



**William Decatur
Kartchner**



**Margaret Jane
Casteel**



William Decatur Kartchner

**WILLIAM DECATUR KARTCHNER
&
MARGARET JANE CASTEEL**

William:

Born: 4 May 1820 to John Christopher Kartchner and Prudence Wilcox in Harford, Haverford, Montgomery, Pennsylvania

Died: 14 May 1892 Snowflake, Navajo, Arizona

Married: Margaret Jane Casteel 21 Mar 1844 in Hancock County, Illinois

Had 11 children: Sarah Emma, William Ammon, Prudence Jane, John, Mark, Elisha, James Peter, Alzada Sophia, Mary Marinda (Mindie), Nowlin Decatur, Orrin, Euphemia Ardemonia

Married: Elizabeth Gale (plural wife) 5 Dec 1862 Beaver, Utah

Had 8 children: Aaron, Culver, Minnie, Byrtleson, Darien, Elsie, Etta, Melva.

Margaret Jane:

Born: 1 Sep 1825 to Jacob I. Casteel and Sarah Nowlin in Cooper County, Missouri

Died: 11 Aug. 1881 Snowflake, Navajo, Arizona

William and Margaret came to Utah in 1847, Captain Emmett company, escorted by members of the Mormon Battalion.

Note: in 1970, William and Margaret had 3004 descendants, including 54 sets of twins.

Decatur Kartchner

Hartford, Montgomery, Pennsylvania was the birthplace of William Decatur Kartchner. He was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints May 8, 1843. Mr. Kartchner started westward with the Mississippi Saints, and failing to meet the pioneer company under Brigham Young as planned en route, he wintered in Pueblo, Colorado with other members of the company and the sick detachment of the Mormon Battalion quartered there. This group of southern Saints entered Salt Lake Valley a few days behind the vanguard company.

Mr. Kartchner assisted in the building of the Old Fort where the winter of 1847-48 was spent. In the spring he moved his family to Holladay where he took up land. In 1851, in answer to a call from the Church authorities, William journeyed to San Bernardino, California, to aid in the settlement of that Mormon outpost. When the Saints were called home in 1858, he and his family made their way to Beaver, Utah. Later he spent some time in the Muddy Mission, Panguitch, and Parowan, then went to Arizona. In both Parowan, Iron County and Snowflake, Arizona he served as postmaster.

Always an active and conscientious worker in the Church he was ordained a Seventy, served as superintendent of the Sunday School, ward and block teacher. His first wife, Margaret Jane Casteel, came to Utah with him. He later married Elizabeth Gale, daughter of Henry Gale of Australia who came to Utah with an oxteam company. William was the father of twenty-one children. Five years before his death Mr. Kartchner lost his eyesight. He passed away in Snowflake, Arizona May 14, 1892.

MEMOIRS

of

WILLIAM DECATUR KARTCHNER

My fathers history written by his own hand.

Typed from the original

(Found at the Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah)

JOHN KARTCHNER

A present to my son Arza

About the year 1730, George, William, and John Walton came to this country from England, arriving in Virginia in the early part of the year. Here they separated, George located in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, where he became a prominent lawyer and statesman and a member of the first Continental Congress which convened in Philadelphia in the year 1774. William also located in Philadelphia and John, the youngest, removed to Georgia, where he had much to do with the political affairs of the state, being a member of the third Congress held in Philadelphia, Penn.

But little is recorded of the heroic deeds of the Waltons. During the struggles of the Americans with the Indians and also in the Revolutionary War and contentions they lectured through the country in favor of Continental Rule and when that sacred document, the **Declaration of Independence was written, the Hon. George Walton was among the first who signed their names to it.** George and William lectured in the neighboring towns encouraging the citizens to volunteer in defense of constitutional rights and William Walton, M.D. did much valuable service for the country as physician and surgeon in comforting the sick and wounded of the American Army.

William Walton had an interesting family. He resided in Philadelphia where his property soon became very valuable. His daughter became acquainted with a young man by the name of Wilcox from England and soon became his happy bride. Mr. Wilcox was a papermaker by trade and soon became the owner of a paper mill some thirteen miles west from Philadelphia and carried on a lively business for what was called handmill for as yet machine mills had not been invented. They hauled their paper to Philadelphia market and sold an bought rags, vitriol and other material as was needed for carrying on the paper making business.

About the year 1750, Mr. Kartchner, then a boy of ten summers, arrived in Philadelphia from Germany, grew to manhood and became acquainted with a lovely German girl and was married. They would occasionally speak to each other in German, but used English language for common talk. But little was recorded of his deeds he being a private citizen. They resided in Philadelphia in comfortable circumstances and their son, John Christopher, was born 29 August 1784.

John Christopher was very fond of sailing and loved to build little boats and let them drift in the Delaware. He became a very interesting boy for his dexterity and activity. He would go to the top of hills where groves of hickory saplings lay beneath and climb one and bending down the tops of others and changing trees, passing with such force as to carry him with great speed

which he called flying science. At that date, boxing schools were considered to be the foremost part of a young man's education and after receiving his lessons would practice with his play fellows. He became second to none and soon became a dread to his enemies in consequences of his ability in fisticuffing. He was a boy of few words and never quarreled with his fellows but took special pleasure in punishing offenders. The first appearance of his indignation was made known by a blow well aimed and could only have a comparison by the kick of a mule and followed up with such quick successive blows that a man was whipped before he could have time to recover himself.

Mr. John Wilcox, husband of Sarah Walton, was a papermaker by trade and soon became the owner of a paper mill some thirteen miles west of Philadelphia, and carried on a lively business for what was called a haand mill as the machine mill had not yet been invented. They hauled their paper to Phladelphia where they bought rags and vitriol and other materials as were needed for carrying on the paper making business.

John C. saw an inducement to join the papermaking trade and went as apprentice to Mr. Wilcox and soon gained the admiration of his master by his promptitude and firmness. Fear had no placed within him and if a hard trip or dangerous exploit came up it was well known to all that John C. was able for it and on returning home would many times pick up black snakes and place in his bosom and let them make their appearance at pleasure.

He once caught one of these reptiles unobserved, going from the mill to the house to dinner and placing it in his bosom it lay still in his warm bosom until they were all seated to the table eating dinner. The serpent, smelling the victuals was induced to stretch forth his head to the consternation of all the company. With one accord all jumped back, falling pell-mell to extricate themselves from the approaching danger and the whole scene was enjoyed by a quiet smile by John C..

Mr. Wilcox had six children by Mrs. Wilcox: William, James, John, Prudence, Sarah and Ann. The three boys became famous for papermaking. John C. became much attached to Miss Prudence, who was born 6 December 1787, and being raised together almost, thus they became much attached to each other and were married about the year 1804 or 5. Sarah Wilcox was married to a Mr. Ellis, a blacksmith, who would occasionally disturb the peace under the influence of whiskey and was of but little worth to his fellows excepting the good done hammering iron. Ann Wilcox was a virtuous old maid who was much skilled in embroidery and lived and died at the house of her sister Prudence, age about forty, at a place called Manayunk, six miles west of Philadelphia. She was buried in the old Baptist Church yard on the Ridge Road, one mile north of residence. Sarah Ellis lived in Philadelphia until about the year 1830. She took a fever and died. What became of Ellis was unknown to me.

Prudence Wilcox Kartchner had seven children: Caroline, Peter Wolliver, Margaret, Mark, John C., William and Sarah Ann. Caroline was born 11 October 1810, and in 1812 the war broke out and Prudence's husband, John C., volunteered and went on shipboard and landed at

Mobile; from thence to New Orleans immediately under General Jackson's command. During his absence Peter Wolliver was born 29 August 1812. On John C's arrival home he was greatly rejoiced over his warrior, as he called him.

(In the battle of New Orleans they were commanded to wait until they could see the whites of the eyes of their English intruders before they fired. After passing through these bloody scenes it seemed to beget within them a general hatred toward the Englishmen and many were abused under the influence of this antipathy. Their children were traditioned to hate the English and the children of the Orleans troops followed their example well. They would appoint times and places to meet the English boys for battle and offer two-to one. These battles would generally result in bloody faces on both sides; the American boys thinking they had the best of it.)

Margaret was born 9 July 1814. She married James Webb, a Yorkshireman and blacksmith, contrary to the wishes of her father's family.

John C., the father, went to work for himself papermaking and soon became the proprietor of a mill. Business being brisk he hired hands and took apprentices, finally taking a partner in the business by name of William Wolliver, his wife's cousin, who kept a book and paper store in Philadelphia who received the paper and sold and bought rags, vitriol and material for the mill. Thus it ran along for some years, apparently prospering and at the time John C., sent by the regular teamster for money and goods to pay hands Mr. Wolliver pronounced the firm broke. Well known to John C., to the contrary notwithstanding, went immediately to Philadelphia to the store but books and things were so arranged as to be impossible to save himself. He returned home, much down-countenanced but resolved to go ahead but the news was circulated soon that Kartchner-Wolliver & Co., were broke and soon the mill was attached and sold for debts. The mill was situated eight miles west of Philadelphia on Mill Creek. This course of things so discouraged John C., that he took to drink to drown trouble and would resent the least appearance of insult until it became a common thing for him to fight for not only his own wrongs but would fight for his supposed friends.

Another son was born 13 November 1816, called after himself, John C. Junior. About this time he decided to emigrate to the west of Ohio but his wife, Prudence, objected. He now worked journeywork from one mill to another and finally went to the Catskill Mountains and worked most part of one year, drinking hard and fighting often. It began to tell on him. He came home sick and was nursed well again and went to work near his home. He thought of entering suit against Mr. Wilcox for his wife's part of an estate in Philadelphia left to his children by Mr. Wilcox but was drinking too much to save up a beginning.

Mark was born April 18, 1819 and died April 23, 1819. Another son was born, 4 May 1820 at Hartfordtown, Montgomery Co., Penn. He wanted to name the boy Decatur after Commodore Decatur. Prudence wished to call his name William after her mother's father, William Walton, so they called the boy **William Decatur. This boy became the writer of this history.**

John C., became much careworn from the once happy business agent papermaker down to what they called journeyman worker. He was never known to quarrel with a man, Mr. Lavern told me, but would fight on the least intimation of insult. Time passed swiftly without much interest to him.

John C., was a great Jackson man. I was with him at the poles of an election when a man cried out, "Hurrah for Clay". No sooner had he said this than John C., confronted him, squared and struck him to the ground. Another took it up and a second was felled to the ground and the third under went the same punishment. The man held to him and a short encounter followed on the ground. I was following crying for my father and by the time I could reach the spot all was over and Mr. Lavern said three men whipped.

A daughter was born 7 September 1823. They called their daughter Sara Ann after her two aunts. About this time John C., moved his family to Manayunk and shortly after John Wilcox, my mother's youngest brother, came from Bucks Co., Penn., to visit the family. He was a young man and a great musician. He had three instruments, violin, clarinet, and flute, which was very amusing to me and I think brightened up the dull scenes of our home considerably.

My father worked in the Manayunk Mills and my uncle, also a papermaker, worked with him and lived with my father. It was common for men to work by piece and would generally complete their day's work by two or three o'clock and then amuse the family with the sweet strains of music of evenings. My mother also worked in the paper mill in the room called the soul, picking paper and had her baby under the bench and a touch with her foot would keep it quiet in a kind of box cradle.

In the winter of 1825 my father took sick by excessive drink and exposure. Took very bad with rheumatic fever. All was done that could be thought of by the medical faculty of that day without success. The old school doctor was then thought to be foremost in the healing acts. My father lingered, receiving no benefit from anything until April 2, 1826. He died leaving my mother with five children in poverty to support. Our connections came from Philadelphia and Bucks Co., to the funeral, which was a large attendance of carriages. His remains were interred in the Dutch Churchyard seven miles southwest of Manayunk. I was sitting on my uncle John's lap and put my head out the window of the carriage when a sudden jolt caused the window to strike my chin which resulted in my tongue being bitten which caused me to renew my sobs and tears.

I remained with mother some one year and she moved eight miles southwest to Mill Creek to Telenders Paper Mills. Peter W., was apprenticed. My brother, John C., worked in the mill for wages. My mother also picked paper at a low rate of pay. I was sent to school to a Mr. Hoffman, a Universalist. One evening while coming from school a young man was imposing upon me and plaguing me when I tried to get away from him by running but when all my efforts were in vain. At last I fought with him and he punished me severely. When we arrived at the mill my brother, John C., saw the affair and called him to account for his conduct. The young

man answered saying he would punish him the same if he interfered. They soon came together and without much talk a severe encounter ensued in which both were punished. My brother had knocked out of joint both thumbs and before the mill hands came to them and parted them they had become desperate, and when parted the young man was carried home and remained in bed some days.

In the spring my mother took me to Mr. McKnight's to be his cowboy. I remained during the summer. I thought the days a week long and cried to go home but they were very kind to me and gave me presents but I suffered in mind very much. In the course of autumn Mr. McKnight died of consumption and was buried in the same yard that my father's remains were buried the year before. Soon after Mr. James McKnight came to administer the estate. He was very kind to me and petted me which I had been used to at home and would take me with him in the old gig to the tavern. He gave me the money to pay the hostler and for the drinks. I felt quite to home again until the business was settled. He returned to his home in Bucks Co., and I returned to my mother. My parting with Mrs. Shoster, the lady who kept house for the consumptive old bachelor, was tender by this time.

My uncle John came to visit my mother to Mill Creek and took me with him to stay one year as lay boy as he had rented a paper mill seven miles northeast of Manayunk. My brother Peter was about to be whipped by Garret Hender, his master. When he turned on him, tore a large lag from a spinning wheel and went for him. He was sued by his master for assault and battery; soon afterwards Peter ran away and went to the far west and then south as far as New Orleans; came back to Memphis, sick and had many warm hearted friends.

