Before the Manifesto

Milewski

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1835–1887

Sketch Of The Life Of Mary L. Morris

Preface

My dear Children and Grandchildren:—

In presenting these few collected thoughts, in the form of a sketch of my humble life as I have tried to live it, I do not claim for them any literary merit, or poetic fire:—but I do claim for them the dignity of truth and correct principles.

After having tried to mould my life according to the principles of the Gospel and the commandments of God, I can assure you, my precious children, in all soberness, that if you will seek to serve your God in all things He will surely bring you off conquerors.

Mary L. Morris.
Salt Lake City, Utah.
October 27, 1901.

A Sketch of My Life

Agreeable to the request of my children, I have endeavored to write this simple sketch of my life, and present the same, hoping it will prove acceptable, and of some profit to them in climbing the rugged path of life.

My Father’s Family

Grandfather Walker

My paternal grandfather, James Walker, was born May 22, 1774, and I suppose, in the town of Leek, Staffordshire, England. I saw him for the first time when I was fourteen years old, in which year my mother and I returned to my native town of Leek to reside. He was small of stature and although quite aged, and unable to perform any manual labor and walked with a cane, he was still quite erect. He had keen dark eyes, refined
features and white hair. I remember mother having said that he fought in the battle of Waterloo. He was a cabinet maker by trade.

**Grandmother Walker**

I cannot say that I ever saw my Grandmother [Elizabeth Gibson] Walker but I am under the impression that she was a large woman. My father, who was not a man given to boasting, told my sister, Ann Agatha, that his mother was the finest looking woman in Leek. Her maiden name was Gibson; I think Elizabeth.

**Uncle Charles Walker**

My Uncle Charles Walker was born May 4th, 1797. He was advanced in years when I saw him, but I very well remember his appearance. He, like my Grandfather, was small of stature, had large, expressive, dark eyes, pleasant deportment, and I think was of a kind and affectionate nature, and very devout. His first marriage was childless. Our Aunt Maria died when she and Uncle Charles were quite in years. In due time he married again and sent us a photograph of our new Aunt, who was neatly and handsomely dressed and appeared to be a very nice person. He made this remark in writing to my sister of his second marriage, “I trust it is of the Lord”. He presented each of us with a New Testament just before we embarked for America. I know my mother said he was employed as bookkeeper or manager, in a certain silk warehouse for 30 years. I remember his calling upon us while we lived in Manchester and how embarrassed my sister Agatha was when he took her upon his lap; she being quite a large girl at the time;—almost a young woman, in fact. Peace to his ashes!

**Uncle Peter Walker and Family**

My father’s other brother, Uncle Peter Walker, was born May 24, 1813 and died July 10, 1861. I remember seeing him but once, the year we stayed in Leek, immediately before our departure for America. He seemed to be a larger man than my Uncle Charles. He invited mother and me over to tea one Sunday afternoon. I do not remember much about his wife as she only came into the room once during the afternoon. I suppose she was engaged about the tea, but my cousin James I remember very well, as he and I sat upon the sofa while our parents talked. I think he must have been about my own age,—in his early teens. He afterwards emigrated to America and settled in Ohio. He sent his photograph to my brother Charles and for some years carried on a correspondence with him, but saw nothing in the Gospel. He was a fine looking man in appearance.

**Aunt Eliza**

Aunt Eliza Harley, or Arley, the oldest of Father’s sisters was small of
stature and had large dark eyes. She was a very good housekeeper. Her husband, Uncle Edward, was a very quiet, unassuming man. He was a good mechanic. They were in comfortable circumstances but had no children, at least, when I knew them.

Aunt Kate
Aunt Kate Hazelwood [Cate Walker Heywood], father’s youngest sister, was a woman of good height and gentle in her manners. Her husband, Joseph Hazelwood was a religious zealot.

Aunt Lucy
Aunt Lucy, another of father’s three sisters, was a cripple and died in childhood.

My Mother’s Family

My mother’s grandparents, Josiah and Hannah Booth, reared my mother. They, having buried a child about the same age as she, asked her parents to let her stay with them. I remember mother saying her grandfather Booth was the Town Cryer. This city office was more common during the early part of the last century than it is now, but I remember as late as the ’60s hearing the Town Cryer in Salt Lake City going along the streets at night ringing a large bell as he shouted the heart-rending words “Lost Child, Lost Child.” When my great grandfather would go along the streets ringing his huge bell and delivering his important message, the children in the street would say ;—“Here comes “Sia Booth with his ding dong.”

