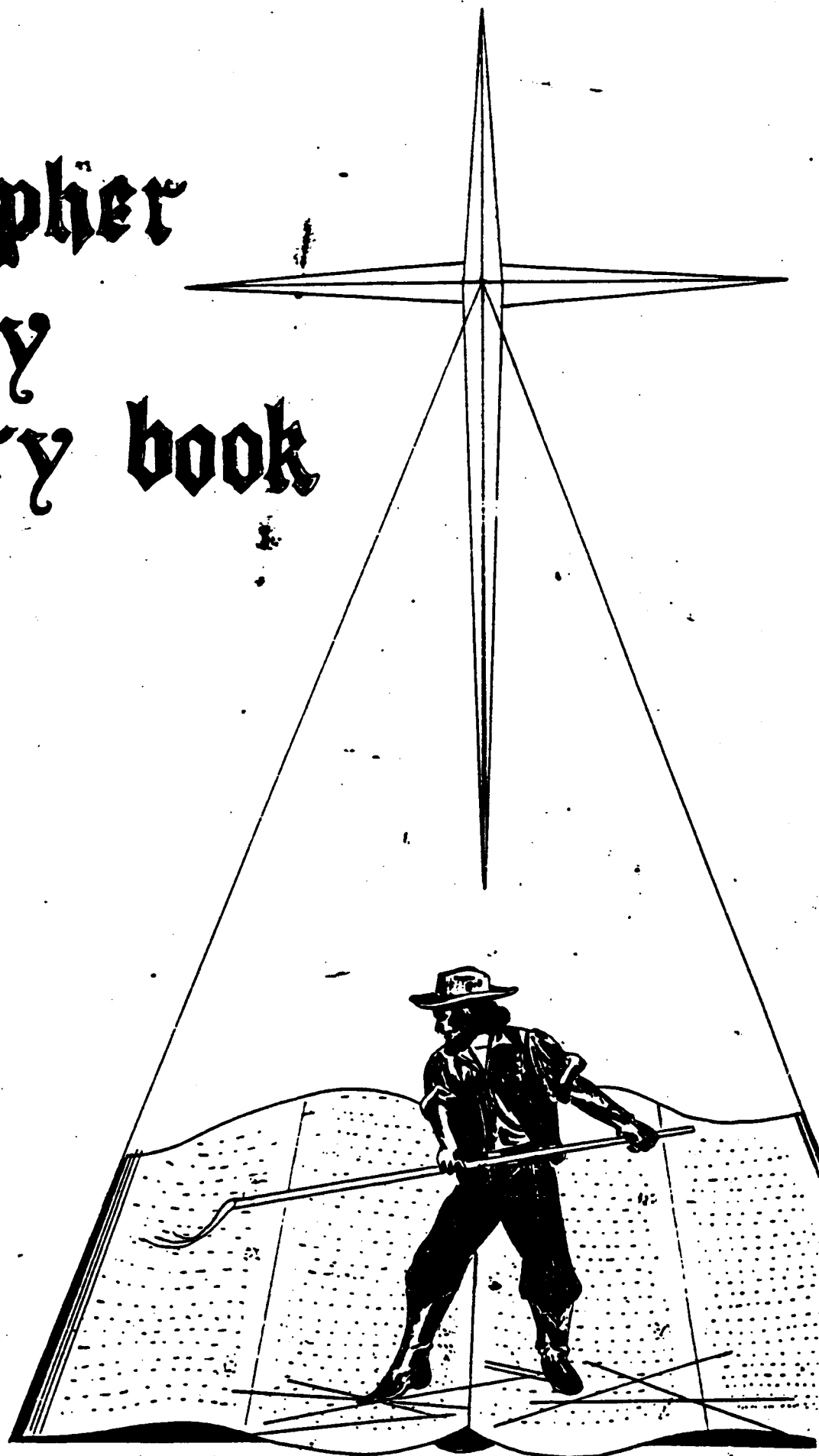


Pulsipher Family history book



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ZERAH PULSIPHER

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COVER EXPLANATION

I have always been deeply affected by the story told on page 16 of Zerah Pulsipher's history of his testimony of the truthfulness of the gospel and the Book of Morman. I thought something, calling our attention to his vision, would make a fitting drawing for our cover.

Try to imagine this as Zerah in his younger days when he received this great manifestation and testimony to which he stood steadfast and true to his last days.

FOREWORD

I hope the histories in this book will tend to bring those of the Pulsipher ancestry closer together in fine unity and to a greater knowledge of their outstanding heritage.

I have always appreciated my husband's staunch line of ancestry but it was not until 1951 that I first started to collect records and histories on his Pulsipher line. Like many of you, I went to Adah Mackleprang Wood (Mary Ann) who has spent almost a life time at this work. She and her husband were very gracious and helpful to me. I have worked in close contact with her ever since. We are indeed deeply indebted to her for her untiring efforts in research. To my knowledge, it is largely through her work that many of the deceased relatives have had the privilege of accepting the gospel, through temple work.

Melvin Harmon (Mary Ann) told me of a fine man by the name of Kenneth Cropper of the William line. We met, compared records and decided it was high time the Pulsipher families get together and perfect a family organization. We needed to become acquainted with one another. There are many of you who feel the same way and the three past reunions have been a means to this end, and very successful.

It has been a joy to me as your historian, to correspond with so many of you interested people. I couldn't begin to mention everyone who has been willing to send in histories and family group records to make this a worthwhile book. I regret that more genealogical data can't be included, but I feel it might offend some to have part of the families mentioned and not others. (I have had only partial support on this project or all could be included.)

I know many of you, however, have very complete family records of your own. I have had the privilege of seeing, besides Adah's and Kenneth's records, those of LaVar Winson (Mary Ann) of Logandale, Nevada, and Rose Burgess (Almira) of Sparks, Nevada. I would like to commend Mrs. Emily T. Cramer (John) of Ucon, Idaho, who sent in 78 sheets to complete the family of her mother, Sarah Elzina Pulsipher Tyler.

To all of you who have sent in even one group sheet and to those who have sent in many, I extend my sincere thanks. To those of you who haven't please send them in now, so that all the records of the descendants of Zerah, from the first to the last, can be kept in one large book.

Let us all try harder to attend the family reunions. It is very encouraging to your organization officers to see you there mingling together.

I have enjoyed collecting the histories and information for this book. This need only be a start and should be a stimulus to the families who have only brief histories to search for more detailed accounts of your particular progenitor.

I would ask, unless you are able and willing to do better yourselves, that you withhold your criticism of those who have arranged the facts and assembled the materials for these pages. It is gratifying to me to have so many fine histories to offer and I'm sure you will appreciate the same.

If there are pages missing, due to negligent assembling (it's a big job) please let me know. Also correct in your own book the minor errors.

Sincerely,

Nora Hall Lund

NORA HALL LUND
Your Historian



MR. AND MRS. TERRY LUND
Paragonah, Utah

Compilers of the
PULSIPHER, TERRY, LUND AND HALL
FAMILY HISTORY BOOKS

THE EARLY PULSIPHER FAMILY HISTORY

Research and Arranging
by
Adah Mackleprang Wood

Much of the history about the early ancestors of the Pulsipher family has been obtained from the history of Gloucester, Massachusetts, the town records of Ipswich, Massachusetts. David Pulsipher who was formerly an embossing clerk in the Secretary of State's office in Boston; James A. Pulsipher of Auburn, Maine, the official publication intitled "Massachusetts Soldiers and Sailors in the War of the Revolution," Volume 12; the excellent paper by Charles Louis Pulsipher of Auburn, New York; William Henry Pulsipher's manuscript of the Pulsipher genealogy; the Poland, Maine, town records, "History of Poland," published in 1890, a careful study of the Pulsipher family by the writer's sister, Mrs. Camille M. Tilton; and many other sources.

Every authority consulted agrees that Benedict or Benedictus, the first of the name in America, was the founder of the family in this country who settled in Ipswich, Massachusetts, in or before 1659. At a court held in Ipswich, September 24, 1678, Benedict Pulsephar, as he spelled his name, deposed that he had been in the town of Ipswich nineteen years. No record that the writer has examined gives the exact date of Benedict Pulsipher's arrival in this country. Perhaps he upon arrival, went immediately to Ipswich. If so, he must have reached that place in 1659. According to Savage's Genealogical Dictionary, Benedict was known to be in New England in 1662. If Benedict, or Benedictus arrived in America in 1659, he was here one year before Charles II was beheaded at Whitehall, England, January 30, 1648, ten years before Benedict came to this country. I am at pains to mention this, because it has been claimed by some that Benedict changed his name when he reached America from Pulford, a well-known English family name, to Pulsephar, according to his spelling, in order to escape the emissaries of Charles II, whom it was thought Benedict feared, as Benedict was a Puritan in England and was perhaps connected with Cromwell's army that was responsible for the beheading of Charles I..

History of Newton, Massachusetts, says that Benedict bought land in Ipswich in 1655. So, if he bought land in Massachusetts in 1655, he must have come soon after Charles I was beheaded.

There existed in ancient times in Florence, Italy, a family bearing the name of Pulci (pronounced Pulchee), undoubtedly derived from the Latin word "pulcher" meaning beautiful. This family included merchants, artisans, and sailors, as well as literary men, of the latter of whom the famous Lugigi Pulci was the most renowned example.

During the great spread of Florentine commerce, a member of this family, at about the time of the Norman conquest, either for commercial reasons or because attracted as other learned men of foreign

birth were by the brilliant court of William, settled in England.

Bearing in mind the Latin meaning of the Florentine name of Pulci, our ancestor being especially distinguished for good looks, his friends and acquaintances called him Pulci-vir -- "handsome man". The middle syllable of his name was speedily Anglicized, metathesis took place respecting the "vir" for euphony, and so in due course of time the name "Pulcifer", or "Pulsipher" (handsome man) was handed down as a very euphonious and descriptive family name.

The same authority says:

"If we assume that the name is of Anglo-Saxon origin, then it could readily be derived from the Anglo-Saxon verb 'pullian' from which our verb 'pull' or 'pulls' is derived, and from the obsolete Anglo-Saxon preposition or adverb 'infere', which means 'together'."

They have also been known as patriotic citizens. It has been said that fifteen Pulsifers served in the war of the Revolution, but prior to that time Benedict (2) Pulsifer Junior, served in Captain Abraham Tilton's Company which took part in the expedition of Quebec in 1690. Several Pulsiphers served in the War of 1812 and the Mexican War, and a large number served in the War of the Rebellion.

THE LINE OF DESCENT FROM BENEDICT

Benedict Pulsifer had settled in Ipswich, Massachusetts, according to his own statement, by 1659. He was probably married a year or two before coming to this country. He very likely brought his wife and infant son, Benedict II, or Junior. We have no record of the birth of the son or of another son, John, but Elizabeth's birth in 1669 is recorded in the town records of Ipswich. His first wife, of whose maiden name we are ignorant, died at Ipswich July 16, 1673. His son, Mr. William Henry Pulsipher, says, "We're of little help or comfort to his family." Evidently, John moved to Gloucester, where he became a respected member of the family. There he probably supplemented his income as a farmer by occasionally building or helping to build houses for his neighbors. He is styled in one document "Yeoman" and in another "mason". In the "History of Gloucester", J. J. Babson - 1860, page 130, appears the following:

"John Pulcifer, or Pulsever, settled about 1680, according to tradition near a spot still occupied by one of his descendants on the old road leading to Coffin's Beach (Gloucester). In 1688 he had a piece of land "given to the house where he then lived."

Benedict, Jr., proved to be a "roving blade", according to Mr. William Henry Pulsifer. "We hear," says Mr. Pulsifer, "of a Benedict Pulsepher engaged in an Indian fight in Maine in 1688. This was probably Benedict, Jr. Cotton Mather refers to the incident in his 'Magnalia Christi Americana' London 1702, Book VII, page 63. Benedict, Jr., probably never married. In 1690 he engaged in Sir William Philip's expedition to Quebec as a member of Captain Abraham Tilton's Company, and it is quite possible that he was killed or taken prisoner in the unfortunate attempt to capture that Canadian stronghold."

"A Compendious History of New England" by Morse and Parrish, page 246, makes a confirmatory reference to this episode.

After the death of his first wife, July 16, 1673, Benedict, Senior, married in the succeeding February, Susana A. Waters of Salem, Massachusetts, who was the fifth daughter of Richard and Joyce Waters. She was born at Salem, Massachusetts, February 1, 1649. "Benedict Pulsephar, Senior, brought his young wife to Ipswich immediately after his marriage and entered upon what might be termed the second period of his career." The records show that his young wife was rather vain. She liked to adorn herself. "She, among others, braved the laws in 1675 by appearing in the meeting house with a silk hood and scarf. She and the others were arrested, tried, and fined ten shillings each for yielding to their vanity."

Benedict Pulsifer was a man of some means. He was also "a man of considerable education in a period when educated Englishmen were rare.

Late in 1663, or early in 1664, he bought a dwelling house with outhouse, orchard, gardens, etc. of Moses Pingry of Ipswich, Massachusetts, which property Pingry had acquired in 1652 of Richard

Scofield, who came to New England in 1635. This estate was situated on the north of the "Tom River". It's site is now occupied by a factory. The original deed to this property was either lost or "casually" burned, and on February 7, 1667, Pingry made a supplementary deed of the property which he gave Benedict Pulsipher. Benedict was then styled a "planter".

He added to his estate in 1664. In the same year, 1664, the town of Ipswich granted him a share (No. 55) in the town lands on Plumb Island, Castle Neck, and Hogg Island. He continued to reside at Ipswich, pursuing his occupation as planter or farmer for many years.

The records show the children of Benedict and Susan Pulsipher to be as follows: Richard, born May 31, 1675; William, born December 12, 1676; Susannah, born September 5, 1678; Joseph, born November 13, 1680; Benjamin, born May 19, 1683; David (ours), born September 27, 1685; Jonathan, born September 25, 1687, and Johanna, born September 25, 1687, twins; Susanna, born about 1689, (the other one died young); Elizabeth, born in 1690; Margaret, born February 14, 1693.

THE DIRECT PULSIPHER LINE CONTINUED

David, the sixth child of Benedict, is the one we are especially concerned about, and his wife Susanna. Their children were all born in Boston, namely: David (ours), born May 7, 1708; Susanna, born November 19, 1710; Margaret, born July 6, 1712; Joseph, born December 27, 1713; Elizabeth, born February 11, 1717, and Abigail, born November 27, 1720.

This David was a sailor of Boston. His wife, Susanna, was licensed to sell strong drinks in Boston in 1727, according to the "Boston Selectmen's Minutes, 1716 to 1736." So, if this is our David, born 1708, and Susanna was his mother, he would only be 19 years old when his mother sold strong drinks.

Probably that accounts for him going into Connecticut. Record show that he was a resident of Pomfret Windham County, Connecticut. He married in Pomfret, October 2, 1740. Elizabeth Stoel (Stowell), daughter of David Stowell and Patience Herrington, born August 21, 1719, in Newton, Massachusetts.

Their children born in Pomfret were: (Information from Pro. Ct. Record 9): Mary Pulsipher, born June 29, 1744, married John Harwood and died in 1786; Ester Pulsipher, born March 13, 1747; John Pulsipher*, born July 8, 1749, and married Elizabeth Dutton; David Pulsipher, born October 6, 1751, died November 6, 1754; Elizabeth Pulsipher, born June 12, 1754, married Captain John H. Fuller; David Pulsipher, born September 29, 1756, died January 14, 1835; Ebenezer Pulsipher, born in 1758, first wife Priscilla Russell, second wife, Unity Reed.

David and Elizabeth moved to Ware River, Massachusetts, then in 1766 to Rockingham, Windham County, Vermont. The history of Rockingham states that he came "with wife" Elizabeth and five children. He settled on the Meadows opposite South Charleson, New Hampshire, and later moved to Rockingham village. He built the first log cabin "Inn" in the town, located on the site of the dwelling now standing next, west of the old church. Town meetings were held in his home, also church meetings previous to the building of the first meeting or "town" house.

When the first church was organized in October, 1773, David and Elizabeth Pulsipher were among the first nineteen members and later David joined with others in presenting the town with the land which, for a century and a third, has been occupied by the old meeting house and the burying ground adjoining.

Directly after the battle of Lexington, tidings of the event were sent to Rockingham, as well as all surrounding towns and David with his son John*, joined a band of Patriots gathered on both sides of the Connecticut River, and the morning of April 21, 1775, they were assigned to Captain John Marcy's Company in Colonel James Reed's Regiment which took an active part in the battle of Bunker Hill. It was believed that David was killed at this battle as he

never returned home and his fate was never known. He may have died of disease in the war. His wife and family remained in the old log cabin several years keeping it as a Public Tavern.

After the first church, organized in 1773, was discontinued in 1839, the Record Book as well as the Communion Service, the table cloth and one napkin were preserved by members of the Pulsipher family to whom much credit is given for their faithful care.

John Pulsipher, (the father of Zerah) was born July 8, 1749. Married in Rockingham, Elizabeth Dutton, who was born December 18, 1751, in Lunenburg, Massachusetts. She was the daughter of Thomas Dutton and his first wife, Mary Hill. She was a descendant of the Thomas Dutton and his wife, Susanna, who settled in Reading, Massachusetts, and were the fourth great-grand parents of our "Beloved Prophet, Joseph Smith". This same Dutton family are said to be the family of Duttons who came to Chester, England, in 1066 with William The Conqueror.

Elizabeth joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in 1832. She was then living with her son, Zerah, and his family, her husband having died some years previous. He died in the Revolutionary War, with his father at the Battle of Bunker Hill. He was one of the founders of the first Baptist Church in Rockingham, Vermont, in 1789.

John Pulsipher, a grandson of John and Elizabeth, states in his history of his own life, that his grandmother, Elizabeth, died on December 2, 1838, of persecutions in a land of liberty.

A LITTLE ABOUT THE LIFE OF GREAT GRANDPA, ZERAH PULSIPHER

For the Reunion, June 15, 1952
By Nora Lund, Wife of Terry Lund

It is a nice crowd we have here today,
We are all related to the Pulsiphers, some way.
We are grateful to Kenneth for starting this thing,
May our meeting together, much happiness bring.

Let's think of Grandpa Zerah, born in Vermont State,
In 1789, we know the exact date.
John and Elizabeth were his parents, by name,
We're proud of these people, our ancestors, the same.

His boyhood was busy, as all boys should be,
He married Polly Randell but she soon died, you see.
With his wife, Mary Brown, he found lots of pleasure,
The large family she bore him was a joy beyond measure.

There was Mary Ann, who died when a baby,
Almira and Nelson, Mariah and Sarah
John, Charles, Mary Ann and Will,
Eliza Jane and Fedelia, now that filled the bill.

Our Grandpa was religious, a Minister was he,
When he heard the true gospel he was able to see.
He read the "Gold Bible" with a heart full of prayer,
Then an Angel came to him, its truths to declare.

They gathered with the Saints in Nauvoo, Illinois,
Here they experienced much suffering, along with few joys.
He was an ardent worker, the gosepel to teach,
He went on a mission, many hearts he did reach.

He found Wilford Woodruff, already and waiting,
He was baptized by Zerah without hesitating.
Zerah was a leader, a pillar of strength,
He was a 1st President of 70's and labored at length.

When mob persecutions they could no longer endure,
They were led westward, to a desert, for sure.
On reaching the Valley of the Great Salt Lake,
They vowed good hard work, would it a paradisi make.

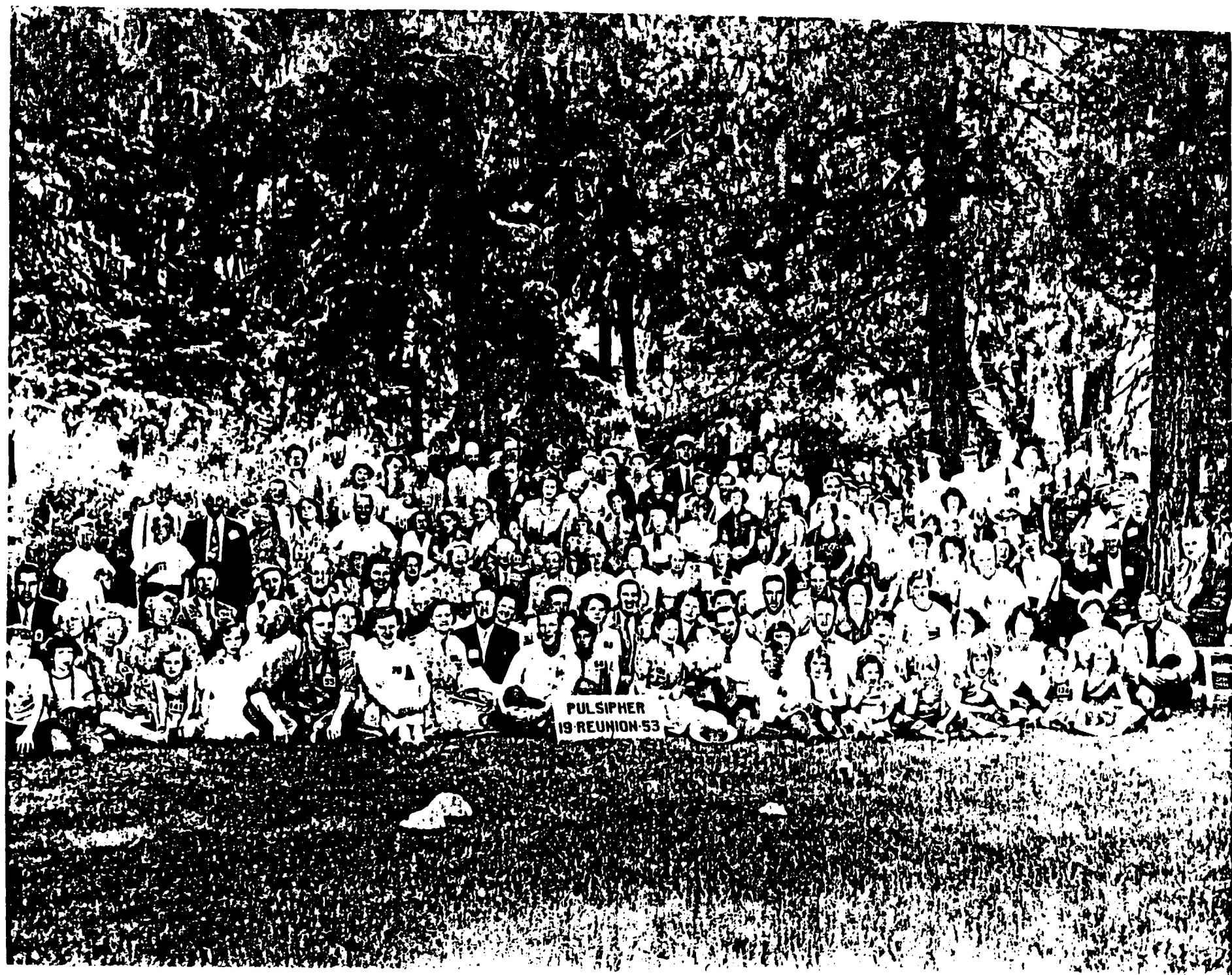
Acting on council for Mary he had news,
He took for his wife, a young girl, Martha Hughes.
He had a fine family, of this we are sure,
He gave each a blessing and kept them secure.

The Saints started flocking to Salt Lake by the score,
For places to put them, Brigham had to find more.
He sent scouts out, all the land to survey,
Down in Dixie he thought raising cotton would pay.

So the Pulsiphers he called and Thomas S. Terry,
William Burgess and John Alger, the bunch was quite merry.
They came to St. George, but went to Shoal Creek to settle.
The Church needed someone to look after the cattle.

They called their town Hebron, like the hard ground of old,
Here they had many experiences which will never be told.
January of 1872, dawned so pretty and white,
It was then Grandpa Pulsipher's spirit took flight.

And now his descendents have met here today,
To organize this family and our deep respects pay.
To honor our ancestors, so noble and brave,
Let's work with our might our dead ones to save.



IN MY MEMORY THERE'S A PICTURE

By Emma Burgess Owen
(Written for the Pulsipher Reunion, 1954)

Awake ye descendants of our
Courageous and noble pioneers;
Have we lived up to their expectations
Down through these hundred years?

In my memory there's a picture very faint I know
Of a dear old white haired grandpa, bent and feeble
but full of smiles.
And a dear little grandma like a lily, sweet and frail
Who would know they had gone through such hardships
and that trek of so many miles

Then we look at all these cities
Midst the mountains tall and grand;
And to think it was all a desert
When those dear ones began to till the land.

Now we have beauty in the springtime,
Then beauty in the fall.
Marvelous beauty in the summertime,
But our majestic winters are more beautiful than all.

Born with such a noble birthright
How can we fail or go astray?
With the gospel light shining on us
We will always think to pray.

Now lets keep alive the memory,
Of their sacrifice and love.
And I think they will be waiting for us
In their mansions up above.

— Emma Burgess Owen

MARY ANN PULSIPHER
Born
30 May 1816
Rockingham Vermont
Died
6 July 1816
Rockingham Vermont

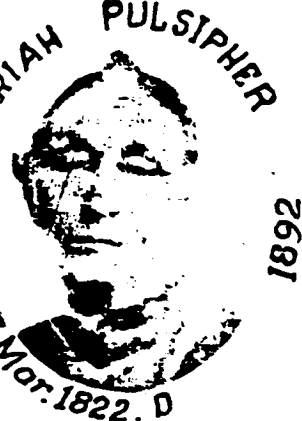
ZERA PULSIPHER
&
MARY BROWN
FAMILY

NELSON PULSIPHER
BORN
28 Mar. 1820
Rockingham Vermont
Died
7 May 1824
Rockingham Vermont

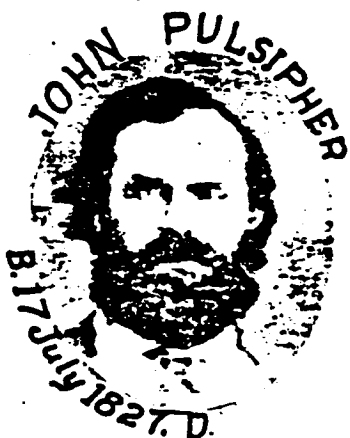


ALMIRA PULSIPHER
B. 24 June 1789. D. 1 Jan. 1878

MARIAH PULSIPHER
B. 2 Mar. 1799. D.



B. 8 Sept. 1817. D. 8 Mar. 1868



JOHN PULSIPHER
B. 17 July 1827. D.



MARY ANN PULSIPHER
B. 20 Nov. 1835. D. 17 Aug. 1913



CHARLES PULSIPHER
B. 20 Apr. 1830. D. 20 Nov. 1915



WILLIAM PULSIPHER
B. 21 Jan. 1838. D. 9 Dec. 1880

FIDELA PULSIPHER
Born
13 Oct. 1842
NAUVOO ILLINOIS
Died
8 Jan. 1846
Nauvoo Illinois



ELIZA JANE PULSIPHER
B. 26 July 1840. D. 5 May 1919

HISTORY OF ZERAH PULSIPHER

As Written by Himself

(Found in an old trunk where he kept his papers.)
(Sentence construction and punctuation left as he wrote it)

I was born June 24, 1789, the name of my parents were John and Elizabeth Pulsipher, my grandfather whose name was David Pulsipher was supposed to be a descendant from Ireland. I have not much knowledge of his ancestors. He brought up a family in Connecticut, New England. In the year 1769 he came to a new state called Vermont, went up the Connecticut River to Bellows Falls. Went five miles back to a place afterwards called Rockingham, an entire wilderness country, where seldom a blow had been struck by a white man. There he selected and obtained 500 acres of land and proficed or predicted things that would take place in years to come, which was a site for a meeting house, burying ground back of it and a town site where water power was erected.

He cleared some land, built a "Public House" or "Tavern". He helped establish a settlement and converted the wilderness into a fruitful field. This is where I was born. But when the Revolutionary War commenced my father was very young and being away from home one day he heard that the British Army had destroyed some Military stores at Concord, New Hampshire, and being fired with indignation he sought for a recruiting officer and enlisted for one campaign. When he returned home and informed his father of the circumstances, the old gentleman told him that he was too young and that he would enlist and go with him. Accordingly he did, and they both went to Boston, Massachusetts. In the memorable Battle of Bunker Hill, the 17th of June 1775, there they stood side by side and fought with about 13 Americans against 3000 of the British for about two hours. When the enemy, after firing Charleston and wending around under the smoke, had nearly surrounded that wing of their own army, when they saw but a small gap to retreat through which was then continually plowing the ground with balls from the shipping. But while they were going out my grandfather saw one of our men wounded and crawling away on his hands and knees. In the meantime a British soldier ran him through with a bayonet, being filled with indignation at such rank breach of the laws of all civilized nations he immediately stopped, amid scenes of death and cannage, loaded his gun and shot that man down before he left the ground and then obtained a safe retreat. I speak of this to let my posterity know that our ancestors were clothed with that steady unshaken determination in time of the most immanent dangers that are incident to human life.

In a few weeks after this my grandfather died with cramp rheumatism in his breast, (no doubt heart ailment). My father served his time out and returned home and attended to the cares of a family, married Elizabeth Dutton and raised a family of seven sons and three daughters.

My oldest brother's name was Oliver, who raised a large family in the state of New York on Lake Ontario. The second was David, who raised a family, living with my father in Vermont, where he died. John also married, but had no children. Solomon married

and died in the war of 1812, with England - without child. I am the next, have raised a large family. Elijah has raised a family. Arunah the seventh has a family. My oldest sister Elizabeth married and raised a family by a man named Lloyd (Lori) E. Archer. Polly, my second sister, married a man by the name of Dexter Newton, raised a family in the state of New Hampshire. My sister Sybbel, married a man by the name of Abram Newbury and lives in the state of Iowa.

My father was absolute in his family government, kind and affectionate to all his friends. His common practice was to make a feast once in a year and invite some of the poorest people that were in the town and seemed to take pleasure in their company. I lived with him twenty-five years and never knew him to turn a beggar away empty. He lived to the age of seventy-eight and my mother to eighty-six.

But to return to my own history — when I was but a child I frequently had serious reflections but never prayed. When I was a small boy my father was taken sick for some time I was not much concerned, 'til I heard some of the neighbors say that Mr. Pulsipher must die. This put me to thinking that if my father should die that a large family of small children would be left without a head to the open winter subject to many disasters that wer incident to human life. I could not bear the thought. An impression immediately came to me that I must go to the barn and there pray for his recovery. I turned and ran as fast as I could and when I got there I was about to bow down when something informed me that if I did I should die there and never return, which scared me so that I turned and ran back as fast as my legs would carry me. But my Father in Heaven took the will for the deed and restored my father to health.

Nothing of important nature happened for a number of years till I think I was about fourteen or fifteen years of age. When one evening as I was sitting by the fire-side in my father's kitchen alone, a sudden influence over-powered my mind to such an extent that I lost sight of everything on earth for some time, I never knew how long. Suffice it to say, that it was necessary that more preparation should be made before I should be willing to pass the Vale of Death. Though I could not be reconciled to souls left in Hell fire to all Eternity as I had been taught by the Sectarians, still there were some things among the Sects that appeared reasonable, I have often heard my father say that the signs of Christ's second coming was often seen and that he would come before many years should pass away. And if he did not live to see it, likely his children would.

However, when I was about twenty-one I married a very agreeable companion, lived with her about one year when she died leaving one child which we named Harriet. After the death of my wife (Polly or Mary Randell) I had some anxiety about her state and condition, consequently in answer to my desires in a few weeks she came to me in vision and appearing natural looked pleasant as she ever did and sat by my side and assisted me in singing a hymn - beginning thus: "That glorious day is drawing nigh when Zions Light Shall Shine." This she did with a seeming composure. This vision took away all the anxiety of my mind concerning her in as much as she seemed to enjoy herself well. This hymn which she introduced and sang with me applied to the great work of the Last Dispensation of the Fullness of Times. This

transpired about ten years before Joseph Smith had discovered the first Revelation of the work of the last days. My mind became calm as respecting her condition in the spirit world.

In the year 1814 I hired a farm at Bellevue Falls on the Connecticut River and being alone gave my brother John the privilege to work it with me. In the fall of that season there were the most extraordinary Northern Lights that I had ever saw. It was the cause of many speculative notions among the people but my father said it was the signs of the last days and of Christ's second coming. I regarded my father's remarks as specimens of good sense.

I soon wound up my business in that country and went to Pennsylvania, in Susquehanna County. A new country where there were much good timber. I built a mill, cleared a farm and married a wife by the name of Mary Brown. A very agreeable companion by whom I have a large family of kind children. I stayed in that country about eight years and labored very hard rafting on the Susquehanna River, and many times my life was much exposed but I stayed in that country about eight years and removed to Oneadago County in the state of New York. I then lost my only son by the fall of a tree which caused much grief to me in that place.

I had many agreeable friends and good society there. I bought a farm and built a mill. I also built a meeting house for the Baptist Church which I was then associated with. In the summer of 1831 I heard a Minister say than an ancient record or Golden Bible in Manchester near Palmyra which remark struck me like a shock of electricity at the same time thought it might be something that would give light to my mind upon principles that I had been thinking of for years and many times I had remarked that if the pure church with its gifts and graces was not on the earth, if so I had not found it. But I should be happy enough to find it in my day.

I embraced it accordingly in the fall of 1831 there was a Book of Mormon brought into town I succeeded in getting it I directly read it through twice gave it a thorough investigation and believed it was true and the winter following Jerod Carter came that way from a mission to Vermont or Lake George. As soon as he came into town I, with two Methodist Preachers went to see him after a reasonable introduction I questioned him upon the principles of the ancient gospel with all its gifts belonging to it. I asked him if he believed it, he answered in the affirmative. I asked him if he had ever laid hands on the sick and they had recovered. Yes, he said, he had in many instances.

He preached the following evening to a crowded congregation, held up the Book of Mormon and declared it to be a revelation from God. I could not gain-say anything he had said, he sat down and gave liberty for remarks, the congregation seemed to be in a maze not knowing what to think of what they had heard. I arose and said to the congregation that we had been hearing strange things and if true they were of the utmost importance to us. If not true it was one of the greatest impositions and as the preacher had said that he had got his knowledge from heaven and was nothing but a man and I the same, that I had just as good a right to obtain that blessing as he, therefore I was determined to have that knowledge for myself which I considered it my

privilege, from that time I made it a matter of fervent prayer.

I think about the seventh day as I was thrashing in my barn with doors shut, all at once there seemed to be a ray of light from heaven which caused me to stop work for a short time, but soon began it again. Then in a few minutes another light came over my head which caused me to look up. I thought I saw the Angels with the Book of Mormon in their hands in the attitude of showing it to me and saying "this is the great revelation of the last days in which all things spoken of by the prophets must be fulfilled." The vision was so open and plain that I began to rejoice exceedingly so that I walked the length of my barn crying "Glory Hal-la-lu-ya to the God and the Lamb forever."