Next spring my uncle John took me with the family visiting my mother. She had moved to Manayunk. I stayed with her and went to work in a woolen mill, the next winter at very low wages. Next spring she sent me to school to a Mr. Murphy but I hated the school room and learned nothing. I begged to go to the factory to work. At last she consented and I went to work in a cotton factory piecing rolls on a mule. I received two dollars per week and generally fifty cents for spending money which I bought tobacco with. The residue I kept in a small stone jug. I commenced the use of tobacco before I was five years old. I worked in cotton factory until I was twelve years old when my little finger of my right hand was caught in the cog wheels. I was laid up six weeks with it. I refused to return to the factory. My mother said I must either go to the factory or go learn a trade that she could not support me. She wanted me to learn the carpenter trade but I chose the blacksmith trade and was bound by indenture to Benjamin Miles for seven years and six months with a consideration of receiving one quarter of day school and one quarter night school. The year before my brother, John C., went apprentice to learn the coachsmith business at ninety-six dollars per year and board.

My mother joined the old Baptist Church soon after my fathers death. He was an infidel and would not allow his family to attend sectarian meetings. He and Mr. Lavern once arranged a hogshead for a minister (Methodist) to stand on to preach and so fixed the hoops that a hard stamp would knock the head in and in the midst of his sermon he commenced stamping and at once dropped into the empty hogshead out of sight of his audience to the surprise of all but

father and Mr. Lavern who were enjoying a hearty laugh at the expense of Acre Brown the preachers name.

In 1833, one night my mother happened to be up in the night and said the stars were falling from heaven and she waked the older members of the family. She was not excited but many of the citizens were upon their knees praying and thought the world was at an end. About the year 1834 mother married a Mr. Francis B. Collins, a nephew of Collins, the noted ax maker at Harpers Ferry, Virginia. They moved to Kingsington, Philadelphia.

During this time I was working hard early and late and did not get enough to eat. Our breakfast was a half mackerel for four large boys, apprentices, a small parcel of light bread and two cups of water stained a little with coffee. In the winter time I was called up at three in the morning to make fires and then call the cook. Breakfast was eaten and ready for work at daylight. We had dinner at twelve and supper at five P.M. and continued work until eight P.M. The winter of 1835 we were allowed to knock off at seven P.M. and go to night school, hours from seven to ten P.M. five nights per week. The teacher remarked that he had not seen anybody learn faster than I could. I, at that time, had time allowed me to go to school. I could receive an education easier than any other period of my life but I was wanted in the shop and taken from school and was worked very hard by day and occasionally all night, until the spring of 1836.

As natural for boys to want to play, I had no other time to play except after night and on one occasion I stayed until after nine o'clock and when I went to the house the doors were locked and I went to the stable and took shelter in the haymow.. the first time I had ever slept out of doors. I had comfortable quarters and in the morning I went to work as usual in the shop and as it was customary for the old boss to stay in the house until after breakfast and have family prayers the other hands worked until eight o'clock, stopped for breakfast in summer and in winter, breakfast before daylight. On the above-named morning I went with the other hands to breakfast and to my surprise Mr. Miles had in preparation a large, tapering, stick three feet long and one inch at the butt and tapering to the size of a rattail file which he used on my back so unmerciful as to raise a solid scab half the length of my back. My cries were heard by all the neighbors. I could not eat but was required to labor all the same. My friend Mr. Marswine advised to sue Mr. Miles which I did at noon and went to work as usual. Soon after Mr. Miles came to me and taking me by the hair, pulled and slapped first one side then the other, punishing me severely. Again we were notified to attend trial and my statement, with my back made bare to sight, was not heard or seen and I was ordered back to work and be a good boy. The next morning I arose early and ran away to my mother in Philadelphia, a distance of six miles and stayed with her for two weeks when she required me to accompany her to Manayunk when a new trial commenced before Mr. Murphy. As before a kind of mock trial went on and my mother, having no money to carry on the suit, was dismissed. I was told to go back like a good boy. I told the court I was a poor orphan without money and would have to submit but was not satisfied. I went back but resolved in my own mind to never do good for that man again.

I had become very handy in the shop. I took every opportunity of making small irons for the neighbors. One of my friends, being a saddler, required a great many rings and hooks for which

he paid me in money. This state of things went on some six weeks during which time my oldest brother came from the western country. He told me, after hearing my grievance, he wanted me to run away and go with him which suited my feelings. I had by this time laid up five dollars. I told my brother the small amount of money saved up and asked him if that was enough to bear expenses. He said, Yes, that I could go without a cent. We set the time for two weeks to start on a Sunday morning as I would have one day start should I be pursued. Meantime I went to Philadelphia, on next Sunday, to visit my little sister Sarah Ann as my mother had married and moved to Harpers Ferry, Petersburg. Va., and left me with Mr. Miles and Sara Ann with a cousin who was keeping a store in Philadelphia, by name of Myrtle Shay.

When Sunday came again I put on two shirts and two pairs of pants for a start for I had to go through the room the folks were sitting in and when I had traveled one mile and half I met my brother at the bridge where we had appointed to meet. We talked matters over and found that I had left some letters in my old hat box that would reveal my course of travel and he advised me to return and destroy them and in doing so I had to work one week more for my old boss. The next Sunday I started again with my self clothed as before. As I arrived at the locks, one and half mile above town, I found a union packer ready to start. I made an engagement with the Captain, a fine young man, to work my passage. He left me at the helm while he ran to the other end of the boat and found that I was able to steer the boat and after that he took a passage on the stage by land, some twenty miles, and left me to run the boat. As I sounded the horn to land at a town I saw the Captain standing on the wharf awaiting the arrival of the boat. He expressed himself well pleased with the hands and I continued as helmsman, crossed the Susquehanna and up the Union Canal.

As I was running into the locks of Harrisburg I gave the horn a toot to warn the locksman to open chambers. My brother Peter hallowed, "Is that you, boy?" I answered in the affirmative. Here I met my two brothers 150 miles from home. The good captain took them aboard. We traveled with him to Blairsville, from there to Pittsburgh, 46 miles on foot. I was so tired the last five miles I walked between my brothers, supported with locked arms. In the morning we bought a skiff and hoisted a blanket. At Wheeling we got aboard a flat boat and helped to man it. At Cincinnati brother John and myself soon found situations in a carriage shop. I received five dollars, my brother eight dollars per week. Brother Peter hired to go to New Orleans. We remained until fall when hearing nothing from Peter we closed business and took passage on the steamboat William Penn to Cairo then got aboard the Mediator bound for New Orleans but we landed at Memphis, Tenn. Mr. Shaver of LaGrange was down to purchase Oikpic Springs for the firm of Col. Gress and Shaver carrying on a carriage shop at LaGrange. He had heard that there were two boys, springmakers, from Philadelphia. He soon made our acquaintance and hired us to go to Lagrange, fifty miles. He purchased spring steel instead of springs.

As soon as we arrived we commenced making springs. The shop was visited by many to see the Yankee boys make springs as they called us. We worked until the next June. A great many were sick with fever and we feared the fever and so settled up and went to Memphis, took the steamboat United States for St. Louis, then took steamboat for the Illinois River where we found James Webb, who married my oldest sister, carrying on a wagon shop. We hired. I took the fire at twelve dollars per month and John was helper at twenty-five dollars per month. I worked two

months then demanded thirty dollars per month which was agreed to at once. My brother, John, fell out and quit and went to chopping cord wood and made but little while I became foreman of the shop. I got my own price per day. Finally brother Peter came to see us and in a few weeks he and John went down the river, leaving me at Naples, Ill., the sickliest place I have ever been since. I stayed until the fall of 1839.

Brother Peter wrote to me that he had entered land in Washington Co., Ill., and wanted me to come and bring a set of blacksmith tools. Accordingly I settled up, bought the tools and a wood-work of a wagon, iron and steel. My brother-in-law fitted up a flat boat and put on six wagons, bound for Alton. I put my tools, wagon and things aboard and fastened my yawl and shoved off. He and I were captain, mate and crew. Arriving at Alton safely, he sold out and I put my things in my yawl and shoved off alone for Illinoistown. On the passage I met a large steamboat whose waves came near sending my irons to the bottom. With hard wind and keeping to bow to wave I was saved and landed safely. Putting my goods in a warehouse I then walked to my brothers. We hired a team and I went after my things.

I set up shop; John, trader; Peter, farmer; thus we went into co-partnership but my older brothers could not agree so we held a council in which I was chosen chairman and was chosen Chief Advisor. After that we would council together but my word decided all cases. We prospered and gained in property very fast. It was my motto to keep the word of the firm good. We were able to borrow money or buy on credit and became well known in the country as a trading firm. People wishing to exchange animals or wagons must be accommodated. If we dis-accommodated ourselves, we brought a great many people to the place to trade and make business in the shop.

I was disgusted with keeping batch and went to board at Thomas Nelsons, 400 yards from our place. While there I was very fond of reading and called for some history to read. Nelson handed me some Latter Day Saints works, Parleys writings, "Voice of Warning", etc., I read with increasing interest. Toward the last of April, 1842, my brothers, Peter and John, came home from St. Louis county where they had been at work during the winter months and I was induced by them to go back into bachelors quarters again. Peter was chief cook and we hastened to put in our spring crop.

During the summer Peter was courting a Miss Lucinda Herrin and married in the fall. He brought her to our bachelor home and lived agreeable for some three months. By this time Mrs. P. Kartchner (Peter) showed decided preference, favoring myself to John, a disturbance was the consequence. My shirts were washed and ironed and put away carefully while brother John's were left in the dirt. I told her it would cause disturbance and that we would get our washing done elsewhere but she agreed to do our washing on my account.

In the summer of '42, Peter bought a place four miles west of the old place and finally moved to it . Early that winter John and myself took our teams and went and helped improve, hauling timbers and nails. The spring of 1843, John and myself put in our crops at our old place and all seemed well until the 7th of May. Thomas Nelson told me there were two Mormon Elders at the free settlement, ten miles below. I saddled my horse and rode down, stayed over night and was baptized, the 8th of May 1843. My brother John heard of it before I returned home and met me at our gate and asked me if I had been baptized by them damned Mormons. I answered in the affirmative. He damned me and the Mormons. I tried to pacify him but to no purpose. This was the first disturbance between him and me and that which was formerly my whole delight for my future home was now loathsome. I bore it one month, during which time my whole faculties were exercised in prayer and study which led me to flee to the Church for peace and safety, which I did in June.

I went straight to the Prophet's house, had an interview which was very agreeable and consoling. I worked on the Temple some time and was baptized in the river for my father and other dead relatives. Returned home late in the fall, stayed with John that fall and sold out to him in the November or December. I then took my blacksmith tools in a small wagon drawn by my favorite mule, located on Bear Creek, put up a hickory log shop and worked the winter twenty miles below Nauvoo.

During the winter I became acquainted with brother Jacob I. Casteel's family and became familiar with Margaret Jane and was married to her by Elder James B. Hamilton on 17th of March 1844. I moved my shop and lodgings to my father-in-laws. The mob was threatening the settlers and I stood guard the greater part of the winter and during a very wet spring. My father-in-law was called on a mission in company with Alfred D. Young to go to Tennessee. About that time my brother John came to see me from Naples, Illinois and visited Nauvoo. I was taken with rheumatism caused by exposure standing guard at night with a continued rain for six weeks.

On one occasion we sent express to Nauvoo. Most of the small ravines swam the horses and the day the mob was to meet to go to Carthage, an express was sent to Nauvoo from our county to raise a force to go guard the jail but not meeting with success. The leading Apostles were absent on missions and the Temple committee was urged to raise the force but Reynolds Cahoon opposed the enterprise, saying that Joseph left word for them to stay at home. He advised them to do so and the result was two of the best men upon the earth were martyred. The mobbers numbered some over 150 and as soon as this horrid deed was perpetrated, the mobbers and citizens fled, leaving Carthage in a fright.

About this time a wagon drove to Carthage from Nauvoo and the bodies were put in and were placed in the hall of Joseph's mansion for two days for the afflicted Saints to gaze upon, passing in at one door and out the other. At this time I was helpless with rheumatism and could not move hand or foot, until the first of July when I was able to be out again.

The Nauvoo Temple was rapidly progressing to completion. The sisters were called upon to furnish the window glass. Margaret Jane, my wife, donated or gave an offering in money for that object. I was unable to work during that summer. An expedition was ordered by Joseph the Prophet, prior to his martyrdom for a few families to migrate to the Missouri River and put in crops preparatory to the Church moving from Nauvoo westward. Under the charge of Bro. James Emmett and John L Butler, his councilor. I was called upon to go, being just married, as they wanted young men mostly . I was instructed to keep it a secret as all would want to go if word went forth that we were going west. This instruction was given us by Zacariah D. Wilson, the Presiding High Priest of Liberty Branch, situated on the head of Bear Creek, twenty miles below Nauvoo. We were told by Brother Wilson that he was in the highest court on the earth and were told at this council in Nauvoo to council the company to not to ask council of Brigham Young as he would see our faint-heartedness and would, of course, discourage those asking such advice.

Sometime in September I sent my blacksmith tools to Nauvoo to be put aboard a flat boat. It was manned by Capt. Emmett, his son Simpson, Williams, Cardner Potter and their families. It was towed by a rope by men on shore until opposite the Iowa River. They crossed and went up the Iowa River to Iowa City where they sold their boat, while those taking wagons and teams crossed at Burlington. They made a rendezvous about ten miles above Iowa City and built small log cabins where they wintered during which time the men worked in the surrounding settlements for provisions. Capt. Emmett gathered from the Sisters at this camp their feather beds and jewelry and sent them below and sold them for grain and other supposed requisites.

Early in March of 1845 we were ordered to yoke up and move up the river for the teams were mostly oxen. At this juncture our provisions were placed in provision wagons except for a few sacks of grain which were placed in my wagon and others he could trust and we began to draw rations. As our wagons were loaded heavy on the start, my young wife and others able to walk were compelled to walk many times in water shoemouth deep for we had no road and many of us had our feet so swollen we could scarcely put on our shoes in the morning.

We traveled slowly up the river to recruit the stock. Our rations were reduced to one gill of corn to the person and at this time Bro. Hinman numbered the camp and found it to be 130 souls but on reducing rations caused complaints and desertions. Capt. Emmett appropriated the property left to his own use and discouraged others by starving them, designing to make himself the owner of the stock left.