A Mr. Wombwell, who was the greatest show-man in England at the time, set up his tents in my great grandfather’s grounds. Mr. Wombwell was in England what Mr. Barnum was in America and it was humorously said of him that he had the largest family in England,—meaning his animals. In speaking of her grandfather, mother said that when his children did not walk erect, he would remark “What ar’t looking for? Pins? I look for swallows.”

I remember hearing mother repeat a few words of a letter written by her grandfather to his son, they were:—“My lad I should be glad if thou couldst come over and bring those steps with thee that thou brought from Dover.” Steps were something used in the manufacture of silk. Mother said that he used often say, “I wouldn’t give a fig for a man that couldn’t find some fault where there is none.”

My great-grandmother, Hannah Booth, was a Welsh woman. In that day they used the “thee” and “thou” as the Quakers do.
My Grandfather [William] Godwin was born in Warwickshire, England. He married Hannah Booth [Godwin], daughter of Josiah and Hannah Booth. To them were born a daughter, Mary [Godwin], and two sons, Samuel [Godwin] and Joseph [Godwin].

My Grandfather and Grandmother Godwin were highly moral and very devotional and desired to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

I remember mother saying she had seen her father coaxing her youngest brother to walk across the floor by offering him some cakes.

When my grandfather Godwin was upon his death bed and too weak to speak he clasped my grandmothers hand and pressed the finger bearing her wedding ring. By this she understood that he wished her never to marry again. She kept her marriage vow sacred in her widowhood as she had done in her married life and so reared her three children in the purity of devotional widowhood.

My father, William Gibson Walker, was the eldest child of James Walker and Elizabeth Walker. I remember hearing little or nothing of his early life, except that, being the eldest of the children, he was quite useful in helping his mother about the house.

When he was about 27 years old he married my mother, Mary Godwin, and to them were born four children, as follows:—Ann Agatha [Walker], Dorcas [Walker], Charles Lowell [Walker], and Mary Lois.

My father was about medium height and constitutionally healthy. He had black hair, dark eyes, large high forehead, well marked arched eyebrows, a somewhat nondescript nose, rather thick lips, white regular, sound teeth and very shapely hands and feet. His chin was as nearly like that of Henry Ward Beecher as one can be like another.

Father was naturally religious and intellectual and was fond of books. These he took great care of and often repaired them very neatly himself. I remember when only six years old hearing him repeat passages from works of elocution. He was quite original and had a strong vein of wit and humor in his character. He had a very effective way of humiliating the proud and ostentatious but loved to help those in distress.

Father was a natural teacher and earned a living in this way and also by book-keeping, altho he had learned the ribbon weaving trade when a young man. While working at this trade, in lifting something he sustained an internal injury which necessitated his following such occupations as would not tax his physical strength so much. He was also quite handy with
carpenters tools.

He was a local preacher when a young man, and a member of the Wesleyan Methodist Church. I am told by my friend, Mrs. John Druce of Salt Lake City, that father afterwards joined the Congregational Church and that it was at the Sunday School of this Church that they met and father asked her if she had heard of the “Golden Bible”, for such was the Book of Mormon called out in the world in the early forties. She also told me that he remained and helped them in the Sunday School after he had joined the Mormon Church.

Perhaps I may be pardoned for saying that those who had father’s help in the Sunday School were fortunate, for he was a natural teacher, a good theologian, and had some knowledge of Latin and Greek.

He was engaged to teach an Infant School for a religious sect called the “Independents”.

The following incidents will serve to show my father’s method of correcting and teaching his children. These lessons I think I shall never forget:

A Lesson
When I was about six years old I had told a falsehood, altho I have no idea now what it was about. Father took me upstairs to mother’s bedroom and there, in a very serious and impressive way, he simply asked me this question; “Is it right or wrong to tell a lie?” Being alone with my father, face to face with him, and I in error, I was very much abashed, and it seemed a long time before I could gain sufficient courage to answer him. He asked me the question repeatedly and at length I told him “it was wrong”. That was all there was about it, there was no scolding or whipping. I had answered his question, had decided myself what was right, and was at liberty to go down stairs, taking with me my life long lesson.