For some time it seemed a little difficult to keep my mind in a proper state of reasonable order, I was so filled with the joys of heaven. But when my mind became calm I called the church together, (note: he was their minister) and informed them of what I had seen. I told them of my determination to join the Church of Latter Day Saints, which I did and a large body of my church went with me. I was ordained to the office of an Elder and went to preaching with considerable success at home and abroad. I had the privilege of baptizing Wilford Woodruff on the 31st of December, 1833, at Richland, New York.

At length there came one or two Elders there with enthusiastic spirits which led the church into diversion which caused me a journey of 325 miles to get council to settle the difficulty. I remained in that part preaching in regions around and had the privilege of baptizing many into the kingdom till the spring of 1835, in which I gathered up the remnants of that church and went to Kirtland. There I assisted in the building of the Temple; in the winter of 1836 I received my first endowment in that house, with about 300 Elders.

I labored to support my family and in the fall of 1837, I went to Canada on a mission, raised a branch of 29 members. I returned January 29, 1838, to Kirtland. I was ordained to the Council of First Presidency of Seventies. (Note: I took a mission south of Susquanahaunah and Delaware Rivers, preached considerable, established a branch with some persecution. One day I stopped my carriage at the hitching post before a large house, where I saw a number of women looking out the window. They were entire strangers too, as I had never seen them before. One woman met me at the door, called me brother, and said she had a vision she saw a Mormon Elder drive up to the yard, observe the horse and carriage and person, and as soon as she saw me she knew I was the one. We called a meeting and I preached there that night.)

The season following there arose a great persecution, the Saints were able to escape in the best manner they could. Joseph was carried away in a box nailed on an ox sled to save his life. Old father Joseph was taken out of a window in the night and sent away horseback. After the most of the saints were gone to Missouri I remained in Kirtland with about four of the First Presidents of Seventies. We continued to hold our meetings in the Temple. Accordingly while we were at a meeting one Sunday, we took a notion to put our property together and remove in that way and when we had made that calculation we felt a great flow of the spirit of God, not withstanding

the great inconvenience we labored under for want of means. We lacked means to move ourselves and many poor that were yet remaining that had neither clothing nor teams to go with.

But when they heard that we were going together and would help one another they wanted to join us and get out of that Hell of persecution. Therefore, we could not neglect them for all there was against them was that they were poor and could not help themselves. We continued to receive them till we got between five and six hundred on our hands. According to our covenant we had got them to move or stay there with them so we found we had got a job on our hands. We counselled together from time to time on the subject and came to the conclusion that we could not effect the purpose short of the marvelous power of God by the power of the Priesthood. Therefore, we concluded to best go into the Temple in the attic story and pray that our Father would open the way and give us means to gather with the saints in Missouri which was near a thousand miles away. Accordingly, one day while we were on our knees in prayer I saw a messenger apparently like an old man with white hair down to his shoulders. He was a very large man near seven feet high, dressed in a white robe down to his ankles. He looked on me then turned his eyes on the others and then to me again and spoke and said, "Be one and you shall have enough". This gave us great joy; we immediately advised the brethren to scatter and work for anything that they could get that would be useful in moving to a new country. Some went to making staves to sell on the Lake shore, among which I was one. I think it was in the month of March that I was at work in the woods about nine o'clock in the morning there appeared to be a mighty rattling of wagons at the south. I suppose it must be as much as a dozen wagons rattling on peddle stones, it continued to draw nearer till I discovered it to be in the air and as it drew near I heard the sound of a steamboat puff; it passed immediately over our heads and went on about one mile to Kirtland Temple, there it appeared in the form of a steamboat loaded with passengers. Old Elder Beamen who was the President of the Elders, had annointed them a few months before but had been dead a short time, he was in the bow of the boat. He was singing and swinging his hat till it came in front of the Temple. It then divided in two parts, the one was black the other white; the white went west and the black went north.

The explanation of the phenomenon we saw with much clearness. When with in a few months from that time there was a division of the authorities of the church. A number of the Twelve and First Presidents of Seventies descended and led many after them but the pure in heart went west. But we observe while we were attending to our prayers in the Temple from time to time there was a curious circumstance transpired.

A Methodist meeting house stood a few rods from the Temple which took fire one night there was a brand of fire thrown into the Temple at a window but went out. Most of the people being very hostile, the mob laid the charge of burning the house to the Council of Seventies. There was no doubt but they fired it themselves hoping by that means to get a pretext for our destruction but we knew we were innocent and trusted in God. We continued our course steadily along and paid no attention to them. There was a universal determination that we should never leave that place in a company and they knew as well as we that the poor could not go out alone; therefore, they had a deep plot laid for our destruction.

But we knew where our hope was grounded and kept our steady course preparing to go out in a company well organized. But as I related to the burning of that house, they raged to a great extent because most of them supposed that we had actually done it. But as the Lord dictated to the great leader of that mob who had once been a Mormon and well calculated to carry out his devilish designs - was held by the power of God so that he had a vision and saw those that fired the house and seemed to be greatly astonished for a while and then met with the mob and informed them that it was not the Council that burned the house and he knew who it was but dared not tell on account of the law because he could prove only by vision, which they would not believe and still swore vengeance on us. But he swore by all the Gods that lived that he would have revenge on them if they lost a hair of our heads. He had a large store of goods and could swear and get drunk. He had some influence with them so that we were preserved by the hand of God.

We obtained money and clothing for the company and the 4th day of July this man that had led the mob invited me to take all our teams and company and camp in a clover field which was about one foot high. I thanked him and embraced the officer. The next day we all went out all in order as we said we would in the beginning with about 65 teams and seventy cows. Nothing transpired for some weeks until we got to Dutton and got out of money. The people would take nothing of us but money for our expenses and at a high price too. We went into council and prayed to God for money and provisions. Accordingly the Lord sent a Turn-Pike Jobber after us to get us to do a job for him. We therefore agreed with him for a job of twelve hundred dollars which we did in good order with his acceptance. He then wanted us to do another job, it was then very dry and the wells so low that it was difficult to get water for our animals in the dry part of the country if we should go on. But we inquired of the Lord for what was best and we were impressed to go on, not knowing what we should do for drink but the day following there fell such a flood of water that the low places in the country were full and we got along very well. When we got into Illinois a few of our company stopped and further on in Illinois, Joseph Young with others stopped. The remainder of us went on continually hearing reports that there was war in Missouri and if we went on we should be killed by the mob. But we went in good order, keeping guards all the time. When we arrived within five miles of Far West, which was the Metropolis of the Church in Missouri, there Joseph and Hyrum met us, greatly pleased that we had arrived with so large a company. They conducted us on to Far West and we camped around the Temple cellar as they had it dug.

In the morning, the first of October, 1838, Joseph came to me and said he wished me to take company and go to Diemmon, Davies County, about 25 miles North which would take us two days and advised us to guard our wagons during the night. I informed him that his advice was good but we had not been without a guard since we left Kirtland. However, we went on to the place appointed and found a few brethren there surrounded by numerous mobs. Being greatly rejoiced to see us come and we were as glad to get through for we had been on the road with a large company from the 5th of July to the 3rd of October. We suffered the perils of a hard journey for near one thousand miles among a hostile people, but the Lord had brought to try us to see what our faith was made of. We expected we had got home where we

could locate our families and prepare to build up Zion, therefore we sold our loose property for improvements, subject to free nation rights.

The people being much opposed to our faith decided to drive us out of the Country and obtain their farms back again that we had paid for. To carry this out they began to burn their houses and then go to the Governor and swear that we had drove them out of their settlements and burned their buildings. Davies County was a beautiful place situated on Grand River. First rate land and plenty of good timber where we supposed there had been an ancient city of the Nephites, as the hewn stone were already there in piles also the Mound or Alter built by Father Adam, where he went to offer sacrifices when he was old. Leaning upon his staff, prophesying the most noted thing that should take place down to the latest generation, therefore it was called "Adamon-diamon".

There we stayed about a month, being continually annoyed by mobs and thieves stealing everything that they could lay their hands upon that belonged to people of our church. In the time I was there I assisted to build sixteen houses and the longest that I lived in one was four days. I had a large family with an aged mother; I think I never slept many nights while I was there without having my sword and pistols by my bed and frequently called by the sound of the Bugle to defend the people from mobs, yet all the while we expected to stay there and by faith and works retained our places.

Then one day there came two messengers from Far West and informed us that Joseph, with others of the authorities of the church at Far West were delivered into the hands of the mob and that they (the mob) had three thousand men and the word from Joseph to us was that they would be likely to come here soon and advised us to lay away our arms, go to work and submit to anything that they should say. This struck us with a great depression of spirit, not knowing how to comprehend the ways of God. We had expected to stay there, locate our families and preach the gospel, but we were disappointed and right afront us we knew not and were left in a perfect state of suspense. But we knew nothing than to abide by the word of the Prophet. But in this conflict of feeling I walked away from the company where I had received the above information toward the grove and said in the anguish of my soul, "Lord what does all these things mean?" The answer to me was instantaneous, though in-expressed "Be still and know that I am God". In a moment I was at rest and happy in my condition. I returned immediately back to the company that I had left and said to them, "Have no fear for God will provide a way for our escape". So we trusted in Him but if we had not have received word from Joseph we should have been very likely to have sent hundres of them to hell, cross lots, for there were about 130 of us well armed. There was but one place where they would be likely to cross the river in a line exactly in front of our cannons, well loaded with small slugs of iron. We had not only our houses, lands, wives and children, but the House of God to fight for. But the Lord's "Be still, and know that I am God" was with us. Therefore, we were quiet, bearing the afflictions that were laid upon us. We went to our labors, soon after this. I, with other people, went across the river three miles to gather corn, when 800 of the mob were seen coming upon us; as they came up to the gate where we were at work they halted and sent a messenger to inform us that we were then prisoners. I happened to be on a load the nearest to the, they directed their attention to

me and said we must go with them. I observed to them that we were there gathering for our families and cattle which they were in view of. They then said we might fill our wagons, get some boys to drive them home and go with them.

Accordingly we did. They went about a mile and halted. We were surrounded by a strong guard for some time and then discharged and sent home to await their trip into town. We had not gone more than 50 or 100 rods before we heard a volley of guns fired. I would think from fifty to one hundred. The balls came there among us. We looked around and saw a company supposed to be one hundred men paraded a little to the south of the main camp. They also gave a second shot; we kept a sturdy walk as though nothing had happened, for they hurt none of us. We went home the same day into Diammon, took all arms from the people and then put strong guard around us.

In that time we were often insulted by scoundrals in the shape of men which brought us near a fight, but the commander stopped it however. He prowled around there for a number of days and then gave us ten days to get out of that place or the mob would be set loose upon us. This had been the case all the time but now we had nothing to defend ourselves with. Besides there were many poor people that had no teams and many widows that had nothing but small children.

I immediately got my horses shod and took my family, a widow and family, another family all to one lead and moved to Far West, then returned back after another family. This was among the last that went out while the mob were prowling about stealing all they could find but although I was alone the last night I lay down by the side of my horses and saved them and went the next day and got the other family and carried them to Far West. This was the last of November; we were all destitute for grain or feed for our teams, our fields of corn were 20 miles off among the mobs as was also what few cattle we had but the most of our corn was destroyed before we could get it. We therefore, had hard living through the winter. After I had obtained a little meal for my family I went away up to the Platt Country with my team to get work for money to move out of the State in the spring as the edict of the Governor was that we should never raise any more crops in that state.

I obtained some money and returned to my family, but while I was gone I was obliged to stay at a mob tavern one night, alone, where they were very hostile. I did not like their appearances but I was obliged to stay there or run the risk of freezing on the great cold Prairie, therefore, I had to watch as well as pray. But in the later part of the night I heard people in the lower part of the house in much commotion. I heard them saying they never saw such things before. They seemed to be much astonished at what they saw in the heavens. I raised myself up in bed, and looked out and saw a very bright circle around the moon with a very bright half circle at the outside of that with a very bright spot at the side of that nearly as big as the sun, then another apparent sun in the northwest with another in the southwest, which gave a very extraordinary appearance. This gave them such a fright that they could pay no more attention to me, so I went on in peace.

But I prepared to move to Illinois. I took my horse and rode to Richmond to get my gun that they took from me at Diamonn in the war.

I obtained it and prepared to move in March. I buried my mother there on a divide near Plum Creek. We succeeded in moving to Burney; I found rents on houses so high that it would be hard for a poor man with a large family as I had to obtain a living and get anything ahead. Therefore, I took my horse up the river to Lyman and found a forest of about 11 miles square and considerable game in it. I went into the timber with Brother Burgess. I lost one horse moving from Missouri, my son-in-law lost one too, and had to stop among strangers with my daughter who had given birth to a child on the prairie.

I borrowed another horse and went to Illinois with my family and then returned for the remainder. We went into Bear Creek timber and with one horse and our hands, built three homes, cleared 13 acres of land and put it into crops, but we had nothing to live on until the crops were ripe. Brother Burgess and boys were strong to work out but I was not able to do so on account of the exposure that I had past. Therefore, I could not do a days work in a day. I knew not how to obtain food for my family. While hesitating upon these things, I dreamed that I was going to make boxes and measures and also dreamed how to make a frame to turn them in and dreamed that my women and children were making baskets and that I went to sell them. In the morning I went and found some excellent timber for that purpose and made the frame according to the pattern that I had seen and also found some suitable timber for baskets.

The women went to work according to their direction from me. We soon obtained a small load and went out into the settlement and sold them directly for every kind of provisions that we wanted to live upon and some money. In this way we got along until harvest.

This season one of our neighbors from Nauvoo came for help in sickness and informed us that there was not well ones enough to take care of the sick. I sent my daughter and sister there to help take care of the sick. I promised them that I would come to conference and see them. Accordingly, when the time came, I took my carriage and went up. Went first to the place where my daughter was, and found the house shut up, window curtains drawn. I knocked at the door, and a faint voice answered. I went in and found a large family and every person laying prostrate. My daughter was the last one that came down and she had been down about one week having the whole family to nurse night and day, she could not endure it. When I entered the house she heard my voice and she sprang from the bed and said, "Father, you have come. I want to go home." I told her to get ready and I would go and look for my sister. I went where she was and found her and the family in the same situation. I put a bed into the carriage and went home the same day and nursed them three months before I could heal them.

It was thought that my daughter would die but I did not give her up, but I called to the bed one day to see her close her eyes in death. I saw her apparently breathing her last. At that instant the Spirit of God came upon me. I said, "Mariah, do you want to live to raise a family, keep the commandments of God and do all you can to build up Zion?" She opened her eyes and said she did. I said to her, "Then, you will live." The hour she sat up in bed and immediately got well, as did also my sister.

I would like to tell another little incident that happened. There was a man with a family come into the church, who lived about

fifteen miles from me, who had a brother-in-law that was possessed with the Devil, and was chained in a tight room. Numbers had been there to administer to him, but to no effect. I went there to preach in the after part of the day. The man got loose and was breaking down the ceiling. They had been in the habit of getting a very strong man to help on such occasions, and were about to send for him in a hurry. I desired them to let me see him before they did. They were afraid he would come out and kill some of them. With much persuasion I got them to unlock the door of his room, but of all the rough language and profane swearing, and threatening anyone who came in sight, I had never heard before. They said he was dangerous to encounter with, but I entreated him to let me open the door. I had full confidence that I could handle him, with the help that God would give me. I was satisfied that they did not understand my intention.

I looked through the crack of the door. When he caught my eye he bawled out "Old Pulsipher, I know you of old." At that instant I burst the door open. He stood with a sharp stick in his hand drawn back ready to stab me. Although he was a stout man and full of violent passion, I closed in with him so quick that he did not know what was up till he lay on his back, and I holding him while they bound him again. The family seemed a little surprised, however, before I left next morning the man whose name was Samuel Newcomb wished me to come and stay with him one year. He would give me large wages for he said that I could handle the sick man with ease and he could leave his family and home with more safety. He was a man of considerable business and property to manage. I asked him if he wished to gather up to Kirtland with the church. He said he would if he could sell his farm. He wanted \$1,611 for all. We arranged for him to go the next spring, and I took the whole care of the wild man. I recollect at one time upon the matter of his feeding, he flew into a rage all at once and broke loose. I was at work in the barn and a messenger came running for me, said the man was killing his mother. I rushed into the room, took him by the shoulders and shook him and said, "Sam, what are you about?" He in a moment left his raging, dropped his head and became docile till he was bound again. Later on we counceled with old Father Smith and he advised us to get seven Elders of good report, and fast and pray till he was delivered. We consulted the family, who had not kept the word of wisdom, but they agreed to do it. We therefore, took the man, loosened his hands, administered to him in a room by ourselves, and I do not remember of him having a raving spell after that for six months. Then the Devil entered him again. We were called for the second time. The family had promised to keep the covenants, but we found they had returned to the old practice of breaking the Word of Wisdom. We therefore sent a message to Father Smith, and he said if they would not keep the covenants we might go about our business and let them all go to Hell together.

I labored to support my family and in the fall of 1837 I went to Canada on a mission, raised a branch of 29 members, returned January 29, 1838, to Kirtland. I was ordained to the Council of the First President of 70's.

After we had lived in this place near two years, Joseph requested the first Presidents of Seventies to come to Nauvoo; I being one of that number I immediately repaired to Nauvoo and located in its

vicinity, made a farm, lived comfortably and assisted in building the Temple. But Missouri mobs were continually seeking the life of Brother Joseph. I think there had been some forty raisings against him without success.

These mobbers finally came to the conclusion that the law could not reach him but powder and ball could. Therefore, they organized a mob of about 200 men, put him in Carthage Jail with Dr. Richards, Hyrum Smith and John Taylor. The mobs came and broke the jail, shot Joseph and Hyrum and wounded John Taylor. (This being done it gave us a hard shock and caused much mourning) by shooting four balls into him. The fourth saved his life, striking his watch which was in his vest pocket. After Joseph had fell dead one of the ruffins made a move to take off his head but a singular light shown around him (Joseph) that struck the man with fear. They therefore, flew in every direction and disappeared. Our brethren went and brought them home and buried the dead and restored the wounded.

At this time the mob expected we should rise and give them battle; we thought best not to do it. We just kept still and continued our work on the Temple, finished it and got our End. But at that time most of the 12 were absent on missions. Sidney Rigden, who aspired for the Presidency came and called the church together and presented his claim for the Presidency. But the 12 soon came home and appeared on the stand at the day appointed for choosing. Sidney made his plea. Brigham Young began to speak and at that time I sat with my back towards the stand as did many others. And when Brigham spoke he spoke with the voice of Joseph and we turned around to see Brigham speaking in Joseph's voice and behold Joseph's mantle had fallen on him. The people understood it in the same way. Brigham stood at the head of the Twelve therefore the church turned to him.

Persecution continually waxed against the church. They thought it best to go to a more secluded land accordingly in January, 1846. I had notice to be ready at three days notice to leave on account of so many attempts to destroy the church. At length I had the notice and started with good team the 2nd day of February, crossed the Mississippi River and went as far as Sugar Creek, till the cold weather broke.

There were about 500 of the heads of the church here. I went back once, gave my son orders to sell what property he could and take the family and follow as soon as the spring opened. We went on from Sugar Creek in the Spring, but streams and tempests opposed our march till late in the season.

I frequently went forward to Pioneer the way and organize places for the poor to stop that was not able to go any farther. In May I took my team and went back to meet my family and found them in Lee County, with two teams, a few cows and a few sheep. My sacrifice there was about two thousand dollars. We went on and crossed the Missouri River that season and established a place called Winter Quarters. That fall and winter, which was 1846 and 47, the church suffered exceedingly. When we got there we found so many sick and dying by exposure that I took my team and what help I could raise and drew timber four miles and built six houses. Then I was obliged to go

down to Missouri for provisions, was gone about six weeks in winter, camping out, exposed to all the storms that is common in that season of the year.

I brought home what I could; when I got home I was so far exhausted by exposure that I could not walk one step without two crutches. I then sent my boys again, while I took care of the cattle which amounted to 18 head. Many times I went on my crutches to get on my horse, then rode all day to save my cattle from the Indians, who were continually killing them.

That winter was a sorrowful time for the church. Five hundred of our young men were demanded by the General Government through the influence of Old Tom Benton, who was a noted mobber in the first Missouri persecutions, and was then in the Senate. This left the church with old men, children and many poor women, while their husbands were fighting the battles of the United States.

There were not well people enough to take care of the sick and dying. My boys continued to team through the winter till they both got sick. John was laid on the bed and was near the gate of death for a long time, when I was called in to see him breath his last. He was taken with pneumonia what many people think to be certain signs of death. He looked very much like it to be sure. When I came in the doctor and my family stood around the bed. I called to him and he opened his eyes. I said, "John, you are not going to die now. I cannot spare you now, you must get well to help us move through the mountains." He immediately began to vomit a large quantity of the most filthy matter I ever saw come from any person's stomach, as black almost as ink. From that hour he began to recover, and soon got able to drive a team.

In the spring the Church Leaders organized a company of about 50 wagons and we started for Salt Lake. I was advised to take ten wagons and go ahead and assist in making roads, but such storms followed us as I never saw. The highest and driest land in the country was soaked with water so that it was difficult to get along with a wagon. One morning I got on my horse and rode back a few miles to see how the company was getting along. I saw a man walking, with a rubber coat on. I asked him how they got along and he said "first rate"; he put his hands in his pockets and they were full of water.

Parley P. and Orson Pratt and myself went forward, to look for location for the poor, and such as could not go on. We found a grove of timber and called it Garden Grove, a convenient place for a settlement. I then unloaded my wagon and delivered my load of flour and bacon and went back to look after my family. I met them not far from the Mississippi River - 1847. One boy got his leg broke and one man broke his arm in my company, but I set them and they soon got well.

We arrived in the Valley about the 23rd of September, 1847, with all our stock except the sheep. Those we lost at Winter Quarters. We immediately prepared to build. I found grain scarce and hard to get. John Kneff was building a mill, the only one in the Valley. I

sold three cows to pay his workmen that I might get grain after he got his mill to running. I went to him for \$20 in grain but he said he could not let anyone have more than half that sum, and that was not half what I had paid for. This made me feel very disagreeable because I had a large family and three other families of my friends that had no way of helping themselves and money would not buy it.

I thought on it one night and then come to the conclusion that I would build a mill and take a part of the toll of the grain that was in the Valley. Accordingly, I rallied my help, went onto the mill sight, dug a hole in the bank to live in through the winter about the first of December, and we commenced getting timber, without feed for our cattle and but little for ourselves. We continued our labor with about half rations upon all the different branches of the work till the first of March. By that time we got the first grist mill started and timber out for a sawmill. When done, I ground for one-sixteenth, while others ground for one-twelveth. From that time we had bread to eat with all our families. I have seen the hand of God in preserving ourselves and cattle while the snow was three feet deep in the canyon where we got the timber and some of the time more than one foot in the Valley. And we had not as much fodder as could be carried in one load, and when I looked upon the circumstance I could not comprehend it in any other way but the marvelous power of God in sustaining them.

1850 - This was a hard season for many after we got our mill running we had enough but lived prudent on account of so many that had none. Indian meal would command \$5.00 per bushel but so many poor had none that I sold all I had to spare at \$1.00 per bushel, though I was offered \$5.00 by those that were going to California, but their gold would not buy it of me when so many poor were starving. There were some informed me that they had not any bread in their houses for six weeks and came to me to buy bran but I sold none, but gave them that. This scarce time caused people to scratch for life to raise grain, but the crickets were very trouble-some and destroyed many crops in 1851. But in 1852 the gulls came and destroyed them according to the word of the Prophet.

We built a house 34 by 30 on the corner of block 82 on Jordan street. The next season we built a large barn and made a farm over Jordan about two miles off which gave us a good chance to keep cattle, there was nothing then of a very extraordinary nature with exception of Brother Brigham preached continually to bring the church to obedience, but they were growing rich and careless. Till about the time of the October Conference in 1856 when I understood Brother Brigham to say that the Lord would wait no longer. I think he did not define what chastement testimony that some uncommon event was near at hand, but I was not aware that I had become so dull and careless relative to my duty, till Brother Kimball called on me in public to awake to my duty. I began to call more fervently on the Lord. I soon saw that Brother Kimball was right and that I was holding a high and responsible station in the church as asleep with many others.

Brother Grant who was one of Brigham's councilers was authorized to preach repentance to the people and to a good effect. I with the associates of my Council went before Brother Brigham and

informed him that if he knew of any others that would take our places better, magnify it for the interest of the Kingdom than we could, he was perfectly at liberty to do so, but he told us to go and magnify our calling ourselves. There was much confessing among the people of their faults. Brother Brigham gave some strong prophetic language relative to the United States of America. I think not far from this the President and Congress became very hostile to us and seemed to have design to brand us like themselves or destroy us. Therefore, they sent an army to bring us to or destroy us, but we thought it nto best to bring them in among us because we did not like their hostile spirit nor their habits. Therefore, we sent a few of our young men to meet them which brought them to a stand for further consideration. In the spring following, all the north part of the Territory moved south till the army passed through to their quarters at Camp Floyd.

But previous to this the President and Congress saw their mistake in sending the army here. Notwithstanding, they had charged us with treason and many other offenses, they sent commissioners here, forgave all our sins against them and wished peace and tranquility. Accordingly we all moved back to our possessions peaceably. In the meantime, we were rather destitute of clothing but speculators followed the army and brought more goods to the valley than was ever brought before. So that the people were decently clothed. All this we considered direct from the hand of God to supply our wants. But evils have followed the army, such a herd of abominable characters have come in their wake, that lying, gambling, robbing, stealing, and murdering till it seemed as though they were determined to break up all law and order in the Territory.

They brought with them much liquor which still furthered them in their abomination, and many of our people who were weak joined with them in their wickedness, especially the rising generation who imitated their habits. This gave us some trouble to keep the church in order. Brother Brigham preached continually to bring the church to obedience, but they were now careless.

We had some trouble with the Indians, but nothing in consequence of our being driven out from the United States. I think all the wars we have had with the Indians have not as yet made us so much trouble as the army's sent from the United States.

I still continue my labors in town and on my farm what time I could get I had much labor too among the Seventies remaining counselor. I was frequently out four or five evenings a week besides day meetings.

In March of 1857, I married Martha Hughes, daughter of James and Ann Picton Hughes. She bore me five children.

I discovered that with age that I had approached that it began to wear upon my constitution, I was advised by some to give up my presiding and let a younger man take it that envoked upon it. I therefore gave it with the privilege of remaining in the body of the Seventies or join the High Priests Quorum. I therefore have yet remained in the body of Seventies, considering they were both embraced in the Melcezedic Priesthood. It was a matter of indifference with me.

However the Southern Mission that had been in action for some time had some influence with me, partly on account of its necessity and partly on account of some of my boys that were called there. Therefore, I said I did not know but that I would go there if the Presidency thought it best, but no sooner than they heard of it they sent me an order to go with my family. I therefore put myself in the way of selling my property. My boys heard of it and came to help me move to Dixie. Accordingly the fall of 1862 I removed to Shoal Creek, where my boys were keeping a herd for the Southern people. I found it to be a very healthy section and I enjoyed myself very well, considering the obscurity of the place. We were a great distance from the abode of the white men, in the very midst of the roving red men.

I will not reflect back to the time our family meetings convened. The first was on February, 1855. I called my children together at my house in Salt Lake at this meeting and said, "I want to instruct you a little and give such advice which I hope you will remember. First get the spirit of the Lord and keep it, the most of you have the Priesthood and you will be likely to use it to govern your families and bring up your children.

"When a man has a number of good children he loves all of them. If the destroyer comes to take one of them which will he give, most likely the one he cannot keep, of course. Which child can't you keep by the prayer of faith and the authority of the Priesthood? Pray mighty to God let your thoughts be raised in prayer day and night, that you may have the spirit of the Lord to be with you. Never speak till you know what you are going to say. Never whip a child in anger, be sure that the spirit of the Lord dictates you when you groom your children. Never let your girls go with men that you do not know for some men have the fever of seducing, therefore, beware who they go with. Some women think if their husbands get another wife they cannot love them any more but they are under great mistake for he can love one hundred as well as the sun can shine upon each of them in a clear day - if God requires you to get them. Such idle thoughts should be banished from their minds forever. Why is it so, because it is God's order, a man may love his wives just in proportion to their acts of kindness to him. I beg of you mothers to take care of your children while they are with you. I now will give way for you to speak." Then each child would bear their testimonies. These meetings were held regular once a year and recorded until his death.

He was instrumental in building the town of Hebron. There he died January 1, 1872, at the age of 84. This day closed another chapter in the Book of Life for one of God's chosen and noble sons.

TO THE FAMILY OF ZERAH PULSIPHER

Died January 1, 1872

Zion's noble son is sleeping
Neath the sod of Zion's land
Chosen by the great Creator;
And by the strength of nature's hand.

To the just his spirit has wafted,
Not to rest, but plod along;
In the quest of the resurrection,
Which God says is in the morn.

Among the rocks, amid the desert
He has striven to maintain
Zion's standard in the mountains,
And to honor his Makers name.

Scores of branches from the honored
Taught by him to reverence God;
Have sprung up and dwelt in Zion
And sing their praise with one acord.

Through a useful life he's passed,
Bearing Temples unto God;
Choosing right; maintaining justice;
Taking this path for his abode.

Like the rock of Gibraltar
He has stood from first to last;
Through the blast of persecution
And to God his anchor cast.

Companions of the dear departed,
One with tottering steps and hoary hair;
Sons and daughters of the Shepherd
Weep not for they father dear.

(Red at his funeral. Author unknown).

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MARY BROWN PULSIPHER

My grandfather and grandmother Brown I knew little about; they died when my father was quite young. They had three sons; Joseph, John and Jonathan.

My grandfather and grandmother Fairchild I well remember. Grandmother died when I was four years old, in Connecticut. Grandfather then went to Pennsylvania and died there. I think they had five sons and two girls. The names that I can remember are Samuel, Sherman, Stephan, Eunice and Sarah. Grandfather's name was Stephen, and grandmother's name was Eunice.

My father, John Brown, born February 25, 1770. Their children were:

Juda Brown, born November 2, 1793
John Brown, born August 24, 1795
Eunice Brown, born August, 1794
Mary Brown, born March 2, 1799
Thirsa Brown, born July 11, 1802
Sally Brown, born February 27, 1805
Catherine Brown, born August 13, 1808
Loring G. Brown, born April 17, 1811

They were all born in Connecticut, but Catherine and Loring. They were born in Pennsylvania.

My father moved from Connecticut to Pennsylvania when I was six years old. My father's home was a home for the Methodist Preachers and all other preachers when they came. I joined the Methodist church when I was 13 years old. I lived in Pennsylvania until I was married in 1815 to Zerah Pulsipher. My oldest child was born May 30, 1816.

Mary Ann Pulsipher, born May 30, 1816
died July 14, 1816
Almira Pulsipher, born September 8, 1817
married Horras Burgess
died March 8, 1868
Nelson Pulsipher, born March 28, 1820
died May 7, 1824
Mariah Pulsipher, born June 11, 1822
married William Burgess
died, 1893
Sarah Pulsipher, born November 20, 1824
married John Alger
died January, 1909
John Pulsipher, born July 17, 1827
first marriage: Rosella Huffaker
second marriage: Esther Barnum
died August 9, 1891
Charles Pulsipher, born April 20, 1830
Mary Ann Pulsipher, born November 20, 1833
married Thomas S. Terry
died September 17, 1913

William Pulsipher, born January 21, 1836
married Ester Chidester
died March 12, 1860

Eliza Jane Pulsipher, born July 26, 1840
married Thomas S. Terry
died May 6, 1919

Fidelia Pulsipher, born October 13, 1842
died January 8, 1846

We lived in Pennsylvania seven years. Did a great deal of hard work there; then left and moved to New York State — in Oneadago County. There we heard the gospel preached for the first time by the Latter Day Saints. We went forth and were baptized in the year 1832 by Jared Carter. He baptized about 20 in that place. Then ordained my husband, Zera Pulsipher, and left him to preside over the Church. He baptized more. We stayed there about two years, then moved 20 miles to Fabius; lived with a Doctor Newcome one-and-a-half years. Then we all went to Kirtland, Ohio, together. Stayed there four years. Zera was ordained there one of the first Seven Presidents by the hands of Joseph Smith, the Prophet.

He helped build the Temple. Got his endowments in it, then we were driven from that place with the rest of the Saints. We started in July (the 15th) with a large camp for Missouri. We all got there in the fall and went to Davies County. My husband was one of the Council that led the Camp. We stayed in that place one month; then we were driven from there by the mob. Then we went to the far west and stayed there through the winter. Then we had to go again. We started in March for Illinois. We stopped 25 miles from Nauvoo, in Bear Creek Woods.

The winter we were in the Far Western part of Missouri, we had to part with our good old Mother Pulsipher. She was sick one week, and then died. The day before she died, she lay looking up. I said, "Mother, what do you see?" She said, "Oh, don't you see that light?" I looked, but could not see any. The next day she saw it again over her bed. She said, "That is a light to light me through the dark valley of death." Then she fell asleep without a struggle or groan. I think she was 85 years old.

We stayed in Bear Creek Woods nearly two years. Then the first Presidency had gotten out of prison and out of Missouri. The Saints had begun to settle Nauvoo. They sent for us to move there. We went there and stayed, I think, five years. My youngest child, Fidelia, was born there. She was a very smart, promising child, but we could not keep her only four years and three months. We buried her there. We helped build the Temple there — got our endowments in it — then we started with the rest of the Church west to find some place where we could live in peace. We were two years, not forty, in going to Salt Lake. We helped cultivate the bare desert and make it "blossom like the rose." My husband was one of the City Council most of the time we were there.

Then we were called to go south three hundred miles and help cultivate another barren desert. We have lived 10 years in this place, Hebron. We have enjoyed great blessings, lived in peace, none to molest or make afraid, although we have had to part with some of our dear friends here. Almira, my daughter, died in March, 1868, and John's



MARY BROWN

wife, Rosilla, and little boy, William Lewis, died. We lived here, enjoyed ourselves well with our children and grandchildren all around us until my husband was called away by death, in January 1872. He lived to a good age, and then went down to the grave like a shock of corn, fully ripe. I am spared yet. I hope to do a little good before I die.

I used to say when my children were small if I could live to see my children grow up and be honorable men and women, it would be all I could ask for. I have lived to see them all settled with good families, all trying to do what good they can to build up the Kingdom of God. I feel very thankful and much pleased with my children. I hope they will live and do much good; be united and be agreeable, and try to help each other and carry out the council their father and mother have given them. I write this after I am 72 years old, for my children to look at. It is written very poorly. Perhaps you cannot read it.

