and be the center of population and commerce. This was 15 years before the Junction of the Union Pacific and Central Pacific at Ogden. Time has verified the truth of this prophetic statement.

In June 1855, Elder Stowell moved to Bingham's Fort in Weber County, where he had many friends and relatives. He was located about three miles Northeast of Ogden on the opposite side of the Ogden River. He considered his residence there as temporary and took a town lot in Ogden to improve as he had opportunity. This was the memorable year in which the grasshoppers destroyed most of the grain crop of the country. The loss and suffering was aggravated by drought -- the combined evils causing a great failure in crops. Little grain was grown; and in some instances corn planted matured and added to the scanty supply of food for the ensuing year. A neighbor, Henry Eggleston, planted corn the third of July where the wheat had been destroyed by grasshoppers, that matured. Elder Stowell, on account of the lateness of the season when he arrived at Bingham's Fort, did not attempt to farm but did very well in gathering bread for his family by assisting to harvest the short crops of grain. He also cut considerable wild hay to feed

his animals the coming winter. At this time the old adage that "calamities never come single" was verified, for the light crops were followed by an unusually severe winter. Snow fell early from one to two feet deep and the winter continued severely cold until the 21st of March, when the winter so moderated as to bring on a rapid thaw. This produced so much water that the country might be said to "be afloat."

The snow was too deep for the cattle to find grass on the range. The limited amount of hay on hand was soon exhausted and in the latter part of winter and in early spring the cattle died by hundreds. Some of the cattle owners, farseeing the evil, in January slaughtered their cattle that were not too poor, for food and distributed the beef among the people gratis.

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In the autumn of 1855, William Rufus Rogers Stowell had 19 head of animals -- and with close care he had only 6 in the spring 1856. With these calamities, the people were much reduced in circumstances. For want of animals to haul wood the inhabitants of Bingham's Fort were under the necessity of carrying small willows which grew near the settlement to replenish their fires. These willows afforded but little warmth and the people suffered much discomfort during the long and severe winter.

The following is inserted here as a testimony in favor of paying tithing. Elder Stowell says, "In the autumn of 1855, I did not pay my stock tithing because I thought the Bishop offered too low a price and I lost my cattle. The circumstances caused me serious reflection and I determined to not commit any more errors of that kind. The next autumn I took a fine horse, a harness and saddle to the Bishop, paid my tithing and have paid it up or ahead ever since."

On the 9th of October 1855, Sophronia Kelly of Bingham's Fort was married to Elder Stowell in Salt Lake City by Brigham Young. This was in accordance with the revelation on the eternity of the marriage covenant including plurality of wives given through Joseph the Seer in Nauvoo, July 12th, 1843.

It is 37 years since Elder Stowell assumed the relation of plural marriage. He has been successful in raising a large family who have faith in the Gospel. This indicates that he entered practically into this principle for its purity, believing it to be the way of exaltation and eternal life, and that he has worked by faith to secure the glorious results promised to those that are faithful.

In the Spring of 1857, he moved his family onto his town lot in the city of Ogden. Owing to previous movings and misfortunes, he considered this the most difficult period of his life and it took hard labor and the closest economy to get along. This year he followed farming with fair success. His labors were occasionally broken into by military musters. As early in the season there were rumors of growing excitement in the East against the Mormons. These proved to be preludes of the coming storm. The deep snows of the winter had practically cut off communication between the Eastern States and Utah.

The associate Justice of Utah, W. W. Drummond, hated the Mormons with all the vindictiveness characteristic of the corrupt and licentious. During the winter of 1856-70 he went East by way of the Isthmus of Panama. On his arrival in the United States he spread a series of falsehoods representing the Mormons of Utah as rebelling against the Government. The Government accordingly organized an expedition to be sent to the West.

Word of this action did not reach the Mormons in Salt Lake City until July 24, when the Mormons resolved to fight for their homes rather than be driven out. In these times of stirring preparation, when the Mormon forces were gathering in the defiles of the Wasatch Mountains, Elder Stowell was appointed

Adjutant to Major Joseph Taylor's battalion of infantry. The 2nd of October 1857, it was ordered to the front. It at once marched for Echo Canyon and halted at Colonel J.C. Little's position, where fortifications were being erected. General Daniel H. Wells was still further to the front. Soon after arriving, Captain Stowell says in his journal, "In the night I dreamed that I had been a prisoner in the United States troops and had escaped without any material injury, then I was returning home and was traveling down Echo Canyon on horseback accompanied by another man.

"On awakening in the morning after my dream, an express arrived from General Wells ordering our battalion to advance up Echo Canyon to Cash Cave. On arriving there the battalion was met by General Wells and staff. I was there set apart to march to the big bend of Bear River.

"As ordered, we rapidly marched to the bend of Bear River. On arriving there, being very weary, I lay down to rest and soon fell asleep. I again dreamed of the arrival of orders from General Wells for the removal of the entire command to another position.

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Arousing from my slumber, I stepped out of the tent and saw the express rapidly approaching on horseback with orders from General Wells for all the command except Taylor's battalion to leave for Echo; it was ordered to Black's Fork, about two days march to the front. It was towards evening, but Major Taylor's command immediately started for Black Fork. The second morning after, Major Taylor left for Fort Bridger, accompanied by Major J. D. T. McAllister. The latter rode a poor horse and exchanged with me for a better one. The command of the battalion now devolved upon me. The morning after Major Taylor's departure, I learned that the United States troops were marching up Ham's Fork.

"The following morning, deeming that the change in circumstances required it, I marched the Battalion towards Fort Bridger. After about two miles we fell in with Colonel Porter Rockwell, also on his way to Fort Bridger with a herd of seven United States oxen. He requested help to drive them. This assistance was furnished leaving enough men to drive the pack animals of the Battalion.

"After this, October 14th, Major Taylor, Wells Chase, George Rose, and another man whose name I have forgotten, and myself were sent from Ft. Bridger to follow up Ham's Fork, in the direction the troops were marching to watch their movements and report when expedient. Other detachments of our men were also operating in their vicinity. The 15th we followed the troops so closely that we came to campfires that were still burning.

"October 16th, not wishing to get too close to the troops, we bore a little to the left and crossed a small valley about three miles wide. In this valley we crossed quite a heavy trail of cavalry. I remarked that it appeared too numerous to be any of our scouting parties. Major Taylor and myself followed the trail but directed the other three men with the pack animals to remain some distance in our rear. We soon discerned a body of cavalry in the distance but the atmosphere was smoky and the vision so indistinct that the character of them was uncertain. Continuing on we came to where the trail we were following went down a sharp hill. I halted and Major Taylor rode clown the hill out of my sight. Not long after his disappearance, three horsemen appeared; one coming on each side of me and one directly in front. The latter called me to surrender. As we were ordered not to shed blood unless necessary to save our lives, I must, unthinkingly, have drawn up my rifle with my finger on the trigger, as the soldier stated. The soldier rapidly approached, swaying his body to and fro to break my aim and demand my rifle, which I gave up. About this time I saw the three men we had left with the packs in the distance. He demanded my revolver, which I with apparent difficulty tried to get out of the belt. He said "Give me belt and all." I replied I wanted the belt to keep my pantaloons up. Still delaying with the revolver I discovered that the men with the packs had taken in the situation and rode away and left the packs which fell into the hands of the enemy. I handed the soldier belt and revolver. I was escorted down the hill to the command which consisted of ninety cavalry and was placed in the front file of the detachment on its march for the main body.

"The most important papers in my possession were the orders from General Wells dated October 4th and which have been copied. They, with others, were in a small blank book, used for a journal and carried

in my shirt bosom. I could see no better plan than to get rid of them if possible, to prevent their falling into the hands of my captors. I dropped scraps of paper on the ground to see results, hoping they would not be noticed; but they were picked up and examined at once.

A halt was called and a demand made on the Major and myself for all papers in our possession. A few papers of no account were handed over and the march was continued until dark, I took the book containing the papers from my bosom with the intention of dropping it by the side of the horse. When about to do so a quiet, distinct voice said: 'keep them for they will do you more good than harm. ' This restrained and surprised me. It was difficult to drop the idea that the paper should be destroyed, if not a good one. I was again about to drop the papers when the voice came again with more force and power repeating the assertion that the papers would do more good than harm. I was again restrained and rode along pondering in my mind what the manifestation should mean. Again

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I decided that it was all nonsense. I determined to succeed the third time by dropping the papers suddenly; but the voice was too quick for me and with still greater force than before repeated; 'Keep them for they will do more good than harm.' Being convinced by this time that the voice was no delusion, I decided to keep the papers, and put them away in my bosom.

On arriving at the main camp, Major and myself were put under guard separately. He was first examined by Colonel Alexander. The Major afterwards stated that he was questioned very closely as to his reasons for being in the mountains under arms and as to the number of the Mormon forces. When he was returned to the guard I was taken before the Colonel when the following colloquy took place.

Q. Where do you live?

A. In Ogden City, Utah.

Q. What is your business out here?

A. To repel a mob, Sir.

Q. What are your reasons for supposing us to be a mob?

A. I have known the Latter Day Saints to be harassed by mobs from my first acquaintance with them, while to be consistent, I maintain they are a peaceable and industrious people. It had been reported to us that there was an army coming from the States under the name of Government troops without any legal causes; hence we regard it as a vile mob.

The Colonel appeared very indignant, but continued:

Q. Are there many Mormons in the mountains?

A. Yes; the mountains are full of them.

Q. Are you acquainted with Echo?

A. Yes, Sir.

Q. Are there many encamping in Echo?

A. Yes sir; a great many and more coming every day.

Q. What is the strength of the Mormon forces?

A. Probably from twenty-five to thirty thousand.

Q. Have you much artillery?

A. Quite an amount, Sir, as I have seen pieces in the different settlements.

"Many more questions were asked in a very caustic manner, after which I was marched off to the guard house. After this my person was examined for papers by Sergeant Newman, the man who afterwards attempted to poison us. He took off my boots and coat and examined them and passed his hand over my pantaloons pockets and over my legs. I began to hope he was going to miss the papers when he suddenly passed his hand across my bosom and the book I have before mentioned. He excitedly asked, "What is this". I handed him the little book, asking him to return it to me, as it contained my journal. He at once started for headquarters. I was soon sent for.

Following is the letter of instructions found upon his person:

Instructions To Utah Militia Officers

B. H. Roberts, Comprehensive History of the Church, Vol.4, Ch.107, p.279

"Headquarters Eastern Expedition,
Camp Near

Cache Cave,

Oct. 4, 1857.

B. H. Roberts, Comprehensive History of the Church, Vol.4, Ch.107, p.279 - p.280

You will proceed, with all possible dispatch, without injuring your animals, to the Oregon road, near the bend of Bear river, north by east of this place. Take close and correct observation of the country on your route. When you approach the road, send scouts ahead, to ascertain if the invading troops have passed that way. Should they have passed, take a concealed route, and get ahead of them. Express to Colonel Burton, who is now on that road and in the vicinity of the troops, proceed at once to annoy them in every possible way. Use every exertion to stampede their animals and set fire to their trains. Burn the whole country before them, and on their flanks. Keep them from sleeping by night surprises; blockade the road by felling trees or destroying the river fords where you can. Watch for opportunities to set fire to the grass before them that can be burned. Keep your men concealed as much as possible, and guard against surprise. Keep scouts out at all times, and communications open with Colonel Burton, Major McAllister and O. P. Rockwell, who are operating in the same way. Keep me advised daily of your movements, and every step the troops take, and in which direction.

God bless you, and give you success.

Your brother in Christ,

DANIEL H. WELLS.

P.S.--If the troops have not passed, or have turned in this direction, follow in their rear, and continue to annoy them, burning any trains they may leave. Take no life, but destroy their trains, and stampede or drive away their animals, at every opportunity.

Major Joseph Taylor.

[Signed] "D. H. WELLS."

On my way to the office I felt very downspirited, realizing that our enemies had got possession of the orders that I so much dreaded should fall into their hands and the result was very uncertain in my mind I knew not what to do. In this emergency, the precious advice given by the Savior to his disciples came to my mind. 'When ye are brought before rulers and judges, take no thought what ye shall say, for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak.' This brought with it peace and assurance and produced a calm, pleasant state of mind.

When brought into the Colonel's presence, I was asked 'If we were not going to carry out the orders from General Wells?' He made the additional remark: 'If so, you might as well commence to kill us.' To this I replied, if they would go back and mind their own business we would not interfere with them. The Colonel questioned me further about going into Salt Lake Valley North through Marsh Valley. I told him it would be impossible for him to get through as General G.W. West was in that locality with a strong force

awaiting his arrival. He then inquired very particularly about Echo Canyon and that vicinity. I answered that it would be impossible for them to get through in any direction as I was acquainted in Echo and knew that my people were building strong fortifications as I had assisted in the labor. That they had prepared great quantities of rocks on top of mountains to be ready to roll them off at the opportune time and smash an enemy to pieces. He seemed too indignant as to manifest a spirit of revenge and was much astonished at my boldness. I told him that I realized that they had the Major and myself in their power and perhaps might kill us; but it would only be two and there would be plenty left. This interesting interview closed and the sergeant marched me back to the guard house.