Another Lesson in Later Life
Upon one occasion, during the summer of 1851, while conversing with my father upon a very important subject, he made this remark;—“The Lord has said, “Those who honor Me I will honor”. This I have proven to be verily true in my life’s experience, and will add, that, when God honors us we need fear no man or set of men.

Father wrote very rapidly, and perhaps, somewhat illegibly, for mother has told me that his father once said when father was leaving Leek:—“If our Will writes to us, he must come and read it himself!” He made his own pens from quills. More will be found of my father’s life at the end of this sketch.
My Mother Mary Godwin

As before stated, my mother was reared by her grandparents, Josiah and Hannah Booth.

She read the newspaper for her grandparents when only five years old. She used to tell us that she was allowed to wash the coffee pot when she was a very little child, because her hand was small and was taught to sweep the stairs too when she was quite young in order to learn how to sweep.

During the time that my mother stayed with her grandparents, there were two French noblemen lodging with them. These gentlemen were prisoners of war, and from them she learned to speak, read and write the French language while yet in her childhood. So correctly did she speak this language, that two Frenchmen with whom she once had a conversation, could hardly be convinced that she was not a French woman.

One of these noblemen, whose name was “de Villiers” had his own fun teasing the family about their religion, saying,—“You pray God to bless you, and then you throw stones at the others.”

At a proper age mother learned the Milliner’s business and in this, as in everything else that she did, it was her pride or ambition not to be excelled by anyone. By working at her trade she was enabled to assist her widowed mother in giving her two brothers their education and trade, Samuel becoming a book-keeper and Joseph being apprenticed to a butcher. It was customary then, as now, for everybody to learn some trade, generally serving an apprentice-ship of seven years. When our mother, Miss Mary Godwin was about twenty-seven years old she married our father, William Gibson Walker.

She was rather below medium height, and although inclined to be corpulent was very shapely, had a full chest, drooping shoulders, small hands and feet, arms white and dimpled like a baby’s. Her complexion was fair and ruddy, hair brown, always parted in the center and combed smoothly down to the ears; high broad forehead; pensive grey eyes that seemed to look far into the future. Her nose was rather large and dignified her mouth small with rather thin lips.

Her manner was quiet, modest and unassuming, grave but affable and generous. She was highly intellectual, very devotional, with unbounded trust in her Maker and of unswerving integrity. Father said of her “If she had been a man she would have been a master mechanic.” She had a constant thirst for knowledge, and while many people would have been engaged in gossip and light talk she was delving into some philosophical subject or valuable historical work. She could converse on almost any topic and had the happy faculty of adapting herself to the most humble and unlearned. She always sympathized deeply with the poor and afflicted. Nothing could exceed her patience fortitude and
indomitable perseverance. I have thought sometimes, in looking over mother’s life, that she was patient to a fault, and then, I have concluded that she needed all of that great quality which Heaven had endowed her with.

The relation of a little incident on landing in America will serve to show what a fund of information she possessed. It was a warm day in May and we had just landed at the St. Louis Levee, on the Missouri river, dressed suitably for the more temperate climate of England, but rather too warmly clad for a May day in St. Louis. The heat seemed almost oppressive to us as we walked up from the Levee. A glib-tongued Irish drayman saw us approaching and as we drew near he accosted mother and said “Sure, Mum, and you’re not long from the Auld Counthry!” She, with injured dignity at the man’s audacity, turned and remarked to me, a girl at her side, as we passed along, “If they (meaning the Americans) are not English, they may take their father’s blanket.” meaning, that if they were not of European descent they must be Indians. I have thought many times, during the fifty-two years that have passed since that, how much ground those few words covered.

A few days later an intelligent Irishman, with whom she had been conversing in a neighbors house, made this remark of her after she had left;—“If most people knew what that lady has forgotten they would be fortunate.”

The following July, as we heard the constant booming of cannon in celebration of the national holiday she said that all that firing was against the English.