May God Bless You All.

By request I write a little more history and experiences. Eight years have passed away since I wrote the little sketches. I am still here. I will begin by my first experiences in the Methodist church. My parents taught me to be honest, industrious, and to keep the Sabbath Day. They were very strict Methodists. When I was about 13 years old I thought I ought to join the Methodist Church. It was the only church I knew much about. The preachers came every week to preach at father's house. I told him I wanted to join the church and he said I could. I did not know but they would call on me to relate a great experience when I was converted, but I could not have told them. All they did was to put my name on the class paper for six month's trial. When six months was out the preachers said, "Here is Sister Mary. She is a good, faithful, worthy Sister. I motion that she be taken in full fellowship." I was voted in. Perhaps one year passed — not a word was said about baptism. I said to the preacher, "Do you believe baptism to be a duty for us to obey?" He said baptism was not a saving ordinance, just to answer a good conscience. I said, "I see by reading the New Testament, I consider it a duty — a command." He said, "What say?" I said there was only one way that looked to be right — to be immersed and buried in the water. He said, "The Savior set the example and He was not immersed. He went out into the water and knelt down and had some water poured on his head." He said he had seen it in history. He went to the water. He sang and prayed, then took me by the hand and led me to the water, saying, "Step in and kneel." I did. He dipped a little water, said over the ceremony, and poured it on my head, while he stood on the bank — did not wet his feet. I thought if baptism was to answer a good conscience, I was not satisfied. It looked like mockery to me, but I had done my duty.

I write this to let my children see the darkness and ignorance the world was then in. Surely the Prophet could say darkness and sin had covered the earth, and gross darkness, the people. I rejoice that we live in a day that the true light and true gospel was shining.

I think I was in the Methodist church about 20 years before I heard the true gospel. We happened to see the Book of Mormon. We

borrowed it, read it, and believed it, but did not know anything more about it. We were very anxious to know more about it. It was not long before a Mormon preacher came. We had a great many questions to ask. He told us how the Book was found and translated. He said baptism by immersion was the only right way. It was for the remission of sins. I thought that looked right. In a short time some were ready to be baptized. I wanted to be at the first opportunity, but Satan thought he would hinder it. The night before baptism, I was taken very lame with rheumatism or something. I was so sick I could not get around much. As they were fixing to go, Brother Carter said to me, "Sister Pulsipher, if you will do your duty, you shall be healed." I took a cane and hobbled to the water and went in. It was a very cold day, but I came out well, left my cane, and went away rejoicing. I was very ignorant, I had not heard anything about being confirmed, or receiving the Holy Ghost. The next evening went to meeting and the six that were baptized were there. When he put his hands on my head, he said, "Sister Pulsipher, by the authority of the Holy Priesthood and in the name of Jesus, I lay my hands on your head to bless you and to confirm you a member of the Church of Jesus Christ. I say unto you -- receive the Holy Ghost." He promised great blessings if I would be faithful. The spirit of the Lord was there. We sang, prayed, and praised God together. It was not long before the news went around that Brother and Sister Pulsipher were Mormons. Some would not believe it until they came to see us. We had plenty of visitors. Some came to try to convince us that it was all delusion. They thought they could reclaim us, but went away disconsolate. Others came to inquire. They said if we had got something better, they wanted to know it. They would be baptised and go home rejoicing.

I will mention one that came to see me. My brother-in-law, Joseph (Joe) Chidister. He lived four miles from me; he was going to move away, but could not go without seeing me. I had belonged to the same church he did. He was a preacher. He said I was the last one he thought of as being led away with such hearsay and delusions, as he thought it was. "Well," I said, "If this is what the world calls hearsay, to worship my God," said I, "I know in whom I believe." He said, "I think in about six months you will see your error. I think Mormonism will be all down flat in that time." I said, "Joseph, I have not the least idea that it will. It will stand. But if it does come down I never could go to the Methodist or another church that I know of. It would be going right into darkness." He said, "I see I cannot convince you, but I have done my duty." He cried and bid me farewell. I said, "I thank you for the kind feelings you have for me. Do not worry about me." I never saw him after that. He moved away, lived a few years and died very suddenly with heart disease. He had an appointment to preach the day he was buried. His wife, my sister, died soon after. I think they have heard the gospel preached before this time. Zera and Joseph were great friends. He had not read the Book of Mormon nor heard a sermon preached. He judged before he heard -- like so many others. If they would hear and heed, without prejudice, there would not be half so many among hearsay, delusion, and false prophets.

Well, I began to gather with the church. Went to Kirtland, there had my blessings from the first Patriarch in this church, Father Joseph Smith. He said I should have my friends with me in this church, and that I would be the means of saving and redeeming them. I believe

every word, but did not understand how it could come to pass. I never heard nor thought of being baptised for the dead. He said I had left all for the gospel, I should have a hundred fold in this world and in the world to come, life everlasting, with many more good blessings if I would be faithful.

I am almost 81 years old, have lived and enjoyed myself well with my children a long time; I expect the time will come when I must leave them. I have watched over them, tried to comfort them and instruct them right. I pray that they may live in peace, be united, and keep all the commandments of God. If riches increase, set not your hearts on them, but lay up treasures in Heaven. It is the only safe place that we can lay up riches.

I would like to have my children live near together to help and comfort one another. May God bless you all.

Mary Brown Pulsipher
Hebron, March, 1880.

MARY BROWN PULSIPHER'S FAREWELL ADDRESS TO HEBRON

(These are a few lines mother wrote on October 16, 1863,
before going to St. George to live a while.)

I have been in Hebron from the beginning. I located with my boys as they were herding cattle at Shoal Creek when the main part of this country was a desert and sage plain. I have worked hard to make this a beautiful happy home. With the help of my boys, I built the first house out of the fort. Have lived in it about 15 years, and enjoyed myself wonderfully well in it. Have had much joy and comfort in it. Have seen the place grow and flourish, but the time draws near when I expect to leave it, perhaps never to return, but I leave it with the best of feelings. I never expect to find any place I like as well. If I should die away from here I want to be brought back and buried here with my friends that are waiting for me behind the veil.

I have been in this church 52 years; passed the persecutions with the Saints, but never felt to complain, but that all would be well. I pray my Father in Heaven to bless Hebron, bless the people. May Lord bless the land, the water, the cattle, and all; may it be a healthy delightful place. I bid you all farewell.

Farewell, dear Hebron, we love so well,
Farewell, dear Saints, that in it dwell
May you all be true, keep covenants well
That we may all in Glory dwell.

Mary B. Pulsipher

I, John, take the liberty to write a little in this book, as mother has passed away from mortal life.

She died on the 7th of May, 1886, in the midst of friends and about as near ready as mortals ever get. So I record a little more of her history in this book.

As she lived to such advanced age, her children well desired her to give up housekeeping and live with some of us. Then we would know if she needed anything and could help her so much better than if she was alone in her little house. So she did close her house and have a good time. She went to St. George and visited her daughters, Sarah and Eliza, and their children and friends for several months. She then returned to Hebron and had pleasant happy times with us at Hebron for about two years.

Truly we did have an enjoyable time talking of early life, incidents of history in Connecticut, and the U. S. A. and the restoration of the Gospel and the rise of the church in this age of the world.

When she died we buried her by the side of father in Hebron Cemetery. Here is some of Mother's own loose papers that I will record in this book.

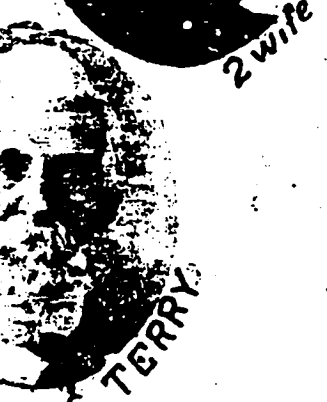
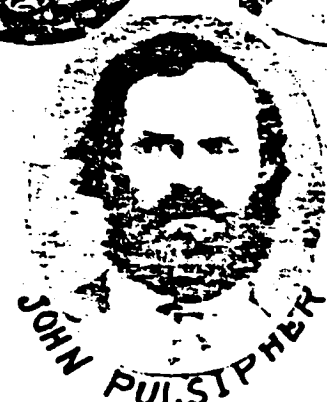
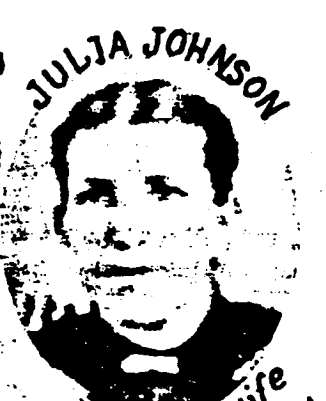
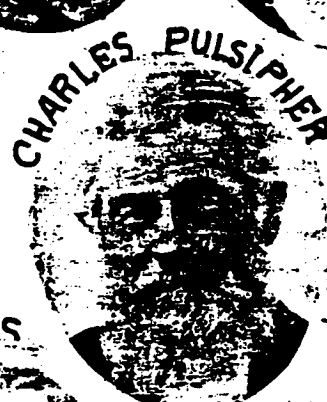
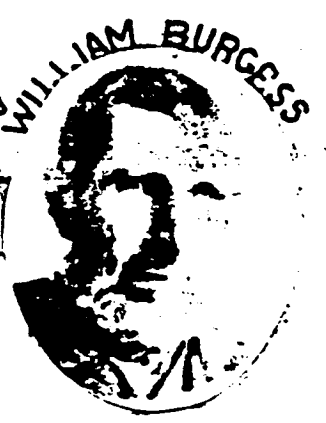
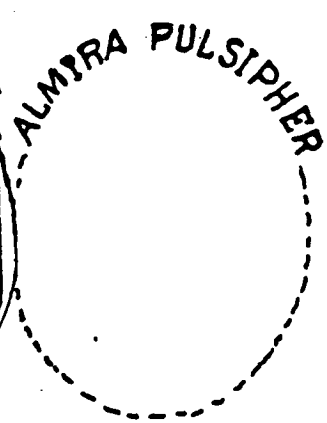
March 2, 1879 — "When I went to the Relief Society Meeting I expected to see 10 or 12 sisters and 3 or 4 of the brothers there — the Bishop told me he was going. When I opened the door, the first I saw was long tables loaded with pies, cakes, cheese and the comforts of life. I looked around and saw about every family in town seated there, about 90 per cent besides the babies. I was so surprised it almost overcome me. I said, 'What does all this mean? I came to a meeting but it looks more like a feast.' I then took my seat. The Bishop then arose and said, 'This is in honor of Mother Pulsipher. This is her 80th birthday.' I then began to cry, I was so overcome. The food was then blessed and all enjoyed it to their fill until all had enough. I was then called on to preside over the meeting. After singing, I asked my oldest son, John, to open the meeting with prayer. Another hymn was sung, then I walked onto the stand and said, 'I don't know as I can say much, but I think these people can keep a secret, for I knew nothing of this feast until I was right here and opened the door. I feel very unworthy to have so much honor and respect shown me. I thank you all. I ask my Heavenly Father to bless you all. I suppose I am the oldest person here — 80 years old today. I have been in the Church over 47 years; have passed through persecutions, mobbings and driving with the Saints since the days of Kirtland. I rejoice that I am worthy to have a name and place with these people.

"I left all my friends but my own family. Father Smith, the first Patriarch in the Church, laid his hands on my head and blessed me. He said I should have my friends in his church, would stand on Mt. Zion, help save and redeem them. He said I had left all to obey the Gospel and that I should in this world have a hundred fold. That is fulfilling very fast. I have 56 grandchildren and 75

great grandchildren. So you see there is upwards of a hundred fold now and increasing at a wonderful rate. I beg you all, the sisters of the Relief Society, to be faithful, do all the good you can, be united, put your faith in God, and you need not have any fears."

. . . Mary Brown Pulsipher

Husbo & Wives of Zera & Mary Brown Pulsipher



Pictures by Melvinty

A BRIEF HISTORY OF ALMIRA PULSIPHER BURGESS

By Nora Lund
Pulsipher Family Historian

I regret very much the fact that we haven't a complete history of the life of Iona Almira Pulsipher Burgess to go along with the others in this book. But I will do the best I can with the information I have been able to gather. (Thanks to Uncle John's diary).

We know, of course, that her parents were Zerah and Mary Brown Pulsipher and that she was born in Pennsylvania September 8, 1817. She was the second child born to this couple. Their first child being Mary Ann, born May 30, 1816, and died July 14, 1816. She was about five or six years old when her folks moved to New York state. It was here that her brother, Nelson, just younger, was killed in May of 1824 by the fall of a tree.

It was the year 1831, when Almira was 14 years old that she, with her family first heard the gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. She was baptized the next year, in 1832, by Jared Carter. Her father was appointed Presiding Elder and did what he could to preach the gospel to others, but he had a desire to gather with the Saints in Kirtland, Ohio, and arrived there in 1835.

It was in Ohio that Almira became acquainted with young Horace Burgess, son of William and Vilate Stockwell Burgess. He was born January 23, 1816. They were married in 1836 when Almira was 19 and he was 20 years old. Their first child, a boy, whom they called Hyrum, was born May 25, 1837.

These years were troubled ones for the Mormon people and Horace and Almira did not escape. We know how they were implicated because of the reference to them, made in the personal histories of Almira's sister, Miriah, who later married William Burgess, a brother to Horace; also, from her brother, John Pulsipher.

In the early summer of 1838 the saints were forced to leave Kirtland. The Burgess family, being faithful members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, went along with the rest to Missouri. They thought they would be safe there, but met with the same opposition as in Ohio.

When Almira and Horace were living in Far West, Missouri, she wanted to have a little visit with her folks who lived about 30 miles away at Di-amond. After her visit she returned to her home. She was heart sick and discouraged when she found the mobs had entered her house and plundered and stolen her few belongings.

It seemed the devil was really turned loose in the hearts of evil men. Even the Governor of the state of Missouri was one of the Mormon's worst enemies. He issued an order to the Saints which read as follows: "The Mormons must leave Davis County, Missouri,

within ten days and leave the state before seed time. If one of them is found there after that time, his life will be considered no more than that of a wolf." The mobs stayed to see that the orders were executed and while they remained they lived off the Mormon's grain, pork and beef. They would burn up the fences and do all the damage they could. On one occasion they wanted a rope to tie a horse up, so they shot a poor widow's cow right beside her door and cut a rope out of the hide before the cow was even dead.

This country was supposed to be a land of liberty where everyone could worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience and have equal rights. But with such an order hanging over them there was no time to waste. Almira and Horace moved to Caldwell County and established themselves for the winter.

They were forced to leave their land that they had bought. It was with curious feelings that they left this valley of Adam-on-Diamon where in the days of old, Father Adam had stood at the altar and given his last blessing to his children as they were assembled.

There weren't teams available to draw the goods and the people too, so the women and children were obliged to walk, along with the men. It was a terrible thing to be driven from their homes to travel over the cold prairies covered with snow, camping at night in wet clothing with very little food.

Almira was with her parents and brothers and sisters in this camp in Caldwell County. She was glad her mother was there when on April 3, 1839, she gave birth to her second child, another boy, whom they named George Martin Burgess.

Soon after this the Burgess and the Pulsipher families, along with their neighbors, started across the state of Missouri to Illinois. After traveling about 200 miles they reached the Mississippi River. Just prior to this, one of the horses in Horaces' team fell dead in the road. This was a great handicap to their progress but members of his family came to his assistance and they traveled on.

The people residing in Illinois seemed to be more tolerant toward them, for the time being, at least.

They looked around for homes but all the houses were full. They heard of a large tract of vacant land in the north part of Adams County so they went to it. Besides Horace and Almira, there were William Jr., and Mariah, father William Burgess, father Pulsipher and their wives and children. It was quite a little colony who made a road into the woods called the Bear Creek timber. They stopped three miles east of Lima and 20 miles north of Quincy, Illinois.

They all worked together and seemed like one large family. When one killed a deer it was divided among the group. In about one month they had three good log houses built, 12 acres of land fenced and most of it planted into corn. They caught fish, killed game, picked greens, etc. They worked and bought some corn of the old farmers who lived at a distance around them. They made roads into the woods. Some other Mormon people came and settled about two miles from

them making a larger settlement, with Isaac Morley as Presiding Elder. They enjoyed their meetings with this group and the Spirit of the Lord was with them. He blessed the land for them and blessed their labors. Their crops yielded in abundance and their flocks and herds increased. Farming and shingle making was their principle employment.

The Lord soon made known to this people that they were to build a Temple to His name. We know that Horace would do his part in laboring on this sacred building, and that Almira would be right there to give him what assistance and encouragement she could.

Like the people of other states the Mormons had been in, the inhabitants of Illinois felt that this industrious people were getting too much of a hold on their fertile lands, so they commenced persecuting them too. Mob violence became very pronounced. The Church leaders were imprisoned or persecuted. The Temple was completed and dedicated under these trying circumstances. Finally the Prophet Joseph and Hyrum Smith were killed in cold blood and Brigham Young, a stalwart character, held the main body of the Church together.

The only thing left for President Young to do to save his people was to move still farther west beyond the confines of the United States where they could live in peace and safety.

The news was welcomed by Almira and Horace and the other Saints, even though they had no idea what tribulations lay ahead of them. Spare time was spent in building wagons, buying teams and securing provisions to make the journey when the notice was given.

Almira's father, Zerah Pulsipher, her brother, Charles and Horace's father, William Burgess, were in the company with Brigham Young and members of the "Twelve" who crossed the Mississippi with the first pioneer company in February of 1846, and worked their way westward over the territory of Iowa. The weather was cold and stormy. When their provisions gave out they went down to the nearest settlement in Missouri and worked for more, and then proceeded on with their road building.

On May 20, 1846, Almira, Horace and two children, her sister Mariah and William Burgess Jr., and their two children, the family of father William Burgess, the family of father Zerah Pulsipher, also Elias Pulsipher and his family made ready to start to find the camp of Israel on ahead.

This company had been traveling for nearly a week, making what headway they could with light teams and heavy loads, when they were pleasantly surprised to meet father Pulsipher and father Burgess coming back for them, fearful that their families had not yet started and that enemies would be upon them. So, they had come back to assist.

They traveled on until they came to a settlement on the Des-moin River and then stopped and worked about two months for more provisions. They also traded horses for oxen and on August 10, started again on their journey. After traveling 21 days, they passed by Carden Grove and Mt. Pishga, resting places where the poor Saints had stopped to raise crops so they could pursue their journey. They arrived at the head quarters of the Camp of Israel on the west side of

the Missouri River, September 1. Horace worked hard along with the other men to cut the abundant native grass for hay to feed their animals during the winter. They built 800 log houses in a few weeks to house the people before winter.

Almira was very thankful to have this shelter from the fall weather because on October 5, 1846, her third child, little Susan, was born.

As soon as spring broke, Brigham Young and quite a company again set out westward to find the place for the Saints to make permanent homes.

The Pulsiphers and Burgesses stayed on at Winter Quarters with the remainder of the Saints to leave the next spring. Until it was time to plow the fields and plant crops they spent their time in fishing. They made a sieve net, four yards wide and forty long which served very well for bringing in the fish. They would go to a little lake about 20 miles up the Missouri River.

They hauled in many loads of choice fish, fresh from the water, which was a great blessing to the suffering poor and the best medicine to cure the scurvy that they could get. They were very thankful to the Lord that he had made fish available.

There was much sickness and suffering in the camp that winter and spring. The number that died exceeded anything that had happened before. They started to recover somewhat when they could get some vegetables which consisted of pig weeds for greens and some wild roots, like small potatoes.

Almira did not escape these tribulations and another cross she had to bare was to share her husband with another woman. The Church leaders were advocating to a few stalwarts, the practise of plural marriage. Horace was one of the men who married another woman. Perhaps Almira was just a bit jealous because he chose Bolania Pulsipher, who was 13 years his junior. She was the daughter of Almira's cousin, Elias Pulsipher.

Family stories have it that this marriage caused a separation between Almira and Horace. Bolania had one child, Lucinda Burgess, who died at the age of 3.

Horace died June 17, 1849, at Winter Quarters, probably a victim of the terrible diseases that were taking so many lives at that place.

None of us can say what the feelings of Almira were. She may have become somewhat bitter with her lot because her sons, Hyrum and George, never discussed their mother with their families. Upon my inquiry to Ruth Burgess Gardner, a daughter of George who lives at Lund, Nevada, she writes, May 24, 1953:

"As to the life and history of my grandparents, Horace and Almira Pulsipher Burgess, I know very little. Father never said much about his mother. It seems she was very headstrong and she and grandfather separated over polygamy and she married a man by the name of Petit.

"I don't know if she ever came to Utah. There was one child by her second marriage. Horace Burgess, my grandfather, died in Winter Quarters when he was getting ready to cross the plains."

Mrs. Dora Burgess Shepherd of Alpine, Utah, writes, July 5, 1953:

"I know nothing about my great grandmother Almira P. Burgess after Horace Burgess died. My grandfather, George Martin was hurt at his mother because he figured she gave him and his brother away to their Uncle and married again.

"She had a daughter, Susan, who stayed with the mother and I have been trying to locate some of her descendants. They may know more about her than I do. All of George Martin's children are dead except Ruth Gardner in Lund, Nevada, and Willard Burgess of Ogden, Utah."

We know that Almira came to Utah and on to Hebron with her people because her mother, Mary B. Pulsipher, states in her history that her daughter, Almira, died March 8, 1868, at the age of 51 years.

Rose Burgess of Sparks, Nevada, whose husband is a great grandson of Hyrum, contributes the records that Hyrum Burgess married first: Eliza Jane Dykes; second: Mary Ann Hales; and third: Agnes Smith. George Martin Burgess married Rhoda Ann Dykes. Susan Burgess married, first, Jacob Crandall and second, Smith Tanner. Hyrum died September 24, 1924, and George died March 18, 1923.

PERSONAL DIARY OF MARIAH PULSIPHER BURGESS

Mariah Pulsipher Burgess, born March 17, 1822, in Suschuanah County, Pennsylvania. I moved with my parents, Zerah and Mary Brown Pulsipher to Onandago County, New York, when I was a small girl.

Jarad Carter came to New York preaching the gospel. Father, mother and sisters, Almira and Sarah and I were baptized in January of 1832. My father disposed of his property and we made our way westward. In 1835, there was a stake organized in Kirtland. We moved there and helped build the Temple. Soon after it was dedicated the mob started persecuting the Saints. My father being one of the first seven Presidents over the Seventies, had to leave. They bound themselves under a covenant to put their means together and not leave one Saint behind. They left Kirtland with 500 Saints.

We traveled to Dayton, Ohio, there we had to stop and each work to get means to go on. The camp was divided into 9 divisions. We lived all alike, and a Commissary to give out provisions. We held evening and Sunday meetings. We enjoyed a stay of nine weeks and obtained the necessities and moved on. We had not gone far before we were met by Mobcrats, telling us we had better stop because we would be driven out. Joseph and Hyrum Smith met us at Far West, Missouri. They greatly rejoiced to see us. They preached to us that night and told us to settle in Di-amond, Davis County.

The next day we started on our journey of about 30 miles, as we arrived a mob was riding around threatening to kill us. Father was taken prisoner with about 30 others, but later released. I have been on the spot, a large pile of rocks where Joseph Smith says it was Adam's Alter in Di-amond about 1/2 mile from our place.

We lived there about six weeks before being compelled to leave. My grandmother, now 86 years old, said she had come to Zion to lay her bones down and now had to be driven on. She went to Far West with us and spent the winter. About a month before we had to leave, she died.

In the spring we moved again, crossed the Mississippi River and went up the river to a little town called Lima. We went three miles from any settlement in the woods, east of Lima. There we camped and got some ground cleared off to build a log house and plant a garden. About a mile away the Saints made the "Morley Settlement". We much rejoiced to find a place where we could live without being molested. There I formed an acquaintance with William Burgess and about a year later, September, 1840, I married him. Soon after my marriage, we settled in Nauvoo, Illinois, and helped build a city in spite of much sickness.

The mobcrats were continually seeking Joseph Smith's life. He and Hyrum were finally slain, what a time of trouble.

That fall I was so 'low' I told my husband to pray for me. Before he returned to bed he prayed for me. I prayed too, asking

the Lord to show me whether I should live. I lay free from pain for about an hour thinking of the situation of the Church, having to leave in the spring. I was not asleep. The room shone bright, all of a sudden I saw evil spirits; I was scared and was just going to call my husband when a voice spoke. "I am your Ministering Spirit." It immediately came into my mind that I had heard the Prophet Joseph say while preaching that Angels had appeared to him. He said the third time they always answered. I spoke the third time. The spirit then spoke, "If you were to see me it would scare you. You would not know the things I am going to tell you. You shall be well in the morning; from this time you shall have more faith. You shall have a dream that shall comfort you. When you have a dream that troubles you, you may know it is from the evil spirit. Be careful of your health, and do not do too much hard work. Obtain your Patriarchal blessing, this shall be a blessing to you."

I asked if Joseph Smith died a true prophet. He spoke, "He died a true Prophet, Brigham Young is now the man to lead the Church. If you will covenant with me not to reveal it to the world there shall be things revealed to you that shall be greatly to your benefit." I then saw in a vision the beauty and glory of plurality of wives. It said, "Your mother and your sister, Sarah, do not believe in plurality. Almira knows it is right; tell them what you know and they will all believe you."

I got up well. I had been three weeks confined to my bed with chills and fever. We received our endowments in the Nauvoo Temple. There was the spirit of the Lord present until we felt we had been paid for building it, even though we were driven out and had no further use of it.

We started west in the spring with an old wagon, one yoke of oxen, one cow and all the things we could load in the wagon. We felt to rejoice that we escaped with our lives. We traveled on with a small company through mud and storm, stopping along the way as the men could find work. We stayed at Winter Quarters, the men all worked in companies to cut hay and erect houses for the winter.

I was living in a leaky log cabin without a floor in November when a daughter (Juliett) was born. I was never able to leave my bed. The baby had to be weaned at three months. I was very sick, but my father and husband would not give me up because I had two other little children, Mary Harriet and Carnelia, to look after and care for. They said I should live, so I gradually got better but was very weak. Hundreds of the Saints laid their bodies down there.

President Young started with some more of the brethren in the spring to find a place for the Saints to settle. Some of the companies stayed and put in some corn and garden. I was sick all the first winter we lived at Winter Quarters. One of our oxen and cow died. In the spring my health was very poor, but my husband had to leave me and go to work to buy another oxen and get provisions to take us over the plains to the Valley.

He had not been gone long until my baby took very sick. No one thought she could live. I prayed to the Lord to spare her life and she commenced to get better. I did not write to my husband to tell

him how low she was. I did not worry him, when he came and saw her he asked, "Do you think she can live?" I said, "Yes, she is better and will live." There was only about one in six of the children who lived from these illnesses. Hundreds died.

In the spring we got ready and left Winter Quarters. Most all the Saints left that spring. President Young and the "Twelve" all started. They organized in companies of hundreds. My father, Zerah Pulsipher was Captain of our Hundred.

We enjoyed ourselves, although I was not able to leave my wagon much. We camped one night on a sand hill without feed and water. I was taken sick. As soon as daylight came we went about six miles, found water and feed and stopped. There my first son was born, after dinner we traveled on. I kept in bed about two weeks, then was able to get around. I felt able and willing to go through suffering to find a resting place where the Saints could worship the Lord with none to molest.

When we got to Salt Lake we camped out. My baby lived out of doors until he was three months old. We got a house and put up a little mill to grind corn. The next summer we lived in a dugout. My baby took whooping cough and was very sick. We called President Young to administer to him. He looked at him and said, "He is a noble spirit." He blessed him and said, "He shall have the Priesthood whether he lives or dies." But we had to part with him - John William.

That was a great trial to have my only son taken from me. I was sitting alone a few days after my baby's death, reflecting on its death, the Spirit returned and said to me, "You shall have a son and he shall live." In about 9 or 10 months I had another son - Wilmer. He did live and is over 30 years old and is a good man.

My baby, John William, died in the spring up canyon creek. He was taken down to the city to be buried, the third to be buried there. We soon moved to the city. It was laid out in lots, a few houses were built. We lived in the 16th Ward. We built a house with three rooms.

(Just a few items added by Nora Lund, Family Historian)

Mariah's husband, William, was the son of William Burgess and Vilate Stockwell Burgess. He was born March 1, 1822, in Putman County, New York. The children born to this worthy couple and who they married, are:

Mary Harriet, born May 22, 1842, Nauvoo, Illinois;
Married, Joshua Chidester
Carnelia, born January 9, 1844, Nauvoo, Illinois;
Married James Hughes
Julieta, born November 15, 1846, Winter Quarters;
Married Joshua Chidester
John Williams, born 1848 on way to Salt Lake City,
Died in infancy
Wilmer, born April 1, 1850, Salt Lake City, Utah;
Married Tresa Jane Heath

James Calmer, born April 15, 1852, Salt Lake City, Utah;
Married Mary Louisa Heath
Vilate, born 185—, Salt Lake City, Utah;
Married Joseph Meeks
William H., born January 20, 1860, Salt Lake City, Utah;
Married Mary Ann Davis
Anettia, born 186—, Salt Lake City, Utah;
Married Orson Robins.

The family was called to the Dixie Cotton Mission in the fall of 1862, arriving in St. George on New Year's Day, traveling with the rest of the Pulsipher family.

I would like to include a little item in the book "Under The Dixie Sun" in the Pine Valley write up, which refers to William and his brothers.

"In 1863, the three Burgess brothers, Harrison, William Jr. and Melancton, and their father, William Sr., moved in from St. George and set up a sawmill in the canyon about a mile and a half above the Riddle Mill. It was located under the steep bank north of Birch Flat at the junction of the road to the lake and the main highway."

Another item in the same book says that the general exodus took place from Pine Valley in 1880, some going to Emery County and other places. This is, no doubt the time that Mariah and William and their family moved to help settle Huntington in Emery County.

This good woman died in Huntington in 1893, at the age of 71 years. Her husband lived on until March, 1906, and died at the age of 84 in Huntington.

HISTORY OF SARAH PULSIPHER ALGER
1824 - 1909

Sarah Pulsipher was born November 2, 1824, in Stafford, Onondage County, New York. She was the fifth child born to Zerah and Mary Brown Pulsipher. The older members of the family, Mary Ann, who died in infancy, Almira, Nelson and Mariah were all born in Pennsylvania where the family lived for quite a few years. It must have been in the latter part of 1825 or the earlier months of 1824 when Sarah's father moved his family to New York State where he bought a farm and built a mill. His diary states that he built a meeting house there for the Baptist Church which he was then associated with. It was here that little Nelson was killed by a falling tree.

Sarah was just seven years old when her parents heard and accepted the gospel of truths as taught by Jerad Carter and other missionaries of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Then in 1835 her father moved his family to Kirtland, Ohio. At eleven she would be able to remember many experiences about this journey to Kirtland. When the persecutions became more severe they later moved to Nauvoo, Illinois. Her father's history gives realistic accounts of the hardships they were forced to endure.

Among the group of Saints was a young man by the name of John Alger who had been born November 5, 1820, in Willaby, Asthabula County, Ohio, to Samuel Alger and Clarrisa Hancock Alger. This young couple became good friends and when Sarah was eighteen and John twenty-two, they were married in the Nauvoo Temple, February 13, 1842. It was about 1843 that a little boy, whom they named Nelson, came to gladden their home, but he wasn't permitted to stay with them. Sarah Ann was born April 13, 1845, at Nauvoo.

Soon after this they were obliged to leave their homes and travel westward away from their enemies. Thus it was that Olivia was born at Winter Quarters, Nebraska, June 23, 1847. Just before they arrived in Salt Lake City, Sarah gave birth to Adeliza, August 9, 1849. As this young couple struggled to establish a home in a new land their little family was added to by the arrival of John Zera, January 15, 1852, their first boy to live. Martha Ellen came December 4, 1853, Ann Eliza, December 20, 1855. All these were born in Salt Lake City.

It was the year 1857 when Johnson's Army were determined to enter the peaceful valley of the Saints. Sarah experienced many anxious hours as her husband went with the rest of the men into the mountains to thwart the plans of the approaching army. The inhabitants of the Valley were instructed to move south out of the way of the intruders should they get by the guards. At this time Sarah was in a delicate condition and it was in Payson, Utah, that she gave birth to Samuel Nelson, April 26, 1857. When the troubles were over the people moved back to their homes in Salt Lake City. She next gave birth to Alva Don, January 21, 1860. Willard Edger arrived April 11, 1862.

It was in the fall of 1862 that a call was made to re-inforce the new settlements far to the south in Utah's Dixie. John and Sarah Alger were among the families who accepted this mission. Sarah was happy to know that her dear father and mother and all of her sisters and brothers and their families were to journey south also. They started making preparations right after the October conference and it took them until the first day of January, 1863, to reach their new location in St. George.

Shoal Creek or Hebron was soon established by the Pulsiphers and a few other families, so the Algers moved there. It was in Hebron that Sarah gave birth to her eleventh and last child, Mary Edna, December 9, 1865. The family later moved to St. George and established a permanent home.

It might be well to give the names of the persons each of Sarah's children married. Sarah Ann chose William Edward Cowley. Olivia married first, Philip Oakden and second, Hyrum S. Bryson. Adeliza married, first, Andrew B. McArthur, and second, Thomas Price. John Zera - Anna Mary Barnhurst. Martha Ellen - Abram Church. Ann Eliza - Joseph Price. Samuel Nelson - Ruth Elmira Pace. Alva Don - Dolly Young. Willard Edgar - Ida Pulsipher. Mary Edna - first, Frank Ashby, and second George Morris.

I, Nora Lund, wife of Terry Lund, a grandnephew, wrote the above facts. I am indebted to Aunt Sarah's grandchildren for the remaining and most interesting part of this sketch. Those whom I contacted and who were so helpful, are: Olive A. Truman, Eva Paxman, John and his wife Mary - children of John Z. Alger. Erma Sorenson - daughter of Olivia Price. Nellie Twitchell, Edan Cunningham and Manie Randell - daughters of Willard E. Alger. These people knew and loved their grandmother. May I be pardoned for not giving more of you grandchildren an opportunity to express yourselves in these pages. It is my hope that your own copy will contain your personal impressions and incidents in the life of your grandmother that you remember best. It is important that your children and grandchildren know her as you did, by your stories.

Nellie Twitchell says of her grandmother:

"Grandmother was a very proud, dignified lady. I can't ever remember seeing her when she didn't look like she had just stepped out of a 'band box'.

"She did very fine needle work. She made a beautiful silk quilt, a crazy patch, and such beautiful stitches that it took first prize at the fair.

