THE HENRYS AND THE KINGS

INCIDENTS TAKEN FROM THE LIVES OF:

ANDREW HENRY
MARGARET CREIGHTON HENRY
JOSEPHINE KING THORNLEY
SAMUEL A. KING
WILLIAM HENRY KING
LILLIAN KING HINCKLEY
WILLIAM KING
THOMAS RICE KING
MATILDA ROBISON KING

ARRANGED BY
PARNELL HINCKLEY
This work is not intended to be a complete story of the individuals included, and there may be some inaccuracies. However the Journal of Andrew Henry should be of sufficient interest to justify the compiling of this record.
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The following information about Andrew Henry was obtained from his diary, public records, and persons who knew him personally. All information indicates that he was a very interesting individual, of high moral standards and unusual gifts and talents. He was well educated for his time, and he possessed an abiding faith in the great cause espoused. While a young man he risked his life for his faith and would have willingly given his all for his faith had the need arisen. His grandson Sammual Andrew King, who was with him more than anyone except his wife, gave this description of him.

"Grandfather Henry was a typical Irishman. He stood about five feet nine and one-half inches, but had a remarkably strong muscular body and I would think weighed from 180 to 185 pounds in his mature years. His hair and beard, which he wore in the later years of his life, were all of a reddish or sandy cast. He had a very pleasing voice and appearance and he was a good speaker. He loved poetry and took great delight in reciting Irish pieces such as 'Shamus O'Brien' and he could recite almost the entire poem 'Lala Rook' by Thomas Moore.

"He had an exceptionally good memory and he was a great student. For the circumstances under which he was raised he was a well educated man. He was a carpenter of exceptional training and ability, and he took great pride in his workmanship. Like all true Irishmen, he was generous to a fault. No person ever went hungry from his door and he was known for his great generosity. He was kind, loving and affectionate and he was a great lover of athletic sports, and in his younger years he participated in them. After fifty years of age while hauling hay from Clear Lake Meadows, which at that time furnished much of the silo hay for winter use, he fell from a load of hay and broke his hip. In those days there were no doctors in the country, and from lack of proper care he never made a complete recovery from the accident and was lame the rest of his life. He usually walked with a cane."

Little is known of his early life, and I have not seen a place where he wrote the given names of any member of his family except that of his younger brother Robert, who arrived in Utah the same year, in 1851. Genealogical records indicate that he was one of ten children born to Warren Henry and Abigail Shaw. There were seven girls and three boys. Andrew was born
in Sligo, Ireland, in about the year 1811. (The obituary in the Deseret News of August 23, 1882 states:) "He with members of his family moved to Montreal, Canada in 1830. In 1833 he removed to New York where in 1837 he embraced the gospel under the hands of Elder Fordham. In 1838 he emigrated to Nauvoo and shared in the persecutions which were endured by the Saints."

He attended a general conference in Cameron, Hancock County, October 5, 1839. The following excerpt is quoted from the L.D.S. Church Historical Record: "The meeting was opened by Joseph Smith Jr. He, the president, spoke at some length upon the situation of the church and appointed Andrew Henry and several others as Elders of the church. All accepted their appointments except Thomas E. Edwards." Andrew was ordained to the Melchizedek Priesthood by Joseph and Hyrum Smith.

At the time of this call to a mission he was twenty-eight years of age. His early training as a carpenter proved to be very useful during his mission and throughout his life.

On November 28, 1840, Andrew began his missionary activities as did the apostles of old, "without purse or scrip." His diary is so interesting to me that I am quoting it complete as follows:

ANDREW HENRY'S JOURNAL OF TRAVELS AS A MISSIONARY

Nauvoo, November 28, 1840. Saturday.

I left Nauvoo in company with Brother Pierson, who was going to Quincy for goods, and as he had a wagon and team I preferred going with him instead of going on foot. I had had the ague for several weeks previous and was not very strong at the time I left. We did not travel fast, as oxen are but slow travelers at best - we put up for the night with Brother T. in Warsaw.

Sun. 11-29-40

Next day: We traveled about twenty miles. One of the oxen being lame we made but slow progress. We arrived at Brother Kelley's after night, being some time traveling through the woods before we could find his house. At length we found it out and were kindly received by Bro. Kelley.

Mon. 11-30-40

Next day: About noon we arrived in Quincy, and I put up at Brother Hale's. While in Quincy attended two meetings, Brother Samuel Bennet was present at one of them as he was on his way to Cin't.
Saturday following! I left Quincy and traveled to Payson and stayed all night at Brother Webb's. On Sabbath morning I went to hear a Babylonish priest set forth his sentiments which he did to perfection. He labored hard to show how God hears and answers the prayer of his people. He supposed a case: For instance, a father had an only son whom he dearly loved and intended to bring up for the Ministry. He was taken dangerously ill. The fond parent made it a subject of prayer. To Almighty God he prayed for the recovery of his darling child. Nevertheless, not my will but Thine be done, and whether the child lived or died the parents' prayer was answered. In this manner he attempted to prove how willing God was to hear prayer. I stayed in this vicinity for several days, during which time I visited several of the brethren and also had the privilege of hearing Bennet who has labored about Payson with good success. From this place I traveled to Pleasant Vale and stayed at B. William Allred's. He is the Bishop of this branch and is a good faithful brother and very liberal to the Elders and Church in general. I also shared the liberality of Brother Weaver and his wife, who are very faithful. I hope the Lord will reward them for their kindness. I stayed about two weeks in this place and preached twice and attended several meetings where several spoke in tongues and others gave the interpretation. The Saints in this place are engaged in erecting a place of worship. I then started for Pittsfield and lodged at the house of Brother James Allred's daughter.

Sunday evening traveled about four miles and stayed at a schoolhouse where the Saints were holding a prayer meeting and I joined them in celebrating the praises of the Lord. Stayed here for several days and preached once from Pittsfield. I traveled to Bridgeport and stayed at the house of William Van Dyke. He had been all through the Missouri war. His wife belongs to the Church and I think she is a good sister. They treated me very kindly. From Bridgeport I went on to Coonsville, but as the snow was deep I made but little progress and as I was unacquainted with the road and it was growing late, I called at the house of a certain gentleman and asked for lodging. But as they suspected my calling, I was denied the privilege of staying all night, and consequently had to travel on, although it was quite dark and the snow was deep.

I called at the house of Mr. Wilcox, who was very much opposed to the Gospel, but as he was not at home I was permitted to stay, for which I was thankful. Next morning I resumed my journey. The day was quite cold and the day following will be long remembered by the inhabitants of that country as THE COLD SATURDAY AND SUNDAY.

On Saturday evening I arrived at Brother Coon's. They were very glad to see me as I was the first that sowed the seed in that neighborhood. Here I also found Father Gifford. He had been in this place some length of time and was engaged in building up and strengthening the Branch, as they stood in
need of counsel and advice concerning the Kingdom of God which is erected in these last days. Early in the spring of 1840 Brother W. Clark and I had come into this place and lifted up our feeble voices and proclaimed the fullness of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Many believed our testimony, but we did not tarry long as we wished to be at Nauvoo by Conference. We left them, expecting to return again in a few weeks, but we were disappointed in this. Now, at my return I found a branch of the Church numbering about twenty members, all enjoying the gifts of the Holy Ghost. Here I tarried until the 26th and preached six or eight times in Coonsville, once in Whitehall, twice on Applecreek, once at Mr. Ceiley's in Whitehall.

There is a good deal of opposition to the spread of the Gospel manifested in this place. Prior to the spring of 1840 no Elder would be allowed to preach. I was the first to sound the Gospel trump in that place in the last days, and for the first three times the people behaved very well. They seemed anxious to hear, but there was an old man, a Methodist, who did not seem to relish the preaching at all. He was very uneasy all the time that I was speaking and when I concluded he rose up to make objections and began by telling a long story about two men that stopped at a tavern close to where he lived who called themselves elders of the Church of Laodicia and when they went away in the morning they would not pay their bill, and many such foolish stories. He said as they belonged to the Laodician Church, God would spew them out of His mouth, and that he had spewed one out at that place. Some of the audience seemed quite pleased with what he said, and gave signs of their approbation by stamping on the floor. But his triumph was of short duration, for after I concluded I arose and remarked that it was not our business to ridicule any sect or denomination, or to circulate lying stories about them, and as for people who propagated these stories and put them in circulation there was a saying of the Savior very applicable to them concerning "their being of their father, the Devil, and his works they would do, for he was a liar from the beginning and he abode not in the Truth, for he was a liar and the father of lies," whereupon they gave one simultaneous burst of applause and the assembly dismissed. But this did not prevent the old man from coming to the charge again, for on the evening of our next meeting he came up with the same objections, but he fared worse than he did on the preceding evening. We gave out another appointment, and left the place, but when it came time to fill it I found that all was not right. There were about twenty-five or thirty persons present and they were all young men. I went in and opened the meeting and after speaking some time, suddenly someone cried "Fire! Fire!" and they all rushed out and went on toward the tavern of Mr. Higbee, where I had lodged. But I stood still for a few minutes and then turned and walked a contrary direction, and as it was dark they did not discover that I was gone until I was away in the woods. Some of them wanted to take the horse belonging to a young man who had come to hear me preach, but he would not
allow this. When they saw their efforts to get the horse were unavailing, they told the young man to ride on as quickly as possible and if he caught up with me to "halloo" and they would come on. But he took me up behind him on the horse, and we rode on and left them to mourn their loss.

This spring I visited them again, but found them as hard as they were on the former occasion, so I left them to pursue their own course which is not very pleasant, for of late they have had a great Revival there and now they are so full of religion that they are quarreling with each other and calling each other "liars" and so forth, while the honest in heart are rejoicing in the truth and enjoy the gifts of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Sunday, 21st. I rode eight miles in company with Brothers Coon and Walker to hear Brother Sparks, who had made an appointment at Mr. Wells, a Baptist preacher, but as Brother Sparks was not present I was called upon to speak to the people and this I did. The old gentleman appointed me a place by the door while he himself occupied a place by the fire, standing in front of it with his hands behind his back and his tall frame inclined a little forward and his sharp eye steadily fixed upon me, giving assent to everything that pleased him by a nod of the head.

A Campbellite preacher was also present, but he sat perfectly still until I had concluded. Then he arose and in a very boasting manner told what he was going to do: that he was going to fight, but not against anything that had been said at that time but against the Doctrine of Election and Reprobation, a doctrine that had been preached too long in the world. But he made a very strong attempt to overthrow the doctrine, and the old gentleman arose to try to excuse him by saying he had too much of the spirit, that he was too full, that a person must have just so much of the spirit in order to preach well. But his preaching did not seem to have much effect on the people for they had heard the truth and it seemed to sink into their hearts, and all felt the power of the spirit of Truth. Mr. Wilcox, one of our most bitter opposers in this place, invited us to his house to hold meeting. He was much pleased with the doctrine and treated me very kindly and invited me to call again if ever I passed that way.

Monday afternoon I rode several miles and preached at Bridgeport, on the Illinois River, and stayed at the house of Mr. Van Dyke. His wife belongs to the Church and is sister to Darwin Chase. On Tuesday I returned to the home of Brother Coons. Here I had the pleasure of seeing Brother Ells and also hearing him preach.

(1841) February 26th I left Coonsville in company with Brothers Gardner and Robinson. We rode in a wagon. The day was fine until the afternoon, when it began to snow very hard
and continued to do so until after night. We had a couple of cloaks belonging to some of the sisters in the wagon, which served us well. We put up for the night at the house of a sister whose name I do not know. We started next day and arrived at Alton. We stayed at the house of a brother in Alton and were well treated.

Monday morning we started and passed through Edwardsville and some other small towns, passing over some very pretty prairie and also some very bad road, as it was the breaking up of the winter slough and the ground was very wet. Toward night the wagon got stuck fast and there it had to stay until morning, and we had to get a yoke of oxen to pull it out. We lodged at Brother Hunter's all night. They were much rejoiced to see us.

Feb. 29, 1941. This day preached at Brother Gallagher's. Old Sister Hunter was lying very sick and we were called to lay hands on her. She said she was better and free from pain, but as she was very old, I do not expect she lived long. We bid them farewell—some of them until the morning of the Resurrection. We were all bathed in tears as we left them and pressed forward on our journey.

We traveled twelve miles and lodged at Brother Walker's, but as he occupied a house belonging to his cousin who was very much opposed to our doctrine, he had to ask his leave for us to stay, which was granted and we tarried there all night.

Next day we traveled six miles and arrived at Carlyle. This place has been very hard and none of the Elders were allowed to preach here until the time that we passed through. We halted and made inquiry respecting a suitable house to preach in. Brother Gardner went through the town in order to get one, but found it very difficult. However, after going to some half-dozen persons, he at length obtained the use of the school house for the evening. We then endeavored to find something to eat, but this was more difficult than to procure a meeting place. We approached a number of people, but all to no purpose and at length were compelled to leave the place. But as we went down to the river in order to cross over, we were stopped by the ferryman when he learned who we were, and asked to stay and preach. We told him we were willing and had secured a house, but could get no one to give us anything to eat. He turned to a man standing near and asked if he would take us to his house and give us food, but the man refused. He then applied to others, and at last a Mr. Bond said we could go with him and he would give us our supper, lodging, and breakfast. The ferryman then crossed us over and we went up to the house of Mr. Bond, where we had a good supper. We then recrossed the river and went up to the school house and commenced our meeting.

Several members from the Legislature were there and the house was quite full. I stood up and addressed them on the
subject of the Gospel. My tongue was loosened in a particular manner, and language came flowing in like a stream. Brother Gardner spoke after. When we entered the house, I hung my cap on a nail by the window and when the meeting was dismissed a young man without the fear of God before his eyes, took down my cap from where it hung and putting his own there instead, (which, by the way, was somewhat inferior to mine) he walked off with it without my leave. On the morrow, when we were about to depart, I found out this imposition which had been practiced upon me. I crossed the river again in order to find my cap, but all in vain. Our kind-hearted ferryman, who by the way, is a son of old Erin Go Bragh, set me over the river again, at the same time giving me his name and the place of his nativity and requested me to call on his relatives if ever I went to Ireland. We then left Mr. Bond's, feeling thankful for the kind treatment we had received from them, and also for the polite invitation to call again if we passed that way.

It was our intention to go down into the southern part of Illinois, but when we came to where the roads meet, we were undecided which one we should take. We went into the wood and knelt down before the Lord and asked him to direct us the way we should go. We arose and took the road to Vincens. We traveled about ten miles across the prairie and met but one house. We called and got dinner and then resumed our journey and traveled ten miles more and stopped at the house of a Mr. Deadmans, who had just put up a log cabin and moved into it. They treated us very kindly.

Next morning we went a few miles off the road and came to a settlement where a number of Campbellites, Methodists, and Baptists resided. We called on a gentleman of the Campbellite Order, told him who we were, and that we would be glad of the privilege of preaching in his house. He said that some of his family were sick and he could not accommodate us very well, but after some further conversation he invited us to the house. Here we found one of his children sick. We sat down and talked for some time. Brother Gardner then went out and prayed for the child. He came in, took the child in his arms and prayed for it. In a few minutes he sat down, removed back from the fire, with the child in his arms. He laid his hand on the child's head and prayed for it. In a very short time the child was running through the house quite lively. The mother exclaimed: "Oh, the little creature is getting quite well." The gentleman sent a boy on horseback to give notice to the inhabitants of the place that Mormon preaching was to be held at his house. In the evening several came in before the hour to commence, and among them was a cross-eyed Methodist preacher who began to ask questions and find fault with our belief and to mock and jest at what we said concerning Joseph Smith and our doctrines. He manifested such a taunting, jeering spirit that we were seized with the same, and when we stood up to speak unto the people, our minds were completely darkened and we could not say much. It was like speaking into the air.
But after meeting was over, we bore a strong testimony unto many that had tarried behind. Among them was the cross-eyed preacher, who was worse if possible than before the meeting. But we left him our testimony, and went to bed, having talked until twelve o'clock.

On the morrow we resumed our journey, but before starting I divested myself of my strong shoes and warm socks. There was a hole in one of them and I could not get it mended conveniently so my foot was constantly wet. I thought it best to take the shoes off and supply their place with a fine pair I had with me, which I accordingly did, putting on a pair of fine cotton socks instead of my woolen ones, and leaving the strong shoes behind to pay for our lodging.

We traveled on, but our minds were so confused and the powers of darkness seemed to harass us so much that we could not proceed with any degree of comfort or pleasure. We then turned into the woods in order to pray, but the ground was so wet it was hard to find a spot sufficiently dry to kneel upon. At length, having gathered some small branches and leaves, we kneeled down upon them and called upon the Lord to beat back the powers of darkness and deliver us from his power. We prayed that our minds might become calm and serene and that we might pursue our journey and fulfill the mission on which we had started for the good of souls and the honor of His cause. We arose from the spot where we had bowed ourselves before the Lord, and went on our way rejoicing.

At about noon we stopped in our travels and called for dinner at the house of Mr. Lane. When he heard we were traveling preachers he was very willing to feed us, but as soon as he had learned that we were Mormons he altered his determination very quickly. He said he was willing to feed Christ's preachers, but not us, that we preached the doctrine of Devils and therefore he could give us nothing to eat. We then left him and went on to another house where they received us very kindly and set before us a very good dinner, for which may the Lord reward them, for we had nothing to give.

We then continued our journey until evening and called at the house of a Methodist gentleman of the name of Handly, and told him who we were. He said he did not believe anything of the Mormon faith or Joe Smith. We replied we did not suppose he did, for if he had believed he would have obeyed. After some more conversation he invited us to the house. The next day being the Sabbath, we tarried with him and were also honored with the company of a Methodist preacher. He was the stationed preacher in that place, and that day being his regular appointment, he was at his post like a faithful shepherd of the flock. But the sequel will show how true he was to his charge. When he found that we were there before him he looked very sour, was very shy of us, would not speak, nor look at us, nor come to the side of the house we were in. Before dinner he
brought Mr. Handly out and told him that he would not preach, for he had learned that the Mormons understood the scriptures so well he was afraid of being exposed before his congregation. While at the table, Mrs. Handly expressed her sorrow at being disappointed, there were three preachers present and it was a pity if some one could not preach, but he made no reply whatsoever. In the afternoon people assembled together as usual to hear their much esteemed and beloved pastor dispense the word of life and salvation, but what was their astonishment at seeing him sit silent, I leave you to judge. Mr. Handly was anxious to get him to say something, but it was all in vain. He would not engage in conversation on the subject of religion. But when it was almost night and no signs of him saying anything, Mr. Handly himself began the conversation by raising objections to the Book of Mormon and by that means drew him into the controversy and elicited from him some gentle hints concerning Joe Smith and the Book of Mormon. After manifesting his Christian disposition and temper by some kind remarks and saying "it was a palpable lie" in answer to some comment of mine, he pulled on his gaiters, put on his overcoat, ordered out his horse, and left us to wonder at his sudden exit. Although he was accustomed to stay at Mr. Handly's until Monday each time he came there, and the evening was a stormy one, nothing could induce him to stay over night on this occasion. We gave them our testimony concerning the fulness of the Gospel and the work of the Lord in the last days. They seemed to be much believing and were desirous to know the truth of what they had heard. May the Lord guide them by his spirit and show them that the things whereof we testified are true, that they may be brought to a knowledge of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Monday morning we left the house of our kind host and pursued our course. The roads were very muddy and we traveled all day without eating anything. We traveled sixteen miles and halted at Mr. Elliot's tavern. He kindly entertained us and gave us our breakfast next morning, for which he had our sincere thanks. When at table I was handed a cup of coffee, which I declined drinking. I was then questioned by a man at the table as to what were my objections to drinking coffee and remarked that there lived a man in his neighborhood who would not drink tea or coffee, and was informed by him the name of the man was L. Wilson. We at once decided to go and see him, as Brother Gardner was well acquainted with him in Missouri.

After breakfast we again resumed our line of march, for we could find no preaching to do in this part of the country. We had not gone far before we were joined by a man who had just finished a course of tuition in the penitentiary at Alton, Ill., and was going on east. He was somewhat advanced in years, yet he could travel faster than we could with our valises which were some hinderance to us. We went along for several miles and then came to a stream of water which was
difficult to cross, as there was no bridge over it. After following its course a short distance, we came to a place where a long, slender pole was laid across it close down to the surface of the water. It was difficult to walk upon it, owing to its being so small and subject to spring when stepped upon. Brother Gardner ventured over first, and after him the old man. He took a long, slender staff in his hand to support himself with but when he had gone about half way he could go no further. There he stood, sawing to and fro upon the pole, it trembling beneath his feet and the staff in his hand too weak to afford him much assistance, he was in danger of being plunged headlong into the stream. Standing, as we were, one on each side of the stream, we could give him no assistance and he was hullooing most lustily for help. We could hardly refrain from laughing at the situation he was placed in. We at length persuaded him to remain quiet and we would endeavor to extricate him from his perilous position. Brother Gardner then ventured in on the pole and succeeded in getting him safe to land. The day was quite cold and the snow began to fall fast. We hurried on at a quick pace until we arrived at a small town called Salem. Here we stopped for a short time and warmed up. As the snow was deep by this time, I pulled on a pair of socks over my shoes which were low and thin and not high enough to keep out the snow. We then pushed on again, but the going was very bad. The roads were deeply rutted and not frozen sufficiently hard to bear our weight and the snow covered up the ruts so they could not be seen. Splash! We would go into them almost up to the knee. Thus we pursued our cheerless way until near night, when we called at the house of a gentleman we thought might open his door to the weary pilgrim. The house had a neat and comfortable appearance, but alas! the heart of the master of the mansion was a stranger to the kind and tender feelings that are awakened in the bosom of those that embrace the Gospel of the Son of God.

Night coming on apace, and finding that our only hope was in the Lord God of our Fathers, who has promised to hear us when we call upon Him in faith, we knelled down in the snow by a log that lay on the roadside, and called upon the Lord to open the hearts of the people to receive us. After being refused three or four times, we came to a tavern kept by a Mr. Smith. We asked for the privilege of lodging in the house all night, telling him that we were preachers of the Gospel and traveled after the ancient order. Exclaimed he, "I know who you are, ye are Mormons." We replied in the affirmative and added that the way he knew that we were Mormons was by our manner of traveling on foot and carrying our valises on our back, that if we came riding a good horse, well dressed, and with plenty of money in our pockets we would not be taken for Mormon preachers. "Well," replied he, "I am not in the habit of lodging people except they pay me, but ye may stay all night as it is cold and ye say ye have no money. But I cannot give ye anything to eat. Ye also preach doctrine that is not found in our Bible." We asked him what it was, and he said it was
concerning the coming of Christ and the reign of a thousand years. We told him that was the doctrine of the Bible and if he would furnish us with one we could find it for him. His son handed one to me and I turned to the place and read it for him. His wife then laid some cold food on the table but it was very unpalatable, being nothing but cold corn bread and buttermilk and some cold parsnips. We did not eat much, I assure you, but the little that Brother Gardner did eat made him quite sick and he had to go out of the house in order to ease his stomach of what he had eaten. We then retired to rest, being fatigued by the travel of eighteen miles through bad weather and snow.

Next morning when we arose they had a very good breakfast prepared and we expected to be asked to sit down to table, but what was our surprise when instead of asking us to breakfast they would not even speak to us or even look at us, but looked as sour and as cross as if we were going to deprive them of all that they were possessed of. So we bid them good morning, and left them to enjoy their breakfast in peace, and we to find ours where we could. The morning was cold and the snow deep, we had traveled without dinner, supper, or breakfast and we felt the demands of appetite urgently; Brother Gardner more particularly on account of what he had eaten at Mr. Smith's acting as an emetic. We walked about two miles and called at the house of one of Erin's daughters, and she immediately went to work and prepared as good a breakfast for us as her humble cot could afford and urged us repeatedly to eat more and was sorry she had nothing better to set before us. She said that was a very poor part of the country to come to in order to make money, but we told her money was not our object, at which she seemed somewhat surprised. We then walked three miles further and arrived at the house of Brother Battrick. Here we tarried two days and held one meeting.

March 12, 1841. Started from Brother Battrick's and traveled twenty miles. The roads were very bad indeed. The snow had mostly melted by reason of a large quantity of rain that had fallen which rendered traveling very disagreeable. A good part of this day's travel was through the prairies and as they were flat the water lay upon them to the depth of several inches in many parts. At length we came to a small stream of water, but it was risen by the rains. It was very difficult for us to cross over it, but after going up and down its banks, Brother Gardner succeeded in gaining the other side by a great effort. He bounded over it like a deer, while I had to go a long distance in order to find a place to cross. After a long search I found a log on which I crossed over and joined with him. We then proceeded onward until evening when we called at Mr. Beesley's. He is father-in-law to Brother Wilson. We were kindly received by all the family. Mr. Beesley belongs to the Church and he is much believing. My feet were wet all day as my shoes were very thin. Yet I took not the least cold. So we see how the Lord preserves those that do His will and keep His commandments.
The next day we walked two and one-half miles and arrived at the house of Brother Wilson, who was very glad to see us.