The next morning after the interview with the Colonel, the 17th of October, a Captain Donovan came into the guard tent and asked me what I thought of Mormonism? I answered that I would rather die than deny my religion. He replied, 'We do not care a damn about your religion. We do not care about your religion if you will not fight the Government. We shall go into Salt Lake City. Jesus Christ cannot keep us out.'

"After our examination the troops remained one day on the same ground. A council of officers was held in which Colonel & Alexander was decided in his views of going into Salt Lake City by way of Marsh Valley. But all the other officers voted against it. Thus theory, was a division and the commander considered it unwise on his part to proceed further in that direction against the advice of his officers. On the 18th of October the troops turned around on their camp ground and began to retrace their steps down Ham's Fork to the old emigration road. There they remained until the arrival of General Johnson who was on his way from the East. On his arrival he at once assumed command of the army of invasion.

"When marching down Ham's Fork, we traveled one day until late in the evening without any food after our breakfast. After encamping about one quart of soup was made of desiccated vegetables and brought to each of us. As it was brought into the tent, I felt that something was wrong and said to Major Taylor, 'That soup is poisonous!', but the fact that we were very hungry tended to modify suspicion. Major Taylor tasted it remarking, 'I am awful hungry.' I ate a little of mine, but the Major considerable more of his. He was taken very sick. I administered to him and he was relieved by vomiting and purging, but he looked as though he had been through a long fit of sickness. I dug a hole in the ashes and turned the soup into it and covered it up. Not having eaten much of the soup, I was then sick a little later than Major and was operated upon in the same way. With the blessing of God we both recovered.

"The soup was brought by Sergeant Newman who searched me for papers, as before stated. He afterwards started for the States on furlough, was taken sick at Green River and died a miserable death.

"General Johnson arrived in camp the 4th of November with a small reinforcement and the remainder of the supply trains. The supply trains were strung out about six miles in length, the animals worrying along till thoroughly exhausted. They would fall in their tracks and die. All this long line of wagons and beef cattle had to be guarded to prevent surprise and the stampede of animals. The snow was deep and the weather bitter cold. Many of the men were frost bitten and cattle and mules perished by the score. The camp on Black's Fork thirty miles from Fort Bridger was named 'The camp of Death'. Five hundred animals perished around the camp on the night of the 6th of November."

Elder Stowell continues his personal narrative: In a day or two after the arrival of General Johnson, the expedition began its march for Fort Bridger. The first day about noon they halted on account of an alarm that the Mormon forces were in front. The artillery was pushed forward but the animals were so poor and weak that its movements were slow. The alarm proved to be a false one. Eleven miles were made when the men encamped with their baggage wagons still to come up. It was in a cold, blowing snow storm, with three or four inches of snow on the ground. For the prisoners, about sixteen in number, and the guard, two large fires were made of sage brush and some twenty feet apart. The guard

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consisted of twenty-five men with four men on post at a time surrounding the prisoners as they walked to and fro. Major Taylor had intimated to me during the day that he intended to leave that night and he again threw out the idea after arriving in camp. After the camp was made he complained bitterly of the colic, was in too much pain to be easy. With his boots in his hand -- having taken them off so as to be able to run faster -- walked back and forth from one fire to the other. He did this so naturally that we became quiet and paid him but little attention. I also had pulled off my boots, sat down on the pile of sage brush by the fire and put my feet out to warm. I began to tell some story in which the guard began to manifest considerable interest. At this time there was a large herd of cattle passing near the guard camp. On the side of the camp where the cattle were passing at this time, two sentinels met, turned their backs to each other and walked in opposite directions leaving a considerable space between them. Major, seizing the opportune time or moment sprang into the darkness among the cattle without receiving any apparent notice from anyone while I continued my story.

"Perhaps fifteen minutes elapsed when the guard was relieved by a new one, The two officers of the guard came around the fire, the one to turn over the prisoners as was customary, to his successor. The officer of the old guard looked at me saying: 'There is Stowell, the Mormon prisoner and Major Taylor --' looking around for him. But to their astonishment he was not to be found, and everybody appeared to be in the most profound ignorance as to when or how he disappeared. My story was suddenly discontinued and after manifesting a decent surprise with the rest, I settled down by the campfire to take the little bit of comfort that was possible.

"The Major had got a good start and the blowing snow was filling his tracks as fast as they were made. In a short time a detachment of cavalry accompanied by bloodhounds were in pursuit. I had had the rheumatism in my legs badly for a week and had performed the day's march with much difficulty. I needed food and complained to the officer of the guard that I was very hungry. He directed one of the guards to take me to a tent which he designated, and see if some supper could not be had for me. As the guard who was to secure my safety brought his musket to his shoulder he remarked very positively that I would not get away from him. On arriving at the designated tent, he put his head into the door and talked with those inside for a considerable time. He appeared oblivious to the fact that he was giving me a very good opportunity to escape in the darkness. He could get me no food and we returned to the guard fire. It is possible that the soldiers did not care to prevent our escape. "

"During the evening two large tents arrived at the guard camp, but none of our bedding. One of the tents was spread out on the snow; on this the prisoners were ordered to lay down with their feet in the center. The other tent was then spread quite tight over the men. I was very uncomfortable but thought I would not be the first to complain. After a little some of the prisoners said they could not endure it; they must have fresh air and asked that the covering be loosened, but the guard refused to do it. Soon after the men on one side with a united effort, loosened the cover and were soon followed by others. This afforded a breath of fresh air until the guard found the stakes loosened and fastened the tent down again."

The army moved slowly Westward and reached Camp Bridger, a distance of thirty five miles, in fifteen days. On November 16th the army arrived at their winter quarters, Camp Scott, two miles from Fort

Bridger. "The following pictures are drawn to our hand: In the camps of the army for Utah rations were short and many articles of daily necessity were altogether unattainable. Whiskey sold at twelve dollars a gallon, tobacco three dollars a pound, and sugar and coffee about the same rate. Flour for a time was a luxury at a very high figure, and the possession of a good supply with no other protection than the covering of a tent was as dangerous to the owner as a well filled purse is to a pedestrian in a first class city after sunset. The cattle, too, were miserably poor but their hides furnished moccasins

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for the soldiers. Every day all through the winter, bands of 15 or 20 men might be seen hitched to wagons, trailing for five or six miles to the mountain sides to get loads of fuel for the use of the camp."

The Saints in the valleys: "Peace is enjoyed throughout the territory by the citizens, from the North to South, and every heart beats with the love of liberty: religious, political, and social. During the winter festivities were very prevalent and entertainments of various kinds were enjoyed. Dramatic and literary associations were attended to overflowing; balls and parties were frequent and numerous filled, and every amusement suitable for and enlightened and refined people was a source of profit to the caterer and pleasure and benefit to the patronizers. Indeed, had you seen the manner in which they enjoyed themselves, you would never surmise for one moment that within a few miles of us there was an army, repugnant to every feeling of the people, who were only waiting to kill, corrupt and debase an innocent and virtuous community.

Soon after the arrival of the army at Fort Bridger, Myself and another prisoner, John Howard, were handcuffed together by our left arms. This man claimed to have been baptized by Almond Babbitt while in the States, to have come to the mountains and took an Indian wife and became a mountaineer. He engaged in selling the troops beef which he obtained from the mountain ranches. He was suspected of being a Mormon spy and taken a prisoner at Rocky Ridge. An officer and file of men were sent to arrest him. He knocked several men down as they approached him, one after another. He was finally taken by a rush of the party, overpowered and handcuffed. Soon after being handcuffed together we were further secured with shackles on our left legs. When on our feet this compelled one to stand behind the other and when laying down side by side, the arm of one was stretched across his body. These conditions were very uncomfortable.

"Sometime after we were thus ironed, while asleep, about midnight, I dreamed I was standing by the house of Isaac Allred in Kay's ward, that I unlocked the handcuffs, took them off and hung them on the corner of the house. At this stage of my dream, the officer of the day came into the guard tent which awoke me. He unlocked the handcuffs and hung them on the tent pole. This afforded us considerable relief.

"The 26th of November 1857, Governor Brigham Young wrote to the commander of the United States forces at Fort Bridger concerning certain prisoners in his camp, as follows: 'Of the persons reported to be retained by you as prisoners, the two are said to have hailed from Oregon are entire strangers to us; Mr. Grow, on his way here from the States, is probably treated by you in a reasonably humane manner for which you have my thanks as it saves us the expense of his board; and if you imagine that keeping, mistreating or killing Mr. Stowell will resound to your or advantage, future experience may add to the stock of your better judgment.'

"From the circumstances it is evident that this pungent paragraph contains no element of flattery for Captain Stowell, but was designed to be a forcible expression of the highest regard in which he was held by the leading citizens of Utah, and that any abuse of him would be justly resented.

Days passed amid the snows of the Wasatch Mountains, but they were unpleasant days of the subject of our sketch. In irons, among bitter enemies of his people, owing him no good will on account of his boldness in their defence; in cold, comfortless guard quarters with the obscene jest and ribald oath

constantly saluting his ears, there was little else in his surroundings than the satisfaction that he was suffering for the Kingdom of God's sake and the hope of final deliverance to cheer him.

In February the United States Judges, residing in this military camp, organized a United States district court for Green County in which Mr. John Howard, Captain Stowell and many others were to be tried for treason. Elder Stowell says: Mr Howard engaged a lawyer to defend us. He said if I would join him, he would pay for the fee for both of us.

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-- one hundred dollars apiece -- this he did in Government Bonds. When I was arraigned for trial the clerk read an indictment in which myself and seventy others were named as charged with treason against the Government of the United States; also others to the number of one thousand or more whose names were not known to the court. After the indictment was read, as usual I was asked: "Guilty or not guilty?" I replied, "Not Guilty." The court then asked "Are the parties ready for trial?" Not ready." We demanded time and opportunity for procuring the necessary witnesses and petition for an adjournment of the case to the next term of court. This court granted. John Howard had his trial at that term of court, was acquitted and escorted out of camp. He was a powerful brave man. He was a fearless talker and had so often offended the officers that they deemed his presence in camp very unpleasant and took a summary way of getting rid of it. Being very profane made him unpleasant for so close a companion; but he was very kind and obliging under the discomforts which we mutually suffered."

After he left, the shackles were put on both of Captain Stowell's legs. There was a Corporal Nicholson, a military prisoner. Captain Stowell joined him in a plan for making their escape. The corporal, by paying a bribe, arranged with one of the guard, that about one o'clock in the evening, he should take charge of them, as going to the rear. Captain Stowell had before made a wooden key and unlocked his shackles, but there was a prisoner who wore shackles like his own. He made an iron key which he gave to Captain Stowell. The guard, who was to take them out, was to let them go and return himself. Nicholson was quite an expert at sleight-of-hand. Fearing the guard might fail to fill his contract he carried along a large pill of hard soap. When going out he stumbled against the guard, who, as was customary, carried his gun half cocked, and quickly capped the percussion tube with the soap, without the soldier discerning the move, and, of course, completed the performance with profuse apologies. Captain Stowell wore a blanket coat with the usual large pockets on the outside. He also made pockets on the inside and filled them all with food. He also carried a pair of socks, a pair of gloves, a butcher knife in his bosom and a sling shot in his sleeves. Corporal Nicholson carried eight hundred and fifty dollars in gold on his person so that in different ways both were too well loaded for much of a race. On arriving on the ground where the guard was to part with them, Captain Stowell threw his shackles out into the snow. As suspicioned he might do, the guard refused to let them go, telling them he was afraid to do so. He wanted more money. Twenty dollars more were paid him and he told them to go. With some delay he got his gun off as the escaped prisoners emerged from the willows that surrounded the guard camp. He was afterwards tried by court-martial and the firing of his gun saved him from punishment. At the discharge of the gun the dogs barked, the trumpets sounded and there was general excitement in the camp. The escaped prisoners passed a settler's train where two sentinels were posted. They rushed after Captain Stowell and his companion with guns. The former had been so long in confinement and irons that he could not at once handle himself to advantage. To throw off the burden he carried seemed a necessity. He jerked off his coat loaded with provisions, threw it and the sling shot away. Thus at the start went the food that was to sustain him in making this desperate effort. It was a run for life, but they succeeded in getting away from their pursuers. The weather was clear and cold; the snow was very deep in the mountains, and about two and a half feet in the vicinity of the camps where not blown off by fierce winds. They passed the tent of the picket guard so near that they heard the men playing cards inside. They also passed the patrol without attracting their attention. After clearing the patrol they passed between the camps of the dragoons and volunteers; the latter being teamsters who were compelled to accept military duty in order to obtain rations for their subsistence through the winter.

