SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF MARY MINERVA DART JUDD

Born March 31st, 1838

Married November 14, 1852.

Died August 6, 1909

My father, John Dart, was born about the year 1810. My mother, Lucy Ann Roberts was born November 7th, 1814. They were married at Monroe, Conneticut, November 24, 1831. My father was the son of William, and grandson of Joseph Dart. My grandmother's maiden name was Lidy Ann Sharpe. Two daughters, Phebe Marie and Lucy Edna were born to my parents in the state of Conneticut. They moved to the state of New York where four children were added to their family; Harriet Paulina, Mary Minerva, John Henry Harrison, and George William. I was the fourth child and was born in the town of Grotton, Tomkins county, state of New York, March 31, 1838.

I still retain some pleasant memories of my childhood. Our house was a comfortable one, and my father followed merchandising in a store near by. A small brook murmered along between the house and the store. On its banks, my sister Harriet and I used to play. One day, as our father came from the store to his dinner, the condition of our clothes indicated that we had been playing in the water. The punishment he inflicted was at least novel. He hung us up by our clothing on the picket fence to dry, remarking that was the way wet clothes were dried. He left us hanging on the fence until he had eaten his dinner. Although the punishment was novel, it was not severe. My sister cried, but I thought it was all right; it effectivly cured us from playing in the brook.

On a bridge which spanned the brook, I sat down one sunny day and went to sleep; but for my father, the world would probably from that time have

gone on without me. As I was rolling off into the water, as the fates would have it, my father was coming from the store and he ran and got me out of the water before I was much damaged.

In a neat school house on top of a neighboring hill, I acquired the rudiments of an education. One day as a young man who lived near the schoolhouse, by way of teasing me, threatened to grease me and put "you in my pocket", at the same time complimenting me on my ruddy appearance. This trifling occurence so frightened me that I did not like to go up the hill to school again for some time.

About this time serious misfortune began to overtake the family. My father was helplessly sick. During his illness, his partner in business, Mr. Sherman, persuaded him to sign an obligation to pay the debts of the concern, after which he left the country within two days. When my father arose from his bed of sickness, he found himself stripped of all his possessions and his family homeless. His physician advised him to go to the seashore for his health. In accordance with this advice my father moved to the seaport town of Bridgeport, Connecticut. It was divided by a considerable river into East and West Bridgeport. My father rented a bridge over this stream from a Mr. Bruce. It was constructed so that a part of it could be raised to let the boats pass. It was a large drawbridge for ships to pass through.

Watching this operation afforded me considerable amusement. We lived in a house in the center of this bridge for one year. The fear that some of her children might fall into this river and drown, occasioned my mother considerable anxiety.

Grandfather Dart made us a visit one Sabbath morning while we were washing preparatory to going to church; my sister Harriet's dress fell through the bridge into the roaring river. As Grandfather was looking over the railing he saw it and supposing it was one of us, was in a boat and after it before mother was aware of what was going on. He was quite astonished and very thankful when he found it was only a dress instead of a dress with a child in it. I think this event occured in 1843.

My Uncle Levi Dart, lived near us. Not far from the bridge were two or three railroad tracks, near them lived Charley Stratton, a dwarf, after the somewhat celebrated "Thom Thumb". One day my father saw him crossing one of these tracks as a train was rapidly approaching, he stumbled and fell and my father dragged him out of the way, apparently just in time to save his life.

My father bought a house between Bridgeport and Stradford where he moved the following Spring. Here we lived until 1849. Our nearest neighbors were Mr. Lewis and a Spanish gentleman by the name of Ceverea. The latter had a family and quite a number of servants to carry on his farm and do the work of his family. He had a beautiful home and wondering over his well laid out grounds served to improve my ideas. A young Irish gentleman and his wife rented a part of our house; I think their names were James and Mary Moore. They boarded with us two or three years and until neighboring farms were cut up by railroads which run between Stratford and Bridgeport. The land between the railroad and wagon road was surveyed into town lots and a neat little village sprang up. Of this our tenants became a citizen. Among the pleasant recollections of these childhood days are these neat village homes and the groves of chestnut and walnut trees with which the surrounding country abounded.

Inthe golden Autumn days we gathered and stored up an abundance of these delicious nuts to furnish innocent recreation during the long winter evenings. Each season of the year brought its rural labors lightened by the many harmless pleasures with which they were intermingled. In the early springtime, we went singing through the woods, mingling our childish voices with the notes of the myriads of feathered songsters that chirped and twittered among the green foilage. We plucked and strewed the early flowers along our path, fit emblems of our blooming childhood. As Spring was verging into Summer, we gathered the lucious scarlet Strawberries from the green meadows. Other summer fruits came in succession each with their peculiar relish. We were ever anticipating and ever realizing new gratifications, until the autumn brought around its delightful feasts of wild grapes, and the hilarious swinging on the enormous vines which stretched from tree to tree.

The season of seed time and harvest would again close with storing up our winter's supply of nuts.

Those were merry days when Father and Mother, brothers and sisters, Uncles and Aunts and Cousins visited together, and we used to play at soldiers in the old Kitchen, with its ample fireplace and crackling log fire; while those of mature years were quietly enjoying themselves in that place especially reserved in the olden time for the entertainment of visitors, "the front room". How very slow the days would pass away as the time drew near for the usual visit to Grandfathers and Grandmother's. Not forgetting our great grandfather and great grandmother who appeared so very ancient to us, that we would use to wonder if we would ever be so very old like them. Aunt Katy French came in for a large share of love and reverence. She had never married, but had

always lived at home with her mother, our Great Grandmother French, whose husband great grandfather French had died when quite young—about forty years old. There in the old farmhouse, on the hill, mother and daughter were still living when we—that is, father, brothers and sisters, and myself visited them and assisted to gather in the apples from the old orchard in the autumn of 1848.

I appear to have been somewhat of a favorite. The last time I visited them was with a cousin about my own age. I well remember aunt Katy on the bed, in the front bedroom, with a severe headache, while the tall stately mother, so old she had lost her sight, but had come back to her again, was in the kitchen with a broom in her hand, she gave to each of us a piece of pie. As in sport, we left the house and ran down the hill. There we met a flock of geese belonging to Grandfather Roberts. As we approached, the old ganders spread their wings and made such a fuss that we were frightened almost out of our wits. A little further on, we met grandfather Roberts who assured us that they would not hurt us. He took us into his shop and explained to us how the feathers were plucked from the geese to make the feather beds on which we slept. We spent about a week with these old people, and returned home. The following winter, my mother's brother, Sidney Roberts, came from the state of Illinois to visit his relatives. Before he came to us he had been tosee his parents, John Benedict and Phebe Roberts, also his grandmother Mrs. Esther Beardsley French. Perhaps there is no better place than this to insert some statements taken from this Uncle's history. The following was given me verbally by my grandmother Esther French:

> My father's great grandfather French, came from England.
> He had five sons, Samuel Geromny, Gohn, Jonathon, Thomas and Joseph.
> He had three daughters, Sarah, Betsy, Sophia and/or Phebe.

Joseph French, and his wife, Charity had eight children: five sons, James, Gideon, Abner, Ebinezer and Silas. Three daughters, Eunice, Mary and Phebe.

My grandfather, Abner French, married Esther Bradly or Beardsley. They had seven children, two sons, Eli and Samuel; five daughters, Phebe, Lucy, Sally, Eliza and Catherine.

The Roberts Family, (the first Mr. Roberts) were Scotch-English, and came from England. Great grandfather, Luke Roberts, had three sons, John Benedict Roberts, David or Daniel, and Luke Roberts Jr. They had one daughter, Polly, who married a Mr. Stevens. Some Roberts were found in the history of Gouourum Massachusets. Except Wesley and Hosea Roberts who were brothers, the rest were cousins: Fenno Roberts and his wife Temperence Hardin Roberts, Joshua Roberts, Thomas Roberts, Samuel Roberts, Betsy Roberts, David Hardin, Charles Hardin and Emeline Hardin.

The following is from the family record of John Benedict Roberts:

My grandfather John Benedict Roberts was born in Danburry, Conneticut, June 3, 1772, Died in Monroe, Conneticut, October 23, 1850 aged 68 years, 7 months and 20 days. His wife, Phebe French, was born in Danburry (afterwards changed to Monroe) March 2, 1785, died in McLean, State of New York, April 14, 1857, aged 72 years and 1 month.

They had 12 children, born May 11, 1803 married to James Foot July 1826. Had no children; died at Groton New York, 1883. Edna, born February, 1805, died May 18, 1826, aged 21 years and 3 months. Marcus, born August 15, 1807; married Delilah Booth, December 24, 1829. Died in Ohio or some other western state. He had children by his second wife, a widow who had 6 children: Sidney, born August 28, 1809. Married Sarah Ann Rowell, May 12, 1830, They moved to Nauvoo, Illinois thence to Utah. He died in Kanosh, Millard County, where his widow, children and grandchildren now reside (1887). Julius, born October 16, 1812, married Polly Ann Farnum March 11, 1832, in Monroe Conneticut. They had 9 children. My mother, Lucy Ann Roberts born November 7, 1814, married John Dart, November 24, 1831; died July 6th 1850, near Fort Laramie on the Platte River. John B. and Phebe French Roberts had 12 children: Gabriel, born after Lucy Ann, born February 8th, 1816, married Mary Ann Stiles in 1881, was in Macon, Georgia in 1883. They had 2 children. He died in Macon, Georgia.

Paulina, born August 23, 1818. Married David Towsey, April 17, 1836. They had 9 children.

John, Born November 23, 1820. Died June 4, 1821.

Harriet, born March 10, 1822, married Andrew K. Fortner, at McLean, New York, March 5, 1858. Died August 29, 1871.

Juliett, born August 5, 1825, died April 5, 1826.
Emma, born February 12, 1828, married William Serrien, December 21, 1845. Is dead. Had 2 children.

The above listed Roberts family were all born in Monroe, state of Conneticut. (George Serrine lives in Greenville, Carolina)

After moving out of Bridgeport to live, we still attended school in East Bridgeport. Near the schoolhouse was a shipyard. This, myself and companions used to visit and watch the building of ships. We saw one launched. The deck was covered with people. The workmen knocked out the stays that held the ship on the stocks. Af first it moved slowly, but gaining headway as it descended toward the water, it seemed as though it must plunge under and be filled; but it shot off on the water like a duck.