Sunday, March 14, 1841, we went to a Methodist meeting. The preacher took for his text the 9th and 10th verses of the third chapter of the Song of Solomon, which he spiritualized after the most approved manner of modern sectarianism. We listened to him with feelings of pity and regret, pity for the man's ignorance and incapability to teach the Word of Life and Salvation, regret at seeing so many more willing to listen to the teaching of uninspired priests and harken to the precepts of men instead of obeying the Gospel of Jesus Christ. But after we had listened to his nonsensical and unmeaning, incoherent jargon for a length of time, we were at last relieved from the painful task by him taking his seat and giving way to a younger and somewhat more fluent brother of his. They then commenced their class meeting and closed the door, thus preventing many from going in who had intended to do so.

We then returned to Brother Wilson's and prepared to hold meeting in the evening. The people seemed very well satisfied with the doctrine that we preached and were anxious to hear more. We made another appointment for Thursday evening, and when the time arrived the people came together and we dispensed the Word of Life unto them. Brother Gardner and I occupied the time.

Sunday, March 21st, we went to hear a Baptist preacher. He did a little better than his brother Methodist, but still he made many erroneous statements; such as that the Millenium commenced at the death of Christ, that He would not come to reign on the earth with his people, and many such things. We had no opportunity to reply, but the same evening we held meeting at Brother Wilson's. He arose and addressed the people for about two hours. I then arose in order to dismiss the meeting, but instead of dismissing, I started speaking to them and spoke for one hour in a manner that astonished myself and those that heard me. After the people had retired I asked Brother Gardner how long I had spoken. He answered, one hour. I then told him it was impossible, that I did not speak at most more than fifteen or twenty minutes, but he and Brother Wilson both were agreed as to the length of time I had spoken. I then asked what I had said, for I did not recollect what I did say and for many days afterwards it seemed like a dream unto me that was almost forgotten. I had some faint idea of something that was spoken but of the greatest part I had no remembrance, no more even until this day.

From this time until the 26th of the month Brother Wilson was engaged in making preparation to leave the place and go down into the south part of Illinois. We assisted him all that we could, which was not very much, but as his wagon needed some repairs, I could do something in that line of business. So by the date mentioned, we were all ready to start. Brother Wilson
had been down in the south counties of Illinois and had raised up a Branch of the Church in those parts. There was a large field of labor to attend to and he was not able to fill all the calls for preaching. He had likewise appointed a Conference to be held in Johnson County on the 24th day of April, 1841, and there was some business of importance to attend to. He requested us to accompany him to the place, which we did.

We commenced our journey the 26th of March and did not arrive at our destination until the afternoon of the 4th of April, being nine days on the road. Our accommodations were not the best, but we did tolerable well for wandering pilgrims like us. We lodged one night at a school house and three nights in the woods with the earth for our bed and the sky for a covering. Two nights we were not allowed to take our rest undisturbed, for after we had made a fire and Sister Wilson had prepared some supper and we partook of it and lay down to sleep and began to be wrapped in its sweet embrace, we were aroused by the pattering of rain in our faces. The first night this happened we took shelter in a house that was close at hand. The second night Brother Gardner and I crawled under the wagon and stayed there until morning when we were released from our irksome situation. Very unpleasant indeed it was, the rain falling in our faces and our nether extremeties exposed to the storm when we stretched them out in order to gain some relief from the uneasiness created in them by their being drawn up.

On the third night when we lodged in the woods, the weather was clear but somewhat windy, which made it very disagreeable to sit near the fire. But we enjoyed a good night's sleep without any disturbance from any quarter.

The roads were tolerable good with the exception of a few places. But there was one place in particular that was very bad indeed. So much so, that the oxen could not get through for they stuck fast before they were halfway, and I do not know how long they would have stayed there, had it not been for the assistance of another teamster going the same road. He had a team of several yoke of oxen, and he unhitched one yoke and attached them to Brother Wilson's and by that means they got out. The mud was deep and of a very adhesive nature and the distance was about one-half mile, so we got through without any more trouble. The teamster had our thanks and our good wishes for we had nothing else to give.

On the last day except one that we were on the road, as I was walking close to the wagon, there happened to be a stump of a tree by the road side and in endeavoring to get out of the way my foot was caught under the wheel, which passed over it, bruising it a good deal and hurting it very much. But I endeavored to exercise faith in God and traveled on the remainder of the day without much pain and the next morning it was almost entirely well. I experienced no more pain from it.
Before we left Lawrence County, Brother Wilson had procured some pork and a few dried venison hams which we ate while on the road and which we found to be very good. We ate part of the venison without cooking, as we prepared nothing for dinner while on the way except some cold food which we took with us. And thus we traveled, stopping by the roadside each day at noon to let the oxen feed while we sat down to eat some cold corn bread and dried venison and slaked our thirst with water from a brook.

On the last night that we were on the road some person, without our leave, came to the wagon and deprived us of some of our provisions for which we did not thank them. But we were near our journey's end and had a sufficiency for the remainder. (This is a record of our nine days' travel.)

On the afternoon of the 4th of April, we arrived at the home of Brother Holden, and it being the Sabbath we sent out an appointment and the people came together to hear the word of the Lord. On the next day we went two miles to Mr. Armstrong's and preached to an attentive audience on the gathering of Israel, Brother Gardner following on the same subject.

On Wednesday we preached again at Brother Holden's and about 12:00 o'clock in the night Brother Gardner baptised a son of Brother Holden. There was a woman also who wanted to obey the ordinance of baptism, but was prevented by her husband, although she fixed the time to attend to it.

Friday, the 9th, we preached at the home of Mr. James, about three miles from Brother Holden's.

Saturday

On the 10th Brother Holden and I went seven miles to fill an appointment at Mr. Brown's, while Brother Gardner had to stay at Mr. James, he being very unwell with the fever and ague, which continued until the 13th.

Sunday, the 11th

We preached at Mr. Brown's on Saturday and again on Sunday, and on Monday in the morning repaired to the water and Brother Holden administered the ordinance of baptism to a young lady who had not heard the doctrine until the Saturday previous.

April 12, 1841

On Monday afternoon we traveled three miles and came in view of the majestic Ohio River, which at this season of the year was very full, the water being forty or fifty feet higher than in the summer season. The width of the river at this place is about a mile and a half and the current runs at the rate of about three miles an hour, and at this time almost
constantly covered with floating timber being carried down in
great abundance in the fall and spring seasons.

After tarrying a short time at the house of Mr. Stump, we
repaired to the bank of this mighty river and I led a young
lady, daughter to Mr. Stump, into it and buried her beneath
its waves. The same evening we preached at the home of Mr.
Stump and confirmed those that had been baptised.

Tuesday, April 13, 1841

The next day we returned to Brother Holden's and preached
in the evening. Brother Gardner was present and took part in
dispensing the word of Life.

On Wednesday, April 14th, in company with Brothers Gardner
and Holden, I went to Mr. Green's, about six miles distant, and
preached at 2:00 o'clock and again in the evening to a large
and attentive congregation. The spirit of God was with his
feeble servants, solemnity rested upon the people and many were
bathed in tears. Some manifested a willingness to be baptised
but were prohibited by their companions. But they were shortly
afterward called away to answer for the deeds which they have
done. The Judge manifested a strong belief in the doctrines
that we preached and others of his family also, but none of
them came forward to obey the ordinances while we were in the
place.

Thursday we returned from Mr. Green's and preached at Mr.
Armstrong's on Saturday evening, Brother McIntosh from the
Grand Chain being present. He and Brother Gardner also spoke
and we had a time of rejoicing. About this time some Baptists
in this neighborhood endeavored to raise a mob to drive us
away, and on Saturday they were to come to Mr. Armstrong's to
give us warning to leave and then if we did not go quietly,
they were to come on Sunday to drive us out forcibly.

Saturday came, we held our meeting, but no mobbers appeared
to drive us off. But on Sunday there assembled twenty-five or
thirty men, some armed with clubs and other things, and some
without clubs; but they showed no disposition to fight as there
were a good number present that were our friends, although they
made no profession of religion. They were determined to stand
by us and see that we received no injury. Among those that
were friends to law and order were found the sons of Judge
Green, and as they were stout, athletic fellows, there were very
few among the mobbers who were willing to confront them or
stand the force of their arms, for clubs they had none. There
were several others whose names I would not omit among this
patriotic band who stood in the defense of equal laws and to de­
fend those that were persecuted for the sake of their religious
opinion, and extend to them that protection that the law guar­
antees to all men. They are as follows: Mr. Stump, Mr. James,
Mr. Shomack, and others I do not now recollect.
The brethren called upon me to address the congregation, which I did, and truly my tongue was loosed to speak forth the words of Life and Salvation, and all fear of men was taken away, although I well knew that many were present who would gladly engage to drive me from that place and not only drive me and my brethren but would rejoice in our destruction and would even accelerate it if they only could escape the penalty of the law. But, thank God, we have been preserved from their wicked designs and are still permitted to lift up our feeble voices and call men to repentance.

After some remarks by Brother Gardner the congregation dismissed very peaceably, and we saw that the mobbers were awed to silence, none daring to show the least signs of resentment although the will was not wanting. This was proved by the manner in which they came armed, and also on subsequent occasions, for although they were deterred at this time by the formidable force they would have to encounter from harming us, they showed what they would do, and like cowardly dogs, as they were, would come on us when we had none to defend us from their hellish designs.

Monday, April 19th, we started from Mr. Armstrong's in company with Brothers McIntosh and Gardner and traveled seven miles and stopped at Mr. De Weis's. We preached to a small but very attentive audience, we three speaking in succession, but I was so hoarse that it was very difficult for me to speak. We stayed all night and on the morrow resumed our journey, riding and walking by turns, until we arrived at Brother McIntosh's house. Here we stayed for the night, having traveled seventeen miles.

Thursday was a day of fasting and prayer among the Saints that God would pour out His spirit on His feeble servants and bless their efforts to spread abroad the Gospel of Jesus Christ in these parts of the land and that they might be the honored instruments in His hand of turning many from the error of their ways to serve the living and true God, and also that He would be with us during our Conference which was about to commence and bless the word to the convincing of those that would hear, that they might be saved in His kingdom.

Saturday, the 24th, we commenced our meeting and as the house was too small to accommodate all those that were present, and the weather being fine we retired to the wood a short distance from the house. The situation was beautiful. The trees were dressed in their robes of purest green, while the mild sunbeams fell with peculiar softness on the surrounding forests, filling them with a kind of shadowy light which is only witnessed among these extensive woods at this season of the year and adds a peculiar beauty and mildness to the scene that is not easily described. And the devotional and interesting nature of the business in which we were engaged served much to heighten the solemnity of the scene. Everything being arranged, the meeting
was called to order by Brother Wilson, who was chosen to pre­side, and Brother Timmons to be secretary; the meeting was opened by Brother Wilson, after which the case of Sister Hendricks was brought forward for hearing. Sister Hendricks was accused of committing adultery. After hearing the case and giving it an impartial investigation, the hand of fellowship was withdrawn from her by a unanimous vote.

Brother Gardner then arose and addressed the audience on the first principles of the Gospel, he having been blessed with a good degree of the spirit. After he concluded, I arose and spoke from these words: "Despise not Prophecy. I was much blessed with the spirit of the Lord. My tongue was loosed and language came rolling out like a stream. Many were bathed in tears while I endeavored to lay before them the judgments that God would pour out on them that reject his word and slight his servants, and the blessings that attend those that keep his commandments. Solemnity rested upon the people while the Saints of God rejoiced to see truth prevail and error fall before it.

At the close of the meeting I assisted in ordaining two elders.

Sunday morning, the 25th of April, we came together again. The meeting was opened by Brother Wilson, after which the audience was addressed by Brother McIntosh on the subject of baptism. Afterwards Brother Gardner spoke some on the gathering of Israel. He then took up the Book of Mormon and began to bear testimony to the truth of it. The spirit came upon him and he spoke in a manner that astonished all that heard him. We then read part of the appendix to the Doctrine and Covenants and continued to speak with power and authority, for truly the Spirit gave him utterance.

We then adjourned for a short time and came together again about one o'clock. The meeting was opened by singing and prayer by Brother Wilson. I was again called upon to speak unto the people the word of Life, whereupon I arose and addressed the assembly for nearly an hour and a half, having much liberty in dispensing the word.

After the close of the meeting, two came forward and gave their hand in baptism. We assembled again in the evening at the house of Brother Wilson. He arose and opened the meeting and spoke on the Restoration of the Priesthood. Brother Gardner and I also spoke afterwards. This was truly a time of rejoicing among the Saints. There were very few in the house not in tears. Three spoke in tongues and Brother Wilson gave the interpretation, which was edifying and also very convincing to some that were present, of the truth of the doctrine that we preach.

Tuesday, April 27th, we met in the afternoon at the house of Brother McIntosh, and I was again called upon to speak on the first principles of the Gospel, which I complied with, explaining the word according to the ability which God had
given me. We then repaired to the banks of a small stream that silently meandered through the majestic forest and its waters received into their cold embrace three that had felt the need of having their sins washed away. We then returned to the house and concluded the meeting by singing and prayer and also by confirming those that were baptised.

**Wednesday, April 28th,** we assisted Brother Timmons to plant his corn and that evening Brother Gardner went to the house of Mr. Gains at his request. He was much believing, but had some doubts in his mind concerning the gift of the Gospel and also Joseph Smith as to his being a true prophet of God. Brother Gardner was successful in removing all doubts from his mind and as soon as it was day, he baptised them both.

The next day we held meeting at his house and I preached again, Brother Gardner also taking part. At the close we confirmed them by the laying on of hands, and dismissed.

**Friday, the 30th,** in company with Brothers Timmons and Gardner crossed the Ohio River. The wind blew a little fresh and the water was rough and as Brother Timmons and I were going into Kentucky, Brother Gardner had to return with the boat which was rather difficult as he was not accustomed to rowing. He made a safe landing, but he was very tired and also blistered his hands.

Brother Timmons and I traveled on until evening and stopped at the house of an old man who lived on the bank of the river. We asked for lodging which was granted unto us. After breakfast next morning we resumed our journey and traveled on until the afternoon and arrived at the home of Mr. Samuel Grace, in McCraken County, where we had an invitation to preach.

**Sunday morning, May 2,** the people assembled and Brother Timmons addressed them on the first principles of the Gospel. I followed and spoke a considerable length of time, being blessed with good liberty.

**Monday, the 3rd,** we recrossed the river, after assisting to bail out a ferryboat that had been sunk by a storm some days previous. We had no money to pay our fare so we took this means to compensate the man for his labor, for we had to cross in a skiff and rowing was very hard against wind and tide. We then walked three miles over very bad roads and arrived at Mr. Stumps' and preached to a few, the inhabitants not being numerous in this place.

**Wednesday** we traveled three more miles. The road was exceeding bad, so much so that Brother Timmons carried me on his back through part of it, as he was wearing long boots that prevented the mud from getting into them and wetting his feet. At length we arrived at Mr. Brown's, where we were kindly received. Brother Timmons then went to work and made a plough for Mr. Brown, which pleased him very much.
Thursday evening we preached at Mr. Brown's and truly the Lord heard and answered our prayers, for my tongue was loosed and my mouth filled with arguments. Language came rolling in like a flood and I was enabled to speak by the power of the Holy Ghost.

Saturday, May 8th. Brother Wilson arrived from Grand Chain and preached at Mr. Armstrong's and again on Sunday in the school house. He spoke of the second coming of Christ and the signs that would precede that event. And among other things he alluded to the phenomena that occurred in 1833 which had the appearance of stars falling. I also spoke on the same subject at some length, and dismissed the meeting.

A gentleman, if such he may be called, then stepped up to me and asked if we really believed they were stars, and was answered in the negative. He then asked why we promulgated such doctrine and did not believe it. Then drawing up his Herculean frame, he exclaimed in a stentorian voice: "Gentlemen, gentlemen, a little learning is a dangerous thing. Drink deep, or taste not the Perenian Spring." He then turned around to the audience and thanked them for their good attention and strutted out of the house with an air of triumph as if he had achieved some great victory. But Brother Timmons, who was standing at the door waiting for him to finish his quotation from the poet, which says, "For shallow draughts intoxicate the brain, But drinking deep will sober us again," and ready to ask him if he did not want another draught, requested him to stay a little longer and have some conversation upon the subject. At this, he told Brother Timmons to ask him any question on astronomy that he wished. Brother Timmons then asked him to prove they were not stars. He turned round and walked off quite crest fallen. The people were very much diverted with his singular conduct and also to witness his discomfiture. He came with the express purpose of tearing up Mormonism, root and branch, being furnished with pen and ink to take notes, but he took down very few indeed. He went off after burning his fingers.

We held meeting in the evening at Mr. James. Brother Wilson and I occupied the time; this week in company with Brother Holden we went to Brother Green's and preached twice. While at prayer in the evening, a young man who was present undertook to make some noise by groaning and saying "Amen" for which he was sharply rebuked by Mr. Green. But this would not satisfy his sons. They said as he was under conviction he must be baptized. The morning was rather cold so he was unwilling to go into the water, but as they were going to compel him he thought it best to submit quietly. So they went off and plunged him into the mill pond which was near at hand and kept him under longer than is customary with those that baptize for the remission of sin. But as it was for bad behavior they thought he must stay under a little longer, and to use the administrator's own words, he kept him under "until bubbles began to rise."
But they had no authority to lay on hands, so they would not administer that ordinance but let him go with the admonition to behave better next time he came to meeting.

We then returned about seven miles to the home of Brother Holden. From here I went seven miles further on to Mr. Brown's. On the Sabbath I went on to Mr. Coliletv's, about three miles away, and preached to an attentive congregation. After I concluded, an old gentleman arose and bore testimony to the truth of what he had heard and called upon those present if they had anything to say to stand up and say it now and not talk when I was not present. But no one arose to say anything, so we departed and I returned to Mr. Brown's, where I preached again. I then went again to Brother Holden's and from thence a distance of three miles to Mr. Moser's where we had an appointment. Before we commenced a Baptist by the name of Flanery came forward, having several issues of the Baptist Banner (published in Louisville and containing slanderous reports about the Mormons) which he said he wished to read before I commenced to preach. I answered that we had seen them all and did not wish him to put himself to the trouble of reading them. But he said that we had made our boast that he durst not come to read them and he was determined not to be scared by the Mormons. So we consented to hear him, but it was painful to listen to him. He was much embarrassed and trembled so that our pity was enlisted in his favor. After he concluded he was about to go away, but we pressed him to stay and hear a little of the other side of the question. At length we prevailed upon him to stay and he sat down.

I then commenced to lay before him the Gospel and show that for preaching such doctrine the Saints had to suffer persecution and death from such men as he was, who if they had the power, would destroy all the saints of God, being unwilling to grant them the privileges they enjoyed. I told him that such conduct as he exhibited was not becoming a Christian nor a Republican, and he professed to be both, and that the laws of the United States granted every man the privilege of worshipping God according to the dictates of his conscience; to which he replied that every man was permitted to worship God in the right way.

After I spoke a little longer he arose to leave. He made a very lame apology and also said that he never wanted to drive the Mormons out nor countenance a mob to do anything of the kind, although it was well known that he had an article drawn up and signed by many to drive the Mormons from that place. And but a few minutes before he had said that he had come to give us orders to leave, and if we did not do so we must abide by the consequences for they had the line drawn and if we crossed that we would repent. But seeing that I was not to be frightened by any of his threats, they were induced to try a more desperate attempt to put a stop to the spread of truth, and that was by going and getting out a warrant to get
me apprehended for vagrancy. Mr. Baker, a Methodist preacher's son, was the honored instrument in this nefarious scheme. But the constable would not serve it, and consequently I went free. He then went about and circulated through the neighborhood that he made me confess to three lies. But what they were I know not.

I stayed in this place until Saturday and then went seven miles and arrived at the house of Mr. Cotton and preached the same evening at his house and again on the Sabbath morning; then walked about three miles and preached again at the house of Mr. Green, who seemed very favorably disposed toward the doctrine. At his house we stopped all night, for Brother Holden was with me, and we left Monday morning to return to Brother Holden's. But in crossing a small stream at Mr. Green's place on a float for that purpose, we both went down in the water until half covered and in this wet condition we had to walk until dried by the heat of the sun. This was not long in being accomplished as the weather was very warm. After a few hours' walk we arrived at the house of Brother Holden and lodged again.

Friday, May 25, 1841, I walked about eight or nine miles and preached at the house of Mr. Bond.

Wednesday, the 27th, I went again to Mr. Golitely's, but the people did not come out to hear, as they are very much prejudiced against the truth and went so far as to threaten Mr. Golitely if he would allow us to preach at his house.

Thursday, the 28th, I went to the house of Mr. John Stump, a distance of about four miles, but the people turned out too soon and consequently were disappointed.

Sunday, May 31st, I traveled a few miles and preached at Mr. Toulson's. He is very much believing and only wants some evidence that Joseph Smith is a prophet.

Monday, June 1st, I returned to Mr. James' and from thence to Mr. Armstrong's where I employed myself in various ways. At one time I was in the corn field, at another in the garden. But the weather being very hot, I did not do so much of any kind.

Saturday, June 6, 1841. I returned to Mr. Brown's and on the Sabbath, (21st) attended a Methodist meeting. But a more bigoted, uncivil, and disobliging people I have rarely seen, for they would not ask me into the house, nor offer me a seat, and when I asked for a drink of water I could not get it. In the evening the same man preached at the house of Mr. Brown, but he sooke so long I had not the privilege to say a word; although there were many present who came to hear our doctrine and were very much displeased at the conduct of the preacher and also the hearers, for they all seemed combined to prevent me from being heard. There were some present who would have fought with them in a moment, they were so angry at seeing the
manner of proceeding, for I was frequently asked to speak. But when I stood up, the Methodists all dispersed, throwing the congregation into confusion and disorder. They have made some bitter enemies to themselves by their conduct, for those who were favorably disposed toward them before are now against them; and Mrs. Brown says they shall never preach in her house again until they learn better manners.

Monday, June 22nd, I returned to Mr. James' and spent part of the week there and part at Mr. Armstrong's but did not preach any. I was employed at making some loom tackle and yarn runners for Sisters James and Armstrong. They were very kind to me and administered to my wants in providing clothing and such things as I stood in need of, furnishing the materials and afterward making them with their own hands. Mr. Armstrong and Mr. James likewise, though neither of them belong to the Church, were very kind indeed. Likewise Brother and Sister Holden, and may the Lord bless them and bring them safely to Zion.

Saturday, June 27th, I started to go to Mr. Lewis' and got part of the road when a shower came on, which wet the grass, and as it was very long it wet me very much. I called at the house of Mr. Briley to inquire the road to Mr. L's, and they invited me to stay all night with them, which I did. The next morning Mr. Briley saddled two horses and we rode five miles through very long grass waving in all the luxury of its native wildness and dripping with the dew of heaven which lay upon it in such profusion that it would forcibly call to mind that peculiar trait in the blessing upon the Lord of Joseph, namely, the dew.

I was very thankful to Mr. Briley for this act of kindness, for had I to walk through these flowery wilds, dripping as they were with those sweet tears of nature, I would very soon have been dripping too, which I did not fancy very much, I assure you. Mr. Briley got his little boy on behind himself to take back the horse that I rode upon. After going through beautiful woods and prairies, we came to the house of the son of Mr. James Lewis. This son, Mr. Henry Lewis, went with me to his father's house where I found a large company assembled together waiting to hear the strange doctrine. Some young men had threatened to come and drive me away if I attempted to preach in that place. Others said that I should preach, and one of them offered a gallon of whiskey to them if they would only dare to come to drive me away. But they did not make their appearance and the people were very quiet. While I was speaking an old gentleman of the Methodist order interrupted me and after meeting was over he had a good deal to say. In the course of his remarks he affirmed that the Bible was the church, upon which I said it was very small and that I could not get into it. He then said it was the foundation upon which the Church was built, and many more wise things. I preached again in the evening, and a large number collected who seemed
to listen very attentively. Among them was a Methodist preacher who came and shook me by the hand as soon as I had concluded. Two other houses were opened for preaching, and people seemed very willing to hear, but as Brother Gardner was still at the Grand Chain and I did not know what he had concluded to do, I had to leave the place without making any more appointments.

June 23rd, Brother Gardner arrived from the Chain and on Thursday held meeting at Mr. Armstrong's and spoke to a few of the Saints. On Friday we held another meeting at Brother Holden's and on the following Sabbath at Mr. James', where we took our farewell of some of the Saints at that place.

In the afternoon Brother Gardner and I rode five miles and preached at the house of Mr. Briley, and at their request laid hands on Mr. Briley who had been sick a long time but had not heard the doctrine preached until that time. We tarried here all night and on Monday returned to Mr. Armstrong's.

On Tuesday the 6th (July, 1841), we left Mr. Armstrong's and traveled seven miles and arrived at Mr. Brown's. The next day we traveled to Mr. Stump's, whose daughter I had baptized some time previously, and here we stayed one night. The following day we crossed the Ohio River in a skiff belonging to Mr. Stump. The river at this point is about a mile and a half wide. We then traveled about five miles and arrived at the town of Paducah, a small but thriving town in Kentucky, which stands at the confluence of the Ohio and Tennessee Rivers. Here we went aboard the V Pope bound to Louisville, Kentucky, distant about four or five hundred miles. The banks on both sides of the river were dotted with houses, villages and cities and here and there can be seen by the passing traveler the blue smoke from the log cabin of some hardy son of the forest, curling up gracefully amid the dark green foliage of his native woods, announcing that the hands of industry is there making fresh inroads on the haunts of the wild deer and causing them to seek a shelter more remote from the abodes of man where they can roam unmolested and free, regardless of man and unsuspicous of danger.