"I remember helping her feed silk worms. I think she was one of the first to raise them in St. George. I remember, on her 80th birthday, they had a party for her. She was dressed all in white and sang, 'Oh My Father', besides joining in the games. She was very witty and always had an answer to everything.

"She was a Temple worker for thirty years. She was very kind to everyone, especially to the Indians. She had doctored them many times, always preparing her own medicines.

"She crossed the plains in 1848, lived in Salt Lake until 1862. My father, Willard Edgar Alger was born April 11, 1862. They moved to St. George the following October."

Manie Randell remembers her grandmother telling of watching the construction of the St. George Temple. How beautiful and smooth the rocks were when they were finished up and ready to go into that sacred building.

"Grandma was an Ordinance Worker for many years. Until the last two years of her life she hardly missed a week. She had poor health the last year and couldn't go at all.

"She used to get us grandchildren to go and do the baptising for the Alger and Pulsiphers. She took me one day and asked me how many I could go for that day. I told her twenty, but I went and was baptized for 125. She said 'the more you do today, the more people can have their work done, as they are all waiting anxiously on the 'Other side' for the people here to do it, as they never had a chance.' So, I went several times after that.

"She was always telling about something that happened on their trip across the plains. How they prayed for a safe night's rest when they camped.

"She told us of a rattle snake going up grandpa Alger's leg it touched his garments at the knee and fell dead at his feet."

Erma Sorenson says - "I remember the old Temple wagon that came every morning and picked up the temple workers. It had steps down from the back and seats on both sides of the 'White top' wagon. It was driven by Brother George Worthen. Grandma would send me out to sit on the ditch bank to watch for Brother Worthen. She was always so particular not to have him wait, she did not like to hear the sound of his whip on the top of the white top, if he had to wait long.

"Grandma was a government Doctor to the Indians. She got a check each month for this service until she died. The Indians had sore eyes so much and she would bathe them in salt water. No matter what was wrong with them she always had a cure.

"She was among the first to raise silk worms in the Dixie Mission. She raised the worms, spun the silk, wove the cloth and made a good lot of it up into clothing.

"Grandma was a good hand at teaching youngsters to learn to dress themselves. I guess I was spoiled and pampered being the only girl. I used to bawl around for Ma to come and dress me but one morning Grandma turned on me and said, 'You are a big girl now and your Ma is not going to dress you any more' — and she didn't!"

John and Mary makes the following comments:

"John remembers the 'snake story' and said it happened when they lived in Dimond Valley. The snake crawled up Grandpa's leg. He just stood there a second, said it stopped crawling when it got to his knee. He gently shook his pant's leg and kicked a little and it fell dead. 'Something queer about those old timers.'"

Mary says: "We were at Aunt Addie Price's home in St. George when the first automobile came into St. George. Aunt Addie came calling to us to 'come quick' the automobile was coming up the street. We were in the basement part of her house. Grandma passed us all and was out on the sidewalk cheering that new invention. She was always interested in improvements of any kind.

"Grandma seemed to have quite an influence around the Temple. When we went to have our endowments we came from Panquitch and forgot our recommends. Well, we got through the Temple in grandma's boat.

"I remember after I came into the family, seeing Grandma Alger wear a black silk dress. She said she raised the silk, spun the thread, wove the cloth and made the dress by hand. She was a wonderful seamstress. She was also an expert at making buckskin gloves for ladies. She made hundreds of pairs. My Mother had a pair of her gloves, I can remember they had bit high gauntlets, all silk embroidered. They were lovely.

"There is one thing that I remember John's mother saying about Grandma's hair. She had beautiful hair, even when she died, not very grey. Grandma said every few weeks she rubbed coal oil and salt into her scalp, then fine combed it. She was a great hand to have the children comb her hair. If she ever caught a youngster idle, she'd hand them a fine comb and take down her hair and they'd have a job as long as they'd comb. My oldest daughter, Cecil, remembers combing her hair when she was just a little tot."

Olive Truman entitles her contribution as "Mine and Grandma Alger's Memories".

"I think Grandma was about five feet and two or three inches tall. She would have weighed about one hundred and twenty or thirty pounds after she got old. She was very erect and dignified and proud in her carriage. She had good articulation in her speech. I loved to listen to her talk because I could always hear what she said.

"About my first memory of her was when Uncle Don Alger died of Delamor dust. He was laid out in Aunt Addie Price's parlor. His little boy, Lafayette, and I were the same age, about three or four years old. We asked her if we could see Uncle Don. She took us each by the hand and led us to where he was then took the sheet from over him and stood us on a chair so we could look down at him. Then told us to feel his face and hands. She explained that that was always the way people were after they had gone to Heaven so it did not hurt us when we were put in the ground. That same day he would take his little boy in his arms and he would be happy again! I have always been thankful for that experience. I have never had any fear of the dead or dying.

"She came to spend the summer with us in Enterprise when I was about twelve years old. Her stories made early Utah life very vivid in my mind.

"She told how grandfather and Uncle Charles Pulsipher were among that handful of men that circled around the knole in full view

of Johnsons' Army. They would have to hurry so fast on the opposite side of the hill to catch up with the last one in sight that it was hard to keep men in sight all the time. It was a rough part of the country with lots of trees and underbrush. When Grandfather was finally relieved from duty and returned home his clothes were almost entirely torn off of him. As usual he only had one suit of anything to wear so she took part of the home-made rag carpet to make him some trousers so he could return to his duty. She chuckled when she told about his beautiful striped new trousers and what a lot of fun they had had over them.

"Her brother, Charles, was sent into the Johnsons' Army camp at night as a spy to find out what he could of their plans. He went at night while Johnson and his men were around their camp fire with their wagons in a circle as the Mormons had done. Uncle Charles crept up in the darkness and crawled under a wagon until he reached the front of it and was huddled close to a small bush under the wagon tongue and double-trees. He was listening intently when he heard foot steps right close to him. He did not dare to move for fear he would be heard. The footsteps kept coming closer until they would have touched him if he had not been protected by the wagon tongue and double-trees. In a few seconds warm water commenced to trickle down over him. He took quite a sprinkling before the soldier had finished his job and went back to the fire. Uncle Charles decided he had heard all he wanted to for one night and was not long getting out of there.

"I do not remember ever being at Aunt Addie's place while Grandma lived there without there being Indians and usually a yard full of them around. They would bring pine nuts and 'jerkey' or buckskin to trade for medicine. She made excellent buckskin gloves and always got a good price for them from the white folks. Sometimes the Indians would just sit on the ditch banks or steps in the shade just because they felt at home around there. The squaws did the laundry for Aunt Addie. Grandma made most of her medicine, usually pills. She had a pension from the U. S. Government when she was old, for doctoring the Indians.

"She was the first wife of John Alger and gave her consent to his having a second wife whom father called 'Aunt Jane'. Grandma and all her children loved Aunt Jane. She almost raised both families while grandmother made the living.

"Neither Grandma or Aunt Jane lived with Grandfather after he took other wives. I think he married three after them but they all left him when he got old and childish and become interested in Spiritualism. Grandma never quite forgave him for that.

"She was a steady Temple worker for a long time in the St. George Temple."

Aunt Sarah Alger died January 1, 1909, in St. George, Utah, at the good old age of 85 years.

JOHN PULSIPHER'S HISTORY
1827 - 1891

(Historian's note: John's diary has been greatly reduced for this book. The original diary is in the hands of Mrs. J. D. Pulsipher in Mesquite, Nevada.)

I, John Pulsipher, was born in the town of Spafford, Onondaga County, State of New York, North America, on the 17th of July, 1827, this being the year that Joseph Smith got the plates which contained the Book of Mormon. When I was four years old, said Book was published and one copy came into our town, father got it and read it, he with the neighbors Elijah Cheney, S. Roundy and others would sit and read and talk day and night 'till they read it through and through. They believed it was brought forth by the power of God, to prepare the way for the second coming of the Son of Man -- it was just what they were looking for.

The first Elder that came into our town was Jared Carter who baptized father, mother and the children that were old enough, and a number of the neighbors. Father was made presiding Elder of the Branch January, 1832.

Father sold his farm to prepare to gather with the Saints. We moved twice in two years and in March, 1835, we moved to Kirtland, Ohio. After traveling 3330 miles we arrived safe in the Stake of Zion, saw the Prophet, the commencement of a city, and foundation of a Temple.

I was baptized when eight years old on Sunday between meetings, by Elder A. W. Babbitt in the presence of crowds of witnesses. We worked at farming, shingle making and helped build up the city and finish the Temple.

All seemed to go smoothly until after most of the authorities of the church got their endowments, then the devil set his forces to work to see what they could do. Mobs gathered on all sides -- the first Elders of the church had to get away the best way they could to save their lives. In the winter of November, December and January of 1837, father went on a mission to Canada. I was a little over ten years old, instead of calling the Bishop to get firewood for us, I, with the help of Charles, my younger brother, got firewood and kept a good fire all that cold winter and when father came home we had three cords of wood piled by the house, which we had cut and hauled on a hand sled that we made.

The Church in Kirtland was now broken up and the poorest of the poor were left, but they all covenanted that they would go together or stay together. This was in the spring of 1838. The Presidents of the Seventy took the lead of business, they advised every man that could work to go into the country and work a few months for horses, cattle, wagons, harnesses, money, store pay and etc., which they did.

They worked and prayed and the Lord worked with them. Signs and wonders were seen and heard which caused the Saints to rejoice. One pleasant day in March while I was at work in the woods about one mile from the Temple, with father, Elias Pulsipher and Jesse Baker, there was a steamboat passed over Kirtland in the air. It was a clear sunny day. When we first heard the distant noise we all stopped work. We listened and wondered what it could be. As it drew nearer we heard the puffing of a steamboat, intermingled with the sound of many wagons rattling over a rough stony road. We all listened with wonder — but could not see what it was. It seemed to pass right over our heads — it passed right along and soon went out of my hearing. When it got down to the city it was seen by a number of persons. It was a fine and beautiful boat painted in the finest style. It was filled with people, all seemed full of joy. Old Elder Beamon, who had died a few months before was seen standing in the bow of the boat swinging his hat and singing a well known hymn. The boat went steadily along over the city and passed right over the Temple and went out of sight to the west. The people of Kirtland that saw the steamboat in the air said as it arrived over the Temple a part of it broke off and turned back and went north and was soon out of sight. While the boat, all perfect shape, went to the west, more beautiful than before.

The powers of the Lord was manifested in various ways — angels were seen in meetings, who spoke comforting words — that in as much as we would be faithful the Lord would help us and we should be delivered from our enemies.

In June the company met, brought in their property which they had earned, and behold they had means sufficient to move all the Saints from Kirtland. On July 6, the camp started to move in order. The company consisted of 515 souls — 249 male, 266 females, 27 tents, 50 wagons, 97 horses, 22 oxen, 69 cows, and one bull. Our enemies had threatened never to let us go out of Kirtland, two wagons together, but when we got ready to start the largest company of Saints that had ever traveled together in this generation started out in good order without an enemy to oppose us.

While we were at Dayton, Ohio, the devil entered our camp and got possession of one of the Sisters. She was in awful pain and talked all the time. The Elders administered to her — the evil spirits left her and entered another person — and on being rebuked again would enter another, and so continued most of the night. But when the devil was commanded in the name of Jesus Christ to leave the camp he went but was very mad, he went through the whole camp made a roaring noise, knocked over chairs, broke table legs and made awful work.

We again pursued our journey sometimes the weather was good and sometimes bad, sometimes our tents would blow over in the rain storms in the night when all within, beds, people and all would get as wet as drowned mice, but we could sleep in wet beds and not get sick by it.

At Far West, Missouri, we were met by the Prophet Joseph Smith and sent 30 miles north to strengthen a small settlement at Adam-On Di-Ahom. It was the handsomest country I ever saw. We bought land and went to work building houses and mills.

The mobs raged all over the country, stealing cattle and horses, burning houses and driving people from their own homes, sometimes killing men and abusing women to an extent unknown even among savages. We kept our guns with us in order to guard our women and children. The mobs took Joseph and Hyrum and all the twelve prisoners and took all our arms and then another company came and commenced firing at the unarmed prisoners. The balls whistled all around but thank God not one of us were hurt. Governor Boggs sent his exterminating orders for all Mormons to leave Missouri at once.

The Saints got out of Missouri and scattered about through Illinois and the joining states. The Lord delivered the Prophets and Elders from the prisons, for they were innocent of any crime. The Prophet Joseph started looking for a gathering place and headquarters for the Saints. The people gathered in very fast, great numbers died on account of their exposure through the persecutions in Missouri.

The Lord gave a commandment that a Temple should be built to his name. It seemed almost impossible for so poor a people to build a Temple in their poverty. But the Lord never requires more of men than they can perform if they will work with their might and trust in Him.

Father got a large piece of land on the prairie one mile east of Nauvoo, and in the winter he and I went and fenced land and built a small house and prepared to live here. In February we moved to our new home where we had plenty of hard work to make improvements on a new farm and support a large family.

At conference on the 6th of April, I witnessed the laying of the corner stones of the Temple; an immense crowd of people was present and all were filled with joy and rejoicing. The Nauvoo Legion was organized with Joseph Smith at the head, which was the military force of the church. I volunteered when I was 15 years old into the 4th Company of the 5th Regiment, 2nd Company of the Nauvoo Legion.

The Temple progresses — the Prophet and the rest of the Saints worked steady on this building. Nothing of importance transpired with me, only that I had a good father who never failed to keep plenty of work laid out to keep boys busy or as he said, "to keep boys out of mischief."

The time for peace and prosperity for Mormons had not yet come but sorrow and weeping were mixed with joy. Five o'clock on the 27th of June our Beloved Joseph and his brother were shot and killed at Carthage jail by a band of about 200 painted ruffians from Missouri and Illinois. John Taylor, who was with them was also shot with four balls — but recovered.

February the 9th I was ordained to the office of a Seventy at the Seventies Hall in Nauvoo. I was placed in the Second Quorum attending the meetings regular and got much good instruction.

In the fall the Temple was dedicated to the Lord, by President Brigham Young. The church could have no peace in the United States, just because we were Saints — our enemies were allowed to rob,

mob and plunder and drive us from our homes; not satisfied with that, they were allowed to kill without cause. There was no peace for Mormons, and no man punished for murdering them. Seeing this, President Young and the Twelve gave orders for the Saints to prepare and in the spring start into the wilderness to a place where we could hide among the mountains until the Lord should execute judgement among the wicked.

I think it was in the month of January, 1835, that I and my brother, Charles, received our endowments in the Nauvoo Temple.

President Young learning that our enemies were planning to come and drive us out, considered it best to start before they came. He asked for men to come forward to go make roads and prepare a way for the Church to follow. On February 2, father and my brother, Charles, crossed the Mississippi with the first of the pioneer company. That winter the company made a road west through the wilderness of what was afterward the state of Iowa.

Father left me at home with the instructions to sell the property, get teams and bring the family along. I did the best I could and May 20, we left our homes and started in pursuit of the camp of Israel with hearts full of joy. After traveling five days we met father coming back to get us. It was a joyous meeting.

Seeing it was impossible to cross the rocky mountains with such an unwieldy company this fall, President Young selected a place to stay through the winter. He selected a site on the flat of the Missouri River and called it Winter Quarters.

Winter Quarters soon became a noted place, the ferry, which belonged to the church was moved up there from the old station which was 20 miles below. A call was made for men to go over and make the road from the ferry down to intersect the old road and bring up a load of corn that belonged to the church bought of Old Gumbo, a half breed French and Indian. So I went. I was gone two days and one night and all I had to eat was a little cake that mother sent for my dinner. I had to lay out in the woods alone with my team. The wolves howled through the night and gathered round in great numbers and acted as though they were determined to take supper with me — the way I made the fire brands fly in defence of myself and cattle was not very slow. I soon broke their ranks and dispersed the whole crowd of them.

The lack of food became so acute that my brother Charles and I were called forth in our youth and ignorance to endure the blasts of the bleak timerless prairies that were stretched between us and the settlements of Missouri, to get corn for us to eat. We had many experiences among the people of that section.

President Brigham Young and those of the Twelve that were present and about 140 men with 70 teams started as pioneers to make road and pursue the journey to the mountains and lead the way and find a gathering place for the hosts of Saints that were following up as fast as they could get able to do so. Father was not able to go, he had been sick and crippled and was not able to walk for some months and it was not wisdom for Charles and me to go and leave him to suffer in his old age with a large family on his hands, but we gave provisions and clothing to help those that did go and we prepared to go as soon as we could.

Charles and I went off to find work and met an honorable man named White who had 40 acres of good wheat, so we had all the work we could do. We were anxious to earn all the wheat we could so we worked very hard. I got two bushels a day for swinging the cradle but the work was too hard for me and I took very sick. Not being able to work we started for home. When we arrived there I thought all would be well and that my parents would take care of me and my faith was at an end. The devil took advantage of this unguarded time and before anyone was aware of it my strength was gone so that I could not turn in bed and for about three days I knew not whether I lived or died. My folks did all they could for me, and when the doctor failed and the common administration of the Elders did not relieve me, father called in half a dozen Elders and clothed and prayed in the order of the Priesthood. While they were praying my reason returned to me and I saw them in a circle praying for me, which was the first I knew of them being in the room. I gradually recovered from then on.

Just before winter set in Brother Brigham and most of the pioneer company returned and brought the hopeful news that they had "found the place the Lord for us had prepared". The Valley of the Great Salt Lake is dedicated for the gathering of the Saints. Those brave pioneers located and worked a road for more than a thousand miles, most of the way over a dreary barren mountainous unexplored region among hostile savages. They moved right to the very place where Brother Brigham said the city would be built, made their camp and went to work putting seeds into the ground.

May 21, 1848, President Brigham Young organized our traveling company. Father Zerah Pulsipher was unanimously chosen Captain of the first 100. John Benbow, Captain of the 1st 50 and William Burgess, Jr., Captain of the 1st 10. This was the 10 that we were in and as I drove father's first wagon I was the first to break the track and try the bad places.

Buffalo abounds along the Platt River, as we traveled along the whole country seemed black with them. We killed what we needed for meat always dividing the meat equally among the different families so that none was wasted. On July 17, at Chimney Rock, I celebrated my 21st birthday. We were half way from Winter Quarters to the Valley of Salt Lake.

(John Pulsipher composed these verses commemorating his 21st birthday):

This the day that gave me birth
In eighteen twenty seven.
From distant worlds I came to earth
Far from my native heaven.

Twenty and one long years have past
To grief and sorrow given
And now to crown my woes at last
We're to the mountains driven.

'Tis not for crimes that we have done
That by our foes we're driven
But to the world we are unknown
And our reward's in heaven.

What trouble oceans may yet encure
To strew our paths with sorrow
'Tis not for us to know its true
For we know not of tomorrow.

One thing is sure, this life at best
Is like the troubled ocean
We almost wish ourselves at rest
From all its dire commotion.

But let its troubled bosom heave
It surges best around me
To truth eternal truth I'll cleave
It's waves can never drown me.

We came to Fort Laramie which is a small fort and barracks occupied by a few U. S. Troops to protect the frontiers against the Indians. We traveled on to Ft. Bridger (in Wyoming) which is a wooden Fort about four rods square inside made of log houses joining and the property and trading post of the celebrated mountaineer, Jim Bridger.

We stayed four days at Weber River in a delightful camping place between those lofty mountains. This halt was in honor of President Young, the leader of Israel. The companies that had traveled ahead of him stopped and waited until he passed into the valley in his place at the head of a joyful multitude.

We arrived in Salt Lake City on the 22nd of September, 1848. We traveled 1031 miles in 125 days. The city at this time consisted of two blocks, 40 rods square and a half block 40 by 20 rods, all joining, for protection against the Indians. Besides these forts there was a small saw mill and a corn cracker for a grist mill and a small house by each mill which was the amount of the buildings in this country at the time of our arrival.

We immediately set to work preparing for winter. William, my brother, took care of the cattle; Charles went about making adobies while father and myself with two teams, went to hauling logs to the sawmill to make lumber. Father got a lot four blocks west of the Temple block. We soon had the walls of a house up which was the first in all that part of town. We moved into our new home just before Christmas.

The people began to spread out in other places in all directions. Parley P. Pratt, with a company went south exploring this winter. They found many valleys and room for a host of people to live.

That summer we raised good crops. I tended the mill and helped make a road up Big Canyon. I worked considerable with Parley P. Pratt. Brother Pratt, one of the Twelve Apostles is a strong, healthy man. He was full of the gospel, his conversation was instructive and exalting. His wife, Elizabeth, who was along for cook here came near loosing her life -- I will mention this as a caution for you all to be careful. We had made a road to Weber River, found the stream high, left the team standing while we looked for a ford -- riding across on horse back. Rufus Allen ahd just crossed, horse had to swim; drifted

away down stream and finally landed on an island by catching to a bush — jumping off the horse and pulling him out by the bridle, which was a narrow escape for him. He crossed back to another place, and had got nearly to shore when we heard a scream at a wagon. We turned our steps that way as fast as possible, not knowing what was the matter. Brother Parley's first thought was that the Black bear had come as we had just seen one run across the opening among the bushes, but as we were running, I caught sight of little Parley as he past behind a thicket of bushes towards the river. By seeing him at that instant I saw where to go.

On arriving at the spot, I found the woman in the water, hanging to a bush with one hand and little Parley holding to the other. The river was to the top of the bank, the force of the current had worn under the roots of the bushes and held her under so strong I could not pull her out. Brother Parley and Allen soon came and we all pulled her out. She was so scared and chilled and trembled for hours. She said she never was as glad to see anyone as she was to see me. Just her head and arms were above the water and she nearly lost hold.

I went to school about three months that winter. I was also made a Visiting Teacher in the 16th ward by Bishop Levi Jackman. I acted in this office as long as I resided in that part of the country. My traveling companion was William M. Thompson, we visited the houses of the Saints, reading, comforting and encouraging them.

In June at the close of the public meeting a list of names read by the clerk, mine among the rest, at a time appointed for us to meet and be organized into the city police.

At the appointed time we came together and were met by President Young, J. M. Grant and others. The President said the time has come to have a company of police officers to watch over the city. I have made a selection of 40 men such as I can trust — when one of these men are on duty I can sleep. The city is poor, not able to pay you much now, as we have to have economy and after which we hope to do better. On being asked, all said they were willing to serve.

The oath of the office was administered and we were informed that it would be our duty to see that all people observed the laws and not violate the city ordinance. To be on duty all the time, put down iniquity when ever we find it as we are passing around about our work. But not to charge for this while we are about our own business. We want one man duty at a time every night and have 25 cents an hour. Brother Brigham says that is too small pay for men being broke of their rest, but be of good courage for you shall be blessed. I bless you in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. If any man asks for your authority knock him down with your cane. Serve my boys the same way. We continue to hold our police meetings every Sunday noon between the public meetings. This was of great benefit to us, as we could instruct and post each other in the line of our duty.

In May some teams were wanted to haul workmen and tools to Fillmore, the state capitol, to build a State House, so father sent me with a horse and team. There were about a dozen teams in company. Bishop Hunter gave me orders on the Bishops in the south to collect tithing butter, cheese, grain, etc., for the Seventies Hall to load

the teams on our return. Having this business to do the boys called me "Bishop". Altogether we had a very pleasant time.

This summer I was out on a campaign against the northern Indians. They have been committing depredations on our north settlements. We made peace with the Indians without much fighting so we were soon ready to return home.

After our haying and harvest was over this year, father thought best for me to go and help our emigration over the mountains. Twenty-four men were in the company. We took 70 oxen, 12 horses and 800 pounds of flour and some beef cattle which was furnished by the tithing office. We were able to give much needed assistance to many travelers on their way to the Valley.

On one occasion my horses were lost and I stayed behind to find them, but I could not. It was one in the morning when I finally found camp. I had been traveling in snow knee deep most of the time. I found out after, that some Shoshone Indians got away with my horses. I was away on this trip 44 days and was very glad to get home again.

MARRIAGE — This, I confess, is a matter that I have been rather slow to attend to, having a good home and much work to do all the time, I was perhaps rather slow and careless in attending to my own duty. Though I don't know that I have hindered any woman from marrying. Being bashful and awkward, I never put myself in their company as much as some did. When I had sufficiently learned to govern myself as to be worthy of a wife, the Lord sent me one — not a wife, but a good pattern to make one of a young woman aged about 17, came into the city from Big Cottonwood to spend the summer with neighbors of ours who introduced us.

Our acquaintance became more intimate as she assisted me in caring for the ward Sunday School, which I had charge of. She was happy in my company and finally thought enough of me to come and make her home at our house. Truly, it would have been unkind of me if I had not done all I could to make her happy.

The consent and blessing of all parties concerned being obtained — we were married at her father's house Big Cottonwood ward on the 4th of November, 1853, by Jonathan C. Wright. Rozilla was the daughter of Simpson K. and Susan G. Huffaker. She was born January 24, 1837, Bureau County, Illinois. She had the misfortune of losing her mother when about 8 years old who died before leaving Nauvoo. She was brought up by a good and kind step-mother. Father Huffaker is an industrious farmer, has a large farm and a large family. This being the first wedding in his family, it was done on a large scale. A large connection on both sides who generally attended as well as some near neighbors — so there was no lack for witnesses. All thought it was good to be there.

Our marriage covenant was sealed according to the celestial order of heaven by President Heber C. Kimball, March 20, 1854, when my wife received her endowments in the Council House, Salt Lake City. When an Endowment House was built on the Temple Block we had the privilege of being sealed upon the altar of the Lord in that Holy place, which is the nearest to Heaven of any place we know of on earth.

Our first child - Sarah Elzina - was born on the 6th of November, 1854.

At April Conference of 1855, I was called with many others to take a mission of Israel to the Lamanites in the mountains. This was new business to me, but I was willing to try and perhaps I could do some good with the help of the Lord. The past winter I attended an Indian school taught by my brother Charles, to learn the Shoshone language as he had been a missionary there.

May 17, I bid farewell to my family and friends and started on my mission in company with 19 other men. I was chosen clerk of the mission at Fort Supply, Wyoming territory. On this day I weighed 162 pounds, measured 5 feet 11 inches high.

I find plenty of work making fences, taking care of crops, etc. I organized an Indian School, got Adelaid, step-daughter of Barney Ward to teach the Indian language. I also organized a sort of lyceum to give the young men a chance to improve in pulbic speaking.

I had some varied experiences with Indians. Once Peara and his wife came to visit his mother who was living at our fort. He stole 8 horses from some friendly Indians and left. Shoshone John followed him and they both shot each other when they met. Peara received a killing blow but John recovered. One time Joshua Terry, John Wakely and I were called to go to Fort Bridger to preach to the Indians there, but after traveling a long ways we found that they had moved on to another place. While we were gone a band of Indians came to our fort; they seemed very mad and made some disturbance, turned the horses into our fields, stole potatoes, etc., and one Indian drew his bow on President Brown. The Indian Agent, a government officer, came and made them some presents and they promised to be good.

The 9th of December I arrived in Salt Lake City to spend a few months with my family. My wife and daughter accompanied me back to Fort Supply in April, 1856. This year hosts of people came across the plains with hand carts as they were not able to get teams and being anxious to get to their mountain home tried the experiment, but started too late and were caught in the snows of winter hundres of miles out in the mountains. When we heard of their suffering we sent all our teams to help them and were able to bring many to meet the wagons from the Valley.

In February of 1857, Brother Brigham Young started the Pony Express plan. Also a company for passengers and freight from the east. Two of our men were sent to help start it. But the government soon recalled its contract.

I rigged up a saw mill and ig goes very well. The saw strikes 150 times a minute. While I was working there alone I narrowly escaped loosing my life. Having occasion to go down to the bottom of the penstock, the gate above, by some means opened, and down came the water upon me like a flood. I scrambled on to my feet and thought, O Lord, help me, and sure enough some unseen power did. The water was pouring onto me 'till some power closed the gate below and the pond filled with water and I raised up with it, keeping my head above the foaming water most of the time 'till I reached the top and crawled out.

That summer we heard that the Government was sending an army against us. It is without cause because we are a law abiding people. September 20, we received the Proclamation from Governor Brigham Young forbidding all armed forces coming into the Territory under any pretences. We also received word to abandon Fort Supply and turning all our efforts toward keeping the enemy out of our land.

On November 10, upwards of 2,000 men were on the move to stop the invading army. Our regiment stopped at Col. Harmon's station on the Weber River. We hauled fire wood and made ourselves quite comfortable. We kept guard night and day. On the 30th, General Well came and said the enemy had stopped for the winter and we could all go home but a few men who were left to watch the road and guard the fort.

In the spring word came that the army were moving again and that they were hiring Indians to kill us. We were instructed to move our families to the south for safety in case of an attack and we again went into the mountains to the east to keep the army out of our peaceful valley. About 600 men are out, the snow is still deep and we often get hungry before our supplies arrive.

Col. Thomas L. Kane, an old friend of this people — seeing the situation of things, came in haste from Washington to this place and then to the army. He finally got Governor Cummings to leave the army and come to Salt Lake City and when we found that he would come in peaceably without an army, we were very willing to receive him. Col. Kane got President of the U. S. to send commissioners to investigate the case and they met with President Young and a few men and a favorable meeting was held. The army passed right through the city in an out of the way place where they awaited further orders.

I went to Springville and brought my wife and two children home, as did the rest of the men. This fall I asked father if he were willing to let me have my time now to work for myself, I had worked for him until I was 31 years old. He said I had done well by him and he wanted me to take the farm on shares. Being obedient to his request, I took the farm — which was west on the Jordan River where the present State Fair grounds are located — what stock was on it, 8 cows, 4 oxen, 12 head of young stock, 3 horses and a colt as the half. 1858 — Seeing hard times coming, I went one day among the sheep owners and bought five poor old sheep for \$28.00 and went into the sheep business. (Farm-west, on Jordan).

1859 — November 20, my wife gave birth to another daughter, Mary Elizabeth, making the third daughter. (The second was Emily Sariah, born January 14, 1858.)

1860 — I still keep a sheep herd. This year I raised 75 bushels of grain and a good garden. I paid \$5.00 to a missionary fund, \$82.82 tithing, \$4.00 taxes, built a comfortable home, an adobe building with shingle roof, it was 17 x 19 feet with cellar and rooms upstairs for loom, spinning wheels, etc. Built good sheds, strong corals for stock and stack yard.

October 1861 — At an evening meeting in the City I was informed by Brother George A. Smith that I was selected for a missionary to the south, on what was known as the cotton mission. This news was

very unexpected, but the spirit came upon me so that I felt to thank the Lord that I was worthy to go. I went home, told my wife that I was selected for the Southern Mission and I felt satisfied it was right to go. She said that she wanted to go too, that she would leave parents and friends to go and help me make a home in the far south.

In a few days we were ready with two wagons, 6 oxen, 17 head of cattle and 42 sheep. My brothers, Charles and William, were also called for this same mission, and about 200 of our friends. Brother Brigham wished us to go over the rim of the Great Basin south and down until we should come to the mild climate along the Virgin River where we can raise cotton, cane, fruit, etc., which are so much needed. He blessed us and wished us to go and live the religion of Jesus Christ and we should yet see the importance of the mission.

December 24. A few wagons were before us where the city of St. George was to be built, but the city was not surveyed. Our first work was to make a water ditch to get a farm prepared against seed time. The Apostle Erastus Snow was here to direct the business. Three days after our arrival, December 28, 1861, our first son, John David, was born. He was a stout healthy child and the mother got along as well as when we were in the house.

People gathered in fast and we soon had a big camp and so much stock accumulated that Brother Snow wished that some of us would find a herd ground to take the stock and feed them. Myself and brothers concluded we would go into the business. We found a place 20 miles north and made a start with the cattle and sheep. January 1, 1862, we built a log house -- hired some help and turned our whole attention to our business.

Seeing that we must have more room, Brother Charles and myself started with horse and cart March 5, went over the rim of the basin north and west about 50 miles from St. George, found a place that we thought suitable for our business, located our road, visited the natives, a band of Piutes, made a treaty with them to live better, by paying them for service when they wished work. This range was watered by numerous small springs, some of them run into the channel and formed Shoal Creek which drains the southwest corner of the great basin.

We moved our families out from St. George, gathered up our flocks of cattle and horses and sheep and moved over to Shoal Creek where on the 27th of April, nine stout Indians came a dozen miles to meet us and were as happy as we. We were busy the first season taking care of our stock in a strange place. We cut hay, built houses and prepared for winter, much pleased with our location.

Myself, wife and family started October 6, 1862, for Salt Lake City with ox teams as we needed some supplies and had left business in a very unsettled state. This fall a large additional force was called to strengthen the Southern Mission, among the rest Father Zerah Pulsipher and all his family.

1863 -- Brother-in-law Thomas S. Terry, settled with us at Shoal Creek. This year we fenced and cultivated some land which proved to be very fruitful. Truly we feel thankful for a good garden; as last year we had none.

August 21. We that lived at the lower or first settlement on Shoal Creek moved to the upper station for mutual safety. There has been much excitement raised by the Indians and we want to be ready. Our neighbors in the new settlement west of us have got into trouble with the natives. They say a large number of theiving Indians have collected and been stealing cattle and tried to kill some of the men. They were advised to move here with us for protection, from Clover Valley.

In 1867 the Indians were very bad. They stole all the stock they could find. Wounded Cyrus Hancock at Pine Valley. We have 20 men enrolled in a military organization to protect ourselves.

The brave, fat, cunning and theiving Navajoes came from the far south to make raids on our horses, had taken the loose horses from St. George, Pine Valley and Pinto and other ranges before people were aware of their presence in the country. We gathered our horses, kept armed herdsman with them days and armed guard at the coral with them at night.

This was heavy expense on us, few as we are -- but we are hunting and gathering stock as well as picket guarding, which we were careful to attend to, so that we may not be surprised by any large force. We did not gather our stock any too soon, for the Indians were here spying around every night as sly and cunning as foxes. Every morning we would find tracks where they walked or crawled around the coral in the darkness of night, but they could not break the fence or open the gate, so they must try some other strategy.

A pair of horses were taken from Father Pulsipher as they were eating at his stable just at dark before being put into the big coral. We then fixed stalls in the big coral to feed them and saddle horses were safe there. The rascals were very anxious to have our little band of horses, 170 head, but they were so well guarded it bothered them. So one day while the horses were out of feed, one sly rouse crawled from the hills north, among the sage brush and chopped several of the pickets nearly off at the back side of the coral so they could be easily broken, to let the horses out. But this was discovered before dark and we prepared for an attack tonight. Moved the families together and every man armed and ready.

Put a strong guard with the horses and the rest to guard the women and children. We did not want to kill any of those warriors if we could avoid it and we did not mean to let them kill us. Being some acquainted with Indian customs, I advised the guard at the coral not to leave their places and run into the light even if any building should be fired. Just as I said that much, a light flashed up. It was Orson Huntsman's haystack a little west of us. It made a great flame as it was very dry. It burned down very quietly, not a man rushed into the light to be shot, neither did we leave our charge for them to take.