By the middle of May we left Iowa River. Our course was across a large prairie toward the Sioux Indian country and many became dissatisfied as we were traveling to the north of Council Bluff, our supposed destination. While on the Iowa River we found maple trees from which we made some sugar which we used while crossing this large prairie. At Sioux River rations were stopped for three days. We dug Sioux roots and wild onions and a little maple sugar we had saved. We made a raft of dry cottonwood logs and by means of a rope crossed our wagons, twenty-two in number. Emmett would tantalize the camp from time to time, saying he had all he could eat and to spare and I think it true for I had supplied myself with good fat pork before

starting and never saw any of it after putting our provisions into common stock. Emmett was seen cooking pork and beans many times while the general camp lived on a gill of corn per head a day without salt.

While on the Iowa River, Zachariah Wilson, formerly Pres. of Liberty Branch, privately told those he had counseled to emigrate with this company that Capt. Emmett was intending to go and lead the company north of Council Bluffs, the first intended destination of our journey and advised all that he had been the president of to stop and return to Nauvoo. Capt. Emmett found out Wilson's advising part of the company thus and called a general meeting of the company to investigate. His lifeguards were ordered to load their guns with powder and ball and be ready at a minute's warning to form a line and be prompt to execute any order by the sergeant of the guard that would be given the signal. We formed the line, I being one of the said guard. Capt. Emmett formed at the head of the company with sword and two pistols belted on him and rifle in hand. He said in an excited tone, "We are called together to investigate this mutiny in the camp." He told the consequence of division, also his decision to put a stop to it by calling these life-guards to execute the offenders. He talked at length, when about closing he named Zachariah D. Wilson as chief offender and thought of executing him at the root of the tree he was sitting on. Wilson sobbed loud in the bitterness of his soul, expecting every moment to receive his death ordered, when I advanced one step and said if Wilson was guilty of crime he should not be executed without a fair jury trial which every American citizen was entitled to; that I would see he had his rights, which caused quite an excitement in the meeting and it was soon dispersed to their several wagons and tents.

That night, soon after dark, I was called upon by Simpson Emmett, the Captain's son, and three others and disarmed of my weapons except my butcher knife and told that I was no longer a life-guard and my rations would be reduced, which was then only one gill of corn without salt.

Billy Edwards came to me next day and slapped me on the shoulder and said, "William, you are a true democrat and no coward" that he was going back and wished me to go along. I told him, no, I would go to the end of all this. He, Mr. Russel, wife and two boys, Thomas Edwards, Thomas Edwards, Jr., William Edwards, Chester Loveland and family Page, Sister Hart, Jimmie Nelson, Rebecca, his wife, John Flowers and family, Wiley Flowers, (left his family), Samuel Coon and family, Elicsi St. Marie and family, Stephen F. Casteel and his sister Ememine, formerly wife of John Savage, James Hickman and family, and others with Zachariah Wilson and wife, went back down Iowa River to Iowa City. John Flowers was so starved and reduced he could not walk and undertook to go to a house. When he arrived in the settlements in search of food he walked part way and gave out and continued by walking on his hands and knees.

After this company had rested two weeks they returned with the sheriff for their property. They looked so fat I thought they must be bloated but they told me it was solid fat. Capt. Emmett fled in haste. The officer arrested John L. Butler, Lyman Hinman, William Potter, Gardner Potter, Armstead Moffitt and as Enoch Burns passed my tent a man hollered, "There goes another damned rascal, catch him" and he was arrested, taken back to Iowa City and put in jail and tried

for being in with Emmett depriving the above named of their property. After investigation they were discharged and came back to our camp.

After John L. Butler visited Naauvoo, he came back and encouraged us to follow Emmett, and we would be all right, said he had seen an angel in Nauvoo who had spoken favorably of the camp. We drove out on a very large prairie without road or trail and came to a small creek - I thought Skunk Creek. Traveled on some distance and came to a swift river with steep banks, I thought the Des Moines, a rocky ford. Traveled four days and came to a deep creek, no timber. We placed two poles across and slid the wagons across on their axletrees. Traveled northwest several days on the same prairie and came to the Sioux River. We made a cottonwood raft, was three days working hard, to cross. Our women hunted Sioux Roots and wild onions to eat, as Emmett stopped our rations while we crossed the river. First days travel after crossing the river a party of men came to us, said they lived at Fort Vermillion a few miles due West and invited us to the Fort. They gave us some dried Buffalo meat to eat. I thought it was the best thing I ever ate. It was very fat and our starved systems seemed to crave grease.

The next day we drove to the Fort, camped a little above, and Emmett hunted up and down the river for a place to cross. Failing to find one we moved down a little below the Fort and camped in a circle as usual. Captain Emmett rode his horse ahead and made the circle, turning the wagon tongues in so by placing the tongues on the hind wheel, made a corral. The French and Indians came into camp and accused us of being starved which made Emmett mad. They pressed their hands on their cheeks and pointed to our cheeks. I told them I wanted some meat, and they brought meat and roasting ears to my father-in-law and me, and those who acted mad like Emmett, did without this luxury.

A few days passed in camp and a Mr. Henrie, a half Frenchman, told me his wife, an Indian, was gone to St. Paul, or Peter's Lane, three hundred miles, and if my wife would come over and cook for him we could board with him. We gladly accepted his offer and took our bedding, leaving our things in camp, which caused Emmett to feel jealous, fearing we would relate his tyrannical rule over us, but we did not say a word further than we were migrating to find a farming country, and had run short of provisions.

I was insulted many times by Emmett for leaving camp. After a continued abuse, Emmett wanted some blacksmith work done, sent word for me to come back into camp and go to work or he would bring me by force. In a few days he and others went to St. Peter's and left word with vice-president John L. Butler to bring me back to camp. Butler came and talked to me to get me to go back and work in the Blacksmith shop. I told him that Emmett's abuse must be made right first, and he let me alone. A few days after Emmett had gone, Butler came and asked me if I was going to camp. I told him I would consider it. He said he would give me until the next day at 2 o'clock P.M. and if I was not on the road or in camp by that time he would bring me by force. This raised my combative bump to resist it. I told my wife I expected to resist their forcing me back to camp, but said nothing to the Frenchman. At two o'clock the next day I was sitting in the Frenchman's door when I saw them coming for me. It was common for us to wear a belt and knife which was the only weapon I had to defend myself in the attack.

John L. Butler, Lyman Hinman, and William Potter had now come to take me to camp. Brother Hinman was a friend to everybody, and talked kind to me. When on a sudden Butler asked me if I was ready to go to camp, I said I was not going. By this time I was on my feet in the yard ready for the attack. My wife said afterward, my face wore an expression of desperation and they put their heads together and I expected them to spring upon me any minute. But to my surprise they left me silently.

A steam boat had gone up the Missouri River to trade for furs. This trip was made once a year. I determined that if I could get a passage on board I would. About the 16th of July, it came down and I went aboard and secured a passage to St. Louis, I told Mr. Henrie I was going, and the word got out and Butler, Holt and Potter was watching my every move. Mr. Henrie and his Indians made up two large parflesh full of dried meat for us to take along.

My wife and I carried our chest to the boat landing. I went back two hundred yards for something when I saw Potter coming toward me with a desperate look. I hastened back to the boat and he ran after me, I believed with bad intent. I ran on the boat. Butler and Holt was searching my chest, and took all my valuables even to my bullet molds. I started to see what they were doing when my wife said, "Stay on the boat". Butler accused me of stealing a pot. My wife said her mother had owned the pot ever since she could remember. We left everything, team, wagon, and tools, and sweet was the sacrifice compared with the starvation and oppressions and abuse we had endured for eight months past.

We were treated very kindly by the boat man. Captain Emmett took my wife's feather bed and wedding gifts and trinkets, so the last search by brother Butler left us very destitute. No clothes except that which we had on. The boat man saw our destitute condition and gave us shirts, pants, coats, some calico, and sheeting. A rich French gentleman, traveling for his health, gave me two blankets and ten dollars in silver, for which I thanked him and blessed him in the name of the God of Jacob.

We were invited to eat in the cabin where every luxury was furnished and two weeks of July were thus passed away and we found ourselves in St. Louis. I found my brother-in-law James Webb, he took us to his hotel and gave us dinner, and gave us recommend to his place ninety miles down the river, Yankee Town. We took steamboat passage down the river and after a nine hour ride landed, finding my oldest sister and her family all well but very proud, we were beneath her notice.

In one week, we were so common and unpretending, I rented a house of a gentleman by the name of Mr. Powell, a rich southern farmer. My young wife took sick with intermittent fever and was very low. My sister was alone, but seldom came to see her, but Mrs. Powell often came and gave us medicine and administered to her wants. For the first time I laid my hands on my wife and prayed for her recovery, with all the faith I could muster, and the vomiting was stopped gradually.

As soon as she was out of danger, I crossed the river, went on foot sixty miles east to see my brother John who lived in Washington County, Illinois. He saddled two horses, we started back to see his sister-in-law. He bought some necessaries and provisions and visited three days and went back after wagon and team.

He was gone one week and came back to the opposite side of the river, and we ferried our things over in a skiff, it was the latter part of August. We lived with him comfortable and happy during the fall and winter. He gave me the farm we were living on and said after we had lived on it for five years he would make us a deed for it.

The Spring of 1846 came and I learned some Mormons were going West from the six mile prairie, and John Brown from the nine mile.

My brother had some blood hounds and we did take real comfort in hunting the Raccoon until this Company was making preparations to start to the Rocky Mountains which exercised my mind greatly. Finally, Brother Crow heard that I was used to camp life and came to see me and offered me a wagon and half a team and wished me to furnish the other half and haul 1,000 pounds for him, which caused my brother to tremble, fearing I was going to leave again.

I told him I would rather be a Mormon's dog than to stay in that country, when my people had been robbed, pillaged, murdered, and now exterminating orders issued for them to leave the United States. And on the first day of March, 1846 we started in what was known as the Mississippi company. Crossing at St. Louis and traveled up through Jackson County, Mo. to Independence, and soon after organized our company with William Crosby, Captain.

About the middle of June we arrived at Grand Island on the Platte River, where previous agreement had been made for President Brigham Young and Pioneer Camp to meet us. Not finding them after waiting one week we concluded to go southwest between two and three hundred miles and wait, for we were at the end of our instructions.

When we arrive at the Pueblo on Arkansas River, we found small farms of corn cultivated by Indians mostly and traders who had Indian squaws for wives, of whom we bought corn and prepared for winter quarters, building a row of log houses on the opposite bank of the river from Fort Pueblo.

When we had about completed the houses, a detachment of the Mormon Battalion, composed of the sick and disabled, under command of Captain James Brown and Captain Nelson Higgins, hearing of our camp on the Arkansas, was sent by Colonel Cook to our camp for a change of diet, as we were traveling emigrants and would have cows and plenty of milk, which was advised by the army sergeant by whom we learned the cause of President Young's delay. He had borrowed teams and wagons and when about to leave the Missouri River as pioneers to

seek a home for the Saints, was called upon for them by the owners, was thus hindered until the Spring of 1847 when the Lord opened the way.

Allow me to retract a little and go back to camp Pueblo, when it was determined to winter. Brother Robert Crow, by council of his wife, broke his obligations to furnish me and wife with provisions and turned us out of his wagon and withheld provisions, I made a camp under a large cotton-wood tree to the mercy of kind friends on an unsettled country. John Brown, a cousin of Sister Crow, gave us some flour and bacon and blessed us, and said we should have supplies in some way.

On the 17 of August 1846, our first little angel daughter was born, under that tree, under these destitute circumstances. Not knowing where succor was to come from to make Brother Brown's promise fulfilled.

When our babe was a week old, a messenger was sent from Bent's Fort, 80 miles below, for a blacksmith and the man brought a horse for me to ride. I recommended James Harmon as gunsmith who accompanied us. We started the next day, leaving my young wife and babe to the kindness of Catherine Holladay, no relation of John Holliday Sen. Two days of hard ride to the Fort.

Our first day out we encountered a large Grizzly bear and after a shot apiece from J. Harmon and myself, we broke him down in the back. He ran towards us dragging his hind parts, when Harmon drew his pistol and finished him. By this time Mr. Longlad's mule had taken him three hundred yards from the fun.

Our arrival at Bent's Fort was welcomed by Mr. Holt, the bushway of the Fort, or boss. I went to work and made what is known in shops by the name of Stag Horn in lieu of an anvil, on which Mr. Harmon welded the hub bands and other small work, while I welded the tires and set them, and did other heavy work. The work was mostly for the U.S. Army, under command of General Kearney, then under way for the scene of action, the Mexican war.

We worked until late in the fall, most of the time at two dollars each per day. We lay hard and slept cold, so that I had another attack of rheumatism and returned to Pueblo, sick, but with my money with which I was enabled to buy corn and an old wagon.

During my absence the part of the Mormon Battalion who was sick, under command of Captains Brown and Higgins, had come to our camp and built a row of cabins opposite our row of log cabins for winter quarters and placed over the doors, signs for sport. Over Brother Durfee's Mess door was the picture of an auger with the words, "Fool Killer Office". On inquiry found the above instrument was used for boring for simple barber poles by Taylor and Others, I found them witty and talented. The soldiers annoyed Captain Brown by writing and dropping near his quarters poetry calling him, The Old Linn Mall.

One night an alarm was given that five hundred Spaniards was close by, marching into camp. Tap of drum was heard from Jim Stuart's drum calling soldiers into line. Command was given by Captain Higgins, whose voice trembled, which was noticed by all so that it furnished fun for days to come. The Company of Spaniards proved to be a band of elk.

The sick soon began to mend from their Black-leg disease, after eating milk and mush for awhile, for which they exchanged their pickled pork and other rations which was a blessing to us.

It was at this place that Corporal Stephens fell from his animal and died in one week after, we buried him in a cotton-wood bark coffin, in the honors of War. It was here William Casto deserted. Captain Brown was intending to go himself in pursuit, but was advised to desist. Ebenezer Hanks and John Steele were sent and found him some forty miles away. After some persuasion he returned with them. He was then Court Marshaled and sentenced to haul wood for camp.

During the winter my wife went in snow knee deep many times to the grove one hundred yards away and carried a limb from the cotton-woods for fuel during my confinement with rheumatism.

During this time we received word that President Young and the Pioneers would start from Missouri River early in the Spring and that we were to intercept their company at Fort Laramie, and preparations for the journey made business for all.