Some of the towns are beautifully situated, Madison in Indiana in particular; it is surrounded on three sides by hills which rise abruptly to a considerable height and are partly covered with trees, but the soil is light and yellow in color, loose and subject to be washed away by rains. The city stands on a bottom that descends gradually to the river where there is a good steamboat landing, and the beach is well secured against the effects of the water, it being well faced with stone.

Louisville stands on the southeast side of the river and occupies a situation somewhat elevated, but the city does not possess that air of cleanliness which is seen in many of the cities of the East. The buildings appear black and are of
midling class, but there are some good public buildings in the place. There is a canal for steam boats about 4 miles long which has been cut to avoid the rapids that are in the river, which are a great obstruction to navigation, especially in times of low water. We arrived at this place on Sabbath morning August 11th, and as the mail boat General Pike was to start for Cincinnati, we went aboard and took our passage to that place and in a short time we were ascending the noble river at a speed which I rarely witnessed, and on Monday morning found ourselves safely landed in the Queen of the West, namely Cincinnati.

August 12, 1841; Andrew Meets his Brother Robert

After a little inquiry we succeeded in finding out where Mr. Carroll lived; here we found my brother lying very low with a fever and no hopes of his recovery. He was given up by the physicians who attended him and also by Mr. and Mrs. Carroll. He, however, was sensible when we saw him, and he at once recognized me, but he could say very little. My heart sunk within me when I saw him so low and my feelings during the day cannot be described. In the evening we went out and called upon the Lord in his behalf. I was made to rejoice because the Lord heard and answered us. I felt confident that he would be restored. Next morning while praying for him I was enabled to lay hold of the promise of the Lord: these signs shall follow them that believe. From that time on he recovered rapidly.

Tuesday, 13th, Brother Gardner went out to Springdale about nine miles from this place where there is a small branch of the Church. He preached a few times and returned on Saturday in company with Brother Leemeraus and crossed the river into Kentucky and baptized one. He then returned and went again to Springdale and held several meetings.

Monday, 25th (August), I left Cincinnati and went to Springdale. Also held one meeting at Brother Turner's and started on Saturday morning, in company with Brothers Gardner and Huery of Dayton, and traveled nine miles to Brother Johnson's and on the Sabbath preached at his house. We traveled three miles and preached again at the house of Mr. Scofield. Here a Universalist got into conversation with Brother Gardner about the Holy Ghost. Brother Gardner went on to explain it to him when he stopped him and said he would tell what it was. He then said it was the revolution of the earth and any that transgressed that law committed the sin against the Holy Ghost—a very curious Holy Ghost indeed. We then traveled three miles and stopped at Brother Monfort's.

We traveled twenty-five miles, passing through Lebanon and Bellbrook and stopped at Mrs. Hanwell's place while Brother Gardner went a short distance to Brother Fallice's. This week I preached twice in this place, but as Brother Gardner had taken sick he did not take any part in the preaching.
On Saturday I went to Bellbrook in company with Brothers Turner and Johnson and preached in the school house. After preaching I was attacked by a Campbellite preacher who accused us of sending all to hell who did not believe Mormonism, and wanted to know what became of all those who died without hearing the Gospel—that those must have gone to hell if our doctrine was true that there are but two places as we said to save a man as in the days of the apostles; consequently they must have gone to hell.

I then quoted the words of Apostle Paul showing the different degrees of glory, and he might place them in either of these degrees that would suit him but that God would reward every man according to the deeds done in the body, that it required as much faith now to save a man as in those days. He then blushed up to the eyes and ears and said he could stay no longer, that his time was precious. I told him if he was in search of the truth I would travel six or eight miles with him and talk upon the subject, but after taking a quid of tobacco he mounted his horse and rode off. I returned to Brother Fallacies and while there we were called upon at the hour of 2:00 o'clock at night to go and lay hands upon Sister Johnson, who lived seven miles off. It rained quite hard and we, of course, were wet but we received no other injury.

Sunday, August 15th, we held another meeting at Brother Fallacies. I spoke first and was followed by Brothers Gardner and Fallacies. Although it was in the open air and Brother Gardner had been very sick for two weeks previous, yet he spoke with force and energy at which we were surprised. Afterward we broke bread to a few Saints and on Monday morning, 16th, resumed our journey and traveled 18 miles; on the 17th, 20 miles, and slept in a meadow under some hay as we were tired and without money and had been denied lodging several times.

The 18th we traveled 24 miles and lodged at the house of an Irishman, who treated us kindly. On the 19th we traveled 15 miles and arrived at the home of Mr. Blucks, a brother-in-law to Brother Gardner.

Saturday 21st, left Mr. Blucks and traveled nine miles to Sunbury. There is a small branch of the Church in this place, numbering about thirty members. On the Sabbath I preached three times, and on Tuesday rode six miles in company with Brother Condit and preached at Olivegreen. On Wednesday I returned to Sunbury and preached again. Brother Gardner was also present, he having returned from Mr. Blucks. He spoke first and I after.

Thursday, 26th, I rode again to Olivegreen in company with Brother Gardner and a son of Brother Condit. Here we preached again. Brother Gardner occupied first and we were much blessed with the spirit and some are believing in that place.
**Friday, 27th.** Traveled twenty miles and called at the house of a good old German, where we were kindly treated. On the 28th we traveled twenty-two miles, passing through the towns of Melville and Mansfield and stopped at the village of Windsor. Here for the first time they heard the fullness of the Gospel. We were much blessed with the spirit of our mission and the people paid most profound attention. We lodged at the hotel, a man by the name of Confor kindly offered to pay our bill.

**Sunday, 29th.** Traveled twenty-one miles and after applying for lodging three times we were entertained in a private house.

**Monday, 30th.** Traveled thirty-two miles and stopped at a tavern after being rejected four times. After a great deal of talking and caviling and proving and disproving doctrine until we were quite tired, we were at length conducted to bed without any supper, and we were both tired and hungry.

**Tuesday, August 31st.** Started very early and traveled six miles and stopped at a house by the wayside where we expected to get breakfast, but when we entered the house we found the master in a state of delirium. He went to a camp meeting and returned home a maniac. He was lying on the bed when we entered, singing quite merrily, his hands keeping time with the music. He cast his eyes on Brother Gardner and exclaimed: "I know you a damned fine fellow, I have seen you before." This man had heard the truth and had rejected it. He continued in this state a few days and then died. We, however, got no breakfast, but there happened to be a Brother in the house and we went with him and got a good one for which we were thankful and went on our way rejoicing. We traveled on until noon and called at the house of a gentleman from Ireland to get a drink of water, but the lady, seeing we were travelers kindly invited us to stay for dinner, which we gladly accepted.

We then pursued our journey until the latter part of the day and arrived at the house of Brother Gardner's father, where we were gladly received, having traveled twenty-two miles. Here we stayed until September 4th.

**(Saturday) September 4th.** We started for Kirtland in company with Mr. Stephen Burnett, brother-in-law to Brother Gardner. We rode until evening and stopped at the house of Brother Dickson and on Sabbath morning attended meeting in the House of the Lord in Kirtland. On first beholding that house that was built according to revelation my feelings I could not describe. We also attended meeting in the P.M., Brother Gardner being called upon to preach. I stayed here a few days and Brother Gardner then went back to his father's.

**Thursday, September 9th.** Left this place and traveled fifteen miles toward Cleveland and stopped at the house of
Brother Orlis, and on Friday went to the town and stopped at the house of Brother Greenoutch, from England. On Saturday returned to Brother Orlis’s and on the Sabbath went to fulfill an appointment a few miles distant. But the people were very much prejudiced against the truth and would not come out to hear. I then went to Cleveland again and stopped at the house of Brother Carpenter and on Monday morning went to work for Mr. Hickox on a Perfectionist Church, on which I worked eight weeks. During this time I preached frequently and left some believing very strongly.

Saturday, November 6th. Left Cleveland and went out to Porich Center, about ten miles and preached twice and left some almost ready to be baptised and returned to Cleveland on Monday and stayed a few days, and then took passage down the lake to Buffalo.

The weather was rather rough but we landed safe on Sabbath morning and it was well we got ashore so soon, for it came to blow very hard and the boats that had started up the lake had to return. I then took passage down the canal to Schenectady which was about 300 miles distant. The passage money was $4.00. I stayed in Schenectady one night and next day took steamboat down the Hudson River and arrived at Saugerties and from thence to Woodstock where my brother-in-law (Robert Murray) and his wife (sister Rebecca Henry) and my mother (Abigail Shaw Henry) lived. Here I stayed a few weeks and preached once. The people here, as in other places are prejudiced against the truth, but while I was preaching there was one woman that wept very much and said afterward she would like to be baptised but was afraid to go into the water. A few days later I started to go to New York but as the weather was very cold and the river closed soon, I had to travel by land.

I arrived in New York at Christmas to the great joy of my sister, who had not seen me for three and one-half years. I preached in the City the Sabbath after I arrived in the National Hall which is occupied by the Saints as a preaching place. How my heart did rejoice to see so many Saints assembled to worship God, enjoying the gifts and blessings of the Gospel where a short time before their numbers were but few.

On January 1st, 1842, Brother Everett and I went to Patterson, New Jersey. We spoke to a small number of the Saints and in the afternoon I spoke to a few of the brethren, then hired a room and got cards printed and posted up through the town. On the Sabbath following I preached three times to overflowing congregations. I stayed there a few weeks and preached several times and some manifested a desire to be baptised. While here I called upon a sick woman, in company with Brother Leech. We talked to her on the principles of the Gospel. She knew little of the ordinances but was desirous that we would pray for her. We did so, and laid hands on her in the name of Jesus Christ and rebuked the disease, and left her,
He called to see her the next day. She was well and up and about her business. Since then she has been baptised, and a branch has been raised up in that place through the labors of Brother Leech.

On Wednesday, February 4th, 1842, went to Hempstead (Long Island) and stopped at the home of Sister Akely and from thence to Brother Richard Browers and preached in the evening. On the 5th traveled six miles and preached at the house of Sister Lund. On the 6th returned to Brother Browers and in the evening preached at the house of Brother Joseph Browers.

Saturday, February 7th, traveled three miles and preached at the house of Brother Akely and from thence to Brother B. Pettits, and on Sabbath A.M. and P.M. at the home of Brother A. and again at Brother B. Pettits on Wednesday the 9th and also Friday the 11th.

Saturday, February 12, 1842, rode five miles to Hempstead in company with Brother E. Pettit and stayed at the house of Brother Raymond. On the Sabbath we walked five miles and preached at B. Dodge and again on Monday. Tuesday the 15th traveled ten miles and arrived at Brother Pettit's, and on the Sabbath, February 29th, preached again at Brother Ezra Pettit's.

Wednesday, 23rd, preached at the house of Mrs. De Mott and Thursday and Friday engaged in doing some carpentry work for her. Friday, returned to Brother John Pettit's and lodged there. Sabbath, 27th, preached again at Brother E. Pettit's. Rode ten miles in company with Brother John and Ezra Pettit and preached at the house of Brother Dodge in the evening. Tuesday traveled nine miles and lodged at the house of Brother Hicks.

Wednesday, March 3, 1842, preached again at Mrs. De Motts and again on Friday at the house of Brother Richard Brower.

Saturday, March 5th, 1842, went again to Hicksville. Here I met Brother Beebee and on the Sabbath preached twice, and again on Monday evening at the house of Brother Dodge.

Tuesday, March 8, 1842, returned to Mrs. De Motts and preached that evening. Thursday the 10th preached at B. R. Browers and again at Mrs. De Motts on Sabbath P.M., and again on Tuesday the 15th at Brother R. Browers, and prayed in meeting on Wednesday evening and preached again at Mrs. De Motts.

Thursday evening, the 17th and on Sabbath, the 20th, held Conference at the house of Brother Richard Browers. I was called to preside and Brother Aaron M. Davies chosen clerk. The case of a sister who had transgressed was brought up and she was restored to fellowship on making confession and asking forgiveness. I preached twice and we ordained one priest and one teacher. Held prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at the home of B. Pettit.
On Sabbath, March 27th, rode again to Hicksville in company with Brothers B. P. and R. B. and preached at the house of Brother Day, and on Monday rode with him nine miles on my way to Setauket, and after he left me walked eighteen miles and arrived at the home of Brother Wilson and spent the next evening at his home.

Wednesday, March 30th, rode five miles in company with Brother Alexander Ruben and on Thursday 31st preached at the house of Brother Wheeler and again on Friday evening, April 1st at Brother Ruben's.

April 3rd, 1942, on Sabbath rode to Setauket (Long Island) with B. R. and preached in the meeting house in that place and held prayer meeting in the house of Brother Wilson. On Tuesday walked a short distance and held meeting again in the house of Brother Rubens. On Thursday the 7th walked six miles in company with a little girl, daughter of Brother R., who came to show me the way.

Sabbath, 10th, preached twice at the house of Brother Rubens and then rode to Setauket along with Brother W. B. and Carmichael. E. R. is elder and B. R. is teacher. Monday morning returned to Brother R.'s and attended an arbitration meeting concerning some land and timber between E. R. and one of his neighbors, who tried to wrong him out of it, but he failed in the attempt. Here I had a talk with an old professor of religion who was reckoned very smart in matters pertaining to religion, but he could not stand before the truth.

Thursday, 14th, rode to Patchouae along with Brother Howell and stopped at Brother Lewis Halset. On the Sabbath walked six miles and called at the house of a Methodist local preacher who had heard some of the brethren preach, but a more unreasonable, tyrannical, overbearing, insulting, unbelieving, bigoted, persecuting hypocrite I have seldom seen. We, however, gave him our testimony and departed. He then went to the house of E. R.'s sister and sat and talked awhile, when some who were present requested that I should give them a short discourse. I did so, and as it was raining hard we were compelled to stay all night, although unwelcome guests. Next day we returned to Patchouae, and stopped at the house of Mr. Deery, a Catholic from Ireland.

Here I was kindly treated. After a few days I went to work for him and worked two weeks in order to get a coat, as the one I had was well worn. I then left, although his work was not finished, but I had to use the other man's tools and as they were bitterly opposed to the truth they grumbled very hard and were not willing that I should use them any longer. I preached six times and also heard Brother Sparks. Brother Mattheus preached once. The Congregational priest was also present who is very much opposed to the truth, and alike all other opposers willing to believe every foul and slanderous
report about the Saints and not willing to admit of one re-
deeming quality in the character of the Saints. Brother
Sparks gave him a few gentle hints concerning the low, mean
subterfuges to which he had resorted in order to prop up his
rotten system and also to blacken and calumniate the character
of the Saints and ridicule the doctrine they preached.

As I was at work one day, Mr. Deery gave me an intro-
duction to him and told him I was an Elder of the Latter-day
Saints, and he exclaimed: "Oh, I am a Latter-day Saint too!"
I told him I was glad to hear it if he was preaching the
truth. He said the doctrine we preached was not true, that
he could show me my error in a few minutes but he had not the
time. I persuaded him to stay and show me wherein I was
wrong and told him if he could show from scripture that I was
in error I would be thankful and renounce Mormonism at once.
He then consented to do so but instead of taking the Bible he
commenced to ridicule Joseph Smith and his army and wondered
very much at the Mormons for being so credulous as to believe
the story of the Book of Mormon and of it being found in a
barrel of beans. In this way he showed his ignorance of the
Book and the manner of its being found. I showed him his mis-
take and then preached the Gospel to him. He very soon found
an excuse to drop the subject and withdrew without proving
one item of doctrine false.

While we were engaged the Methodist preacher came in and
stood and listened a good while, then turned and went out
without speaking a word.

After my Reverend antagonist withdrew, a lady who had
heard what had been said commenced. She said it was all dark
and mysterious. I then showed her the order of the Gospel,
but she wanted a sign. Her husband had been possessed of the
Devil for more than a year and if I would go and heal him,
she would believe. I showed her that signs came by faith and
not faith by signs, and if she wished her husband healed she
must obey the Gospel, and if she wanted to know the truth of
Mormonism she must go to God and ask in faith in the name of
Jesus Christ and if she was sincere God would reveal it to
her. And then she would not be dependent on the testimony of
any man. She said it was good advice, and so ended the con-
troversy for that time.

Next morning Mr. Deery met the Reverend gentleman and
his Deacon in a neighboring house, when he was attacked by
both of them. But he, seeing the odds were against him, came
out and called me into the house. I went in and was imme-
diately set on by both of them. They said the Catholics and
the Saints were going to join and take the government of the
whole world and dealt out their abuse on both parties with a
liberality seldom equalled. It was in vain to try to con-
vince them of their error or make them believe what were the
intentions of the Saints and how they had suffered for
righteousness sake. This they would not believe. They could not think that the holy, pious Reverends of the Nineteenth Century could be guilty of such deeds of blood, but they were very willing to believe the most absurd tale that could be invented about the Saints and Catholics. I then quoted Scripture which fitted their case so well that it caused them to look rather ashamed. I then laid down some things pertaining to the Gospel, these they would not believe any more than the former things. I then said to them that they did not believe the Scripture any more than infidels; at this they became quite angry and left the house, and the good Deacon, like the Assyrian of old, turned away in a rage.

There are a few in the place believing, but they have not the courage to come out and bear the scoffs and the derision of their pious neighbors, for the people in this place are very hard indeed, and they that persecute most are the professors of religion. In no place have I been so badly treated both by male and female, for while passing through the street they cry "Mormon bull-head" and many other names equally polite.

Tuesday, May 3rd, 1842, left Patchouge (Long Island) and traveled about twenty miles, stopped after dark at the house of Mr. whom I heard was a Latter-day Saint, but I soon found my mistake when I found him, for if he was a Latter-day Saint he there told God he was not and that he belonged to no sect or party. This man and a few old women had formed a church of their own. They believed in revelation and sometimes would go to bed and lie and fast a week together; they say that they are the Church and that they are now in the wilderness and waiting to be brought out. They go into the woods by themselves and hold their meetings in secret and will not let their own friends know their sentiments. When I asked what they were and why they would not make them known to the world, one of them exclaimed: "No! Not tell it to your brother." They spiritualize the Scripture very much, and while I was talking to them he took down the Bible and began to explain that part of the revelation by John concerning the golden cup in the hand of the woman that was full of abominations. So the cup he said was the word of God. I endeavored to show him the Gospel but it was in vain, he could not or would not see it. I then left them and traveled about twenty miles and arrived at the house of Brother Samuel White.

I stayed here a few days and preached three times. A few are believing but they are very unwilling to stem the tide of persecution and expose themselves to the scoffs and frowns of a gainsaying generation. While I was there I went to hear the Reverent Mr. Flint, a Methodist preacher, and if one of our Elders had preached just such a sermon they would say it was a lie; for he preached up the Gifts and the Gathering of Israel.
I left this place on Monday following to return to New York but before leaving Brother White gave me a dollar, and Sister Brown gave me a half-dollar, for which they have my thanks.

I returned by way of the Wading River, and in passing through that place happened to see Brother Bales standing in a doorway. I went in and tarried with him until next day when I started again and traveled to Setauket and arrived at the house of Brother Wilson. Here I stayed until the Sabbath, when we held meeting in the morning and afternoon; Brothers Sparks and Dougherty being present. Brother Dougherty and I spoke in the forenoon and Brother Sparks in the afternoon. We also broke bread among the Saints and ordained Brother Wilson to the office of Elder to preside over the Branch of the Church. We then rode to Brother Rulens and tarried there for the night. Next morning preached my last discourse in that place at the house of a man who did not belong to the church but since then he has been baptised, his wife, and also six others in that place, by Brothers Beebee and Wilson. I then left Setauket and set out for New York on board a sloop plying from New York to Setauket; the fare being one dollar. Landed next morning in the City, having been on Long Island four and one-half months.

Thursday, June 2, 1942, went up the North River as far as West Camp, a distance of one hundred miles, from hence to Wood Stock about ten miles. Lodged at my cousin's, whose wife believes the Gospel. She was much troubled in mind concerning it and she found in her Bible as she was reading a small strip of paper with these words printed on it: "Doctrine of the L.D.S." She then prayed to the Lord to direct her to that portion of the Scripture which contained our principles. She opened on the 11th chapter of Isaiah and read it carefully. Since that time she has investigated the subject and is determined to be baptised as soon as convenient.

On Saturday returned to Saugerties, and stopped at the house of a young man, a Methodist, and went with him on the Sabbath P.M. to hear a Lutheran Minister. After the meeting he arose and made an appointment for me to preach that evening. The inquiry soon went: "Who is he, Who is he, What is he?" So when it was known what I was, some were for one thing and some for another. Some were for locking the door, and the good priest said we had a new Bible that was found in a barrel of beans, and he would count it a sin to let his children go to hear us on the subject. The people, however, assembled at the time appointed, and I addressed them on the principles of the Gospel. Some manifested an uneasiness which I took as a sign that they did not relish what they heard, which they very soon showed, for they all with one accord arose, rushed to the door as if impelled by Satanic agency, but as it was raining they did not want to go out so they were compelled to stay and hear the strange doctrine although
much against their will. So I left them my testimony and de-
parted, but one good Christian woman came to the young man's 
wife and told her that if she was in her place she would turn 
me out although it rained very hard. She paid no attention 
to this advice but took me into her house and treated me 
kindly. After they all arose from their seats and the tumult 
subsided a little, some came to the young man and asked him 
what he thought of the doctrine. He raised his voice and 
exclaimed, "It is the Truth of heaven and will condemn you in 
the Day of Judgement."

On Monday returned to New York and on Tuesday went to 
Long Island. The Saints were very glad to see me and some of 
them administered to my wants, especially Brothers E. and 
Richard Brower, for which I pray that God will bless them, and 
also J. Brower and Bros. Pettit and Richard Brown. I returned 
to New York City on the Saturday, and on the Sabbath in com-
pany with Brother Parker went about fourteen miles to a place 
called West Farms and preached twice.

From West Farms I went five miles to New Rochelle and 
preached again here in a branch of the church raised up by 
Brother Wendell. I stayed several days and preached one 
other time and attended the funeral of a child belonging to 
Sister . While here the Saints manifested their usual 
kindness, especially Brother and Sister Devine, Tanner, and 
Woolf.

I then returned to the city once more and from thence to 
Shrewsbury, N. Y. by steamboat, a distance of forty miles and 
arrived at the house of Brother Chadwick. On the Sabbath P.M. 
we walked nine miles to Long Branch but held no meeting there 
as the Saints were afraid of some of their neighbors coming 
and making a disturbance.

On Tuesday, June 18th, we returned to Brother Chadwick's 
and here I tarried until the Sabbath in order to settle some 
difficulty, but as the parties did not come together I left 
without arranging anything. I arrived again in New York on 
the Sabbath, June 30th, and attended meeting in the National 
Hall.

After a few days I began to make arrangements for going 
to Ireland. The Church in the city collected eleven or 
twelve dollars toward defraying expenses. About this time 
two Elders arrived from Nauvoo on their way to England; name-
ly, Ruston and Noon. I then determined to wait until they 
were ready. We agreed to go together and therefore arranged 
things accordingly.

EMBARKATION FOR ENGLAND

On the 21st day of July, 1842, we bid farewell to the 
Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave. We were towed
out twenty or thirty miles by a steamer and then hoisted sail before a light and favorable breeze. The City was already lost from sight and the shores of America were fast fading from the view. As we moved majestically over the face of the deep blue waters, whose smooth surface was scarcely ruffled by the soft and balmy breath of the evening zephyrs which filled the sails of our gallant Bark, that was to bear us across the boundless ocean, what my feelings were at that time cannot be described. I was leaving an aged mother and loving sisters behind, whom I loved as dearly as life itself, going to a distant land among strangers, unfriended and alone, and my purse empty and destitute of the necessary—as were the Apostles when they went out without money in their purse—for mine had not a penny in it of either gold or silver or copper. But my trust was in that God who had led me all my life long and who had now called me to go to a distant land to proclaim the Gospel of peace unto the nations of the earth.

Next morning the shores of Long Island were lingering still in view, but the breeze springing up, they soon faded into the distance and were lost amid the boundless waste of waters which seemed like a vast mirror shining with a luster and a brilliance surpassed only by the bright beams of the King of Day already risen high in the heavens, shedding his benign influence over land and sea.

Andrew Arrives in England

After a pleasant passage of nineteen days, we landed in Liverpool, England and on Tuesday, August 9, 1842, and on the following Sabbath I stood up for the first time in England before the Saints to lift up my feeble voice to declare what the Lord was going to do in these last days.

Sunday, August 14, 1842. On the following Sabbath I had the pleasure of hearing that forceful servant of the Lord, P. P. Pratt unfold the Word of God in a manner that was truly edifying and instructive; and what I learned at that time I hope will not be easily forgotten by me. While in Liverpool the Saints were kind to me and when leaving they gave me ten shillings to pay my passage to Ireland. Left Liverpool in company with Brother Kerr's brother-in-law.