I suppose that the sensations of those on its deck must have been delightfully exciting, for they shouted and swung their hats and handkerchiefs with unmistakeable energy. These scenes were a pleasing variety in the lives of the school children. There was another shipyard in Bridgeport, which I often visited, as the father of one of my school companions worked there at repairing ships. Near it was a well of cool, delicious water which was patronized by both workmen and school children. Not far from the school house, and when the water in high tide almost reached it, stood a somewhat dilapidated stone house. It was untenanted and had about it an air of wierd lonliness. Large stone steps went down near this house to the water's edge. Aged trees shadowed its old porch and added to the sense of shadowy mysteriousness which is still retained in my memory of the old house. Of course it was haunted. It would have detracted one half of the interest connected with it had it not been haunted. Possibly the cause was purely imaginary, or, perhaps the wind some-

times brought a limb of one of the aged trees in contact with the rough stone walls, producing sounds, which, in the shadowy surroundings, seemed like the wail of some uneasy spirit.

There was a swing in one of the trees where we used to while away the time before the school hour in the long summer mornings. My Uncle, Lucius Dart's widow, with her two sons, lived in the neighborhood. We occasionally visited them. One of my little cousins had such a mania for going to school that he would sometimes start for the schoolhouse before he was dressed or had eaten his breakfast.

Time brought its changes in these surroundings of my childhood. My uncle's widow married again, and the family moved away. I never saw them again. I heard that one of her sons cut his foot and bled to death. The day that he died, I was out of doors near the house, I thought I heard some one say, "Oh! I'm lost, Oh I'm lost forever!" and repeat the exclamation the third time. I called my mother and told her what I had heard. She thought it might be some of the children. She hunted them up and found them all right. Whether this singular mind impression had any connections with the death of my cousin, is not within my comprehension. About this time, an Uncle by the name of William Serrine, his wife Emma, and their children came to visit us. It was soon after the commencement of the war between the United States and Mexico, and a martial spirit starred up the people. The drilling of infantry and cavalry companies furnished a vent for this martial enthusiasm, and quite an exciting amusement for us children. Recruits were being organized and fitted for service. My Uncle William was a Captain and a fine looking military man. After the musters were over he and his family returned home. I

have not seen them since. On a warm summer day, a cavalry regiment of young men halted at our well to indulge in a drink of cold water. They made a fine appearance as they started on to the seat of war. They were then enjoying some of the romance of a soldiers life. The stern realities were to come. My mother said they were going far away and some might return, but not all.

My Uncle, Levi Dart, commenced to build a new house on what was known as the Point, at East Bridgeport. My father assisted with his team to haul the material together. It was near Captain Cook's Grist mill, and here we could see it on our way to school. But before it was finished great changes were to take place in our lives. As I have before said, my Uncle Sidney Roberts had come from the state of Illinois to visit his relations. He had heard the Elders of the Latter Day Saints preach, and received their doctrines, and had been preaching them among his relatives. Many had received them and were preparing to gather with that people, to what was then considered the "Far West." My father also concluded to accompany Uncle Sidney. This took me out of the groove in which my childhood had been running, and introduced me to a new chain of experiences.

Our Uncle, Julius Roberts, with his wife and my cousins, Charles and Davis Roberts; my grandfather and grandmother roberts; and my Uncle David Towsey, and Aunt Polina, with their two girls, Sabina and Mary Gertrude, made us a last visit. The pleasures of associating of us children and young folks were intensified by the thought that we might never see each other again. Now, after many years with their sad experiences and intermingling joys have passed away, these reminiscences of childhood and youth appear like a verdant spot varigated with the sweetest of flowers, on the other side of a compara-

tive desert of withered anticipations and blighted hopes.

The day before we started on our journey to the "Far West", our Uncle Levi Eart, with cousins Lydia, May, Jane, Nancy and Leve, came to visit us. We put our baggage into the wagon, and after being up most of the night that we might get an early start in the morning, we bid our friends goodbye and started for the Bridgeport dock. We were soon on the steamer and starting out into the bay for the city of New York.

There accompanied us a Mr. Peck and family, and four gentlemen for California, namely, Messrs Sperry, Gerard, Story and William Hubbel. This made up quite a company of acquaintances.

This event occurred in April, 1849: As we went into the cabin, I was quite surprised to see a large company, apparently coming to meet us. My astonishment may be imagined, on finding that I was deceived by the reflection of our own persons in a large mirror which reached from floor to ceiling. There were three colored waiters who could hardly contain themselves when they saw how ashamed I looked on discovering my mistake.

We arrived in New York, about 5 o'clock p.m. and were taken in a carry all to a hotel for the night. Seeing a jet of water continually thrown high in the air and coming down in spray, furnished me with some new ideas of the beautiful, in connection with that element. The rooms assigned us were up several pairs of stairs. Before reaching them my mother fainted. We were all very tired and sleepy and soon occupied our beds. In the night I awoke and smelt something burning. Awakening my father I told him there was something on fire. We got up and found some of our clothes, which were laying on the table, burning. This was where our traveling companions had placed

their guns as they were some 5 or 6 men bound for the gold regions of California. As my father put out the fire, he remarked that we had been almost miraculously preserved from burning to death.

The following morning we crossed into the state of New Jersey, by a steam ferry. There we took railroad to Philadelphia. On arriving there quite a large company of us lodged in a large hall for the night. The next stopping place, as I now remember, was Cincinatti. The steamer, on which we had embarked on the Ohio river, called there to take on passengers. I went on shore with other young people to walk about some of the city. I saw many novelties. One was bacon piled up until it reminded me of the stone walls in Conneticut. In due time we arrived in St. Louis, Missouri. There we engaged passage on another steamer, the Highland Mary, for St. Joseph, on the Missouri River. On the way up, the boat we were on ran a race with another boat, which seemed very reckless and dangerous. Our travelling companions from Conneticut did not go to our destination, but got off at some intermediate outfitting point. The evening before leaving, Mr. Gerard sang "home, Sweet Home," and "my Yankee Molley." We also parted with Mr. Peck and family. Traveling together induces sociability and friendship, and we parted with these traveling companions with some regret, not expecting to meet again in this changing world.

An old gentleman, whose berth was next to ours, was stricken with the cholera, and died in about a day. My father assisted in preparing him for the funeral. There was a young man with him, by the name of Alonzo Nichols. Two young men came aboard. One of them was stricken with the Cholera and my sister Phebe helped to watch with him and administer to his wants. He looked as though death had laid hold of him. The two landed in the night and we heard no more

of them. Arriving at St. Joseph, my father rented a house of Mr. John Cazaire, about a half mile from the landing.

The cholera took off many people around us. The dead were often buried in the night. A stone house near the landing was burned to the ground while we were there. A young man belonging to a company on their way to California, was apparently mortally wounded by the accidental discharge of a revolver which he was examining. He had his mother and sister with him. As we left there about the same time we never learned the result. It was even then, a day of accident, pestilence, and death.

My father hired a Mr. Coratate to take us to Council Bluffs in a wagon. My sister Phebe had an attack of the Cholera before leaving St. Joseph and, for this reason, we were compelled to travel slow. Travelling in a wagon and camping by the way was a new life to us. It proved to be the beginning of an extended experience in that direction. There was a very appreciable difference between travelling on railroads and river steamers, and jogging along over the western prairies with an ox team, at the rate of a mile and a half an hour. Still it had its advantages. It was an economical and safe way of travelling. There was no boiler to burst and send a score or two into the next world, and no danger of a smash up by collision. Besides there was the utmost liberty to ride or to walk; to go faster or slower than the vehicle as you might feel disposed. There was also ample time to take in the varied beauties of nature as you passed along.

The country over which we then travelled now so thickly settled—then had almost the novelty of a primitive wilderness. It was the frontier of the United States. A few log cabins of pioneer settlers were scattered here and

there along the spring branches with an occasional intermingling of a homestead denoting wealth and comfort. We left Conneticut in April and the month had entirely passed away, when we were on this journey through Missouri and Iowa. In keeping with the season of the year the rolling praries were clothed in all the beauties of Spring time. At that time, Missouri was a slave state.

One evening we came to a wealth farm-house where there were fifteen or twenty negroes, men, women and children. The family appeared to consist of the owner, his wife, a daughter and two sons. They were shearing sheep and washing the wool. Noticing a little wench who was sorrowful and crying, I helped her to wash wool. She told me that she had just been bought and taken away from her father and mother. When we first arribed the owner came out as my father went up to the gate, and he asked him if he could stay overnight. The owner replied "If you are not a Mormon you can stay in welcome". Father gave him an answer that appeared to satisfy him. We were made welcome to anything we wanted. One of the items was all the milk we wanted if we would draw it from the cows. The following evening we stopped at a neat frame dwelling on a high prarie. The lady of the house informed us that she was a Mormon and that the man whose hospitality we had shared the previous night was a bitter mobocrat and had assisted to burn the houses of the Saints and to drive them from that part of the state.

The next evening we camped with a gentleman who had several sons settled around him. Their log cabins made quite a village. Here squirrels were very numerous and were excellent eating. A large number had been caught and skinning race was gotten up in which each of the men were to have all they could skin in five minutes. There were enough for a general feast.

Soon after this, my father bought a fine yoke of exen and we traveled faster than we had done. Afout this time the teamster, who had driven the oxen from St. Joseph, returned home. One day, as we were travelling over a beautiful prairie, we came to several Indian trails running nearly paralles, having, probably, b en traveled for ages by the aboriginal Americans. They were worn quite deep. As the wagon was crossing them my sister Phebe was thrown out of it, in front across the tongue. This she caught hold of and swung herself under the wagon and it passed on without injuring her. These Indian trails were a novelty to us, and for a while it seemed sport for us to run along in them.

Arriving at Kanesville, now Council Bluffs, my father hired a house of a Mr. Manhart. Two of the Quorum of the Twelve apostles visited my father and advised him to buy a farm. We looked around and finally bought enough of a Mr. Denfee and a widow Bowman to make a large farm. The fields were already sown with wheat and planted with corn.

The country around the Bluffs was visited by the most terrific thunder-storms we had ever experienced. Before moving to our farm, myself and the Manhart girls took a ramble in the w ods. We found some grey kittens in a hollow tree. To find what appeared to be young cats, in such a place was a novelty. We carried them along with us until one of the girls suggested that they might be wildcats. Our fertile imaginations at once visualised the old one in hot pursuit of her lost family. The young cats were something to be got rid of at once, and we dropped them and left the spot as fast as possible.

We moved to our new home the last days of May or in the beginning of June. In about two months we had traveled some 2,000 miles by steamboats and

cars from our numerous kindred and the associations of many years, and settled down on a new home in the west. We had voluntarily placed ourselves under the influence of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Since then the co nsels of its leaders have moulded our lives. When we left Bridgeport, it was under the influence of that spirit of gathering which appears to rest on all who receive the Gospel among the nations of the earth. My father being counseled to buy a farm in the neighborhood of Council Bluffs, was an item in the gathering policy of the church. Those who could not follow the pioneers to the Rocky Mountains, were advised to raise grain and increase the number of their animals until they were able to fit out for crossing the thousand miles of desert which lay between them and Salt Lake. Then other arrivals on the frontiers bought the farms of those ready to leave, and by pursuing a similar policy would be prepared, in a year or two to follow those who had preceeded them.