About twelve miles South of Fort Bridger, the Mormons had made a settlement called "Fort Supply" and evacuated it before the arrival of the United States troops. Captain Stowell and companion first recognized their whereabouts when they were near the deserted settlement. From there they took into the mountains aiming to go over into Provo Valley; but the deep snow and lack of food made it impractical to reach there. They halted about midnight and made a fire in a grove of timber. Captain Stowell pulled off his boots and socks and waded in the snow to take the frost out of his feet while his companion was

starting a fire. After warming they traveled on until daylight when they encamped in a thick grove for the day. There they made basket snow shoes out of brush but found they could not use them, the snow being so light they would sink in and load up. Becoming discouraged about reaching Provo Valley, they turned more to the right with the hope of striking the emigration road towards Bear River. Finding their strength failing through the severity of the weather and their excessive labor with no means of obtaining food, they decided they must get back to camp or perish. With great exertion and suffering, they reached camp with their feet, hand and faces frozen and their strength quite exhausted.

At first Corporal Nichalson was imprisoned for some light offence. After the effort to escape he was tried by court-martial and sentenced to receive fifty lashes, he imprisoned for six months in a military prison and at the end of that term to be dishonorable discharged from the service. Elder Stowell says: I was compelled to see the fifty lashes severely administered. When I was released he was still a prisoner with ball and chain. The punishment seem to me barbarous in the extreme." Captain Stowell was again examined by Colonel Alexander and placed under guard with a ball and chain attached to his leg weighing twenty-five pounds. The circular iron of a pair of shackles that is made to fit the ankle of a man's leg has a joint in the middle so it can be opened to be put on. When Captain Stowell was taken to the camp blacksmith shop to be manacled, the smith laid this joint on the anvil and struck it a violent blow. He picked up the shackle to examine it and as he did so adroitly near Captain Stowell so that he could see that the iron was nearly cracked in two, remarking, "It is cracked but still I think it will do." This was so well done that it attracted no attention. After being thus heavily ironed and his rations very much shortened that he might not be able to accumulate food for another attempt to escape, an attempt was again made to destroy him by poison. He says: "I was visited by Judge Eckles who said he would prefer to have perished on the mountains than to have come back. I replied that I was not yet ready to die and of two evils I preferred the least. About this time I received a present from a Mrs. Wordsworth. She had lived in Payson, Utah County, but had apostatized and with her husband had sought the protection of the U. S. Military and had remained with them to share the spoils of the Saints in Utah. She had a niece with her and it was well understood in camp that Judge Eckles share his bed with her. The present was a very nice looking pie. I at once suspicioned that some evil game was about to be played on me. I only waited about a week for developments when Judge Eckles, Colonel Alexander and Mr. Wordsworth called to see me at the guard camp. They appeared very courteous, asking me how I got along, etc. Another pie was presented to me as a gift from Mrs. Wordsworth. Judge Eckles kindly suggested, "It is very cold weather. Have you any liquor to drink?" I answered none. My suspicions were now fairly aroused that they had planned to poison me. Yet I suggested that I thought that a liquor would not hurt one. The Judge then said, "I have permitted Mr. Wordsworth to bring you a small bottle of liquor." At the same time Mr. Wordsworth drew a small bottle from his bosom and gave it to me saying, "Mr. Stowell, there is some chloroform in it. It Judge Eckles especially charged me not to let the other prisoners taste of it nor get drunk myself. I replied that I thought I should not get drunk on so small amount of liquor. So evident was this plan to poison me that my fellow prisoners discerned it as well as myself. I took the bottle into the tent, extracted the cork and turned the bottle up allowing the contents to empty on the ground. A small portion, however, remained in the bottle. This was discovered by a prisoner, a burglar, and drank by him. He was immediately taken sick and conveyed to the hospital. One of the prisoners remarked to him, "They have tried to poison Stowell and you have got the dose. "I had tasted of the pie and it turned me sick. The balance of it I threw out of the tent."

Matters were rapidly approaching a crisis, but a crisis that the enemies of Utah had no conception of. The Utah Expedition, based as it were, entirely on falsehoods, was rapidly becoming unpopular. The General Government had made a great effort for the destruction of an innocent people and the fact was

becoming evident to the nation and to thinking men on the other side of the Atlantic. A Peace Commission could help the Government out of its dilemma.. At this critical juncture, Colonel Thomas L. Kane, an old time friend of the Mormons, was inspired to seek the President of the United States and offer

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offer his services as mediator. He was accepted and he lost no time in setting out on his important, delicate mission. Under the assumed name of Dr. Osborne, he left New York the first week in January on a steamer for California. He found the Mormon Colony at San Bernadino broken up and regathering to Utah for the defence of their people. Ample means of travel were immediately furnished him and he arrived in Salt Lake the following February. The people looked upon him as the man the Lord had raised up as a peacemaker. At the close of an interview Governor Young said to him, "Friend Thomas, The Lord has sent you here and he will not let you die --no, you cannot die till your work is done. I want you to have your name live to all eternity. You have done a great work and you will do a greater work still."

Colonel Kane, with a suitable escort, made his way through the Mountain snows and reached Camp Scott on the 10th day of March 1858. His arrival created some excitement in the camp and he requested to be conducted to the tent of Governor Cummings, the new appointment for Utah. He was cordially received. The new Governor espoused the cause of the peace ambassador who was then on a mission entrusted to him by the President of the United States. The new Governor and the Commander of the army were in antagonism. This practically left the issues of the difficulty in the hands of Brigham Young.

The mission of Colonel Kane was to induce Governor Cummings to trust himself with the Mormons and enter at once upon his gubernatorial duties. The Governor left Camp Scott on the 5th of April for Salt Lake City accompanied by Colonel Kane. When he had passed the Federal lines, he was met by an escort of Mormon militia and welcomed as Governor of the Territory with military honors. On the 12th of April he entered Salt Lake City and was welcomed by its most distinguished citizens.

Three days after his arrival, Governor Cummings officially notified General Johnson that he had been properly received by the people, was in full discharge of the duties of his office and did not require the presence of troops. Colonel Kane was most successful in his mission. He shortly after returned to Washington to report in person to the President.

The 15th of May, Governor Cummings started for Camp Scott to bring his family to Salt Lake City. Before his return, however, the wife of Captain Stowell, Cynthia Jane, had an interview with him and he kindly consented to take a letter to her husband. On his arrival at Camp Scott the letter was properly forwarded to its address. After this, says Captain Stowell, "I sought an interview with him. One of the guard conducted me to the door of his tent. When the Governor appeared, he directed the guard to retire to a tree about twenty rods distant and remain there until he was called, telling him that he would be responsible for the prisoner. He set me a chair in his tent and invited me to seated. He immediately turned into another apartment and retained some time. When he returned I saw that his sympathies were aroused from some cause as he wiped the tears from his eyes. He told me I was at liberty to talk with him on any subject I chose. I conversed freely, asking questions and receiving satisfactory answers, both with regard to my family and the affairs of our people in the valley. I also asked him as to the probability of having my trial soon. He answered "That I should have a fair, and impartial trial, and not by a jury of that camp." The assurance was very gratifying and awakened in my bosom very kindly feelings for the Governor.

The first day of June, Captain Stowell was released from confinement. He says of event, "Before releasing me, I was sworn to be true in my allegiance to the Government of the United States. I was escorted to the blacksmith shop to be relieved of my irons by quite a number of officers, probably out of curiosity. When the smith came out to take off the shackles, I turned the end to him that was sound and at the same time cautioned him not to injure my leg. I stood in an awkward position purposely making it rather difficult to loosen the iron. After a little I said "let me the tools, I can take it off sooner than you

can. I sat down and put the weak joint which he had showed me when putting the shackles on, on the top of my leg, took the cold chisel, applied it to the

weak place and with a slight tap of the hammer, parted the iron, remarking that I could have taken that off any time since it was put on in five minutes.. The officers turned away laughing, I presume at the uselessness of ironing prisoners for safe keeping.

"Judge Eckles, since I had been proof against the poisoning conspiracy, had become quite friendly and that night I shared his hospitality. In conversation he advised me to go into the valley with the Governor and Peace Commissioners."

"He expressed his willingness to head a written invitation to the officers and men for a little present to me. He stated in the paper that I had been a prisoner a good while and it was probably my family needed assistance as they must have suffered from my absence. He headed the paper with three dollars. I took this paper and in a little time met a lieutenant with whom I had formed some acquaintance. He went off and soon returned with fifteen dollars. In a little time I gathered forty-seven dollars and fifty cents; a white shirt and a handkerchief -- for which I was thankful. The Governor gave his consent for me to accompany him to Salt Lake. On going to his quarters the day which had been set for starting, I learned that his wife was not willing to go and feigned sickness as an apology. This resulted in the teams being turned out for that day.

"The following morning he told his men to get the teams ready for he was going to start. He went off a while and when he returned to his quarters for his breakfast, his orderly told him that Mrs. Cummings was sick and could not go. He ordered the teamsters to take her things out of the wagons and leave them and swore in his wrath that he was going to Salt Lake. The men began to take out Mrs. Cumming's things, but in a little while she was dressed and ready to go. When we arrived to the last picket guard, I saw a number of armed men who did not appear to belong to the military. I was afterwards told by men of my own people who were on the ground that they were a mob who had come out of camp with the design of killing me, but my being so close to the Governor prevented them."

When we encamped for the night, the Governor requested me to get the tent, stove, etc. and fix everything up for the accommodation of Mrs. Cummings, "for she will not let me do anything for her." I did as directed and she seemed much pleased. After things were arranged for the night, the Governor came to me with a letter which he wished me to take to the Peace Commissioners who had left Bridger before him. He sent another man with me. I was not yet entirely divested of the idea that there might be foul play intended me. We went about eight miles and shortly crossed Bear River and found the Camp of the Peace Commissioners. I was introduced as Mr. Stowell, a released Mormon prisoner. Major Powell said: "Glad to meet with you Mr. Stowell. I brought the order for your release from President Buchanan in my vest pocket." I replied, "Major, when you return to Washington, please to convey to President Buchanan my kind regards and sincere thanks." We had a pleasant interview.

The following morning, the Commissioners, feeling unwilling to remain on Bear River, traveled. on to Yellow Creek contemplating remaining there for the Governor. There they found a considerable party of Indians and appeared a little afraid to remain. After a short time they went on and I continued with them. In riding down Echo Canyon I was honored with the company of Captain Ficklan. The man previously with a company of soldiers went to the Mormon settlement on Salmon River and employed the Indians to drive off their cattle so they could get them conveniently. They were taken to Fort Bridger and killed for beef for the army. They were fat and fine. I saw among them some of the cattle of William H. Perry, my brother-in-law, who belonged to the settlement. After riding a while with Captain Ficklan, Major McCullough called to him requesting that he would ride in the carriage and let him ride his horse along with me. We traveled together down the identical piece of road that I had dreamed of riding over on my way home with

a companion. For the relation of this dream, the reader is referred to the account of my first arrival in Echo Canyon with my battalion the fall before.

The Major manifested much interest in viewing the fortifications erected by the Mormons for checking the progress of the troops had they attempted to march into Salt Lake Valley the previous autumn or winter. He thought it well defended, it would have been a hard place for the army to get through. At the lower end of Echo, we encamped and waited for the Governor. The following day he arrived and the journey was continued. In East Canyon Creek one of his ambulances broke down but Captain Stowell with others of the company went on into the city. He arrived in the afternoon and the Peace Commissioners in the evening of the 7th of June. Governor Cummings arrived on the eighth. During his absence the exodus had been quietly going on and he only found a few men in the city to burn it in case the army attempted to make quarters there.

The morning after their arrival, Captain Stowell met Major McCullough on the street and after customary salutations asked, "What do you think of Salt Lake City?" He replied, "I am disappointed. These streets, houses, shade trees and orchards show that the Mormons are an industrious, thrifty people, and I shall do all I can to get this difficulty settled that they may return to their homes."

Of course, Captain Stowell's family was now his first concern. He had been absent for several months under circumstances that rendered it impossible to render them any assistance while they were involved in the general misfortunes of their people. He says: "Finding they had moved south with the people north of the city into Utah Valley, I continued my journey in that direction. In Provo I met President Brigham Young and other general authorities of the Church preparing to go to Salt Lake City to meet the Peace Commissioners.

It was a great satisfaction to again meet these friends and I had very pleasant interviews with them. Circumstances had separated my wives and I found one in Piontown, now Salem, and the other in Payson, all in fair health but in common with many of the people, lacking many of the ordinary comforts of life.