The Indians, brave as they are, fear to die, and getting no advantage of us, abandoned their design that night. The next day, February 1, we took our band of horses down the Valley 20 miles to the Pinto station and herded them for about ten days. We then built a coral and herd house five miles below our town at the edge of the

valley, kept our stock on our own range and when the wild Indians had left the country and spring came, we could let our stock have their liberty again.

Brother Brigham proposed to erect a Telegraph line through the territory connecting the principal towns and cities. A noble enterprise, we have \$2,000.00 cash towards starting it.

Besides our religious meeting we organized a "Mutual Benefit Society" for the improvement of old and young in public speaking. This was amusing and interesting. Father presided all Church gatherings.

When we got ready to locate our town, President E. Snow and Brother George A. Burgon, surveyor, made us a visit August 28, located and surveyed a town site which we named Hebron, a scripture name. Abraham of old kept his flocks and herds at a familiar place called Hebron. Brother Snow and all seemed to think that a very appropriate name. A nice town was surveyed on high ground covered with a heavy growth of sage brush. Streets crossing at right angles north and south east and west. In giving out lots, we let every man have his choice. I made my selection the southeast corner of town, outside of all claims, where I got me more low land surveyed joining and made a little farm which was of great worth to us in after years. I dug a well and got the best water in town.

I should mention that our son, Charles Zera, was born February 4, 1863, and William Lewis born in 1865, but died April 24, 1871 at Hebron, which caused us much sorrow.

When my little boy, William Lewis Pulsipher, died, I felt very sorrowful and almost blamed myself for allowing any business to call me away from him, after I had watched night and day with him and had so much care of him through this sickness and seen him failing for 2½ months after the death of his mother in spite of all we could do.

And then for me to be absent on Public business just at the time for his death although his oldest sister took as good care of him as I suppose I could have done. Yet, I was blaming myself for not being with him at that time. Brother Charles said if I had been present then he would not have gone at that time. He said it was right that I should be out when he was to go. Then he told me of his daughter's dream.

Said, some weeks before, his oldest girl had dreamed that Aunt Rozilla came back and as she came into the jouse Elzina gave her a chair and said, "Why, you have come back again." She said, "Yes, I have come to see how you get along." Elzina answered, "We get along very well." She asked if they had any fine sewing to do, saying that her eyesight was good now, and she was stout and healthy. She had a handful of roses more beautiful than is known in this world and gave each of her children one except Lewis. The little boy looked wistful and said he wanted one. Elzina said he could have hers. "No" said the mother, "each of you keep yours, I have got plenty for my little boy." The little fellow seemed pleased and stood by her side. She told them all to be good children, and said she must go. Elzina said, "Don't go 'til pa comes in, he is close by." She said, "Yes, I must go" and

took the little boy by the hand and started. Elzina asked if she was going to take Lewey. "Yes," she said, "I can't do without my baby." "But wait," Elzina says, "til pa comes." "No", she says, "I have to go now to get through before night." Biding the children goodbye, she past out of the house, noticing the hollyhock plants by the walk said the green leaves are starting out - "The flowers are in full bloom where I live."

She led the little boy by the hand, who walked stoutly by her side until they got to the gate, then she took him up in her arms and they were out of sight.

In December of 1869, Hebron was organized into a ward and Clover Valley was attached to it. George Crosby of St. George was sent to take charge. I gladly resigned the responsibility of presiding in this place. He chose Dudley Leavitt of Hebron and Richard Bird of Clover as his counselors and John Pulsipher as clerk and Superintendent of Sabbath School, so we have plenty to do.

After a lingering sickness of $3\frac{1}{2}$ years my dear wife, Rosilla, died at 2:00 o'clock on Thursday, February 9, 1871. Her age was 34 years and 16 days. She has been so weak to turn herself in bed for the past four or five months, but when she begged of me to let her go it appeared best to do so and in the midst of family and friends she breathed her last as quietly as going to sleep. She was a brave good woman, choosing to go with her husband where ever he was sent and did her share in pioneering this great country.

On January 1, 1872, father passed away at his home, being 82 years, 6 months, and 8 days old. He was the father of 17 children, from the 8 of them that came to the mountains with him 24 years ago, he has 65 grandchildren and 37 great grandchildren.

Cousin David Pulsipher was with us from Salt Lake to visit this winter. After attending to our stock on the range and chores at home, I started on the 10th of February for Salt Lake City to get me a wife and some other supplies -- in company with T. S. Terry and David Pulsipher and his family.

You may think this a short notice in regard to getting married, but in October when I was in Salt Lake for conference, I was visiting father Huffaker. Staying there also with her sister, Lewis Huffaker's wife, was a young widow, Esther M. Murray Barnum, from Wanship, East Weber. She was brave enought to ride 9 miles to meeting with me and the children with a pair of little wild mules for a team. Before I had even got home, I had sufficient evidence to satisfy me that it would be right for us to be married.

After seeing Brother Terry loaded and started homeward, I went up over snowy mountains to Wanship and brought Esther Barnum and her three little boys back to Salt Lake where we were married for time in the Endowment House, by President D. H. Wells. March 11, 1872. We arrived home in Hebron March 30, and found the children well.

Our oldest daughter, Sarah Elzina, started for Salt Lake July 25, 1872, with our Telegraph operator, Brother D. M. Tyler, to be

married, August 19. Our daughter, Emily Sariah, was married to Don-Carlos Robbins on the 5th of October, 1874. Our daughter, Mary Elizabeth, was married to John Franklin Laub on the 15th of November, 1875. Our son, John David, married Ann Elizabeth Bowler, December 11, 1879. Our son, Charles Zera, married Kate Bowler, May 25, 1887. Our son, Aschel James Barnum, married my sister, Martha Ann Pulsipher, April 24, 1878. Our son, Henry Barnum, married Julia Tate, March 17, 1883. Our son, Almus, never married.

The wife, Ester M. was chosen President of Hebron Relief Society in 1873. At the organization of a school district at this place I was elected one of the Trustees and have been acting ever since.

1873 — I returned my attention more to farming, trying to wind off the herding business as people could find suitable room for stock southeast of St. George.

We made 3000 pounds of butter and cheese this year, mostly from our own cows. 1874 — Hebron ward organized into a United Order Company. Worked together carried on farming, dairying, stock raising, etc. I turned in all I had as it was wanted and made no reserve and had joy in doing so.

I built a new brick house this year - $16\frac{1}{2}$ x 28, with cellar and kitchen, 16 x 17 feet. All the building two stories high.

1875 — Brother William went on a mission to the Sandwich Islands. Brother Charles and family was called by President Young to take charge of Winsor Castle, a church stock ranch at Pine Springs about 100 miles southeast of St. George.

Our dairy buildings at our ranch at Little Pine Valley, cheese vat, etc., were burned this winter. We think it was accidental or carelessness by campers and stock hunters. We got a new cheese vat and dairy supplies and built a stone house, a two story building covered with shingles of our own make, so now we are sheltered when it storms. We are milking 80 cows.

1878 — Ester M. attended to the ordinances of salvation for a lady friend which was done by President McAllister. I had also accepted of two other young women of my acquaintance who had died without being married. Jane Agnes Williamson, my cousin, and Sally Sparks, an acquaintance in Kirtland, Ohio, in 1878. Esther acted as proxy for all.

I gave much donations to the furthering of the Lord's work on building the St. George and Manti Temples.

My health is not so good this season. Many times while at work in the field, I have turned faint and dizzy and have to sit down to keep from falling, but after a while with the Lord's blessings, I am able to get up and go on again.

While fast asleep on the night of October 2, the devil tried to stop my breath by a fit of Epilopsy or something of the kind. Esther rallied the boys and they all worked with faith and perserverance,

annointed with oil and administered, John D. taking the lead. They also posted off the youngest on express to town for help, but before Don C. Robbins and James Barnum arrived my breath had returned and life was restored. It was about an hour that I did not breath. I had seen Father and others in the Spirit World. It seemed like a dream but the joy, the peace, the comfort and happy feeling I have no power yo describe. But when I looked around me here and saw the dear and loved ones that needed my care and counsel, I wanted to stay.

1882 -- I am thankful to get the business of settling up father's estate - ended and closed up in court. It has been a lengthy job as I was to only give out one-third at a time until the money, about \$1,300, was gone. The court expenses were greater than the estate amounted to.

We concluded this fall (started September 15, 1884) to go north to visit our friends and attend conference as it is twelve years since we have been back to our former home and friends.

October 4, 1884 (Saturday): Myself and Ester M. started for conference in bit city. Friends took us in wagon to Wanship then we came to railroad and got a ride on cars about 100 miles with return ticket for \$8.00. This is my first ride on railroad car in all my life. Railroad cars are very swift, but slow as I am I have kept ahead of them from the state of New York to the Rocky Mountains. Have seen several railroads commence but never saw one finished until it was in our own territory.

A pleasant ride it was, down Weber Canyon to Ogden then south 40 miles through rich settlements, towns and cities to the Great Capitol of our territory. Stayed at Big Hotel -- "Valley House" - had bed and breakfast for \$2.00.

My aged mother died on Friday, May 7, 1886, at a quarter past 8 o'clock this morning, at Eliza's home in the midst of family and friends and about as well prepared, I believe, as mortals ever are. She was 87 years and two months old. She became so feeble the latter years of her life, that we finally got her to close her house and live with some of her children. After visiting in St. George with her daughters, she returned to Hebron and had a pleasant visit with us. She talked of her early life then all being arranged in proper order, she earnestly requested us to be Saints, keep the faith and to do all the requirements of the Gospel, she stopped breathing. We buried her beside father.

In the spring of 1891, we visited in Bunkerville with members of our family who had moved there. We had a fine time with our old friends. Jane, Jimmy's other wife, and two children came home with us to spend the summer.

I have been terribly sick for about two weeks. It seems like my time has come for a mission to the Spirit World. I keep getting weaker so I have asked the Lord in secret prayer to let me work where I can do the most good.

"Brother Pulsipher has been sick for two weeks. Says his time to leave us has come to go and meet his friends that have gone

before and work with them. He said he could do more good there than here. He bore a faithful testimony of the gospel and counceled us all to keep the faith and remember our prayers and offerings, and counceiled the children to do right, to live in peace with others and walk in his foot steps through this life and all would be well with them. I have written this by his request." - Ester M. Pulsipher.

John passed away August 9, 1891.

HISTORY OF CHARLES PULSIPHER

Written mostly by himself
(Sent in by a Grand daughter, Eva Clegg Mackay)

I was born April 20, 1830, at Spafford, Onondaga County, New York, the son of Zerah and Mary Brown Pulsipher. When I was two years old my parents joined the Church. We moved to Kirtland in 1835. I remember going to the Temple to hear the Prophet Joseph Smith preach.

The mob violence became terrible and the leaders of the church had to leave Kirtland. They went to Missouri and sent for the rest of the people to come there.

During the winter of 1837-38, the Saints were left in charge of the Seventies at Kirtland, Ohio. All that had means had gone to Missouri, about five-hundred remaining. The presidency of the Seventies immediately called them together in the Temple and commenced fasting and praying for the Lord to open the way that they might gather up unto the land of Zion. The council came unto them and told them to scatter out into the country and labor for anything that assist them to move.

We had made a covenant that we would hand together, and go up into Missouri together or die in the attempt. Our enemies heard of this and declared we should not roll out more than two wagons at a time. Eighteen of the brethern were called in and turned the means over to the council of the Seventies to deal out accordingly to their best judgement, for the removal of all.

Two days before we were to start, one of our worst enemies came to father, who was one of the councilmen and said, "I understand you are expecting to move in a few days." "Yes", father said, "we are." He said, "I want you to come and camp in my pasture the last night, as there is plenty of feed for all of your animals, and I will use all my influence to prevent you from being harmed." Consequently, we accepted his kind offer and on the 6th of July, 1838, everything being ready, we rolled out. Sixty-five wagons in number, some 500 persons, 60 loose cows which all together made a fine appearance or train of white covered wagons, nearly nine miles long. We were not molested in the least by our enemies.

We moved quietly and peacefully until we came to the border of the Missouri, hearing many reports from our enemies telling us we had better not go any farther. We Mormons were all being driven out and if we went on we would share the same fate. Some of our brethern became faint hearted and wished to turn by the way side and stop. A council was called that night, in which the majority were in favor of going on together, but when a portion still wanted to stop, the council bore a powerful tesitmony urging them all to hang togehter, and fulfill the covenant that had been made in the Temple. He said, "I can promise you, in the name of the Lord, if you will hang together, and fulfill the covenant, you shall go through and not one hair of your heads shall be harmed, but if you fall by the wayside there is no

such promise given unto me to make to you." When we rolled out next morning there were a little over twenty wagons pulled off with their families and went to Hauns Mill. Most of the men were massacred but Brother Joseph Young, through the mercy of the Lord, escaped without a wound. Brother Knight, while running from the mob, was struck with seven bullets but still he lived to come to the mountains and died at a good old age in Spring Glen. The rest of the company went on through without any harm or molestation.

We were met and welcomed by the Prophet Joseph Smith and others five miles from Far West. He advised us to camp there that night then go on to help strengthen the settlement of Adam-on-diamond. We remained there three weeks and was driven back to Far West where we spent the winter. We were sent on to Illinois in March of 1839.

I did what I could to assist with the camp duties. I went on many expeditions in defending the rights of the people. When our leaders were instructed to build another Temple in Nauvoo, Illinois, I helped in every way. I was ordained into the second quorum of Seventies in 1845, and received my endowments January 31, 1846, in that Temple.

I left Nauvoo February 2, 1846, with our family, crossing the river on ice. Along with all the other saints, I suffered many hardships in the cold snow and rain storms which were almost constant for eight and one-half months. After helping to locate the settlements in Garden Grove and Mt. Pisgah, I then came to the banks of the Missouri River, spent the winter in building houses for the Saints. I made three trips to Missouri in the dead of winter for provisions, camping by the way. It was so cold in some parts where we camped out, that it often froze oxen to death.

During our slow progress of travel four of us went to the edge of the Missouri and built houses and got our pay in provisions and such things as we needed to go on our journey. During our stay there we got acquainted with a fine young lady, a niece of the old gentleman we were working for. She became very much attached to me and said to her brother that she was going to keep me there and not let me go away to the mountains. The rich old farmer saw the kind of feeling she had for me, so just before our job was done, he took me to one side and said to me, "I see there is a very affectionate feeling with Sarah and now I want to say to you, you might just as well stop here and live with us and give up the long journey away into the mountains to suffer, or maybe be killed by the wild savages. When you get married, I will give you a good outfit, and there is a good 40 acre farm that will be yours as a wedding present. You can settle down and live an easy life with us." I thanked him, for his kind offer and told him I would consider it. Quite a temptation for a boy of sixteen years old that never had anything before, but the more I thought about it the farther I got from accepting it, for the idea of forsaking my religion, and giving up the people I had learned to love, did not appeal to me.

In the spring of 1847 a small company of men were sent out to locate the road, and get through, locate the city which they did and returned to the Missouri River to get their families. The next

year those who remained behind raised a crop and prepared to go on in 1848. We started on the 20th of May and moved on very comfortably, killing our own meat and catching our own fish to live on. I was appointed one of the hunters of the company. My brother John was to help me. We had to get someone to drive our teams, as would travel out off the road three or four miles to find our game. We had shot one buffalo down late in the evening and I stayed to watch it while John went for a team to drag it into camp. That country was inhabited with numerous buffalo which stood about the height of a yearling steer. If several of them came together on a man he had better be somewhere else, than in their powerful jaws, for if they smelled game that you were watching, it made them very savage. If they gathered in on you and raised a howl to call their help to them, you had better retreat at once, and get out of their way. There were many thousands in that part of the country. A large herd of about 2,000 had been to the river for water and when they saw the white top wagons come along and several men rushed onto them to get a shot at them, they took fright and ran towards the mountains where I was watching my beef. The faster they ran the bigger the herd became, which made a mad stampede, rushing over everything they came to. When they got within a few hundred feet of me I began to be alarmed, and started to run, but saw it was impossible to get out of their reach. I just stood my ground and waved. When it seemed as if the next jump they would be upon me the herd parted and some went on each side of me. I just kept on swinging my hat and shouting until they all had passed by me. I was unharmed. A man said that he heard me three miles away. I assure you I was very glad when it was all over. It would take considerable money to hire me to go through an affair like that again. By that time it was getting dark and started to rain, so that I could not keep the fire going to direct John back to me, so my only chance was to listen and try to hear them holier and it was not long until I heard them. I answered but the wind was blowing the wrong way and I could not make them hear me. I found they were about to pass by and I was obliged to leave my game and run to head them off. I ran one-fourth of a mile and made them hear me and we soon got together, but it was so dark I knew it would be of no use to try to find our beef. We decided to make for camp, which we did. They were keeping a fire to show us where they were. We saw a fire and went toward it. In the extreme darkness we started off from a bank 15 feet with ourselves and four yoke of oxen, all went down together but by good luck no one was hurt as it was sandy country. When we reached camp, wet, tired and hungry, it was not our camp, but we were made welcome. We stayed all night and went on to our camp in the morning. Our folks were very glad to see us for they did not know but what we had been stampeded.

One day as we traveled along the side of the old Platte River, one yoke of lead cattle wanted a drink and so they jumped off the bank into the river dragging the rest of the team and wagon, rolling it over, which contained provisions and goods for a family. Also a bed and a sick mother and baby boy a few days old. With handy help of the men who jumped in to cut the cover loose, they pulled out the things, lifted the mother and baby out and saved them from drowning. They named the baby Platte, for being saved so young. As we were nearly out of the range of buffalo, the company decided to lay over to get more beef. We started out early in the morning and in the late afternoon we found some. They were very wild so we had to crawl close to them to get any. To get a shot we crept up one on each side and both was near

enough so we could signal each other by putting our red handkerchief on the ramrod , talking to each other without alarming the wild game. When both was ready we made a good shot and dropped one down before they knew where it came from. They made a rush to leave, but we felt confident some of us would get a second shot so we were ready for them and as they passed we hit one just behind the front leg and went through the heart, then the job was to get them to camp which was about 15 miles away. John started for camp while I got them as near ready as possible. On his return - about 11:00 o'clock at night - he had a keg of water which was a very welcome treat as I had not had any since morning and in the heat of August. They came with two yoke of oxen and wagons so we soon loaded our beef and made our way to camp arriving just before day light.

Next day we spent in jerking our beef, a process where we cut it into strips and dipped it in strong lime and smoked it. On account of exposure a great number took sick and we buried 300 on the banks of the river.

In the spring of '47, a small company was sent out to find a road and locate the great city in the West. All the accounts we could get of Salt Lake Valley was very discouraging. Mr. Jim Bridger who had been in the mountains for 20 years, said he had been in the valley every month in the summer and always saw frost. He also said it would be impossible to raise anything there. He offered \$1,000.00 for the first ear of corn raised in the valley. But when it was raised he did not pay it. He tried to discourage the Saints from stopping here, but this was the place we had started for and in spite of all reports we located there and built up a fine city and raised grain in abundance -- also fruits and vegetables. We had some very hard times the winter of '47 and '48, and some became discouraged and left, thinking they would starve to death.

I heard President Kimball say to the people while encouraging them to stay a little longer and not give up - "for within six weeks you shall be able to buy goods as cheap here as in St. Louis, Missouri." It was a wonderful saying, for I could not see how it was possible for that to be fulfilled. I noticed the date, which was the first day of May, 1849. I knew no way for supplies to reach us only to be hauled 1,000 miles in wagons. It would take three months to send out and get returns. So I watched for the six weeks to come and see how that wonderful prediction was to come true. On June 15, here came a large company of gold diggers going to California gold fields. When they got to the valley they found out that gold of all kinds was being shipped in by water in great abundance. They also heard that a man could make an ounce of gold a day, so they wanted to sell their heavy loaded wagons and teams for pack ponies and two saddle ponies. They could then get through in a hurry, and gain time enough to pay them for all they had lost in disposing of their heavy teams. As money was scarce, they sold for a trifle. We bought three good young tired animals for \$45.00, two sets of good harnesses for \$12.00, carpenter tools for less than St. Louis prices, a large trunk of good clothes for \$7.00, two good wagons for \$44.00 and other things were sold for merely nothing; thus was that wonderful prediction literally fulfilled.

I carried the chain to help survey Salt Lake City. I helped to build the first mill in Salt Lake Valley and raised a good crop of

corn in '49. Gave 50 cents for a half pound of seed potatoes and raised 30 pounds. That gave us seed for next year. They packed a few pounds of potatoes on a mule and sold them for \$1.00 a pound. We planted over 1/2 pound very carefully. When they started to grow and had about two inches of sprouts, we took them off and planted them. We reaped 30 pounds of potatoes from them. We arrived in Salt Lake Valley September 22, 1848, helped to survey and helped to build. Hauled one of the first loads of rock for the council house. Was married to Ann Beers on April 30, 1849, by President Young. Served in the Nauvoo Legion as Agent under Colonel W. Burgess, was called on a mission to Green River in November, 1852 - spent ten months on that mission, learned the Snake language and taught the principles of the Gospel to them.

Year 1850 (Indian Narrative)

In 1850 in the spring time, I received word that it was my duty to start at once out into Green River country on business of great importance and to shorten the distance I took a short cut, also thinking to avoid the Ute Indians who were very hostile at that time. I cut through the mountains. All went well until I had reached nearly half way and was 40 miles from a settlement. When just before dark or sundown, one evening I was riding alone when all at once up popped an Indian right in front of me. I knew he had seen me, and I also knew it would be impossible for me to run away from him, so my only hope lay in faith and prayer. I knew his camp must be near and my only safety was to put my confidence in him. I could talk the Snake language but this was a Ute. I said what are you doing here? He said, "Nothing." I said, "Where is your camp?" He said, "Just around the hill." I said, "Take me to your big chief. I have come to see him." He started and I followed him and he just turned around the point of the mountain and came in sight of a large camp of 200 or 300 Indians. He led me to the chief's lodge and I jumped off my horse and walked toward him as he came out of his tent. I reached my hand towards him to shake hands, but he stood erect with a savage scowl on his face and did not move toward me. I spoke with a kind voice, but firm, saying, "I have come a long way to talk to you. I have much to say. I am alone and unarmed, and a friend. I have a message from the Great White Spirit to deliver to you and your people. I want to stay all night with you. Will you take my horses out to feed tonight and bring them back to me in the morning?" He reached out his hand and shook hands with me. I knew I had made an impression on him for the good. I said, "I want you to call all your braves together so they can hear this message I have for you all." He called two small boys to come and take care of my horses. I took off the saddle and pack from my horses and sat down with them and secretly offered up a prayer to the Father in Heaven to help me to say things to them to their understanding. (Prior to this time, I had a patriarchal blessing and was promised in it that I should be able to speak in any tongue or language of people when my lot was cast among them.) So now I asked Father to grant me this blessing. In a short time the squaw came out and brought me a nice piece of fresh venison. I took it and thanked her. I also gave her two of my biscuits which pleased her very much. I roasted my venison and ate with my bread. By this time it was dark and the big chief just put his head out of the tent saying "come in - we are all here." I went inside, taking my place by the side of the chief, the only vacant place left. The large tent was filled. I commenced to

talk, as I did so I asked if they understood me and they said yes — go on. I led out on the Book of Mormon saying: "Many, many moons ago you people were a white people and were loved by the Lord, but because of wickedness and strife they had become so wicked, fighting and killing each other, stealing and so on, the Lord had become displeased with them." I told them how we got the Book of Mormon and that we all were brothers and we should be kind to each other, not steal or kill, but be good brothers and when we come to see you, you must be kind to us and feed us as you have done to me tonight, and when you come to see us we must treat you kindly and feed you and then the Lord will be pleased with us all. In this strain I talked for two hours, then the big chief talked and explained to them what I had said. He took out his pipe of peace and lit it and took a draw on it then he passed it to me. I did the same and it went the round. This was to show that we were friends, then they all went to their tents. During my talk I heard groans. I asked the chief what that was and he said one of his braves was sick. I said that we prayed for our sick and the Lord healed them. He said - "want you pray for him." I did so and then went to bed in my blankets. I slept sound all night as if I had been home. I did not hear any more groans from that sick man. Next morning I asked how he was and the chief said "very much better." My horses were brought to me at the appointed time and after I had eaten my breakfast, I saddled up and as I was ready to go the squaw came out and gave me some dry venison and I thanked her and went on my way rejoicing and thanking the Lord for his protection.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF ZERAH PULSIPHER
Related by His Son, Charles

In the winter of 1836 and '37, father went on a mission to Canada in company with Elder Jesse Baker. They traveled and preached and baptized many. One night, father was warned in a dream that the time had come for the Elders to leave at once and he started the next day with Brother Baker leaving some of their appointments unfulfilled. When they reached the ferry boat there was an armed force of militia to prevent every foreigner from leaving. Father and Brother Baker said they could not see them as they walked right past them into the boat with the company and the boat pulled out with them and they were not molested and they reached their destination in safety. The other Elders did not heed the warning and stayed to fill their appointments and were prevented from leaving for a long time.

During the winter while father was away, myself and a brother six, and one eight years old, cut and hauled wood on our hand sled to last the winter and we had $2\frac{1}{2}$ cords ahead when father returned. We also had learned to read from the Bible or any book we could get to learn to read in.

It was in the year that the crickets nearly took our crops and we were on rations; our flour was nearly all gone and many others were pretty short on provisions. We had just about one quart of flour in the house. One of our neighbors came and asked if we could loan

him just enough flour to make a biscuit for his wife, who was sick and had not eaten anything for days. She thought if she had a biscuit she might be able to eat it. I asked my wife how much flour we had and she said about one quart, but we will divide with this man and we will not want. Next morning when she went to get the flour there was still a quart of flour in the bin. This same thing happened for a week or more until I could get another sack of flour. So, we did not want. (In my Patriarchal Blessing I had a promise that if I was faithful my children should never cry for bread, and that promise had been fulfilled to the letter). Although there was many times when it looked as if they might have to go hungry the way was always opened and we had plenty of bread to eat.

Year 1857, when the pioneers had been in the Valley ten years, they were up Cottonwood Canyon celebrating the tenth anniversary of their arrival into the Valley when word came that the Government was sending a band of soldiers to Utah against the Saints. President Young was Governor of Utah at that time. He organized an army of boys to keep the U. S. soldiers out of the Great Salt Lake Valley. Our instructions from President and Governor Young was, "That as the Government had not notified us that they were sending soldiers into our midst we had the right to treat them as a mob, and we will run off their animals, burn their wagons, burn the grass in front of them, and do all we can to prevent their progress, and let winter overtake them in the mountains, but not to take life only in self defense." On one occasion we found a band of their animals across the Green River from the main camp. We made a charge on them, took the guards prisoners and made them help gather up the animals and guard them while we put our saddles on fresh horses and then help us get them started. Then we let them go to report to their camp while we rushed the band of cattle over the hills - a distance of 60 miles. Before we stopped that day I rode down three horses - the only time I ever changed my little pony for any other. I rode him some 2,000 miles during the four months I was out, most of the time without grain, and he never weakened or failed to carry me through.

One striking incident that I will mention here. While the soldiers were traveling up Horn Fork our boys saw a good chance to take their beef stock. We were much in need of beef to feed our soldiers. Three thousand U. S. soldiers were moving in a solid body up Horn Fork and the beef stock was about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles below the main company, so we thought that a good chance to run them off. Two companies of our boys, 26 in each company - one under Porter Rockwell and the other under Lott Smith - concluded to meet in the same road as they road along, come over the brink of the hill in plain sight of the camp. They came to a halt before they discovered that the soldiers had stopped for dinner and the beef stock had come up to the rear of the soldiers making it much more difficult to get them without endangering the lives of our boys. Porter Rockwell, being very cautious, said it was too risky to take them, but Lott Smith, being hungry for beef, and did not know what fear was, said he would do his part and at the same time pulled his sword from the sheath and flourishing it over his head said, "Come on, boys." He dashed down the hill on a charge. Of course all the boys were at his heels. Porter, seeing that Lott was determined, did the same thing, and called for his boys to follow him. Wishing to prove to Lott that he was no coward, he dashed right in between the soldiers and the beef stock in less time than it takes

to tell about it, we had the herd over the hill and out of their sight. It was done so quick that they hardly realized what was done until we were out of sight. Well, the first thing for them to do was to call the officers together to hold a council of war. They soon decided to mount infantry on their work mules and follow up the Mormons and get their beef stock back. When they were about settled on this plan, one old colonel said, "Hold on, gentlemen. I have not had any say yet. The Lord inspired me to speak. I want to tell you there is a deep hard plot to decoy this camp away from their wagons. Maybe the Mormons have thousands secreted away and will rush in upon us and cut us all to pieces." So, they took his advice and did not try to follow. We did not have another man within 30 miles of them, and from that time on we had plenty of beef to eat. We continued to harass them until winter set in and they were obliged to set up for winter quarters. Then most of our men were released to go home, just leaving a guard to see that they did not make a rush to get into the Valley and thus we had beaten them without shedding any blood.

During the winter the Government sent out a peace commission to make a treaty with Governor Young. President Young dictated the terms of the treaty, which we complied with, although we had declared that if they continued to push their way into our midst, and if we had to give up our homes to them, we would burn everything that we could not take with us leaving the place as desolate as possible. To prove to them that we meant what we said, before leaving Fort Supply, we set fire to the place and rode off by the light of it, and thus demolished a years hard labor that I had done in helping to build up that place. We did it cheerfully for the defense of Israel. When the troops came up to Fort Bridger for supplies and found everything destroyed by fire that would burn and the winter was upon them, they were licked.

I was in the Black Hawk war and served my time with the other boys. On July 16, 1856, I married Sariah Robbins. I was called to take charge of the Presidency of the Second Quorum of Seventies in 1856. I took care of the Quorum of Seventies in the Union Fort Ward for several years. Also, I was called out on expeditions under Colonel R. J. Burton in the defense of the Brick Harmon. I was out four months, starting August 13 and returning in December, going through many hardships.

My first son was born October 3, 1858. Also a daughter in 1861. I was called to Dixie in November, 1861. I helped survey St. George and helped to build it up and built and rebuilt 16 miles of road in the southern country. Was called to act as Bishop's Councilor to Bishop Crosby of Hebron for several years. I had a Patriarchal Blessing and was promised that my missions should be short and speedy and that I should gather means abundantly for the building up of Zion. I was called by President Erastus Snow in 1877 to act as traveling agent to collect funds for the St. George Temple. I spent three and a half years traveling and collected from \$1,500.00 to \$2,000.00 per year and went home. In my travels I received many very strong testimonies, and fulfillments of predictions fulfilled. On one occasion while speaking to the Saints in Sanpete County, Manti, I was urging them to come down and help us to build the Temple in St. George, and before I was aware of what I was saying, I said, "Come and help us to build that Temple and we will come back and help you to build one here in Sanpete County." This quite surprised the people, as there had not

been anything said on that subject before, and at the close of the meeting they all gathered around me and said, "Why, are we going to have a Temple in Sanpete?" I said, "Yes we are," before I knew how it was given to me. "When did President Young tell you?" I said, "He did not tell me." "When did you hear of it?" I said, "You heard it as soon as I did." "Do you think it will be so?" "Yes, I know it will be fulfilled for it was not me that spoke." Sure enough, inside of three years I spent two hands to labor on the Manti Temple, thus the prediction was literally fulfilled.

I asked President Young "What shall I do if some poor person wants to give a donation and can hardly spare it? Shall I take it?" And he said, "Yes, take their donation, but always leave a blessing with them."

Another striking incident was strictly fulfilled which I will mention. Brother Isaac Carlin from Fillmore City handed me \$1.00 just as I was leaving and said, "We have kept this for some time and could not decide what to do with it, as we needed so many things and it would not get all of them, so we will give it to you." I took it and gave him credit for it in the Temple list and said to him, "The Lord will reward you with many dollars in return for this." The next time I came that way, Brother Carlin came to me and said, "do you remember what you said to me when I gave you that dollar for the Temple?" I said, "I don't know." "Well, you said the Lord will reward you with many dollars in return, and it was fulfilled to the letter. That same day a man called me in and gave me \$10.00, but I said I did not expect this from you." "Well, it is for you and I feel I must give it to you." So, we had enough for all our needs.

I traveled alone part of the time. I sent word that I would be at Mayfield to hold a meeting at 10:00 on Sunday morning and when the day came I drove 15 miles that morning and arrived a few minutes early. I met the Bishop. He said, "Do you understand the Danish language?" I said, "No, I do not understand one word of it." "Well, our people have just all come from Denmark and settled here by ourselves and I am the only one that can understand English so you will have to speak and explain what you wish to me and I will have to interpret it to them." I arose with the calculation of speaking about three-fourths of an hour and then give the Bishop the same time, but I was carried away so much in the spirit that I did not realize what I was saying, only I was on the Temple subject. The time flew until it struck me I had talked one and a half hours; no time was left for the interpreter. I said to the Bishop, "What shall we do? I had no idea that I was speaking so long." He answered "it is alright, for I am sure they understood you all right." He called out to the people, "Did you understand him?" "Yes," they cried all over the house. The liberal donations they made for the Temple were good evidence that they understood me. This brings to my mind very forcibly the words of my Patriarchal Blessing that was given me some 30 years ago previous to this mission - that my missions should be short and speedy and that I should have power to speak the language of any nation, or people, amongst whom my lot was cast and these words have been literally fulfilled.

In 1877, when the Temple was completed and I was released and went home, I received a telegram from President Young that he wanted to see me at once. I immediately drove 40 miles the next day

from Hebron to St. George and reported myself to President Young. He said he wanted me to go to Windsor Ranch and take charge of the church property there. This I did and spent three years there. He also told me to get a young wife and raise me a family as I was too good a man not to raise any more family than I had, which was a son and three daughters, mostly grown up. So on December 13, 1877, I married Julia A. Johnson and from this union there were 12 children, making me the father of 17 children.

In 1880 the church company was combined with the Cannon Company so that released me as superintendent. I moved to Sink Valley in 1880, taking over stock amounting to 80. We lost most of our stock that winter and two years after suffered another loss by fire of \$800.00. In 1882 President Erastus Snow advised me to move to Emery County. As our stock was lost we did not have water for farming, so we moved to Castle Valley in November, 1882, and I put my means into water ditches and a saw mill to help build up the country and assisted in building or helping to build the town of Huntington. In December, 1885, I was ordained a high priest and set apart as one of the high council by Apostle F. M. Lyman.