Our farm was on a rolling prairie and a spring near the house furnished water for family use. While living here I witnessed the most violent thunder storms that I habe ever experienced in my life. The rain came down in torrents, and where there was only a small riverlet, a short time before, a mighty torrent of water would roll along. We had good crops of wheat and corn. This was sold, during the winter and spring, at fair prices as the overland travel made a market for the surplus produce of the country.

In the spring of 1850, my father sold the farm for cattle to complete our outfit for Salt Lake Valley, then the objective point of the wandering Saints. When on our journey, about two days, the wagon which my uncle Julian Roberts had made for my father in Bridgeport, Conneticut, and father had sup-

posed would last for years, got so dry that the wheels began to give way. We succeeded in trading it for a larger and better one. We gathered with the Saints at the general campground, at the mouth of Platte river.

It was a beautiful place, with groups of wagons here and there among the groves of large trees. I had never before seen so large a collection of wagons. It was the place appointed for the Saints to rendervous, for the purpose of organizing into companies and receiving instructions before starting out on the Plains. They were first organized into tens, comprising ten wagons or families, with a captain. Five of these ten's constituted a fifty with a captain over them. These were supposed to be strong enough to take care of themselves in the ordinary emergencies of travel. Two of these fifties were expected to travel near enough to each other, to consolidate under a captain of hundred in times of danger from Indians. Every family was expected to be prepared to live for six months, and to have bread for one year. After we had organized and crossed the Platte river we considered that we were fairly started on our journey across the Great Plains.

One thousand miles of travel where we should only find savage Indians and not much less savage mountaineers. During the first days of travel, we found that the pestilence was keeping us company.

A number of children were running along on foot. We saw a boy, about 12 years old, lying by the road side under a tree. At first we supposed that he was asleep. My father stopped his team and going to the boy found that he was so nearly dead that the spoke with difficulty. We gave him some prepared brandy and pepper which we carried with us. This revived him. He said his fathers name was Rollins. He had a large family, and for that reason had,

perhaps, not missed his son. He was in Captain Wall's company just ahead of us. We took him to his father who was camped with two or three companies on a rise of ground.

That night the rain descended in torrents. Our company traveled on the South of the Platte River, the route usually traveled by the overland migration to California. The Saints were counseled to travel on the North side of the river, following the track first made by the pioneers to Salt Lake Valley. We had considerable difficulty in getting through a miry piece of ground which resulted in breaking our wagon tongue. While stopping to repair damages, my mother, my sister Harriet and my brother George were taken with the cholera. When repairs were completed we started on. Soon after, brother George, said, "Father I want to get out." Father took him out a short time, and as he laid him back into the wagon he was dead. In this sorrowful condition we traveled on to the camp, about 4 miles distant. After arriving there and turning out the team, father laid the remains of my brother under the wagon. It was nearly dark. I was very sorrowful. After walking around a little I came back to the wagon and found the body of my brother had been taken away. At a little distance I saw a light and started towards it. I was met by my father and asked, "where is my brother?" He replied, "he is all right now he is buried." It grieved me much that they had carried him off without my seeing him. It was perhaps wise to not permit my young mind to be impressed with the rude uncoffined way in which they were oblidged to put his remains into the earth. Fortunately for the young, the keen edge of grief soon wears off.

Father kindly got us into the wagon and to sleep as soon as possible. For him and my sister, Phebe, there was no sleep. They watched over the sick

and dying. Early in the evening it was evident that the elements were gathering for a storm. I slept until the raging storm awoke me. My assistence was then required to keep the wagon from being turned over and the cover stripped off. This, at any time was an unfortunate occurrence for a traveller across the plains, but in that night of sorrow it would have been double afflicting. About four o'clock in the morning my sister left us to keep company with our departed brother. Before leaving Council Bluffs, she had kept company with a young man who was on his way to California. Her last words were a message to him, expressing her desire to meet him in Salt Lake but she could not. In the morning we burried her on a small rise of ground away from human habitation, among the howling beasts of the plains. As nearly as we could judge my brother and sister died about twelve hours apart. The first about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and the latter about 4 o'clock in the morning. My mother was quite sick, but we indulged hope of her recovery. When father talked to her about our dead, she replied "I shall notice it more when I get better. Disease had deadened the keener sensibilities of her nature.

Arriving near Ft. Laramie, we camped for the night on a beautiful plat of grass. Here about midnight, our sorrows culminated in the death of my mother. The departure of our loved ones were characterized by unusual disturbances of the elements, around us. It was a terrible ~~story~~ night when our brother and sister departed. The evening before the death of our mother a circle was formed with our wagons inside of which our cattle were confined for the night. The jingling of bells and the rattling of chains warned us that our cattle had become panic stricken, and were endeavoring to break the enclosure and run away. Ours was the last wagon on one side of the entrance

to the corral, and Captain Foot's the last on the opposite side. Chains were hung across from one wagon to the other to complete the enclosure. The poor cattle in the frantic rush, smashed two brass kettles which were tied on the back end of our wagon bes, box, but they probably saved the end-gate from being crushed in. This stampede was doubly unfortunate on this night of our supremest sorrow, a brother Clements had previously been killed in a stamped when we were travelling. My mother died on the 6th of July, about 4 miles from Ft. Laramie. There is a feeling a supreme loneliness connected with burying our dead a long distance from human habitations. As we traveled on and saw the Fort, we learned that our mother might have been buried nearer the living. But circumstances pressed us onward, and all our grief and tears would not bring our mother back, nor bury her only on the little hill where we had left her to rest until the resurrection day.

For sometime we had been so absorbed in our own toils, watchings and sorrows that we had no time to sympathize with our fellow travelers in theirs. A number of families had suffered. A man who traveled next to us lost his wife. Perhaps the most greivous case was that of Mr. Rollins, whose little boy my father had picked up nearly dead by the roadside. Twelve out of fifteen in his family had passed away. Passing Laramie, we camped in a beautiful place by a group of springs for a week, to rest and clean up our wagons and clothing. Here a gentleman died, and as some doubted his being dead, he was put into a grave and it was left open for some time, hoping he might come to life. I think the fear of death gave the pestilence a greater hold on some persons than it otherwise would have had.

The cholera had swept off many of the California emigrants who had pre-

ceeded us on the route south of the Platte. We saw places where it was evident companies had camped and burried many of their number, before moving. In some places clothing had been spread out on the bushes and left near the remains of their owners, the living having no use for these infected mementoes of those they had burried. We saw several places where the dead had been dug up by the wolves, who had picked from their bones what flesh the pestilence had left. Here and there lay a skull lost from the frame to which it belonged. Out of some graves a hand or a foot would project. Other bodies had been burried with more care and were not disturbed by wild beasts. These reminiscences of past sufferings, connected with the terrible realities we were passing through, made a scene of horrors which I hope humanity seldom witnesses, and which once seen can never be forgotten.

The following is a wonderful testimony of the care the Lord has for his people. While the cholera was very bad on the South side of the Platte River, on the North side the pestilence was harmless. I was informed that companies of Saints, who traveled on the north side of the river did not even lose an ox. As we approached the mountains we felt more vigorous and healthy. As we approached the buffalo range we saw immense herds of them. When we encountered one on the move, our captain would order a halt in order to take better care of our animals and prevent them from stampeding with the buffalo, of which there was considerable danger. We dried considerable quantities of buffalo meat to last us into Salt Lake Valley.

On the alkali grounds west of Laramie we lost a cow. A lake covered with ice from two to four inches thick was a great curiosity to us. Our curiosity had been much exercised about a salaratus lake which we were to

find in time on our route. The idea of gathering natural salaratus by the sackfull was indeed novel. In this, however, we were not disappointed, for we found such a lake, and large quantities of the article were gathered by the company and taken to Salt Lake Valley, to be used for making bread and manufacturing soap. On the banks of the Sweet water, we found many wild currants also a red and yellow fruit which we called Buffalo berries in honor of the noble animal which roamed over the country we traveled in.

We crossed several streams where we were under the necessity of raising our wagon boxes, by putting blocks under them, to avoid wetting our goods. The passing of Ft. Bridger, the crossing of Bear river and other streams, indicated that we were approaching the object of our tedious journey.

Echo Canyon, so named from the echoing back of sounds from its precipatous sides, was a point we had long been anxious to reach. For three months we had been travelling away from a civilization which had cast out the Saints, to build up a better one in the Deseret. After our long desert travel, Salt Lake City was beautiful to us, with its streams of Chrystal water running along the streets. There were not many houses but there were enough to give it an air of civilization and comfort.

We left our home in Bridgeport, Conneticut in April 1849, and arrived in Salt Lake City in September, 1850. We had traveled about 3000 miles and passed through many changes and vicisitudes, some of them of a very trying nature. Three of our dear ones had passed through the gateway of death, we trust, to a better life beyond. They ended their work, we still live on to accomplish ours.

The new arrivals in Salt Lake had the privilege of going North or South to settle. My father moved to Provo to spend the winter. I went to school to a Mr. Bear. I formed some pleasant acquaintances. Among them were Jennette and Kitty Canover. They like me, had lost their mother. Their father had married a young widow who had crossed the plains the previous summer. I also became acquainted with two half breed Indian girls, whose father was a mountaineer. Considering the circumstances under which they were born and raised they had made very fair progress in civilization.

In the spring of 1851, President Brigham Young called for volunteers to go South, 250 miles from Salt Lake City to strengthen the new settlement of Parowan. My father concluded to leave Provo for Parowan.

While we were travelling to the latter place, President Young and company going south to visit the Southern settlements, overtook us on Chicken Creek. The carriage of Mr. Horace Eldridge had been damaged, and, as my father was hunting for some iron, his team started and before he could stop them they ran into the creek and turned the wagon over into the water. Myself and two or three more of the children were in the wagon. My little sister, Josephine, was nearly drowned. I was taken from the back end of the wagon uninjured. Sister Eldridge worked over my sister until she recovered. That night we dried our clothing.

The following day we traveled twelve miles to the crossing of the Sevier River. We camped early and had quite an agreeable time. In the morning, when the animals were driven into camp, the horses of a Mr. Coruthers could not be found. The company spent some time in hunting them without success.

