

# I N D E X

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## LIFE SKETCH OF KEZIA GILES CARROLL

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LIFE SKETCH OF KEZIA GILES CARROLL

by Emma Seogniller Higbee (daughter). 1953.

Kezia Giles was born May 20, 1840 in Broxholm, England, her father was William Giles. He was born Jan. 1, 1779, Nottinghamshire, England. William Giles was the son of Ann Giles-de-Dates, and Job Palm a minister.

Her mother was Sarah Huskinson daughter of Thomas Huskinson, about 1772 and Mary Pector Pierce about 1772. She was born April 13, 1800, East Bridgeford England and died Sept. 4, 1857, Provo, Utah.

To William Giles and Sarah Huskinson were born ten children, Kezia was the ninth child.

When Kezia was quite young, the family moved to Lincoln, a large city in Lincolnshire and not far from Broxholm. She remembers riding there in a covered wagon. She lived there about seven years. She began her school life there in Lincoln.

One of her earliest recollections of school was a little "motion" song they used to sing, and how she liked to sing it along with the other children. How little she thought then that after many years she would teach it to her own children in a far land across the sea. I have in memory only one verse, with little meaning except to show the pleasure that came to the children through singing the cheery lines.

"Come clap your hands together,  
Come clap come clap away,  
For Mint Lane schools a happy place  
Upon a rainy day.

Other lines she used to repeat of her childhood memories.

"Thank you pretty cow that gave  
Pleasant milk to soak my bread,  
Every Morn and every night  
Warm and fresh and sweet and white.

Do not chew the hemlock rank  
Growing on the weedy bank,  
But the yellow cow-slip eat  
Then it will be very sweet.  
Where the purple violet grow  
Where the bubbling waters flow,  
Where the grass is fresh and fine  
Pretty cow go there and dine.

Kezia remembers how keenly she enjoyed playing with the little girls at recess time, and how she loved all flowers.

She often spoke of her happy childhood, and how she would gather the wild flowers, the cowslips, daisy and butter cups and many other varieties: She ordered the beautiful hedges as she passed them to and from school, and chased the butterflies through the green meadows near their home. She referred often of the hawthorn hedges, the green lands and meadows of England.

"Oh the fun of it all, playing with my sisters and brothers, chasing about in the meadow. I feel the thrill of it now, and almost got the scent of the fragrant air."

At the age of eighty years she says, "I carry distinctly in my mind the image of a beautiful peonia I saw in the home of Aunt Shere myself and sister Emily went to visit one day.

Her father was a tall man with blue eyes and kindly face. He provided well for his family, lived in good homes and fairly well furnished. His desire was to do well by his family, and make them happy.

He was a brick mason by trade.

Kezia was nine or ten years old when they moved to "Gringly" on the hill. Gringly was in Nottinghamshire. Her father felt like, by going there he would better his financial conditions through an offer he received from a Mr. Allison.

He was made foreman of a large brickyard and Kezia remembers him drawing the wages and paying off the hands once a week. She related that she and her sister

Emily used to play in the yard where her father was at work. The Brickyard was along side a large canal. Their home was not far distant. They amused themselves watching the workmen mold the bricks and set them away to dry. When dry they were taken to be burned in the canal waiting to carry them away. "The bricks were superior" said Kezia "to those made in America at that time."

The children continued their school in Gringerly. Kezia's first school here was taught by a Mrs. Anteliff. She made and sold bread along with her teaching to help meet living expenses. She gave them the privilege, and she had the tact of making them feel it such, of gathering chips at recess time to keep her fire going.

They taught, reading, writing, spelling and arithmetic, also geography. Later she was taught needlework, common sewing crocheting etc. She also learned to work samplers on cloth. This was for the purpose of teaching stitches. It was the custom to make linen and articles of clothing, and the children were supposed to be able to do such work. One of these samplers that Kezia worked at the age of twelve, is now in the possession of her oldest daughter, Kezia herself being 73 years old. It contains all the letters of the alphabet, and other designs in fancy stitches. Her second daughter, Lucy, has added she crocheted at a still younger age.

Kezia never forget a rap she once received on the fingers for taking too long a thread to sew with. Her teacher was very particular about that. I am sure she never forget the lesson, as we children have not yet forgotten how strict she was with us over the same thing and that many times when sewing she has made us break out long thread in two.