(NOTE BY EVA: Soon after landing in Huntington he took up a homestead and bought some school land. When they decided to lay out a town site he took his homestead and laid it out in blocks. The town of Huntington is his homestead. He gave it away to home-seekers and only got what he had to pay for it. He reserved a city lot for each of his wives. Soon after he was ordained Bishop he built a home in the center of town for his first wife, Ann Beers (who had no children). She had an idea that a hotel or rooming house was needed in the town to accomodate those who were traveling through, so he added more rooms onto the house. About 1890 she started a hotel and a small store. As time passed the store was enlarged. (My mother stayed quite a bit with the first wife to help with this business). They took butter and eggs and all kinds of produce in exchange for store goods. He ran a peddlers wagon and sold the produce up to Castle Gate and Helper. Everything went fine as long as he got his pay for the produce, but when he began to trust his customers and collect on pay day, many who were dishonest would run a bill then move just before pay day. He lost so much pay in this way that in time it put them out of business.)

In May, 1886, I was ordained Bishop of the Huntington Ward, by Apostle Wilford Woodruff. In 1896 I was released by Apostle F. M. Lyman on account of poor health and in January 1897, I heard that F. M. Lyman was to attend conference at Huntington. When I heard of his visit, I received a warning that he was coming to ordain me a Patriarch. I went home and told my wife about it. She said, "He will not stay with us but will go to the councilor of the President." Sure enough, he came to stay with us and before conference was over he ordained me to the office of Patriarch and also President C. G. Larsen. He said the man that rustled the hardest is the man that will gain the biggest reward, so I went immediately and got a record book

with a full determination to do all I could and was almost constantly giving blessings in all of the wards of the Stake and took great satisfaction in the same.

I was a High Priest, Bishop, Bishop's Councilor, Patriarch, Carpenter, Farmer and also ran a saw mill and surveyed most of the water canals for Huntington and Cleveland.

EVA'S NOTES: They suffered many hardships. When Julia's second pair of twin girls were three years old, one little girl fell into a kettle of boiling water and was burned so badly she died and in an hour after her death they lost a three months old baby. They were buried in the same casket.

They raised a big family of girls, but lost all of their boys except the youngest one, Lorenzo Charles. About 1889 their boy William about 12, was waiting for some ducks to land on a pond and said to his mother, "this is my last shot and I'm going to make it a good one." Just then his gun slipped from his hand, hit a board and went off, blowing off the side of his head, killing him.

They had many trials to put up with when the gentiles were after them for polygamy. One time he moved Julia to Colorado for a year and a half with several small children, and here another baby was born to them.

At one time while he was Bishop and was at work at his saw mill, the gentiles came to get him. He said to the boys that were with him, "when they ask for me tell them you don't know where I am." He stood by a large tree and prayed for protection to his Father in Heaven. The men came and hunted all over the mill for him, passed right by him a dozen times at one time stepping on his foot, and couldn't see him. They raved and profaned because they couldn't find him. They said they knew he was there. The boys said if you are sure he is here, why don't you find him? They said, "We can't see him anywhere," and they were standing right by him at the time and could not see or feel him. They went away so mad they could hardly drive their team. Another time he was at the store when they came for him. He just went outside and stood close against the wall. They went in and searched the store from one end to the other and rubbed against him that time, and again they were blinded so they couldn't see him. He was spared again, and they went away very angry.

In the spring of 1900, Charles Pulsipher with his family, sold out what little property they had and moved to Old Mexico to help build up the Mormon colony of Colania Diaz, arriving there during the summer. He gave Patriarchal Blessings to all who came for one, and several of the Mexican natives received blessings.

In the fall he went to Colania Dublan, purchased an acre of ground, dug a well and built a cabin there. He and his first wife lived there while his other wife stayed in Diaz with her mother until he could get a cabin built for her. Then she moved up there and they lived there until 1908, when they decided again to move back to Utah. They landed in Elmo where they stayed a short time. Then he went to Huntington and built a log cabin for each wife on the same lot and they lived there until his first wife became so feeble in 1911 she

was not able to take care of herself. She went to Elma and stayed with his daughter, Florence, who took care of her until she died in May, 1912. During that time he built another log cabin for Julia and when Ann died, he went to live with Julia. They were very happy to be able to live together again until his death, November 20, 1915. Four years later, Julia followed him. He was always pioneering, helping to build up the waste places and to beautify Zion. He gave Patriarchal Blessings where ever he went and they numbered many thousands, so he earned a great reward in Heaven.

He was loved and respected by all who knew him and was always faithful and true until the last. He often said, "The race is not to the swift, but he that endureth to the end." He gave patriarchal blessings to all his children and grand children until he died.

MARY ANN PULSIPHER TERRY
Wife of Thomas S. Terry

Facts Gathered and Arranged by Nora Lund
Wife of Terry, a Grandson

Mary Ann Pulsipher was born November 20, 1833, in Scott, Courtland County, New York. She was the eighth child born to Zerah Pulsipher and Mary Brown Pulsipher. An odd coincident was the fact that this couple's daughter (older) which was born May 30, 1816, was also named Mary Ann — she died in infancy. It is strange they would name their fourth daughter, who lived, by the same name. It must have meant a great deal to them.

Mary Ann's parents were good up-right people. They were just waiting to hear the true gospel and when Zerah heard a minister say that an ancient record or Golden Bible was causing quite a bit of discussion in Manchester, he said the remark went through him like a shock of electricity, and when there was a Book of Mormon brought into town, he borrowed it, read it twice and knew it was true.

Elders soon followed and proclaimed powerful sermons to large congregations. A few days after, Zerah was thrashing in his barn when a ray of light came from Heaven. He looked up and saw Angels with the Book of Mormon telling him of its great revelations and truths.

Needless to say, he and his family were soon baptized, as most of his Baptist congregation. That was in 1831. Soon after Mary Ann's birth, her father was on a mission and he baptized Wilford Woodruff, who later became President of the Church. This was in December of 1833 that he baptized him.

When this little girl was two years old the family moved to Kirtland, Ohio, where her father assisted in building the Temple. In 1838 he was ordained to the Council of the First Presidency of Seventies. From here on out the persecutions of the Saints were very great. They were obliged to go from place to place in an effort to have a little peace. During these trying days, Mary Ann's grandmother Pulsipher died at the age of 85 years, at Far West, Missouri.

We are all familiar with the hardships of crossing the Plains. At this time Mary Ann was 15 years old, so she was able to assist in camp duties, and was obliged to walk a good share of the way. Her father was Captain of a company, and was advised to take ten wagons and go ahead to assist in making roads. With this responsibility of looking after other people, I imagine lots of the hard work of the journey fell on the mother and older boys, John and Charles.

The family arrived in the Salt Lake Valley on the 23rd of September, 1848. They all began working to make a home and get something around them. Her father built a grist mill and ground wheat for other people to obtain bread for his family. He also erected a saw

mill and soon had them a comfortable home built.

Mary Ann had some schooling, but she was just the type of a girl that any young man would consider very favorable as a wife. Consequently, when young Thomas S. Terry met her it was love at first sight. She was 16 and he was 24, but let us have his exact words.

"During the past winter I became acquainted with John Bills, by which means, on the 29th of July, 1849, I became acquainted with Miss Mary Ann Pulsipher, who afterwards became my wife. I now thought of changing my situation in life. I, accordingly, made Miss Pulsipher my constant companion. She being the fifth daughter of a respectable family, who was of long and high standing in the Church. On the 25th of September, I visited her parents and family. I now obtained my anxious wish from Mr. Pulsipher, which was the company of his daughter.

"On the 25th of December, 1849, I received the hand of Miss Mary Ann Pulsipher in marriage by Heber C. Kimball, I being at the time 24 years of age and my wife 16 years of age. I was married in the house of Mr. Pulsipher in the 16th Ward, Great Salt Lake City. Mr. Pulsipher honored his daughter and friends with a good wedding supper. The next day, the 26th, I moved my wife to Brother John Bills where I lived."

In November of 1850 the young husband gave up the Bills farm which he had rented and took up 40 acres of land on Little Cottonwood. He built a house there, a little log cabin which they moved into December 1. On the 14th day of December, at 8:00 o'clock in the morning, Mary Ann became a mother to a fine daughter, which they named Mary Ann to honor her 17 year old mother.

The young couple worked hard to make a living on their new land, but they were happy together, although they had good and bad luck with their crops and live stock.

On the 16th of February, 1853, at 5:00 o'clock in the afternoon, Mary Ann became a mother for the second time; another girl, whom they named Adelia.

The grasshoppers came during the summer and devoured nearly all their crops. As if that wasn't enough trouble, the Indian Chief Walker went on the warpath. The people living out on their farms were instructed to move together and build forts to protect themselves, which they did and the Indians' plan was thwarted.

On the 18th of August, 1853, Thomas and Mary Ann were sealed by President Brigham Young in the Council House in Salt Lake, and in March they received their endowments at the same place.

Thomas rented his farm and moved his family to Salt Lake and built a house there. On the 14th of October, 1854, at 6:30 in the morning, Mary Ann again gave birth to a baby; another daughter, whom they called Celestia.

Along about this time the practise of plural marriage was extensively encouraged and practised by the church leaders. So, Thomas decided to take another wife. He chose Eliza Jane, a younger

sister of Mary Ann. They were married May 5, 1855. Eliza's first child was a boy, Zerah Pulsipher Terry.

In the fall of 1855, Thomas Terry was called on a mission to the East, laboring in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, his own home states. Before he started his labors, he went to see his mother and sister, Elizabeth. During his absence, the wives and children got along as best they could, with the help of their brother, Will, and their father and mother. But what made it difficult for Mary Ann was the fact that after her husband had been gone a few months, she passed again through the shadows and gave birth to another girl, January 9, 1857, Sarah Alydia, this time.

When the mission was completed and her husband was there to take care of things, it was a little easier. But he soon sought another wife; this was a very young girl by the name of Lucy Stevenson. He raised this girl from the dead through prayer and the power of the Priesthood, while crossing the plains. She liked to go dancing all the time and Thomas had other things to do, so she left him after a year or so.

In due time, two more daughters were added to the family, Wilhelmina, born April 14, 1859, and Almira, born March 9, 1861.

At the October Conference of 1862, a large company of Saints were called to the Dixie Cotton Mission. This call included all of the Pulsipher family. Mary Ann's father and mother, her sister, Almira, Mariah and William Burgess, Sarah and John Alger, as well as her own husband and her sister, Eliza Jane, and herself. Her brothers John, Charles and William had come south with the Vanguards in 1861. Records show, however, that these boys came back to Salt Lake to dispose of their property and they assisted their aging father and mother in the trip south.

The trip south was hard and a tiring one; then the children had whooping cough which added to the discomfort and danger of the trip, it being in the dead of winter. But Mary Ann was never one to complain.

The Pulsipher family traveled together until they reached a valley that lies between Johnson's Fort and the present site of Cedar City. Here they separated; the brothers taking their parents with them, went west to Shoal Creek where they were engaged in taking care of the Church cattle. The others went on to St. George, arriving on New Year's Day, 1863.

The site for a future home was uninviting enough, the little valley with alkalin soil, surrounded by red and black hills with the ever challenging Virgin River to the south. Mary Ann's first home was a wagon box; here she gave birth to her seventh baby girl, March 20, 1863. They named her Lenora.

The Terrys weren't to remain in St. George, however, because in May of 1863, Apostle Snow called them to join the Pulsiphers at Shoal Creek. No doubt Mary Ann was pleased to be with her family again.

There were friendly Indians living in this locality and other maurading bands who were not quite so peaceful. Apostle Snow advised the settlers to move closer together and build a fort for protection. So the families came from Clover Valley and they all moved to the elbow of the main canyon or Big Willow Bend where there was some fertile land for farming. Here they built a fort. In the center was built a log meeting house where all could assemble for public meetings.

Father Zerah Pulsipher presided at these meetings. On one occasion he told the people he had seen a vision of a neat little village spread around the fort, nice brick homes, streets broad with trees and streams of clear water in a ditch. Some of the people laughed at his dream. By 1868 the Indians had quieted down and the people of Shoal Creek wanted to abandon the place and move elsewhere, but Apostle Snow wanted them to stay.

Mary Ann's husband, Thomas, asked for a town site be laid out and it was. They called it Hebron, after Hebron of the Bible days. Progress was made for some time here. Thomas acted as Bishop of the Ward for many years. Mary Ann was very well suited for a Bishop's wife and assisted her husband all she could in his many duties.

Six miles to the west of Hebron was situated a nice spring of water called Moroni Springs, after the old Indian Chief by that name. Thomas saw the possibilities of a ranch that could be developed at this place. He built quite a spacious log cabin and later added a lumber building. Mary Ann lived in Hebron part of the time and at the Ranch the other part, and her sister Eliza Jane took turns with the ranch life.

On February 22, 1866, Mary Ann was very happy to present Thomas with a fine baby boy, the first boy of her family of eight. Then in April of 1868, at Hebron, another girl was born; Minerva Susan. Again in 1870, Elizabeth was added to the family. She was born right there at the Terry Ranch. The next two were boys, Luther Murkins and Joseph Alma, both in Hebron. This making her the proud mother of twelve children, nine girls and three boys. They all lived to maturity, married and raised nice families to honor her.

The Terry Ranch was on the main traveled road between the towns on the northeast, namely, Cedar City, Parowan and to St. George on the south of the rich mining camps in Nevada to the west. Mary Ann had many visitors of all kinds stop at her door. She fed many at her table. Some were bums, and others payed their way, but none were turned away. It was a stopping place for the U. S. Mail carriers also.

Thomas had increased his dairy herd and many range cows were milked night and morning at the ranch. The milk was stored in a large rock cellar or milk house behind the house, close to the spring. Mary Ann made some of the best cheese and butter that could be had anywhere. When a surplus was acquired, Thomas would take it to Salt Lake and later to the mining camps in Nevada and by means of exchange would bring back necessary commodities for the family use.

Let me quote from what one of Mary Ann's grand daughters (Minerva McElprang Guyman) remembers of this set-up. "Grandmother had

a large family and some hired men to do for. She made cheese to ship. It was an astonishing sight to me to walk into her large rock cellar and see the large round cheese, row upon row, until the large shelves reached the ceiling. I remember so well some Indians sitting around on the ground eating pieces of cheese that Grandmother had given them. One Indian was 115 years old."

Another grand daughter (Ethel Winsor Simkins) recently told me of her memory of the many shining tin milk cans that were put out by the cellar to sun every day. Walter Winsor, a grandson, says that he remembers hearing how well Grandma Terry was always prepared for entertaining the many travelers that stopped at the Ranch. On one occasion, without any advanced notice, she served 35 people, giving them hot biscuits and each a piece of pie.

In 1878, Mary Ann had to share her husband once more with another woman. This time it was Hannah Louisa Leavitt, a good, sensible girl of 23 years. Thomas made a home for her in Hebron. By this time his own children were mostly married and had children of their own. I have heard Aunt Alydia Winsor say she had one child when this happened.

I'm sure they lived quite harmoniously together, as Mary Ann and Hannah both were of that kind, sweet disposition and Thomas taught all his children that they were all equal in his love and affection.

A few years after this, the practice of plural marriage was discontinued by the Church. Those breaking the laws of the land by co-habitation, if caught, were imprisoned and punished. These were hard, trying years for Mary Ann and the other wives and their children because the husband and father had to be on the jump constantly. Thomas was obliged to take his wife, Hannah, and her children and hide them away down on the Beaver Dams.

The United States Officers who were so anxious to catch Thomas were Armstrong and McGeary. On one occasion these men were hot on the trail, but they stopped for a night's rest at Hebron. His young grandchildren, Ethel and Andy Winsor, walked the five miles to the Ranch to warn their beloved Grandfather and he was able to make his get-away. If older people had gone they would have been detected, thus the plans of heartless men were thwarted by a couple of brave little children.

This terrible anxiety went on until about 1894 before things quieted down to normal again and Thomas could again attend to his duties as Bishop and assist in the care of his family.

Mary Ann missed the good council and sweet association of her father and mother when they passed away, 1872 and 1886 respectively, both living to a good old age.

She was always proud of the accomplishments of her children. They have been outstanding leaders in Church affairs of the communities where they have lived.

Mary Ann had indeed been a Pioneer, being born in the East, she was old enough to realize the hardships incurred when the family

became members of the Mormon Church. The bitter persecutions in Nauvoo and vicinity. The tiring trek across the plains. The hard struggle of making a home and livelihood in the Salt Lake Valley. Marrying young and helping her husband make a home on their new farm land on Little Cottonwood; accepting the call to the Dixie Mission and doing their bit in St. George. Then, being called on to Shoal Creek and working so hard to try and make a go of that little settlement. Her share was not small in making a paying business out of their ranching venture. But she still had one more job of pioneering to do.

The town of Hebron had to be abandoned, due to causes which can be read elsewhere in this book. Another long story could be told concerning the development of Enterprise down the canyon to the east. Thomas and Mary Ann had faith in the building of a new settlement, and made a home therein.

Mary Ann loved to visit around with her children; those who had moved away and the ones who had made homes in Enterprise. Terry Lund remembers how delighted he was as a boy, to have Grandma Terry come to visit them in Paragonah. He describes her as being of average size, quite plump, with curly hair and a sweet face and very kind nature.

During the later years of her life, Thomas spent most of his time at Enterprise with Mary Ann. His wife, Eliza Jane, and most of her family were comfortably situated at Panaca, Nevada. Hannah and her children were on the ranch at Beaver Dam.

As there must be a separation at some time, this dear soul passed away September 18, 1913, at Enterprise and was buried there at the age of 80 years.

The following poem is very typical of Mary Ann's life:

POEM FOR GRANDMA TERRY

Another dear soul has gone peacefully on
To her home in the realms above
To join her dear loved ones who's waiting her there
To welcome her home with their love.

Her feet that have mounted the steep hill of life
Have grown weary and spent and old
But the storms and suns that have swept o'er her sky
Have mellowed the grains to gold.

How often her hands some service performed
And brought joy by their loving touch
And countless the seeds of honor she's sowed
Dear old hands have accomplished so much.

Her friendships so faithful has lightened the load
Of so many she's happened to meet
So freely she's given her council and help
A glorious harvest she'll reap.

Thru abiding faith in the goodness of God
Disappointments were met and o'er come
She learned calmly to trust and bravely endure
Whatever might come to her home.

For the best in life she has struggled and learned
To accept whatever was sent
She held fast the choice gifts she gleaned thru the years
And enjoyed gifts her Father sent.

Her wonderful faith like a bright shining ray
Did gladden her last days decline
And the harvest of peace that her dear hands sowed
Gave joy in the eventide divine.

Sweet Angels of hope thru the days yet to come
Stay by us to comfort and guard
Let her full noble life be an ensign true
Upheld by our faith in God.

And now in remembrance of one we hold dear
These tributes we lovingly pay
Dear Mother and friend, we know you're at peace
We'll meet on the Resurrection Day.

A Few Things About My Mother
Alydia Terry Winsor
(Now deceased)

My mother and Uncle John Pulsipher's wife, Rosilla, would exchange milk. She would make cheese one day and my mother would make it the next. Charles Terry lived in St. George, and was a "Copper" by trade. My father had him make a great big tub. When it was full of milk we made two cheese; one thirty pounds and the other twenty pounds. Charles Pulsipher was a carpenter and made the cheese press. We always set the milk on Sunday and made the cream into butter.

Besides making the cream and milk into butter and cheese, we had to prepare the wool from our sheep by getting it ready to be carded into rolls. When the weather was warm enough to shear the sheep, the men built a large scaffold to lay two sheep on. My father had never done any shearing so he would catch the sheep, tie its legs and lay it on the scaffold while my eldest sister, Mary Ann, and Uncle John Pulsipher did the shearing.

The wood had to be washed, picked so it would be fluffy and a little grease worked into it. It was sent to a carding machine in Cedar City, then we wove it into cloth. Every woman that wove the cloth had a dye jar, to color the skeins of yarn different colors. My mother wove the cloth for jeans, flannel and linzy, that was needed for our family use. Mother cut jeans for my father, then did the sewing on them. She also selected wheat straw and braided eleven strands wide braid, then sewed it into shape. She made him a hat with a band of black around it, which he was very proud to wear when he went to Conference in St. George.

My Grandmother, Mary Ann Terry
Mary Ann Winsor Pickering
Enterprise, Utah

Grandmother Terry was a wonderful person. I was always proud that I was named after her.

I recall hearing her tell about walking a good share of the way across the plains. She carried a Speller and learned it from cover to cover. Also, the times tables and the Roman numbers. In the evenings around the camp fire, they would often have spelling matches, times table tests and group singing. She was a good singer and few could surpass her in the times tables and spelling matches. Even in later years if we wanted a word spelled correctly, we would just ask grandmother and she could always help us out.

What wonderful memories are the trips to the Ranch while she and grandfather were alive. I was privileged to spend part of the summer there when I was along about ten or twelve years old. After

the work was done and I had helped Aunt Milinda and Aunt May, we would sit out on the porch and cut out and sew quilt blocks. One of my treasured possessions today is a quilt set together with those blocks.

She was a good cook and made the best cookies that I have ever tasted.

After grandmother had her stroke she stayed first one place and then another with her children. One winter she was with Uncle Joe and Aunt May who lived close to the school house. My sister Adelia and I loved nothing better than to run over at recess and if grandma wasn't dressed or her hair combed, we would help her. How I loved to comb her pretty hair; she was always so grateful for all we did for her.

While she stayed with us one summer, she worked a pair of pillow cases for me. I would sit by her and help her poor crippled hands handle the work. It was a great trial to her when she was no longer able to do the tasks she was use to doing.

Grandmother's sister gave her one of those old style cake plates with a hand hold on each side. Grandmother gave it to Aunt Mary Ann Huntsman when she quit keeping house and just before Aunt Mary Ann died, she gave it to me. Whoever comes to my home my see it.

Orilla Woods Hafen of St. George, writes —

One of my first impressions of my dear grandmother Terry was how tender hearted she was. Seems the tears were always on the surface. It worried me as a child when she would always cry when she came to see us or when we went to see her and one time I got courage enough to ask her why, and she said it was because she was so happy. At that time, it was hard for me to understand. But now, I understand thoroughly because I do the same thing when I'm happy.

Grandma never wasted any thing. She always took care of everything. She would scrape the dishes clean when she cleared the table and gave all this to the cat and dog and then she would take a little water and rinse any particles of food that might be left on the dishes and this water went into the pigs' feed. She was so particular about washing dishes. They were always done in hot soap suds and rinsed in the hottest water. She was just as particular with everything she did.

Grandma never wasted time either. Often she has said to me after we had spent hours in the garden or at the washing or the house cleaning - "Now let's shell these peas or husk this corn or darn these stockings." She never sat with her hands idle. I have been thankful many times to her and my own dear mother that I was taught to make the best use of my time and to do things well. They taught me that "Whatever was worth doing at all was worth doing well." She was a dear good woman, always thoughtful and glad to help those in need.

Exie Terry Blake Perkins — St. George, Utah, writes —

Mother always taught us children to call father's first wife, grandma. How I did love her. I don't think there was anyone who ever knew her that didn't love her, she was so sweet and kind.

When we were expecting grandma for a visit to our ranch down on the Beaver Dams, I was so excited and happy. I enjoyed doing little things for her because she was always so appreciative. She never failed to bring us presents of some kind, isolated as we were, her thoughtfulness was certainly an up-lift to us. I recall picking wild ground cherries for her to make preserves, it was a tedious job but I loved to do it for her. When she got home, she would always send me something to show she remembered favors done for her.

Sometimes I visited her at the Terry Ranch with my niece Lanora Huntsman, we were about the same age. I will never forget those enjoyable trips.

When I was in my teens I went to Price and Huntington to visit my half sister, Allie, Adelia and Nora. When I thought I should be going home, father wrote that he was bringing grandma for a few months visit with her daughters and that I could stay and help take care of her. What a privilege it was to be so closely associated with grandma for those weeks. She was so grateful for every little thing done for her. Everyone over there loved her just as we did, even outside of the family.

Lenora Huntsman Lamoreaux, of Provo, Utah, says —

I was quite young when I used to stay with grandmother; I loved to go and she seemed glad to have me. I remember the house, the picture which is in the Terry History. It was a long house with one frame room, "the front room"; how clean and sweet this house always was. I thought that front room was the nicest place - so cool and pleasant on a hot summer day. I can see it now, with its pictures, the chairs with their lace 'tidies' over the backs of them, (grandma knitted beautiful lace. I have some she made), the velvet cushions with pink roses on them, the rag carpet so clean and pretty on the floor. Grandma would let me dust the pretty things in there, if I would be careful, she was so particular that everything be in its place.

She had such a good clean bed. I just loved to cuddle up to her and go to sleep. In the morning she would go quietly about her work so as not to wake me, as she said I must get my rest to have a strong body. They had what they called 'the loft' up over the dining room in this log house, a kind of a bedroom where some could sleep. A stairs led up to it, when the wind blew it whistled down the stairs in mournful sounds. But it seems that I can still feel the protecting, loving care grandma gave me.

I always wondered how she could wash dishes and scald them in such hot water, it burned my hands. She had so many

milk pans and buckets to wash. She kept her milk, butter and cheese in the cool rock cellar. I liked to watch her mix the butter and mold it into a pretty design on the top.

Grandma always made the travelers welcome. Once there was a tramp named John Smith, who they took in and befriended. He was a foreigner and talked funny. Sometimes the boys liked to play jokes on him but grandma always took his part. He was a good worker and stayed there several years. Jake Busher was another homeless boy that came there and was loved and cared for by her. Among the travelers that came that way were the "Drummers" men who had great chests of cloths, jewelry and fancy things to sell. I was so thrilled to look at them with grandma, and happy when she bought me something.

I have sat many times in a little raw-hide bottomed chair at her knee and listened to stories. One I remember of when they were crossing the plains of how she would go gathering dry 'buffalo chips' to make fires when they camped for the night, said they would gather their apron full as there was no wood on the plains. I asked what 'buffalo chips' were and she laughed at my shuddering and saying, "Ooo, I'd hate to gather that in my apron!"

When the boys made homes in Enterprise and she was too old to stay on the Ranch, she lived with her children. Even though they were good to her, I'm sure she got lonesome for her ranch home and all its memories.

Taken from THE HISTORY OF THOMAS S. TERRY
by his daughter, Maud T. Patten

In the spring of 1849, Thomas was to church on Sunday in the old Bowery. He was standing in the back of the congregation. There were no upholstered chairs - the seats in this place of worship were of split logs and the floor of dirt. He was talking to a friend when an unknown voice said, "There is your companion for all time and eternity." He looked around but saw no one that he did not know and he went on conversing. Again the voice said, "There is the girl you are to marry." He turned and this time he looked down the aisle a short distance from where he was standing. There he met a pair of brown eyes in a beautiful face with rose-carmen cheeks and lips of deep cherry red. As she turned her head to hide a blush for being caught gazing at the handsome young stranger, the long black curls fell in clusters around her head. He asked his companion who that pretty little brunette was. Thomas's friend answered, "Why she is Mary Ann Pulsipher, Brother Pulsipher's girl. You know Brother Pulsipher, he is one of the first seven presidents of the seventies. He has a wonderful family."

Thomas was not slow to find this out for himself. A colorful romance followed which brought about a marriage on Christmas Day, 1849. This union was a happy and eventful one. With the exception of four Christmas Days was for sixty-four years celebrated by Thomas Sirls and his wife in thanksgiving for their perfect love.

HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF WILLIAM PULSIPHER

Material Furnished by his Daughters
Eunice Cropper and Edna Taylor

William Pulsipher was the ninth child of a family of eleven children. He was born January 22, 1838, in Kirtland, Ohio. His father, Zerah Pulsipher, was born June 24, 1789, in Rockingham, Windham, Vermont, son of John and Elizabeth Stowell Pulsipher. His mother, Mary Brown Pulsipher, was born March 2, 1799, in Kent, Litchfield County, Connecticut, the daughter of John Brown and Sarah Fairchild Brown.

William was much loved and wanted by his family. But as a child, he grew up in the troubled times the Mormon people were living in. The histories of his parents and older sisters and brothers, recorded in this book, give in detail the hardships the family endured. The move from Kirtland to Missouri, and, then to Illinois, where on the 27th of June, 1844, the Prophet and his brother, Hyrum, were shot and killed at Carthage jail by a band of about 200 painted ruffians from Missouri and Illinois.

The enemies of the Mormons expected that with the death of their leader, the church could be desolved and the people scattered. They didn't realize, however, that this was God's Church and the time had come for it to be upon the earth and it couldn't be destroyed by wicked men. The "mantle" of Joseph fell on Brigham Young and the church grew. The persecutions became unbearable and these innocent people were driven from their homes again. The only thing left for them to do was to move still farther westward into the vast unknown, inhabited only by the roving red men and a few white trappers.

William was ten years old when this long journey across the plains started, so it made a lasting impression on him. He helped with the camp chores, and helped look after the stock. It might be interesting to acquaint the readers with a few of the facts concerning the trek.

Zerah Pulsipher, William's father, was a born leader and his ability was acknowledged to the extent that he was made Captain of the first division of 100 wagons. The first division consisted of 1229 souls, 397 wagons, 699 cows, 74 horses, 19 mules, 1279 oxen, 184 loose cattle, 411 sheep, 141 pigs, 605 chickens, 37 cats, 82 dogs, 3 goats, 10 geese, 2 hives of bees, 8 doves and 1 crow. This division left the Elk Horn River June 1, and arrived in the Salt Lake Valley, September 20, 1848. (Quote from the book "Journal History" at the Church Library in B. L. C.)

The Pulsipher family, by their united efforts, soon built themselves a comfortable home in this new land. William was very industrious and did his share to develop the land that crops could be grown. He took advantage of every opportunity for education and development in church activities.

It is recorded in the history of his brother-in-law, Thomas S. Terry, that when he was called on a mission in 1856, that he engaged

William Pulsipher, who was then 18 years old, to look after his farm and his families at Union Fort Cottonwood, while he was away. Family stories have it that during the fall of 1856, William was called with others to go back over the mountains to assist and take supplies to some of the struggling Saints who were making their laborious way to the Salt Lake Valley. Before he got back home, the weather turned very cold and snow fell. Due to exposure in such weather, William became very ill and was sick for a long time and it seemed as if his time had come to leave this frail existence, but through the goodness of the Lord and the tender treatment of his family, he recovered.

It so happened that the Pulsipher family lived on the same block as the family of John M. and Mary Parker Chidester. An important member of this family was Ester, who was born May 18, 1846, in Montrose, Iowa. William was attracted to this lovely young lady and had paid her special attention for two or three years. However, he hadn't approached the subject of marriage. When he was called to go South to the Dixie Cotton Mission, he felt that he needed a companion to go with him and help him make a home in this new land.

Esther was very young and did not care to leave her mother, thereby refused him. He pulled her onto his lap and said he would hold her until she said "yes". He finally told her he would not go into polygamy if she would consent. He also promised her that her mother and family could soon come down there. They were both in love with each other and the parents approved of the match, so they were married by John Madison Chidester (her father) in the endowment house in Salt Lake City on the 27th of October, 1861. He was 23 and she was but 15 years old.

The following is a copy of their marriage certificate found in the Family Bible:

CERTIFICATE OF MARRIAGE

This is to certify that —

William Pulsipher of Salt Lake in the territory of Utah
and

Esther Chidester of Salt Lake in the territory of Utah
were by me united together in

Holy Matrimony

on the 27th day of October in the year of our Lord
One Thousand Eight Hundred and Sixty-one

In presence of

Levi Hancock and Mary Chidester

by John Madison Chidester

Not much is known concerning their experiences on their trip south, but records show that their first child, William Zera, was born in Washington, March 4, 1863.

William and Esther were not permitted to remain in this fast growing section of the country, but were called by Apostle Erastus Snow to go out in the wilds to Shoal Creek, to establish a home and help look after the Church cattle. Here a quotation is taken from a news paper article concerning Shoal Creek, written by a relative, Lamond Huntsman, Enterprise, in 1947, called "Blazers in the Deserts":

"Chief Moroni claimed the upper meadows for his home. He camped near a spring, called Moroni Springs after him. He gladly welcomed Father Zerah Pulsipher and his son William who joined him in the summer of 1864." He goes on to tell how Chief Moroni and his little band had great confidence in their white friends and would ask them to look after their squaws and papooses and protect them from marauding Indians of other tribes.

As more people came into this locality to make homes, they moved from the creek up on to the bench where there was more room for a town. They called their little village "Hebron".

William worked hard to provide a comfortable home for their fast growing family, and moved out of the covered wagon that had been their home for so long. This home was of logs, consisting of one big room, with a foundation laid for another room. This dwelling was used to hold Church, Sunday School, and all entertainments in until after 1869.

Their children were born as follows: Besides Willie, who was born at Washington, there were Mary Esther, born November 20, 1864, at Shoal Creek, then John Madison, April 22, 1867, Eunice, 1869, Charles Henry, February 27, 1871 - died 1876; these were all born at Hebron.

In the fall of 1873 they moved to Clover Valley, Nevada, where Augustus C. was born October 21, 1873 and died August 2, 1876.

Excitement was running high about this time because of the doings of a notorious outlaw, Ben Tasker and his gang. They would drive off horses and cattle belonging to the settlers and if a man happened to get in the way of their purpose they wouldn't hesitate to shoot him down in cold blood.

Eunice tells an interesting experience her father, William, had with this outlaw. "Ben Tasker sent word to father he was going to kill him on sight and father did not know what Ben Tasker looked like. So, one day father had been riding to tend his cattle and horses all day. He changed horses the third time - he was awful tired. If he had ridden home he would not have arrived until very late. Being close to Deep Springs and Ben Tasker's ranch, he decided to get acquainted. He rode to the door, threw the bridle over the hitching post and knocked on the door. A man father knew answered the door. When he saw father, he just trembled and said, 'Why William. What on earth are you doing here? Are you acquainted with Ben Tasker?' Father said, 'That is my business here.' So he led father into a long room where 35 men were sitting on either side. He went to the farther end and said, 'Mr. Ben Tasker, allow me to make you acquainted with Mr. William Pulsipher.' Father took hold of his hand and said, 'Mr. Ben Tasker, I understand you are going to kill me on sight.' Ben said, 'No' he was his best friend. He ordered a good supper and fixed a good bed, and the man father knew slept with him. Father was so tired that as he struck the bed he was asleep. He had a nightmare, gave an unmerciful yell; awoke everyone in the house. The yell awoke father too, and he raised up and excused himself to his companion. He said he was so tired he could not help it, laid right back and went to sleep again. But Ben Tasker thought there was a posse outside that had come to destroy them all and thought father was giving them the signal to

come. The man father was sleeping with said that when Ben Tasker went to wash for supper that night he took his belt and scabbard off and laid them on top of the cupboard and left them there and it was the first time he had ever been known to do it. He was so nervous that father gave him his gun and scabbard and told him he was not in the habit of carrying them except when he was out on the range. Next morning, Ben gave him a good breakfast."