Some of Mother’s Familiar Quotations and Sayings
Here are some of mother’s familiar quotations and sayings as she would repeat them to us in her daily walk and conversation. When passing through severe trial she would say, and we knew the words came from the bottom of her big heart:—“And though He should slay me, yet will I trust in Him.”—Job 13–15.

“Let thy neighbour live quietly by thee.”
“Suffer wrong rather then do wrong”.
“Do not lie by your actions.”
“Let your conversation be such as becometh angels.”
“Thou shalt not kill.”
“Thou shalt not steal.”
“Thou shalt not commit adultery.”
“Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.”
“Thou shalt not covet.”
“Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might.”
“Blessed is he, who, when his Lord cometh, is found watching.”
She taught us, when working for others, not to do so with eyeservice, as men pleasers, but as unto God.

In regard to intoxicants she would say;—“Touch not, taste not, handle not, the unclean thing.”

In reference to our attire she would quote from St. Paul, “Not adorned with gold nor pearls, nor costly apparel, but with shame-facedness”. Beauty unadorned, is adorned the most.”

Another of her favorite sayings was, “Whatever you do, do it so that no one can mend it or better it.” and “As you would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them in like circumstances.”

We were taught to name the name of Diety with care and solemnity, to hold our persons as sacred as the Bible and our virtue dearer than life.

She taught us never to murmur and cited us the experience of the Children of Israel in their travels through the wilderness to show the result of murmuring, saying that when they murmured the Lord was displeased with them and they did not prosper.

She would say, and it was a safe guide;—“Whatever you hear me say, you may say with safety.”

When we went to bed at night we were taught to repeat this little verse:

“In the dark where children sleep
   In the room to hear their prayer,
   God will all good children keep,
   God is here and everywhere.”

I never remember hearing mother laugh aloud, but she would laugh till she shook, then removing her glasses from her eyes she would wipe away the tears.

Mother wrote an English running hand, and often wrote letters for those who were unable to do so for themselves, for in those days many people had not enjoyed the educational advantages that she had. A gentleman once remarked as he saw her write, that hers was the pen of a ready writer. Following is a specimen of her handwriting;

Here is the Phrenological chart of my mother, taken March 30, 1841, by William Bally. She was then 43 years of age.

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1. Phrenology, the study of the skull’s structure to determine a person’s character and mental capacity, is based upon the false assumption that mental faculties are located on the surface of the brain and can be detected by visible inspection of the skull.
Phrenological Chart of Mary Godwin Walker

Method of Marking:

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The Cerebral Development of Mary Godwin Walker

The Animal Feelings
1. Amativeness Size 5
2. Philoprogenitiveness 5
3. Inhabitiveness 3
4. Adhesiveness 6
5. Combativeness 2
6. Destructiveness 3
7. Secretiveness 2
8. Acquisitiveness 2
9. Constructiveness 3
10. Alimentiveness 1
11. Love of Life 2
12. Self Esteem 2
13. Love of Approbation 6
14. Cautiousness 6

The Intellectual Powers
19. Hope
20. Marvelousness size
21. Ideality
22. Wit or Mirthfulness
23. Imitation
24. Individuality
25. Configuration or Form
26. Size
27. Weight and resistance
28. Coloring
29. Locality
30. Calculation
31. Order
32. Eventuality
33. Time
34. Tune or Melody
35. Language
36. Comparison
37. Casualty

The Moral Sentiments
15. Benevolence 5
16. Veneration 3
17. Firmness 4
18. Conscientiousness 4
20. Marvelousness size
21. Ideality
22. Wit or Mirthfulness
23. Imitation
24. Individuality
25. Configuration or Form
26. Size
27. Weight and resistance
28. Coloring
29. Locality
30. Calculation
31. Order
32. Eventuality
33. Time
34. Tune or Melody
35. Language
36. Comparison
37. Casualty

General Size of the Head—Anterior lobe,—large. Coronal region above Cautiousness,—rather large. Ditto, above Causality,—very large. Region of Animan Propensities,—rather large in the middle lobe, very large, posterior lobe. Subject has more moral courage than animal courage.

(Of Phrenological Chart,—continued)

Of the Temperment. The individual possesses;
1. part of the Lymphatic.
0. “ “ “ Billious.
My parents had four children, of whom I was the youngest. My oldest sister, Ann Agatha, was born July 11, 1829. She emigrated to America about 1846 and later became the wife of Apostle Parley P. [Parker] Pratt. She died in Ogden June 25, 1908.