She was very particular that we fold the table clothes by the crease that had been pressed in it when ironed, and many times I have been made to refold it, when in a hurry to get through with the work it had been carelessly folded away, and to this day if I ever fold a table cloth or sheet, napkins, etc., other than the crease, I think of my mother and usually fold them over, and each time there

comes to my mind the saying she so often repeated "A thing well done is twice as done." I used sometimes to get in a hurry with my ironing, perhaps the apron strings would not be pressed smoothly. She would take the apron from my hands as I was folding it and would quietly smooth out the wrinkles with no other reproof than - "Emma you can iron well if you try."

Kezia's mother, Sarah Huskinson Giles at one time when a girl, lived in Bradford. As a young woman she worked in a lace factory. She learned to make Nottingham lace.

Kezia's eldest brother Thomas, married Elizabeth Moore. Elizabeth on one occasion went to visit with a sister, she was accompanied by her husband's mother. While they were there Joseph E. Taylor, a Mormon Elder came to their home. They at once became interested and were soon converted to his teachings. When they returned home they kept the fact of the conversion from their husbands fearing their reception of the news would not be conducive of harmony. Not long after that Elizabeth came hurrying to the home of her mother-in-law in a state of subdued excitement to say Elder Taylor was at her home. What were they to do? The truth could no longer be kept, so they decided to tell their husbands. Father and son received the news of their conversion calmly and reasonably and expressed a willingness to hear for themselves before judging.

Kezia came from school one day to find two strange men at their home and from the conversation knew that what they were teaching was religion. Although young and not understandable all they said, yet she seemed suddenly to feel a conviction that what they were saying was true.

Within a few months that part of the family living in Gringly was converted and later the married children living in Lincoln received the Gospel. And thus it came about that the entire family of William Giles and Sarah Huskinson, received the gospel of Jesus Christ, and within four years were all called on their way to Zion.

Thomas and Elizabeth were baptized Dec. 22, 1849, by Elder Beecroft, also the Mother, Sarah Huckin. The father William Giles Sept. 2, 1851. Kezia, April 18, 1853, by Thomas Giles, her brother. Elder Taylor and the elders that followed made their home either at William Giles or with Thomas and Elizabeth. They felt a great regard for the Elders and showed them every possible kindness. The best they had was not too good for them.

The Elders never left the home of William Giles without a small gift of money, and their shoes well blacked. Joseph E. Taylor was a fleshy man, and they often washed his feet, as it was hard for him to stoop over.

The spirit of gathering soon came to the Giles family. They made sacrifices in the sale of their property. Their personal belongings were sold at auction. My mother, Kezia, then 18 years old, seeing the family books piled high on the table ready to go under the hammers, looked wistfully at them, then quietly walked to the table, picked out two or three volumes that were especially dear to her, one being a "Child's Life of Columbus". Looked at the auctioneer, then at her mother. Seeing no remonstrance she took her place in the family group, and her beloved books were carried to America.

On March 4, 1854, they bade farewell to Old England and turned their faces Zionward. They took passage on the ship "Old England."

Sister Detsy and her husband, Brother George and Wife had preceded them by a year. Little sister Ann, age seven was left buried in England. Before leaving, the parents went to visit and say goodby to mother's sister, living a few miles distant. Thomas the oldest son was to make final preparations, and get the family on board. The parents were to join them at the wharf just in time to sail. For some reason however, "Old England" set sail slightly before schedule. Alas, the parents had not arrived. Panic reigned in the hearts of the family. When could they see their parents again. Their passage was paid, they must go. Just before sailing Thomas arranged to follow on the next vessel "John H. Wood."

Many years later we read in Thomas' Journal - "Kezia cried all day." Naturally she would, and who could blame her. She was going to a far off country, father and mother were left behind, Oh what would she do? Where too? Yes, there was unmistakable mothers paisely shawl. A ladder was lowered, and father and mother were taken on board. The parents and Kezia at 85 said "I remember exactly how my mother looked as the big boat neared the ship. The colors of her paisly shawl, is it, gently fluttered in the breeze, and how my heart leaped for joy as I recognized her, I remember it as plainly as if it happened yesterday."

Some few things stand out in her memory of the ocean voyage. A terrific storm threstened the ship, and gave them a fright that lingered always in her memory. A feeling of alarm was felt even by the sailors. A shark followed the ship for three days. The sailors said it was a sign of death, but no one died on the voyage. A petrified hand was taken from the ocean. There were forbidding icebergs in the vicinity of New Foundland.