The weather on the passage was very mild, and it was well it was so, for I had to walk the deck all night and there were also two or three hundred Sons of Erin on board returning from England after cutting down the harvest—half-starved, ragged, wretched, degraded and miserable-looking creatures. There they were, lying crowded together on the deck. Naturally, exhausted by what they had endured, they all eagerly embraced this opportunity of resting their weary limbs, and stretching themselves upon their rough and hard couch they were soon lost in the sweet forgetfulness of slumber.
Early next morning the Irish coast was in view and as we drew near and beheld the rocky cliffs in bold relief against the azure sky, with the clouds floating along their summits and the peasants' white cottages dotted along their base, and the fields clothed with the ripened and yellow grain, the view presented was at once pleasing and sublime.

Ireland

In a few hours the boat came to land and immediately I was safe on the shore of the land of my nativity, after being absent about twelve years. We landed at Warrenpoint, then took a car and rode to Neury, a distance of five miles. Stopped and got dinner, then went on to Brother Kerr's wife's father, and tarried with them a few days.

Preached once, and then returned to Neury and called on Mr. Brown to whom I was recommended by Brother Kerr, but I met with a very poor reception. They sent word to acquaint a Methodist and his son that I was in the house. They came and attacked me in a furious manner, the old man in particular. He was quite outrageous and trembled like a man with the ague. The son was more moderate but still he kept talking all the time and would not allow me to speak. I told them to speak one at a time and I would answer them, but still to no use. The old man became more boisterous and turbulent and called me a great many nice names. I told him if he was a Christian to be calm and composed and not be in such a rage and tremble as he did. He said it was an affliction with which he was troubled and he could not help it. After trying in vain to calm him a little and lay before him the principles of the Gospel, I arose and bore testimony to the work of the Lord and left them. I took a car as far as Banbridge, a distance of ten miles, stopped here and paid three shillings for supper, bed and breakfast.

Andrew Meets the Creightons

Next day traveled as far as Hillsborough and while on the road turned aside and washed my feet against those men who had rejected my testimony, and in so doing found the Lord blessed me. That evening I arrived at the house of Brother Robert Borrows and tarried the night with him. His wife, who was not a member of the church, was sick and had been for many days. At his request I laid hands on her and next morning she was quite well. I then went into the village and when the Saints heard I was come, many of them came out to meet me. In the afternoon the Saints assembled together and bore their testimonies. At the conclusion I laid hands on Sister E. Creighton, who had been afflicted about three months with a contraction of the muscles in the left side of the neck which affected her very much, and compelled her to wear a green shade over her eye. She was almost instantly relieved and in a short time was quite well.
As soon as the people heard that an Elder from America had arrived they came out in large numbers to hear, but we met with a good deal of persecution from the Methodists and others, especially from Arch Deacon Mant, and also from the Presbyterians. One evening, as I was speaking, a man who had been a preacher among them began to oppose me. There had been a funeral that day....(one entire page is missing here except for a corner)....fined them two shillings and sixpence, which I believe was done at the suggestion of Arch Deacon Mant. He handed a strip of paper to the Magistrate, who seemed to be governed by his direction and not by justice or judgment. The enemies of truth triumphed to think that we left ourselves open to the law and rejoiced in expectation of seeing the Saints suffer and Mr. Bradshaw transported, but they were much disappointed to see us get off so safe. And the Methodists were also prevented from preaching in the open air as they had done heretofore.

A Mr. Brown, a Methodist preacher from England, was also the cause of a great deal of persecution from the Methodists and others who took part with him. He preached in Hillsborough and through his sophistry and cunning made many believe that the ordinances of the Gospel were not necessary and that John did not immerse in Jordan, that baptism was not performed by immersion, the banks of the Jordan being so high as to prevent them from going down into it. He also said many more foolish and ridiculous absurdities which the people swallowed with greediness and showed they loved a lie more than the truth and rejoiced in iniquity. He afterwards gave a general challenge to the Saints, not only in Hillsborough but even in England, and everywhere else, that he was willing and ready to meet any of them and prove their Doctrine false.

Next morning I called upon him to let him know that I would meet him and also wanted to know what were the points to be discussed. Assuming an air of importance he said: "First, I will prove the Book of Mormon not a revelation from God; Second, that the Doctrines are unscriptural and tending to infidelity; and Third, that the Mount Zion in the Scriptures is not in America." To these I added three more, namely: First, that there had been no organized Church on the earth since the days that direct revelation ceased; Secondly, that God would have an organized Church in the last days; and third that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is the said church. We were to speak fifteen minutes alternately, and were to meet in the court house in Hillsborough if it could be procured.

The evening arrived. The ladies and gentlemen took their seats before the doors were opened, they having entered by a private door. The large door was opened and the people who had been standing in a dense crowd outside waiting for admittance rushed in with such violence that one would suppose life and death depended on their gaining a seat. Such a
scene I have never witnessed. Such confusion and pushing and squeezing with cries of distress as "here is a woman fainting", and many other such like that, that it was impossible to be heard and we had to adjourn until another day. It was agreed to have tickets printed and sold and by that means exclude those who were most disorderly. There were about three hundred procured and the people were anxiously waiting, but before that day arrived the Arch Deacon and the Magistrates and several others met and determined that the Court House should not be given again, and also censored the Methodist for engaging in such business. The Methodists, not being willing to incur the displeasure of such dignitaries, were quite content to let it drop.

Brother Johnston waited on them to know where the discussion was to be held, and after agreeing that it should take place at Mrs. King's ballroom the tickets were divided. They then said they feared that damage would be done to the furniture and that they would not be willing to pay for it, and that it would be best to have a cup of tea over it and make it up and that we should both be the conquerors—and thus the matter ended for that time.

But many of the people were dissatisfied and charged the Methodists with being cowards which caused them to send for Mr. Brown and have the discussion go on whether or no he came, and sent us a letter to let us know the discussion would be held at the place appointed, which was a barn out in the country in the heart of our most bitter enemies, and in the choosing of which place we had no part. But before the letter came, two of his party came to Brother Johnston to try to prevail on him to agree that the meeting should be held in Mrs. McLoran's barn, it being the place in which Mr. Brown preached, and thus while two of them were for having it at Mrs. Mc Lor-an's barn the others were of different opinion. When we saw the manner in which they acted, we had almost come to the determination not to meddle with it but to let them have it all to themselves.

They paraded the streets with as much pomposity as if they were Lords of the Earth and then set off to the place appointed, and in passing along the road told the people that we would not meet them. A Roman Catholic then came up to me and said they wanted me out there for no other purpose than to beat me and tear my clothes, but he esteemed: "Come along and I will stand by you as long as there is a drop of blood in my body," at the same time reflecting that we come along after them. The people were surprised to see us after being told to the contrary. As soon as they heard of our approach a number of them set to work cleaning out the barn which had been used for threshing, and after about a half-hour of labor it was cleared for action.
A long table and a couple of chairs were brought out of the house, and after a short delay, he opened the debate, but before he commenced he wanted to ask me a few questions. One was "if I believed the whole Bible to be a revelation from God?" I answered in the negative. He then exclaimed: "My friends, he must be an infidel, for he does not believe the Bible!" I then accused him of unfairness and said that he wished to make a wrong impression on the minds of the people in regards to my not believing the Bible, and told him that the part which was historical I believed to be such, and the part that was prophecy I believed to be such, and the part that was words of the Devil I believed to be so, and so forth, and that was my answer; and that if he did not go on with the discussion I should consider he was not able to defend himself nor prove his assertions.

He then commenced by bringing up those tales about Joseph Smith finding the metallic tablets; about his being attacked by two highway robbers and the impossibility of escaping from them loaded as he was with the metallic tablets, they being so heavy and the highway robbers being so well armed that it was altogether impossible for him to escape—and many other vain and foolish assertions which he was unable to prove.

When he saw he could do nothing with the Book of Mormon, he jumped away to the Kingdom, and tried to prove that there was an organization on the earth. He thanked God that his name was what it was and that he belonged to the family that he did. His Grandfather was converted under Mr. Wesley and his Father was a preacher so many years, and he had two brothers: preachers in the new conversion, and his sister was an honor to Christ, for every morning she would take her books and little bag and go from door to door collecting pence and half-pence to support the missionary course—and many more things equally absurd. But after he spoke four times he saw the dilemma in which he was placed and before his inability to prove his assertions were made any more manifest he thought it best to withdraw, acting probably on the adage that a good retreat was better than a bad battle; but it was very evident he made neither. He was speaking the fifth time but could not muddle through it so he hastily withdrew, saying that the gentleman could prove nothing so he would not stay any longer. So he left us to wonder at the sudden exit of the champion of Methodism and annihilator of Mormonism.

As soon as he was gone an individual snapped up the two candles that were burning on the table, others extinguished those that were burning on the walls and thus we were left in total darkness by those people who call themselves Christians. But after we remained in this unpleasant situation a short time, a man came in with a light and he wanted to know if we would lend him a Book of Mormon. Our Chairman also wanted to know if we would sell him one. Some of the Saints present told him that he could have theirs, but he did not see fit to take it.
After Mr. Brown had made his exit, a man by the name of Kean, who had been cut off the Church and who was bitterly opposed to us, stepped up and said he would speak fifteen minutes, but he would not be heard. We then left the house, and he boasted how they had driven us away. I said we were not gone yet; he replied he would soon make us go and then rushed forward to strike me. At this another man came up, crying out: "Kean, if you strike him I will knock your neck off." So I got off unharmed, and we returned to Hillsborough in safety.

Sister Wilkie from Scotland, wife of Elder David Wilkie, was also present. She stood by me like a true heroine and did not leave me until we were out of danger.

Thus ended as disgraceful and disorderly a scene as I ever witnessed from the professed friends of God and man, and from those who say so much about liberty of conscience and prate about doing to all men as you would they should do unto you—by their fruits you shall know them. Do bigoted hypocrites produce the fruits of the spirit? No! Men do not gather grapes from thorns or figs from thistles; neither do Methodists practice those things which they profess.

As I was preaching one evening at Brother David Currow's house and showing the causes why so many were disbelievers in the Scriptures, there was a young man present who had been rather skeptical and had been driven to this way of thinking by the very causes that I mentioned which was the great diversity of opinions that prevailed concerning the doctrines contained in them. He invited me to his father's house where I was kindly received. I found Mrs. Bradshaw, for that was their name, to be a very intelligent woman. She was rather inclined to Universalism and was very liberal in her views concerning the plan of salvation, and entertained exalted ideas of the goodness and mercy of God.

She had two interesting daughters who also were quite intelligent, and they listened with great interest to the things they heard. They bought some of our books and after perusing them were converted and the whole family, I believe, would have been baptised were it not that they were wanting to sell their place and go to America—for no sooner had they heard and believed the Gospel than they were determined to go to Zion; but as the people were so much opposed to the Gospel they determined it prudent to sell their place first and be baptised afterward. The first thing they have now done and are about to embark for Liverpool in a few days. I hope they will also accomplish the second.

As soon as the Ministers of Lisburn heard that Mr. Bradshaw had received me into their house, two of them came to
the house to try to reclaim them and bring them back to the true fold. Also to persuade them not to receive me into their house nor administer to my wants, for if they did the anathemas of heaven would fall upon them. As they were thus endeavoring to enforce these holy, alias hellish maxims, Mrs. Bradshaw slyly said: "The Scriptures tell us that some by entertaining strangers have entertained angels unawares." "Yes," he exclaimed, "but not that American imposter!" After two or three hours labor to show them that they were in error but all to no purpose, I happened to drop in. Mrs. Bradshaw gave me an introduction to them. I bade them good evening and reached out my hand to one of them. The other exclaimed in a voice raised to a very high key and in a manner which did not partake much of the spirit which they professed to be in possession of, namely, the Spirit of God: "Don't shake hands with that American imposter, that servant of the Devil, that emissary of Satan," and many other sweet names such as the apostles received in days gone by.

After receiving this whole broadside of the foulest names that hell could produce from this champion of truth, alias sectarian dogmas, up comes number two who let fly such a shower of the heaviest and foulest calumny that could be collected by all the menials of the mansion of the Father of Lies, that I was quite taken by surprise. They poured on the filthy slime in such torrents that I felt compelled to sit down and let them run off until I could get time to reply. When I did, I thanked them for their kind reception and asked them if that was a Christian spirit? "Yes," they said, "it was Christian, it was such a spirit as Christ manifested when he rebuked the scribes and Pharacees, and he was full of the Holy Ghost and would rebuke me. What call had I coming to the place preaching such doctrine as that? Who gave me my authority and who sent me?"

I told him who sent me, and then asked him who sent him and who gave him his authority? He mentioned the names of some half-dozen Bishops and I said they received their authority from the Church of Rome and they said she was the "mother of harlots" and if she was then her authority was not legal. To this he replied that the Church of Rome was a true Church but a church in error. I asked him how it could be a true church and in error at the same time. He then referred to the Jewish Church, that it was a case in point. And, supposing the Church of Rome to be corrupt, he could still trace an unbroken line of Apostolic succession through the Irish Church. I asked him if he meant to say there was a church in Ireland unconnected with the Catholic before the Reformation? He did not mean to say that, but that there was such a church in existence history clearly proved. I expressed my incredulity as to the existence of such a church. He said I was entirely ignorant on the subject and knew but little about it. I asked him where he got his intelligence. He answered he went to college and obtained it. "Indeed," said I, "you
obtained it by the same means that Simon Magus thought to get
the gift of the Holy Ghost, namely with money." "Do you mean
to say that I am Simon Magus?" "Not at all, he is dead and
gone. Only you have boasted of having got your knowledge by
the same means that he thought to purchase the gift of God."

He then exclaimed: "Will my Parishioners stand by and
hear their Minister talked to in this manner by this Ameri­
can imposter?" After calling me a great many times an Amer­
ican imposter, a servant of the Devil, an emissary of Satan
and so forth, I told him I was not an American. I claimed to
be a son of Erin, as well as he. "Then, if you are," he re­
plied, "you should weep over your country, coming and preach­ing
such doctrine as you do." "Yes, weep over my country
when I see such men as you are preaching for hire, and divin­ing
for money, and perverting the right ways of the Lord; and
wresting the orphans' meal and the widow's cow from them to
satisfy your rapacious appetites."

"Will my Parishioners stand by and hear their Minister
talked to in this manner by this imposter?" resounded again
from his lips. Then, opening the Bible and laying it on his
breast and his hand on the Book he raised the other hand to­
wards heaven and called on all that was sacred and holy to
witness his zeal for God, that if he was not to receive one
penny he would go and preach the Gospel unto the people. He
also said that the people would do well to take me off and
put me to my neck in the canal instead of listening to me
or my doctrine; to which I replied that doubtless he would re­
joice if he saw me there, and much more if I never came out;
and that such a man as he was the principal cause of all the
blood which had been made to flow on account of religion since
the foundation of the world. It was them that slew the pro­
phets, crucified the Messiah and stoned Stephen; slew the
martyrs and reformers, and butchered the Saints in Missouri.

"Will my Parishioners stand by and hear their Minister
talked to in this manner by this American imposter?" again
burst from his lips, but there was none of them that seemed
willing to lend him any assistance in this holy war. He then
pulled the Book of Mormon out of his pocket and said we had
got an additional revelation, but because of the glaring
falsehoods it contained, and the absurdity of its doctrines
we were ashamed to own it. He shook it in my face with as
much vindictive malice and bitter hatred as his master could
inspire him with, for to all human appearances he was entirely
under control of the Devil. He then asked me if we believed
it to be an additional revelation to the Bible. I told him
that we believed it to be a sacred record brought forth by
the ministering of an Holy Angel and translated by the power
of God. But this would not satisfy him, he still wanted to
know if it was an additional revelation to the Bible, to which
I replied as before; some present said that was a sufficient
answer. He then proceeded to read portions of it and show
the inconsistencies of them; one was that Adam fell that man might be, with some others he called equally absurd.

I then asked them if the Bible contained all the word of God, to which both instantly replied: "Yes, yes, it contains all the word of the Lord." I then called the attention of the people to the assertion they made and said I would prove from that book that it did not contain all the revelations which God gave to the sons of man, and mentioned some of the books referred to by the Prophets, to which he replied they were the apocryphy. I showed him his error. He then said they were not cannonical. I asked him if the writings of one prophet were not as cannonical as those of another, and if the sayings of Nathan, the Prophet, were not equally inspired with those of Isaiah or Jeremiah or any other of the prophets, and while saying so I turned around to address the people. He, seeing the fallacy of his assertion, did not wish to let the people hear what I was saying and catching me by the shoulder and shaking me rather uncivilly, I turned about and told him to take his unhallowed hands off me and not shake me in that manner. He stepped back horror-stricken at the expression, exclaiming: "Unhallowed hands! Unhallowed hands!", and his rage seemed to know no bounds.

Seeing then that their anger, instead of settling down into a calm as I had hoped it would after having exhausted its force, only became more violent, I told them that if they wished to elicit truth and prove our doctrine false that they should show a meek spirit. But they did not, and as I had an appointment to attend to and the hour arrived, I could not stay longer, but if they wanted to appoint a time and place and choose a proper chairman and give me half of the time, I would meet them and discuss the subject with either of them, But no, they would not demean themselves so much as to meet me, but they could come and rage and storm like raging and hungry wolves, although dressed in sheep's clothing and exalt themselves by calling me imposter, servant of the Devil, emissary of Satan, and so forth. When I saw they would not come to any honorable terms, their only object being to slander and vilify the principles of truth and defame my character, and the hour of meeting having arrived, I left them to cool their rage as best they might, and I to lay before the people the Gospel of Peace.

The place was a barn and it was filled to overflowing, and the throng on the outside being so great as to totally exclude the admission of air, I was compelled (although very unfashionable) to divest myself of some of my outer garments. Yet, notwithstanding this precaution, in a short time I was in a profuse perspiration from the heat of the place. I spoke some length of time inside; the throng became so great and the desire to hear me so strong that I had to go out and preach to them in the open air, but some of them became unruly. I thought proper to conclude, and after telling them
that I would preach at any convenient place they would ap­
point, the people quietly dispersed.

I then returned to Mr. Bradshaw's and tarried all night. They were very kind to me, notwithstanding the anathema that was pronounced against them if they would entertain me. They were very much disgusted with the conduct of the Minister and said they would never go inside the Church where he preached again.

On the next Sabbath I intended to preach on the race course in the place and at the time appointed repaired thither in company with some of the Saints and also Mr. Bradshaw's family. In a short time a large number assembled, and meeting was opened by singing and prayer; but while I was reading part of the Scripture of truth we were much annoyed by the apostate Kean. He came running up with a book in his hand calling to his company to come on, and rushing up to me and thrusting the book in my face he said I must not proceed until I could explain what I had said on a former occasion. In a short time the tumult became so great we were compelled to leave him the place and return to Mr. Bradshaw's house. We then attempted to meet in his field, but here again we were opposed by the same man, backed by the Methodists of the place. Some contrived to throw stones and others to make noise, so once more we were obliged to seek shelter in Mr. Bradshaw's house. The mob then assembled in front of Mr. Bradshaw's and there they were harangued by this vile opposer of the Truth. After staying a short time at Mr. B's, we returned to town without any more trouble.

But he then went and issued a summons for Mr. Bradshaw and his son for abusing, and also Brother D. Burrows. I attended the court. The worthy Arch Deacon and his co-adju­tors were present, but such a mock trial I never witnessed. Although it was clearly proven Kean was the aggressor, Mr. Bradshaw was fined two and sixpence. I then thought of the passage of scripture which says "Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God," but in this case it was "cursed are the peacemakers, for they shall be fined." The enemies of Truth rejoiced to think we were in the powers of the law, and they hoped to see Mr. Bradshaw transported for striking Mr. Kean (as he swore to that effect) but Mr. B. was only trying to prevent him striking and making disturbance. When they saw us get off so well, for Kean was reprimanded for disturbing, and the Magistrate said we might build houses and worship in them and if any persons molested us we could then prosecute, this seemed to throw a damper on their expectations and mortify their feelings of revenge and wickedness which they had hoped would be gratified in seeing us suffer.

Thus ended the first law I had been engaged in on account of religion. I have been credibly informed that Kean
received money from the Dean of Connor to go on with the prosecution, and afterwards received five shillings a week for being so diligent in opposing the Saints. These things transpired about the middle of October.

October 20th, 1942, I went to Hyde Park in company with Sister Wilkie and stayed a few days. On the following Sabbath I walked three or four miles in company with four of the Saints through a heavy rain, and preached once and returned to Brother Scoots.

On Tuesday following I left Brother Scoots in company with Elder McLelland, who had been laboring among his friends and was now on his way to Scotland. We traveled as far as Crawfords Burn. The roads were very wet; a quantity of snow having fallen which was now melting, and this rendered walking very miserable. We called at the house of Brother John Bele and were kindly received by them. In a day or two Brother McLelland left us and I tarried there until the Sabbath and held two meetings. The Saints in this place numbered about twenty and rejoiced in the truth.

Monday, October 31, 1842, I returned to Hillsborough and spent a pleasant evening at Brother John Hamilton's, who was preparing to go to Nauvoo on the 8th. I went four miles and preached once at the house of Mr. Patterson. They seemed very favorably disposed toward the Gospel.

On the 7th I was requested by Brother John Harper to officiate at their marriage, which I did. This was soon noised about and the Arch Deacon and the Magistrate did everything they could to find out who it was that had done it, determined to prosecute whoever had done it to the utmost. I thought it best to leave until such a time as their rage would be a little abated.

Accordingly, I left Belfast on the 17th of November for Liverpool, having been in Ireland near three months. During that time I had preached from three to five times a week and sometimes more; six had been baptised, and many remarkable cases of healing had taken place; one, a young girl whose foot was so much swollen and inflamed that she had to be carried home. At her father's request, who is a teacher in the Church, I anointed it with oil and laid hands on her and rebuked the swelling in the name of the Lord Jesus, The next day she was quite well. The Saints were much strengthened and built up in the faith of the Gospel. The gifts of the Spirit were poured out, they spoke in tongues and interpreted the same, and the Lord revealed unto them many things which they saw fulfilled before their eyes, which made them to rejoice in the goodness of the Lord. Persecution raged, and the Saints suffered much which caused some to turn away but only served to make the others more faithful and steadfast. They have been very kind to me, especially Brother and Sister
Hamilton; Brother and Sister Johnson; father, mother and sisters E. and Margaret Creighton; Sister Lueck, and many more of the Saints too numerous to mention. May the Lord bless them all and preserve them faithful until the end. Amen.

After landing at Liverpool, I stopped a few days and on the Sabbath preached to the Saints in the Music Hall. I then left and went as far as St. Helena, about fifteen miles from Liverpool, and stopped at the house of Brother Frodsham. On the next day I went five miles distant to Newton, and called at the house of Brother Simpkins and preached; and from thence to Wigan. Here I stopped several days and preached twice and from thence to Warrington and stopped at the house of Brother .... On the Sabbath I held meeting twice, then returned to Brother Simpkins and preached twice; and then back again to Wigan. A distance of nine or ten miles from Wigan to Leigh, I called at the house of Brother Holden, stopped and preached twice in all these places. The people were very hard, especially at Wigan and Warrington.

From Leigh I went to Manchester and stopped there and on the Sabbath preached twice to large congregations. While here I went in company with Brother Charles Miller and laid hands on Brother Lee, who was sick of a fever. His life was despaired of and at many times he was quite delirious. In a very short time he was perfectly restored to health and strength and can now bear testimony to the truth.

From Manchester I went to Stockport. The Saints were very much rejoiced to see me. I preached several times and broke bread among them. They rejoiced in the truth as it is sent forth in these last days.

On the 25th of November, 1842, I returned to Manchester, in company with some of the Saints from Stockport and attended Conference. We had a very interesting time, but a damp seemed to be thrown over the feelings of many by the account of Elder Barnes' death, but we did not sorrow as those that have no hope. He fell in the discharge of the duties to which he was called, nobly contending with powers of darkness and endeavoring to sever the chains of superstition which for ages past held in bondage the minds of men.

From Manchester I went to Bolton and on the same evening met the officers in council, and on Sabbath preached twice and broke bread with the Saints and on the 2nd of January, 1843, had a very agreeable tea meeting. Brother William Miller and Brother Goodfellow were also present. After the repast was over the Saints were called to order and I was chosen to preside during the remainder of the evening; some good instruction was given, and a sum of money collected for the Temple. While here I suffered much from taking cold in my face, which was brought on by getting wet in my feet.
On the 4th of January, 1843; left Bolton by railroad for Liverpool and arrived in the afternoon and in a short time found the Saints from Hillsborough. They were aboard the ship lying in the dock. They were in good spirits and rejoiced at the idea of getting away from the land of tyranny and oppression. They were delayed fourteen days owing to head winds, but on the 16th they were towed out by a steamer twenty or thirty miles, and they hoisted sail and were soon lost amid the boundless waste of waters. I went out with them as far as the steamer took them and returned by the same means. While in Liverpool I stayed at the home of Brother John Lindsay. They were kindhearted Saints, and I hope the Lord will bless them for their kindness to me.