I repaired my wagon, sitting on the bed before I could stand on my feet. My wife carried the parts of wagon to me needing repair, although kind friends helped us to get ready.

Sometime in April we were ready to start and Brother Sebert Shelton furnished a second yoke of oxen for me. I was unable to walk and Jackson Mayfield and his Brother John, and Lysander Woodert or Woodworth hunted my team and yoked them day after day. In a few days I could get out by the wagon tongue and by means of a small vise screwed to the wagon tongue, I, by use of files did many jobs of blacksmithing for the brethren. Also fit up one pair of spurs I had forged at Bents Fort. Arrived at the Chahely Pee River a tributary of the Platte River.

Amasa M. Lyman, one of the twelve, and Thomas Woolsey, sent from Pioneer camp with a message from President Young, met us on the above river. On meeting them, Brother John Hess ran embraced and kissed Amasa for joy. When our camp arrived at Laramie, the main road, we were three days behind the Pioneer camp and traveled about that distance from the main camp until we entered the Salt Lake Valley. President Young's health was poor. He, wife, and three or four other men lingered on the road so that we caught up within a few miles of his camp.

Thomas S. Williams the soldier of our camp, for we were all one camp, had appropriated one of Tim Goodle's horses and made a present to President Young, tying the horse to President Young's carriage. Tim being present told Mr. Young, "You must secure that horse or he will go to my band."

"Is he yours?"

"Yessir," was the reply.

Mr. Young loosed the horse saying, "That is where I want him to go".

We traveled a day or two behind the Pioneer Camp and arrived in Salt Lake City the 27th or 28th of July 1847. President Brigham Young and H. C. Kimball and other men of notoriety were our escorts and bid us welcome. We moved into Pioneer Camp on the Temple block and soon conformed to the general rule of being baptized for remission of sins.

My wife, Margaret Jane, was sick with the mountain fever, when we went to City Creek and was baptized by H. C. Kimball and was confirmed with all our former ordinations and blessings pronounced upon us.

We were directed to build a fort surrounding ten acres of land. We plowed a narrow strip outside of the line designed for the wall and turned on the water and tramped it with the oxen and made adobes and built the outside wall very thick with occasional portholes. We drew our lots or space inside to build our houses. My house was the third house north of the west gate of Old Fort. A liberty pole was erected in on the east side of the middle of the Fort. A short time after completion, one of the Mormon Battalion boys by name, Dan Brown, had his hands tied high to the pole and shirt off had several stripes administered on his bare back for stealing a lariat.

Burr Frost was the first blacksmith who put up shop and worked. My shop was the second in the valley which was on the west side of the Fort and tools furnished by Thomas S. Williams who never paid me a cent for my winters work in that shop.

Spring arrived, we were to farm as we had traveled, by ten's, fifties, and hundreds. The land our ten drew was on a high bench six miles southeast of the city and our captain John Holladay, Sr. asked permission from his captain for us to locate three miles farther south at a large spring. It was granted, and soon we moved out there, built a row of small houses and fenced a field.

My rheumatism had now settled in my ankles and feet and I stood on my knees to do the ditching and my portion of that fence.

During this time our breadstuff gave out, we had our lead ox killed, an old favorite of mine. I could not kill it myself, it would be like killing one of the family. So my neighbor John Sparks saw my predicament and went and killed him saying to me, "You had better skin that ox, for he is dead." It was very poor beef but was very good boiled with thistle roots I gathered daily. Our last bread was of a bushel of wheat I bought from our beloved Brother Parley P. Pratt, Sen. who had refused a ten dollar gold piece, and took one ton of hay from me for it. We could obtain no more for love nor money. I went to town and bought four pounds of flour at 50 cents per pound for our little girl, our only child.

One lovely morning, latter part of June 1848, our captain, Brother Holladay, came to me holding a quarter of a skillet loaf of bread on his hand, eating at the same time of it, and said "Brother William what under heavens are we to do for bread?" I told him to cheer up and pointing to a green piece of wheat saying "There is bread", and at that time I had not tasted of bread or any substance of grain for nearly two months, and he engaged me to cut it. I often visited the patch of wheat and as soon as it would rub out I had the greatest feast I ever had on any occasion. The appetite was so sharpened for bread.

In March was a very pleasant spell of winter. On the tenth William Matthews planted his corn, urged me to plant my morsel of seed, but as our next years bread depended upon the good use made of the few kernels of corn, I waited. A cold spell of weather set in in April and Mr. Matthews seed corn rotted in the ground but he had other seed corn to supply and planted a second time, and a third time replanted the same patch and he was put out with my slow actions.

My corn ground was plowed ready waiting one month, and on the 10th day of May I planted the long saved seed. It soon sprouted and came up to a hill. It grew and to my surprise began to shoot near the ground as I never saw Spanish corn grow before and had from six to eight ears to the hill and we had sufficient for bread for three families.

In October 1848, I went back on Emigration canyon to meet father-in-law and family. I met them on the big mountain. Soon after their arrival we all moved to Amasa's Survey. Built a two story log house with two apartments for the two families.

We hauled my abundant corn crop and shared equal and had some to spare with others. Next season we made a light crop of wheat and some corn.

Winter of 1849 the settling of the San Pete valley was agitated and father-in-law wished to go on account of good range for his cattle. Early spring, after a hard winter and deep snow in San Pete he came to visit us and during his stay one of his oxen was driven to Salt Lake City by some general drive being made. Gone one week and was found in President B. Young's possession, when called for he, B. Young, said, "What if my workmen will swear that ox has been here all winter and ate his head off?" It so confused father-in-law he went away and never got his ox. I urged him to commence suit in a Bishop's court, but he feared to offend President

Young and it remains unsettled. Father-in-law went back to San Pete afterwards called Manti and County by the former name, San Pete.

The winter of 1850, a project was set on foot by some of the Church authorities to plant a colony in Southern California and some families were chosen by Amasa Lyman and others by Charles C. Rich. Myself and family were chosen by the former. I declined going. When Amasa heard it he said, that if I refused to go he would cause me to have a worse mission which scared me as I had not received endowments. I thought I would be excused on that ground, but on February the 8th, I was notified to be at the Endowment House for that purpose.

On arriving was ordained into the Quorum of Seventies by Jedidiah M. Grant, afterwards placed in the nineteenth quorum and received endowments preparatory for the mission south. Met other families of the mission in the Endowment House. The winter was spent in preparing to start on the 13th of March 1851; started and arriving at Petaneet, afterwards called Payson.

We had organized into two companies, known as Parley's Company and Lyman and Rich Company. It seemed a great many more than were called were moving with us and President B. Young and H. Kimball called a meeting at this place and Heber preached and discouraged many from going.

The teams of our company were mostly oxen unshod and become footsore when on the desert, and many were left behind sore footed and for want of water. Brother Parley's company had mostly horse and mule teams and gained a month on us in traveling to California.

In order to raise some money, two wagons of Parley's company were sent back with light loads of groceries to Mohave to meet us, which worked well. They raised considerable money to pay their passage to Valpariso, South America.

First of July we camped in Cajon Pass and was counceled to remain there until a place could be purchased. Some few disobeyed and went to settlements. We remained in camp until September 1st instead, during which time I worked at blacksmithing under a sycamore tree, setting wagon tires and as no one was making anything the brethren burned coal for this work and were charged twelve and one half cents per tire.

During this time brothers Lyman and Rich bought a ranch known as San Bernardino and gave notes for the sum of \$77,500.00 with fifty head of cattle included. We moved to the ranch Sept. 1st. The sisters had hundreds of little chickens two months old to move. They had been raised in camp.

During our stay in camp, a stake was organized with David Seeley as President and Samuel Rolfe and Simion Andrews, councilors. Bishop, William Crosby with A.W. Collins and

William Matthews, councilors. So that when we moved to the ranch we were fully organized. The sycamore tree after was known as Conference tree while it lived. The writer passed there in March of 1861 on a business trip returning to Beaver, Utah and saw the tree was dead, being burned at the roots.

Brother Parley and company returned from South America the winter or fall of 1852.

In October we held the harvest feast in the meeting shed called Tabernacle, where the different kinds of products were exhibited. Corn stalks sixteen feet long, melons 38 pounds, and the mammoth pumpkins. A public dinner and dance and general good time were had.

The History of paying for San Bernardino, please allow me to omit as reflections would be unprofitable.

During our seven years stay many pilgrims came from Australia, mostly on their way to Salt Lake, Utah, the gathering place of the Saints. Also, a mammoth organ came from Australia, a donation to the saints of Salt Lake City, I gave five dollars for freighting it. It was in the care of Brother Ridges, freighted by Sidney Tanner.

In 1855, the crops of San Bernardino were a failure and Brother Lyman and Rich, two of the apostles, held a two day meeting and concluded to send missionaries to all the counties and principle cities of California. Eighty-four Elders were called to go. I was called to go in company with John D. Holladay to Santa Barbara on the Pacific coast. We journeyed with many other Elders enroute for our field of labor holding meetings in camp every pleasant evening enjoying much of the holy spirit.

Myself and fellow laborer were left at the city of Santa Barbara, our field of labor. We posted notices after obtaining the use of the court house for next Sunday. As our meeting in the Court House was put off Sunday, I proposed to brother Holladay that we spend the five days in the upper coasts part of the country. Brother Holladay declined going but blessed me in going.

I took a young man with me by the name of John Matthews, next day in the Town of Carpenteria, I found a few Spanish Settlers, but I could not speak the Spanish language sufficiently at that time to preach to them.

A few miles farther, I found a man from New York State, a farmer, who was having his small grain threshed with a large threshing machine and about fifteen men were at work. Soon they stopped for dinner and while resting I presented them with church works to read. I waited and assisted Mr. Balandingham to unharness, when he asked me if I was a Mormon Elder. I told him I was. He said when a boy he lived at the hill where Joseph Smith found the gold plates and wanted to know if the Mormons increased in number or otherwise, and when I told him

that the people had grown from a town to a Territory of 240 cities and towns and an extent of five hundred miles of country, he cursed the Mormons for increasing. He asked me if Brigham Young prophesied as did Joseph Smith. I answered yes, and fifteen thousand Elders also prophesied that if this generation did not give heed to the warning voice of the Elders of the Church, the Lord would come out of His hiding place and vex the nations.

At this moment we loosed the neck yoke and he drew it over my head and said he would kill a damn Mormon any time. I remarked, looking him in the eye, "You would not hurt me". "No", said he, "I believe you are an honest man, but damnly duped by others". He said to wait until the second table and he took me in and gave me a good dinner with restrictions not to speak to his women on no occasion with drawn fist toward me, which I was careful to obey.

We traveled a few miles South and found a friendly feeling toward us, preached and left a favorable impression toward the people we represented. Traveled toward Santa Barbara, arrived there Saturday evening; found Brother Holladay downhearted and lonesome. We met affectionately.

Next day, Sunday, we preached in the Court House to a large congregation, a very hot day in August. We became very thirsty and seeing one of my upper coast converts in the congregation was favored by him with a pitcher of water and a glass. We had a great flow of the Spirit and services continued for two hours. Bore a faithful testimony and warned them of judgments to come. Returned home in September 1856, raised a fine crop, paid all of our surplus property to Lyman and C.C. Rich and Ebenezer Hanks to pay for the ranch.

The summer of 1857 President W. J. Cox received a letter from President Brigham Young for all Saints to come home to Utah, and there was a general rush to sell out. We received little or nothing for our places, and many could not endure the sacrifice of property and remained there and died there, and all who stayed became cool in the Gospel.

Myself and family arrived in Beaver, Utah, March 1st, 1858. I drew land in the new field and busied myself making a new farm. M.L. Shepherd refused my wife three yards of domestic.

First year sent my team to move the poor from Salt Lake City, as Johnson's Army was at Hams Fork threatening destruction to the Mormons. President Young sent the public shop to Parowan. The frost killed my wheat three years. I went to the public shop to work to earn bread for my family.

Lived in Beaver until 1860, heard that my father-in-law at San Bernardino was dead. Visited that place in December to settle up the estate. We returned in March 1861 in company with George Wood, James Whitaker, Silas Harris, and Ezra Strong, Sr. The last named gave us much trouble as he would get lost from the wagons. He was opposed to Brigham Young as President of the Church and generally directed his talk to me as I had one argument with him

at San Bernardino soon after my arrival there. I found him at Sister Casteel's, my wife's mother, preaching loudly Josephite Doctrine. A few questions quieted him. On one occasion while crossing the desert while cooking he and Silas Harris were frying bacon and baking pancakes. I had my meat fried and crackers steamed and was eating out of the frying pan when Brother Harris turned their meat on their pile of pancakes and, placing a pancake over it which Mr. Strong did not see, he became excited about the meat and pan he had set off the fire and claimed my pan and meat which I gave up and received much abuse from the old man. After the joke was matured, I asked if my name was not on that panhandle. Brother Harris said it was there plain as to be seen and uncovered the meat and said, Mr. Strong, here's our meat, now after you have accused Brother Kartchner so wrongfully you had better get down and ask his pardon, and he was about to get down when I forbade him and after the boys had recovered from laughing I cautioned the old man to always be sure he was right before he accused the Mormons of things they were not guilty of.

I returned home to Beaver, found all well and on the 5th day of December 1862 married Elizabeth Gale, who was born January 20, 1845, in Australia, daughter of Henry and Sarah Gale.

Myself and family was called on the 9th day of October 1865, by the first Presidency and the Twelve Apostles and sent to strengthen the Southern Settlements. I filled the mission and was released and called North in 1871 and settled in Panguitch, Utah.

We remained in Beaver until 1865 when President George A. Smith called upon me to go to the Muddy. I was on the road in two weeks, leaving the farm unsold, leaving Sister Kartchner and children, taking Lizzie with me. We arrived in November, put in fall wheat and in May 1866 wife and children arrived. About every six months moved to a new townsite until the winter of 1869 when we moved to Overton, crossed the creek and took out the water to supply the town. Set out vineyards. In the winter of '69 wife and children visited San Bernardino to see relatives, returning in March 1870. Brought vine cutting and trees. It now began to look like home.