On another occasion William and Esther were all ready to go to Panaca on a visit and to get currants and gooseberries to put up, when William noticed a man coming on a horse. It was a messenger with a telegram from Sheriff Jim Pierson and Pioche, Nevada, deputizing him to try and stop the Tasker bunch who were making their way toward Dixie with a band of stolen horses. He told Esther they were going to Dixie to see her mother instead of Panaca. When Will got the other side of Diamond Valley, he saw the dust of the men with the horses. Eunice tells it this way.

"Father jumped out of the buggy and told mother to drive and he would take one of the saddle horses that was on the side and let mother go into St. George alone while he went and took them alone. Father couldn't get her to drive. She jumped out of the buggy and said, 'I'll not drive a step — it would mean you would just go to your death to try to get those horses away from those theives without help.' This made father angry and he jumped back into the buggy and he drove until they got past the forks of the road, where one road went to Middleton and the other went to St. George. The dust was out of sight, so mother said, 'Now if you want to take both of the saddle horses and go into St. George and get help, I will drive the team.' So father did that — got help and went to Middleton and caught the men and took them into St. George and locked them up until the next day when Jim Pearson came after them. Father told them that he would like to guard them until they got to Pioche, but one of them swore at him and said, 'Bill Pulsipher, I have been to your house three times to kill you, and if I ever get loose again, I will surely kill you.' He also said, 'This is the second time you have arrested me, but it will be the last.' After they got started, Jim Pearson rode a saddle horse to guard and told father to go on to Chadburn Ranch and other dinner, so father and mother went and had dinner waiting for them when Jim Pearson and Mort Moore came and said some masked men raised up in the rocks at the Black Ridge, ordered the men out of the carriage and never unlocked the chains from their hands or feet, but just shot them and left them laying there at the side of the road."

The following incident was sent in by Laura A. Pulsipher, second wife of William's son, Johnnie:

"Johnnie has told me so many times of the incidents of the killing of these men up by Diamond Valley and showed me the place many times where it all took place. Where they had the horses secluded and how Gus Hardey and his helper stayed way back while Grandfather Pulsipher took the two men. He shot the third man but he got away by running between the horses. He traced him by the blood to the River and assumed he drowned, but many years after, this man returned to St. George staying for only a day or so. Johnnie did not get to see him as he was at Enterprise.

"When ever cattle or horses were stolen, Father Pulsipher was always sent after them as he always got the culprit without injury. He was known far and wide for his undaunted bravery, for his quick and un-failing shots. He was never known to aim at just any object."

There was a time in those early days when the Indians were very unfriendly. One morning Will looked out and noticed eight Indians painted and adorned with their feathery head gear, indicating they were on the war path. Esther was very frightened. As they came up, one of them brustled up to Will, seemingly to make trouble. Although rather a small man, Will didn't intend to be bluffed by them, so he grabbed the intruder by the shoulders and jammed him down on a rock. He got up and came back for more, but again Will pussed him down. Another came at him and he was treated the same way. They soon gave up and acknowledged that William was a "Heap strong man." They shook hands and called him the "Big Spirit" from then on.

On another occasion when they were living in the wagon before they got the house built, Esther stayed at camp one day, because she didn't feel well, instead of riding out on the range with her husband as she often did. Along about 10:00 o'clock in the morning she heard an Indian outside her wagon. With fear and trembling she pulled the bed clothes securely over her for protection. As he did not leave she at last gained courage enough to climb out of the wagon and went clear around the camp fire and sat down. This Indian just smiled and began talking to her, telling her the names of things and made her understand by motioning. He made a habit of coming back every day and teaching her the Indian language and customs.

The Indians took to going out on the range and killing a beef, and taking what they wanted and leaving the rest to waste. Will told them the Big Spirit did not like to see things wasted, and they must come and ask for meat instead of wasting it that way. Once they went and killed another one and ate so much of it that it made them sick. They thought the Big Spirit was in them and they must sweat it out, so the other Indians put them in their tents and made a fire to sweat it out. When they were all sweaty they took them out and dipped three of them in a creek. Ed Hamblin happened along and saved two, but the three they dipped were killed instantly. They never bothered any more cattle on the range. They said Nigger Abb was the main leader and when they wanted beef they came and asked for it.

William used to trade the Indians horses for pine-nuts and buckskin, so the family always had one or two sacks full of pine-nuts and could have them to eat anytime they wanted.

One time William and Jacob Hamblin were out riding and just at the mouth of a big canyon they saw five Indians on the war path. William had a gun called a needle gun. He could touch a lever or a spring and three long spears would come out, and he worked it so fast that it scared the Indians. They wanted to see the gun, but William told them he would show them and he told Jacob, "I'll get this one and this one and that one with the gun and that one with me dagger, but you must get that one." That was the first gun of this type in that country, and it was quite a novelty to watch Will throw those long needles back and forth as he worked the lever. When we would not let them take the gun, they got scared and never bothered anymore.

Esther was the proud owner of the first sewing machine in that part of the country. She could sew anything on it. She made pants for her husband out of buckskin. It seemed there was no "wear-out" to those buckskin breeches, though they weren't so good when they got wet or dirty, but Esther was glad to replace them with new ones.

This machine was a "Hows"; it took nice stitches and never ripped, so she was in much demand to make clothes for other people, even men's suits. She was an exceptionally fast worker. Thus, accomplishing more than most. Her earnings gradually amounted to about \$300.00. A \$2.50 gold piece was quite a novelty in those days, but they were in circulation, when ever Esther would see one she would trade silver to the owner for it. These she put in a special long box.

In 1875 William was called on a mission to the Sandwich Islands, now known as the Hawaiian Islands. He did not know what to do because he had loaned all his money out on interest. It was the wrong time of the year to sell his cattle and he was indeed blue and discouraged, until his good wife brought forth her little secret box filled with the gold pieces and asked him if there was enough. Imagine his surprise and joy to have his prayers answered in such a way so that he could take advantage of this great opportunity that had come to him.

It was rather hard to bid adieu to his loving companion, who was expecting a child and the five children. He knew much of the responsibility would fall on Willie, who was then 12 years old.

It was early in April of 1875 when William left Hebron — destination the Sandwich Islands. While on the boat, a terrible storm arose on the Pacific. Four of the passengers were on the deck, drinking and playing cards and as the two missionaries passed, one of the men said he could whip any d--- Mormon on the boat. William took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves and said he'd take them on one at a time. But they were fearful and said no more about it. As the waves dashed high and rocked the boat, the four men became alarmed and went to the captain for help. He soothed their fears by telling them two Mormon missionaries were with them and they'd land safely.

William was seasick crossing the ocean; then when he got to Honolulu he did not get any better and could not eat their food, so they just put a little Kanaka man to take care of him. Finally, when he began to get a little better he saw a coconut on a tree and asked this Kanaka if he could have it if he would shoot it and the Kanaka told him "yes". So, William shot it and after that he lived on coconuts and drank the milk and improved. When Brigham Young found that Elder Pulsipher was on a mission sick, he sent him his honorable release and said he could fill a mission home by donating to others, so he got home the night his little daughter, Minnie was born, December 17, 1875. He was gone eight months.

After that two more children were added to the family - Sarah Edna, born February 12, 1878, in St. George, and Anna Luella, born August 27, at Shoal Creek.

William and Esther had three homes - one in St. George, one in Hebron and one in Clover Valley, Nevada, - a dairy, where they made

butter and cheese in the summer. There were two big rock cellars - one had a spring in it to keep it cool for the butter and milk - the other was just to keep cheese in until it was cured for market. The floor of the kitchen was the roof of the cheese cellar. You come out of the kitchen into a big shed where the cheese factory stood - another door led to the shed. Then there was a front door to lead out to the main road on the south and across the road was a big hay barn where the hired men slept.

William once had a claim on the biggest gold mine in Pioche, Nevada, but sold it to a company. It was called the "Raven and Ely mine" but they never did pay for the claim. He also had a ranch at Beaver Dam where those Indians ate too much meat. He also had another place about 15 miles this side of St. George.

He was a very religious man and devoted much time and money to the Church. His excellent health came from strict observance of the Word of Wisdom. Though they raised grapes in abundance and always had grape juice in their cellar, he would not drink except as fresh juice; he did not partake of wine. His church affiliations were always uppermost to him and living on the frontier as they did, his home was always open to meetings or Church affairs. Nothing was more important to him than his faith in the principles and ordinances of the gospel.

He and Esther frequently traveled to Salt Lake City for the semi-annual conferences, spending a week there visiting etc. They were regular attenders at Stake conference in St. George also, jolting along in their light wagon or buggy. Esther used to make the expression that "Dixie had the worst roads in the United States"; nevertheless, they were grateful that they were able to attend.

He was a financier of great ability in his day. His stocks and bonds were plentiful, making him one of the leaders in that part of the state. He was also staunch advocate of education. A few years before he died he told his wife if anything should happen to him, she was not to give the children money, but give them an education for no one could rob them of that as they could of the material things.

He was caught out on the range in a snow storm. Quite unusual in Southern Utah. He contracted a severe cold which settled on his lungs, causing a fatal case of pneumonia. He passed away March 12, 1880, at the age of 42. He was buried in Hebron on the 15th of March by the side of his three children who had passed away in early childhood.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF
ELIZA JANE PULSIPHER TERRY

Eliza Jane Pulsipher Terry was born in Nauvoo, Adams County, Illinois, on the 26th day of July, 1840. Her parents were Zerah and Mary Brown Pulsipher.

May I go back and give just a little history of Eliza's parents, as a little back-ground to her life? They accepted the Gospel in New York State as it was taught by Elder Jared Carter. In 1832 Zerah sold his farm and prepared to gather with the Saints. The family, after moving to different places, finally arrived in Kirtland, Ohio, in 1835, and there saw the Prophet Joseph Smith, and helped work on the Temple.

Father, with another Elder, had the privilege of converting and baptizing Wilford Woodruff in New York State before coming to Nauvoo. In Nauvoo, Zerah was chosen as one of the First General Seven Presidents of Seventy.

Eliza's mother was steadfast and helpful through all the terrible persecutions that the Saints endured in the early rise of the Church.

Eliza was the tenth child born to this note-worthy couple. She was seven years old when the trek across the plains was made, so no doubt she could remember many of the hardships endured by the family. Her father was Captain of a company consisting of 100 wagons; with this added responsibility perhaps his own family was looked after by the older boys, John and Charles.

Eliza, with the rest of the family arrived in the Great Salt Lake Valley, September 22, 1848. Her father began immediately to prepare food and shelter for the coming winter. Their first home in Salt Lake City was on the 4th block west of the Temple Block. Her schooling commenced in 1849 at the school in the old 16th ward. She was a likable person and had many childhood friends.

She probably had her share of boy friends, but we must remember that plural marriage was being practiced by the Church at this time. I imagine Eliza Jane had a great deal of respect for her sister, Mary Ann's husband, Thomas Sirles Terry.

I don't suppose the fact that he was 15 years her senior bothered her very much, when he started courting her. She knew him to be a good, kind man; he was strong in the faith of the Church in which they had under-gone such hardships for. This marriage was performed by President Brigham Young on the 6th of May, 1855. She was just 15 years of age at the time. When the Endowment House was completed, she received her endowments on August 8, 1856.

NOTE: Eliza Jane's daughter wrote the following about her mother's life in 1953:

At the time father left for his mission in 1856, Aunt Mary Ann was on his farm in Little Cottonwood, twelve miles from Salt Lake City. My mother was in Salt Lake City with grandmother Pulsipher, but as time went on Aunt Mary Ann exchanged places with mother and went to Salt Lake to stay with her mother (Grandmother Pulsipher), as she was expecting her fourth child.

Uncle Will Pulsipher was to have stayed on the ranch to look after the chores while father was away, but the Church called for volunteers to take teams and go to help the poor handcart Saints who were stranded in the snow. Uncle Will went, which left my mother, a young girl of 16 years, on the farm alone with her young child; she was one-half mile from any neighbor.

The snow that winter was up to her window sills. She froze her feet so that they came out in blisters and formed sores, while doing her daily chores. She had to dig her corn fodder and any other hay feed from under the snow to feed her animals. She also had to grind corn on the coffee mill sometimes to make bread.

One night she heard someone come tramping up to the door on snow shoes and she wondered who could be coming there. Of course, it frightened her some, being so young and alone. But she put her trust in her Heavenly Father as she always did. Finally a man called her name. She was thankful to know it was Uncle John Alger, her sister, Sarah's, husband. They had become worried about her down there in the deep snow alone and he had volunteered to put on snow shoes and to go see how she was doing.

When Uncle Will returned with the Hand Cart Company, he had a very severe cold. His sweetheart had taken smallpox and died while he was away. Altogether, his hardships and sorrow caused him to have brain fever and he was very ill for a long time, so mother still stayed alone at the farm.

After Aunt Mary Ann's child came and she was able to return to the farm, she and mother again exchanged places. Mother never did complain any of her hardships. I am just wondering what any of our girls now days, at that tender age, would have done under those circumstances. It is worthy of mention, I feel.

Later in life when the Pulsipher family was called to come out of St. George to care for all the cattle of the St. George people, father moved his family out to Shoal Creek as it was then called, along with the Pulsiphers.

When father decided to homestead the old Terry Ranch he moved mother on the ranch to live as she had sons growing up to be of help to father in building a new home. Father built Aunt Mary Ann a home in what was then known as Hebron, five miles below the ranch. Her family were all girls at first.

At the ranch the pickets were cut for fencing, the land was cleared, the large rock barn was built. It was quite a hard laborious job with a family of that size to care for. There were also men hired to help do the mason work on the barn. The stage coach came each day from one direction and the buckboard each day from the other way meeting

at the ranch. The drivers were stationed at the ranch each day going to take the place of the new drivers. Besides this there were passengers coming in on the stage and mail from Silver Reef and Pioche. So it was no easy life to care for such daily duties.

As Aunt Mary Ann's boys began to grow, she could see the need of a future for them, so she decided to go to the ranch to live and father moved mother to Old Hebron in the place there.

I will now add just how mother decided to become a trained mid-wife. Uncle Will Pulsipher's wife, Esther, was about to give birth to a baby. The mid-wife was ill with pneumonia and couldn't attend to the expectant mother.

When Aunt Esther took ill, Grandfather Pulsipher came and said, "Eliza, you are the only woman that can handle the job, so you go and care for her and I promise you if you will, the Lord will bless you and all will go right."

After that, the people of the surrounding country felt mother was capable, so depended upon her. However, it was a source of worry to mother, so she finally told father it was too much and nerve racking and she felt that she must have training.

In St. George there was a lady who had come from the East as a convert to the Church, who was a trained nurse. She was teaching classes in obstetrics there. So father moved mother to St. George to receive that training.

Back in Hebron she went about her work of caring for the sick with renewed confidence. She was in much demand all over the county. The families living in Clover Valley sent for her and soon her ability as a nurse and mid-wife spread to Panaca, Nevada, and her services were much sought after at that place. It was a long stretch of rough road between the two places and it was quite hard on her to be on the road so much in all kinds of weather, but she always went where and when she was needed.

Clyde Terry, a son of Zerah's and grandson of Eliza Jane's, remembers what ambitious woman his grandmother was. Neither could she tolerate idleness in anyone else. To illustrate her industry and show what a masterful woman she was Clyde tells how she used to go a bit early to the home of the woman who was to be confined and she was engaged as mid-wife. While waiting for the event, she would keep everybody busy. She usually had them bring out all the rags for a carpet, wash them, tare them in the proper strips, sew them and have a nice carpet woven before she left that family.

Her price for confinement was \$10.00. After she moved to Panaca she worked with a doctor in Pioche and she got more money for her services. She was very independent, and from her nursing she always had plenty of money of her own. In fact, she bought her own home in Panaca.

Clyde remembers that she always wore a long black dress with big pockets. She favored her grandchildren and always had a little reward of money for services rendered.

Again he says, "When grandma was alone in her 70's there was a big canal project on to run the water out of the Santa Clara Creek. A cook was needed badly to prepare meals for the 40 men on the job. When anyone else wouldn't take the job of cook, grandma said she would and did preparing nourishing meals for the hungry men."

Still quoting: "I have heard grandma tell about when she was crossing the plains. They used to milk the cows they had along. Sometimes they would make cheese for the families by using improved methods, even pressing out the whey by the weighting of the wagon tongue."

She used to tell us about her little log cabin home out at Union and how she dug roots to eat to keep from getting so hungry.

Eliza was a helpful, devoted wife and loving mother. She was privileged to be the mother of twelve children. Four died in infancy - namely: John William and Charles Henry, twins; Oliver Amelia and Tracy Roselle. The eight growing to maturity, marrying and raising families were: Zera Pulsipher, Thomas Nelson, Eliza Jane, Aluna, Sarah Mariah, Josephine Rebecca, Frank Kermoth and Eva Elthera.

This good woman was lovingly cared for in the declining years of her life by her daughter Eva. She passed away peacefully on the 5th of May, 1919. Her husband was not there at the time, but upon receiving word of her death, came immediately from Enterprise, accompanied by his son, Frank D.

Funeral services were arranged to be held in the Panaca ward where she had spent the later years of her life. Her husband talked at the funeral, which perhaps was unusual, but he gave a stirring sermon and bore a strong testimony on the occasion.

PRUDENCE PULSIPHER

There are a few people still living today (1954) who remember "Aunt" Prudence Pulsipher when she lived in Hebron, but can give no details of her life.

In the last will and testament of her husband, Zerah Pulsipher, she is mentioned as one of his heirs. In his history, he gives the date he married each of his other three wives, but he makes no reference what-so-ever to Prudence.

Your historian assumes that she must have been his third wife and that he married her before Martha Hughes. There is no record that she ever had any posterity. But the fact remains, she was grandfather's wife, and as such she should have her place in this book. It is regretable that we know nothing of her life.

It seems she was looked after by Zerah's son, John, and his family, and we are indebted to him for the account of her death at least.

"Monday, February 27, 1883, we heard the alarm of fire about daylight. I jumped into my pants and out of doors as soon as possible and found it was our log house, coming to and not a rod from the brick house accupied by the family.

"The first room of this wooden building was occupied by mother Prudence Pulsipher, as a bed room and the other two rooms joining were used as store rooms for farming impliments, tools and machinery, harness, wagons, etc. Before we knew of the fire all three of these rooms were filled with flames -- so it was impossible to get in or to help the feeble soul out. How horrible to think she suffered death by fire and no one able to get to her. The best we could do was to throw water freely and to seperate the burning timbers. In so doing, we saved the body from being consumed. Neither was all her bed or clothing burned up.

"It appears that she had arose from her bed, dressed herself and made a fire. Finding it was not yet daylight, she had laid down on her bed and fallen asleep and was entirely suffocated by smoke while asleep and insensible to any pain. She had made no move towards the door, or even spoke a word to give any alarm. Her voice was strong but her body was weak and heavy. She had prayed for death, as she could do no good in this world and had wished for years that she could die. Now she has gone -- horrible as it appears -- yet we know of no easier death that she could have had."

Following is a report of her death as telegraphed and published in the Salt Lake papers:

Hebron, Utah February 27, 1883

"About five o'clock this morning the citizens of our town were awakened by the cry 'Fire!' 'Fire!' It was soon discovered that

the scene of the fire was on the premises of John Pulsipher, and in a room occupied by Prudence Pulsipher, widow of the late Zerah Pulsipher. When the fire was first discovered the flames were issuing from every opening of the building and through the roof, cutting off all possible chance of assistance.

"Following is the verdict of the Corner's Jury:

County of Washington
Territory of Utah
Hebron Precinct

"An inquisition held in the house of John Pulsipher on the 27th day of February, 1883, Daniel M. Tyler, Justice of the Peace, in Hebron, County and Territory, afore said. Upon the body of Prudence Pulsipher, aged 70 years. Names there subscribed.

"The said Jurors upon their oaths do say that the said Prudence Pulsipher came to her death by burning while lying on her bed, during the burning of the room in which she lay — and that said room was accidentally set on fire by her own hands on the morning of the 27th of February, 1883. And further that we find no cause of blame attachable to any person or persons what-so-ever.

"In testimony whereof, the said Jurors have here unto set their hands this day and year above said:


Signed: George A. Burgon
Orson W. Huntsman
George W. Laub - Acting Coroner

Daniel M. Tyler, Justice of the Peace'

"Held funeral at our house; good attendance; remarks were made by Daniel M. Tyler, John F. Laub and myself. If we can all get through this probation and find as little fault as she has, I think our salvation will be sure. Three loads of people went to the burial; we laid the body to rest a little south of father's."

**ZERA & MARTHA ANN HUGHES
PULSIPHER Family and comp.**

ZERA PULSIPHER
B. 24 June 1789. D. 1 JAN. 1872



MARTHA ANN HUGHES wife
B. 18 July 1843. D. June 1909



ASHEL JAMES BARNUM



MARTHA ANN PULSIPHER
B. 21 Dec 1858. D. 8 Sept. 1926



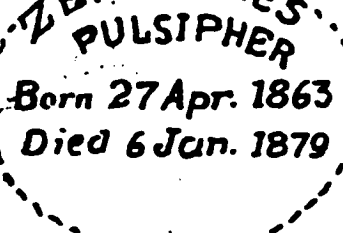
MARY ELIZABETH PULSIPHER
B. 13 Mar. 1861. D. 2 Nov. 1924



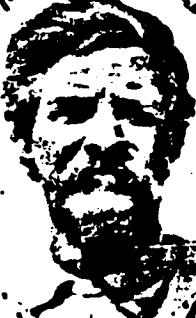
DUDLEY LEAVITT



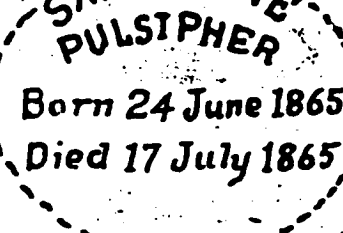
ZERA JAMES PULSIPHER
Born 27 Apr. 1863
Died 6 Jan. 1879



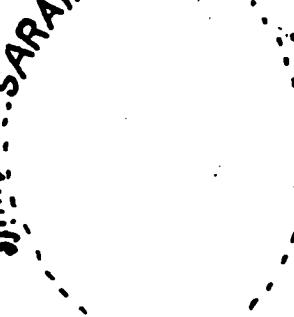
ANDREW MILTON PULSIPHER



SARAH JANE PULSIPHER
Born 24 June 1865
Died 17 July 1865



SARAH WAITE wife



SARAH LEAVITT HANSEN 2 wife



Melvin T. Harmon

MARTHA ANN HUGHES PULSIPHER (LEAVITT)

Arranged by Nora Lund - Family Historian

Since I began collecting Pulsipher records and histories, I have felt very sympathetic toward the subject of this sketch. I don't think for a minute that she would want my sympathy, or any one else's, but I still think she is reaping a great reward for being the fine, unselfish person that she must have been.

What always bothered me, was the fact that she never had a sprightly young husband all her own. She shared with other wives a husband in both of her marriages.

We of today can hardly imagine a child just 14 years of age marrying a man of 68. I have heard her immediate family members say, however, that she was a well developed young woman at 14. Of course, in the early days of the Church, plural marriage was being preached and practised by the church leaders. Young girls were encouraged to marry those mature and steadfast men. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if parents didn't do some of the match-making and gave encouragement too. Nevertheless, when Zerah Pulsipher asked Martha Ann to become his wife, she accepted. They were married March 18, 1851, in the Endowment House there in Salt Lake City. I have heard it said that she always got along fine with Zerah's other wives, Mary and Prudence.

To show the condition of her second marriage, I would like to quote a paragraph from the history book of Dudley Leavitt, stalwart pioneer of Southern Utah, written by his grand daughter, Juanita Leavitt Pulsipher Brooks.

"The year 1872 brought another event of mement to the Dudley Leavitt family. Dudley married another wife. This time, Martha Hughes Pulsipher, the widow of Zerah Pulsipher. In some ways this was a greater trial to Mary (the first wife) than his earlier marriages had been. The other four had all been girls together; they had sacrificed for each other; they had worked together; they had stood by each other in sickness; they had grown old before their time, together. Now to have their husband pay attention to this lively, twenty-seven-year-old widow while they cared for their families, was really a trial. The courtship was short. The young woman, left with four children, had few resources, and had been working out in the various homes to support herself. The marriage took place November 30, 1872, in Salt Lake City, with Daniel H. Wells officiating. Once it was over, she took her place with the other wives, receiving no favors, and fitting in the family very well."

Martha Ann had her humble beginning in Moreland, Pembrokshire Wales, where she was born July 1, 1843. Her parents were James and Ann Picton Hughes. They heard the gospel message of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints preached by the Mormon missionaries. They believed its truths and were baptized. Their great desire was to bring their family and come to "Zion". They saved their small earnings and finally set sail, in company with other Mormons. On landing in

America, their next big problem was getting across the plains to Utah. They were happy to finally arrive in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, the home of the Saints.

Martha Ann received what little schooling she had there. She worked hard, doing her part in the home and faithfully attending to her church duties.

Then at 14 she advanced one step farther in the progress of life by marrying Zerah Pulsipher. On December 21, 1861, she gave birth to her first child, Martha Ann. Then March 13, 1861, she gave birth to another fine daughter whom they named Mary Elizabeth.

Salt Lake and vicinity was getting crowded with people as many were joining the church in every nation and gathering to Zion. President Brigham Young, the greatest colonizer the world has ever known, had sent scouts out in every direction to find suitable places to establish towns for his people.

In 1850, scouts had come south and found rich iron deposits west of where Cedar City is now located. The 'Iron County' mission was organized and people settled Parowan in 1851. More extensive exploration was made and it was found by Jacob Hamblin and others who were laboring with the Indians on the Santa Clara Creek, that cotton and all kinds of fruits and cane could be raised owing to the warm climate. Consequently, the Dixie Cotton Mission was established with headquarters in St. George.

Part of the Pulsipher family were called south in 1861. The remainder, at October Conference of the same year. It was with the latter group that Martha Ann and her two little children traveled, along with her husband and the other wives. The trip was made more tedious for her because she was soon to give birth to her third child, which was born April 27, 1863, in St. George. He was given the name of Zerah James to honor his father and grandfather Hughes.

The Pulsiphers were soon established in Hebron where Sarah Jane was born, June 24, 1856. She wasn't long for this earth, however, and died July 17, 1865. Andrew Milton was added to the family November 20, 1867.

The living conditions were rather pleasant in Hebron. Of course, Martha worked hard to provide the necessities of life for her family. But she was happy and contented and enjoyed a fine relationship with her neighbors and friends.

Her husband was getting along in years. He had lived a full life and the Lord saw fit to call him "Home" January 1, 1872, at the ripe old age of 83.

Martha Ann carried on in her fine way, working where ever she could to continue to support her family. When Dudley Leavitt, who was just 13 years her senior, asked her to marry him, she was happy to do so. She knew him to be a good, kind man, fair and loving to his wives and children. This second marriage meant security for herself and children. She also bore Dudley three children, Lydia, born December 25, 1873; Minerva and then Dudley Charles, who both died in infancy.

I would like to again quote from Juanita's Leavitt History Book:

"In 1872 there was a heavy flood at Hebron which washed out their flume and the ditch along the hillside. People, generally, were very much discouraged, for it would mean such a lot of hard work to rebuild it. Dudley still had holdings at Gunlock and Mountain Meadows, as well as a small place at Santa Clara. Except for the block on which they lived, he had little at Hebron, so this year they decided to sell out and care for their other places. They had plenty of fruit and farm land at Gunlock to keep them busy."

Everything was going along fine in Gunlock. The families were prosperous and contented. Then early in 1877, a group decided to move further down onto the Virgin River, and set up a community where they could live the United Order. Dudley decided to go too and he put his substance into this venture. They named the town Bunkerville, after their leader, Edward Bunker. Family members say that Martha had some cattle from her husband, Zerah Pulsipher's estate, and she put those into the Order also.

After about 2½ years, those living the United Order commenced to divide the property and stock among the members. Martha didn't realize much for her earlier contributions.

When the 'Order' was broken up, Dudley moved across the Virgin River to the site of the present town of Mesquite and established his families there. Juanita says his wife, Mary, and a rock house, Maria was a block east, with Janet just beyond, and Martha lived south of Mary and Thirza west, down near the Big Wash.

For four years the families lived here and were an independent, self-supporting unit. They raised everything they ate. Molasses, honey, grains, fruit, vegetables, milk, butter and meats. In 1878, Dudley and his boys had taken a contract to run the mail from Bunkerville to St. George. This made it necessary for him to place his families at different points so fresh horses could be provided. Martha was stationed at Bunkerville.

Her daughter, Martha Ann, married Ashel James Barnum and had a family of ten children. She died September 8, 1936. Mary Elizabeth married Dudley Leavitt, Jr., and was the mother of eleven children and died November 21, 1925. We have the account of Zerah James's death recorded by his half-brother, John. May I quote:

"My little brother, Zerah James, father's first son of his last family, died this morning twenty minutes to 2:00 o'clock at our house. When his mother, Martha, married Dudley Leavitt, after father's death, the lad chose to stay with me. He had never had good health, a frail constitution. Seems to be of riper years and more manly than boys in general of his age - 16.

"He complained of a pain in his side and back for two or three days, which we could not cure by faith or work, but it was eased by both. He wanted my hand on it much of the time, so he could rest. I ordained him an Elder on the eve of the 4th of January. I had gone to bed on the morn of the 6th when he was struck with death. I came right to him, though he was in good care. He talked, called

the connections who gathered around. Some heard singing. He said he could see his friends who were already to accompany him in the Spirit World. Oh! That we could all go as happy as he did -- when our time comes."

Andrew Milton, married, first, Sarah Waite and later Sarah Leavitt Hansen, a young widow - and died February 20, 1939. Lydia married Walter Hughes, died November 17, 1917. They all made their homes in Southern Nevada.

The years of 1875 to 1888 were ones of deep concern for Martha and Dudley's other wives. The United States Marshalls, McGeary and Armstrong were hot on the trail of the polygamists. I like Juanita's little story of how her grandfather out-smarted these men on one occasion as told by his daughter, Mary Jane:

"One day I went with father to the cotton factory at Washington," said Mary Jane. "An Iverson girl was the clerk. We had just unloaded our cotton, when the black-topped buggy that carried McGeary and Armstrong drove up. The girl was in a panic.

"'Run,' she said. 'Run, Brother Leavitt. Here come the officers. They will get you sure. Quick! Hide!'

"Father knew it was useless to run, so he snatched up an old coat, pulled a slouch hat down over his eyes, picked up an oil can, and started to oil the machinery. He was the busiest man you ever saw climbing up the ladder to get at some parts, and going about it as if he were an expert.

"The officers came in, went through the whole place, kicking at trap doors, going through cotton bins, turning over boxes, and trying to find concealed hideouts. Father went about his work, apparently paying no attention. At last they got into their buggy and rode away."

Martha was a very ambitious person and she worked here and there at different jobs. For years she cooked for the minors at the Key West mine in Nevada.

Her husband, Dudley Leavitt, passed from this sphere of existence August 15, 1908. Martha had made her home for some time with her daughter, Lydia Hughes. She died in June of 1909, having lived a good, full life.

A SHORT SKETCH OF MARTHA ANN PULSIPHER BARNUM'S LIFE

Written by Annie Maria Barnum Leavitt

My mother, Martha Ann Pulsipher, was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, on December 21, 1855. She moved to Hebron, Utah, when very young with her parents, Martha Hughes and Zerah Pulsipher.

As she grew old enough to help her father, she would go with him to herd the cows and help milk them. She would go to the farm with him and ride the horse while he furrowed the corn and other crops. She helped him constantly till he died. He died and was buried in the old cemetery in old Hebron. I do not know just which year he died.

Mother met my father, Asahel James Barnum, in Hebron and was married April 24, 1878, in the St. George Temple. After grandmother Martha married Dudley Leavitt; it was so that my mother, Martha, took her two brothers, Zeddie and Andrew and for a long time mothered them.

Mother had four children in Hebron; thereafter, they moved to Gunlock. Living there only a year or two, they then moved to Bunkerville in 1889. They bought a good house and farm in Bunkerville. The first year or two there, father had chills and fever very bad. For a while they had a hard time when they began to raise good crops - hay and grain.

We used to glean grain and pick cotton and do anything to make us a Fourth of July dress. Mother was a hard working woman. She was a mother to everyone. She never turned anyone away from her door hungry. She always had lots of visitors. She was a very good cook. It was said of her many times that she could fix a meal the quickest and make it taste better than anyone in the country. Mother was president of the Relief Society for seventeen years there in Bunkerville and there were lots of poor families that had to be helped. She did so much work for them; made quilts and did so much serving. She was also president of the M. I. A. (Mutual Improvement Association) for a period of five years and Primary for many years. Mother made so many beautiful quilts for people there; she didn't charge too much and took anything that people would give her for the pay. She donated much of herself and time to others and did anything to help make a living. Mother was counted the best quilter in the country. Folks brought so much of their nice clothing that needed mending to her and you could not hardly tell it was mended, she did it so neat and nice.

Mother was a very good singer and father was choir master for years and years. He and mother would sit nights and practice; he with his tuning fork would read the music and learn the tunes or they would learn them together and then teach them to the choir. I remember well when President Woodruff died, father learned "Hark From A Far A Funeral Knell" and taught it to the choir to sing at President Woodruff's memorial services.

Mother was a great hand to laugh. If anyone ever got hurt a little, if it looked funny, she would laugh and I've seen her fall down herself and laugh until she couldn't get up. She sure liked a good joke.

Father had two women and nineteen children. Mother had ten: five girls and five boys. She had sixty-eight grand children when she died. Mother was never laxy. She surely did all she could to help father to make a living.

I would like to tell an incident that happened. I don't know why father took both wives and went to Hebron, but he did. When he got there he hadn't been there more than twenty-four hours until the U. S. Marshalls heard they were there. Of course, father took them up the canyon and the marshalls followed them. Aunt Jane was heavy with child but she took her shoes off so they couldn't track her. She climbed up the side of the mountain, whereas, she could see them but they couldn't see her. They already had mother, but it was Aunt Jane and father they wanted. Mother stayed at the wagon with three babies. Father took Uncle Henry Barnum's horse, a very small animal with a blind eye. Two of the men were after father and the other stayed to look after mother. Now mind you, it was in the night. The men who were after father shot two or three times at him, or right over his head, and father just layed down close to the horse's back and put the whip to him and the horse jumped a ravine twenty-one feet. If you don't think the Lord had a hand in that: I do. He went through the mountains to Bunkerville. The men were going up a wash and there was a small stream of water in it and they were following the road when they came to where the water whirled in against the rocks and they had to back out. They said if they had gone on two or three feet more they would have been drowned.