On the 7th left Liverpool again, and walked as far as Warrington and stopped one night. On the day following went to Newton and stopped one night more, and from thence to Leigh and preached at the home of Brother John Holdens; from thence to Bolton and stopped at the house of Brother Joseph Barrows and on the Sabbath preached twice and broke bread with the Saints.

I next visited Edgerton and endeavored to get a few of the Saints together, but they were very unwilling to attend, they had been building their faith on men and it was soon shaken. Elder Berry, who had been to Nauvoo, had brought back an evil report which caused many to stumble and when I visited them I found many very cold and unwilling to come out. A few came together and I endeavored to show the evil of placing their trust in man. Next morning I received a letter from Brother Charles Miller, requesting me to come to Manchester as soon as possible as some of the officers were getting out of their places and he wished my assistance in regulating the affairs of the church and setting the officers right. I immediately left Edgerton and returned to Bolton and from thence to Manchester.

February 27th, 1943, on Friday evening I met with the officers in council and after a good deal of talking, in which some manifested an evil disposition, things were settled amicably and harmony and order restored. On the Sabbath I preached twice to the Saints and broke bread. They rejoiced much at seeing me again and at the request of Brother Miller and others I consented to tarry awhile with them and labor in that place. Accordingly, I stopped for a few weeks and preached twice every Sabbath; also attending prayer and council meetings weekly.

I then went out to Ashton and tarried with the Saints in that place three or four weeks, preaching twice on the Sabbath and once during the week, besides attending prayer and council meetings. They were very kind to me and seemed willing to abide by my counsel. The elders are Brothers Allen
and Smith. Brother John Bray was also ordained elder while I was in that place. The people in this neighborhood are very much opposed to the truth and some of the Saints are compelled to absent themselves from meeting, lest they should lose their employment. But they are steadfast in the faith and determined to hold on to the principles of the Gospel of Salvation and are anxiously waiting for deliverance—which may the Lord hasten and speedily grant a release to his Saints. Amen. After regulating some things and giving the necessary instructions to the Saints, I left them and returned to Manchester, and on the Sabbath preached twice and broke bread with the Saints.

After tarrying here (Manchester) a few days, I visited Oldham in company with Brother Dunn and preached twice, and broke bread, and also attended two council meetings on Saturday evening. I then went out to Rochdale and preached once; from thence to Burnley and preached twice and baptised one young man.

I then proceeded to Addingham and arrived at Brother Mersgroves, a priest. He had preached once in this place and had written to Manchester for an Elder to go and assist him. Accordingly, after I arrived, he hired the Odd Fellows Hall, and on the Sabbath I preached twice. The people paid the most profound attention while I laid down the principles of the Gospel, and I believe there was not one present but who went away highly pleased with what they heard. During the ensuing week much inquiry was made among them concerning the truth. The dust was brushed off many a Bible that had laid on the shelf perhaps for months, maybe years, and eagerly read to find if these things were so; and among the people it was the chief subject of conversation. They were frequently seen in groups at the corners of the streets discussing the subject with earnestness, showing thereby that they were much interested in what had been told them.

Persecution also began to show itself in a very determined manner; Mr. Trellfall, Brother Mersgroves' employer, being a Cotton Master, threatened to discharge every one of his hands that would come to hear the truth, and if Brother Mersgroves would preach that abominable doctrine any more in that place he must give up his situation also. This he did, although he was manager of the Mill and had two pounds per week. On the next Sabbath I preached three times in the same place. There were many who manifested a strong desire to hear more; some saying they could sit all night and hear, others that they could sit an hour longer; and before we left we made arrangements to send them an Elder once in two weeks until Conference.

Having made these arrangements, we left on Monday morning and traveled as far as Chadburn. Here we stopped two nights and preached once; went next to Clithero, stopped one
night and preached once; also from thence to Blackburn, here we halted likewise and preached twice. In all these places the Saints were very kind to me, treating me and my Brothers both with the greatest respect and administering to my wants. We then bid the Saints in this place farewell and traveled on to Bolton, and called at the house of Brother J. Barrows. After partaking some food, we took the railroad car and arrived safe in Manchester. I had traveled about one hundred miles and preached fifteen times and baptized one.

Manchester, 1843

On the next Sabbath, being Easter Sunday, attended Conference and was chosen to preside. There were represented about 1450 members, 40 elders, 80 priests, 50 teachers and 20 deacons. We had a very interesting session. The Saints rejoiced in the goodness of the Lord and the glorious work He had commenced in these last days. Brother Clark from America was present, and he gave some good instructions to the Saints. He will be long remembered by those who love the truth for the wholesome advice and the salutary instructions he delivered unto them.

A few days afterwards, visited Stockport. Again preached three times and broke bread on the Sabbath, when we had a joyful session. Gave some instructions to the Saints concerning the Words of Wisdom which they received with joy and determined to obey. Met the officers in council where the case of a brother for drunkenness was brought forward, but it not being proven against him, was acquitted. After transacting other business, dismissed. I then visited Newton again, stayed a few days and preached, and broke bread on the Sabbath. The Saints in this place are a kind and loving people. They rejoiced in the work of the Lord; spoke in tongues and interpreted the same. They treated me with the greatest kindness, administering to my wants with a liberal hand for which they have my thanks, and I pray that the Lord will bless them abundantly with all necessary blessings and enable them to stand steadfast in the faith until the end.

Here I found they wanted much instruction concerning the Gospel, some of them not knowing even what they were baptized for, and we found some difficulty before we could bring them to see what their duty was in regard to mixing with the world and partaking of its spirit; but after a good deal of teaching and exhorting and pointing out the evil arising from such, they saw the evil and came to the determination to do so no more and be governed by the counsel of the Elders respecting their intercourse with the world. While here, I found Brother Allen, an Elder, to be very zealous in the cause and laboring diligently for the welfare of the Saints. I found his house to be a home, as well as many others in the place. After giving them counsel and advice according to what God had given me, I took the parting hand, and in a few moments
was out of sight flying away on the railroad with the speed of an eagle hastening to his prey.

In a short time I was again in Manchester, standing before the people proclaiming the word of the Lord unto them and the great work of the last days, the mighty events that are near at hand and the great restoration from evil and wars. I spoke at some length as it was the last time that I would have the privilege of standing before them for a long time as I was about to leave for Ireland within a few days. The Saints gathered round me and gave me the parting hand blessing too.

May, 1843

What my feelings were at this time is not easily described. Here I was in the midst of kind friends who had administered to my wants with a liberal hand and who wished me to still stay and labor among them, and I was tearing myself away to go and lift up my feeble voice among a people who had not heard the sound of the Gospel and who were built up and established in the creeds and doctrines of men and who would not receive the truth, as they fully proved after I went among them. Reflecting on these things, and not knowing what would befall me while among them caused feelings to arise in me not easily described. Yet I was determined to go, relying on the arm of Jehovah for my protection.

The next day I went to Stockport again, where I had the privilege of sitting down to a table with a large number of Saints to a repast prepared for the occasion, the awards being applied to the liquidation of a small debt owed by the church. I think that through the whole of my pilgrimage in life I never saw a company of people enjoy themselves as they did. Such good feeling as was manifested, such love and joy and happiness, such fellowship, and above all the union and bond of the spirit seemed to be enjoyed and expressed by all.

After the repast was over the Saints assembled in the room appointed for meeting in which the repast was held, and Brother Charles Miller of Manchester arose and addressed them on the importance of giving heed to the Word of Wisdom, and showed the necessity of living by every word that proceeded out of the mouth of God. After he closed, I arose and spoke still further on the same subject, showing that the light is come into the world and we were commanded to walk in the light that we may be children of the same; that as the natural light enables us to distinguish objects around us and to choose the good from the evil, so the word of the Lord enables us to seek those things that are congenial to our natures and shun those things that are not. The Saints here, in general, observe the Word of Wisdom. They are a very kind and affectionate people, and may the Lord God of Israel bless and preserve them blameless unto the time of His coming, AMEN. They also contributed to my wants by giving me money to defray my
expenses to Ireland, for which I felt thankful. I stopped here a few days longer and attended some prayer meetings where we enjoyed much of the spirit. But before leaving the place I went in company with Brother Hawkins, teacher, and laid hands on a sister who was very much afflicted for a long time in her feet and legs. We anointed them with oil in the name of the Lord, and in a few days she was much better and was able to walk to the room where the meeting was held, which was about a mile distant.

To Ireland

I returned once more to Manchester and made all necessary preparations, and on the 8th of May, 1843, took the canal packet for Liverpool. A few of the brethren accompanied me to the boat, which we found ready to start. I bade them adieu and set my face toward Ireland. I landed in Liverpool the same evening and stopped at the house of Brother Lindsay, and on the Sabbath spoke to the Saints in the Music Hall, Bold Street. I attended meeting again in the afternoon and evening, but being troubled by a pain in my face which proceeded from cold, I did not enjoy myself as well as usual.

Having tarried a few days in Liverpool I then took steamboat in company with Brother Hugh Patrick of Belfast, and arrived safe next day and immediately proceeded to Hillsborough where I was received with joy by the Saints, after being absent about six months. During this time they had suffered much persecution and some turned away because of it, but they were few, while it drove others more to the Lord and caused them to be more faithful. They had not the privilege of holding any meetings except what they held in the open air, every door being closed against them because of persecution and the fear of offending man. But a few of the brethren would meet as often as possible and pray unto the Lord that he would open a door for them that they might worship Him according to his commandments. At one time they would meet in a cornfield, at another time on the race course, in a sand pit, and thus they continued to build each other up from time to time until a door should be opened for them to serve the Lord according to their desires.

A few days after I arrived I visited the Saints at Crawfords Burn, and at Hyde Park, and then returned to Hillsborough.

His Marriage

On the 26th of May, 1843, I went to Belfast and there got married to Sister Margaret Creighton of Hillsborough, and returned the same day.

After tarrying until June 6th, I then set out for Sligo, a town in the west of Ireland about one hundred miles from Belfast. I passed through Armagh, Dungannon, Ormagh, and Enniskilen, and arrived in Sligo on the 12th of June, 1843. I called on a gentleman in Armagh by the name of Leslie whose
address I had. He had been recommended to some of the elders by Brother James Sloan, of Nauvoo, as a man who would listen to the truth. But I soon found he was like many others in the world who reject the truth without giving it a hearing.

I then went on to Dungannon and called on Mr. Sloan. He directed me to Mr. George Sloan, Coal Island, three miles distant, where I was kindly received. I sold them a Voice of Warning and another small work on the eternal duration of matter. The next day I returned to Dungannon and called on several others and made known the nature of my mission. Some ridiculed, others listened with more candor, some advised me to join the Methodists and preach for them, that I would be the means of doing much good among them, and many such sayings; exhorting me to beware of delusion and being deceived by Joe Smith.

While in this place I had an interview with a Minister who endeavored to show me my error concerning the coming of Christ. He brought forth many passages of scripture to show that he would not come until the last day. He spoke with much eloquence and pathos and would, if possible, pervert the word to answer his views of the subject, but I quoted a few passages which were so plain that he soon saw the ground which he occupied was untenable and that it was in vain to defend his position. So he withdrew in a very short time without saying anything on the Gospel, although the subject was introduced and the order of it laid down as it existed in the days of the Apostles.

I stopped two nights in the place (Dungannon) but could find no place to preach except in the street, but as the town was much agitated on account of trials going on I did not deem it wisdom to do so.

I then went on to Omagh by car. The fare to Enniskillen was high and my purse was low, so I set out on foot for that place. The afternoon was raining and as I had to carry my cloak and traveling bag it was very toilsome. I reached that place next day and in calling at the post office I sent my bag on to Sligo, and then set out on foot.

Having arrived at Hamilton Manor, I made inquiry concerning some of my friends and found that one of my cousins lived a short distance from that place. I called on him, and he treated me kindly and entertained me two days. I was now twelve miles from Sligo and I was anxious to reach that place.

I set out in the morning and arrived the same day, and soon found my uncles. They were glad to see me but at first did not recognize me after being absent thirteen years. I soon began to lay before them the principles of the Gospel but they would believe them not. I lent them the Book of
Mormon, the Voice of Warning, a volume of The Star, the treatise on the eternal duration of matter; but all proved ineffectual in producing any effect on their minds.

I next visited some friends in the town, as my uncles lived in the country, and laid before them also the nature of my errand. They listened with some interest at first, but they soon turned their backs upon it, treating it as a fable, or a romance, or some wild fanatical scheme got up by designing men in order to make money and dupe mankind. They bought a few of the small works and a Voice of Warning, but they seemed not inclined to believe the doctrine it contained.

I then went about three miles to the house of another Uncle. They seemed much rejoiced to see me again. Here I preached but once and the people said but little about it. Their preacher pleased them so well they did not want anything better.

Next I visited some friends five miles from Sligo and laid before them also the principles of the Gospel, but they rejected it altogether. After lending them some of the books they did not think it worth their notice to read them. Here I tried to get a place to preach in but could find none. I afterwards had an invitation to preach at the house of Mr. Coulter, three miles from Sligo, which I accepted. There were a good number present and I spoke on the Second Coming of Christ and the signs that should precede that event. They listened with seeming interest and appeared to feel what had been said, but when I went to my Uncles' a few days afterwards, where I was going to preach, they became quite angry when talking on these things. They said there was no need of such things as I told them. They wanted to hear nothing about the sun, the moon or the stars. What they wanted to hear was Christ, and Him crucified; that there was no need of baptism or the laying on of hands or any of the ordinances of the Gospel—that these things were all "Popey." They said that they had obtained the forgiveness of their sins without baptism, that they had also received the Holy Ghost and now they wanted nothing else. They had the witness of the Spirit that they were children of God and they wanted no miracle-working faith—those things were all done away with—that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin and that I was doing away with the efficacy of the Atonement by laying so much stress on baptism; and many more objections equally absurd and unreasonable.

I then asked some of them if they ever prayed. "Oh, yes," they said they did, that it was requested to pray for the Lord to bless them. I also asked if they prayed at the time they were converted. "Oh, yes," they prayed then to the Lord to forgive them and have mercy on them and pardon their sins. I then replied that I would take them on their own ground and show that they were wrong from what they had said. I showed them that if it was necessary for them to pray in order to
obtain forgiveness of their sins that it was necessary they should do all that God commanded them, and that he had devised the plan whereby we could be forgiven and that he required it at our hands; that we were commanded to repent of our sins and be baptised for the remission of the same and then receive the laying on of hands for the reception of the Holy Ghost. So when they saw they were defeated on their own premises they became angry and left the house in the same spirit that was manifested by some in days of old when they were called upon to perform certain works. Seeing they were determined to resist the truth I left them after bearing my testimony. Then after making a few more remarks, my Uncle became quite warm and said he had done with me forever, and it was better for me to go to Scotland or somewhere else, that I would get no person there to believe my doctrine, and it would be useless for me to stay longer.

I had some hope of him at first, for he appeared quite favorable and told others he never saw these things in the same light but now they were quite plain and simple and easy to understand. But, alas! My hopes were blasted, and I had to leave without beholding any fruit of my labors; but I had the satisfaction to know that the seed was sown, and I pray that it may bring forth much fruit.—Amen.

While at Mr. Coulter's a child with a withered hand was brought to me to heal him, and by this means they would prove me, whether I was a servant of God or not. While in Sligo I had another proof of the unbelief of the people. One Sabbath evening as I was sitting in Mr. Anderson's talking on the Gospel, in came six or eight individuals bringing with them a humped-back child that he might be healed. They came in formal procession, looking as sanctified and as holy as any Pharisee in days of old. They took their seats around a large table, while I sat on a sofa, thus hemming me in on all sides. They then commenced a regular attack upon me, first one and then another, not giving me time to answer one question until they asked two or three more. One middle-aged gentleman, in particular, said he relied solely on the finished work of Christ for his salvation. He seemed to take the lead and was very fair until he was silenced and his darling theme proven to be unscriptural. He acknowledged that it was necessary to pray and to do good in order to be saved. I also got him to acknowledge that it was necessary to keep the commandments of God to obtain eternal life. I then showed him what God required to be performed before he could enter into the Kingdom of God. This came too close, and away he was again to the finished work. At length he found it would not do to fight against the scripture, so he resigned his post to another champion; namely, the father of the child. He said he believed the Gospel and also the promises of Jesus Christ, but when I asked if he believed that these signs shall follow them that believe, he said he wanted it proved; he wanted his child healed and then he would believe. I then showed him he
was an unbeliever instead of a believer; and also told him that if he could produce one instance from scripture where an Apostle of Jesus Christ wrought a miracle to convince an unbeliever that I would do the same. He then referred to the case of Paul on the Isle of Malta, that he shook the viper off his hand to convince the barbarians that he was a Servant of God. When he found that all would not do, he then resorted to the old cry: "delusion, imposters, false teachers, false prophet, etc." They then left me and departed, at which I felt somewhat relieved, for they showed me neither common politeness nor good breeding; two or three speaking at once without giving me time to reply. But Mrs. Anderson was somewhat favorable and took my part, and when I had answered their questions and removed objections, she said that I was able for the whole of them.

Thus ended a scene the equal of which I never before witnessed, but it fulfilled a dream which I had a few nights previous. I thought I was in a house surrounded by a number of pigs and that they looked very nice and clean, and among them was a dog that was very busy. By some means he got overhead and dirtied down twice which was near falling on my head, it being the design of the dog that it should have done so.

After being there six weeks and seeing no signs of any of them embracing the truth, I took passage by post car to Enniskillen, thirty-one miles for five shillings. I got in company with a young preacher and we soon got into conversation on the scriptures and I began to unfold the principles of eternal truth. The man seemed quite lost and confounded and did not know what to say, and when I showed that the Gentile nations would be cut off except they would repent, he became quite dumb and would not say anything more on the subject.

Having arrived at Enniskillen I then took the coach to Lisburn, a distance of seventy or eighty miles, fare nine shillings six d, and arrived about six o'clock in the morning. From there I took car for Hillsborough and arrived at Brother Creighton's, having been absent six or seven weeks and traveling about two hundred eighty miles.

..., November 16, 1851

After a lapse of nearly nine years, I resume the subject of my travels and labors in the Kingdom of our God.

On my arrival at Hillsborough I was gladly received by my wife and friends. I tarried here for a few weeks, and held several meetings with the Saints, where the spirit of the Lord was enjoyed.

I set out from Hillsborough in company with my wife, Sister Ellen Hutchinson and her husband, and Sister Jane
Turner, and arrived in Belfast after a few hours drive. Here we dined and in the evening went aboard a steamer bound for Liverpool. After taking a last farewell of our weeping friends and taking the last fond look at the land of our nativity, the shades of night closed around us and the shores faded from our view.

After a rough and stormy night, during which we suffered from cold and rain, we landed at Liverpool in the morning of the 23rd of August, 1843 and on the following night slept at the house of Brother John Lindsay. The next day we took lodging at the house of Brother Heslip and stayed with him two weeks. During my stay in this place I addressed the Saints but once and on that occasion enjoyed much of the freedom of the Spirit of the Lord, the subject being the renewal of the Gospel Covenant.

The reason of my delay was that Brother Thomas Ward, who was president, and Brother Hyrum Clark, who was his counselor, could not agree about my future labor and therefore I was detained by their indecision; although I was anxious to be engaged in the work of the Lord. At the same time being under expense and my purse being light, my situation was not very pleasant, but after several appointments and as many disappointments, I was at length sent to Manchester to labor under the direction of Elder Charles Miller, bearing a letter at the same time instructing him to see my wife provided for during my absences.

But this duty was never performed by him. We went to lodge at the house of Brother William Wilson, who made us as comfortable as his circumstances would allow. But he being a hosier and trade being very dull his means were very limited and we had to fare accordingly.

ANDREW HENRY

* * * * * * * (The end of his Diary)

After Andrew’s marriage as recorded in his diary, he spent six fruitless weeks as a missionary with his uncles and cousins in and around Sligo, Ireland, the place of his birth. Although these people were pleased to see him after his long absence, they were soon troubled by his message and they were greatly relieved when he left them and returned to his wife in Hillsborough. The balance of his mission was spent in England and was not so rewarding. His marriage presented many problems relative to the care of his wife and the delayed missionary assignments. This is understandable when we realize that his labors "without purse or script" were among a very poor people and during difficult
times. Throughout his activities in Ireland, it appears that the homes of the Creightons and Hamiltons were centers of operation. For historical reasons and exceptional interest I am quoting a page from John Hamilton's record (Andrew's brother-in-law).

A RECORD OF JOHN HAMILTON

"JOHN HAMILTON, born in Saintfield County of Down, Ireland, July 12, 1807, son of Abel and Mary Jamison, I was raised with my father and mother in Hillsborough County of Down, and learned the Whitesmith trade with my father.

"On the 26th day of May 1827, I married the third daughter of John and Mary Creighton and on the 22nd of June 1830 she brought forth a son whose name was William. On June 13, 1832, we had another son whose name was Samuel. August 6, 1834, we had another son whose name was John which was the last child we had.

"Our son William died February 1, 1839.

"My wife and I were strictly brought up to the Church of England which we thought was the true church till the fall of 1840. Elder Theodore Curtis was sent from Manchester to Ireland on a mission and stopped at Hillsborough and when we heard the gospel he preached, it made a great change in us and on the 4th or 5th of November 1840, we were baptized and then the devil began to howl. Brother Curtis never spoke of gathering, but about two days after we were baptized I spoke to him about coming to Zion and he told me I had got the spirit of gathering.

"I carried on the smith trade from the time I was married till November 1842, when I commenced to make ready for a start, when I sailed from Belfast to Liverpool December 31, 1842, and arrived in Liverpool the 1st day of January 1843. We had to stay in Liverpool on account of high winds, till the 16th before we sailed. After a pleasant voyage we landed in New Orleans on the 15th of March 1843. The name of the ship was the Swanton of Bath and her captain's name was Devenport; he was very kind to the passengers. On the night of the 17th of March we sailed up the Mississippi River in a steam boat called the Goddess of Liberty. It was a very hard winter up north and the water was very low and could not come much speed. When we got to St. Louis we had to take a lighter boat to take us to Nauvoo and wait eleven days there till the river broke up and we landed in Nauvoo on the 12th of April 1843.

"When the Prophet Joseph saw us coming up the river, he with brothers Hyrum and Kimball came down to the river to meet us. Brother Lorenzo Snow was in charge of the company from
Liverpool and a good man he was. I had a letter of introduction from Brother Andrew Henry to Wm. Law who was counselor to the Prophet at the time and I wrought for him 31 days and then rented the shop and tools till I built a house and shop for myself which was a little above the temple. When I went on my tenth day to work on the temple the stone cutter petitioned the committee to pay me any wages in reason to get me to stop and do their tools, so I stopped and did the smith work on the temple.

"During this time the mob and apostates did all they could to annoy the saints. The Laws and Fosters and two sons of Judge Nibley who apostatized and joined the mob. The apostates published a paper called the Nauvoo Expositor, full of lies and slander. Joseph was Mayor of the city and called the city council together and declared the paper a nuisance and sent a company of Silver Grays to abate the nuisance so they broke open the door and destroyed the press and type. I was present when it was done. Then the howl was up and entered lawsuit against Joseph and a writ was issued for his arrest.

"Joseph called the legion out to speak to them and he said they wanted to butcher him, he stood on a small frame of a house and put his hands up and called on the Great Eloheim if he had the work he gave him to do done that death would be sweeter than honey in the comb, and said Amen to it and everyone said Amen, but we did not think we were sanctioning his death till it was too late.

"Joseph just preached once on the stand after which was a discourse on Plurality of the Gods, a few days after he went across the river to come West when some of the fearful saints went and plead with him to come back. He said the spirit told him to go west. One said 'Brother Joseph, you said you would die for this people;' he said, 'so I will die for them,' and he came back and gave himself up. Then Joseph and Hyrum started for Carthage when they met a posse coming for the government (for them)—when they turned back and delivered them up to the posse and came up Mullfroland Street."

"The journal ends here. This is a copy of the original journal kept by my Great Grandfather on my father's side."

Jemima Hamilton

The last date recorded by Andrew in his diary was on August 23, 1843 while still in the Liverpool area. The date of his departure for America or the ship in which he sailed has not been determined. However, early in the year of 1844, they landed at New Orleans. They sailed up the Mississippi River to Nauvoo where they arrived in time to experience the murder of the Prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum Smith. It
was there in Nauvoo on June the 8th, 1844, that their only child was born and given the name of Josephine.

The family moved to McDonald County. After three months they returned to Nauvoo where Andrew worked on the Nauvoo Temple for three months as a carpenter.

On April 9th, 1845, the 22nd quorum of Seventies was organized in Nauvoo and Andrew Henry was set apart as one of the presidents with David Clough as senior president. It was most likely at this time that the following incident took place. (Quoting from the L.D.S. Journal History of September 30, 1846.)

"Incidents in the battle of Nauvoo...Andrew Henry wrote a brief account of the battle and said, 'If the mob come again they will find me on hand and my wife too, for she is some....in a pinch. She got my rifle from the mob after they had taken it to their quarters.'"