About 1870 Joseph W. Young brought a letter from President Young instructing us to take a vote of the people whether we would break up the Muddy settlements. The vote carried to break up and we left February 18th. We drove through our wheat field, beautiful and green, went via, St. George and Long Valley, arriving at Panguitch March 20th 1871, where I met George W. Sevy in the old Fort and was invited to stop and settle. Our last cow died on arriving. Put in a crop of wheat but the frost killed it, on the first day of August.

I was called upon to organize a Sunday School, which I did and soon had upwards of one hundred scholars and was greatly blessed in my labors. I was counseled to petition for a mail route connecting Marysvale and Knab, which I did and petitioned for a postoffice at Panguitch. I was appointed Post Master. Panguitch was the head of two routes with weekly service and we received our mail matter regularly three years when semi-weekly service was put on. The

first day of January 1876, a new route became a law established from Panguitch and Paragoonah with weekly service and was an advantage for business, both south and west. Contractor's name was James W. Parker, carrier's name A. Lameraux.

In December 1874, the United Order was organized by Joseph A. Young; Bishop George W. Sevy, President, J. H. Imlay and John Norton, Vice-Presidents; W. D. Kartchner, Secretary. The Board was the following named Brethren.

George W. Sevy	W. D. Kartchner	Jesse W. Crosby
	James H. Imlay	Joseph Knight
	John W. Norton	Edward Bunker Jr.
Barney	David Shakespear Sr.	John Reynolds
		Ira B. Elmer
		Alma

I met in Parowan in December to file our bonds and take oath of office, it being the County Seat, and paid Jesse N. Smith eighteen dollars for two hours service; returned home next day: appointed Board meeting once a week and we met sometimes oftener to adopt rules and arrange business. At first it was agreeable and a good spirit prevailed, but soon contentions arose. George W. Sevy manifested a bad spirit, ordered Joseph Knight to sit down and hush, and ordered Allen Miller out of the house; accused Joseph Knight of being lazy to work; and wanted to buy a cellar of James Henrie on credit for which he was to pay seven hundred and fifty dollars. The entire Board voted against it when G. W. Sevy became almost mad and declared he would buy it in spite of all the Board's opposition, said he had enough property in the Order to support him and his families with his laboring in the Order and he presided over the Order until 1st of March, 1875, without doing a days labor. Many contentions arose between Ira B. Elmer and Jesse W. Crosby and they abused each other and almost came to blows many times. At one meeting Bp. Sevy admitted M. M. Steel, a non-member, to address the Board and read letters from President Brigham Young to Red Creek Order and to give his construction upon it. At the same time M.M. Steel was not a member of the Order, but opposed the Order. Bp. Sevy and a small attendance of the Board, with M.M. Steel's assistance, adopted measures contrary to the resolutions of the Board and in the next two days thirty members of the thirty-nine withdrew. Kartchner, Knight and Hunter resigned their offices and also withdrew from the Order this 1st, day of March when Bp. Sevy began to work with the remaining hypocritically telling his special friend, Proctor, if he had not been Bishop he would never have joined the Order but remained out of it as he had.

In Spring Conference in 1877, was called to go to Arizona. On the 23rd of March 1877 John D. Lee was executed, being shot at Mountain Meadows, Utah. I went to see his body; he had been dead ththree days and smelled bad. I'll never forget the horror I felt and the way I got out of the house.

In a General Conference at St. George in 1877, W.D. Kartchner and sons and sons-in-law were called on a Mission to Arizona Territory to start in the fall, and in making arrangements to go it was thought best to do a work for our dead friends; accordingly the latter part of May we

started for the St. George Temple. W.D. Kartchner and wife Margaret; Phebe, Mark's wife; Sarah Emma and her husband N. Miller; and Don C. Clayton and his wife Mary Marinda, arrived in St. George the 30th day of May, 1877.

We were called to the Arizona Mission by Daniel H. Wells at the Spring Conference and started on the 15th of November 1877, arriving at Sunset on the 20th of January, 1878. Sister Kartchner was sick the entire route. John and Alma hunted and found a place, afterward called Taylor which we moved to on the 22nd of January, 1878.

On the 24th, the Company organized with John Kartchner, President, W.J. Flake and Albert Minerally, counselors, and began cutting timber for a United Order House, kitchen and corral. A conference was held at Sunset on the 3rd of February, with John W. Young presiding, and on the 4th a Stake of Zion was organized, when our place was called Taylor and John Kartchner was appointed Bishop. He retained his counselors. On February 15th, Lot Smith and George Lake, also Brother Wilchin visited Taylor and held a meeting attended with some encouragement. On the 16th, Joseph Knight Jr., fell from the water wagon and tore loose three inches of scalp above the right ear; on the 17th, home missionaries, Dobbin Porter and Fields gave us some encouragement. February 21st, we dedicated the dining room and kitchen and had the first dance. On the 22nd Brother West and children arrived and wished to join the Order. On the 26th, W.D. Kartchner bought of Brother Bushman 2 pigs for \$12.00 also sent for the Deseret News.

March 2nd, first child born to Sarah E. Miller. March 3rd and 4th cash called for to buy seed grain of Mark Kartchner and A. Palmer for \$45.00, W.D. Kartchner \$10.00, N. Miller \$5.00. March 1st Brothers Brady and Chalk with families arrived and wished to join. 6th, W.J. Flake and James started for grain. 14th, Prudence Miller was blessed. 15th Bros. Copeliner Holt and W. Farnsworth arrived. March 18th, Flake arrived from St. John with 7,000 lbs. wheat; April 8th, A. Stewart and family of ten arrived; May 5th, Brother Burnham Hunt, his wife and two daughters visited Taylor; 13th, sowed the first wheat; May 17th, ran in ditch through Taylor; 18th, W.J. Flake expressed himself dissatisfied with the Order; May 23rd, mush ice in a pan; Conference at Sunset; 24th, three wagons started to Conference; 25th, at noon the flood washed around the dam; 28th, Bishop brought Major Ladd to level another ditch four feet below the first one; 31st, commenced work on the new ditch; three men were sent from Woodruff to work on our ditch; St. Joseph sent four men to work; June 8th, W.J. Flake withdrew from the Order. Sunset sent two men; June 13th, W.D. Kartchner drove to Brigham City for a nurse for Sister Bates; Brother Joseph Knight stayed two days; 15th, rain came up the river and washed out the dam the second time; 17th, the men became dissatisfied and discouraged at Taylor; 23rd, Bishop started to Sunset with Brother Joseph Knight and family; 27th Joseph Knight died; 28th several of us went to the funeral at Sunset; July 13th, Bros. Hamblin and Harris arrived from the Zunis; 14th, Sunday, stopped with us to meeting, gave an account of laying on of hands on 406 Zunis in one day for smallpox with miraculous results; 15th Lucy Flake took her things outdoors and out of the Order; 16th Charles Hall and Woodruff Freeman stayed at Brother Flake's camp; W.D. Kartchner arrived at 8 P.M. with 3,200 lbs. of Salt; W.D. Flake and family moved from Taylor July 18th.

On the 6th of August, we moved from Taylor, arrived at Stinson's and on the 9th met Mr. Clark. He found us moving and asked us five dollars more than he did in July. August 11th, we bargained with W.J. Flake for one-fourth part of the Stinson place and to be the upper part; on the 12th we moved to the upper part east side of the creek. On the 13th it commenced raining and rained nearly four weeks. When it cleared up, myself, John, Orin, Mark, and Palmer went to the timber for logs. Nowlin was taken sick with chills. We made one trip for logs and were gone three weeks. Brought remainder of logs and 1300 clapboards; sent two teams for remainder. On the 17th, of September W.J. Flake and family started to Beaver, Utah. On the 23rd myself, Orin, Aaron went to make adobes.

We received a letter from Pres. Lot Smith notifying us that Apostle E. Snow and Elders Nuttal, Jesse N. Smith, Ira Hinkley, Ed Noble and Allaphant would preach at Sunset September 21st. My son John and wife went to meet them and returned with them. On the 26th, at 5 o'clock P.M. Elder Snow and Company held meeting at our camp. Apostle Snow gave liberty to all who wished to withdraw from the Order, and after supper he sat up with us at the campfire till after mid-night. Said this way of running the Order was not right, for the stock was the common stock of the devil. Said the Lord cared no more about the way we ate our food than He did how the squirrels ate their acorns. He answered questions freely.

On the 27th, stayed counseling until noon and took vote of those present for John Hunt to preside as Bishop at Stinson Valley; sent the baggage wagons up the creek where he rode over to Stinson's in company with us and selected a townsite at Stinson's, then bid us adieu on the new townsite. The second day after he sent back name for the townsite, Snowflake, and town and farm plot, and to send for Bro. Ladd's surveying instruments; 2nd, of October, Don returned with compass and on the 3rd we commenced the town survey; W. D. Kartchner and sons and son-in-law gave a white cow for surbeying Snowflake townsite. Oct. 13th Bros. Deen and Cordon, as home missionaries, came to our camp and went over to Snowflake to preach. On the 22nd, W.D. Kartchner went over to work on the house. Returned to camp on the 28th, and moved Sister Kartchner over to Snowflake; Nov. 3rd, moved into the house.

November 4th, Bishop Hunt visited Snowflake and picked his lot and contracted with N. Miller to build him a log house; 5th, the Territorial Election Judges of the polls, James Stinson, Bros. Bagley and Wansley, 13 votes were polled at Snowflake; 6th, Minerly and wife, and Ida Hunt started for Utah; 17th, Lizzie moved into her house; 22nd, Wm. McGary and half-brother took dinner with me; 23rd, a company of Negro soldiers camped here with a white captain for officer; traded 100 lbs. of bacon for a beef to Mr. Stinson; after supper a few Negros gathered at the U. S. Station tent and gave a volunteer Negro concert.

December 20th, started to Sunset Mill for flour and to get corn ground; 21st, met Brother Flake opposite Taylor town and offered him a twenty dollar gold piece for canceling my post-office debt at Panguitch, Utah, of nineteen dollars and five cents; arrived at the mill at night; 22nd, Sunday got my grinding and bought flour, four hundred pounds, of Lot Smith. 24th, arrived home, also Flake arrived, finding all well; 25th, took dinner with daughter, Prudence J. Flake.

On January 17, 1879, President Jesse N. Smith and Company arrived and held first meeting; 19th, and 20th, started to St. John to buy a place for his company; 24th, returned, could not buy and did not like St. John Valley; 25th, bought land of Wm. J. Flake and took up City Lots; 26th, Bishop Hunt started to Savoy for flour, President Jesse N Smith held meeting at Walker's town, three miles above; 27th very high wind, W.J. Flake started to Sunset for his sheep.

After some six weeks rumors were going the rounds that President Jesse N. Smith had the right to call for, and move, the Church steam sawmill to the most central place for the convenience of all the settlements. When President Lot Smith proposed to furnish the people of Snowflake Stake through President Jesse N. Smith's order 150,000 feet of lumber free if the mill would be allowed to remain as before. I was going to the Brigham City gristmill to receive 600 lbs. of flour I had bought of Mr. Milligan through Brother W.J. Flake, at \$6.00 per cwt. at the same time Bishop George Lake asked \$7.00 per cwt. for the same flour, and being within forty miles to the sawmill, I and son Orin went to the sawmill and obtained 960 ft. and came via the flour mill and put on the 600 lbs. of flour; also Sister Knight and two little ones wished a passage with us to Snowflake. We arrived home the 8th of March. Brother Lot Smith loaned to Snowflake Conference 150 bushel of wheat for seed; also some molasses.

The tenth of April a County Convention was appointed at Snowflake, the county seat; Monday, the 7th, was the worst wind storm, no one could plow or sow. All out door work ceased the entire day on account of the wind and dust. The wind blew from the Southwest. On May 14th, the first town ditch was surveyed.

On 6th, of June, I took sick with a pain in the bowels and dropsy developed. On June 28th I attended Conference and got worse; kept to my bed for some time. September 4th, I was able to sit up a little. My neighbors and acquaintances proposed several remedies and every one applied seemed to help me, among which was the bitter aloes in whiskey for purgative and the wild milk weed root in whiskey, a large tablespoon full every six hours for a few days then every morning until after I was well, also grape- vine bark ashes, a teaspoonful in a little wine every morning. In five days seven gallons of water ran from me through the natural channel. Up to January 1880, I continued taking the milkweed root which is the best of all other remedies.

December 14, 1879, W.J. Flake arrived from Utah ahead of the train; January 27th snowed all day and all night. The snow was 11 inches deep on the level and then turned cold. The thermometer stood at 20 degrees below zero and for three weeks snow remained; good sleighing; February 16th, a south wind blew, the next day it continued and the weather moderated; March 16th, sowed ten acres of wheat.

April 1st, commenced making a ditch on the east side of the creek. Continued through April until the 13th, a terrible wind storm stopped work at noon in consequence. Wind continued bad until five hands worked on the 14th and on the 15th Aaron only worked and became discouraged. The wind commenced on the 12th and blew very hard a whole week. Tuesday

was terrible, no work could be done in or outdoors and clouds of dust were driven past the rate of twenty miles per hour.

On April 23rd, W.D. Kartchner started to the mill at Sunset with 29 bu. and 20 lbs. and several small grists for neighbors; paid Lot Smith \$52.50 tithing money and \$30.00 for Bishop Hunt for flour, Lot Smith refused to donate graham for the poor of Snowflake.

Returned home on the evening of 29th, met with John W. Young at Woodruff and we met with the Ward for prayer when John W. Young gave a statement of his trip to Albuquerque to purchase goods and his return he bought Thompson's Point, to put up his goods; on the 30th, John W. Young went to the crossing of Showlow for Brother James Wood for his clerk. John W. Young returned on the 30th, and went to Woodruff with Heber Perkins for Clerk. Nephi and Allen Smithson passed on route for the Gila River on the 8th of May.

May 19th, high winds moderated; June wind continued; 9th very high wind; June 26 and 27, Conference, John W. Young represented railroad business; July 5th, Orin and Aaron started to the Railroad to work for J. W. Young and Jesse N Smith; July 7th, a very good rain. July 16th started in company with Nowlin to steam mill in Tom's forest with the span of horses, one a wild colt, and when opposite the steam mill he scared and ran away into a tree and I fell under the front wheel, Nowlin stopped them suddenly as the front wheel reached my left arm, which saved me.