During the summer of 1857 the daily labors of life were much interrupted by military service. As before stated, my Battalion was ordered into the mountains the second of October. I had now been absent from my family and incapable of doing anything for them over eight months. The six orphan children before referred to, made a considerable portion of that family. The oldest of these was a boy of about fifteen years. My eldest son, Brigham, was about four years old. Each of my wives had added another to the family during my absence -- one in April, the other in May-- under very uncomfortable conditions.

"The people had plenty of substantial food, but were very destitute of clothing for there was no market in which to purchase it and material for its manufacture was yet very scarce. When the inhabitants of Salt Lake

City and the county North of it commenced to move South, the road continued to be lined for several weeks with moving families, household -goods and grain. Homes that had been redeemed from the desert with great

labor and self-denial were forsaken without any assurance that their owners would have the privilege of occupying them again. Also with the determination to lay the country in ruins and leave it as it was found - a

desert-- if the United States troops came in as enemies. Under these conditions my wives and little boys, with

one wagon and a pair or two of steers moved family and effects as far as Salt Lake City, and afterwards, with some assistance from friends, reached Piontown And Payson where I found them. My wife, Cynthia Jane left her house for the loaded wagon, her babe was only a week old.

"My wife Sophronia's child was born in Salt Lake City in May. She rested while in Salt Lake on the way.

"The Commissioners wished peace and the reasonable terms of Brigham Young were accepted. The march of the army for Utah had been a series of blunders and disasters. They were permitted to pass through Salt Lake City to a location in the territory well removed from its citizens. Brigham Young and his people were still South. If the compact between them and the Commissioners was not kept by the United States, they did not intend to return and there would have been war in earnest.

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The 13th of June, 1858, the army began its march for the city and began to enter the valley from Emigration Canyon on the morning of the 26th. Cedar Valley, forty miles West of the city was chosen for their permanent camping place. This was named 'Camp Floyd' in honor of the Secretary of War. Governor Cummings expressed much sympathy for the Saints but was powerless to control them. On the evening of the 4th of July, he informed President Young that he should publish a proclamation for the Mormons to return to their homes. "Do as you please, Governor Cummings," the President replied. "Tomorrow I shall get upon the tongue of my wagon and tell the people that I am going home and they can do as they please." The following morning he announced to the people that he was going to start for Salt Lake City. It was the signal for the people to do likewise. Elder Stowell did not move back at once, but took a load and with one of his boys, went back, cut hay and made some preparation for the winter. He moved his family on to their home in August. They suffered from sickness on the homeward journey owing to exposure and want of comforts.

The following is a short record of the babes who came into the world in these perilous times.

RUFUS, son of Cynthia Jane Stowell born in Ogden, April 14, 1858 and died in Ogden the 15th of October 1858.

MARY, daughter of Sophronia Stowell born in Salt Lake City, May 4, 1858 and died in Ogden the 17th of the next October.

The remains of these two babies found a resting place in the same grave.

The latter part of the year 1857 and the year 1858 had been a season of great sacrifice to the Saints, and to few more than to Elder Stowell and his family.

Let us review a little. His battalion was ordered to the front the 2nd of October. It was especially set apart for the work of stopping the progress of the United States troops who were marching up Ham's Fork to its head with the view of entering Salt Lake Valley by Marsh Valley. It was desirable to check the progress of this army without shedding blood. By a series of what can only be looked upon as special providences, the commanding officer of this battallion, dedicated for the accomplishment of a very desirable object for the deliverance of the Saints, and his adjutant, the latter carrying important papers on his person, fell into the hands of the enemy's scouts. The orders of General Wells which Adjutant Stowell seemed powerless to destroy, although three efforts were made to do so, manifestly had an effect on the United States troops to cool their ardor and to neutralize their power to proceed further in the direction they had been traveling. The day after receiving the orders of General Wells they did not leave their camp. A council of officers was called and the following day they returned on their tracks down Ham's Fork. It was powerless to avoid its fate-- to lay for the winter dormant and useless for the purposes of those who sent it developed in the snows of the Wasatch.

While Captain Stowell was respected by the United States officers for his courage and fortitude, he was as well evidently feared on account of the potent influences, he had been the providential means of bringing to bear on the movements of the United States troops. While Providence favored the escape of Major Taylor; through inability to escape through sickness, he was retained among his enemies for the accomplishment of further good.

The reckless plan talked of by the enemy of making a dash into Salt Lake through Echo Canyon was probably checked by the feeble efforts of Elder Stowell and Mr. Grow. Had the enemy attempted to carry out their plan, doubtless bloodshed would have been the result; the consequences could only be conjectured.

What shall we say of the second cowardly attempt to carry off Elder Stowell by poison. The names of Sergeant Newman, Colonel Alexander, Judge Eckles and Mr. Wordsworth will be associated in future history with those of assassins and murderers.

In 1859 and 1860, Mr. Stowell farmed his old homestead near Ogden with moderate success. In those times imported cloth freighted across the plains in wagons made clothing very expensive. Many families made great efforts to grow sheep for the purpose of

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ton of hay for \$400.00.

Between the years of 1868 and 1884 Mr. Stowell built a house of rock twenty-two by thirty-two feet, two stories high; a barn thirty by forty feet with ample sheds and stables. He also economized his water for irrigation and other purposes by conveying it in pipes and constructing a reservoir. With this saving of water he was able to grow fifty acres of lucerne, which afforded large quantities of hay. These minor improvements made up the surroundings of a thrifty, well-to-do farmer.

The second of July, 1862, an Act which had passed both houses of Congress, "To punish and prevent the practice of polygamy in the Territories of the United States and other places" became law by the approval of President Lincoln. It was the first direct blow aimed against polygamy by the Government of the United States and the first of a series of special legislation against the Latter Day Saints.

Circumstances not favoring the enforcement of this law, it remained a dead letter for nearly twenty years.

In March, 1882, the Congress of the United States passed what is commonly known as the Edmunds Bill." It was designed for the suppression of polygamy in the territories of the United States and was an act of special legislation against the Latter Day Saints.

This and subsequent legislation of a similar character, produced great changes among the Latter Day Saints.

These laws being enforced in a despotic manner have been a means of producing much suffering among the people of Utah and in neighboring territories. Several hundred heads of families have been fined and imprisoned. To avoid these unjust punishments, others have gone into voluntary exile, and the separation of large families has resulted in poverty, destitution and suffering. In time these measures forced Elder Stowell into many trying and unforeseen conditions.

In the beginning of the year 1884, his mind became considerably exercised about the work for the dead in the family of his fathers and he felt constrained to travel among relatives to gather up the genealogy of his family. He attended the general conference of the Saints in Salt Lake City in the Spring of 1884 and was there appointed a missionary to the States East of the Rocky Mountains.

From 1863 up to this time Elder Stowell had been continuously superintendent of the Sunday School of the First Ward in Ogden City, and Home Missionary in Weber County. In the latter capacity he traveled and preached much among the Saints with at least satisfaction and benefit to himself.

April 12th 1884, Elder Stowell left his home near Ogden and with twenty-four others took passage on the Union Pacific Railroad for Omaha on the Missouri River. Such a number of Mormon missionaries in one company in a special car very naturally attracted attention and elicited much inquiry among the passengers. So much interest was that during the run, two meetings were held during the day and one each evening.

In Omaha, the Company divided, a part going to the State of Indiana and a part to Minnesota. Elder Stowell accompanied the latter as that state was his destination. On this run the cars were crowded and much interest awakened in Mormonism. A meeting was held and so much interest manifested that the mail agent whose business prevented his attendance afterwards invited some of the Elders into his car to converse with them. On arriving at the town of Monticello, Minnesota; they found that a conference of the Saints would convene there on the 18th. This Elder Stowell with others of the newly arrived Elders attended. The conference continued through the 19th and 20th. He found many friends in that section of the country and heard of some relatives but did not find it convenient to visit them.

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One of his nieces, Laura Wheeler, wife of James K. Scribner, lived in the town of Eldorado, Wisconsin. He journeyed there by the way of the City of Milwaukee and arrived on the 24th of April.

He found his relatives in good circumstances and surrounded by a wide circle of friends. They were much pleased to meet him. Indeed, so much so that Mrs. Scribner sent an invitation to all the family relatives within a radius of several hundred miles to attend a reunion at her home on the first of the following May. In the meantime, Elder Stowell went eighteen miles to visit his sister Eliza Stowell Cole, and returned to Eldorado to attend the family reunion. Twenty-five or thirty relatives gathered to whom he had an excellent opportunity of imparting information about his people and of bearing witness of the Gospel.

The visit appeared very satisfactory to all parties and it afforded an opportunity of making a good beginning in gathering family statistics. He says: "After this agreeable and profitable meeting with relatives, I visited among relatives in the towns of Eldorado, Fondu-du Lac and Ripon in Fondu-du-Lac County, in Wisconsin. In doing so I learned that my Father was interred in a country cemetery about four miles from the town of Ripon. On the 5th of May I procured the services of the sexton and we trimmed up the trees around the grave, gathered up the dead wood and rubbish that lay around and conveyed them out of the enclosure. I copied the following epitaph from the headstone of my Father's grave.

GONE HOME

"A.O. A. Stowell; died August 28 1860; aged 77 years, 8 months 20 days.

"When the last trump all sound then burst the tomb. God's will be done, my spirit's gone."

"About this time I had a long talk with a Mr. Finland, who said he wished to learn something, about the Latter Day Saints. He said if a house could not be found for the Elders to preach in, he would buy five-hundred feet of lumber and put up a platform on his own land for their accommodation.

"May 7th I went to Eldorado and held a meeting at 7:30 in the evening. I had a good and attentive congregation. My subject, "Utah and the Mormons." I spoke of the coming forth of the Book of Mormon and of the introduction of the Gospel in the latter days: the reasons that compelled the Saints to colonize the desert in the Rocky Mountains, and the destitution and general difficulties they encountered in doing it.

"May 8th, I dined at Mr. James Scribner's, where a few family friends and relatives collected. The association was agreeable and I believe profitable.

May 16th, I went to Rosendale and saw the graves of my sister Maria Louisa and her husband Hyrum Wheeler. This is the sister I visited near Snale Lake, Wisconsin, in the autumn of 1843 when on my first journey to Nauvoo. My niece, Mrs. Scribner, is their daughter. The same day I also went to see some fine cattle of the Holstein breed.

Elder Booth, President of the North-Western Mission, had requested me if the way opened for preaching in that section of country so that I needed help, to let him know and he would come and labor with me. Thinking the circumstances warranted it, I had written him encouragingly. In the morning of May 17th, I went to the Town of Ripon by rail with my nephew, William Cole. We returned in the evening and met Elder Booth in the cars.

"Sunday May 18th, I attended meeting in a Methodist Church. In the evening we held a meeting at Mr. Cole's nearly four miles from Ripon. President Booth preached on the First Principles of the Gospel--Faith, Repentance, Baptism for the remission of sins and

the laying on of Hands for the reception of the Holy Ghost. At the close he gave the privilege for anyone who wished to speak. The man who had offered to build the platform for our use, arose and stated that what Elder Booth had preached was not Bible doctrine. Elder Booth replied that he would leave the matter to the congregation. He then concisely reviewed his remarks, noticing each principle in succession and asked the congregation if he had not proved the correctness of each principle by the Bible? The people manifested their decision that he had done so. The discussion lasted until a late hour. The man from that time manifested a bitter spirit against us.

"May 19, I went to Oshkosh and visited mills and other machinery. I also visited George Reeves and family. His wife is my niece, Eliza Cole's daughter.

"May 21st I visited at James Scribner's. On entering the parlor, I was introduced to Mrs. Lumas, the wife of Rev. Lumas, the Congregational minister. She appeared to take an interest in the gathering of the Jews to Palestine and introduced the subject by asking "If I had heard of their gathering?" I replied that as a people we took much interest in the subject, and that one of the Apostles of our church had been sent there many years ago to bless and consecrate the land for their gathering and that it was not until after that they commenced to gather from the nations. She replied, "Ah!, Indeed; that is new to me."

"In a short time Mr. Lumas came in. He also manifested much interest in our people and their doctrines. The time passed pleasantly until evening, when he invited me to attend a meeting at his church. He, his wife and myself walked together to the church. The sight of the minister and lady walking the streets of the town with a Mormon Elder appeared to attract considerable attention from the people. No doubt, it was a very unusual occurrence. On entering the church we took seats together. He preached on the historical circumstances of Hezekiah, King of Judah, showing his treasure to the ambassador of the kings of Babylon, and dwelt especially upon the idea that Hezekiah, instead of showing his treasures -- the wealth of this world--he should have instructed the ambassador about the God of Israel and the principles of righteousness. It was good as far as it went. After closing Mr. Lumas invited me to speak, I bore my testimony to the good remarks he had made and went on to say that I had another subject of interest to me and of importance to all men. I then spoke from Revelations of St. John 14: 6. "I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting Gospel to preach unto them

that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue and people." This introduced the subject of the introduction of the Gospel in the earth in the latter days.