The Henrys Adopt a Small Orphan Boy

In the same year (1846) the Henry family moved to Saint Louis and were making preparations to go west when the following event took place: the adoption of little Arthur John Gabb as related to me by his daughter, Mandora Henry Benge. (January 1st, 1959, in Palo Alto, California)

"One morning while Andrew was taking a walk he passed a home where a small boy three years of age was standing by the front gate crying as if his little heart would break. Naturally Andrew's heart was touched by the sight of this small grief-stricken child, and he went in to inquire about him. He was told by the woman in charge that it was an orphans' home and that the little boy who was out in front crying was the only member of a family who had died of cholera, presumably a father and mother and two girls. Andrew decided he would adopt the little boy if agreeable with his wife. The couple had but one child, a daughter Josephine, born in Nauvoo, Illinois who was about a year younger than this little boy.

Arrangements were completed and when Andrew called for the little fellow the only possessions he had in the world were the clothes he wore and an old suitcase containing a Holy Bible. From the Bible he learned that the boy's name was Arthur John Gabb, born in Tetbury, Gloucester, England, February 25, 1843, and he had come to America with his family. In later years considerable time and money was spent by his posterity to learn more about his family and its origin but without success."

The new parents gave the little boy the name of Arthur John Henry, and he was given an equal place in their home and
affections. They had no more children. Their only daughter died young, leaving four small children. They all lived in Fillmore where Arthur John grew to manhood and married a fine devout L.D.S. woman by the name of Phoebe Dewsnup of Deseret. I knew this couple well and many of the fine children born to them. At this writing a host of honorable descendants proudly bear the name of "Henry" and trace their origin to the little grief-stricken boy by the front gate.

Arthur John Henry died in Oasis, Utah on August 2, 1919, at the age of 76 years and 6 months. He was buried in the Deseret Cemetery where years later his wife was buried beside him.

I have prized memories of this fine couple and many of their descendants.

The Henrys Cross the Plains in 1851

Andrew and his family crossed the plains in 1851. Soon after their arrival in Salt Lake Valley they were assigned to a group of thirteen families to help colonize Fillmore, Utah. On January 19, 1852 the thirteen families arrived in Fillmore nearly three months after the arrival of the first group. The occasion was celebrated two days later. "Among the group was Mr. Andrew Henry, a carpenter and Mr. William Bills, a musician and dancing master. These new comers were honored with a dance on the 21st and the new musician and dancing master was shown what use the new settlement had for him." The first group contained the Thomas R. King and the Robison families to whom the Henry family became related through marriage. Indeed these sturdy pioneers and others who came to Fillmore furnished many outstanding leaders for the church and nation. A fort was one of the first things to be constructed by these pioneers. It was built on the west bank of the main creek and was lived in until the serious threats of Indian hostilities had abated.

Andrew Henry acquired a lot in Fillmore diagonally across the street from the southeast corner of what was called the State House Block. There he built an adobe house near the center of the city lot facing onto the main street of Fillmore. Later he built a two-story frame house near the corner of the lot facing onto Main Street and the street running east and west past the home. (This was the home in which I was born, also my sisters Josephine and Hortense Jean and my brother Laurence.)

As I recall the first adobe house was turned into a carpenter's shop. Years later it fell into decay, and I remember when the roof fell in following a heavy snow storm, and that was its end.
Quoting again from Samuel Andrew King's account: "My mother (Josephine Henry King) died on February 12, 1868 about five weeks after my birth and at the age of 23 years and 4 months. At about the same date that I was born Mrs. John Kelly, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Melville, gave birth to her oldest son, Quinton Kelly. Upon the death of my mother she took me to nurse with her baby Quinton, and cared for me until I was nine months old. I was then taken into the family of Grandfather and Grandmother Henry and lived with them until they both passed away. Grandfather died July 1882, and Grandmother in October 1886, and their old home was left to me by them.

"At the death of my mother, my brother, William Henry King, and my sisters, Lillian and Josephine King, went to live with my Grandfather and Grandmother King and lived with them until about 1879. At this time Grandmother Henry sent her grandson William H. King to school to the Brigham Young Academy at Provo, and paid his way at school there. In the following year, Grandmother Henry sent him to the University of Utah and while there, in 1880, he was called on a mission to England. He was about eighteen years of age, and Grandmother Henry largely provided the means for his mission.

"After William H. King was sent to school at Provo, his sisters Lillian and Josephine came to live with Grandfather and Grandmother Henry where they could attend school in Fillmore.

"The King family, in the meantime, had moved to Kingston, Piute County, Utah. After the sisters came to live with Grandparents Henry, they never returned to live with Grandparents King, and when William H. King returned from his mission in 1883, the four grandchildren were united for the first time since the death of their mother. All lived with Grandmother Henry until her death. Grandfather Henry passed away a year previous to the return of William H. King from his mission to England.

"Grandfather Henry was active in the development of the civic affairs in Fillmore. He was a member of the Indian War Veterans and participated, as did his friends and neighbors, in various expeditions against the Indians for the protection of the pioneer inhabitants of Millard, Sevier and San Pete Counties.

"For more than twenty years he was postmaster at Fillmore, and for a portion of this time he operated the Stage Station where their horses were kept and cared for." (in a large frame barn at the south end of the lot.)

Prior to the death of their daughter Josephine in 1868, Andrew's brother Robert's wife, Mary Ann Ross, died (in 1856).
She left three small children—John Warren, Mary Ann, and Agnes. These small children were brought to the home of Andrew for care and lived in his home about nine years, until his brother Robert married Elizabeth Bacon (age 21 years) on the 17th of December 1865. Now quoting from the record written by my mother Lillian about Mary Ann (a cousin) who was almost like her sister:

"Mary Ann was not yet four years old when her father brought the three motherless children back to Fillmore in Millard County where they were left in the home of their uncle Andrew and his wife, Margaret Creighton Henry. Mary's childhood was spent in this house, helping to take care of her younger sister and assisting her aunt in all the duties of the household. She had to learn the pioneer arts of mending and darning, sewing and making over clothing. Her great joy at this time was to get away from the house and into her uncle's carpenter shop to make something with tools. She became quite expert in the use of these tools, which came in handy in the later years of her life. The only schooling she received was a few weeks at a time in the winter, either in the State House or in an old adobe meeting house in Fillmore which was until recently standing deserted by the creek on the site of the old fort."

As previously stated Andrew assisted in the construction of Utah's first State Capitol Building in Fillmore. It is now used as a museum, and some of Andrew's carpenter tools are on display there. I have his big wood tool chest containing some of his prized tools which he brought across the plains. Our family lived in the Henry home until 1897 when we moved to the town of Hinckley. The Henry home was a good one for those days, and the lot was very fertile and contained all kinds of fruit trees and berries common at that time, which provided great treats for our family.

Andrew Henry was a lover of the classics and would often repeat whole selections, also other writings highly prized at that time. Much knowledge or skill was commonly scoffed at by some people of that day, when nearly all that was required under those primitive conditions was hard back work—and more of it.

He claimed relationship with Patrick Henry, the great patriot, and he loved to repeat his stirring speech, "The Call to Arms," and would give much fire and enthusiasm to the concluding lines: "I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!"

"At Fillmore, the 24th day of July of 1867 was celebrated with much spirit and animation, everybody being determined to have a good time. There were the customary gun salutes, music, hoisting of the national flag, etc. In the morning at half-past nine a procession was formed under the direction of.
William King, "Marshal of the Day," and marched to the State House. The procession was headed by the band, after which came Bishop Thomas C. Callister, then Chaplain Andrew Henry and the orator, Joseph V. Robison."

The following year the 24th of July marked the twenty-first anniversary of the arrival of the pioneers in the Salt Lake Valley, and this account was made of the celebration:

"The procession having marched to the National Hall was seated and the house called to order by the Marshal of the Day, R. A. McBride. The oration was delivered by Andrew Henry, Esq."

Another indication of the respect had for Andrew Henry is indicated by the following quote: "March the 9th, 1863 a public mass meeting was held in Fillmore. The meeting was called to order by Honorable Thomas Rice King.... On motion of Chairman Thomas R. King, Andrew Henry and Benjamin H. Robison were appointed to draft a preamble and resolutions accusing Governor Harding, Associate Justices Waite and Drake for injustices."

His name also appears in a newspaper report made August 10, 1864: "Mr. Stokes, an industrious nurseryman and gardener, is reported to be doing a lively business in his line. His premises are well fenced, hence he says he can sleep comfortable at nights. Brother Stewart and Andrew Henry are said to have good crops of peaches."

The fact that the Henrys kept the post office and that the overland stage stopped at their home enabled them to meet and care for many important people. My mother Lillian said: "When I was eight years old Grandmother and Grandfather Henry bought an organ, the first to be brought to Fillmore. A year later a man from the East, a music teacher, came on the stagecoach to Fillmore and for some reason or other was willing to stay out the winter. Grandmother Henry 'kept' him; that is, gave him food and lodging in exchange for music lessons for the children. Our grandparents encouraged us to persevere until we learned the rudiments of music and the value of culture. They gave us the best encouragement toward better living and religious training. In early years singing classes and social gatherings and school exhibitions were encouraged. I became proficient enough to teach organ lessons which I gave in Holden and Meadow, where I went once a week during summer months. Sometimes I rode a horse eight or ten miles and back to give the lessons. I also played the organ for Sunday School, Mutual and Church in Fillmore.

"Grandfather Henry drove a fine span of black horses and a one-seated buggy. He wore a tall silk hat, fancy gloves and whip. We loved to ride with him. Later Sammy, (my brother), was the proud owner of a black riding horse and a shepherd dog. He learned to ride at an early age, and it was a familiar sight
to see him racing his horse through the Fillmore streets with his dog following, carrying Sammy's hat in his mouth."

My uncle Bryant S. Hinckley told me on one occasion that Mrs. Henry was a distinguished-looking woman and that Mr. Henry was a good speaker. He was lame in his later years and became very exacting and curt with the young people who came to the post office for mail. This disposition most likely resulted from the constant pain he endured from the broken hip he suffered years earlier.

To quote from his obituary of August 23, 1882—he departed this life July 7, 1882—"Brother Henry had been a continual sufferer for the past twenty-one years....Six weeks previous to his death, he took cold from getting wet, which brought on chills and fever, the effects of which he could not recover as nature gave way. The fever seemed to settle in the injured hip and thigh which caused him excruciating pain until July 7th when he passed away, having suffered severely.

"During his sickness he called upon the Elders from time to time, who administered to him. At his request and by sanction of the priesthood and members of the ward generally, his grandson, Samuel King, whom he had raised, was ordained to the office of Elder so that he could be with and administer to his comfort in his last moments.

"He died with a full knowledge of the truth of Mormonism and wished his grandchild to remain faithful till death. He leaves a wife and four grandchildren and many friends to mourn his departure."

On a fly-leaf of his diary I found the following notation: "Ordained a High Priest at Fillmore June 24 - 1860, Bishop Bronson, Wm Felshaw and Thomas R. King officiating. Wm Felshaw mouth. - Andrew Henry"
Little is known of the background of the Henry's, who came from the area of Sligo, Ireland. The first ancestor mentioned is John Henry and his wife Mary Greg. They were the parents of Warren Henry. He married Abigail Shaw. Warren was born about 1873 and Abigail about a year later. Their family of seven girls and three boys were all born in Ireland. The family moved to Montreal, Canada in about 1828 and from there to New York State where they met Mormon Missionaries. Many of the family accepted the Mormon faith. Their father Warren is not mentioned in any of these activities. In 1842 Andrew their son set out from Nauvoo, Illinois for Ireland as an L.D.S. missionary. There he met and married Margaret Creighton of Hillsborough. They were married in Belfast May 26, 1843.

Another son Robert born about 1814, came west and married Mary Ann Ross in Fillmore, Utah in 1851. Their first child John Warren was born in Cedar City, Utah Dec. 26th, 1852. Their second child, Mary Ann was born May 11th, 1854 in San Bernardino, Calif. as was their third child Agnes Lavina on July 6th, 1856 the day their mother died. The three motherless children were taken by their father Robert to Fillmore to be cared for by his brother Andrew and wife Margaret.

Eleven years later, (Dec. 17, 1865) Robert married Elizabeth Bacon in Fillmore. To this union was born Caroline on Oct. 25th, 1866 and Adeline (Addie) on Jan. 12, 1866.

Adeline (Addie) took a trip to her father's homeland to learn more about his ancestors. But unfortunately the last survivors of the family had recently died and she was unable to gather information of any value.

Warren's daughter Rebecca married Robert Murray and settled in Woodstock, Ulster County, New York. Their daughter Rebecca Jane born Aug. 17th, 1842 came to Utah and married Thomas Edwin King in Fillmore on the 29th of April 1862. She was an educated and talented young woman. She taught school and was active in affairs of the community. To this couple seven children were born, three of whom I knew quite well. Josephine May who worked as a stenographer in Salt Lake City and lived for a time in my mothers home. Edwin Murray also called at our home many times over the years, Clifford Carol was a less frequent visitor. An account of their mothers death was reported in the Deseret News as follows....

"In Fillmore - Sept. 8th, 1878. Rebecca Jane beloved wife of Thomas E. King died. Daughter of Robert And Rebecca Murray. Age 36 years and 22 days.

On Jan. 16, 1878 in St. George Thomas E. King married Isabella Elicia Savage daughter of David Savage and Mary Ward. She was born in Holden, Utah Oct. 28th, 1859. Their only child Mary Laberna, was born April 14, 1861 in Fillmore. She married John H. Stoney, Dec. 10th, 1902. An adopted child Emily Louisa Heap was born March 19th, 1895. The birth dates of the other children of Thomas E. King are as follows:

Eva Matilda born 12-Mar. 1863 died same day in Fillmore.
Ella Violate born 18-Feb. 1864 at Fillmore married W. B. Harmon.
Viola born 10-Mar, 1869 at Fillmore died at birth.
Josephine born 28-June 1872 at Fillmore
Clifford Carol born 12-Aug, 1874 at Fillmore his death as reported in the Deseret News 2/22/1961 follows...Clifford Carol King 82 Montague, Calif, died in a Calif. Hospital. Born Aug. 12, 1878 Fillmore, Utah. Married Ann Clark in 1904 later divorced. Attended Brigham Young University. Taught school in Kingston. Has resided in Nevada and Calif. the last 20 years. Survivors are a son Leland Clifford King and a sister Josephine Enoch Straw, Montague, Calif.

Warren Henry's youngest child Margaret Louise born Sept. 12, 1823 in Sligo, Ireland married Thomas Eugene Denning. She died 14 Nov. 1892.

Robert Henry's only son John Warren (who was accidentally killed) married Annah Pugh, and their only child Lizzie Henry was born 29-Dec. 1802 in Fillmore. She married Ernest Carling June 11, 1903. Ernest died Oct. 13, 1955 and Lizzie Henry Carling (82) died in Salt Lake City, Saturday May 11, 1965 and was buried in Fillmore. Their survivors were a son Joseph C. and a daughter Josephine who married Joseph Sims.

Very little information is had about the other children of Warren Henry and Abigail Shaw. The first, born about 1796 named Mary never married. The third, born about 1803 married Capt. Patrick Danvers. The fifth, born about 1806 was John, he married Margaret Maloney. There is no record of the sixth child Martha, born about 1809. Jane the seventh, born about 1813 married Huston Kerby. The tenth and last Margaret Louise, born Sept. the 2nd, 1823, married Thomas Eugene Denning. She died Nov. 14, 1892.

This interesting note is taken from Andrew Jenson's History Vol. II, page 639. Quote.

"Henry, Arthur John, a prominent Elder of Oasis, Millard county, Utah, was born Feb. 25, 1843, at Tetsburg, Gloucestershire, England, and became the adopted son of Andrew Henry, whose wife's maiden name was Margaret Creighton. He was baptized in Sept. 1853, emigrated to Utah in 1851 and spent the first winter in Salt Lake City. He moved to Fillmore in the spring of 1852, and during the winter of 1853-54 he lived on the wheat ground in a coffee mill, the snow being so deep that the teams could not get to Nephi, which was the nearest place where there was a grist mill. As a pioneer settler of Deseret he worked on the first dam and when the dams were washed away in quick succession one after another, he was one of the most diligent and untiring workers in re-building. When Deseret was resettled he was a pioneer passing through all the difficulties with the water there. He spent about twenty years of his life or more driving freight teams (oxen, horses and mules) and probably ten years looking after cattle and horses on the Millard county range. Otherwise nearly half his life has been spent in the building up of Deseret. In 1866 he took part in the Black Hawk Indian War. He was ordained and Elder in 1874 and a High Priest March 21, 1913. He married Phoebe Dewsnup. To this couple ten children were born only two boys and three girls grew to maturity."
Fillmore City July 26, 55

Dear Sir,

I wish to inform you that in the month of Oct. 1854 my Brother Robert Henry delivered into the hands of Bishop Smith of Provo City two yokes of young steers value fifty dollars and afterward delivered the receipt (which I have since lost) to me subject to my disposal. I am in want of the cattle and if you will have the goodness to spare me one yoke I think the others, will defray the expense of sending. Brother then the Balance will take charged of them otherwise an order on Brother Hayo on the authorities here will answer.

Your Obedient Servant,
Andrew Henry

PS. Early to. The above will save me the time and expenses of a journey to the City and also preserve feelings — if all of Brother Bens does not meet with success please return the receipt.

(The above is a sample of Andrew Henry's handwriting, a letter to Brigham Young, addressed to Daniel H. Wells, dated July 26, 1855.)
MARGARET CREIGHTON HENRY

1817 - 1886

Margaret Creighton Henry was born in Saintfield, County of Down, Ireland, February 1817. She was the sixth of seven children born to John and Mary Reid Creighton. It appears that the Creighton family became members of the Mormon Church at the same time as the John Hamilton family did. John's wife Mary Creighton was the third daughter of the Creightons. I quote from the record of John Hamilton:

"My wife and I were strictly brought up to the Church of England which we thought was the true church till the fall of 1840. Elder Theodore Curtis was sent from Manchester to Ireland and stopped at Hillsborough, and when we heard the gospel he preached, it made a great change in us and on the 4th or 5th of November 1840 we were baptized and then the devil began to howel."

When missionary Andrew Henry arrived in Ireland in August 1842, it was some time before he arrived at the town of Hillsborough. He visited first at the home of Brother Robert Borrows. The next afternoon a meeting was held in Hillsborough following which he administered to Sister E. Creighton (probably Eleanore) who was ill. The next mentioned date was October 20, 1842, when he went to Hyde Park in company with Sister Wilkie.

The activities of Andrew and others stirred up much opposition. This was climaxed on November 17, 1842 when Andrew performed a marriage ceremony for which he was not licensed. He thought it best to return to Liverpool. Quoting from his diary:

"Persecution raged and the Saints suffered much which caused some to turn away, but only served to make the others more faithful and steadfast. They have been very kind to me, especially Brother and Sister Johnson, father, mother and sister E. and Margaret Creighton. Sister Lueck and many more of the Saints too numerous to mention. May the Lord bless them all and preserve them faithful until the end, Amen."

What follows plainly indicates that Andrew Henry and the Creighton family had more than a common interest in each other.

On May the 8th, 1843, he was in England but making preparations to return to Ireland. He left Liverpool by steam boat with Brother Hugh Patrick of Belfast. They arrived at
Belfast the next day and Andrew proceeded to Hillsborough where he was received with joy by the Saints after being absent six months.

A few days after his arrival he visited the Saints at Crawfords, Burns and Hyde Park and then returned to Hillsborough. He wrote: "On the 26th of May 1843 I went to Belfast and there got married to Sister Margaret Creighton of Hillsborough, and returned the same day."

Soon after his marriage Andrew traveled to the place of his birth, hoping to share the gospel's message with his relatives and friends in and around Sligo. However, this was a very disappointing missionary experience, and he returned to Hillsborough and the Creightons after having been absent six or seven weeks. He was gladly received by his wife and friends.

He tarried in Hillsborough for a few weeks and held several meetings. Then with his wife, Sister Ellen Hutchinson and her husband and Sister Jane Turner, he set out for Belfast and onto Liverpool, where they landed the 22nd of August, 1843.

Andrew's experiences were not so satisfying for the remainder of his mission, partly due to the need for providing care for his wife. The couple left England for America early in the year of 1844. He mentioned his wife again when he reported the Battle of Nauvoo as follows: "If the mob comes again they will find me on hand and my wife too, for she is some one in a pinch. She got my rifle from the mob after they had taken it to their quarters."

Perhaps the best description of Margaret Creighton was given by her granddaughter Lillian King Hinckley: "Margaret was a linen weaver by trade but she took to the West like a soldier. A baby girl was born to her in Nauvoo June 8, 1844. She was named Josephine after the Prophet Joseph. My grandmother needed good care at that time but this could not be given to her and she never fully recovered her health. After being driven from Nauvoo they went to St. Louis and from there came to Utah. She and my mother walked the distance across the plains and she had apparently recovered her vigor. My mother was her only child."

"During all these difficult years Grandmother was the homemaker, caring for four orphans beside her own. She also kept the Post Office and a public house. The big overland stage stopped frequently and many strangers were cared for by her during the change of horses. Her life was one of struggle and self denial; her only daughter died at an early age, leaving four small children. No sons were born to them, but they adopted a son known as Arthur John Henry. His parents had died during the Cholera plague in the East, and he
was reared in the family. Grandmother was courageous and serene, helping others, doing kindly deeds. She was one of the true builders of the Western empire."

Her grandson Samuel Andrew King, who lived with her from the time he was nine months old until her death, had the following to say about his Grandmother Henry: "At the death of my mother, my brother William Henry King and my sisters, Lillian and Josephine King, went to live with my Grandfather and Grandmother King and lived with them until about 1879, at which time Grandmother Henry sent her grandson, William Henry King to school to the Brigham Young Academy at Provo, and paid his way at school there. In the following year, Grandmother Henry sent him to the University of Utah and while there in 1880, he was about eighteen and called on a mission to England. Grandmother Henry largely provided the means for his mission.

"After William H. King was sent to school at Provo, my sisters Lillian and Josephine came to live with Grandparents Henry where they could attend school in Fillmore. The King family had moved to Kingston, Piute County to establish a "United Order." After the sisters came to live with Grandparents Henry and William H. King had returned from his mission in 1883, the four grandchildren were united for the first time since the death of their mother and remained with their Grandparents Henry until the time of their death. This statement would not be complete without reference to Grandmother Henry.

"She was a woman of remarkable character; bright, intelligent and fearless. She was blessed with native Irish wit and had the ability to correctly judge the character of all people with whom she came in contact. She was in every sense, a typical pioneer mother, and if her grandson, William H. King (United States Senator for many years) possesses any real intellect, it can largely be attributed to the character, disposition, temperament and keen intellect of his grandmother, Margaret Creighton Henry. Not withstanding the fact that she was getting along in years, she was instrumental in seeing that my two sisters, Lillian and Josephine as well as myself, had the advantages of an education and the best that was then to be obtained in the State of Utah.

"Naturally, I feel deeply indebted to both of these grandparents for the tender care and loving attention which I received from them." Signed by Samuel A. King, 2/15/1940.

One of the most interesting comments that I have read about Margaret Creighton Henry was made by Mrs. Adelia R. Robison, a life-long resident of Fillmore whom I knew from my birth until her death (January 9, 1964). I quote parts of her letter to me written in October, 1959:
"Dear Parnell Hinckley:

I don't know if this information will be of any use to you or not. But just some things I do remember that happened when I was a little girl. Me, having no father, brothers or sisters and lonely. I was near my mother and went with her when she went anywhere. She would go to the Post Office and would visit with Sister Henry, the Post Mistress, who was sympathetic with others who seemed to be lonely. As I remember, she was always dressed up with a very long dress inclined to have a train at the back. Her hair always combed smooth with rolls over the ears and very neat in the back and long earings on. She was very stately in the carriage of her body. My mother being English (they had much in common), and they at that time were not very much thought of as they did not know how to cook with butter, milk and corn meal or make milk gravy, etc. But my mother knew how to cook all kinds of meats, fish and game, also make all kinds of pastry, etc. As that was her trade in England—"a cook." And as mother was slighted by some of the young folks and father received a valentine asking him why he turned the country lasses by. As they would wash his feet and comb his hair etc. So as I remember Sister Henry and mother used to visit a lot together. They would talk about their earlier life and how they were raised, and of course at that time she always had her little light headed grandson Sammie with her. He clung tight to his grandmother, as I did to my mother. And on this day I remember so well. As they were standing on the north side of the house between the gate, which was a picket gate, and house, she said, 'Well, Lizzie!' as she was rubbing the little boy's golden head. 'Oh, they do not know who you are,' addressing her, and looking at the child. 'But Lizzie, some day I'll tell you something.'"

Margaret Creighton Henry lived for others; her death was brought on by tuberculosis. My mother was with her and waited on her to the end, which occurred October 7, 1886. She was buried beside her husband in the Fillmore Cemetery. My mother had planned for some time to be married, but her plans could not be realized, due to her grandmother's serious illness, until October 21, 1886, when she and my father were married by Apostle Merrille in the Logan Temple. After their marriage they returned to Fillmore and prepared to move to Cove Fort, where they spent the next two winters before returning to the Henry home where our family lived and kept the post office until 1897, when we moved to the town of Hinckley.
My earliest recollection of Josephine was of her severe illness with typhoid fever.