July 6th, Aaron and Orin, in company with President Jesse N. Smith, to beyond Fort Wingate to work on John W. Young's contract on the railroad of five miles grading, and waited three weeks for the tools and provisions, at their own expense. Orin thought best to come home and help harvest and arrived August 4th, without clearing expenses. He cut our wheat on the 6th, and 7th.

August 7th, Bishop Hunt caused the trustees to start two schools with his two daughters as teachers, one at Snowflake, with thirty dollars per month, and one at Walker with twenty five dollars per month, thus depriving the boys on the railroad and also the boys on the farm from sharing the benefits of school money, appropriated on our school district quota for 1880 by commencing before fall or winter. (as the funds are exhausted in September).

The flies are uncommonly numerous and very annoying in the forest fields; September 18th, Nowlin started to Globe City, Arizona, driving stock at \$2.50 per day in company with Mark.

The Southeastern Stake of Zion Conference held at Snowflake September 25th and 26th. Present of the Twelve Apostles; Erastus Snow and Brigham Young. President Jesse N. Smith presented a complete organization of Stake Officers which was effected by calling and setting apart a High Council at the time. I was a Seventy, belonging to the 19th quorum when I was ordained a High Priest under the hands of Brothers E. Snow and B. Young, Brigham Young

being mouth, and set apart a High Counselor, William D. Kartchner drawing odd No. 9, in connection with Jesse N. Perkins, Samuel Rogers, E.W. East, Joseph Fish, Noah Brimhall, Bateman Willhelm, Thomas Greer, Charles Shumway, Woodruff Freeman, John A. West, and Mons Larson. It was ascertained at this Conference that the Eastern Arizona Stake numbered officers and members 1234.

De. 5th, 1880 a petition for a post route arrived from Sunset asking the Post Office Department for a route and service from Holbrook via Woodruff, Snowflake, Taylor and Showlow to Fort Apache Camp. Postmasters recommended, for Holbrook Heber Perkins; for Snowflake W. D. Kartchner; for Taylor Jesse N. Perkins; the above petition was read in Sunday meeting by W. D. Kartchner and signers solicited.

December 24th at 3 o'clock A.M. I was found in bed not breathing. Don Clayton and family were visiting with us and stayed all night. Sister Kartchner raised an alarm, Brother Clayton raised me up and blew in my mouth, and administered by laying on of hands at which time I came to. Again at six o'clock, I was found to not be breathing and was some minutes again without breath when they sent for John, my oldest son. They again administered and thus I was redeemed from the fit.

Our Snowflake Conference convened on the 25th of December and continued on the 26th, many good instructions were said to be given but I was not able to attend the meeting.

Nov. 27th, met with High Priest Quorum. Had been very sick with dropsy; January 29, 1881, met with High Priest, acted as clerk, February 20th, Brother E. Snow, of the Apostles, met with us at Snowflake. Meeting commenced at 2 o'clock P.M. Hymn on page 147; Prayer by Bp. Standiferd; Hymn on page 155; Sacrament administered by Bros. Gale and Mineral. Brother Snow said, "By the blessings of a kind Providence and of our Heavenly Father I am permitted to meet with you, brethren and sisters of Snowflake, after parting with you last fall. I made my report to the presiding Presidency at Salt Lake City when I received a new appointment to repair again soon to the territories of Colorado and New Mexico and Arizona and I have been to Manassa, which is in Utah. I see a great many in that region of country moving who have come without being called and who are in a suffering condition. I advised them to go down the Rio Grande out of the snow and work on the railroad. They are mixed up with a rather rough associates. These railroads are no doubt for the more speedy gathering of the Saints but our interest is not in building railroads but it is in raising grain and children to eat it. The Rio Grande Valley is large and water plenty. It is some fifty miles wide and 150 miles long." He counseled us to 'study the scriptures for in them you think you have eternal life and they testify of Me, but you have the more sure word of prophecy until the daystar arise in your hearts. We keep warning men of the near approach of the Son of Man." He said, "Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, and Sidney Rigdon saw the Angel, besides a cloud of witnesses by the Hold Ghost testify of the same." Counseled us to stay to our farms, raise grain, "The railroad is bringing in a rough class and your boys will be better at home. You have been defrauded in election matters. Your duty is to forestall these wicked men and contend for your rights. It is necessary for you to keep the Field." John Allen said, "I live in Colorado Territory, it is cold there, the altitude is

7,500. In traveling I find pleasant weather and the most desirable spot I have seen. The railroad is no doubt for a good purpose but we better stay to our farms for with it came the roughest kind of men. We are filling up the waste places with our brethren and children.” Bro. Snow arose again and said he was glad to meet the brethren of Taylor but could not stay with them.

February 26th, met with the High Priests. The brethren spoke on the indication of the near approach of the Son of Man and of the need of our being united.

February 27th, received a letter from my brother in Iowa who thought of coming to visit us at Snowflake as soon as the cars ran to Holbrook. I preached to the people of Snowflake on the necessity of oneness and kindness to each other in order to merit the spirit of the Lord; March 6th, I addressed the Snowflake Sunday School on the subject of the Promised Land and the reference in the Book of Mormon of the man who discovered America.

March 20, 1881 the High Council of Eastern Arizona Stake of Zion met at Joseph Fish’s house in Snowflake with Jesse N. Smith and L H. Hatch and Oscar Mann, his councilors presiding. Each member of the Council present expressed themselves willing to act, four being absent, when a united expression to sustain President Smith in counseling Bishop. Christofferson of Round Valley to not give recommends to one Josseph Theyne for going to law outside of the Church with Brother Perkins; also Moses Cluff on fraud in selling and moving to the Gila.

May 28th, met with the High Priest’s Quorum; April 21st, homesteaded on Section 24 of the township 13S Gila and Salt River Meridian Range 21 E. County of Apache.

In April 1881, Bp. John Hunt came to my house and informed me that I was the choice of him and the people to be the postmaster at Snowflake and I drew up the petition for a postoffice with the name of W.D. Kartchner for postmaster. Our petition was granted and I received my appointment June 17, 1881, and on August 15th, I filed my bond with Bishop John Hunt and A.J. Stratton as bondsmen under \$1,000.00. As no service was ordered, the people of Snowflake carried it one week and Taylor people the next week, alternately volunteer service, it being considerable labor for me to hunt carriers and make a record of the same. Only two refused the first round. U.S. service was commenced September 5, 1882, by W.W. Wall with two trips per week from St. Joseph via Snowflake, Taylor, Showlow to Fort Apache and back, with side mail to Springerville via Earstus and St. Johns. In June 1883, by W.J. Flake’s counsel I resigned the office of postmaster in favor of J.R. Hulett.

In August I was taken sick and unconscious one night and day and the children were called in, supposing me to be dying but the laying on of hands restored me to consciousness. I gained slowly.

Conference convened at Taylor September 28th, continued until 29th-30th. A good spirit was enjoyed by all present. I attended on Sunday and also High Council at 5 o’clock P.M.

The Snowflake mail was the third route I petitioned. The first was on the Muddy, from Calls Landing to St. Thomas via St. Joseph to Paranigat. The second mail route was on the Sevier River from Gunnison via Monroe via Panguitch to Kanab. In the Snowflake office I furnished corn and meals to the amount of \$105.00. I also went security for \$100.00 and he ran away between two suns leaving me to bear the loss but Bro. Ellsworth was too much a man to push me for the debt. Bro. Stratton had paid him on his hundred dollars \$50.00 in oats. Having had several epileptic fits I resigned the office of postmaster July 1, 1883 in favor of J.R. Hulett, who soon after, received my mail and kept one suit of clothes addressed to the postmaster. He acted as though he had been the only postmaster in Snowflake. How soon he forgot the man who promoted him.

On August 5, 1881, at 8 A.M. Sister Margaret Jane Kartchner took sick with a pain in her head, also a bad cough. She continued to get worse day after day. All was done that could be by medical aid at hand and gradually declining until the 11th at 11 o'clock she died without a struggle, with a pleasant smile on her countenance. Her neck was blue with the effect of mortification before death and the coffin was closed at 11 o'clock of the 12th. The funeral services were held at the Snowflake meeting house at 12 noon and Bishop Hunt asked the people to excuse them for not opening the coffin as it was not wisdom to do so. The cortege started from the meeting house at 1 P.M. for the cemetery, with a large attendance of carriages and wagons filled with people to follow the respected dead to its last resting place. There were a great number on foot following and while on the move near Brother Fish's residence a hard shower of rain commenced and Bishop Hunt called a halt and advised that the coffin be covered with blankets and that the people go to their houses. When the rain had partly subsided the men, only, finished the ceremonies in a hard shower of rain. The speakers at the meeting house were Bros. Samuel Rodgers, Jesse N. Perkins, Sen., and Bp. John Hunt gave her history. From his early boyhood he knew her to be a true Latter Day Saint and to possess all the qualities required of a mother, wife, and Sister; that he had traveled in company with her and her husband from Pueblo, Colorado to Salt Lake Valley in the spring of 1847. She was the third daughter of Jacob Israel Casteel and Sarah Nowlin; born 1 September 1825, Cooper County, Missouri.

MEMORIAL BY THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF SNOWFLAKE TO THE MEMORY OF OUR BELOVED SISTER MARGARET JANE KARTCHNER, WHOSE DEATH OCCURRED AUGUST 11, 1881, AT 11 A.M.

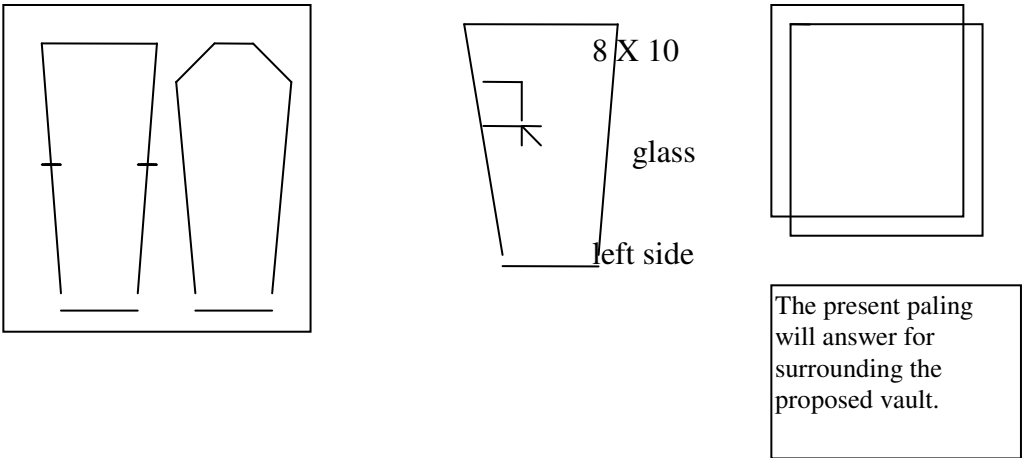
Our departed Sister was beloved and respected by us all and we recognize in our late much esteemed Sister a woman of great integrity, one who was devoted by her faith and works, her religion and her God, and we realize that the labors of our beloved Sister in our Society was always tended to set us a praiseworthy example, to strengthen us in our faith and lead us in the path of truth, virtue and eternal life. Resolved, that we extend to her husband and family in this season of their great bereavement our beautiful heartfelt sympathy, hoping they will follow her precepts and example, and while mourning her loss they may realize that, though suddenly called from earth, she has gone where the flesh cannot hinder her spiritual labors in that Paradise of bliss, what through suffering she was prevented doing while here. She has joined the host of friends behind the veil who are looking forward with a reunion with those who remain. She will be deeply mourned by her posterity and many other friends and acquaintances and her memory

will ever be fondly cherished by those who knew her many virtues, her loving disposition and honorable life. Resolved, that we acknowledge her honesty of purpose which was apparent to all her Sisters. She was one who would not be turned aside from the Gospel of Christ, her vision of truth was clear and her attachment to the revealed religion as taught by Joseph Smith in these last days was true. She was truly a mother in Israel and a true follower of Jesus Christ. Resolved, that while her departure shadowed all our hearts it arouses our deeper desire to continue faithful, that our last days may be like hers, full of faith in the hope of a glorious resurrection. Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the husband and family of the deceased also a copy be forwarded to the Relief Society in Panguitch, Utah and be recorded in our general record.

Pres. Mary J. West,
 Eliza S. Rogers, COMMITTEE
 Mary E. Hulett

A DESIGN OF THE TOMB FOR MARGARET JANE AND WILLIAM DECATUR
 KARTCHNER

Dig off the loose dirt of her present grave and make it 4' X 7' and line it with stone 2' high with flat stone covering the vault and dirt raised to form two graves. Fasten up the ends so as to form a trench. Plant 8 Pretty-by-Night roots in the trench and send a keg of water, one on April, one on May to keep them.



The present paling
 will answer for
 surrounding the
 proposed vault.

September 12, 1881, Don C. Clayton and Mary Merinda, his wife; Clarence and Vinal arrived from Salt Lake City.

March 15th, 1882, Bp. Hunt sent John Oakley to me for tithing wheat. I weighed out 8 bu. of wheat tithing for 1881, delivered to him. Paid B. Hunt at Snowflake - -

I had been suffering with the dropsy for two years unable to stoop down or walk except occasionally. I would get better and able to go to meeting and in the month of March, 1882, my son John brought some whiskey from St. Johns into which I steeped the wandering milkweed root and took it six times per day until it acted as an emetic and the swelling went down out of my stomach and bowels into my legs and finally, in a short time of four weeks, left me entirely, a very poor object. I had been reduced from 174 pounds, my standing weight, to 145 pounds in two weeks. I took sick with a strange disease known as the pink eye and became unconscious with severe pain in my head and fever. Suffered much for two weeks. The last of April I began to walk around again.

On the first day of May I was called upon to unite in matrimony David V.A. Talley and Sarah Haseltine West. I did so, having authority as Justice of the Peace for Snowflake Precinct, Apache Co., Arizona. About this time, what was known as the Edmonds Bill became a law in the U.S. whereas all polygamists were considered criminals and subject to both fine and imprisonment on conviction and George Q. Cannon was denied his seat in Congress as Delegate for Utah Territory.