After six weeks voyage they landed in New Orleans. A tug boat towed them through the mouth of the Mississippi River.

They were soon in port in New Orleans, and stepped for the first time on American soil.

While there they witnessed a Negro Auction Sale. It brought tears to Kezia's eyes when she saw children taken from their parents and given to rough traders. The storm at sea did not seem nearly so terrible as that Auction sale, with human lives and happiness at stake.

They sailed up the Mississippi to St. Louis, and saw where the Mississippi and Missouri rivers joined. Before reaching St. Louis they were quarantined on an island several days for some contagious disease. Sister Mary took the disease, but recovered. A sister Shepherd died. Mary's mother told her she had better up when she saw the inspectors coming, or they would not be allowed to continue on their journey. Mary did her best.



Kezia always liked to tell of the beautiful island covered with flowers. They sailed up the river in a steam boat. Beautiful plantations could be seen along the banks. Negro's were working in the orange groves.

One night they had a collision with another boat. Their own sails were broken. They reached St. Louis on May 11, 1854. Kezia and Mary remained with their sister Betsy and her husband. Thomas Rasband, who had been in St. Louis since emigrating the year before. The rest of the family went on to Quincy, Illinois and from there to Burlington. Thomas Rasband was working for a Mr. Dudley, who was quite well to do. The girls worked for a few months for Mr. Dudley, who was quite well to do, then joined their parents in Burlington. The second spring the reunited family traveled 300 miles across the states of Iowa to Council Bluffs.

About the first of Junt 1856 the family with many others began their toilsome journey across the plains. The captain of their one, Captain Merrill, was a splendid man.

Having made the trip several times, he was well acquainted with the route, which made it easy in the selection of camp sites, and watering places. Hardships were fewer on this account. As with most companies, they passed many evenings in music, song and dance, with the campfire alone to furnish light. It was a welcome change and a rest after the toil of the day's travel.

It was on this trip across the plains that Kezia received attention from her first suitor. "Mether did you enjoy it" we would ask her. "O go along" she would reply with a smile. She admitted however, the thrill of the pleasant hours spent together, and the nice little attentions he gave her helped to shorten the journey.

The Indians gave them no trouble. They saw but few buffaloes. One night the cattle were stampeded, and the family lost two good milk cows. Their names were stoney and Susy, and these have been perpetuated in family cows, mother owning one a pretty jersey, named Stoney, shortly before her death.

It was supposed that the Indians caused the stampede, as one of the men in pursuit of the cattle, lashed his whip around, and it struck what sounded like a slicker, or buckskin jacket. It was a very dark night.

At Fort Laramie an exciting incident occurred. One evening a young Indian Buck rode up to the campfire around which they were gathered. He said little but kept watching Kezia. Finally in the best manner he was able he made them understand he wanted the young girl for his squaw. He offered her father his best pony in the trade, remarking "He is heap good pony better than white mans." Kezia had stood by her mother, but now becoming frightened climbed into the wagon.

After arguing the question to no purpose the Indian rode away apparently angry and much disturbed. Some apprehension was felt in the camp, and close guard was kept through the night, but nothing more occurred to alarm them. The captain had told the girl never to lose sight of camp, as it was not safe. One day a group of girls decided to walk to Chimney Rock, as it did not seem very far away. They walked and walked and walked, but seemed to get no nearer to their goal, it was quite a level country and the distance was deceptive.

When they returned to camp, the Captain reproved them for their disobedience.

They arrived in Salt Lake City August 16, 1856, remained there a few days, then moved to Provo.

It was soon after the grasshopper war. Food and clothing were had to obtain. Sugar retailed at 75¢ a lb., bleach went factory at \$1.00 per yd. Wheat and flour could not always be bought for money. They lived largely on bran bread and roots. The usual sacrifice and suffering was their portion also. Many were living in dugouts. Brother Frederick and his young bride moved into a dugout for their first home. The Giles Family was no exception, they were poor, now lay before them the greatest struggle of their lives.

They secured city lots, and built adobe houses on them. The father and oldest son Thomas, built a rather large house with a lean-to, divided the rooms, and both families lived in it.

When Johnston's army came, and the people moved south from Salt Lake, Wm. and Thomas Giles moved out of their homes to accomodate the family of Franklin D. Richards, and back into it when the return to Salt Lake was made.