We arrived in Parowan on the 12th of May, 1851, the following morning

the ground was white with snow. My father obtained a town lot and built a log house upon it. About this time, my sister Phebe became acquainted with, and married Robert H. Gillespie.

We were in an Indian country, and a long distance from help in case of difficulty with Indians. The noted Indian Chief, Walker, frequently visited our section of the country. He and his brother, Ammon, generally manifested a friendly spirit. But at one time, Walker and some of his braves manifested considerable uneasiness, and it was feared that we might have difficulty with them. But through the wise policy of our President, George A. Smith, it was avoided. The people got up a sumptuous dinner for the chief and his whole band, to which President Smith invited them. The tables were set in the front yard of Partiarch Elisha H. Groves. The whole band, braves, squaws and pappooses, partook of the abundant repast. Some of our people ate with them. It was better to feed them than to quarrel with them.

The 24th of July, the anniversary of the arrival of the Pioneers into Salt Lake Valley, was celebrated by the people of this frontier outpost with great unity and good feeling, and with all the outward display of rejoicing that their limited means allowed. The people gathered on the public square and marched to the log meeting house. There they listened to a variety of music, speeches and toasts. In the evening they enjoyed themselves in the dance. About this time, I became acquainted with Zadok K. Judd and accompanied him to the dance on the evening of the 24th of July. We were finally united "for better or for worse" on the 14th of November, 1852.

We attended the General Conference in Salt Lake City, April 6th, 1853. We were present at the laying of the corner stones of the Salt Lake Temple.

We visited my husband's relatives for two or three weeks and then returned to our home in Parowan.

At this time there was a great effort being made to establish an iron foundry at Cedar City, a new settlement 18 miles from Parowan. They were much in need of a considerable quantity of wrought iron to complete the works. Before our trip to Salt Lake, in February, 1853, my husband, Z. K. Judd, John Steele, J. A. Little, Wm. Barton and Samuel Lewis started on a trip to the Muddy river, 200 miles from Parowan, on the southern route to California, with the hope of obtaining the needed iron, which had been left along the road from wagons destroyed because they could not be hauled further. The party was gone about three weeks and several days longer than they expected to be, when they left home. This, and the report brought in by some Indians that two or three white men had been killed on the Muddy, raised considerable excitement in Parowan. A company of men, under captain George Woods took the road to the Muddy to learn the fate of the absent ones and afford them relief if necessary. They met the party at the Mountain Meadows alive and well, but contending with the large snow banks which measureable blocked the road through the meadows. They had cashed some of the grain for their teams when going out. This, which the Indians had stole had retarded their progress by weaking their teams. When Captain Woods and company returned, it raised a heavy cloud of worry from the families of the men and from the people generally.

October 18, 1853, our first child, a daughter, Lucinda A. was born to us. A Sister Hoyt desired that I should give the child to her as she had no children. She said I was young and would have more children, but I have never had a child to part with.

My father, taking with him two of the brothers and two of my sisters, left Parowan for San Bernardino, California, October 17, 1853. This left only myself and sister in Utah. In the spring of 1854, my husband was called with others, to go to some distant mountain for glazing material for the use of a pottery which was being started in Salt Lake City.

About this time I was very sick and was healed through the administration of the Elders. November 25, 1855, our oldest son, Zadok K. Judd, Jr. was born. We had previously bought a Pahranegat Indian boy, about six years old.

About a month after the birth of our oldest son, my husband was called, with others to go over the rim of the great basin, on to a stream called the Santa Clara, and assist in building a rock fort, 100 feet square, with walls 12 feet high. When the fort was completed he returned to Parowan to move his family to the new location in the desert. It consisted of myself, our daughter Lucinda, our son Zadok K. and the Indian boy, Lamoni.

We left our home in Parowan in the month of April, 1856. We started in the afternoon and that night it snowed. Our stock consisted of a pair of mares which drew our wagon, two cows and two calves. In the wagon was our very limited household furnishings, our clothing and provisions. The whole outfit was very primitive in its character, consisting only of a very limited supply of what is now considered necessities. It was probably a fair sample of the general condition of the Saints who colonized these mountains in these early days. Healthy and full of faith, we started out into the desert 100 miles to make a new home for ourselves and extend the border of the rapidly increasing Saints at that time.

There was no road to the Santa Clara, except the old California route

via Mountain Meadows. On account of the scarcity of grass we were oblized to feed our hungry horses part of the straw out of our bed. With snow and mud and hungry horses we made slow progress. My husband drove the cows and I took care of the children and drove the team. When we got to a place known as Grapevine Springs, we traveled a part of the night hoping to find better feed. The snow fell so much that night that it was difficult to start a fire in the morning. We had a heavy hill to get up with our weak team. Brother Judd drove the cows ahead to break the track, and then came back and drove the team up the hill while I blocked the wagon wheels so they could stop and rest. The wind blew as we neared the top of the hill so that we could scarcely see. It was a great relief when we started down the grade on the south side towards the Santa Clara. It became much warmer as we decended and we soon left the snow and mud behind. That night we camped on the headwaters of the Santa Clara. An Indian soon appeared at our camp. We gave him some flour mush and then started him off with a note to Jacob Hamblin at the fort requesting him to come to our assistance with two yoke of cattle.

As we continued our journey the following morning we came to a somewhat noted place where the road ran along the creek bottom and nearly under a high projecting rock. The projecting rock and the thick timber and underbrush on the bottom made it a very favorable place for Indians to attack travelers. There had been several white men killed in the vicinity by Captain Jackson's band. I felt somewhat nervous over the situation but my husband assured me that there was no danger as the Indians knew him having seen him at work on the Santa Clara Fort. We came to where a tree had blocked up the road. By looking around, Brother Judd soon found a place where we could drive around it and thus avoid making a noise with an axe. Soon after we arrived at a

large bottom where the Indians had raised corn. Several of these wild men came out of their court and followed us. For a time their numbers increased. Mr. Judd urged on the cows, and I urged on the team, keeping close to him. The Indians soon began to drop off one by one, until only a few remained. They inquired where we were going and learning our destination, they nearly all returned back.

About noon we came to the foot of a bad hill. As our team was too weak to draw our load up it, we were obliged to carry up a part of it ourselves, the Indians assisted us by taking up a sack of flour. As we started down the other side of the hill we saw our much wished for friend, Jacob Hamblin coming up the hill to our assistance. The principal difficulties of this journey were now over. We rapidly decended, it was like going from winter into summer. One day we were in the snow, mud, and chilling winds; the next day we saw the cottonwood trees in leaf and vegetation in bloom of advanced spring.

We arrived at the Fort on a Sabbath evening. Here we had hoped for a rest, at least from harrasing, fatigueing travel. But we were immediately involved in one of those trying circumstances which have not only characterized the lives of colonizing Saints, but as well of American pioneers generally. On Monday, the day after our arrival at the Fort, an express arrived from the north advising the brethern to move their families back to the stronger settlements, as the Indians were manifesting a hostile spirit, and we were considered too weak to be safe so far from assistance. As there was safety in returning, and as remaining might endanger our lives, we submitted with the best possible grace to the stern decree of circumstances.

We with our jaded team, and exhausted resources, turned to go back.

The company consisted of four waggons and eight mounted men. In going back we took a new route, going East from the Fort. The first day we travelled about five miles, and camped at the spring above the present town of St. George. There was nothing inviting on the surrounding benches. The most prominent vegetation were the thorny mosquite, and the unapproachable cactus, around and below the spring there was a plat of green grass which was some relief to the su rounding monotony of barreness. In the morning the horsemen started in an eastern direction. We made a wagon track over the black ridge, running between the present towns of St. George and Washington. We nooned that day on the Rio Virgin. We camped that night at a group of springs around which was a spot of green grass. In that country the sight of such spots, no matter how insignificant they might be, was so refreshing. The following day we nooned on a small creek, on which grew a few cottonwood trees, and at night camped on a larger creek with an increased growth of cottonwoods. So we named the creeks Big and Little Cottonwood. The day after, we passed a spring where wild grapevines were growing luxuriently. The spot has since been known as Grapevine Springs.

The day after passing these springs we arrived at the foot of what is known as the Black Ridge. With quite a precipitous ascent of two miles, and covered with boulders of black volcanic rock, interspersed with brush and Cedar trees it looked impracticable for wagons. With great labor for our teams we made the summit, and passed down its western face a further distance of two miles, on to what is now known as Ash Creek.

Before arriving at the creek we found a wood road which had been made by the settlement of Harmony, which was a little above us. This called to

my mind the circumstance, that when my first-born was a babe, I had visited father Elisha H. Groves and family, who lived in this place, in comoany with a brother and sister Littlefield and my husband. I still had a vivid recollection of a beautiful garden I then saw, and of the delicious melons we then ate. The wagons camped on the creek, but the horsemen went on to the town.

It was not long until word reached us, that the missionaries from Santa Clara ould have a supper gotten up for them by the missionaries wives who resided in Harmony. After starting in the morning we soon reached the town. We there found the following brethern and their families, Rich--Robinson--Riddle--Knights--Coleman--Jacob and Oscar Hamblin, and Dudley Leavitt.

At this time, Harmony was the most Southern Settlement of the Saints. Consequently, the most convenient for the families of the berthern, who still expected to operate on the Santa Clara. We remained here while the brethren returned to Ft. Hamblin, as we called the fort on the Santa Clara, to put in crops of cane and cotton. When Mr. Judd had got his crop in, he came back to Harmony, and went to our old home in Parowan, for flour and other supplies that we had left there.

When he returned to Harmony we again loaded up our few household goods and started for the Santa Clara. We were accompanied by Oscar Hamblin and family; nine persons in all. We returned by the new road we had made in coming up to Harmony. It rained when we crossed the Black Ridge. This made the ground so slippery that in steep and slideing places, it was difficult to keep our wagons right side up.

For a while it seemed lonesome at the fort. The men were under the

necessity of going about two miles up the creek to make a dam, in order to get the water to our growing crops. On these crops we were dependent, not only for our food but for cotton from which to make our future clothing.

One morning all the men started for the dam as usual, leaving only sister Oscar Hamblin, myself and our children at the Fort. After starting, brother Jacob Hamblin turned his horse and came back. He said to us, "You had better shut the Fort gates that you may be safe, for I feel that the Indians, when they see us go, will be sure to come back and scare you." We did as directed. During the day we had occasion to go to the creek for water. When returning to the Fort, we saw and old Indian Captain coming. We ran and tried to shut the gates, but they were large and heavy. We did not get them quite fastened and when Agrapoots came and tried to push them open. He did not succeed but saw that we did not wish to let him in and he went off mad. Soon after, other indians came and wished to be let in. We said nothing, and they soon left. About dark the men came home and were much pleased to find us safe. When all the men left again, to work on the dam, we took our dinners and the children and went with them. This was a task of which we soon tired. So we managed to keep the Fort closed when the men were away.