My sister Dorcas was born in 1831 and died when about twelve years of age in Pendelton, Lancashire, England.

My brother, Charles Lowell Walker was born in 1832. He emigrated to St. Louis about 1848, meeting the rest of the family when we arrived in May, 1950. As he had been apprenticed to the Black-smith’s trade he did not proceed to Utah till a year or two later. About 1861 he married Miss Abigale Middlemast [Abigail Middlemass Walker] and they resided in the Sixth Ward, Salt Lake City. He died in January 1904.

My Own Life

I was born on the 14th of May, 1835, in the town of Leek, Staffordshire, England. The house was situated on Derby Street which seemed to be the main street of the town. The house was two or three stories high, I rather think three. My mother’s bed room where I was born, was directly over her millinery shop. It was well furnished in solid mahogany, the chairs upholstered in black horse-hair. An old fashioned four-post bedstead,
Sketch of the Life of Mary L. Morris

with hangings above and below of white dimity, edged with a two inch wide pale blue worsted braid. I remember these hangings quite distinctly and how soft and pretty I used to think the cords of cloth were.

On my 70th birthday, my sister Agatha wrote me a very pretty account of my birth and described the surroundings at that time, how my mother was dressed, how the room was furnished and her feelings as a child of six years, etc. etc. Altho so young she had made a little soft cap for me all by hand. It was the custom in those days in England for young babies to wear these tiny caps.

NOTE: (In the confusion of the birthday party, this letter was mislaid.—should it be found it should be inserted here.)

(Space left for insertion of Mrs. Agatha Pratt’s letter, if found.)

Birth and Childhood

My Mother at the time of my birth, was doing a large millinery business, keeping apprentices and journey-women, as those who had learned their trade were called. This necessitated keeping help in the house as well as a nurse for the children.

The first thing I remember, (I think I was not quite two years old) was seeing my Grandmother Godwin as she lay dead. Her head was to my right hand as I stood by the bed looking at her.

We Move to Manchester

After Grandmother Godwin’s death we moved from our native town of Leek, to the city of Manchester, a large cotton manufacturing center. It was while here that the second event that I distinctly remember occurred:—the wearing of a little “Coronation pinafore” or apron made of a calico printed in honor of the coronation of Queen Victoria, which occurred a month after my second birthday,—June 1837. This calico was white with small sprays of tiny pink flowers and small black leaves, edged with red. This pattern is as distinct in my mind as if I had worn it but yesterday.

(I find that the date, as I remember it, corresponds exactly with the date, fifty years later, when the Kings and Queens of the world met to celebrate the Jubilee of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria. The year 1837 was also the year that the Gospel was taken to England.)

Another incident about this time made a lasting impression on

2. Queen Victoria (1819–1901) became Queen of Britain on June 20, 1837, when her uncle Edward IV died. While Mary Lois remembered Victoria’s coronation taking place in June 1837, it was actually not held until June 28, 1838. Victoria reigned for almost sixty-three years, until her death in January 1901. Ronald Allison and Sarah Riddell, eds., The Royal Encyclopedia, 553–58.
my mind. A young woman, named Amelia Babbington, had been left in charge of us children while father and mother went out for the evening, but unfaithful to the trust reposed in her, went out with a soldier who had called to see her, leaving us four little children alone, the eldest, Agatha, being only eight years old and I but two years.

During the evening I needed to go out, so my sister, Agatha, good little girl as she was, went with me, carrying a candle in her hand to light us, which she set down so near to me that as I stooped over, the oil silk cap which I wore on my head caught fire. Noticing the flame above me I exclaimed “Eh, what a nice blaze!” My sister, young as she was took in the situation at a glance, and had the presence of mind to clap her hand over the ‘nice blaze’ and so saved my life. I carry the scar on my forehead to this day, but it is covered by my hair, combing it as I do. This same girl proved afterwards to be dishonest, but mother on finding it out, concluded to simply dismiss her, rather than prosecute her.