John Crook, Thomas Rasband, who had married daughters of William Giles, Freda Giles, by a former marriage, married George Carlisle, brothers and they lived in Spanish Fork until they moved to Heber City.

On the 4th day of February 1857, Kezia was married to Charles Negus Carroll in the endowment house in Salt Lake City. She at first refused his attentions as he was 22 years old, and a widower with a son, Willard, she was at that time <sup>2, 17</sup> eleven years old. One day Kezia overheard her mother and Elizabeth express disappointment because of her refusal, for he was a good man and they felt it would be a good match. They were poor and it was such a struggle to live. With these conditions uninvitingly brought to her attention, and without saying a word to anyone, she sent for him and told him she had reversed her decision and said, "I have never had cause to regret my action as I loved him in less than two weeks after I married him."

Due to hardships she was so unused to, her mother fell ill, and was confined to her bed for some months. They did not know just what the trouble was, but felt in part it was lack of nourishing food. "O if I could have just a scrapping of butter on bread. I might get well," she sometimes would murmur. As well give the English butter without bread as bread without butter. She died Setp. 1, or 4th, one year after their arrival in Provo, and another Pioneer mother gave her life for her religion. (Her children later thought she had liver complaint). She was buried in Provo.

Two years later Heber City was settled. Toward the latter part of October when her second child was three weeks old, with her husband and two small children, Kezia moved to the new settlement and helped in pioneering that place.

William Giles, with all his sons and daughters, except John, who remained in Provo and died there, after reaching the age of nearly two years, made their home in the new settlement, and helped in pioneering Heber City. They became fairly prosperous as the years went by.

When her husband decided to sell his interest in Heber City and join the United Order at Orderville in Southern Utah, Kezia, although she had preferred remaining in Heber consented to make another sacrifice, and with their large family of children, eleven in all, (Irene having died when only three weeks old, of whooping cough, and left buried there) took up again another track, covering 200 miles, almost the length of the state. By ox and horse team the journey was made in May of 1878. Another period of pioneering was begun.

Two more children were born to them, making 14 in all. They were well provided for as the average family of half that many today.

Willard was grown to manhood and married when the trip south was made. He married Charlotte Moulten of Heber City.

With his family of small children he made the move with father. Years later September 5, 1890 after the Order had broken, he moved to Old Mexico and died there in 1905. His family now married, were among those driven out at the time of the rebellion in Mexico. Some of his children are now living in Blanding Utah, some Salt Lake, and one in Ogden.

Together parents and children passed through the experiences of the United Order.

Willard taught school in town during most of the seven years he lived in Orderville or until, and perhaps after the breaking up period.

Mother brought a sewing machine south with her, and as every family did not own a machine she had opportunity of doing sewing for others. She lived to see her large family of children all married in the church and in the Temple. Had she lived two more days she would have been a great great grandmother. Her first great grand child, Charles Leonard Heaton, was its father. He named the baby Kezia Maxine.

Mother had been troubled with asthma for a good many years but was independent and helpful, always avoiding making trouble or extra work for others, never wanting to add to others burdens. She never complained about the work she had to do or the things she had to go without. A few years before she died, Amy her

youngest child with her, she expressed this desire at the table one day. "Oh I wish we had more." where upon Mother remarked, "I dare not complain, I have had so much less that it makes me appreciate my present condition and comforts."

She was a faithful tithe payer. She had a tithing box that she kept in the till of her trunk, and whenever she received any money from any source, one tenth of it was put in that box, and never touched for any other purpose.

The last work she did was to make her bed. While she was doing it she was seized with a pain in her side, and nausea. Her last illness lasted two weeks and she suffered intensely. "My body is racked with pain" she groaned. "Don't leave me Lucy" she said to her second daughter on the night of her death. At her bedside when she died was her daughter Lovina and son-in-law Christain Bolander. The oldest daughter Kezia had left to get a little rest about 20 minutes before she died. Her son Frederick left about 2 hours before. Her daughters Jane and Amy, with a niece Sarah were sleeping in another room and were not called.

Amy, the youngest child and not physically strong with her two young children had lived in the house always, and had cared for her through her years of illness. Of her, mother was always very solicitous. She wanted to live just a little longer for Amy and the children. "Oh Amy" were her last words, and God had recalled another valiant soul.