At the close I stated that I would be pleased to hold a meeting in the house to more fully explain our doctrines, but in this effort I did not succeed as there were objections raised at once. After the meeting we walked to Mr. Scribner's together. "At the final close of our interview, Mr. Lumas invited me to visit him at his home, but to this his wife objected with considerable energy and the idea was abandoned.

"May 28th I started for the State of Illinois via the city of Madison, the capital of the State of Wisconsin. There I visited the state capitol buildings. I continued my journey to the town of Genow, Wisconsin; where I arrived the 29th. I there found many relatives and friends. In an early day, my Uncle, Lorin Stowell, moved from the State of Connecticut to Kalamazoo, County, State of Michigan where he died. One of his daughters, Laura Abigail, married Homer Field, and they moved to this place, settled, and gathered around them a considerable family.

I remained there until the 31st of May when I started for the town of Monica, State of Illinois, via the city of Chicago. I telegraphed my friends the train I was on and on my arrival, two of my nephews, Isaac and William Stowell with their families were on the station platform awaiting me.

"June 1st my Nephews took me in a wagon out four miles from town to my brother's, Augustus Stowell. at the expulsion of the Saints from Nauvoo in September 1846, he was with our mother when she went out into Illinois. He afterwards went to Wisconsin and remained

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a while with our father, returned and settled in Monica. I had not seen him for thirty-eight years.

"With the assistance of my niece, Alvira Stowell, I copied names from family records in their possession. My brother was absent attending court as Grand Jurymen and arrived home the following day. He took me around the country, introduced me to neighbors and acquaintances and I had an opportunity of seeing good farms and many fine animals.

"June 8th. There was a reunion of all my brother's family at his residence. We had a very pleasant time and parted with the understanding that we should all meet again the following Sunday at my nephew's -- William Stowell. I visited with my relatives until June 18th, when I started East. In traveling I fell in with a Lutheran minister who stated that he was on his way to Europe. When he first learned I was a Mormon, he appeared quite shy of me as though he thought I was a thief, or at all events a bad character. After further acquaintance by way of interchange of ideas, he became more confidential and would leave his things in my charge if he had occasion to go out of the car.

I arrived in Boston, Massachusetts the 20th of June 1884 and registered at the Boston Hotel. In the afternoon I went to the Genealogical Library to learn what I could do in getting up my family records. The Superintendent informed me that it was four o'clock p.m., their usual time for closing and invited me to call the following day. I did so and the Superintendent directed me to apply to some female clerks seated at the desk who would render me such assistance as was in their power. They received me courteously and informed me that there was a Mrs. Poor who had much experience in assisting people to obtain their genealogies and had assisted many of my people. This was Saturday and the lady was absent. One of the clerks by my request wrote her a note asking her to meet me there the following Monday morning at 9:00 and I posted it. Not being able to accomplish anything in the way of business that day, I went to South Boston in the afternoon and visited the Public Square. It was beautifully adorned with walks, lawns, shade trees and fountains and was evidently a great resort for the people. Occupying seats under the shade trees were all classes of people among these small parties of apparently gentlemen. I was disgusted with the obscene conversation of these men, which occasionally reached my ears.

"I observed many other evidences of a morality that was far below my standards fell into conversation with a gentleman and lady with whom I walked on to the Sea Beach, which was convenient to the grounds. There we had a good view of Fort Independence and much beautiful scenery. This couple were endowed with the usual Yankee inquisitiveness and soon learned that I was a stranger in Boston and from far off Utah.

"The lady remarked "That is just where I would like to go. Could I get a young husband out there?" I answered, "Madam, I do not know whether you could get any, I am not canvassing."

The gentleman seemed much pleased with meeting a Mormon and made many inquiries about our people. As the weather was very warm, we went to a stand erected for the accommodation of musicians and seated ourselves in the shade. Others caught the tenor of our conversation and in a little time quite a congregation gathered around where they could be seated.

"The gentleman stated that from what he had learned of the Mormons, they were a very wicked people and were opposed to the Government of the United States; that he was a staunch Government man and was ready at any time to shoulder his musket in its defence; I told him that his information was incorrect and therefore he was mistaken in his conclusions; that the United States was our country as well as his and we were a loyal and law-abiding people.

This interview lasted about two hours. In it I gave a short account of the introduction of the Book of Mormon by the Prophet Joseph Smith and also a sketch of our troubles in Missouri and Illinois; of our colonizing the mountain deserts and turning them into gardens and fruitful fields. That now we had become comfortable and wealthy

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and our enemies again wished to drive us from our possessions.

"At the close of this interview, the gentleman stated that he was much pleased with our interview, and acknowledged that he had been misinformed about our people. I spent the remainder of the day in the gardens and parks and had opportunities of conversing with several persons about Utah and the Mormons. On Sunday I went to the Public Square and heard what was called sacred music; but it did not seem appropriate to the day to me. From the time I had got off from the train on Friday, I had been spotted by a black-leg or confidence man. On Sabbath evening I squarely faced him. I informed him he had followed me long enough and had better find other business. He left and I saw no more of him.

"Monday-June 23rd, Mrs. Poor met me at the Library, as requested. She informed me of the best method of gathering genealogies for which she refused compensation. I adopted her plan and was afterwards satisfied with its success. To commence to carry it out at 2:30 P.M.'. I took the train for Worcester where I arrived. after a ride of two hours.

"June 24th 8:30 a.m. I went to the County Court House and examined records until noon. I continued my labors in the afternoon and obtained much information. The same evening I went to Springfield, Massachusetts. I had some difficulty in finding my relations and did not succeed in doing so until the following day. It was a married cousin, Loretta Barnes, daughter of my uncle, Jonathan Stowell. She was a widow and by those who knew him, her husband was said to have been an excellent man. She was an Adventist; a sect who profess to have no faith in the resurrection of the unjust. I talked plainly to her. I said, "I have come to you in this life and explained the principles of the Gospel; a

privilege your husband did not enjoy. That he was evidently a good man; that I should do a vicarious work for him so that he might enjoy the benefits of the Gospel in the spirit world; that if he accepted of the work done for him and came up in the resurrection of the just, where would she be if she refused the Gospel here? She listened to me with much interest and some surprise said she did know that there would be any resurrection. She further said that he had no faith in the religious sects around him, but someday the true religion would come.

I remained there until June 30th, then went to Strafford, Connecticut. I looked over the gravestone in the cemetery and took dinner with Mr. Fisk's. He was related to the Stowell family by marriage as my uncle, Jonathan Stowell, married Mary Fisk. He treated me very kindly and introduced me to a Presbyterian Deacon. He showed me a small book in which was a record of the infant baptism of my father. I went into an old fashioned house called the Stowell House, where my father was born. The rafters that supported the roof were of hewn timber six inches square. The frame of the house was also of heavy, hewn timbers; the weather boarding was put on with wrought nails; the chimney was in the center of the house and the foundation of the chimney was in the cellar, and of rock work about 10 feet square.

That afternoon I walked several miles and crossed the State line into Massachusetts to Cousin Zeno Ferrington's. Two cemeteries were in sight from his house. I spent the next day in taking names from the tombstones. In the afternoon I again went to Stafford Street where the Stowell House before spoken of was located. This street was laid out in the early settlement of the country with the expectation that it would be the main street of a city, but time did not develop expectations. It is one mile long, twenty rods wide, with a good stone wall on each side four or five feet high. In the old house before described my Grandfather, Oliver Stowell, lived and there my father, uncles and aunts were born.

July 2nd, I went to Woonsocket to see Billings Ferrington, brother of Zeno, and my cousin. He took me around the country to see objects of interest and introduced me to his friends. His wife was very anxious to hear something about the Mormons. On my first arrival while at dinner, he turned to his wife and said, "This is a cousin, a Mormon from Utah, has three wives and is the father of twenty-five children." At this announcement

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she threw up her hands in surprise and earnestly looked at me as if expecting something strange and unusual in my appearance. But discovering nothing peculiar, she soon became reconciled to my presence and interested in conversation. Woonsocket is in the State of Rhode Island and a great manufacturing town. From one point thirty or thirty-five factories could be seen.

July 3rd, I went into a large cotton factory, was introduced to the Superintendent and shown with much courtesy through the establishment. I examined all the machinery from where a bale of cotton went in to where the cloth manufactured from it came out neatly folded.

"July 4th, I arrived at the City of Hartford, Connecticut, at ten o'clock a.m. just as the people were gathering to celebrate this anniversary of American Independence. I shared the hospitality of Jane Hardin. She is a second cousin, and daughter of cousin Lucius Stowell.

"July 5th, I went to Burnside or East Hartford, to see George Stowell, the brother of Jane Hardin. I remained there until July 7th, looking around the city and country and visiting relatives and friends. I took passage on the steamer Capitol City, for the city of New York. We passed Portland, the great stone quarry of this metropolis. We saw the drawbridge, the insane asylum near Middleton, and arrived in New York the morning of July 8th. On the journey I fell in with Mr. Jensen, who assisted in building Brooklyn Bridge. He manifested considerable interest in the subject of Mormonism and invited me to take breakfast with him in the City of Brooklyn. He courteously escorted me around during the day acting as my guide. We visited Battery Place, Castle Garden, the Grand Central Hotel, the Central Park and many other places of interest to travelers.

"At four o'clock p.m., I again boarded the Steamer, Capitol City, for Hartford, Conn. and arrived the morning of the 9th in East Hartford. There I met with Cousin Lucius Stowell, the Father of George. I had not met him before.

"Tuesday, July 10th, I gathered names, talked with Cousin Lucius and obtained all the record of our relatives he could give. On the 11th I went into the City of Hartford and found Cousin Laura Stowell, daughter of uncle Lewis Stowell. She had not married and was about 54 years old. I obtained records of her family and of my grandfather, Oliver Stowell, who was a doctor.

"July 12th, I had heard of Mr. Alexander Wells, the oldest man in Hartford and felt a desire to see him. For this purpose I went to a hospital where he resided. He was 94 years old, still healthy and active and could read well without spectacles. I asked him to what he attributed his good eye sight, sound nervous system and general good preservation. He replied that he had tried to take care of himself; that he had used no intoxicating drinks, no tea, coffee or tobacco. He also informed me that he did not live in the hospital from necessity but from choice, that he had assisted in building the hospital and there he could have everything he needed for his comfort.

"July 13th, I remained in Hartford. On the 14th I went to Springfield, Mass., on my way West. On the 15th, 7:30 p.m. I arrived at the town of Port Byron in central New York. I had some talk with a Mr. Christian, who said he owned a house built by Brigham Young, the Mormon leader, which he bought when Brigham Young left that part of the country.

"July 16th at 7 o'clock a.m. I arrived in Buffalo, at one O'clock p.m. in Mayville, Chautauqua County, New York and at the old farm near Westfield at 4:30 p.m. There I found Mr. Joseph E. Douglas who lived in the house that I helped my Father build. I remained with him over night and the following day visited among old acquaintances, among them Mr. Winslow, Mr. Holcum and Mr. Lancaster. I had been absent forty years in which children had become heads of large families and many I had known in early life had passed away.

"July 18th, I walked over the old homestead which I had helped to redeem from the primitive wilderness and on which has assisted to build houses, barns, set out orchards and to put up one mill. Those who succeeded my father, instead of continuing to make

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improvements had permitted general deterioration and decay. The old mill had nearly disappeared and the stream that once turned the wheel was nearly dry. The old orchards were nearly worthless through neglect. It produced a tinge of sadness to see my old home so little appreciated by others. I also visited the old homestead of Mr. Moses Lancaster, one of the oldest neighbors I could remember in the town of Westfield.

"July 19th I started for the City of Buffalo, 65 miles from Westfield, and arrived there at 6:40 p.m. I visited Niagara Falls, and that grand development of mine's genius, the suspension bridge across Niagara River. When the train crossed the bridge to the Canada line or side, the following morning, it was stopped by the conductor to give the passengers an opportunity to take a view of the bridge and the falls above.

"On the way to Detroit, Michigan I had a long talk with the conductor and others on the history and circumstances of our people. It was a subject which everywhere elicited the interest of travelers and some one was always ready to listen when I talked about Utah. I continued on from Detroit to Grand Haven, a port on Lake Michigan. There I took steamer for the City of Milwaukee, State of Wisconsin. Although I had a sharp conversation with gentlemen on board, the trip across the lake was a pleasant one. I arrived in Milwaukee at 7:30 P.M. I forgot to say that in passing through that portion of Canada traversed by the railway I was much interested with the beautiful landscape. The country was sufficiently level to be well adapted to agriculture, and there were many large farms with general evidences of successful farming.