Sister Josephine's life was one of great intelligent labor and effort, as well as love and helpfulness. At no time was she idle or self-centered. She was quick to learn; at the age of eight she would read the New York Ledger like a grown-up to Grandmother King.

Grandfather King turned his front rooms into a schoolroom, and we were taught by Aunt Delilah King Olson; from there we went to the State House where our higher grades were taught by the same teacher, as well as Rebecca King; both were graduate teachers. Josephine could read and write and spell along with the older students.

Our Grandparents Henry, who cared for brother Samuel, were the first to get an organ in Fillmore, and at the age of six and eight years we were started in music. Our grandparents kept the U. S. Mail, and the coach brought travelers to their home. A young man who could teach music stopped there and Grandmother cared for him and in return he gave us music lessons for some months. Our grandparents always gave us every encouragement toward better living, culture and religious training.

Josephine was especially good in school exhibitions and spelling contests. Her education was fundamental and cultural. She was timid but strong in her faith, with courage and determination to overcome obstacles. At age fifteen she taught school, first at Kingston. She then went to the Brigham Young University for more training. She returned and taught again. While at Kingston she also took care of the post office and helped care for Grandmother King. The University of Utah was her goal, and finally she got there, where she did excellent work.

Sister Josephine was a clever writer, an artist of excellent promise, a devoted granddaughter, loving sister, ever ready with cheerful help or jolly fun.

Her friends were always true friends, and she had many.

While at the University she met her future husband, John W. Thornley. They were married the 20th of September, 1888.
To this union were born three children: Norma, September 4, 1889; Mattie, February 4, 1891; and William John, June 22, 1894. All were born in Layton, Utah.

Their mother died from complications following the birth of William John on July 7, 1894. My mother could scarcely recover from this tragedy. Their closeness, love and dependence on each other could hardly be overstated, nor the grief or sorrow at parting forgotten.
My Remembrance of the childhood of

SAMUEL A. KING

by his sister, Lillian King Hinckley

A curly-haired, brown-eyed, mischievous and happy small boy, when asked his name, would say: "Samel Anner Hener." He was quite a big boy before he would answer to the name of "King." Grandfather, Andrew Henry, dearly loved him and gave him everything possible to buy at that time. Grandfather drove a fine span of black horses and a one-seated buggy. He wore a tall silk hat, fancy gloves and whip—we all loved to ride with him. Later, Sammy was the proud owner of a black riding horse and a shepherd dog. He learned to ride at an early age, and it was a familiar sight to see him racing his horse through the streets of Fillmore with his dog following, carrying Sammy's hat in his mouth.

One of Sammy's jokes was to pretend to be helping Grandmother and at the same time tie her to the chair she would be sitting in with her apron strings. He could laugh her out of punishing him. Petting and laughing would induce Grandmother to forgive any misdeed. She was affected with a severe cough and slept during the warm weather on the back porch which was shaded by a large apple tree. Beside her cot Sam and his dog would sleep, a buffalo robe and blanket for a bed, his pony not far away.

At an early age Sam assumed a protective air towards Grandmother, and they were great companions. She wanted him to have a fine figure, and when possible she marched with him, arms around each other, for hours on the board walk around the house, with chin up, shoulders back, toes straight. It was a fine training, and how she did love it! In fact, their love for each other was most beautiful.

Yes, there were the wild rides and daring stunts and accidents, but none too severe. Grandmother worried a lot when he was late or on a trip. I once said to her: "Let's not worry too much, I am sure God is taking care of him." Once when his horse stumbled, fell, and rolled over, he was thrown far enough away so that he escaped with his wrists sprained—that was but one of many falls. My sister, Josie, and I had our revenge when we had to wash and feed him. How we did scrub him—just to hear him call for help from Grandmother.

His education was of much concern, and he was given every opportunity to get all that was available.

He was a devoted son to Grandmother and Grandfather until their deaths.
Uncle Sam was an unusually handsome man of many gifts and talents. He was richly endowed by birth and could have achieved nearly anything within the reach of mortal man. He became a great criminal lawyer and influential citizen.

He married a beautiful and talented girl, Maynetta Bagley. They became the parents of four children of promise. They were: Creighton Grant, Renan, Karl Vernon, and Margaret. I knew them well and was very fond of them. Uncle Sam was always very kind, helpful, and affectionate to my mother and our family. He made friends easily and had many of them. He was kind and generous to all of them.
So much of a complimentary nature has been written about my uncle, William H. King, that it would be presumptuous for me to try to add to his outstanding record. I would, however, like to give my thanks for what he did for me personally and also for our family.

It was he who suggested that I be given the name "Parnell." He was a continual source of inspiration and stimulation to me and would have done nearly anything to promote my best interests and those of any member of our family. He was very considerate of my parents, particularly my mother (his sister). He wrote to her quite frequently and visited in our home on many occasions. He did more than could be expected in assisting my father to secure political appointments. His generosity often afforded us the pleasure of receiving Christmas boxes containing presents for the family.

I was born in the same Andrew Henry home where he lived for many years. Our family looked forward to the visits he and Uncle Sam made to Fillmore when on legal business (both were lawyers). They stayed with us at the Henry home. Fillmore always seemed to become more alive when my uncles were in town. They were fine looking men and unusually well endowed physically and mentally, and our great nation and state are much indebted to them for their contributions. Uncle William acted as a judge and a United States Senator for many years. He was a great statesman, an orator and a man of integrity. He was a staunch Latter-day Saint and an inspirational leader always in demand as a public speaker.

My grandfather, Ira Nathaniel Hinckley, who was his stake president for many years, was full of praises for him because of the fine example he set for the young people and the good leadership he provided them.

He was respected and admired by all who knew him, including his political opponents. When he came to town he made it a habit to seek out the elderly ladies and the overlooked people and give them enthusiastic, cheerful greetings and encouragement. He was a good singer and good company on any occasion.

I remember people saying that when he was a small boy, when asked what he was going to be when he became a man, his answer was, "a Senator." At an early age he displayed unusual talent and a great ambition to be somebody worth while. I thank God for the blessing of great men such as he was.
This eulogy of William H. King and the introduction by Richard R. Lyman were published in the official organ, The Pioneer—Sons of Utah Pioneers, in June, 1950. The address was delivered in the Assembly Hall, Temple Square, Salt Lake City on November 30, 1949.

"As always, when he speaks, Bryant S. Hinckley delivered an inspirational oration at the funeral of Senator William H. King. In obituaries and brief references in the public press concerning the life and labors of Senator King, his unusual ability as an orator was perhaps most prominently and frequently referred to, and for his eloquence he received the highest praise.

"However much the Senator deserved the praise that came to him for his oratorical ability, that ability did not exceed in eloquence and power and impressiveness the strength of public speech that belongs to that other Millard County product—Bryant S. Hinckley.

"Knowledge and earnestness are of course two of the important requisites of every impressive speech. When speaking at that funeral Bryant S. knew what he was talking about, he knew that Senator intimately, and he meant every word that he uttered on that impressive occasion.

"That Hinckley funeral address was not one that went from lip to ear but from heart to heart of that great multitude of Millard County and other people who had come from far and near to do honor to Senator King, one of Millard County's rather large number of distinguished native sons....

"'It is a signal honor to be invited to say a word over the mortal remains of this distinguished citizen. William H. King was no ordinary man. There was something lofty and superior about him that was not common. He belonged to the nobility of his day and is entitled to a high place among the great and gifted of all time.

"'He was distinguished as a preacher, a lawyer, a legislator, a jurist, a statesman, and an orator.

"'I have known him from my boyhood. I knew his father, William King, a man of good parts, sound in his judgment, strong in his conviction, firm in his faith, and a man of splendid courage. I shall not forget years ago when he returned from presiding over the Hawaiian Mission. He was in frail health and died soon after. Standing in the pulpit, worn and weak, he said with solemn emphasis, 'A religion that isn't worth dying for isn't worth having.' He was the father of William H. His mother was a brilliant and talented woman of Irish descent. She was born in a covered wagon on the plains of Iowa. Delicate, ambitious, and proud, the hardships of pioneer life no
doubt shortened her days. This brilliant woman died at 23, when William H. was under five years of age. When this proud mother looked for the last time upon her first born, little did she know where time would take him.

"'It is a long way from the stony streets of Fillmore to the Capitol of the United States. This motherless boy made that journey all the way without wealth, without social prestige, without powerful friends—proudly and alone, through the sheer force of his determination, his charming personality, and his brilliant mind, backed by a prodigious capacity to work.

"'As a boy he went to live with his grandmother Henry. Adorning the walls of the little bedroom in which he slept were the portraits and orations of Irish patriots who were the pride of his grandmother's heart, and for years this boy never opened his eyes to the light of day that he did not see their shining features and read their eloquent words, and they became a part of him.

"'When he was 16 he went to Provo to the Brigham Young Academy and fell under the benign influence of a great teacher, Dr. Karl Maeser, who stirred his ambitions and gave direction to his eventful life. At 18 he was called on a mission to England and soon became an eloquent and convincing exponent of his faith. As a result, more than fifty people were baptized by him. It is interesting to relate while in England he paid a visit to the British Parliament and went to the House of Lords. In a letter to his grandmother he told about his visits and she, with unsuppressed pride, said, 'Indeed, a King in the House of Lords.' I have a vivid recollection of when he returned from his mission. He was, in all respects, a knightly gentleman, dignified and handsome in appearance, affable in manner, with a rare gift of speech and a contrite heart. He won the admiration of all the young people, and the old people loved him. He had a rare way of meeting old people—a sympathetic understanding of them.

"'Home at 20. Three months later he was elected County Clerk of Millard County. This was the beginning of his meteoric rise in the great field of politics and statesmanship. At 24 he was actively engaged in the organization of a new political party. At 30 he was president of the Legislative Counsel for the territory. At 32 he was a member of the Supreme Court of Utah. At 34 he was elected to the House of Representatives, and at 52, became a Senator of the United States.

"'While in the service of the Senate he made a tour of Europe. It was a far cry from his barefoot days on the banks of Chalk Creek where he was born, to the leading Capitols of the world where he was received with honor as the representative of the greatest government on the earth. For 24 years he resided in the Senate of the United States and played a conspicuous part in that great legislative body.
"William H. King was a deeply religious man. He had a settled faith in God and in the Redeemer of the world. He had clear satisfying answers to the most impressive questions that have addressed themselves to thinking people all down the generations of time—Where do we go from here? What lies beyond the grave? What is death? For all of these questions he had a clear comforting answer. Where has he gone? Where is the spirit that animated this mortal body? It is not here—it has gone back to that God that gave it life. Over there, death is a homecoming; a reunion with those we love who have gone before. What a glorious meeting that must have been.

"Who can describe the Celestial ecstasy that fills the souls of those who have fought a good fight and finished with honor? Who can stand in the presence of those they love and say, 'In my poor way, I did the best I could.'

"At 86 when he laid down his burdens and closed his eyes for the last time, his record was unblemished, his name un-tarnished. He emerged from the heat and conflict of a long political career without the smell of fire upon his garments. Eighty-six years of great living stand to the credit of William H. King. God bless his name and memory forever."
I was born April 26, 1864, in Fillmore, Utah. My father, William King, was born in the State of New York, and my mother, Josephine Henry, who was the only child of Andrew and Margaret Creighton Henry, was born in Nauvoo. When I was less than four years old, my mother died in her 23rd year following the birth of her fourth child, Samuel. William, the oldest, and Josephine, just younger than I, were the other children of the family. I have no definite recollection of my mother but the red coffin in which she was buried.

After mother's death, a Mrs. Locke and her husband lived at our home and cared for us until father was called on a second mission to the Sandwich Islands. At this time he married Mary Ann Henry, 17 years old and a cousin of mine, and took her with him. My Grandparents Henry took the baby, Sam, and cared for him; we others stayed with my Grandparents King.

We had a happy childhood with our grandparents in Fillmore. Father was gone on a mission four years, then brought his wife and two small children home with him. He also brought two native boys home with him, and he had Josephine and myself come to his home to live with him. It was a busy household, and we two children were unaccustomed to the people and the confusion. We were homesick for our grandparents, and one night we two little girls, ages 10 and 8, packed our clothes in bundles, took them under our arms, and slipped out the back way "home." Will was still living with Grandparents King, and we were all happy together.

Grandfather King provided schooling for his family and some of the neighbor children also. He turned one of his front rooms into a school room and hired his daughter, Aunt Delilah King Olsen, as teacher and later, Aunt Rebecca Murray King, wife of Edwin King. Later, two rooms were given over for school purposes for three or four years. After a few years, a public school was established in Fillmore, and these two women of exceptional ability and qualifications were retained as public school teachers. Aunt Rebecca was a graduate of a New York school.

Grandparents King joined the United Order May 1, 1877, and moved to the town of Kingston, which town was named after grandfather. The children came back to Fillmore to stay with Grandparents Henry and get more schooling. The Henry house in Fillmore was a nice, two-story, frame house, with good barns and horses in which Grandfather Henry took great pride. He had a good orchard and carpenter shop.
Grandfather Henry was a well-educated Irishman, an expert carpenter, and he had good tools, a great chest of them, which he had brought with him from Ireland. He told good stories and recited poetry; he liked to drive in his buggy. He was very kind to us children and interested in our advancement, as was also Grandmother Henry. She came of a family of linen weavers in Ireland. She liked music and had the first organ in Millard County.

When I was nine years old, a man from the East came on the stage coach to the town, and for some reason or other was willing to stay out the winter. Grandmother Henry "kept" him; that is, gave him food and lodging in exchange for music lessons for the children. Grandfather Henry was 71 years of age when he died; Grandmother Henry died two or three years later, October 7, 1886.

Written by Mother—March, 1937:

In trying to write of my life, all that occurs to me is that it is only a history of pioneer life; a long life that has seen many changes.

The early life in Fillmore, where I was born on April 26, 1864, was much the same as has been written of many others. Father and mother were married in 1861 and lived in an adobe house built by my father. It is still being lived in and is one and one-half stories high with four rooms downstairs and two upstairs.

My earliest recollection is of crying for my Grandmother King, who was leaving us after visiting us with our housekeeper, Mrs. Locke; this shortly after we were left motherless.

Father was called on another mission to the Sandwich Islands and our house was broken up. William, Josephine, and myself went to our Grandparents King. Samuel, the baby, was left with Grandparents Henry. A Mrs. Kelly, who was foster mother for three months until he could be fed from a bottle, took care of him.

The next four years were uneventful years except for Josephine having typhoid fever, and I remember her very severe illness. Grandfather and Grandmother King went to New York that winter to visit relatives, and we were cared for by Aunt Delila Olsen, who, with her husband and children, came to live with us in Grandfather’s home.

As we grew older, Grandfather King turned his front room into a schoolroom for the family and neighbor children. Our higher grades schooling were taught in the old State House.
School days in Fillmore were fairly happy days. All my elementary education was received under the tutorage of Aunt Delilah K. Olsen and Aunt Rebecca Murray King, who were my teachers until I was 16 years of age. Later I attended the Brigham Young Academy at Provo for one year.

When I was eight years old, Grandfather and Grandmother Henry bought an organ, the first one to be brought to Fillmore, and by some unknown means got a man music teacher to teach us the rudiments of music. They encouraged us to persevere until we learned enough to know the value of culture. Our grandparents always gave us the best encouragement toward better living and religious training. In early years, singing classes and social gatherings, and school exhibitions were encouraged.

I became proficient enough to teach organ lessons and had a class in Holden and Meadow, where I went once a week during the summer months, riding horseback to and from the settlements. I also played the organ for Sunday school, mutual and church in Fillmore.

My Grandparents King gave all they had to the United Order. The little town of Kingston had a flour mill, sawmills, good machinery, buildings, etc. There was a community dining hall and laundry center, with individual cabins for family living. Grandfather King was a fine and well educated man. He died from heart disease in his 66th year. After his death, Grandmother King stayed with her sons in Kingston, and later lived in Grass Valley and Escalante. She lived to be 82 years old. I was about thirteen when our Grandparents King moved to Kingston, and Josie and I lived with them part of the time and then part of the time in Fillmore with Grandparents Henry, where William and Samuel lived.

I kept on with music and practice, and learned much from our choir leader in Fillmore, a Brother Beaton. He was a very good musician and interested in adding to my knowledge of it. During the summers when I was eighteen, twenty, and twenty-one years of age, I taught music and gave organ lessons in Holden and Meadow. Two children of Bishop Stephens and two of Brother Harmon's were pupils. I rode a black horse to teach at Meadow eight miles away. To reach Holden, I traveled with the boy who drove a buckboard with the mail to Juab and back. My sister Josie taught school in Fillmore and kept the post office and saved money to go to school.

Sam and I went to Provo to school when I was twenty years of age. We lived with Rhoda Lyman, wife of Apostle F. M. Lyman. She was a wonderfully kind and cultured woman, and I was treated as a daughter in her home.

I had known Ira N. Hinckley in Fillmore, but our courtship was interrupted when he went on a mission to New Zealand. Upon
his return he came to Provo where his mother was living and providing a home for the older boys of both families while they attended school at the Brigham Young Academy. Other boarders lived at the home to assist in a financial way.

Ira attended school that winter and our courtship was resumed. When the school season was over we went to Fillmore and planned to marry. Ira saved some money working at Frisco for Jean and Lafayette Holbrook. He hauled pay dirt, or ore. He earned about one hundred dollars, which we used to get married and provide some of the essentials for housekeeping.

We took team from Fillmore to the Juab railroad terminal. Grandfather Noble, who had been visiting in Fillmore, also rode in the buggy with us and we all took the train to Salt Lake City. My sister Josephine and my brother Will were attending the University of Utah in Salt Lake City. We visited with them two days before going on to Logan to be married. We were married in the Logan Temple by Apostle Merrill on October 21, 1886.

We had three weeks of most beautiful fall weather, always to be remembered by me.

We returned by way of Salt Lake and bought a few household needs, including some furniture, and went on to Fillmore. About the last of November we went to Cove Fort, where we made our home for two winters, returning to Fillmore occasionally. We were very happy during this period and were one in spirit. My Grandmother Henry died, leaving her home to Sam. We lived in the home and kept the post office, the appointment for which was secured by my brother Will. During this period my sister Josephine, who had married John Thornley at Kaysville, died following childbirth. This untimely death of my only sister was a great tragedy in my life, to which I never became fully reconciled.

We were very happy in this home, where Josie, Parnell, Lawrence, and Hortense were born. When Hortense was the baby, Sam turned the Henry home over to Joshua Greenwood, probably to satisfy some financial obligation, and we were required to move. About this same time Alonzo Hinckley was called on a mission to Holland. His wife, Rose, took over this old Henry home and the post office, and we moved to the town of Hinckley and took over their home and management of the store. This new life in Hinckley was none too well liked by any of the family.

Three years later when Alonzo returned from his mission, we gave up the house and store and moved into a little two-roomed camp house on the same lot. It was so small we had to store part of our furniture outside. These were bad times for us. During our stay in the store we lost a lovely child nineteen months of age, little Jeannie, of pneumonia.
Ira turned to mining at Drum, Utah, and to team construction work, and I received fifteen dollars per month out of the store. Grandfather Hinckley always stood by me and helped as he could.

We later bought the Blythe house, with forty acres of land, southwest of Deseret. We lived there one year and were just getting it into shape when we decided to move back to Hinckley and buy the David Stout home, where we lived for three years. About this time Parnell went to the Brigham Young Academy preparatory school in Provo, in 1902, and worked for his board and lodging at the home of Lafayette Holbrook. Josie went to live with Aunt Minerva Ray at Garland and worked for her board and clothes. Later, at age eighteen, she went to Provo to take care of Grandmother Hinckley, and she attended the Brigham Young Academy.

Our next move was to Provo, where we rented part of Jodie and Nellie Robison's home across the road west of the Brigham Young Academy. Later we moved to the Murdock home, about 456 North on 3rd East Street, and finally we decided to buy the Jones home, a red brick house one block east of the Academy. Josie added to the home furnishings by buying a piano.

When school closed for the summer, the family went to a point near Lavoni, Montana, where Ira, Jacob Hawley, and John Stalmaker had a contract to construct seven miles of road for the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad. Josie and her friend, Alpha Pack, were the cooks. They were there about one year, living in tents. The winter was very cold; at one time the temperature was forty degrees below zero.

The next, and final, move of the family was in 1910, when we purchased a home at 323 North 1st West in Salt Lake City. At this home the entire family of eight children completed their growth and schooling and scattered to make homes and family circles of their own. In 1935 our daughter, Margaret Hinckley Mauss, died following childbirth, leaving the new baby and two other small children. Her husband, Kenneth Mauss, died three years later.

Ira and I enjoyed comparative peace and comfort in this home for thirty-two years, when it was interrupted by his death, December 14, 1942. I am still living in the home with some members of my family, and expect to do so until the end of my days.

Comments by her daughter Clara:

Mother was a self-educated and well-read person. When resting she always picked up a book to read and relax as she did so. Her concentration would be so deep, nothing disturbed
her at these times. As we were studying around our old round oak table, a fire going in the fireplace—pine nuts and apples to munch on—a dictionary was not needed. Mother could give us a word definition, and we would go on reading. Studying together at her table was fun.

Mother was always a lady. She loved her two brothers, William and Samuel, and was very proud of them.

Comments by her son Parnell, January, 1949:

Mother was never what you would call a strong, or robust, person, but she had wonderful qualities of endurance. She gave birth to nine children; seven girls and two boys, to whom she devoted her life-long efforts that they might become honorable citizens in our great land. She had a calm, optimistic disposition. She was of average height, five feet three inches, and her weight was about one hundred nineteen pounds. Her hair had a natural curl and was dark brown, and it was not entirely gray when she died at the age of 84. Her eyes were hazel in color. She had good style, and was distinguished in appearance. She loved music and was a good musician for her day. She possessed a good singing voice.

Mother's calm, serene disposition seems to have been an inherited factor. From all accounts her grandmother Henry, her mother and her sister Josephine had that quality, as did Josephine's daughter Norma. I attended Norma's funeral, and one of the speakers continually referred to her evenness of disposition.

Mother had no urge to be in the public eye, or to impress people, but she had a host of friends and liked to associate with people. She was a devout American and a pronounced Democrat. She kept informed and was concerned about public affairs.

Following Father's death in 1942 and before her last illness became acute, President Heber J. Grant and his wife called quite frequently to take her with them for a ride in their automobile.

The last two years of her life she suffered severely from cancer. Some time was spent in the Latter-day Saint Hospital, but it was her insistent desire to be taken home, where she was cared for until she passed away at 11:47 p.m. Monday, September 13, 1948. Her obituary includes the following:

"Survivors of Mrs. Hinckley include five daughters and two sons, Lawrence and Parnell Hinckley, Mrs. Josie Bentley, Mrs. Hortense Duncan and Mrs. Owen Nuckols, Salt Lake City; Mrs. Clara Ensign, Oswego, Oregon; and Mrs. Edith Parker, San Francisco, California; four brothers and a sister including
Mr. King (Wm. H. King, former U. S. Senator from Utah); Elmer King, Salt Lake City; Harvey King, Kaysville, Davis County; Arthur King, Price, and Mrs. Margie Holbrook, Fillmore; 21 grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren."

Funeral services were held September 17 in the Larkin Mortuary Chapel. They were short and appropriate. Uncle Bryant S. Hinckley was the principal speaker. Two of mother's favorite songs were sung by Alvin Keddington. Her body was laid to rest by the side of her husband in the Salt Lake City Cemetery.

Comments by her daughter Josie H. Bentley, January 11, 1956:

People who knew mother as a girl said she was very pretty, graceful as a young fawn; that she had a remarkable complexion and looked like a flower with her dark, curly hair and brown eyes. In her girlhood days no party was complete without "Lillie and her music." She sang and played the accompaniment for others to perform.

Mother's outstanding qualities were her stability and serenity. She always dressed in good taste and by nature she was aristocratic. She would never quarrel with anyone.

She loved music and read extensively. She kept her Bible near at hand. She had great ambitions for her children and sought the finest things in life.

We were all urged to study music--and all cultural things. Mother always had time to listen to our problems and give us sound advice. She was a good cook, and our table was frequently crowded with family and guests. Meat, salad, potatoes and good gravy, delicious canned vegetables and fruits, fresh hot cake, topped with whipped cream, was a typical menu at our table.

We can all remember some of the pretty clothes she made us girls.

Mother was not a robust woman who could do heavy work, and for a number of years she gave music lessons and trimmed and sold ladies' hats some in exchange for household work done for her large family's needs.
WILLIAM KING

By Lillian King Hinckley, daughter

My father, William King, the son of Thomas Rice King, was born April 8, 1834, in Onondago County, New York. He was about eighteen years old when his parents and family arrived in what was later known as Fillmore on Tuesday, October 28, 1851, in company with President Brigham Young and others to form a settlement designated by the Legislature to be the capitol of the State of Utah.

He was strong, ambitious, and hard-working. He had very little schooling, but was intelligent and self-educated. He was a good farmer, blacksmith, carpenter, and homebuilder. He built a two-story adobe house in which I was born, and it is still a good home and being lived in.

In his early teens he carried the United States mail to Cedar City and St. George on horseback, crossing the streams and rivers, going through the ice, once riding 28 miles in frozen clothes. He helped to fight the Indians and was one of the riders who went to the rescue of the Gunnison party at Deseret when the Indians thought they had to avenge some wrong.