In t at hot country, the wheat crop comes off much earlier than in the northern part of the Territory. After ours was gathered and threshed, the men wished to make a trip to Salt Lake City. As there were but two families at the Fort it was thought advisable to take them along. We went and remained with our friends until Fall. As the grasshoppers had destroyed much of the crops in the northern part of Utah, we thought best to take a load of wheat with us and have it ground. The flour was very acceptable to our friends,

as they were out of bread and there was but little to be had. We remained north until our frinds had harvested their wheat.

We traded flour for a pair of cotton cards, and a spinning wheel. The necessity of making our own clothing is apparent when the fact is considered that goods for the Utah market were freighted 1000 miles across the plains and through the mountains. We were a long distance from the central source of supply in Utah, and on its extreme Southern frontier. Our cash resources were very limited. Hence, the necessity of manufacturing our cotton into cloth to cover ourselves. I manufactured enough yarn from raw cotton, by the autumn of 1857, to make about 30 yards of cloth. Those who brought families from the north had now moved them on to the Santa Clara. Others had married. Brother W. Leavitt brought his mother with him from the north. Being an experienced weaver she was a great help to us. Mother Leavitt wove my first piece of cloth and instructed me in the art.

On a washing day, when I was extremely busy, the Indians came into our house. As the two children were there and the father came in soon after, our limited house soon became somewhat crowded. I put a kettle of hot water under the table that the children might not fall into it. All my care was to no purpose. I had just turned away to my work when my son, Knapp, set back under the table into the kettle of boiling water. He was scalded all over one side, from his shoulder to his feet. With constant care night and day, for three weeks, he was out of danger.

By the fall of 1857, there had been quite an addition to our numbers. In the spring of 1858 Brothers Thales Haskell and Samuel Knights brought down their families. One day, when the men were out at work in various places,

Brother Thales Haskell was up the creek taking out Beaver dams so that the water could come down. A young Indian went into his house, took down his gun which hung against the wall. As his wife, sister Maria Haskell, was at the fireplace, engaged in cooking, probably through the carelessness of the Indian the gun was discharged and she was shot in the hip and abdomen. I heard the shot and went out and saw her come out of her house with her hands across her breast. I ran and asked her, "What is the matter?" She answered, "I do not know, but I think I am shot". She told me about the young Indian being in the house. About this time brother Oscar Hamblin and his wife came into the house and put sister Haskell on a bed. I went as fast as possible, about a mile to call some men who were harvesting. They said an Indian had been sent to tell them, but they had no confidence in what he said. We all returned to the Fort together. We sent an Indian runner to tell brother Haskell, and the other brethren who were still out, of the misfortune. Brother Jacob Hamblin directed us to examine Sister Haskell, and if possible find the bullet. It entered her left thigh and came out on her left side near the upper part of the abdomen. I cut into it with a razor, but my heart failed me when I went to take it out, and brother Hamblin completed the operation. This afflicting affair occured on Saturday morning. Early on Sunday morning her husband arrived. By 10 o'clock the men were all in. A doctor was sent for and every thing possible was done to save her sister Haskell, but she passed away at 4 o'clock that Sunday afternoon. In that small, isolated community all mourned, but the husband seemed inconsolable. At first we could neither talk nor weep. We buried his wife in her wedding suit of white dress and underclothes.

The 15th of December, 1857 my son Rhaon was scalded. The 14th of January, 1858, my third child, Harriet Paulina was born. In March, 1858, we bought an Indian girl. In the summer of 1858 the Saints, who had settled in San Bernardino, California moved back to Utah. In September of the same year my baby Harriet died, aged nine months. We had taken her to the Mountain Meadows hoping that the bracing air of that high altitude would help her. We went home and burried her at the Santa Clara. I continued to card and spin cotton as I could spare time from other necessary labors.

My husband, Z. K. Judd, made the first cotton gin in these mountains. It was somewhat rude construction, but it was many times better than picking the seed out with the fingers. It was made of oak timber and steel, and turned by a crank. We furnished the first settlers of the town of Washington, and other places with cotton seed. The town of Washington was located about twelve miles East of us, and their farms were on the bottom of the Virgin River.

On the 24th July, 1858, the people of the town got up a celebration of the entrance of the Pioneers into Salt Lake Valley. The people of the Santa Clara, being few in number, joined them in their festivities. On the occasion we enjoyed the hospitality of the family of brother Waldo Littlefield. The ensuing Autumn, a fair was held at the same place for the exhibition of agricultural and manufacturing products. It evidenced the progress of the people in their efforts to sustain themselves, and was quite an interesting affair. There were many visitors. It was thought advisable for all persons to take their food with them. We took enough food for several others besides our own family. In those early, isolated settlements of the desert the people

were so nearly on equality that there were no class distinctions. The result was that these social gatherings were a source of great enjoyment to the people. During this fair we enjoyed the hospitality of a sister Clark. That season I manufactured and colored the yarn for a peice of check for shirts and for two coverlids. I employed sister Meeks of Parowan to do my weaving. The completion of a piece of cloth in these times was an event of considerable importance in a family.

This year (1858) we raised kane and manufactured considerable molasses which was a great addition to our food supply. In the autumn, my sister Phebe and her three children came from the northern part of the Territory to stay with us. We labored hard to manufacture, and made quite a long piece of jeans, and some lindsey. The jeans we colored green. Our coloring materials and our methods of using it were both primitive. We were often co pelled to gather our coloring material from the wild vegetation around us.

On the 24th of July, 1859, the 12th aniversary of the entrance of the pioneers into Salt Lake Valley, my daughter, Lois Sabina, was born. My sister Phebe went to the town of Washington and while there married Mr. Andrew Gibbond.

About this time George A. Smith, one of the First Presidency of the Church, and Anostle Amasa Lyman, made the Saints in Southern Utah a visit. We went to Salt Lake City to attend the general Conference on the 6th of October. My husband's sister, Lois Mitchell, and her four children came to the Santa Clara with us to make her sister, Rachel Hamblin, a visit. Grain was scarce in the settlement and it was difficult to get good bread to eat. We had a half bushel of sugar cane seed ground, to see if it would make bread,

but it was so poor that we were forced to be contented with a good white corn meal.

In may, 1861, the Indian girl which we had purchased March 11th, 1858, died. To keep our bodies covered we were still compeled to manufacture cloth from the raw material. I made yarn for more jeans and a carpet. December 16th, 1861, my son, Henry Eli, was born. About this time there was quite a co pany of Swiss Saints arrived on to the Santa Clara to Settle. In the winter of 1861-62, the city of St. George was laid out.

For several weeks I was very sick with chills and fever. My principal nourishment was the water in which dried peaches had been soaked. Mr. Gibbon's family lived in one of our houses and my sister Phebe took care of me. She had a little daughter which she named Rosella. After the birth of my child my health improved.

About this time my husband was invited to the wedding of Mr. Francis Hamblin and Miss Elizabeth Lay. Being an Elder in the Church he was invited to perform the marriage ceremony. I was too feeble to attend. Some months previous to this, I had attended the wedding of Frederic Hamblin and Miss Francis Stoddard. Mother Stoddard was my husband's stepmother. She and her children had come from San Bernardino in the Fall of 1858, on account of the invasion of Utah by a United States army under General Johnson. Being on the extreme frontier, and much absorbed in helping my husband produce the absolute necessities of life, I could not pay much attention to what was going on outside of my immediate surroundings.

In 1862 we bought our third Indian child, of the Pieads. We called her Nellie. Early in the winter of 1861-62, it commenced to rain and continued

to do so almost constantly for three weeks. About the same time I was again taken down with sickness, and was near unto death with the gravel. I could not rest night or day. My husband got some of the Elders of the church to administer to me. First they prayed and then anointed me with holy oil, and then laid their hands on my head, prayed for me and blest me. From that time on, I began to recover. The pain left me and I dropped to sleep and slept a long time. This was the second time I had been healed by the Administration of the Elders when I was nigh unto death.

The rain still continued to come down as though it never intended to stop. We had our new house covered so that the carpenters could work. They finished the front bedroom first. As the rain found its way into the old house we moved into the new one. The first night we slept there we awoke in the night and it was so light that at first we thought the day had broke. My husband remarked, "I have been dreaming and it is said that your dream the first night you sleep in a new house will come to pass." I inquired what he had dreamed. Said he, "I dreamed we had a flood which washed the whole town and it woke me up. But, "he continued, "this light does not look right. It looks like a bright moon or candle light." He arose and looked out of the window and sure enough our neighbors were stirring with lamps, candles and torch lights. The flood dreamed of was upon us. The water was running through our little town, and had surrounded the Fort where Jacob Hamblin and several others lived. They were the first to be around. They had left the fort for higher ground, but the water still continued to raise. We got up and dressed. Brother Judd went to assist in getting out a Swiss family that would not go when they were advised to. There was a large gate in the side of the Fort

next to the Creek, and a small door on the opposite side. The water was running in the door and out of the gate on the opposite side, and taking everying that was light with it. My husband did not return for some time. I was there alone with my children, anxious and impatient. I did not know what to do. The water was running through and around the fort and pouring into the creek with the noise of a big cataract. About this time, and Indian boy came running to me saying, "Where is the big rope? There is a man in the creek going down stream." Instead of answering his question, in my anxiety I asked, "Who is it?" He replied by again asking who has got the big rope?" I finally answered I think it is down to Mr. Knight's, but I do not know: and away he went. The water continued to raise until it was within a few feet of our front door, and still my husband did not return. Weak as I was, I concluded to do the best I could to save the children and household goods. I sent my Indian boy out to see what was going on. He returned with the information that everybody was moving onto the higher ground above the houses. I concluded it was time I was doing so, too. With the assistance of the boy, I moved the beds and carpet back of the house, made camp, moved the children and put them to bed. After moving our household goods to the new location, as I was much exhausted, I lay down myself. It was not yet daylight. When my husband came and found the water near our house he began hunting for his family. He soon found us camped on the hill-side with our neighbors. He said the whole town was under water. Day soon began to dawn, and I saw the big rope which the Indian boy had so anxiously inquired for in the night, stretched from the house of Mr. Knight's to some large shade trees and from there to the fort door. Jacob Hamblin was carrying the Swiss woman on his

back out of the Fort, and holding on to the rope to prevent being washed away by the torrent of water. My husband told me that he had previously gone into the Fort to bring out a 10 year old boy. When brother Hamblin started across the stream the boy was careless and did not hold to him properly, in consequence of which brother Hamblin stumbled and they both fell down in the rolling torrent. Brother Hamblin's hat fell off, and in the effort to get it, they went into deeper water and for a short time went rolling down stream. However, brother Hamblin caught his hat and as well held on to the boy. Just as the stream was about to sweep them around the corner of the Fort, into a still more dangerous place, he succeeded in drawing the boy with him out of the deepest part of the current, against the Fort. He made his way back into the Fort and remained there until the rope was better arranged, when he made his escape with the boy. Before it was dark that evening the water began to go down. There was a large amount of grain stored in the Fort which it was thought advisable to remove, as fast as possible. All the Swiss camp that could be spared assisted in removing it to the higher ground. The men exerted themselves but before all the grain and molasses could be removed, the fort and its contents were carried off into the raging flood. One dwelling house after another followed the Fort, until nearly all the homes of the settlement had disappeared. That evening was very dark. It appears that Jacob Hamblin thought he would look over the bank and see how much the water had receded. While he was looking down, down went the bank into the flood and him with it. Fortunately, the amount of earth was so large that it was a a few minutes before it was all swept away, and he was so fortunate as to be on the part that remained a short time. He yelled for the rope; some one

said that it was of no use for he was already gone. He heard this, yelled the more but his voice was drowned in the roaring waters. But with the fear that he was already gone every possible exertion had been made to use the rope for his rescue. It was thrown over the bank, and, fortunately, he was still there to seize it. He put it around his body under his arms, and his friends above began to raise him, just as the dirt where he stood was sliding into the stream. He was soon safe once more. He said he feared he was gone that time, but the Lord saved him as he had done many times before.