"Sunday, July 22nd, I spent the day pleasantly in conversing with those I met and I took supper with John M. Stowell, ex-mayor of the city. He was kind and courteous and our interview seemed mutually agreeable. We could not trace out any relationship between us.

"I took a train for Eldorado at midnight. I called at Mr. Scribner's, Mr. Cole's, and Mr. Herrick's, where I had visited the previous May. It was in the time of the harvest and there had been a succession of heavy rains. The grain was greatly damaged. Even that which was cut and shocked was rotting in the fields. The ground was so wet that reapers and mowers could not work.

"July 25th, with Mr. Mortier Herrick and family I attended a picnic on the shore of a beautiful, sheet of water called 'Green Lake'. Mortier Herrick married my niece, Pauline Cole. There was a small teamer on the lake and around it was a fitting place to enjoy the beautiful in nature. In traveling about to enjoy the situation, I was passing a small grove, which afforded a refreshing shelter from the sun's rays. In it were seated two gentlemen, one of whom invited me to be seated in the refreshing shade.

He at once took me for a stranger and inquired where I was from. I replied that I was a Mormon missionary from Utah. He expressed gratification at meeting me and introduced himself as the resident Methodist minister on this side of the lake, and introduced his companion as holding the same office on the opposite side of the water. One of them inquired if I was a man with more than one wife? I replied in the affirmative. He expressed great surprise that so intelligent a man should deny Christ and the doctrine of only one wife, which he plainly taught in the Scriptures. One of them remarked, "The 'Apostle Paul says a bishop should have but one wife'." I remarked that I was not educated in a college, but in my youthful days I had learned to read the New Testament and had not been able to find a passage either in the Old or New Testament conveying such a principle. I assured the gentlemen that I thought he was mistaken; that I had no Bible with me, but would go to a house nearby and get one. He objected to my going and asked me to quote the passage. I told him that Paul was asserting that a bishop should understand the principles of family government and declared "That a bishop should be the husband of one wife.

"He admitted the correctness of my quotation, but thought that the passage condemned the doctrine of plurality of wives. I replied that while the passage asserted that a bishop should have one wife, it certainly did not deny him the privilege of having more. I then quoted several passages from the Old Testament showing that plurality

was practiced by the ancient patriarchs and by the House of Israel and in some instances God had sanctioned it. They did not appear disposed for further conversation but remarked that it was dinner time and walked away.

"In the afternoon we had a speech from Esquire Reynolds on the settlement and growth of the State of Wisconsin. In it he spoke of a people who once occupied the land that evidently were much more intelligent than the present race of Indians. I had a Book of Mormon in my pocket, and waited quite impatiently for him to close that I might introduce it as the record of the people he had spoken of; but a shower of rain came at the time and prevented me.

"I had before written to Elder J. E. Booth, of the Northwestern Mission for a letter of release, as I felt I had about accomplished the work for which I had left my home. I received the document on the 27th of July. It released me from my mission with the privilege of returning home at my leisure.

"Metomen, Aug. 11th at 11 o'clock 55 minutes, I started home by train, via Eldorado, Madison, and Genoa, Wisconsin and my nearest route to Clinton, State of Wisconsin on the Mississippi River, where I arrived on the ----- having visited on the way. I took passage on a river steamer for Keokuk, Iowa. I had considerable conversation with Mr. J.D. Groote, a spiritualist, and many interesting conversations with the passengers. As the steamer approached Nauvoo, with a representative Mormon on board, it became a subject of interest among the passengers. Many questions were asked. This afforded good opportunities of introducing the subject of our origin as religionists, of our persecutions and movings. The steamer stopped at what used to be called 'the upper landing'. I walked out into the town among the dilapidated remains of what was once 'beautiful Nauvoo'. As I ascended the river bank, I noticed a newly constructed building of rock taken from the Temple Walls and called the attention of those near me, of thus removing the ruins of so noted a building. Even its fallen walls, if let alone would ever be a curiosity to attract travelers and a remainder of the barbarity of religious persecutions. I selected and put into my satchel a piece of Temple Rock as a souvenir of my visit. Probably no one on that steamer would have felt any special sympathy for the sacred memories that welled up in my bosom in connection with that piece of rock.

"On the way down I had been conversing with a gentleman of avowed Republican political principles. As the boat neared the landing, he remarked, "This was once 'Beautiful Nauvoo' --- now it looks as though the curse of God was upon it." We returned to the boat and continued on to Keokuk. On the way down the gentleman of Republican principles wished me to give him what information I could of the first start of Mormonism. Each of us took a chair on the upper deck and at the bow of the steamer where we continued our conversation. Through previous interest -awakened among the passengers, they gradually gathered around us to perhaps the number of one hundred. I said to the gentleman, perhaps, if I made a general statement to which all could listen, it would give better satisfaction than to pursue the subject by questions and answers. All appeared pleased with the idea.

"I commenced with the first vision of the Prophet Smith in which the Father and His Son, Jesus Christ, appeared to him and the former bore testimony of the latter. This I argued, was the beginning of revelation from God to man in the Latter Days, after the heavens had been closed to him for many hundred years. I gave a sketch of the early life of the Prophet Joseph Smith, of the visit of the angel Moroni to him, who was the last Prophet of a former day dispensation of the Gospel among the inhabitants of this continent. How this angel revealed to him the beginning of a Latter Day dispensation of the Gospel, and also made known to him the place where was deposited, fourteen hundred years ago, the plates on which were engraven a record of the ancient inhabitants of the American Continent; how Joseph obtained the plates and translated the engravings on them by the power of God. I then gave a sketch of the exodus of the Saints from Kirtland in the State of Ohio to the State of Missouri, the drivings and persecutions of the Saints in that state and their final expulsion from it, the sufferings of our people in the State of Illinois,

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the building of the city of Nauvoo, the remains of which we had just passed; the Nauvoo Exodus; the journey to the Rocky Mountains; their colonizing the desert and developing from its barren soil, wealth and civilization. I was listened to with earnest attention.

"After I had closed, the gentleman before referred to and with whom the interview commenced, expressed the great satisfaction it had afforded him in obtaining a knowledge of the Mormons, and learning that they were a God-fearing and a law abiding people. He added that he should do all he could in the future to prevent their persecution. The conversation continued until we arrived at Keokuk. There I expected to have found a few relatives, but learned they had removed from the place and were supposed to have gone to the town of Monmouth, Illinois. I telegraphed to the Postmaster of that place and was answered that they were there. I took the train that evening and before sunrise the following morning was in Monmouth. It was the 13th of August. "At 8: a.m.. I found Orlando Barnum, the son of Ira Barnum, who was the brother of Rhoderic Randum Barnum. . R. R. Barnum had a daughters Nancy. I learned that two of her daughters were in Moline, Illinois. At three o'clock p.m. of the 14th I took train for that place and found them. The morning of the 15th I was interviewed by a newspaper reporter and visited the printing office. In the afternoon I also visited the shops of Moline.

"Sunday, the 17th I visited with friends and went over to Rock Island where much improvements have been made by the United States Government. The 18th I took the train for Omaha. The 19th I left Omaha for Denver, where I arrived on the 20th at 10:40 a.m. After looking about the city and failing to find friends as expected, I took train for Longmont, where I arrived at 7:04 p.m. There I found Lucy Truax, a fine looking young woman, she was married. She was the babe that survived the cyclone that destroyed the home of Nelson Baker in the State of Kansas as before related.

"I visited around the country for about a week and on the 25th started for Ogden, Utah via Cheyenne. I arrived in Ogden 6:00 p.m. on the 26th of August 1884. I had been four and one half months away from home. I was much pleased to be again with family and friends and find them all fairly well and prosperous. The expenses of the trip were \$195.95. My sons, Heber and Alexander, worked the farm during the season, attended to my home interests generally and had done well. I assisted to finish gathering the crops and made preparations to do work for my dead in the Logan Temple. Beginning with the Nauvoo Temple, I have assisted in building all the Temples of the Latter Day Saints up to the present date, 1892. In the mountains, those of Salt Lake City, St. George, Manti and Logan.

"I commenced my first family work for the dead in the Logan Temple on the 14th of October 1884. I was accompanied and assisted by my wives Cynthia Jane and Sophrona. The first day I was baptized for 19 persons, Cynthia Jane for three and Sophronia for four. I was further assisted by my wife, Harriet S. Stowell, my sister Alice Stowell Perry, my sister Juliette Stowell Perry, George W., son of Dan Stowell, my daughters Amanda and Miranda, and by my friends William Pierce and Sylvia Araminta Bell. The work commenced with my Grandfather, Oliver Stowell. Myself and daughter, Martim Stowell Hill continued this work until November 23rd.

"As winter passed along, I arranged my affairs with the view of again traveling to gather further records of my family relatives and at 7:00 p.m. of February 17th 1885, I took train for California on the Central Pacific railroad. For winter traveling the trip was pleasant. The grand scenery of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, clothed in their winter garb, the tunnels through the mountains, and extensive snow sheds could not fail to be interesting to those who admire the grand and sublime in nature or the great engineering skill of men.

"The 19th at 1: p.m. I arrived in Sacramento; the 20th at 9: a.m. at Oakland depot, which covers five acres of ground. I crossed the bay on the regular ferry boat to the railroad depot in San Francisco. From there I went by train to Golden Gate Park. There I took the cars for the Cliff House: fare five cents; a distance of 15 miles which was traveled in 15 minutes. A view of the scenery of the route was worth the trip. I saw the

sea-lions on the rocks near the Cliff House and a little below the skeleton of a whale. When returning I called Nancy Cook, daughter of R.R. Barnum and the mother of two young ladies I saw in Moline, Illinois, the autumn before. My half brother Dan, married this Nancy Barnum's sister Louisa, who died in Provo, Utah in 1853. She is the mother of the five orphan children that I raised, the oldest of whom is my wife, Harriet E. Stowell. When a young man, living at the old homestead near Westfield, New York, my brother Dan sent me for the doctor at the time of her birth, 9th of January 1843.

"I visited Nancy Cook, two hours and left San Francisco at 9:20 P.m. on the Southern Pacific Railroad for the town of Maricopa, Arizona. I passed through San Joaquin Valley in which there is much sandy uncultivated soil, but on the cultivated lands I saw much to admire in the way of fine farms, beautiful residences, groves and vineyards. February 21st I arrived at the town of Los Angeles at 1:50 p.m. and left at 5:15 for Maricopa. We passed through the Yuma Desert and San Diego Valley.

"February 22nd in the evening we struck a desert country that for sometime grew more so. Much of the land was white with salarqtus and worthless for cultivation.

" At 8:30 a.m. 177 miles from Los Angeles, we passed the Springs. The muddy water boils up several feet and emits a disagreeable odor. The spring is several miles across and presents the appearance of a large boiling cauldron. It is said to be 262 feet below sea level. 1:30 p.m. I arrived at Yuma City Station. In the edge of this town is the State line bridge between California and Arizona. There is nothing in the surroundings of this town that appears very inviting. From there we continued up the Gila River passing through rather poor country.

Feb. 23 at 5 a.m. we stopped at Maricopa. There I was in the vicinity of our people. I had some conversation with Samuel Robinson of the Presidency of the Maricopa Stake. I also met Feremorz Little of Salt Lake City and had quite a lengthy talk with him. While there two of his sons arrived from New Orleans on their way to San Francisco.

"At Maricopa I parted with my company, Myron W. Butler and David Bybee. One object of this trip to California was to accompany these brethren on their way to Old Mexico, for the raid against polygamists under the Edmund's Law had commenced in Utah and the three of us were subject to arrest and imprisonment. Mr. Butler is my son-in-law having married three daughters of wife Cynthia Jane, Amanda, Miranda and Matilda -- the two former are twins. David Bybee is the father of my son Brigham's wives, Olive and Rhoda.

"Feb. 23rd at 11: p.m. I started on my return home. At 11:20 a.m. the 24th I was again in Yuma City, 165 miles from Maricopa and 730 and 2/10 miles from San Francisco, and 65 miles from the Gulf of California. The thermometer stood at 68 degrees in the shade. We passed Los Angeles and arrived Frisco at 9: a.m. There I anticipated finding my nephew, William Augustus, son of my half brother Dan; one of the orphan children I had raised. I was informed that he had changed his locality by going West over a chain of mountains nearer the seashore. This compelled me to go on without seeing him, which I regretted. I arrived in San Francisco at 6: a.m. the 28th of Feb. 1885. I went to Mr. Cook's and had a long talk with his wife Nancy. She was a spiritualist. She stated she could hear from her dead relatives anytime she wished. I conversed with her several hours and added much to the record of the Barnum family. In the evening I started for Ogden Utah

"March 1st at 9: a.m. I was in the city of Sacramento. I arrived in Ogden at 7: a.m. on March 4th. I had been absent fifteen days and expended nearly \$75.00. I found my family well and the United States marshalls very diligent hunting up men with plural families. The trip had so far enabled me to keep out of their way.