In 1882 my team could not be found till very late in the spring and John proposed to Knowlin and Orin to take his team, Alma Palmer and Miller, and help Aaron put in some wheat for me; the result was I had three acres of wheat in.

December 7, 1882, I was taken sick with billiousness and sinking spells and was unconscious. I had prayed to know if my labors had been accepted and was immediately made whole. Such joy I never had experienced before and on the night of March 19, 1883, was taken with a sinking and was unconscious part of the evening. I feared to die with great fear and I saw in the vision the great Tower of Babel. It's center and foundation were solid with brick and lime; with winding stairways. I saw the brother of Jared and company travel marks to the seaside and the beautiful mount of white or transparent rock that the brother of Jared asked the Lord to touch that they might shine forth in the barges while crossing the sea.

I saw the place of landing. It resembled the valley I had seen in a former vision. The gold they found for making the plates of which the Book of Mormon was made. I met persons and pleasant weather but I passed through a troop of demons who held me bound first but passed on the where I was filled with joy and came back filled with joy. I was well and had so good time I would like to go any time. My work is done. I saw many of the more intellectual and honorable who where much favored.

May 22, 1883: On this day at 5 P.M. our house and kitchen furniture were burned with all our provisions, stove, one bed and bedding, all our clothing and provisions. Donations as follows:

Mr. W.W. Wall - flour, .65; bacon, .67; sugar, .97; coffee, .25	\$2.44	
Prudence - 3 pans, 1 pan biscuit, 1 bed tick	1.50	
Mark - 1 brass kettle	1.50	
James Flake - in the store	10.00	
Sarah Miller - pan .40, flour, bowls, spoons, .60, corn .50	1.50	
Mrs. N. Stratton - 1 quilt		1.00
Samuel S. Rogers - wheat, 100#		3.25
Mrs. Atchison - bacon 1.00, dishes .50		
1.50 Mrs. Clara Turley - 2 milk pans		
1.00 Mrs. Roseilfa Gardner - 5 yds of factory		
.75 Pres. Jesse N. Smith - in cash		
3.00 Joseph W. Smith - in cash		
1.00 John R. Hulett - in store pay		
2.00 Prudence J Flake - 1		
sieve .25 Nella Smith - 1 quilt		
5.00 Relief		
Society - 2 plates .20, 1 quilt 5.00.	5.20	Addie
Fish - 1 2nd-hand quilt	2.00	
Sister Copeland - 1 2nd-hand coverlet	2.50	
Jesse N. Smith - pd, at Woodruff store on stove	5.00	
Bro. John Smith sent greenback		5.00
Bro. John Kartchner sent		
5.00		

July 8th, I took sick and became unconscious one day and night. On December 5th also became unconscious and was sick two days. December 18th, had a fit and was filled with the horrors of the damned; also Wednesday all night did not sleep; Thursday night had the good spirit and slept soundly and good and Friday visited Bishop Hunt as Orin and Annie arrived on the 20th. I embraced Bishop Hunt and kissed him and blessed his family and himself as one of the noblest sons of men that now stand upon the earth. Bro. Hunt put on his hat and handed my hat to me and stood at the door as waiting for me as I blessed Sister Lewis and she blessed me in turn.

January 26th, High Priest Quorum met at Taylor. I was permitted to speak and spoke at length. The spirit gave me utterance. I blessed the brethren and encouraged those bearing rule to urge the people in their several Wards to pray mightily to the Lord and He would protect us from our enemies. Pres. Paul Smith was understood to say he wanted the Taylor brethren to make the long ditch, for he had lived on a dry lot since he lived here. Bro. Flake called him to explain it and he explained, said he meant the brethren at Snowflake in the same as at Taylor as he considered us one in this work as being under one head.

February 2nd, I started to Woodruff for goods for our Co-op store. It rained at night. Sunday morning I met with the Saints. At 2 P.M. Pres. Hatch gave account of his mission to Sliver City in company with Pres. Jesse N. Smith and then called on me to talk. The good Spirit was enjoyed by all present and a good meeting was the result.

I started home with wife and two children on Monday and found the creek had raised to near the level with its banks. We drove on up to Taylor, stayed with Bishop Standiferd, who treated us very kindly and helped me to cross next day very carefully. Arrived home on the 5th.

W. D. Kartchner, May 14, 1892.

- - - - -
-
-
-
-
-

A SPEECH OF THE PROPHET JOSEPH SMITH WHICH WILL SURELY COME
TO PASS.

(written by William Decatur Kartchner)

On the 22nd of June, 1844, on this day our General (*Joseph Smith*) called us out in order and, to my astonishment, counceled us to give up our arms that had been supplied for our defense by the authority of the State of Illinois, saying, "We will give to them that asketh of us and trust in God for our future welfare. I wish to tender you my thanks, as soldiers and citizens under my command. I proclaim, as your general, you have done your duty faithfully in guarding this city and in preserving the lives of all the people, as well as mine, in a special manner, for I have seen you on duty without shoes and comfortable clothing and if I had the means to buy or I could obtain these necessary things for you I would gladly do it. but I cannot mortgage any of my property to get one dollar.

But I will say this, you will be called the First Elders of the Church and your mission will be to the nations of the earth. You will gather many people into the fastness of the Rocky Mountain, as a center for the gathering of the people and you will be faithful because you have been true, and many of those that come in under your ministry, because of their much learning, they will seek for high positions and they will be set up and raise themselves to eminence above you, but you will walk in low places unnoticed. And you will know of all that transpired in their midst and those that are your friends will be my friends.

This I will promise you, that when I come again to lead you forth, for I go to prepare a place so that where I am you shall be with me."

With these sayings he thanked us for past duties and said, "You are now dismissed to take care of your wives and children and homes."

On the 23rd of June we heard a call upon the Legion to muster in Main Street near the mansion house. It again was our General in his uniform upon a small house frame he again spoke to the Legion, laying his hand upon the head of Levi W. Hancock, who was sitting at his feet, saying, "The Lord has this day showed to me that which was never shown before, that I have thousands of friends while others have sought to crawl into my bosom because of my good feelings toward them and now are the vipers that seek my life and if they take it they will pursue you. They will do it anyhow and when you are obliged to fight be sure you do not stain your hands with the blood of women and children. When your enemies call for quarters be sure you grant them the same and then you will gain power over the world."

He then raised his hand from Levi W. Hancock's head and also raised his voice saying, "You will forever be named the Nauvoo Legion and as I have had the honor of being your General and leader, I feel to say a few words to your comfort and I wish to ascertain your interest of faith in your future mission of life that you are engaged in, even the same cause with the Priesthood sealed upon you and your calling is to minister life and salvation to all the nations of the earth although things appear at the present crisis by the works of our enemies that they do hold an over-ruling power over us. But I will liken these to a wheel of fortune. If we are at this time under the wheel it is sure to be rolling on and as sure will the Saints be some time on the top of this great wheel if you hang on for your fortune in view.

If it was not for the tender bonds of love that binds me to you, my friends, and brethren, death would be sweet to me as honey. My enemies are after me to trust my life among them by their vouches and honor of State and that by the Governor and authority of the State of Illinois.

I, therefore, will say to you Saints and Elders of Israel, be not troubled nor give yourselves any uneasiness so as to make any rash moves or to take any hasty steps in doing any wrong whereby you will be cut short in your calling in preaching the gospel to this generation, for you will be called upon to go forth and call upon the free men from Maine to gather themselves together to the Rocky Mountains and the Redmen from the West and all people from the North and South and from the East to go to the West to establish themselves in their strongholds of their gathering places.

There you will gather the Redmen in the center from their scattered and dispersed situation, to become the strong arm of Jehovah to protect you from your foes.

These things I feel to tell you before hand that you may always be ready for your duty for at this time I need the best of friends to stand by me and on this occasion I would like to know by your own answer, Yes or No, are you willing to lay down your lives for me?" The answer was then heard with one unanimous voice. Yes! "I am your father, shall I not be your father!" Then all with a loud voice, Yes! He said "I am, willing to lay down my life for you if innocent blood is spilled on this occasion." He then drew his sword out of his scabbard, raising it above his head, saying. "I will call upon the might of God to bear witness of this. I have drawn my sword and it will never be sheathed again until vengeance is taken on all our enemies. I will call upon the elements in our defense, the winds with the whirlwinds, the thunders and lightnings and hailstorms, the heavens shall tremble and with the earthquakes shall the earth be shaken, with the seas heaving themselves beyond their bounds. These things shall be brought to bear against our enemies for our preservation as a people of the Lord. We have given up our arms. They have taken away our rights of protection by our City Charter and now they desire that I shall surrender myself into their hands, which I have consented to do. I only go to return to you again." With his blessings upon us we were dismissed to go home.-----

While at Winter Quarters, on the 17th of February, 1847, President Young had a very interesting dream which he related to the brethren. He dreamed that he went to see Joseph the Prophet and when he met him he looked perfectly natural. He appeared to be sitting in a chair at the time. President Young took hold of his right hand and kissed him many times and said to him, "Why is it we cannot be together as we used to be?" "You have been from us a long time. We want your society and do not like to be separated from you." Joseph arose from his chair and looked at him with his usual warmest expression and pleasing countenance and said, "It is all right." President Young repeated that he did not like to be away from him. Joseph said, "It is all right. We cannot be together yet. We shall be bye and bye but you will have to be without me for awhile then we shall be together again."

President Young discovered there was a handrail between Joseph and himself. Joseph stood by a window and at the southwest of him it was very light, but President Young was in the twilight and to the north of him it was very dark.

President Young said, "The brethren you know well, better than I do, you raised them up and brought the Priesthood to us. They have a great anxiety to understand the law of adoption or the sealing principle and if you have a word of council for me I shall be glad to receive it."

Joseph stepped toward him, looked very earnestly, yet pleasantly and said, "Tell the brethren to be humble and faithful and be sure to keep the spirit of the Lord and it will lead them aright; be careful and not turn away the Still Small Voice, it will teach them what to do and where to go. It will yield the fruits of the Kingdom. Tell the brethren to keep their hearts open to conviction so that when the Holy Ghost comes to them their hearts will be ready to receive it. They can tell the spirit of the Lord from all other spirits; it will whisper peace and joy to their souls; it will take malice, hate, strife and all evil from their hearts and their whole desire will be to do good, bring forth righteousness and build up the Kingdom of God. Tell the Brethren to follow the spirit of the Lord and if they will, they will find themselves just as they were organized by our Father in Heaven before they came into the world. Our Father in Heaven organized the human family but they are all disorganized and in great confusion".

Joseph then showed President Young the pattern how the human family were in the beginning. He saw where the Priesthood had been taken from the earth and how it had to be joined together so that there would be a perfect chain from Father Adam to his latest posterity.

Joseph again said to him, "Tell the people to be sure to keep the spirit of the Lord and follow it and it will lead them just right."

Such a dream was very consoling to President Young and instructive to the people. From it we can learn how important it is to keep the spirit of the Lord. No man or people can prosper who do not have it as their guide.

The news reached Winter Quarters about this time of the hanging by the mob, near Farmington, Iowa of Bro. William H. Folsom. They did not kill him outright but his friends had much difficulty in restoring him to life.

They also hung Bro. Rodney Swazey by the heels for about five minutes. Six other brethren were hung by them and by this manner the Saints were treated by mobocrats in that vicinity after they were expelled from their homes and robbed of nearly all they possessed by the mob at Nauvoo.

President Young while at Winter Quarters, obtained a copy of a revelation supposing to have been received by James J. Strang, a man who claimed to be President of the Church after the Prophet's death and who was the means of leading away a number of people. This revelation was not really written by Strang but was forged by a man named Charles Wesley Wandell, for the purpose of entrapping those who believed in Strang's doctrine. At Nauvoo they fell into the trap which he had prepared for them. John E. Page one of the Twelve Apostles who had apostatized just before the church left Nauvoo, believed it to be revelation and bore public testimony to it being from the Almighty. The success of this trick afforded much merriment to Wandell and his friends and they thought it a most excellent joke. But in thus assuming to write a revelation in the name of the Lord he did not perceive that he placed himself in the power of Satan; he probably thought that his intent was good in thus trying to expose wickedness but it is a serious thing for a man to trifle with sacred subjects and to use the name of the Lord falsely and for purposes of deception. Wandell's course since that time should be a warning to others to avoid doing evil that good, or supposed good, might come.

In preparing to go with the Pioneer company from Winter Quarters to the Great Basin President Young and his brethren took the necessary precaution to ensure the safety and good Government of those who remained behind while they should make the trip. Ample council was given on this and kindred subjects and measures were taken to build a stockade around Winter Quarters and to have the people labor together unitedly. Houses that were outside of the established line for the stockade were moved inside and everything was done that could be to secure the people from Indian attacks. Those who were living in dugouts, as the houses were called which were dug in the side of the hill, were counseled to build houses on the top of the ground to live in during the summer so that sickness might be avoided. Other council was given in relation to their building which would increase the healthfulness of the residents.

President Young gave excellent counsel to the authorities and the people respecting their dealings with the Indians. He condemned the practice of shooting Indians so common among other communities settled in Indian country, for any and every offense that they might commit and advised the brethren to avoid enraging them or giving place to feelings of hostility and bloodshed.

Arrangements were also made to take care of the poor and the families of the brethren who had gone in the Battalion. The brethren were already to move at Winter Quarters as quick as possible and to put in a spring crop. Bishop Miller, who had been the leader of the company to Puncce, was already at Winter Quarters. He had indulged in a spirit that was not of God for some time and his mind was clouded with darkness. While preparations were being made for the Pioneers to go West, at the meeting of the Twelve Apostles and other Elders he gave his views relative to the Church removing to Texas to the country lying between the Neuses and the Rio Grande Rivers. That was the best country he thought for the Church to emigrate to. Lyman Wight was already in Texas where he had gone from Nauvoo. He took with him such as would follow. Miller's instruction was in the same direction. President Young informed Miller that his views were wild and visionary, that when the Saints moved from that point they would go to the Great Basin where they would form a nucleus of strength and power sufficient to cope with mobs; but this had little effect on Miller. He soon after left Winter Quarters with his family and a few others over whom he had influence and went to Texas where Lyman Wight joined him soon. He lived there for awhile until he and Wight quarreled when he moved north again and joined Strang and died an apostate from the Church.