At the age of twenty-two he was called to go to the Sandwich Islands on a mission. He worked his way to Los Angeles and up the coast to San Francisco where he worked for three months to earn his passage to the Islands. He was met there by Joseph F. Smith, and together they went by sailing boat to Hawaii. He spent four years there and learned to live and enjoy the hardships of that life. For months at a time he did not taste bread.

On his return January 20, 1861 he married my mother, Josephine Henry, then sixteen years old. My mother was born in Nauvoo, June 8, 1844. They were very happy together and during the seven years that followed, four children were born to them: William Henry, myself, Josephine, and Samuel Henry. Mother died February 12, 1868, at the age of twenty-four.

Father built his home, farmed, raised cattle, and was active in the cooperative store and church work. He was a sheriff for some years and during his efforts in that capacity, trying to arrest a man who had robbed two immigrants passing through the country, he was badly wounded by a gunshot. Both bones in his leg were broken; we had no doctors. Grandfather and Grandmother did all they could to help him, but he continued to get worse. His leg swelled as big as his body. Grandmother could see that he was going to die unless he had help. She told me of going into her parlor to pray, weeping and praying for the Lord to help. As she got up from her knees there was a knock at the door. She opened it, and a man stood there asking for lodgings. He said he was an army
doctor passing through the state. Grandmother knew it was an immediate answer to her prayers. The doctor gave the much-needed help and father recovered; but his leg always gave him much pain.

Mother had been dead a year by this time, and Brigham Young called father again to the Islands on a mission, and told him to take a wife with him. He married mother's cousin, Mary Ann Henry, just seventeen years old, and together they spent four years among the natives, teaching them proper ways of living, making sugar, etc. and building up the mission.

He had many experiences while there; the people were very superstitious. He told of the instances when the "devils" were cast out and times when he felt he would be overcome. The natives were very much attached to him. Two children were born to them while there. When he returned home he brought two boys with him. One was a white boy named Charles Rowan; the other was a native boy about fourteen years of age named Kahana. He adopted them and raised them as his own. At a later time he brought home a native girl named Cleo as a wife for Kahana. They were married and had a fine family. Kahana was almost heartbroken when they were required by law to return to their native island.

When he returned from his second mission he commenced work to make a living for his family. It was not long thereafter when the United Order was instituted and the entire King family sold out and went to Piute County where they established the United Order. The town was named Kingston, in honor of Grandfather, who acted as President. They had plenty of everything to buy and start a community on quite a prosperous scale.

Grandfather, my father, and his brothers were all big, strong, hardworking, honest men, and they were imbued with a determination to do their best to carry out the teachings of the authorities. They built homes, two sawmills, a gristmill, and woolen mill. It was a fine ranch country, and they had horses, cattle, and sheep. Everything flourished for awhile, then greed and envy crept in, and what was everyone's business was nobody's business. Other families had joined the community until it numbered about 195 souls at one time and these mills furnished employment for a large number of persons. Gradually all the cattle and sheep were eaten up, horses went to pay for machinery, and the project failed. People lost their desire to cooperate, drew what was left and went their way, thus ending a dream of "Utopia".

In the year 1876 father was again called to the Sandwich Islands for another mission which lasted nearly four years. In a letter to me from Laie, Oahu, Hawaii, dated December 17, 1887 he said: "I trust I am doing good here in helping to roll on the Kingdom of God. There is a great work being done among this nation, many are coming into the Church all the time. Here-to-for this people have been restricted in their emigration (by their govt.). But there has been a law just passed freeing the natives so they can emigrate. So when I do have the blessed privilege of returning, you
may look for me to have quite a large family, as some have already expressed themselves of their desires and are making calculations to go with me. So I may have a number of families. I have labored here so many years amongst this people. I have a great love for them, and they look up to me as a father to them."

During this period of time quite a colony of natives had been established in Tooele County, and when father was released from his third and last mission to the Islands, totaling in all twelve years, he brought with him thirty natives. They were settled with the colony of natives in Iosepa, Tooele County, Utah.

The following information tells something about this experience with the colony and is quoted from "A History of Iosepa, the Utah Polynesian Colony," written as a thesis in August, 1958, by Dennis H. Atkin for the Brigham Young University. In his thesis the writer states that the colony was established by the Latter-day Saint Church in 1889 in Skull Valley, Tooele County. At its height there were 228 people. By the spring of 1917, twenty-eight years after its founding, the experiment came to an end. All but one family returned to their native islands in Hawaii. They left about fifty of their number in their graves in the Iosepa cemetery.

The Cluff Family Journal furnished much of the historical material for the thesis. Quoting from the thesis: "Wilford Woodruff, President of the Church, told the committee that 'it is the will and mind of the Lord that Harvey H. Cluff colonize and preside over the Hawaiian Saints in Skull Valley.' This position he held until Nov. 1st 1890, when he was succeeded by William King.

"William King's term: Early in 1890 William King was released as president of the Hawaiian mission and brought a group of thirty Hawaiians to Utah with him. On the first of November that year he was called to replace Cluff as manager of the company and president of the colony. He served for only about fifteen months until he died in a Salt Lake City hospital Feb. 17-1892. Very little is known of what happened during King's term except for the purchase of some additional lands and the inauguration of the first project of buying and fattening cattle. Following the death of Wm. King, Cluff was recalled to his former position."

Father was an energetic, indefatigable worker, never resting or taking rest or giving his body any degree of relaxation, being so conscientious to duty. His leg was never entirely well and the bone had to be scraped and would heal for a time. He was operated on the last time in 1892, but he died from the effects of the morphine. After his death his body was taken to Fillmore and buried beside his first wife, Josephine.

William King was a man of courage, faith, and endurance. He was self-sacrificing to a fault, with never a harsh word or criticism uttered. He gave his life and all that he had to his Church
with never a regret, saying always, "The Lord will take care of my family." He was a good speaker, familiar with his Bible and the Gospel teachings. He was fifty-seven years old when he died on February 14, 1892.

He was six feet in height and his average weight was one hundred ninety-five pounds. He had brown hair and blue eyes. He was good-looking, quiet, likeable, and very strong physically. He was a good foot-racer in his youth.

Added by grandson Parnell Hinckley:

"Bryant S. Hinckley told me that on one occasion he heard William King preach and during the talk said, 'A religion that is not worth dying for is not worth having.' All his records and diaries were destroyed by fire. They had been carelessly stored in Frank Holbrook's barn in Fillmore. A tramp who slept overnight in the barn is believed to have started the fire."
VI Samuel Rice B. 22 May 1634 M. B. Nov. 1655 to Elizabeth daughter of Thomas King and Anna died Feb. 1686.


VII Thomas King started west with his son Thomas Rice King but died at Mont Rose, Lee Co. Iowa 31 July 1845. He was born 16 Oct 1770. His wife was born 12 May 1771. Their seven children were Abigail B. Dolores F. John T. James M. Royal W. and Mary. Prepared by Barnell Hinckley.
THOMAS RICE KING

The King family is of English descent. The first known to emigrate to America were a brother and a sister. The brother never married. The sister married Jonas Rice, and their son was Lieutenant Samuel A. Rice, born October 4, 1667. Samuel was adopted by his uncle, James King, in order to inherit the property and perpetuate the name of King. Samuel had his name changed from Rice to King by legislative action. He married Abigail Clapp on October 30, 1693, and eight children were born to them. He died March 4, 1713.

History records a large family of Kings in New York, Massachusetts, and Pennsylvania. Rufus King was one of the signers of the Constitution. Many professional men were among the descendants: doctors, lawyers, and preachers—very zealous preachers—Presbyterians, Baptists, and Methodists.

Thomas Rice King was born in Onondago County near Syracuse, New York, March 9, 1813. In the year 1831, at the age of eighteen, he married Matilda Robison, age twenty. They embraced Mormonism July 19, 1840, and moved to Nauvoo, Illinois in 1841. They lived across the river from Nauvoo. He knew the Prophet well and prepared to go west with him in order to save his (Joseph's) life. When some of the Prophet's friends advised him not to go, he said: "If my friends do not value my life, it is of no worth to me." The Prophet returned to Nauvoo and was murdered. Previous to this, Thomas was able to protect the Prophet from a mob at his home. He went through the terrible experiences with others of the Saints at the time of the Martyrdom of the Prophet, Joseph Smith, and his brother, Hyrum Smith. At a special conference of his church he was called to go east as a missionary, and he traveled four hundred miles on foot in twelve days. He organized a branch of the Church and baptized fourteen members. He later returned to Nauvoo and endured the sufferings and privations of the expulsion in 1846.

After the death of the Prophet Joseph, Brigham Young was chosen to succeed him as leader of the Church. Matilda Robison King was present at the Conference, and she related how Brigham Young looked like the Prophet Joseph as he stood up in the meeting, and they all recognized that he was the rightful successor to Joseph Smith.

Thomas R. King was among the first company to reach Winter Quarters. He was a very thrifty and hard-working man. After the exodus from Nauvoo he went to St. Louis, Missouri, where he worked three years, and in this time accumulated enough to
bring his family to Utah in comparative comfort. However, they suffered many hardships on the trek, with the sickness and death of a small daughter, Susan, who was buried on the plains. They crossed the plains with the Vincent Shurtleff Company, bringing with them wagons, horses, cattle, implements, and other things needed for pioneer life.

Upon their arrival in Salt Lake City in 1851, he was advised by Brigham Young to go to Fillmore, which was then designed to be the capital of the State of Utah. Later he helped to build the old State House. However, a community fort was first built and lived in until homes could be built. He completed the first dwelling house in Fillmore, and also operated a mercantile store there. He was a civic-minded man and acted as probate judge. He also served two terms in the Territorial Legislature. His home was always open for entertainment to the authorities of his church on their journeys from Salt Lake City to St. George and return.

Their only daughter who lived to maturity, Delilah, married Daniel Olsen. Their five sons who grew to maturity were William, Culbert, John R., Edwin, and Volney. (One son, LeRoy, died as a child in Fillmore and a daughter, Emily, died while crossing the plains.)

Thomas R. King, with his sons and others, established the United Order in the little town of Kingston, which was named for him, and he gave all he had to this project. He successfully managed the business of the people, who numbered about 195 souls, and spent the last years of his life surrounded by his family and many kind friends, all having one common interest.

Quoting from a Robison family record written by Lucretia Lyman Ranney in August of 1958, page two:

"In October 1869 Matilda Robison King and her husband, Thomas Rice King, took what they called a 'visiting mission' to Pennsylvania, Michigan, and New York. They returned to Fillmore on March 9, 1870. They were accompanied by their relatives Joseph V. Robison and wife Martha. The following was copied from a letter written by Thomas R. King to his son William in Hawaii: 'Bethel, Nov. 12-1869. We arrived here at James Bennie's (Susan's husband) in Michigan on the tenth and found the folks well pleased to see us but do not want to hear anything about Mormonism. Your mother was wonderfully disappointed in the looks of your Aunt Susan, can't believe that she is her sister, has altered so much, and her ideas are so foreign to the principles of truth. Sends her love to Aunt Margaret, would like so much to see her.'

"Another letter dated December 19, 1869 from Volney King in Fillmore to his brother William in Hawaii: 'Received a
letter from Father and Mother last evening. They were at Uncle James Robison's in Pennsylvania, found him to be an old-looking man and not in very good health nor spirits, having lost his wife three weeks previous and was living with his daughter. They seemed to have quite an interest in Father and Mother and quite willing to listen. Aunt Susan Bennie was with them, and Joseph (Joseph V.). Martha stayed in Michigan. Father and Joseph meeting with quite success in their labors, the people were quite willing to hear and allowed them the Universalist Church to speak in.'

"The following is from a letter Thomas R. King wrote from Onondaga, New York to William in Hawaii, dated December 20-1869. 'Joseph and I held two public meetings near your Uncle James in Pennsylvania, had a very good congregation.'

"'I am sure that Great Aunt Matilda gathered what genealogical information she could while she was there. I am very grateful to her for the genealogical work she started and the record she left for us to build on.'....

"The following is from a letter written by Volney E. King to his brother Culbert. 'Dec. 3 - 1907--You know it is just as natural for the Robisons to like their kindred as it is for them to eat, and their hearts correspond with their large statures and it is their unbounded love for their kindred and great respect for their fellow man, and it is natural too for them to take upon themselves the troubles of others. I believe these natural traits of character will always be found in the Robison blood.'....

"Matilda Robison was the eighth child and the fourth daughter of Joseph and Cornelia Guinal born 1st of March 1811, Charlestown (now Glen) Montgomery, New York. She was eighteen years old when her mother died in Pennsylvania. After the mother's death the Robison family, with the exception of the two older boys, John and James Miller, returned to New York where the younger children lived with my grandfather Joseph and Lucretia. Little items of interest have been gathered by my cousin Adelia Robison, who lived with grandmother Lucretia for a number of years and has written and remembers a great many things our grandmother told her. She says grandmother Lucretia thought a great deal of Matilda, who went out to work until her marriage to Thomas Rice King 25 Dec. 1831 in Cicero, Onondaga, New York. After her marriage she took her youngest sister Margaret to live with her. It is interesting to note that Margaret was baptized January 1843 by Thomas R. King, her brother-in-law. Thomas Rice King was born 9 March 1813 in Marcellus, Onondago, New York, a son of Thomas King and Ruth Hyde.

"Matilda and her husband were baptized members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in July 1840 and
must have started immediately for Nauvoo, Illinois as their record shows that their first daughter and fifth child was born at Montrose, Lee, Iowa in July 1841. They went to the Nauvoo Temple on the 12 January 1846. In March 1847 they were in winter quarters (which is now Florence, Nebraska) when their son Volney was born. Volney's sister Mrs. Etta Lythgoe of Cowley, Wyoming writes: 'Grandfather Thomas Rice King writes in his history of raising corn three years in Florence, Nebraska near Omaha so they could immigrate in comfort. Grandmother said they had three wagons of their own, and their boys drove stock belonging to them. They arrived in Salt Lake in October 1851 and in company with other immigrants from the States. They were in the Vincent Shurtleff Company. They then went to what was later named Millard County, where a fort was built as a protection from the Indians. On November 21, 1851, the county was named Millard and the town, Fillmore, in honor of Millard Fillmore, who was President of the United States. The Thomas R. King family stayed in Millard County from 1851 to 1876—twenty-five years—built homes, married and had families." They then moved to what was then called Circle Valley, where they lived the "United Order" with other families until 1883, when the Order was discontinued. The town of Kingston was named after the King family settled there.

Thomas R. King developed heart disease, no doubt as a result of privation and overwork during his lifetime, and died at the early age of sixty-five years and eleven months on February 3, 1879, at Kingston, Utah.

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"Thomas Rice King died at Kingston, Utah, February 3, 1879, at 4:40 A.M., of heart disease, age 65 years, 10 months and 23 days.

"The deceased was of English descent and was born March 9, 1813, at Marcellus, Onondago County, New York. He married Matilda Robison December 25, 1831, and embraced the Gospel July 19, 1840 in Palermo, Oswego County, New York.

"They emigrated to Nauvoo in 1841 and in company with others crossed the Mississippi River and settled in Zarahemla, near Montrose in August, 1842. At a special conference he was ordained an elder and appointed a mission to the east. He started September 12, in company with Brother Rufus Fisher, and traveled to Branch County, Michigan, a distance of 400 miles, on foot in twelve days. He preached in that vicinity, baptized and organized a branch of fourteen members, and returned to Nauvoo the following February, 1843, assisting the Prophet Joseph to escape the diabolical schemes of his enemies.

"He endured the sufferings and privations of the Saints during their expulsion from Nauvoo in 1846; was among the first com-
panies that settled Winter Quarters where he was left destitute with a large family, none able to assist him in the least. The following spring he moved into Missouri where he remained four years and by his frugality was enabled to emigrate his family comfortably to these valleys in 1851.

"On his arrival in Salt Lake City, President Young counselled him to settle in southern Utah. He was appointed First Counselor to Anson Call, who was organizing a company to settle Pahvant Valley, now known as Fillmore City, Millard County. He completed the first dwelling house in that valley and there he spent twenty-five years of his life, extending hospitality to all. He was the first Probate Judge appointed in Millard County, which office he magnified with honor many years. He was called on a mission to Europe April 6, 1856, where he labored until January 14, 1858, when he was notified with all the European missionaries to return to Utah, and he returned home in safety.

"He served two terms in the Legislature as Representative of Millard County. He was President of the High Priests Quorum of that County, also a member of the High Council. He performed a mission to the States in 1860, returning the following spring. He adopted the rules of the United Order and entered into the organization at Fillmore and labored for its interests diligently. Feeling his health declining and being desirous of his children laboring in the United Order, with his sons and a few families he located in Circle Valley, Piute County. He organized a branch of the United Order on May 1, 1877; he being sustained President. He successfully managed the business of the people, who now numbered 195 souls. He seemed never so happy as in the last months of his life, surrounded by his family and many kind friends all having one common interest.

"He was the father of six sons and two daughters, grandfather of forty-seven children. He leaves the wife of his youth, five sons and one daughter, and forty grandchildren, two great-grandchildren, and a host of dear friends who deeply mourn his loss.

"His funeral services were held at the Public Hall, Feb. 4, 1879, at 1:00 P.M. where his relatives and friends were addressed by Brother David Savage, Joel White, and others, after which his remains were laid in the new burying ground to await the glorious Resurrection."
Matilda Robison King was numbered among the early pioneers, joining the Church in New York and following the Saints in their journeys to the West. She joined the exodus of the Saints from Nauvoo. While in Nauvoo, she was associated with the work and industries of the Saints. She was present at the first meeting in which the Relief Society was organized.

At the time of the death of Joseph Smith, she witnessed the choice of his successor, Brigham Young, which she described as a very remarkable spiritual manifestation.

Upon their arrival in Salt Lake early in 1851 they were among the first thirteen families called to settle in the Pahvant Valley. Here they had many close calls with the Indians who were numerous in that valley at one time. On one occasion her brother, Peter Robison, stepped between her and the knife of an Indian, and was wounded in the side. She had many friends among the Indians and always fed and warmed them in the winter. I can remember them sitting around her fireplace drying their clothes.

She was a most capable housewife, making cloth from the wool, washing, carding, spinning, weaving, and making clothes, carpets, and so forth. She knitted stockings and mittens for her family. Making butter and cheese was her special pride.

She loved to entertain President Young and others who went south on their journeys to St. George. Her home always had the welcome mat out for any and all visitors. Her table was set generously and her beds were clean. Her help in sickness or need was ever ready. Occasionally she acted as midwife. Her garden of flowers and herbs was quite wonderful in that desert land. She took into her home and assisted in rearing her three motherless grandchildren. I was one of them, and to me, her love and kindness are outstanding qualities of a noble and wonderful woman.

The following obituary appeared in the Deseret News, February 28, 1894:

"Kingston, Utah, Feb. 19, 1894.

"At the residence of her son, Thomas E. King, Matilda Robison King, the wife of the late Thomas R. King, died at 15 minutes past 8:00 A.M., of heart failure, at the age of 82 years, 11
months, and 7 days; leaving a numerous posterity to mourn her loss. She was the mother of eight children, seventy-two grandchildren, and seventy great-grandchildren. Her husband's remains were taken from their place of burial in Circle Valley, Utah, and were interred with hers in one grave in the cemetery of Coyote, Utah.

"She was a member of the first Relief Society organized at Nauvoo, Ill. On the first of the month she spoke for one-half hour at the Relief Society, giving many interesting incidents concerning the life of the Prophet Joseph. She had entertained him at her table in Montrose, Ia. when he was hiding from the mob. Her home was always a resting place for the authorities on their trips through the settlements. She died as she had lived: a faithful Latter-day Saint. -Thomas E. King."
THE KINGSTON STORY

This little town in southern Utah was founded on a high moral ideal, but it didn't work out.

By Irene Elder

For Mrs. Mary T. Bay the fall season at the old mill in Kingston Canyon brings back memories. Here she made her home for 25 years while her husband, the late W. Ellis Bay, ran the roller mill.

Autumn brought a stream of wagons to the mill heavily laden with wheat to grind into the year's supply of flour. Now the rollers are silent and still there is only the building to testify that once the place had been teeming with activity. Mrs. Bay, in describing the life at the mill, recalls many times in the fall when the wagons would be lined up for almost a quarter of a mile awaiting their turn.

A camp house was kept in readiness for those who had to wait overnight to get their wheat ground into flour. She says you could stand in their living room and watch them gather in the camp house at night. There was a huge fireplace and plenty of logs on hand to keep it warm for the campers. They would bring their bed rolls and when night came, and they weren't ready to leave, they would stay on. When they overflowed the camp house, Mr. Bay would bring them into his home. Mrs. Bay says, "many is the time I have made beds for them on the living room floor."

The life of a miller's wife wasn't without work. She baked bread every day to try the flour from the different wheat. And while the flour was of the best, there were always some who weren't satisfied. Mr. Bay would then show them his wife's bread and this helped to settle many of the difficulties. Added work for her was keeping of a miller, whom she boarded for 10 years while her husband was learning the art of making good flour. Peter Jensen of Glenwood, Sevier County, was miller for them for six years, and after this, Fred Miller came from Salt Lake City to help them.

Perhaps there is no place in southern Utah with any more interesting background than this small area. Situated on the east fork of the Sevier River, there prevails a serene spirit of peace with its calm river and placid mountain shadows moving
silently over the landscape. Here lie hidden forever the aspira-
ations and hopes of a people who, back in 1877, built an indus-
trial center at the site of the old mill.

Founded Settlement

In the fall of 1876 Thomas R. King of Fillmore, Millard
County, founded a settlement in Circle Valley on the east side
of the Sevier River about one mile from Circleville, with the
idea of establishing in that settlement a united order. He
brought with him his sons, William, Culbert, Volney, John and
Thomas Edwin King and their families. The united order was
started in the spring of 1877 with Thomas R. King as president.
Including the Kings, it contained some 30 Mormon families.

The settlement was called Kingston from the beginning in
honor of Thomas R. King. William King was the first bishop.
Here the 30 families engaged in farming and stock raising.

At the mouth of East Fork Canyon half a mile east of the
present site of Kingston they built their industrial center, a
gristmill, a woolen factory and a tannery. Lumber for their
buildings was furnished by a sawmill which they built on City
Creek about six miles west of Junction in City Creek Canyon.
This was operated by Thomas E. King.

Woolen Mill Stands

The old woolen mill on the east fork of the Sevier River
still stands today, less the north wing where they used to wash
and color yarns. It had been remodeled into a modern apart-
ment where the Bays made their home and where their son, Elmo
Bay, and his family now reside. But in the attic still can be
seen the old looms, spindles and shafts used by the united
order. Mrs. William Sudweeks of Kingston, a daughter of David
and Mary Savage who lived in the order, says she has worn many
dresses made from woolen goods which was a product of the old
woolen mill.

The tannery has long since been torn down but the name of
Reuben Syret who was tanner, shoemaker and cobbler still lingers
in the memory of older residents as does that of H. E. Sesuaules,
the principal carpenter of the order. As for the gristmill,
there have been numerous changes in it until today it has only
a semblance of that first mill.

Order Quite a Success

The united order proved quite successful for a number of
years. Large herds of cattle and sheep were taken care of by
the order. They had the whole east fork of the Sevier River
and Otter Creek on which to graze their flocks.
When Kingston was surveyed the houses were built in two rows, there was a log row and a lumber row. The lumber row was more attractive. Here the Kings lived. The dining hall was in a central building. The people of the order ate in a common dining hall for two years. There was a large milk house where the milk products were prepared before being taken to the dining hall for serving. One man did all the gardening. Mrs. Sudweeks, then a child of 8 years, recalls that when they wanted a carrot or turnip, they had to ask Brother Forrester for it.

Some Dissatisfaction

After six years some of the people became dissatisfied with the order and withdrew. Because of this it was discontinued in 1882 and most of the people moved away. The factory, mill and tannery then became the property of the King family. They were forceful people and often were referred to as the "Kings of the Kingdom." Thomas E. and William King moved from the old settlement in Circle Valley to the place on the east fork of the Sevier River, with them went the post office and the name of the settlement. East Fork, known as East Junction, became Kingston.

In 1882 the old gristmill was purchased by James Whittaker who rebuilt it and transformed it to a 20-barrel roller mill. It has been in running order since that time and continued to run until the death of Mr. Bay four years ago.

Many Notables

Many are the notables who have shown keen interest in the historical background of the mill during visits there, namely the late Reed Smoot and William H. King, both former United States Senators; the late George Albert Smith, president of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints; Joseph Fielding Smith, of the twelve apostles, John H. Taylor and Sterling H. Nelson, not to mention many others.

At one time Kingston was a hotbed for socialist leaders. In Kingston as in many other communities throughout the state at the turn of the century, socialism became the popular political theory. It has been said that at one time there were only two heads of families who were not declared socialists in the town of Kingston.

Mrs. Bay drew attention to the fact that the mill is one of the few remaining mills that are still operated by water power and to six beautiful white geese sailing about the mill-pond, a remnant of a flock of 50 which have lent beauty to the landscape and given even the most casual onlooker a sense of peace and contentment.