"April 21st 1885 I commenced work again in the Logan Temple, accompanied by my wife Cynthia Jane and the family generally. April 23rd Cynthia Jane's children who were born before she had received her endowments, were adopted to us and on the 24th, those of

Sophronia's, who were in the same condition. I continued to work in the Temple for some time (on the underground) to keep out of the way of the officers of the law. After leaving the Temple, for the same reason, I had to leave home and accept the life of a wanderer. Change of location was frequently necessary. The situation caused much uneasiness of feeling and was attended with much discomfort sometimes amounting to suffering.

"For a time I was in the mountains East of Cache Valley in company with others in similar circumstances. From there I occasionally found my way into the temple to do work for others. Then again I might be found rambling around from one ranch or herd ground to another, doing whatever work came to my hand to assist myself and family.

"In June, with a team, I took Cynthia Jane's mother, Matilda Stewart, home to Spring City in Sand Pete Valley, and I might say rambled -.around the whole season of 1885. My mother, Mary Stephens Holmes, died at my home near Ogden the 20th of November of that year. She had lived with me about

fourteen years. I had ventured to go home for a few days and while there she died and was buried. There seemed a Providence in this.

"During the winter of 1885-6, I still continued to hide from our enemies and many times suffered much with the cold and exposure consequent of the situation. I once went over to the West side of Salt Lake to a ranch at the Promontory and helped to take care of cattle for a Mr. Birch. From there I went back to Cache Valley and to other parts, leading an uneasy, nomadic life, with but very little comfort or satisfaction, I was only avoiding spending time behind prison bars and paying fines with money that should help to take care of my family.

"One day I attended a meeting of the Saints in Wellsville, Cache County, when Apostle Moses Thatcher, who was also on the 'Underground' drove up in Dr. Ormsby's wagon, preached a discourse to us, got into the wagon and drove off. Before he left I inquired of him what encouragement there was for pluralists to go to Mexico? He replied that there was not much then, but thought there would be in opening in that country after a while, but could not recommend the brethren to go there at present.

"This Spring, 1856, for a while I assisted my son-in-law, Myron W. Butler, to clear off new land and prepare for farming. A little later in the spring, assisted by my boys, I got up two horses for a wagon two for the saddle and with my sons, Heber and David, I started for Castle Valley, Emery County, Utah. We traveled from Ogden to San Pete Valley, up the River Sevier as far as the town of Salina, then through Salina Canyon and Castle Valley North to Price River. My sons were desirous to look over the country and find a place where they would be satisfied to settle. David was not pleased with the country and soon returned home, while Heber selected a place, settled down and is now Bishop of Spring Glen of Price River.

"I got work as carpenter and joiner with George W. Eldredge, my step-son, son of my wife Sophronia by her first husband, until harvest. I worked in the harvest field until sometime in August; then in company with one of my nephews, George W. Stowell, one of the orphan boys that had grown up in my home, I went to Moab in Grand Valley. Shortly after I commenced carrying the United States mail from Moab to Thompson's Springs on the Denver & Rio Grande Railway. I continued at this labor about three months. While there I could often hear from home through the railroad mail agent, which gave me much satisfaction. About the first of December, I helped to move George W. Stowell to Mancus in Colorado. He was a pluralist and had been trying to keep out of the way of the United States Deputy Marshals. They had learned of his whereabouts and he was compelled to make a sudden move to avoid them. If he remained there, he would doubtless have been arrested. To Mancus was 160 miles and it was winter. We had no shelter but the wagon and I suffered such with the cold, traveling through a mountainous region.

"After arriving at Mancus, I worked at carpentering the most of the winter. I found myself in a neighborhood of old acquaintances from Ogden Valley. Some of them, like my-

self, were there on account of polygamy. This, however, was not a much better place than Utah, as the officers of the Government were all over the country. There was but little rest for us anywhere.

"In March I went to the settlements of the Saints on the San Juan River and into the Burnam Ward. I worked by the month for Bishop Burnam the forepart of the season putting in crops, planting his garden, pruning his orchard and sometimes in charge of stock. All the time I kept a horse and saddle with me as a means of getting out of danger. In the place I bought a mate for my horse, and a light wagon. I returned to Mancus, Colorado and engaged in clerking in the store of George Hall's-- an old acquaintance of mine. This was the place I left when I went to the settlements on San Juan River. I found that my nephew, George W. Stowell, had also been obliged to leave Mancus. I remained with Brother Hall's until the last

of September, 1886. When Brother Hammond, the Stake President, was preparing to go to the General Conference in October, he said he was short of boys as they were all needed at home, and he had none to take with him. I told him I would be boy for him. He accepted the offer. I drove the team for him 195 miles to Thompson's Springs, on the Denver & Rio Grande R.R. We started about 4: p.m. on Saturday and on the following Thursday was at Conference in Salt Lake City.

"We did fast driving for the 195 miles. Understanding that Deputy Marshals were taking a lively interest in pluralists, I did not venture to go and see my family, though within forty miles of them, but returned to Mancus with President Hammond. I remained there until in November when I returned with my team to Castle Valley. On the journey I encountered a severe cold and storm. I arrived at my son Heber's home for Christmas and there met my wife Cynthia Jane. My son Brigham's second wife had been hid up for sometime in the isolated settlement of Pahria, situated in a deep mountain gorge in the Southeastern part of Utah.

"Owing to unpleasant conditions she was desirous of being relieved and had so informed her husband, Brigham. As he was in charge of my business at home, he could not well be spared, and his mother decided to try and accomplish the relief of his wife and leave him at home. For this purpose she had taken the R.R. to Castle Valley with the expectation of my going with her for our daughter-in-law. This account for her meeting me at our son Heber's.

"We left there after Christmas and traveled by way of Castle and Saline Canyons to Salina in the Sevier Valley. The snow was deep and the road might be considered a somewhat dangerous one to travel under such conditions; but a couple of our nephews were traveling the same way and greatly assisted us. We passed through the town of Salina the first of January 1887 about noon and went on to the town of Richmond. We arrived in Pangwitch the 7th of January, as related in Cynthia Jane's narrative. At Pangwitch the winter was very severe and feed for animals scarce. We were very kindly received under the hospitable roof of Father Joseph L. Heywood. John L. Seeva, son-in-law of Father Heywood, had a flock of sheep wintering on the Pahria Creek and said 'if I would wait a little, he would go over with me. We were accompanied by another sheep man, whose name I have forgotten.

"We started on horseback and with packs; I with harness, food and bedding on one horse and riding the other. As we went up out of Sevier Valley, up the East Fork, the snow grew deeper. We passed through Cannonville and Henryville. At the first place we rigged up a four horse team for the drive down Pahria Canyon. In many places we traveled on the ice where the water under us was twelve or fifteen feet deep. Once we broke in and were obliged to carry things out.

"The settlement was an isolated one, located in a deep gorge of the mountains. Not knowing where my daughter-in-law was, of necessity I had to inquire after her. I was suspicioned of being a Deputy United States Marshal.

"Rhoda soon heard that a suspicious man was in the place and became nervous and filled with dread. I finally succeeded in convincing some of the people that I was her Father-in-law and they took me to her. She was overjoyed to see me and the reaction on her nervous system produced great prostration

for a time. The sheep men went on down the creek to their herd and were gone three days. I comprehended that the best way to accomplish my purpose was to make a sled that would carry two persons and the necessary outfit. I bought some two-inch planks, engaged the services of a carpenter and a blacksmith and made a two horse sled.

"On the 21st the two sheep men having arrived at the settlement, we started on our return trip. That night we encamped in the canyon under a large spreading pine tree. The night of the 22 we stayed at Hatch's Ranch above Cannonville. The 23rd we were in very deep snow and the route was up grade for ten miles to the top of the divide. The labor was excessive on the team but Brother Thomas Seeva rode a large, strong mule and with a rope attached to the end of the

tongue of the sled and the other to the horn of his saddle, the task was accomplished without much difficulty. On the summit was an open table land about ten miles across. As we were getting to this the mail carrier from Cannonville overtook us. He said he never before saw the weather so pleasant on that divide in the winter. There was no winter and the sun shone warm and cheerful. In fact, it was so pleasant that Rhoda threw off a part of her wraps. In going over this divide and back we followed a row of lathes that had been stuck in the snow at short distances to indicate where the road lay, and to assist the traveler to keep from getting lost in the storms which were prevalent in that high altitude. I could not but acknowledge the hand of kind Providence in favoring us with such beautiful weather and also with the assistance of good brethren in the time of our need. That day we surmounted the great difficulty of the trip and encamped within five miles of Pangwitch at a house of entertainment. Early in the following day we arrived in Pangwitch having crossed the rim of the Great Basin three times in thirty days in severe winter weather. The 25th we left Pangwitch for Spring City 'in Sand Pete Valley, where we arrived on the 30th of January 1888.

Neighbors confidently asserted that it was of no use for me to start for I could not get there; but Patriarch Joseph L. Heywood said that I should go and return in safety, having accomplished the desired object. Also when making the sled the sisters of Pahria came to me and said it was presumptuous to take the lady with me, as it was impracticable to get through. I told them that they had better see her and see that she said on that. They were gone about an hour and returned and reported that she assured then that if I went she was going with me.

When we returned to Pangwitch, could not but bear my testimony that the truth of his prediction had been verified. It was a very severe winter and feed was very scarce. One evening I attended a meeting and at the close inquired if there was anyone present that could let me have provender for my team. A man spoke up, "I have a good barn and hay; bring your team there and feed them". I found the man to be a sergeant who was a soldier in Johnston's army at the time I was a prisoner. He remembered me and we had a pleasant time together. On arriving at Cynthia Jane's Mother's in Spring City, we found a resting place from our excessive toil and exposure. I bought hay and grain and prepared to take care of the faithful animals that had taken us through our difficulties. Cynthia Jane returned to Ogden by train on the 28th of Feb. Rhoda remained in Spring City. I attended the meetings of the Priesthood, obtained all the information in my power of current events and made many acquaintances and friends. I attended the dedication of the Manti Temple in the month of May. Conference occupied Saturday and Sunday and the dedication Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. The Spirit of God rested mightily upon the Saints and to me it was a time long to be remembered.

"I was getting tired and worn out running from the officers of the law to avoid fine and imprisonment. It was a very disagreeable, uncomfortable life. Seeing no prospect of persecution ceasing, I began to seriously consider the propriety of changing the location and surroundings of my family and home. I concluded to go home, give myself up to the officers of the law and stand my trial under the indictments which had been filed against me for some two years, then I would be at liberty to attend to my business and could out my property and leave the country.

"With this purpose in view, I arrived in Ogden the latter part of June 1888. I learned that it was a favorable time, as Judge Henderson was quite lenient with cases of co-habitation. I give myself up the 25th of June and was put under bonds of \$2 000. I had my trial on the 30th of June. When I came into court, my case was the first for trial. Judge Henderson, in a very friendly way asked 'guilty or not guilty?' In answer I replied that I would like to know what I am expected to plead to? The clerk then read the indictment in which were three counts against co-habitation. I plead guilty to the first count. The Judge inquired whether my families were living together or separate. I replied that they were living separate. For a time the Judge was engaged in conversation with my counsel, Esquire Rolap. After consultation the Judge said my sentence was to pay a fine of \$200. and costs of \$33.40; a total of 233.40. Soon after the marshal asked me when I could pay my fine. I replied in a few days. He told me I was at liberty to go and come and pay my fine when I could. The 2nd of July I paid the fine and costs and was given the following receipt:

CLERK'S OFFICE FIRST DISTRICT COURT UTAH TERRITORY
No. 315
United States
W.R.R. Stowell
Received from W.R.R. Stowell, Esq.
Two hundred and thirty three dollars. Fine and costs.

H. Drake
Deputy Clerk.

"I was now at liberty to do business and offered my property for sale. I had many offers to purchase and soon found a buyer, Mr. Swan from Cheyenne, who was then purchasing property in Ogden for the street car company and for other purposes. My son Brigham with myself owned three hundred acres of land on the bench of Ogden, running back towards the mountains. This included the farm on which my family resided. The whole was sold for \$40,000. We received a part of the purchase money down and took a mortgage at a discount of \$1,000 and were put to considerable trouble and expense to get our pay.