The following day, after the water had subsided, through our fields and where the grist-mill and our houses had stood, was a gulch several rods wide and forty or fifty feet deep. In the bottom of this gulch we found springs where we obtained water for family use. To me it seemed frightful. Steps were made in the bank but I was afraid that if I got down in there I could not get back again. In this flood went down one town, Fort, grist-mill and much of the farming land on which stood many beautiful shade and fruit trees. The results of years of toil and privation passed away like a dream or night vision, down to the river Colorado and the sea.

Soon after this sweeping misfortune we moved about two miles down the Santa Clara on toa large bottom. There a town site was located and surveyed. We moved what we had saved from the flood on to one of the lots, and commenced again to make a home. My husband hired adobies made, dug a cellar, walled it up with rock, and built a house over it with three rooms. We hired a carpenter to finish it before the coming October.

Being Bishop of the Ward, it was Brother Judd's duty to see that a schoolhouse was built as soon as possible. He urged the trustees to clear the brush

from the ground and the foundation was laid immediately and a school-house was soon built. The walls of our new house were laid up and the shingles for the roof on the ground, when brother Judd was called to go on a mission to the Navajo Indians with Elder Jacob Hamblin and others. My husband had fenced our town lot and set it out with shade and fruit trees.

About the time they were growing well, he was taken with chills and fever. The fever would often make him quite light headed. The war between the Northern and Southern States was then raging and, when reading the news, he would sometimes imagine he was taking an active part in the battles, although his health was poor, when the time came he started on his mission into Arizona.

At the time the Navajo nation was in an uproar, United States troops were driving and killing them on their Eastern frontier. The navajos met our brethren, after they had crossed the Colorado, and threatened to kill them. But the brethern tried to persuade them that they were friends and in no way connected with those who were killing and driving. The Indians replied, that they were white men like those who were making war on them, but if they would leave at once they should conclude that they were not spies. The brethern concluded it was wisdom to turn back. Some were herding horses, others cooking breakfast, etc. George A., the son of President George A. Smith, went, with others to gather up the horses, when on the way to camp an animal belonging to him ran back among the Navajo horses. The young man went back after it, and, for a short time, was not in sight of his comoanions. He was young and inexperienced. Two or three rode up to him, one of whom asked him to let him see his pistol. Not suspecting treachery, young Smith handed it to

him, when the treacherous Navajo shot him with it. His companions heard the firing and hastened to his rescue. They found him on the ground by the side of the trail, badly wounded with three shots in him. He was carried to camp and the brethern packed their animals and took the trail for home. Brother Johiel McConnell carried young Smith, in front of him on his mule, until he died, when they were compelled, by the pursuing Navajos to lay the body by the trail unburied. It was a fatiguing, sorrowful trip, and the more fatiguing because sorrowful.

I felt considerable uneasiness when my husband left home as he was so unwell that he could hardly ride. But all who were called to go, went and were three months from home. An afflicting accident occurred at home while the brethren were gone on this trip. Duane Hamblin, a son of Jacob Hamblin, was killed during his father's absence by the caving in of a bank when he was working on an irrigation ditch. He was a promising young man, had lately returned from a mission, and had been married only four or five months. His young wife remained until a stone was placed at the head of her husband's grave, when she returned to her people in the northern part of the territory.

The missionaries suffered considerable for food on their trip. Some provisions they had buried on the way out had been found by Indians. They had been compelled to eat some wolf meat for want of anything better. All is well that ends well. Through the mercies of God they arrived home safe and sound. It was sorrowful to leave one of their companions unburried on the desert, and the loss of young Hamblin was a very afflicting affair, but the survivors were thankful that matters were no worse.

In this year, 1862, we bought an Indian girl whom we called Nellie. In

1867 she married a young Indian, had a boy baby, and in a year she went off with the wild Indians. She often came and washed for the white women and would tell them that her mother taught her to spin as well as to wash. Before our Indian boy, Lamoni, died, he told her that she would die as he was going to die, if she remained with the white folks, as the food of the white folks would kill the Indians if they eat it. She took his counsel; married a wilk Indian, and went off with his people.

Of necessity, home manufactures were still carried on. I spun yarn for four small shawls, and for three coverlids. Our weaving was done in other settlements. Our home began to be nice and cool for our shade and fruit trees, and our grape vines had grown luxuriently.

The flood had washed away much of our best farming land and what was left we had divided with our near neighbors, the Swiss until we were rather short. My husband farmed five miles up the creek where he raised some excellent crops.

In the fall of 1863, my children had what was called the putrid sore throat. A Doctor of our people attended them but with all our care our little four year old Lois died on October 12, and we burried her beside her sister. This month of October since the flood, seemed more sickly than before.

Time passed on and on April 3, 1864 our son Ezra Abner was born. This summer we thought best to go to the vallies about 75 miles north west of Santa Clara where there were good places to make dairying farms. Several families felt as we did, like moving to a more healthy climate. We located for the summer at Meadow Valley. Soon after we went there the place proved to be near a silver mine. Our men took up claims on different levels. Miners soon

came in and there was plenty of company. Some of them camped below us to cut hay.

They soon had trouble with the Indians, who appeared determined to fight it out with them. Our people moved close together and prepared to guard themselves day and night. Some Indians were caught and put under guard. They caused considerable trouble. One broke and ran away, and I never saw such running before. One man shot at him, but he ran all the faster. He went like a kite in the wind. He beat both men and horses, and was soon out of sight behind the low mountains in the distance. Other Indians tried to get away and fought like Blood hounds. I think one of the prisoners was killed during these efforts to escape. This made more trouble. Our people sent an armed force from other settlements to protect us and our stock. These events took place in the months of August and September 1864.

We, with several other families, returned to the Santa Clara to spend the winter. Some fifty men remained to guard the stock of our people and of the miners. I felt more fear after we had reached our home, than I had done when away where I saw all that was going on around me. Our two Indian children always seemed quite a safeguard to us. We drove our horses and cattle, consisting of about 25 head, home with us. During the summer we had made quite a supply of butter and cheese.

In the spring of 1865, we sold out our home on the Santa Clara, and moved to Eagle Valley. In going out we lay by two or three days with an old acquantence. Some of his neighbors children had the measles. Soon after we arrived at our new home, two of my husband's brother's children and three of our own were taken down with the disease. My baby, Ezra Abner Judd, died with it at

Eagle Valley, April 26, 1865.

For safety in case of trouble with Indians, we lived in a fort for two or three years. In this place my daughter Esther was born April 9, 1866, also Asa Walter, August 28, 1868. My sister came to see me and concluded to remain awhile. We moved on to our city lots, and my husband fenced his field and divided his pasture from his hay ground and built a barn. Our son Samuel Ami was born in Eagle Valley, August 14, 1870.

The following winter Mr. Judd began to build a frame house one and one-half stories high. Before it was completed we left our home in Eagle Valley and moved to Kanab, near the southern boundry of Utah, Eagle valley being discovered to be in Nevada. Here we found a mild climate, the land unclaimed, and consequently a good place to make homes. In time we homesteaded our farm land and obtained the title to our town lots under the Town Site Law. In this place, January 30, 1873, a son was born to us whom we called James Arthur. He died at Kanab, May 3, 1878. Another son, William Leonard was born May 2, 1874.

This year there was quite a stir made by an effort to establish what was called the United Order. The men put their property together and worked in common. The effort to unite personal financial interests was a failure. Our son, William Leonard died at Kanab, August 20, 1875. Our daughter, Mary Gertrude, was born at Kanab June 23, 1876. June 18, 1880, our son Arza Orange or Orin was born. At his birth he weighed 12 pounds. He died in Kanab, March 2, 1881. In September 1881, our oldest son, Zadoc Knapp, was called on a mission to the Southern States. Our son, Henry Eli took him and a brother to the railroad station, 250 miles, and our son left Salt Lake City for his

field of labor after the October Conference.

Our son, John Seal, was born December 17, 1881, and died May 28, 1882.

I will now give a genealogy of my Father's Mother's people, Thomas Sharp. Born about A. D. 1680 in England. Emigrated to Stratford, Conneticut, U. S. It was then 1700. In 1701 he married Lydia Dickinson, daughter of William who emigrated to Stratford and was the son of the Reverend Frederick Dickinson of England.

Thomas Sharp was a surveyor of highways. He and his heirs acquired several hundred acres of land in Newton. He died in 1712, leaving five children whose names are: Thomas, born in March 18, 1702, died 17 April 1765. Mary, born October 10, 1703. (Newton Record, Book two, Page 254.) William, born August 19, 1705. (Newton Record, Book two, Page 254.) John, born February 1, 1708. (Newton Record, Book two, Page 254.) Elizabeth B., born April 18, 1712. (Newton Record, Book two, Page 254.)

Thomas Sharp, of Newtown, son of Thomas and Lydia, married Sarah Crozier, daughter of Richard and Granddaughter of William Crozier. She was born February 17, 1745. Children: Thomas, bron May 28, 1746, died March 4, 1805. Lydia, born December 16, 1748. John, born November 12, 1750; married Phedina Lake. Elekim, born December 5, 1752; married Hester Wetmore. Jessie, born January 30, 1755. Sarah, born March 25, 1760; married John Blake Case; was a soldier of the Revolution. Ruth, born January 1, 1777; married Shadrack Peck. Jessie, son of Thomas and Sarah, married, had children. Sally, married a Mr. Yale. John, born 1790, married W. Kate Lawsen. He died October 27, 1825.