All of her thirteen living children were at her funeral, scattered now in Provo, Cedar City, Hurricane, Moccasin and Orderville. Many grand children and great grand children were present.

Her numerous posterity present attested the esteem in which she was held by her decendants, and was a monument to her worth. Many beautiful words were spoken at her bier. A more glowing tribute could not have been made than that uttered by Bishop Henry W. Esplin (a son-in-law) when he said "Sister of any person I have ever known.

Her youngest son Edward, Bishop of the Ward, presided at her funeral.

A few of her characteristics.

She was thoughtful of others.

She loved peace and harmony.

She was slow to censure.

It was better to avoid trouble than mend it Sister Josephine Adair said to her.

"Sister Carroll is a peace maker."

When I was called to be President of the Relief Society she said to one "Emma be careful of your words."

A certain neighbor continually praised her daughters who chummed with my youngest sister. "Mother why don't you praise us as sister \_\_\_\_\_ does her girls." "Your actions speak for themselves." she replied.

When my brother Edward was little he flew into a high temper one day, because of a reprimand and cried out.

"I am going to run away."

"Which clothes shall I put up for you?"

This apparent willingness so astonished the little fellow that he immediately subsided into a normal state of temper.

More than from any other person, I always felt my mother's quiet gentle sympathy.

"Emma take the easy chair, stay and have a bite with me. You work hard, rest a while before you go." It all came so soothingly that I would feel for the moment subject for pity, and suddenly comfortable relaxed.

When I had moved from the home town and returned for a visit no matter how early I must be up on the morning of my departure for home, no matter how vociferously I protested she was up first to prepare a little bite of breakfast before I left.

Some of her sayings and favorite maxims.

Least said soonest mended.

What the eye don't see the heart don't greive.

A stitch in time saves nine.

A penny saved is a penny earned.

A thing well done is twice done.

A place for eyerything and eyerything in its place.

Always go to bed with a clean swept hearth.

Never leave today's work for tomorrow, tomorrow will have enough of its own.

Always pay your tithing.

How Mother got her name.

Kezia's mother, Sarah Huskinson Giles is known to have two brothers and sisters, Mary and Nancy. One of the brothers, Thomas Huskinson with his wife Kezia, emigrated from Canada some years before the Giles family came to America. Kezia gets her name from this aunt. She remembers having been in the homes of these uncles and aunts in England. Emily was named for a well to do friend of her mothers. Temple work has been done for these people.

In a Patriarchal blessing mother received from Heber J. Meeks he said, "Your name shall be handed down in honorable remembrance unto the latest generation."

To my father and mother were born fourteen children.

Kezia Ann ( Esplin)	born December 13, 1857 Provo
Charles William	born October 7, 1859 "
Lucy Elizabeth (Heaton)	born February 18, 1862 Heber
Sarah Jane(Heaton)	born February 2, 1854 "
Mary Lovina (Heaton)	born September 4, 1866 "
Emma Isabelle (S <sub>e</sub> gmiller)(Higbee)	born October 6, 1866 "
Frederick Giles	born September 4, 1870 "
George Franklin	Born August 20, 1872 "

Irene	born March 1, 1874 Heber
Edward and Eleanor (Bolander)	born January 23, 1875 Heber
Julia May (Chamberlain)	born May 1st, 1875 Heber
Amelia (Heaton)	born March 28, 1880 Orderville
Amy (Stark)	born December 30, 1882

June 1, 1925 the posterity of Charles Negus Carroll and Kezia Giles numbered.

14 Children.

82 Grandchildren.

122 Great Grandchildren.

218 Total

On this date 22 of the number are dead. Two sons and twelve grandsons have filled missions. 60 have attended high schools and college. All up to date belong to the L. D. S. Church. Many of them have held and do hold responsible positions in the Church and in their respective communities. Most of them are observers of the Word of Wisdom.

#### FOR THE GOSPEL'S SAKE

An Incident in the Life of My Father

Written for the Activity work of the

Second Ward, Cedar City, Utah

By Emma Seegmiller Higbee, daughter.

Charles Negus Carroll, with his little family consisting of his wife Lucy, and four children, Willard, George, Frederick and Emma, were situated pleasantly in their little South Hampton home in New Brunswick, apparently satisfied with their frugal beginnings toward a happy and successful future.