Associated with this period is a pleasant picture of our home on a Sunday afternoon. In the cozy kitchen, with white stone floor, mother sat in a chair in the corner, with her little ones gathered around her while she lovingly told them Bible stories. I can, in my mind, see her as she told of Joseph, who was sold into Egypt; of David and Jonathan; and I remember now the impression that the passage in Samuel with reference to Saul the disobedient king, made upon my mind,—“Obedience is better than sacrifice, and to harken than the fat of rams.”

As I recall these precious truths, taught me in my infancy and even on to mature years, I bless my God that I was sent to parents who taught me in His ways and I feel thankful that their parents, in turn and their parents’ parents taught them as they taught me.

When I contemplate the state of the world today and read accounts of crimes committed by mere infants as well as by persons from youth to old age, more and more precious grow these truths taught me by precept and example, which if I continue to follow will lead me to life eternal. I esteem them above all learning and wealth of the world.

When I was four years old I attended the Jackson Lane Infant School, taught by my father. I remember going one morning with my sister Dorcas who was a cripple, (rendered so as a result of an attack of measles) and some one asked me as we were walking along ‘what was the matter with my sister?’ Altho I was but four years old at the time I was well aware that better English was spoken in our home than in the homes of most working people, so fearing that the person asking the question might not know what “spinal” meant, I added “in her back” for her instruction.

Another morning I well remember, when someone asked me how old I was, answering “I am four years old”.

How well I remember the little soft blue pilot cloth cloak which I
wore at this school. It was trimmed with black silk velvet of excellent quality, and fastened at the neck with a clasp made to represent a butterfly or insect, the two parts connected by a chain which regulated the size of the neck.

This Jackson Lane school room was long and lofty, with a gallery at one end where the seats were arranged one tier above another from the floor to the ceiling. It was arranged in this way so that every child could see and hear the teacher as he gave them their lessons.

The opening exercises consisted of singing and prayer, then singing again. Then followed motion songs, until we would be all of a glow with the healthful exertion. We would march to the following song:

We will march round the room
Forming square and pretty lines
And nicely keeping time with our feet
And our teacher, if we’re good, will say
March away, march away, march away
We’ll march to our places
And make no wry faces
And make all our motions so quiet and slow
For if we don’t do it, our teacher will know it.
And into the corner we surely shall go.

Then when the large audience of children were seated in the gallery before the master, he would give us lessons from the Bible, Natural History and simple Arithmetic, using for the latter study an abacus, a small wooden frame with balls of white wood threaded on wire from one side of the frame to the other. Then we learned the names of geometrical lines, Geography, simple lessons in Mineralogy and Chemistry. These were presented as object lessons. Father would present the object before the class and supposing it to be wood, cotton, a feather, coal hay iron, silk or any other object, we were expected to tell him to which kingdom (Mineral, Animal or Vegetable) it belonged. I can see him now, as he stood before his pupils, very much interested in his work, the children listening attentively, for he expected them to be so still that he could hear a pin drop while he talked. He gave us plenty of chance for exercise so that we could sit still at our lessons.

I think our first home in Manchester was in Rusham Street. I fancy it was while here that a woman used to pass along the Street with a basket on her head crying “Pale Mushrooms, pale mushrooms”. She had a very sweet voice and if I knew something of writing music I could give the tune exactly as she did. My sister has told me that I used to imitate her in my
baby way and cry “Pale mush-a-moons, pale mush-a-moons”, she continued “and your voice was so sweet that it made mother weep.”

When I was about six years old we were living at No. 17 Stanly Street, Manchester. This was a very respectable street. The houses were of brick with brown stone steps leading to the front doors, smooth stone sidewalks and well paved street. Here I really enjoyed my play very much. It would Hop-scotch on the smooth pavement or Bobber and Kibbs on the stone steps. The Bobber was a marble about the size of a walnut, gaily colored when new, but the paint soon wore off. This marble would readily bounce on the hard stone steps. The kibbs were small smooth white bones, about an inch long, five in number, taken from the foot of a pig. The game consisted in bouncing the marble on the steps, then quickly picking up one of the little bones and be ready to catch the marble as it came down again.

We could play out of doors until nine or ten o’clock in the evening during the summer as the twilight was so long. I remember having seen the sun set and hearing the town clock strike nine. Then we would have daylight again at three in the morning. It was while we lived in this house that the following incident occurred.