William, born; married Miss Beardsley, daughter of Moses.

Lydia, married William Dart; lived in Stratford, or Huntington. Nancy, married Levi Dart, brother of William Dart. Homosey, married Joel Calkins. David, went to sea when young and never returned.

Jessie Sharp, in the records of the Town of Derby, Vol. 11, Page 126 is named as one of the original propritors of the Quaken Farm purchased and a tract of land was set off to him at a place called Good Hill Rock on the easterly side of the highway adjoining the great river, also another piece of land lying westerly of the highway next to river for a fishing place. The above is taken from the Sharp genealogy.

Joseph Dart the 1st, of Stratford. Dart Geneology. Children: William Dart married Lydia Ann Sharpe. Joseph Jr. married Hannah Beardsley of Huntington. Anna married Joseph Lyman, born July 28, 1842; She died June 3, 1855. Eunice. Enerette married a man by the name of _____ Poor in Meadville Pennsylvania; Witts Dart born. Levi G. Dart married Nancy M. Sharp, daughter of Jessie Sharpe. Benjamin was a soldier in the revoloutionary war, married a Dutch woman said to have had 12 children. Their name was differently spelled. It was spelled Dort. He returned to Stratford in 1847 or 1848. His youngest son's name was Daniel Benjamin, visited by G. L. Dart in Peru, Indiana, 1855 went to Lexington, Kentucky and died there about 1860.

William Dart, son of Joseph the 1st lived in Stratford Connecticut married Lydia M. Sharpe. Their children were: William Jr. was a merchant in New York City in 1830. The Monroe town record shows that William Dart of Huntington married Molly B. Sharp July 6, 1826. Had 2 or 3 or more children in 1830. Levi Dart Married his cousin Maria Sharp.

John Dart, born November 11, 1809, married Lucy Ann Roberts. She was born

November 7, 1814, died July 6, 1850. Lucius Hart born, married, had 2 children boys, was a sailor, was drowned in sight of home in Bridgeport Conneticut. The circumstance of his death are: He had engaged his services as a sailor on board a ship. His folks were much opposed to his going because they had seen a light out on the water which at first was scarcely noticed, but it grew larger and larger until it assumed the shape and size of a man; but his promise was cut and he must go but said this would be his last trip. He went, and being called up in the night to manage the helm, by some accident was knocked overboard and lost. His widow married again and went to Maine or Massachusetts.

Nancy Moriar born November 14, 1814 in Stratford, married James Spence. He was born in Tully, New York, November 12, 1810, died August 4, 1873. George, born in Stratford died aged 12 years when going to mill was run over with a loaded cart and killed.

William Hart, son of Joseph and grandson of Joseph, was a sailor when young he went to China where or when they would not allow any foreigner to enter their city unless dressed in silk and blindfolded. He complied and was lead in where he saw them drying tea on copper plates. On July 15, 1815, in company with John Wheeler and John Sharp, William Hart started from New York for England for the purpose of getting possession of property which of right they supposed belonged to them. After a voyage of 37 days they arrived in England but after weeks of fruitless labor John Sharp was taken sick and died and was buried in St. John's churchyard at Liverpool. His two companions returned to America. William Hart died away from home having valuable papers in his possession which his folks never got. The valuable papers were in a leather

belt around his body, died in Huntington, Conneticut. This same William Dart ~~died away from home has~~ married Lydia Ann Sharpe, daughter of Jessie Sharp, son of Thomas and Sarah Crazier Sharp. Thomas was son of Thomas and Lydia Dickerson Sharp who emigrated to Stratford Connecticut from England about 1700. Lydia Ann Sharp Dart died in 1817.

Levi Dart, son of William and Lydia Sharp Dart married his cousin Maria Sharp. He built a frame house on the _____ River above Captain Cook's grist-mill and bridge and below the railroad. His brother, John helped him haul brick and lumber for the same. Children born in Connecticut: Lydia M. Dart, born 1832, married a Mr. Hawkes, he died, she married a Mr. Smith, had children by both husbands. Hawkes killed in war of the Rebellion. Nancy Mariah born April 13, 1836, married George Sellek, born October 6, 1832 . Had children.

George Dart, son of William and Lydia Sharp Dart, born in Stratford, Connecticut about 1816. Was killed by being run over with a cart when going to mill at the age of 12 years.

A short sketch of the life of John Dart, son of William and Lydia Sharp Dart. Born November 11, 1810 at Stratford, Connecticut. His mother died when he was 8 years old. His father apprenticed him to a blacksmith to learn the trade. November 24, 1831, he married Lucy Ann Roberts in Monroe, Connecticut. She was born November 7, 1814 in Monroe, Connecticut. Two children were born. From here they moved to York State. McLean from there moved to Grotton Thompkins Co. In the two above places, four children were born. He built a frame house, two stories high and a store house and carried on the mercantile business for alivlihood. While here he was sick for one year, nigh unto

death. During his sickness his partner in business took advantage of him and got him to sign papers which took away from him all of his property.

His doctor now advised him to go to the sea shore to regain his health. He went to Bridgeport, Connecticut and took charge of the Drawbridge and Toll Gate. He lived there one year. He lived at the point East Bridgeport, for three months. He then went to Stratford, Connecticut and bought a house and lot of a Mr. Bruce. Mr. Lewis was our nearest neighbor. Mr. H_____, was next. Another was a Mr. Revere from Spain, who kept many servants. Also Mr. Peck attended the gristmill. There were all wealthy farmers and dairy men. Three more children were born here. In the spring of 1849, he sold his place to Mr. Gilbert, and started for the west; having previously been visited by his brother-in-law, Sidney Roberts, who preached Mormon Doctrine to him. Therefore, he concluded to go west and investigate the principles. After traveling over two thousand miles he landed at Council Bluffs, where he bought a large farm and stock cows and oxen for the farm.

In the spring of 1850, with a large wagon and four yokes of cattle, he left his new home and started to the West. The first days travel brought him to a place where the Mormon's were gathering and preparing their wagons and outfit for crossing the Plains.

He crossed the Missouri at the mouth of the Platte River, and traveled up the Platte on the south side. After the few days travel brought the company into an extensive marshy country covered with a rank growth of vegetation; the place was naturally sickly. Before getting through this marsh and mud the wagon mired down and the wagon tongue was broken and being in the rear he was left behind. Before help could be obtained and the wagon and folks got out,

the Cholora made its appearance in his family, being the first of its appearance in the company. This was June 28, 1850. His son, George died before obertaking the company. That same evening, his daughter, Harriet ". died. That night a very heavy thunderstorm raged. Both were burried before leaving that campground. Next morning his wife was taken sick, before the wagon was gotten out of the mud, but lived to reach Ft. Lairimy. One June 20, he was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, by an Elder. His wife died July 6, 1850. Nothing worthy of note 'till he arrived at Utah. Late in the fall at Provo he made the acquaintance of a Mr. Ewing, a Blacksmith. Here he staye' during the winter. In the spring, a call was made for volunteers to go to Parowan, Iron County. He volunteered and went here. He fenced a farm, built a house, raised a crop, and live' here three years. While here two of his oldest girls marrie'. October 16, 1853, he started for San Bernardino California with the remainder of his family; two boys and two small girls. At San Bernardino he bought a farm, also had a place in the city, and put his children in School. Lived there 8 or 9 years. Went from there to Kansas and married Amanda Cogswell. Because of the war which was then raging between the North and South he took his two daughters back to Grotton, New York, and left them with their aunts Nancy Part Spence, Parmelia Foot and Paulina Tousey, and Harriet Fortiner. The girls remained there until after the war was over. In the meantime he returned to his wife Amanda. Here he engaged in Merchandise and trade with the Union Soldiers. His son, James, was sent out for a load of provisions into Missouri, coming in contact with the opposite party. He was killed for wearing a blue soldier coat. As the boy did not return in time, his father went in search and found the son had

been killed, yet he got his team and brought the boy's body home.

From here he went to Shady Bend and settled a homestead 1/4 section of land, improved it, and made a home and lived here until 6 children were born. His two daughters returned from Grotten, New York and were married in Kansas. He died December 1, 1877, at Shady Bend, and was burried in Lincoln Center, Lincoln County, Kansas. So ends the life of John Hart, greatly mourned by his family, children, wife. His daughter, Josephene Amanda Green now lives there and puts flowers on his grave.

I will now continue my own sketch. After the death of our son, John Cal, we still lived here at home. Our son Zadok Knapp Judd, Jr., returned from his mission of two years absence. In 1884, he was married to Miss Ada M. Howell, January 23, 1884. This year they homesteaded a quarter-section of land 160 acres and built two section houses and made a well. In due course of time our daughter Esther, was married to John M. Ford, January 22, 1886. We had a new house, two stories high, built 1880. Our son, Asa W. Judd, was called on a mission to Europe, May 3, 1887. He started for Salt Lake City, by way of St. George, to Milford.

We are living in a comfortable home and the city lot is covered with fruit trees, vines and bushes, a small Lucerne patch which is our summer feed for our horses, cows, pigs, chickens, and ducks. This lot is the fifty place my husband has made since our marriage. Good homes that some one is enjoying the fruit of in divers places in Utah. And here are our children: Lucinda with her ten children and a lot covered with beautiful fruit trees and Knapp,

Eli and Esther all have lots the same. Those that are married have homes of their own and land to till and raise all that can be produced in a southern climate. Here in my comfortable home I would like to stay, the rest of my days, if my children and grandchildren felt the same and I would like to keep those dear to me close by, but if they sought other climes, that thereby they might better their conditions in life, I should be tempted to follow, because all the comfort I can take in this or any other life will be in the company of all my children and grandchildren, and my only hope is in teaching them to keep in that path that leads to truth and life eternal and to keep the ten Commandments that the Lord gave unto Moses and <u>All</u> the good books teach: The Book of Mormon, Doctrine & Covenants, Pearl of Great Price, and the Bible. My parents always told us their children, "it is better to beg than steal", so I want my children to live honest, honorable, and upright lives and have praying hearts and respect for themselves and all men. This I desire: all who have any claim upon me. My husband was Bishop, seven or eight years, and has been Sunday School Superintendent, School Trustee, Sunday School and Ward teacher the greatest part of his life. In his younger days he enlisted in the Mormon Battallion and crossed the Continent with the Battalion with his pack upon his back. He also learned the Sailors trade. He now follows various trades such as cooper, Carpenter, Farmer, Bee Keeper, and Har-

Patriarchal Blessing given by Isaac Morley, Ft. Clara, Utah, 1860, upon the head of Mary A. Hart Judd, born March 31, 1836, Town of Groton, Tompkins County, New York. Daughter of Lucy Ann Roberts and John Hart.