"After the sale of my real estate I labored with my family to gather the farm crops as fast as they matured; wound up business as fast as possible and made arrangements to remove to some other locality, where I could be rid of the excessive annoyances of the executors of an unrighteous, oppressive law. These things kept me busy until the General Conference of the Church, the sixth of October, 1888. After conference my wife, Cynthia Jane and our son James, with myself went to the Manti Temple to work for the dead for her mother's family. My son James since 1884 had been afflicted as supposed with heart disease and it was hoped that he would be greatly benefitted by getting his endowments and laboring for a season in the Temple. As many of Cynthia Jane's mother's family as consistently could, gathered from all parts of the territory to the Manti Temple to devote one week's work for their dead. James Stowell received his endowments after which he appeared to gain in health and strength. On our return home, he again went to school, of which privilege he had been deprived on account of sickness. He continued to the holidays when he said to his mother on coming home from school, 'I cannot go to school any more'. From that time his health declined and he passed away the 14th of January 1889.

"On the 21st of January, in accordance with previous arrangements, myself, my son Brigham and Brother J.J. Butler (Myron W. Butler's Father) started for Mexico on the D & R G Railway. We arrived in Deming, New Mexico at 3:30 p.m. January 25th. We found a man with a team who would take us to Mexico and we left Deming for the colonies of Diaz and Juarez at 5: p.m. of February 1st. In both these places we found old acquaintances and friends.

"I had not been in Juarez over one hour when my wife's cousin Wm. McLelland prevailed on me to go with him to look at a millsite. It looked so practicable, so consistent and so much needed by our people in Juarez and other settlements, that I took consider-

able interest in the matter. In a few days I went with Bishop George W. Sevey up to Corrales, Cave Valley, and other places viewing the remains of buildings and terraces, etc. which had been constructed in a remote period of the past. On returning to Juarez, I still further considered the subject of building a mill. I talked with Bishop Sevey and other leading men on the matter and received much encouragement as it was considered a very necessary improvement.

After our pleasant visit to a kind and hospitable people, on March 1st, 1889 we started from Juarez in company with Peter Skousen and E.L. Taylor who were hauling beans which they had purchased from Mexicans to Deming for sale. At Ogden we had purchased tickets to go and return, good for ninety days, for \$40. each. On these tickets my son Brigham., Brother Butler and myself returned home. I immediately began to make arrangements in my family affairs and business to return to Mexico. I received several offers of partnership in the mill business in Mexico. When at the April Conference of 1889 in Salt Lake City, I received further encouragement from different parties after conference I was told by Apostle Moses Thatcher, that if I could do anything toward building a mill in Juarez, I had better go right to work at it.

"I again left Juarez about the 27th of April and arrived in Deming May 1st. 1889. On account of delays I did not arrive in Juarez until the latter part of May. I at once commenced operations for building a mill. I made a contract with Orson Brown to make the dobies; with Louis P. Gorden to do the mason work and with John McFarland to tend mason. In the meantime I had contracted with Miles P. Romney to do the carpenter and joiner work.

'About the 10th and 12th of June I had fairly commenced work. I crowded the work as fast as possible to complete the wells before the commencement of the heavy summer rains, said to be very characteristic of the country. I had a good set of hands and the work progressed finely. I was desirous that the people should take shares in the mill and make it a co-operative institution. They appeared willing to do this, but when they labored or furnished material, all wanted their pay. I could not complain, as this was owing to their straightened circumstances. Although the work was pushed, it was the latter part of August when the building was enclosed. I had ordered the machinery and all things were fairly under way. I started for Deming, expecting to find the machinery there, but it had not arrived. While there I received a telegram from my son Brigham wishing me, if possible, to come and assist him in settling up our affairs. I at once took a train for Ogden. Matters there required my attention until October, General Conference of 1889.

"After conference I again started for Mexico. I took with me my wife, Cynthia Jane, our son Francis, my daughter Matilda Butler with her two little children and My son Brigham's wife Rhoda. We left Ogden Oct

26th

and arrived in Juarez, Mexico November 10th 1889. At Deming I found that my machinery had arrived and was

already on the way to Juarez. I purchased two pair of mules and a wagon and hurried on to assist in completing

the mill. On arriving in Juarez, found the machinery all on hand. I employed Mr. John Cambell, who was then

running a saw mill for Apostle Moses Thatcher, to superintend putting in the machinery. I soon find the mill in running order. I commenced grinding corn before Christmas 1889, and making flour between Christmas and New Year's. This made people feel cheered during the holidays.

"It was the first flouring mill put up by the Latter Day Saints in Mexico and at that time the only good flouring mill in that part of the country.

"So far as I can now discern the future, I shall end my days in this place till God in his Providence, may order it otherwise."

This conclusion of the life history of William R.R. Stowell is written by his grandson, Brigham Earl Stowell, oldest son of Brigham Stowell, who was the oldest son of William R.R. Stowell.

I was a child 2 years of age when I, with Father and Grandfather and families moved into Old Mexico. I grew up living very close to Grandfather, until his death the 29th of May, 1901. Following is the story of their move into Mexico as father told it to me later in life, when I was about 12 - 14 years old, as we rode the range together.

The move was made early in the year of 1889. After selling all their property in Ogden, together they had \$40,000. with which to make the move. They went by train to Deming, New Mexico, where they purchased horses and two wagons with which to make the trip into Colonia Juarez, Chih. Mexico, about 275 miles from Deming, New Mexico. At Deming they deposited \$20,000 in the bank for safe keeping. To take so much money into Mexico safely, they placed \$20,000 on the bottom of one of the wagonbeds and nailed a false bottom over the money, and this wagon was not for any reason left alone until it was removed from this hiding place. In this way they reached their destination with their money safe and secure. It was this money that built the grist mill, which, as grandfather stated, was completed and grinding began just before Christmas 1889. Truly a wonderful Christmas gift to the community and gave renewed courage to the people for the beginning of the New Year. Up to this time all the grinding had been done with small hand mills. Grandfather lived about twelve years after finishing the mill. He was very pleased and happy that now the people were able to get flour ground from their own grain right at home.

There had been several attempts to put up a mill in Col. Diaz but none were successful. Soon after they began to grind flour, one of father's close friends in Diaz offered to give him a good cow for every one hundred lb. sack of flour that he would let him have. This shows how much a good flour mill really meant to the people. The men who operated the mill usually lived in Mother's home near the mill.

The first miller I remember was William Black, an elderly gentleman who wore long gray hair and it was always braided. He operated the mill about two years, grinding only by day shift. Next was Amon

Moffett and

Francis A. Stowell, grandfather's youngest son. They run two shifts and employed unskilled help as needed.

The last miller that came was Jarmes Memmott, a fine skilled miller who came from Salem, Utah. He run the mill until Grandfather's death in 1901 and a short time after the mill was sold to Daniel Skousen.

Here are some of the incidents and happenings, about the mill and more about grandfather. The mill power came from a large waterwheel, run by water from the Piedras Verde River, the water was taken from the river

by building a large dam about a mile up the river from the mill. For sometime the Mexican people from Casa

Grandes caused considerable trouble by coming in groups on horseback with shovels and tear out the dam,

they claimed the water belonged to them. The dam was torn out several times before they were finally convinced they were not losing any water but merely ground the grain and went back into the river for their farms. They then could see that they were helped as well as the Colonists, so they were happy and satisfied, as well as better friends.

The Grist Mill soon became well known and people came from far and near to have grain ground, even a distance of 60 miles, and were prepared to stay until their grinding was done. Each man took his turn. His stay at the mill depended on how many were already there when he drove in. At times some

would stay for two weeks, but each waited his turn. It was quite common to have as many as ten or twelve wagons waiting. Each driver was prepared to care for his own needs around a big campfire and they enjoyed the evenings with their own entertainment. The camp at the mill was a popular place where old friends met and new friends and acquaintances were made. Even the Mexican people caught the spirit of friendship and enjoyment and they were there.

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For preserving food each family built a cellar real close to the house by digging into the earth about ten feet deep and covering a roof of thick dirt. Grandfather had a very good enclosure built around the space where the large water wheel operated under the mill by the edge of the river. Our folks fixed this enclosure into a cooler and with the constant splashing of the water, as the wheel turned, it worked beautifully. My Mother usually kept in this place, among other things, home-made root beer, made from hops, bran and molasses, which was a refreshing drink for many. The visitor that I remember most, and one we all loved a lot and made frequent calls with Grandfather, was Apostle George Teasdale.

Grandfather and my father were closely associated in their business ventures. Grandfather supervised the operation of the mill and Father took charge of the ranching and cattle raising. Father could not stand the dust of the grist. Grandfather built a nice adobe house about two miles from the mill, near the center of the town of Colonia Juarez and rode in a white topped surrey to and from the mill, using a nice span of mares to convey them around. Grandfather and my Father both always had fine horses. With this surrey he furnished transportation for a great many of the church leaders and missionaries who either lived in the colonies or frequently visited the Saints. He loved serving the church in any capacity whenever he could. Apostle Teasdale rode a great deal with Grandfather., in fact, friends would speak of him as Bro. Teasdale's shadow.

Grandfather hired Mexican help to work as choreman and other other duties around the home and where needed. One Pedro Guterrez served him faithfully and well a long time. He learned much while working for Grandfather. As Grandfather could not speak the Spanish language very well, he usually spoke enough that they understood.

Grandfather enjoyed his many friends. One of his very close friends was Winslow Farr - a friend and neighbor to him when in Ogden. Brother Farr lived in Dublan, about 18 miles from Juarez. They frequently visited each other even tho the roads were poor and they went with team and wagon. Heber Farr, son of Winslow Farr, told me an interesting story about one of their visits to Grandfather's home. Heber came along with his father and had recently been vaccinated for smallpox. His arm was sore and swollen but just right for what they decided to do. An epidemic of smallpox was spreading through the country, mostly among the Mexican people, who paid very little attention to it, and inasmuch as the vaccine was very difficult to get, and since some 16 young people of the community had called in to visit the Farr family from Dublan, it was decided to use the pus from Heber's sore arm as a vaccine source and with a needle vaccinate the whole group. This was done and every one worked. This dreaded disease caused a great deal of worry and concern among the colony people. For years we had no doctor. The Mexican people would go from home to home carrying the disease as though it was no more than a cold.

I will return to the happenings after the completion of the mill and everything seemed to be running well.

They were now
where they needed more money so they decided to go to Deming, N.M. where they had deposited \$20,000
in the only bank
there at that time. To their great disappointment, the bank had collapsed. They were two sick men and
there was nothing
they could do about it. They felt so bad to even think of losing that much money so easily and especially
when they and the

people needed it so badly. Well, they decided to say nothing about it and try to forget, and this is what they did.

Years after Grandfather's death, my father told me about this as we were riding the range

Grandfather was very happy living in Colonia Juarez, he often mentioned how contented he was to be free from the harassment he had received in the United States, due to his efforts to live the principle of plural marriage, which he accepted as the will of the Lord. He dearly loved his church and families and served faithfully in any and all positions in which he was called to serve. His calling to the position of Patriarch gave him a great deal of satisfaction as well as the joy and happiness which came from serving in this calling. In his own words of his Life Story he said "So far as I can now discern the future, I shall end my days in this place till God in His Providence may

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order it otherwise ", and he did just that. He contracted pneumonia and passed away at his home in Colonia Juarez, Chih, Mexico May 30, 1901.

Comments of a grand-daughter:

Remembering as a child we all loved to go to visit our grandparents. In the winter, time evenings or afternoon we would find them sitting by the big fireplace in their rocking chairs, their home comfortably fixed with home made carpet on the floor, good beds and good furniture. A box of raising on the mantle and a pan of red apples and yellow apples close by to be enjoyed by those who came in. We could eat all we wanted but were reminded never to waste any. At noon from school we would run to Grandpas to get an apple. He would tell us to go to the shed and get us each one, I shall always remember seeing the many bins holding different kinds of apples and they all looked so good. He gave all the school children apples as long as they lasted and I am sure everyone in the town that did not have apples, he shared his with them, I remember how pretty his apple orchard was and neat it all was. I remember his jersey cows and pretty horses. Grandmother's pretty flowers. I remember of my mother saying grandfather would give grandmother some money and he would say, 'now don't spend it for goo gaws'. Many times I have gone into Grandfather's cellar, saw the bins of apples there, the shelves of fruit, the pans of milk with yellow cream on, the old churn, the butter printed in pretty round pounds with a damp cloth over it to keep it cool, I thought they were the wealthiest people in the world to have so many good things to eat and be fixed so comfortable in their home.

After Grandfather passed away, I stayed with Grandmother many times at night so she would not be alone. I am her namesake and am very thankful for her sweet name to remind me of the many nice things she did and to prompt me to climb. I was 8 years of age when Grandfather passed away and remember it very plainly. It is my privilege to type Grandfather's History for the making of this book, Cynthia Adelia Stowell Mecham.

To forget your ancestors is like a book without an author, or a tree without a root.

'We give our sincere thanks and appreciation to Ruth L. Mickelson, Great-grand daughter, for her help and guidance in forming this book.

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