Happy? Yes. Satisfied? Yes. But were they? Why the unrest that took sudden control when word came of men with a strange doctrine. At rest? Satisfied? Why, then did young Charles H. seek audience with these men to inquire of a new religion? Why did he continue to listen when others mocked? Why did he defend when others assailed? Why did he believe when scores disbelieved? I



know not, but he believed and the first day of January 1853 became an auspicious day in life, for on that day by baptism he became a member of a sect who dared preace the doctrine, strange then to men, that God had again revealed himself. He believed. Yes, to his dying day, and his convictions grew as the years added knowledge.

Was he happy the following June when his wife received batism? Yes.

One year later he was recipient of the holy Priesthood of which he was justly proud, and at the same time received appointment to pr side over the South Hampton Branch.

He appreciated the responsibility and gave voice to whis appeal, "May God, the Eternal Father assist me with His Spirit to perform His will concerning me."

However, he was soon seized with a desire to gather, and on May 19, 1854, the day Willard the oldest son was six years old, with his family, set sail for Zion in charge of a company of Saints numbering forty-six souls, which was increased to fifty-two on the evening of the first day out.

He carefully records his loving sentiments for his home land and adds with pathos "Today, I have left my native land."

As the little company was about to embark from the home pier, Elder M. G. D. Phillips, who had converted and baptized him, seized his hand in a strong friendly farewell grip and voiced this prophetic utterance, "Brother Charles, the road to Zion will not be an easy one for, but an uphill climb every step of the way.

But had he not received a testimony? Was not the conviction of the truth burning withing him? Did he not sense the magnitued of his step? Ah, Yes, and he would not face about now.

Faithful to his trust, each day's experiences are recorded at night. Their perplexities, their joys, now on the "Sailing vessel" not on the "Stean Cars." changing her, changing - changing weary, tired, seasick, ill, but courageous and fearless.

The night of the twentieth, in Chicago, and Charles N. records again a plea for strength and protection. "I pray Thee, Eternal Father, to continue thy blessings unto us wisdom to press on our journey to righteousness."

On to Ft. Leavenworth, camp of the Saints, the journey continuous. In the "Rail Cars," in steam boat down the Illinois river overcrowding, unsanitary, illness, administrations, healing, but a safe arrival, joy at meeting with a boyd of Saints; greater joy in the privilege of seeing and conversing with Church officials. A short rest after a tedious journey, and now preparations for the march across the plains.

Charles N. is released from his captaincy over the little home company and they are to be scattered among several companies so soon to begin the trek over the barren wastes--Zionward.

Charles N. was filled with joy, for was not his heart great desire soon to cumulate a home for himself and dear ones in Zion?

Had he not brought his little company safely through weal and woe to the camp of the Saints? Had not the sick been healed on the journey by the prayer of faith? In this precious company of home folk, there had been birth, baptism, and marriage, now they were to begin the home stretch, with the City of Zion the goal.

Charles N. you have not reckoned well. LO! a monster stalks furtively about. May the Great God in whom you so implicitly trust answer your own prayer for strength, for your own sake.

Cholera breaks out in camp, one by one, each day some of the home company succumbs to the dread malady.

June 12, 1854, Charles N. records; My wife Lucy taken ill. Little Frederick very ill. Little Emma with the measles.

June 13, 14, 15: My family continues very ill.

June 16, Lucy dies this morning.

Ju June 17, Frederick died this morning; Emma died about noon and the three were buried in the same grave.

Again a prayer, wrung from a torn and bleeding hear. "May the Great God give me power to bear up under my affliction and prove faithful to His Church and Kingdom. And God Prosper my and my remaining children on our journey."

Charles moved as with faculties benumbed. Could he never shake of this lethergy? Another week found them in camp at the Sweetwater, with here and there a grave to mark the trail. "I don't want to die, but I guess I'll have to, moaned little George when he was stricken. On the fifth of July in utter anguish of soul Charles W. leaves another little grave by the wayside. "A likely little Lad," was George the victim.

Alone, a week's journey from the grave that holds mother, brother and sister, to retrace his steps and place the little George alone. In this unforbidding waste--again he prayed.

Weary in mind and ill in body, yet with unwavering and unwavering and undaunted faith, with his one remaining child desperately ill he continued his journey, walking most of those dreary miles across the plains having many times to lean heavily on the yolk of his oxen for support. He toiled on - he prayed - trusting and found strength .

(Quotations are given verbatim as found in the records. I have made no play with my father's words)