Sister Mary, in name of the Lord Jesus, I lay my hands upon thy head to seal the blessing of a father and Patriarch upon you, that the blessings of the Father may be sealed upon your heart and memory. I bless you as a mother at the head of they family, to enjoy all of the blessings in common with they partner according to the Patriarchal order of God. Thy little ones are given thee of the Lord to the occupancy of thy stewardship; cherish in thy bossom the attributes of love, fidelity, virtue and faith, in so doing, these attributes will rest upon the hearts of thy children, from generation to generation. They shall grow up as tender plants around thy table; they will be given thee in the morning of the resurection, that the blessings of the fathers may be fulfilled upon thy head. Cherish therefore, the spirit of truth and faith in the Lord, thy God, and he shall be thy friend, he will be thy council. Through the spirit of my office and calling, in the name of Jesus, I seal thee up into eternal lives in the name of Jesus. Amen and Amen.

ON A LIBRARY

Speak low, tread softly, through these halls,
Here genius lives enshrined,
Here lives in silent majesty,
The monarchs of the mind.
A mighty spirit host they come,
From every age and clime,
Shove the buried wrecks of years,
They brest the tide of time.
And in their presence chamber here,
They hold their regal state,
And round them throng a noble train,
The gifted and the great.

Oh Child of earth well round thy faith,
The storms of life arise,
And when thy brothers pass thee by,
With stern, unloving eyes,
Here shall the seraphs chant for thee,
The sweetest holiest lays.
And Prophets wait to guide thy steps
In wisdoms pleasant ways.
Come with these God anointed Kings,
Be thou companions here.
And in the mighty realm of mine,
Thou shall go forth a peer.

Taken from "Gems of Genius" by Anne B. Lynch Botta

Harowan, Iron County, Utah. January 19, 1884. A blessing by Patriarch Elisha H. Groves. Upon the head of Mary M. Hart Jun.; daughter of John and Ruth Ann Roberts Hart. Born March 21, 1836. Town of Groton, Tompkins County, New York.

Sister Mary, in the name of Jesus of Nazareth, and by power of the Holy Priesthood in me vested, I place my hands upon thy head, to bless thee with a Patriarchal and Father's blessing. I say unto thee that in as much as thou desireth the blessing of the Heavenly Father to rest upon thee, thou must treasure up knowledge and wisdom, keeping all the commandments of the Lord thy God, and blessings of the most high shall rest upon thee for thou art a daughter of Abraham, of the loins of Joseph, of the blood of Ephraim, descended through thy mother. Thou hast a right to the gifts and blessings, privileges, and powers which pertain to the Holy Priesthood, in common with they husband, thou must assist thy husband in the ordinances of the house of the Lord to the redemption of the dead. Thou art a mother in Israel, thy posterity shall arise after thee and administer u to thee in thy old age and shall become a blessing unto thee and thou shalt bless them. Peace shall

dwell in thy habitation; thou shalt enjoy of the fruits of the earth. Thy bread shall be sure unto thee. If thou desirest with all thy heart, keeping all the commandments of the Lord, thy God, plying thy heart to wisdom and prudence thou shalt not be brought down to the grave. Thou mayest behold the winding up scene of this wicked generation, the reign of peace established upon the earth. Thou shalt receive of the spirit of prophecy when the Lord thy God, shall pour out his spirit upon all flesh thou shall receive thy inheritance with the sons of Ephraim in common with thy husband, being exalted and glorified with thy benefactor. Therefore, let thy heart be comforted, be thou faithfull and these blessings shall be sure unto thee. I seal them upon thee upon to everlasting life in the name of Jesus of Nazereth, ever so. Amen.

Thomas A. Dowel, Clerk

A true copy of the original, copied by Esther A. Judd Ford.

A DREAM

I dreamed I went to a beautiful city with lovely green shade trees on each side of the streets and snow white houses glittering through to the streets. In the distance, I saw a Temple of God and I had a desire, a great and longing desire to enter therein; so I approached the Temple and as I came near I perceived a doorkeeper standing at the door. I stepped up to him requesting the favor to enter. He then spoke to me to learn if I was worthy of such a blessing. I being worthy passed on and inside I beheld a large number of people who were worthy of entering. I was led on through several rooms and up a flight of stairs in the distance. I saw as it were the vale of Eternity. I pressed forward untill I could see through the other side and

there I saw one of my cousins, George Roberts, sitting on a seat, his face to me and Aunt Emma with her face to him. He was talking earnestly to her and did not see me. I cast my eyes farther on and there saw my Grandfather, William Dant, sitting on another seat alone. His head bent over in a reflective mind. I was anxious to speak to them but they were on the other side of the Veil and I could not: when I did have the opportunity of going on through these relatives were not there and all the seats were empty. In the distance I saw stairs eight or ten steps high and on the top my Grandparents Roberts, standing looking at me and smiling. Grandmother raised her hand and beckoned to me to come up those steps to the Celestial Place or door, it seemed to me, but I shook my head at her as much as to say to her I could not come then. When I looked again, Grandfather and grandmother had passed on to the Celestial city.

A DREAM

I thought it was in the autumn and a very pleasant afternoon, and I would go out to the harvest fields and see the grain and as I went forth I beheld a large plain of field that was most beautiful to behold. As I drew near I saw that the grain was all cut and placed in a large shocks. As I approached the whole field of shocks of wheat rose upright and turned toward me, and all together it seemed made their bow to me. I stood in wonder and amazement to see the grain making their absense to me then I awoke and lo, it was a Dream.

A DREAM

On one beautiful night I thought I would go to that beautiful city of shady bowers, and coming forth from the house, I closed the door behind me and stood a moment on the ste . I saw some very nice, large, shade trees, and thought I would stroll a little by moonlight, so I passed out of the gate and on the side-walk. I came near a shade tree, and as I neared I heard a whispered conversation and looked to see from whence it came and under the large shade trees, I saw a semi-circle of warriors. At their head was General Washington, who was in earnest conversation with his men. They all were looking intently at him. He noticed, I turned my gaze and saw two or three other groups at no great distance under other trees, and it seemed to me they were an guard of our President, and the quorum of the twelve, that were in a house near by. The house was such a fine large building with spires, I thought it could be none other but a temple or so . I then awoke.

A DREAM

I dreamed I went to the temple, and up to a large room above. I was there with many others who were calling the names of dear departed dead ones. I stepped to a wondow, which was raised and looked down to the earth. To my astonishment there was a large army of men all gazing upwards to the windows from one of which I was looking out. All the men had their heads uncovered. I tried to see if any women were with them. I looked here and all sedes but not one woman met my eager gaze. The men seemed as if expecting to hear their names called by those inside the Temple. I desired to see if any of my kins-people were there, but did not see one I could recognize. Someone spoke to me and_____ are not here but there, and pointed to a

large and beautiful _____ whose walls shone more splendid than the sun at noonday. _____ could see the spires of a Temple and domes of churches shining _____ brilliant rays of the sun. It seemed brighter than any thing I had ever seen. I awoke and behold it was only a dream.

(This is a record that was with the manuscript. I couldn't find just where in the record it came so I am putting it at the end.)

Luke Benis Roberts, had three sons: John Benedick, Daniel Bly, and Luke. Some daughters: one Polley who married one, Mr. Stevens. There was one Mr. Roberts, who lived at Benits Bridge, Connecticut.

Marcus Roberts, son of John B., died at Bermingham, Rieco, Ohio.

Gabarel Baldwin Roberts, son of John B., died in Macon Georgia., Gebruary 14, 1886. His home, he had two daughters: Celia, who died young, Lilian married Mr. Solomon. They have eight children. Gabarel B. Roberts first wife: Mary Ann Stiles, died. Second wife: Elizbeth Roberts, lives at Macon, Georgia.

Hosia Roberts, lived and died at Sagatoer, Connecticut, west of Bridgeport, Ct.

Permelia Roberts Foot, died Oct. 4, 1883, at Grotton, Pompkins County, New York. She sent for all of her kin to be at her funeral.

Arther Laning, son of Sobina Jane Towsey Laning, and Dr. Oliver Laning who died September 17, 1876, are living in her home as they took care of her in her last years. Her husband, James Foot, died years before. Polley Ann Fornum Roberts, daughter of Willeam, who was son of Peter Farnum. She died at her home at Cold Spring, Botsford, Connecticut, August 9, 1885 or 1886.

Julius Roberts, and Harriet Whitlock, were married September 13, 1886, in Monroe, Connecticut.

David Towsey, died at his home in McLean, New York, July 24, 1884, age 74

years, his wife now lives. Her name is: Polina Roberts Towsey.

Alfred Whitmore died in 1866, in Grotton City Tomkins County, New York, where his family lived after his death.

Margaret, Daughter of William and Emma Roberts Serine, died January 1864.

Charles Roberts, born August 3, son of Jusius and Polley Ann Roberts, lives at Hattertown. Born also David Roberts, brother of Charles, lives at Southford, Connecticut. There are Frank and Flora Roberts, cousins five near.

One Sir Marcus Lyons A. Lawier, lives in Ithica, New York, by whom Mrs. Phebe M. Dart Meriman, was sumonced to speak to here the last will and testament read of Permelia Foot, as were her three other sisters; Mary M. Dart Judd, Rosellae Dart Base, and Josiphine A. Dart Green, as well as other relatives, from Connecticut, Georgia, and South Carolina.

John Wesley, brother of Hosie Roberts, and Anes Sharp, were married in Monroe. Anes was born August 10, 1790. They had three sons born in Monroe, Connecticut.

John W. Roberts, born March 7, 1825, Died May 22, 1846.

Eligah M. Roberts, Born July 22, 1827, died August 18, 1841.

Henry Sharp Roberts, born March 9, 1830, died June 5, 1855.

George W. Serine of Greenville, is Superintendent of a coach at that place, Greenville, South Carolina.

Sidney Roberts, son of John Benedick, died at Manosh, Millard County, Utah, where his widow now resides at there home, Dartford, Wisconsin. Was named after Dr. Anson Dart, one of the original owners of the land. Richard Dart Esq. lives in Ripon, Fondulace Co. Wisconsin. Oliver Dart Esq. lived in the same Co. He is dead also his son Gorge W. Dart, died in May, 1888.

George L. Dart, Merchant, died in Peru, Indiana, about 1884. He had three wives. Died before himself.