On the 15th of April Heber C. Kimball moved out from Winter Quarters about six miles with six of his which he had prepared to form part of the Pioneer equipment to go to a place in the far west where the Saints would dwell in peace and security. General Conference was held next day at Winter Quarters and on the 7th, President Young started and joined the camp which was then located about ten miles west of Winter Quarters. The Pioneer Camp, when formed, numbered 143 men and 73 wagons. Sister Clara D. Young wife of President Young; and Sister Ellen S. Kimball, wife of President H. were the only Sisters in the Camp.

(Uncompleted)

MARGARET JANE CASTEEL

Taken from the book "The Kartchner Family" by Sarah P. Collinwood

Little is known of the early life of Margaret Jane Casteel, first wife of William Decatur. Her parents joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints and took part both in Missionary work and in doing work for the dead, and no doubt were from families of devout Christian faith, and many of her relatives have been given the Bible names. The Casteel blood was of French extraction with mixture of English, Dutch and Irish.

When Margaret was 18 years of age she married William in Carthage, 21 Mar 1844. She was a skilled operator and weaver. One square piece of her home-spun cloth is still in the possession of her descendants. Her son Orin tells of his brothers shearing sheep, then watching his mother wash each fleece, cord, spin and weave it into cloth.

From all evidence known, Margaret did not have much schooling, but she was a woman of fine intellect and sterling character, modest and refined in manner, and deeply religious. She was baptized at the age of 14 into the Church of Jesus Christ in Pike Co., Illinois.

She and her husband began a westward journey in company with a pioneer group in Sep 1844, but traveled only as far as Iowa City that year, and in March 1845 continued their journey. There was much hardship and short rations of food. Margaret walked for many miles of the journey because she was young and able bodied. At one time during this hard journey, when their rations had been reduced to one jill of corn a day per person, with no salt, they walked in water and mud shoe-mouth deep up the Ohio River with no road. Then leaving the river they turned westward across a large prairie toward the Sioux Indian Country.

But friends were guided to them, and some Frenchmen and Indians offered them food and a boarding place, if Margaret would do the cooking. They gladly accepted the offer and sincerely appreciated this kindness, for they were in great need of help. Others gave them money and blankets and food and clothing along the way.

At one time Margaret became seriously ill with intermittent fever, and again friends came to their assistance. A Mrs. Powell cared for her until she was finally out of danger, and then they remained the fall and winter with William's brother John at their home.

Her first baby was born under a large cottonwood tree in destitute conditions. She was the first white child to be born in the state of Colorado, an honor for which, many years later the state presented to her a gold medal. Many times along the way Margaret, being left alone while her husband had to go away to work, was compelled to wade as much as a hundred yards through snow knee deep to get cottonwood for fuel.

Early in the spring of 1847, they began making preparations to resume their westward journey. With some of the money he had earned they bought an old wagon and provisions and used a pair of oxen from another man. William was still unable to walk, due to his rheumatism, but did repair work for other men. Margaret carried the pieces to him which were to be repaired. When they reached Fort Laramie, they learned they were only three days behind the pioneers under Brigham Young. They reached the Great Salt Lake Valley July 27, 1847, 3 days behind them.

In the winter of 1850, when the call came from the Authorities to go to colonize in San Bernardino, Calif., the Kartchners and Casteels were among those called. Here they remained until the later part of 1857, when the call came for them to return to Utah. The Casteels did not make this sacrifice and Margaret left her people in California and went with her husband as directed by the leaders of the Church.

Another call came to colonize on the Muddy River, near Overton, Nev., and later another to colonize the Little Colorado River settlements. Each call Margaret faithfully went with her husband and went through many trials, struggles and sorrows. One being when they left San Bernardino, when they lost a little son just over 2 years of age. But joy was also theirs as a baby daughter had been born to them the night before. Not wishing to bury this little body on the desert, they placed his body in a metal churn and soldered the lid on and hauled it to Parowan, Utah, where it is buried. On their journey to Sunset, called Taylor, Margaret was sick most of the way. They later moved to Snowflake and here they remained until their deaths.

Margaret had spent thirty-four years of her life in helping to colonize four of the Western States. She had walked many weary miles over mountains and desert, where no roads eased the rocky way, behind slow plodding oxen, months at a time having only a wagon box for her home. Now at last she had reached a haven of rest, for Snowflake was to be her permanent home. A rather fine log house was built and life seemed now to have settled into a peaceful and less strenuous pattern of living. She took part in the activities of the new settlement, especially in the religious affairs. She served as Counselor in Relief Society for 13 months.

But hard years had taken a severe toll, and she lived only three years, almost to the day, after she began her life in Snowflake. On the morning of August 5, 1881, she was taken with a very bad cough and severe pain in her head. Everything possible

was done for her relief, but she grew worse and passed peacefully away with a pleasant smile on her countenance. Speakers at her funeral dwelt on the upright character and virtuous integrity of this good woman. She had lived only fifty-six years, but her life had been lived to a rich fullness in deeds if not in years. She was mourned by many for she was a noble good woman whose example was worthy of imitation by all.

Margaret Jane Casteel Kartchner

By Roberta Clayton, Navajo County, December 5, 1936

Margaret Jane Casteel was born September 1, 1825 in Cooper County, Missouri. Her parents were Jacob Israel Casteel and Sarah Nowlin Casteel. There may have been more than the six children whose names are known but there were six brothers and sisters at least. Their names were Mary (St. Mary), Emmeline (Savage), Margaret (Kartchner), James, Joshua and Francis Steven, called "Frank", who made a journey down the Missouri River. Supposedly to Texas and never returned. His fate was never known and this was a great cause for mourning by his mother and brother and sisters.

The Casteel blood was of French extraction with mixtures of English, Scotch and Irish. They were evidently of devout Christian faith, for Margaret's father's family, consisting of eight brothers and one sister, were given bible names throughout. They were: Abraham, Isaac, Jacob Israel, Shadrack, Meshach, Abendnego, Daniel, Benjamin, and Mary.

Very little is known of Margaret's life until she was eighteen years of age, when she married William Decatur Kartchner, on March 17, 1844 in the city of Nauvoo, Illinois. She was a skillful spinner and weaver. One square piece of her homespun cloth is still in the possession of her youngest son Orin Kartchner. He tells of his brothers shearing their own sheep and then watching his mother wash each fleece, cord, spin and weave it into cloth.

From any evidence known Margaret did not have much schooling, but she was a woman of fine intellect and sterling character, modest and refined in manner, and deeply religious. She was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints at the age of fourteen in Pike County, Illinois.

She and her husband began a westward journey in company with a pioneer group in September, 1844, but traveled only as far as Iowa City that year. They spent the winter there, doing any work possible for means of subsistence, until another start was made in March, 1845.

There was much hardship and short rations of food, and Margaret Jane Kartchner walked for many miles of the journey because she was young and able-bodied. At one time during this hard journey when their rations had been reduced to one gill of corn a day to the person, without salt, they walked in water and mud, shoe-mouth deep, up the Iowa River with no road. Then leaving the river, they turned westward across a large prairie toward the Sioux Indian country.

One day some Frenchmen and Indians came to their camp and invited them to come and camp near their fort. They pointed to their thin cheeks, realizing how near starvation they were. The Indians gave them dried buffalo meat, which the pioneers thought to be the best thing they had ever tasted. They also brought them roasting ears of corn and finally a Frenchman, M. Henrie, told the young Kartchner that his Indian wife was away and offered them a boarding place if Margaret would do the cooking. They gladly accepted his offer and sincerely appreciated his kindness.

About the middle of July, a chance came to them to go on a steamboat down the Missouri to St. Louis. They decided this was a good move under the circumstances. They had very few possessions to take on board with them but Mr. Henrie and the Indians prepared two large bundles of dried meat for them. The boatmen, seeing their destitute condition was very kind to them, and provided them with food and clothing. A rich French gentleman, traveling for his health gave them a pair of blankets and ten dollars in silver, for which they gave his sincere thanks and appreciation.

William D. Kartchner had an older sister living in St. Louis, but she was proud and haughty and considered the young pioneer couple scarcely worth any notice from her. Margaret became seriously ill with intermittent fever, but the sister, Mrs. James Webb, seldom came to see her. However, a Mrs. Powell, wife of a rich southern planter, from whom they had rented a small room, came often and cared for Margaret, administering medicine and attending to her needs. When she was finally out of danger her husband crossed the river and went on foot sixty miles to see his brother, John Kartchner. He came in his wagon and the young couple ferried their belongings across the river in a skiff where he gave them a welcome and a comfortable home during the fall and winter of 1845.

William learned of a pioneer company leaving for the Rocky Mountains in the spring of 1846. His determination to join this company greatly annoyed his brother who had made him fine offers of land if he would stay with him for five years. They finally parted in anger, and William and Margaret Kartchner joined the Mississippi Company in March 1846.

They had hired out to drive a wagon loaded with a thousand pounds of provisions, for a Mr. Crow. They traveled to Fort Pueblo, on the Arkansas River, by the latter part of July. Here Mr. Crow broke his obligation, fearing his provisions would run short. This left the young Kartchners again stranded, without even a wagon to camp in. The company had halted here to await instructions from their leader, Brigham Young, and the Kartchner's made a camp under a large Cottonwood tree, and for a time were at the mercy of kind friends for food. Here, under this cottonwood tree, under these destitute conditions, their baby daughter was born on August 17, 1846, the first white child to be born in the state of Colorado, an honor for which, many years later, that state presented to her, Sarah Emma Kartchner Miller, of Snowflake, Arizona, a gold medal.

Not long after the birth of their daughter, the father obtained work as a blacksmith in which line he was skilled, at Bent's Fort, eighty miles down the river. The young wife and child were left to the kindness of a Mrs. Catherine Holiday, and the journey was made on horse-back.

The work was heavy, largely consisting of work for U.S. Army troupes under General Kearney, on their way to the Mexican War. William worked there until late in the fall, thankfully receiving two dollars a day for his labor but was finally stricken with a serious attack of rheumatism and was obliged to return to Pueblo. His wife was often compelled to walk as much as a hundred yards though snow knee-deep to get a cottonwood limb for fuel.

Early in the spring of 1847 they began making preparations to resume their westward journey. With some of the money he had earned they bought an old wagon and provisions, another man of the party permitting them to use a pair of his oxen. William was still unable to walk, but did repairing of his own and others men's wagons by means of his blacksmith tools screwed to his wagon tongue, Margaret carrying the pieces to him which were to be repaired. When they reached Fort Laramie, they learned that they were only three days behind the Pioneers under Brigham Young. This company traveled that distance behind them all the rest of the journey, reaching the Great Salt Lake Valley July 27, 1847.

Margaret had another attack of mountain fever but recovered in less time than the year before. They located at a spring about nine miles southeast of the city and began the usual building of an adobe house, fencing, and farming the land allotted to them. Their food was very scarce, but William went once during the winter into the city and bought flour at fifty cents a pound to make bread for their little girl. The parents were without bread of any kind for nearly two months, until the new wheat and corn were ripe.

In the winter of 1850, a call was made for a group to colonize San Bernardino, California. The Kartchners and Casteels were among those called to go and a start was made in March 1851. They remained at San Bernardino until the latter part of 1857 when they were called to return to Utah. The Casteels did not make this sacrifice and Margaret left her people in California. She settled at Beaver, Utah with her husband and children.

Another call was given to William Kartchner to help colonize on the Muddy River, a location near the present settlements of Overton and Logandale, Nevada. Margaret and her children followed William there in May, 1866, but after several locations were made, and much land cleared and farmed the settlements were abandoned, in February 1871. They now settled at Panguich, Utah. The hand-planed log house which they built in 1871 is still standing and good enough repair for a family to be living in it at the present time. William Kartchner was the post master of Panguich and the hole for the posting of letters is still to be seen, covered with a small board.

Margaret was always busy raising chickens, spinning, weaving, and putting up fruit, both fresh and dried. By this time she had borne ten other children, her family consisting of six sons and five daughters. Two sons and a baby daughter died in infancy. One of the very saddest things in her life occurred at Mojave Crossing, California. Her daughter, Alzada Sophia (Palmer) was born January 5, 1858 and the next day, James Peter, just past two years of age died. Not wishing to bury him on the desert, so far from human habitation, the little body was placed in a metal churn, the lid soldered on, and it was hauled to Parowan, Utah where it was buried.

In the spring of 1877, William D. Kartchner, sons and sons-in-law with their families, were called to help in the colonization of the Little Colorado River Settlements. Several months were spent in gathering provisions and stock, teams, wagons and supplies for two years, and on November 15, 1877 they made a start for Arizona. The journey to Sunset covered two months and three days, and Margaret Kartchner was sick most of the time.

The Kartchners settled eighteen miles above Sunset and called their settlement Taylor. But during seven months no dam was proof against the floods which swept them away as if they were nothing. After five dams had gone out, the entire settlement of Taylor was abandoned and the Kartchner families moved to the new settlement of Snowflake on Silver Creek, a tributary of the Little Colorado, in August 1878.

Margaret Kartchner had spent thirty-four years of her life in helping to colonize four of the western states. She had walked many weary miles, and had journeyed many thousands of miles over mountains and deserts, where no roads eased the rocky way, behind slow, plodding oxen, months at a time, having only a wagon-box for her home. Now, at last, she had reached a haven of rest, for Snowflake was to be her permanent home. A rather fine log house was built and life seemed now to have settled into a more peaceful, and less strenuous pattern of living. She took part in the activities of the new settlement, especially in the religious affairs.

But the hard years had taken a severe toll and she lived only three years almost to a day after she began her life in Snowflake. On the morning of August 5, 1881 she was taken with a very bad cough and severe pain in her head. Everything possible was done for her relief but she grew worse every day until the morning of August 11th, when she passed peacefully away with a pleasant smile on her countenance. Speakers at her funeral dwelt on the upright character and virtuous integrity of this good woman. She had lived only fifty-six years, but her life had been lived to a rich fullness in deeds if not in years.