Now, back to mother and Aunt Jane. Just as it was getting light, the man that was left to look after mother, wandered off looking for Aunt Jane, so mother took the three children and started for town. She had one in her arms and one on each side holding to her dress. Mother met my Uncle before she got to town and he helped her and she went into Aunt Mary Laub's place nearby and hid. Those men followed her and they searched the sage brush and country all around. They searched every house in town — but the one she was in! The folks then got Uncle Billie Truman to take mother and Aunt Jane and the three children in a buckboard by team out to Hamblin's Ranch, which is way up at the head of Beaver Dam Wash, way beyond the Terry Ranch. Of course, Uncle Billie was traveling as fast as he could for he was frightened. He looked back and saw a dust and thought the marshalls were following them and he said, "If it's them I'll just leave you and throw the harness off one horse and go." But the dust proved to be his own dust!

In the meantime, father was in Bunkerville trying to get someone to go after the women and everyone was afraid. Lister Leavitt, (now my husband), said, "Get me a horse and I'll go." He said he was not afraid of them. He went through the mountains to Hebron and got another horse; then went to the ranch for the women and let me tell you they were pretty homesick! They saw him coming a long way off before he got there, but they couldn't tell who it was until he got off his horse. The horse was one that had raised our whole family, but mother couldn't tell it she was so excited. Well, they took the buckboard and started back when they got in sight of the Terry Ranch. There stood a black-topped buggy just like the one the marshalls drove. Mother said, "What are you going to do?" And lister said, "I'm going right by on a big swinging trot and they'll have to drive faster than I do if they catch us." But they didn't follow so it may

not have been them. Well, they arrived home safe, but I forgot to say when telling of father's escape how the marshall's found and measured where the mare had jumped the ravine, twenty-one feet, and they said they would pay any price for that animal. They offered a reward for Bunkerville Jim; that's what they called him. I don't think this story has ever been recorded, but every word of it is true. My husband Lister Leavitt, is right here today to testify to it:

Mother was a great hand at harvest time to have loaves of hot salt rising bread with butter waiting for the men when they rested. She made her own butter and cheese. All of the men traveling through the country, or any bums along the highway made it for mother's place for a bite to eat and to rest awhile. When Robert, my youngest brother was born, father left on a mission to the Central States. Mother and Aschel had the full responsibility of financing his mission. At one time, father had wrote for some money; mother and Aschel, my oldest brother, were counciling how they could get the money. Grandfather Dudley Leavitt came to the house the next morning and said, "Ann, how is Jim?" "Oh fine," she said. Grandfather asked, "Does he need any money?" She said, "Yes, we were trying to rustle some." Grandfather Dudley pulled out \$100.00 in cash and told them to send it to him. Grandfather had just received his Indian money and he distributed it among the missionaries.

Mother and father lived in Bunkerville for about twenty-five years when they moved to Mesquite, Nevada. Mother never complained of moving or of the places she lived in. She always fixed them so it was a home, not just a house. Finally the time came when father wanted to move back to Enterprise. He wanted mother to go but she had been told in a dream never to go back to Enterprise to live and her children were all down here, so she wouldn't go. Father took his second wife and went to Enterprise, but mother got along fine. She boarded and roomed school teachers and did any kind of work she could and made a living. She made quilts and sold and she made Temple aprons for the dead and also to work in the Temple with and she surely made beautiful ones. She worked in the Temple lots herself. Mother never neglected her church activities; she went to everything. Sunday School meeting, Relief Society, M. I. A. and everything that went on; she was always there. When the picture show started in Misquite - they were the old silent shows - the manager gave the widows free tickets and she never missed one. People got more kick out of watching her if it was a little exciting. She would yell out and carry on just as if it were real.

Finally her health began to break and she didn't go out too much. But she lived for her family. I have been happy ever since her death knowing that she spent her last days with us and that my husband and I had the privilege of taking care of her and being with her in the last seventeen days of her life. By her request, father was there with her at the last and she didn't want him to leave her. But when she had to get up or be moved, father or Aschel would go to help her and she would say, "Oh let Lister do it, he knows how better." When she died, she died in List's arms. He had to send all the rest of us into another room so she could die. She died September 9, 1936, and was buried in the Mesquite Cemetery. She was seventy-eight years old when she died. The names of her family are: Lillie May Barnum Leavitt, Asahel James Barnum, Jr., Armie Maria B. Leavitt, John Henry Barnum,

Mary Esther B. Whittwer, Charles Andrew Barnum, Zera Eugene Barnum, Martha B. Leavitt, Carmillia B. Hardy, and Robert Barnum. There are only three of us living today — Annie Marie B. Leavitt, Carmillia Hardy and Robert Barnum.

History of My Mother
MARTHA ANN PULSIPHER BARNUM
By Cormelia Barnum Hardy

My mother and I were always great pals and it is a joy indeed for me to write a few things of her life. She was a wonderful mother to all of us, but as I was her last daughter to be at home it seemed our companionship was especially near and dear.

Mother was born in Salt Lake City, December 21, 1858, the first child to be born to her mother, Martha Ann Hughes Pulsipher (the 4th wife) and the 13th child of her father, Zerah Pulsipher. At her arrival her mother was fifteen years old and her father was 69.

The family lived in Salt Lake until mother was nearly four years of age, then they were called by President Brigham Young to come south in October of 1862, so she celebrated her fourth birthday on the road. The Pulsiphers went directly to Shoal Creek or Hebron where my Uncles, John, Charles and William were already located.

Mother often told us how she spent as much time as she could with her father herding the cows and milking them. Hebron was quite a wild, lonely place in those days, the Indians sometimes were unfriendly, but she always kept close by her father so no harm would come to her. She loved him dearly and she was very lonesome without him and missed his wise council and advice when he died January 1, 1872.

Mother helped with all the house hold tasks, spinning, weaving, knitting and sewing. She also assisted with the making of butter and cheese and cooking the family meals. In those days there were no handy grocery stores and bakeries to purchase prepared foods from. Rather, everything had to be prepared from what was raised at home or hauled a long distance by wagon.

After grandfather Pulsipher died, grandmother and her four children worked harder than ever to make a living. It wasn't long, however, until Brother Dudley Leavitt invited grandmother to be his 5th wife and bring her children and share her lot with his other wives and children. She accepted as he was a good faithful man.

Uncle John Pulsipher's second wife was Esther Barnum, a young widow with three sons from Wanship, Summit County, Utah, whom he married and brought to Hebron. Ashael James was the oldest; he was born January 6, 1861, in Poeta, Summit County. He spent most of his life in Hebron and it just seemed natural that he and mother would fall in love and get married. This event took place April 24, 1878, at the St. George Temple. They were united for time and eternity by President John D. T. McAllister.

They made a home in Hebron where five children were born to them. Their names and who they married are as follows:

Lillie May, born March 9, 1879 - Married, Charles Albert Leavitt
Ashael James, Jr., born September 28, 1881 - Married, Almira Leavitt

Annie, born April 12, 1883 - Married, Christopher Lister Leavitt
John Almos, born January 9, 1885 - Married Almeda Potter
Esther Mary, born October 8, 1886 - Married Albert Wittwer

Father farmed and assisted his step-father with his summer dairy business at the ranch at Little Pine Valley, near Hebron. He had a few cattle of his own, then to get a little cash, he freighted to the mining camps in Nevada and other places.

Mother was active as a home maker. She worked very hard but managed her home well so that her family were clothed and fed. She never neglected her Church duties, she served in the different organizations where ever she was needed.

The water condition became so acute there in Hebron that the people were obliged to look elsewhere for a lively-hood. Grandmother, along with the rest of the Dudley Leavitt families had moved to Gunlock down on the Santa Clara Creek. This was a thriving little community so in 1887 father and mother took the children and also established a home there. Here they were happy to welcome their sixth child, whom they named Charles A., born March 13, 1888, (married Jennie Hughes).

Plural marriage was still the style, so father decided he wanted to take another wife. He married Sarah Jane Leavitt and eventually had eight children by her. Of course it was with mother's consent, but nevertheless, it was quite a trial for her although they lived congenially as a family.

The families moved on to Bunkerville, Nevada, in 1889 where four more children were added:

Eugene was born January 31, 1890 - married Harriet Woodbury
Martha born November 13, 1894 - married Ernest Leavitt
Cormelia, born October 25, 1896 - married Leo Hardy
Robert, born December 20, 1902 - married Ida Leavitt

This was a hard locality to make a living in also. The water had to be taken out of the Virgin River in ditches. Crops were dependent on irrigation. It often happened that when the water was needed most in the heat of the summer, flash floods would come roaring down the river and wash out the ditches.

In the face of difficulties, it was a nice place to live because of the tropical climate where most everything could be raised. The folks bought a good house and farm. With such a large family everyone of us had to help out with making a living. Mother even went out to work and assisted in families such as the J. J. Earls. There were no conveniences in the homes in those days. Everything was done the hard way. Mother made beautiful quilts, so her services were much sought after in this respect. She was called by many, the best quilter in the country. She learned early in life the art of sewing. It is said that 'practice makes perfect', consequently, she became very efficient along this line. Besides sewing for her large family, she did lots for other people. She was often asked to mend the nicer things of the town's people, such as dresses, coats, and suits. She could blend the thread in with the weave of the cloth so expertly that it was hardly noticed. Another thing that she was skilled in was making Temple aprons. She made these aprons for the living to work in the Temple

with, and most of her relatives and friends were laid to their final earthly rest with one of her beautiful Temple aprons on.

I have always felt that mother's keen sense of humor carried her over many of the rough spots of life. She could always see the funny side of everything. She laughed with people and not at them; however, unless the joke was on herself.

I always loved to hear mother and father sing the old songs. They were both good singers and entertainers. Her joyful spirit went a long ways toward making our home life happy. Her love for flowers was another thing that mother was noted for. Her surroundings were never drab and uninviting. She had all kinds of flowers growing around her house where ever she lived.

Her faith in God never wavered. When father was called to fill a mission, even though it left her to look after her large family she urged him to go and she did what she could to support him in fulfilling an honorable mission.

She was a born leader, and worked constantly in the ward auxiliary organizations, both in Mesquite and Bunkerville. She was President of the Y. W. M. I. A. for four or five years. Also, President of the Relief Society for 16 years. When the Primary or Sunday School needed her services, she worked gladly in those organizations. I never knew of mother missing Sunday School or Sacrament meeting, and even in her declining years she often spent a pleasant evening at Mutual.

We didn't live in Bunkerville all the time, however. But eventually took up a homestead two miles out of Mesquite. Later we moved into the town of Mesquite where mother lived the rest of her life. Father was quite a hand to like to move from place to place. Mother always went without complaint until he wanted to go to Enterprise in Utah to be among their old Hebron friends. Through a dream mother was warned not to go, so father took his second wife and moved up there.

Mother was contented and happy to be with her children in Mesquite. For means of a lively-hood she furnished board and room for the school teachers. She loved to prepare nice meals and 'mother' these fine young people who shared her home. Later her health became so poor she had to give up this business.

When death came to her at the age of 78, even though we all knew we would miss her greatly, we realized she had lived a good life here on earth and had earned the right to take one step higher in the round of progression, so we felt reconciled to her passing.

She left behind her a living monument of sons and daughters, along with many grandchildren and great-grandchildren. We will always appreciate the fine heritage that is ours and may we always live up to our honored name.

A SKETCH OF MY MOTHER'S LIFE
By Minerva Leavitt McKnight
1953

I loved my mother very much as did everyone who ever knew her. She was lovingly called "Aunt Mary" by the town's people. She was a mid-wife and devoted a good share of her time to the care of the sick. When she was very young, circumstances forced her to take care of a woman in confinement. She had such good success that it was the starting of her experience in making a life's work of nursing. She secured books on the subject and studied from them, but most of her knowledge was gained in the school of experience.

Being a very religious woman, she relied greatly on the Lord for His help and guidance in every case. She never forgot to give the Lord due credit for her success.

Mother would go out anytime, day or night to assist her neighbors and friends. I remember her telling of a little incident she had on a dark summer night. She had been sitting up with a lady who was sick and was coming home for a little rest about 2:00 a.m. The darkness of the night was intensified by a threatening thunder storm. Instinct told her she was near home, but she knew she could be sure of her exact whereabouts if she could locate two trees that grew nearby. She put her hand out and was feeling around in the dark, but instead of a tree she touched a large hairy back, and was startled when a loud bray of a donkey fairly shook the still air.

I have often marveled how mother accomplished so much work. I know however, that as well as being ambitious, she was a wonderful manager and organizer and taught us children early in life how to work and take responsibility.

The date father and mother were married was December 18, 1878, in the St. George Temple by David H. Cannon. They had a large family, namely:

Dudley Edgar, born November 18, 1879 - married Bertha Hafen
Zerah Royal, born August 28, 1881 - unmarried
Alonzo Milton, born April 16, 1883, died 1883
Orson Welcome, born September 8, 1887, died October 1915, unmarried
Mary Ann, born December 3, 1889, died February 6, 1890
Mable Lydia, born February 15, 1891, - married Fredrick Rushton
Martha Minerva, born February 15, 1891 - married William Clark McKnight
George Albert, born May 17, 1893 - married Christie Prescott
Laman Pulsipher, born July 21, 1895 - married Donna Rushton
Retta Vivian, born July 3, 1897 - married Lawrence Prescott
Camilla Adeline, born July 10, 1900 - married Hollis Hunter

They all grew to maturity, but Alonzo Milton and Mary Ann, who both died in infancy. Orson Welcome filled a mission for our Church, returned home in April 1915 and was killed October 22 that same year. This was very hard on mother and the rest of us.

Besides caring for her family and doing so much for the sick, she made many beautiful quilts, not only for herself, but for the town's people who wanted her lovely work or needed her assistance.

She was apt at mending shoes also. She could tack a half sole on as neat as you please, and do a fine job of repair sewing. She did this for other people as well as her own family.

In later years when there were doctors to take care of the sick and bring the babies, father and mother were called on a Temple mission to St. George. They did ordinance work there for five or six years. They did a fine job and enjoyed their mission very much.

It was not without quite a sacrifice on their part however, because in order to get means to pay rent and live on while they were away, they were obliged to sell their home in Bunkerville. But that was their code of living, when they were called upon to do something in way of service they did it, with no questions asked.

Consequently, when they were released, my husband and I invited them to come and live with us at Beaver Dams. Owing to a heart condition, mother was unable to do strenuous work, and I wanted her to rest and take it easy. But she insisted upon doing the mending for my large family of little children and other light chores.

After being with us for six years, she passed away, November 21, 1925, at our home in Beaver Dams and was taken to Bunkerville for burial. She was 67 years old. Father was very lonesome without his life's companion but he lived six more years and died February 21, 1931, at Salt Lake City and was laid to rest beside mother in the Bunkerville cemetery.

My father, Dudley Leavitt Jr., was born November 30, 1856, in Santa Clara, Utah - the first white child born in Utah's Dixie. He was the second child and first son to be born to Dudley and Mary Huntsman Leavitt (1st wife) sturdy pioneers of Utah and Nevada. His father had five wives and 48 children.

BRIEF HISTORY OF MY MOTHER'S LIFE
By Laman Pulsipher Leavitt

I, Laman Pulsipher Leavitt, have been asked to write a few memories of my mother, the second daughter of Zerah Pulsipher and Martha Hughes Pulsipher. This second daughter, unlike her elder sister, Ann, a large lady (whom we loved very much) was very small. As a matter of fact, she could walk under my arm when I held it straight out. But, as has been said, the smallness of her structure did not stop her from doing many of the big things in life. Not only did she act as mid-wife for the two little communities of Bunkerville and Mesquite, where we were raised, but traveled for miles, even to Las Vegas and Good Springs, to care for mothers and babies who were unable to get a doctor's care.

As I happened to be her ninth child and youngest son, I remember mother more at the age when she should have slowed down a little, but she never did. We could never be sure when we could find mother at home. She would be out caring for the sick. My memory goes back to many times when a rattling wagon or buggy would drive up to our front door in the middle of the night and a voice would call "Aunt Mary" and mother would say, "I'm coming."

Not only did she care for the sick, but a lot of the time did it free of charge. If a family could afford it they paid her five dollars for delivering the baby and caring for both mother and babe for ten days.

She was also a great hand for knitting. She would carry her knitting everywhere she went - could knit just as well in the dark as in the light. I don't think father ever wore a pair of socks that wasn't knit by mother as long as she lived. She even prepared the wool. I would sit and watch her card the wool after she had thoroughly washed and dried it and then she would run it on the spinning wheel. In fact, the spinning wheel mother used is in a museum here in Las Vegas.

Mother had a way of getting her children to do what she wanted them to do. We all learned to respect her word as law. We loved her dearly.

In all my life I have never seen a couple more devoted to each other than mother and father. Her faith in prayer was great. No trouble arose beyond her understanding.

On my last visit home to see mother just before her passing away, I shall never forget when I went by her bedside. She said, "Son, I am ready to go. My tithing is paid up in full and it appears that my energy and strength are gone."

We sang a lot, with mother and dad joining in. In mother's patriarchal blessing she was told her life's work was to administer and wait upon her sisters. To give unto them strength, power and assistance in bringing sons and daughters to earth, and to help the sick.

She didn't live long, as the work and raising a large family of nine children was too much for her frail body. All her life she longed to go away from the desert country and to live in the mountains.

She died with her children's love and everyone that knew her, blessing her for all the kindly deeds and loving things she did to make their lives more complete. Happy will be the day when we will all be together again.

MARY ELIZABETH PULSIPHER LEAVITT
By her daughter - Mable Leavitt Rushton

Mary was Zera and Martha's second daughter, born in Salt Lake City, March 13, 1861. She had black hair, hazel eyes, not a very big girl, but full of life and a lot of courage. She had the life of any child raised in a family of more than one wife.

She always spoke with a lot of love and respect for grandfather's first (second) wife. She adored her father. She loved her mother with all her heart. She believed, and taught her children to honor their father and mother. She never told us much about her early life.

Mary Ann Stucki, a Swiss girl, told me about grandfather Zera. She was just a little girl when they came to Salt Lake City. On her first Fourth of July in America, grandfather took her to the store, bought her shoes, dress and stockings. She thought he was the best man she ever knew. She said he had auburn curly hair, was short and stout, and was a kindly man.

I imagine that my son, Fred, is a lot like him - a real peace-maker.

Mary and Dudley were ideal lovers. She had a happy home. Was very industrious. Did all the things that early mothers had to do to get along. Was a good seamstress. Could make our shoes, cut hair, taught us to knit. We used to help her make the yarn on an old spinning wheel. She crocheted, tatted, made quilts by the dozen, and helped her neighbors with their work.

Mary was stern in making her children mind. There was no story-telling or deceiving. She impressed us to tell the truth, and when she said "no" it always meant no more asking.

We girls used to be annoyed by the fact that she was always away from home helping the sick, but now we realize that women whose life is full of service are superior mentally, spiritually and morally than those that go quietly through life.

Mary was one of Southern Nevada's mid-wives. She brought hundreds of babies into the world, never losing one mother or baby. Her greatest gift was her faith in her God. Her faith was tested many times. It was a common thing to catch her on her knees asking for help for those depending upon her to save their lives. She could tell many times the Holy Spirit had prompted her to do certain things to save the lives of mothers that seemed as they would go into the Valley of Death.

A flood in Virgin River never stopped her from going to the sick. Her children all had fear in their hearts when she had to cross a raging flood to deliver a baby.

She loved outdoor life. I remember when she often went hunting and always came back with her game -- quail, wild geese and

rabbits. They were a treat to us. She was a first class rider. She never had much patience with me because I was afraid of guns and horses. My twin sister and mother were alike. They would send me in the house to hide while they went for a good ride and to hunt.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF ANDREW MILTON PULSIPHER

As remembered by a daughter, Cleone, and wife, Sarah Leavitt Pulsipher. Arranged by Mrs. Terry Lund - May, 1953

Andrew Milton Pulsipher was born November 21, 1867, in Hebron, Washington County, Utah, the fifth child of Martha Ann Hughes Pulsipher and the 17th child of Zerah Pulsipher.

Andrew or, Andy, lived in Hebron until he was about five years old. When his father died his mother married Dudley Leavitt, Sr., as his fifth wife and went to live in Gunlock and later Bunkerville, Nevada.

The Muddy Mission at Bunkerville was a difficult one indeed. Andy shared in the privations and hardships of this locality, along with his many step brothers and sisters. When he reached the marriageable age, he chose to keep company with Sarah Rebecca Waite, who was born January 17, 1877, and came to Bunkerville with her parents when she was just a child. They were married in the St. George Temple and then went back to Bunkerville to make their home, living in the Waite house.

They had been married but three months when she took sick with what was known as ruptured appendix. A strange little incident concerning her sickness goes something like this: "One morning early, Andy and List Leavitt were preparing to go to the hills to do some riding. Andy was at List's place when he heard the sound of cow bells so distinctly in his ears that he thought there must be some cows in his corn at home.

"He excused himself to Lister, saying he would go see about it. On arriving in view of his corn patch, he saw no cows, but he could still hear the sound of the bells. It seemed to come from the house. He went in and found his young wife in excruciating pain and agony making pitiful moans. It seems there were neighbors already there trying to ease the pain, but to no avail and she died early in the afternoon."

Think what you will about the sound of the bells, but to the family members it was a premonition sent by a Higher Power to the young husband to let him know he was needed at home.

After her burial, Andy's grief was almost inconsolable; he would sit for hours with his head in his hands. It seemed that the sun had gone out of his sky.

It was early in 1900 that he became interested in a young widow woman, Sariah M. Leavitt Hansen. She was the daughter of Dudley Sariah M. Huntsman Leavitt and the wife of John Peter Hansen whom she had married and been sealed to in the Temple. She had three small children.

One day Sariah was at her home working around the yard, she was singing lustily some of her favorite songs when Andy appeared on the scene. When he made some comment on her singing, she promptly told him he could take up where she left off if he wanted to.

In relating this little incident his wife's face lighted up and she fairly beamed as she recalled what a beautiful natural singing voice he had and how many songs he knew. She says, "He could sing all night and not sing the same song twice." (She is now 84 years old and lives with her daughter, Cleone, in Hurricane, Utah; although she is blind she has a most pleasant personality and a keen mind.)

Andy and Sariah were married May 23, 1900, in the St. George Temple for time. To them were born the following children: Cleone, June 28, 1902, who later married John H. Pulsipher (a grandson of John, Andy's half brother); Andres John, born November 11, 1903 - he died March 16, 1925. Sarah Sarphonia, born July 31, 1905, and married Walter Pulsipher (a brother of John who married Cleone); Dean Willard, born March 29, 1910, who married Elva Frampton and Martha Ma Dora, born June 4, 1912 and married Kenneth Miller.

Andy was devoted to his family. He took his wife's children into his home and loved and cared for them as he did his own. Even after they were married and needed his special help he was always right there to give every assistance that was in his power to do so.

It might be well to tell here of a little incident that Sarah remembered him telling when he was just a boy. He was driving a freight team to Pioche, a mining town. One evening he went into an eating house and a drunk man was carrying on about the Mormons. He stood uncertainly to his feet and asked if their was any G— D— Mormons in the house. Andy unflinchingly accepted the challenge and drawing himself to his full height said, "I am a Mormon and I am proud of it." This bold assumption of the young lad seemed to change the tune of the drunk. He went over to Andy and placed his hand on his shoulder and announced just as loudly, "If anyone ever molests this boy he will have me to deal with."

Cleone, along with the other children, appreciated the fine religious training they received in the home. Now they had family prayers night and morning, each having a turn to express themselves. They were never allowed to speak the least bit critical of those men who were in authority in the Church. He counceled his children to marry people of their own faith. The home evenings where singing was enjoyed by all members of the family and often visiting friends and relatives was an occasion looked forward to by all.

Andy was as honest as the day was long; he would never cheat a soul out of a penny. Everyone liked to deal with him because he was a square shooter.

He was kind to animals. It always made him very vexed to have anyone hit a horse over the head. Said it should be the man to get the licking if he didn't have any more sense than to beat an animal. With his love for horses came a natural gift in handling them. He could take the meanest bronk and with careful training and handling he could train him into a valuable animal both to ride and to work.

He was quite a jockey too, and always rode in the races for celebrations to the amusement of the local crowds.

One day the crowd got a scare when Andy was persuaded to ride a horse belonging to Kenneth Earl. This horse was tricky and rared right over backwards with him, but as Pulsipher was a bronco rider, he slipped right out from under the horse before he hit and so wasn't hurt.

Andy was a beautiful rider. Could sit a horse just like he was made for the job. One day as he mounted his horse and rode away from his home, a stranger made the remark, "There goes a bronco rider." His sister asked him how he knew and the stranger replied, "Because of the way his body motion is right with that of the horse and he didn't bounce a bit as he galloped off."

They say "necessity is the mother of invention". Andy Pulsipher didn't invent anything, but he sure knew how to fix things up, such as his wagon or harness, if they needed repairs, even out in the hills. He always carried a good supply of chains with which he could toggle up anything. This trait earned him the nickname of "Chainy". His oldest son, Andrew Jr., was often called "Little Chainy".

One day Andy told his son to go out and harness the horses so he could go up in the mountains, but the boy came back full of sorrow with the sad news that Old Nig, their main working and riding horse, lay dead in the corral. The father seemed stunned at the news and just sat there speechless, then finally said, "Thank God that it is out to the corral and not in the house." Meaning the death.

He was even tempered and agreeable. A fine attribute for any person to possess. Another thing that could be mentioned is how quick and accurate he could figure practical arithmetic problems in his head. He could heft a chicken or some such thing and approximate the weight within an ounce. He never had much schooling, but he went far in self education.

One day he and another fellow were out chasing mustang horses. They had seperated and were just about to make the catch when Andy happened on to some luscious wild strawberries. He was hungry and they were a great temptation to pass them by so he got off and was enjoying them to the fullest extent. His partner waited and waited for him to show up, but he didn't, so he went back over the trail thinking perhaps he had been hurt or something. But his patience was about exausted when he found him placidly eating strawberries. Andy just laughed at his friend's concern.

He loved to play tricks on people and had a great sense of humor. One time he had a wild fatted steer roped, leading him to where he wanted to butcher him. There was a guy on the hill near by throwing rocks at the steer just to be smart. Andy told him to stop or he would be sorry, but the fellow didn't think he meant it and kept right on. Pulsipher thought it was about time that the guy was taught to do what he was told, so he let the rope go just far enough to reach the teaser. The steer mauled him over the ground and slobbered all over him, so you see his lesson of obedience wasn't too pleasant.

He and his friend, Bert Truman, used to have great times together. Bert had a horror of snakes so Andy liked to tease him with

them. Lem Leavitt and Andy went into the hills once to get cedar and pine wood and were camping together. Lem was noted for his "big stories". The bigger he could stretch them the better he liked it and Andy was getting a little fed up. They were eating supper that evening just at dark, Lem asked for the butter, knowing that Sarah always sent it in her husband's grub box in a flat red coffee can. Andy just handed that to Lem. He dipped his knife in and put a generous helping onto his bread and took a big bite, only to discover that he was the victim of a practical joke and he burst out with "You damn little Welchman."

Once there was a bunch of Bunkerville men working on a road gang. At noon they were all taking an after-dinner nap in the shade under their wagons. Dudley Hardy and Andy were a little late getting in. The scene looked just too peaceful to Andy and he thought some excitement was needed, so he grabbed a pair of double-trees and shook them vigorously shouting excitedly, "Whoa! Whoa! as if he was trying to stop a frightened runaway team. The startled men were about ready to take him apart when they discovered the cause of their disturbance.

Andy always enjoyed fairly good health until he was herding sheep for a man named Shoultz down by the river bottom near Bunkerville. There were alkaline marshes in the vicinity. One day as he was riding after the sheep trying to get them out of a field, his horse slipped somehow in one of these marshy places and fell on him. The horse managed to get out, then Andy finally made it, but it was discovered that he had received a serious injury to his head, causing a brain hemorrhage. He was never really well after this accident. When he couldn't work anymore, he sold his property in Bunkerville and they moved to Las Vegas to be near more of their children. He was quite content there but he did miss his old friends and the locality he had grown up in.

He lived two or three years after his accident and then took sick and was taken to the County hospital in Las Vegas where he lingered nearly a year before he died, February 20, 1939. His loved ones brought him back to Bunkerville where he was buried beside his first wife.

Taken from an old ledger entitled:

AN ACCOUNT OF JOHN PULSIPHER, ADMINISTRATOR OF THE ESTATE OF ZERAH PULSIPHER, WHO DIED, JANUARY 1, 1872.

Copy of Will:

Instruction and Will of Father Zerah Pulsipher at a family meeting of his family and a few others at his house in Hebron, on the Eve of the 31st of December, 1871.

He said, "Before we open the meeting, I wish to give some instruction in regard to my family and the little property that I have — for I am getting old and may leave you suddenly — I may be with you for years, or I may be called soon to leave you, so I want you to write what I say. In the name of God — Amen."

"I, Zerah Pulsipher, of the town of Hebron, in the County of Washington, Territory of Utah, of the age of 82½ years and being of sound mind and memory, do make, publish, and declare my last will and testament in the manner following: that is to say,

"I give and bequeath to my three wives, one third of my Estate to be divided equally among them. I appoint my son, John, assisted by his brothers Charles and William, to divide this property and take care of the remaining two-thirds for the benefit of those of the family that shall most need it, to be reserved and used according to your judgment so that the little ones may not suffer. (End of page one).

"I leave them with you and want you to be kind and overlook their faults.

"I want Thos. Terry to sign this in his official capacity as Justice of the Peace, and four or five of this council: George H. Crosby, J. W. Hunt, David Pulsipher and Orson Huntsman to sign this as witnesses, so that no man nor set of men shall be able to break up my plans.

"In witness where of I have hereunto at my hand and seal this 31st day of December in the year of our Lord, 1871.

Zerah Pulsipher.

Witnesses:

George H. Crosby
James W. Hunt
David Pulsipher
Orson Huntsman

"I hereby certify that the foregoing is the last will of Father Pulsipher given in my presence.

"Sworn to and subscribed before me the 1st day of January, 1872, in the Town of Hebron, Washington County, Territory of Utah."

Thomas Terry
Justice of Peace

(End of page 2.)

"There follows a complete inventory of the property as appraised by George H. Crosby and James W. Hunt, Land, Cattle, Machinery tools are all listed, even to a log chain, crow bar, cross cut saw, gun and sword each valued at \$3.00, also a 'hay knife', afterwards found, \$1.50. (Page 3).

Page 4 — Devoted to an account of Mother Mary Pulsipher

Page 5 — Devoted to an account of Mother Prudence (one son, Ezra)

Page 6 — Devoted to an account of Mother Martha

In every case everything seems included — money, food of all kinds, clothing — pairs of shoes \$3.00 — linsey dress, \$5.50, etc.

Page 7 to 14 inclusive, include a complete report of all family expenses, care of sick, expense of dependents, etc.

May 1882

"I have reported progress in settling of the estate some two-thirds of a dozen times, so the court has been posted in regard to the business. I divided out one-third of the property to our three mothers, soon after father's death, and have paid all just debts that I know of. Have paid tithing and Temple offerings so far as the means would permit, so as to keep father's honor good.

"Then I have endeavored to take care of the helpless ones of the family, the old and the young, the best I could.

"My own mother, Mary B., although 83 years of age, keeps busy at work, lives at her home and nearly takes care of herself.

"Martha married again after receiving her portion.

"Mother Prudence has been an expense the whole time and for the last four or five years not able to do the least chore of work, even to mend her stockings and is terribly filthy. (End page 15).

"The increasing property was mostly paid out the first year of the administration to the three families, paying debts, etc. So, there was not much to increase and some of the property decreased in value. The old wagon broken and never used since it was appraised and hour lots of land after an expense of ten years are not worth more than one-fourth what they were appraised at.

"To make this plain to all that wish to look it over, I will record here some of the reports of my doings and also the doings of the court. A copy of the financial report submitted to the court follows pp. 16 and 17.

(Page 20) Date evidently, April 28, 1882, as that is when the order was received.

"Truly I am glad to get this business closed up, which has been so lengthy. But according to father's will and instructions I was only to give out one-third at first and reserve the balance for such of the family as should most need and when it was expended it took a long time to get it ended with the court.

The expenses amounting to a thousand dollars more than the state was worth.

Considering that we have had two judges and three different clerks to deal with in our county, we are thankful that all is as well as it is.

The order say this business is closed when the expense of administration is paid — and as all are paid but our own and as there is nothing to pay that with, and as we make no charge for our services we will call it closed and thank the Lord. The heavy, helpless one is still with us that we have kept for a number of years without compensation. We will still try and take care of as well as we can.

John Pulsipher.

Records death of Prudence by fire February 27, 1883. (Page 21.)

Pages 24, 25 and 26:

Minutes of family meeting, Hebron, March 2, 1885. At Mother Mary B. Pulsipher's 86th Birthday. Speaker - President J. T. D. McAllister - Mother Pulsipher - Father John Pulsipher - songs, etc.

Pages 27, 28 and 29: Records various funeral services.

Pages 20 and 31: Last record of family meeting in this book. I quote in full:

"Sunday - 4:30 p.m. July 5, 1891 - As I was not able to attend the ward meeting, I sent invitations for all that wanted to attend another meeting to come down to our house. A good number came over and we had a glorious good time.

Singing: "This Earth was Once a Garden Place"

Prayer — William Truman

Singing: "A Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief"

Sacrament was administered by William Truman and Jefferson Hunt. Uncle John arose and spoke but as his left leg was in such awful pain was allowed to be seated in the big chair. Said he desired a meeting and have the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, let us learn what it is for and be worthy and be ready for all the changes that are coming. I have a little vision of the spirit world, a host of people are there wanting help.

"I have a call and hope to be ready when my time shall come. Am glad to see so many of you here building up Hebron. Oreson Snow used

to visit us, said we were in the right place, the key to the Southern Mission. You have made peace with the Indians so you can sleep in peace and safety. Keep the spirit of God with you, his protecting care over you and your substance. It is better than stone walls. The Lord has helped us much in the past and is still able and ready to help us.

"The true gospel is restored to earth and the holy Priesthood, giving us authority to act in the name of the Lord. This Priesthood is never to be taken from the earth again, the time of the coming of the Savior is near. Write all you can of your histories, have good books handy, and be valient in the testimony of Jesus, Amen."

Jefferson Hunt spoke encouragingly and testified and exhorted all to pray with faith and do right.

Willaim Truman spoke and testified and exhorted to faithfulness. Z. P. Terry spoke, testified and encouraged all to do right, keep the faith of the gospel.

Singing, "Oh My Father" - the Spirit of God prevailed in the meeting.

Dismissed by Elias Hunt.

Zerah P. Terry, Secretary