I was washing some doll’s clothes one day in a large earthen-ware bowl, called a “jowl” which the English people used as we use wash tubs. It was about the size of a large milk pan at the bottom and of a tub at the top. It was made of smooth red earthen-ware ribbed like a wash board inside, and glazed like a plate tile the outside was smooth but not glazed. I was so small that I could hardly reach the bowl as it stood on a chair or bench, so in my effort to do so I tipped it over on the stone floor and broke it. I fully expected to be punished for this accident as it was quite a loss to my mother, but to my great surprise and relief, not a word was said.

I think this treatment has caused me to be lenient to others in case of accident, always discriminating between accident and carelessness.

I remember one bright Sabbath morning going to Sunday School through the snow. I had on a new red dress, a white wool or sheep’s skin muff and a tiny neck piece tied under the chin with a ribbon bow, a white straw or tuscan bonnet trimmed with red ribbon, the same shade as the dress. This ribbon was put on in two twisted bands around the crown of the bonnet finished with a rosette about three inches across. Mother had trimmed it for me and I remember how I enjoyed the contrast of the snow and my white muff with the red dress. There is a great fascination for children in colors.

Next door to us lived a Mrs. Hollies, a very refined Irish lady who taught a private school in her own home which I attended. In the morning we had lessons but in the afternoon, after a short reading exercise, we had sewing. The little reader we used was a sort of pamphlet of twenty-five or thirty pages. I think one of the first lessons was taken from the first chapter of John:—“In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was
with God, and the Word was God, etc.,” One afternoon I received a tin ticket for hemming a sheet across in one afternoon. A certain number of these tickets would win a prize. I also made a common shirt for my brother while attending this school. It was made of unbleached cloth with cuffs and collar of coarse butcher’s linen. These cuffs and collar were trimmed with hand stitching. A thread of the cloth was drawn out, the needle inserted and two threads taken up. The needle was then inserted back of the two threads and brought out again two threads further on. When finished it looked very like the machine stitching of today.

I remember, very distinctly, attending meetings in the chapel of the Primitive, or Wesleyan, Methodists, to which church my parents belonged. We were taught to be very quiet and to look at the preacher. One Sunday morning, I know, I fell asleep and had a cozy little nap. I remember being seated in the gallery, to the right of the preacher, whose name was Mr. Gwither, a nice looking gentleman with dark hair, high forehead, fair skin, rosy cheeks and pleasant manners. On the wall, immediately behind the preacher, was a round light space, about three feet in diameter, forming a sort of light background for the head and shoulders of the preacher, and suggestive to me of a halo. I rather liked this, he being a holy man.

I remember, when attending church one Sunday evening with father, a gentleman at the door asking me if I would not like to come and live with him, promising me all sorts of nice things as inducements, and trying to make a bargain with father for me, but I could not just see the point.

I attended a sectarian Sunday School; not the bright cheerful place that we enjoy meeting in today, and there receiving a small card with a passage of scripture upon it, and how ashamed I felt because I could not read, although I was but an infant.

When I was about seven years old mother took me with her to our native town of Leek, to visit our relatives. This is the only time that I remember mother leaving home, so it was a great event, and a very happy one to me as I was to accompany her. The dress I wore was a fawn colored cashmere. It seemed so soft and smooth, just as material feels when it has been beautifully washed and pressed and had that peculiar odor or freshly washed wool. I know mother fitted me out quite nicely as she made, or made over, clothes very neatly. Several incidents of this visit are still distinctly remembered by me. One was, spending the evening with my cousin Robert Godwin and his sister Eliza. On the evening referred to, Uncle Joseph, Aunt Eliza and mother must have been out visiting, or spending the evening with relatives, for she had not seen them for many years. Any way, we three cousins, who were delighted with the novelty of each other’s acquaintance, sat by the fire telling stories. I think cousin Robert, as he was the eldest, told the stories, and one, I remember was “Blue-beard”.

There was occasion for an errand out of doors, and my cousin
Eliza wanted me to go with her, but Robert, with affectionate gallantry, suggested that the night air might not be good for me.

While upon this visit we called to see Doctor and Mrs Cooper and spent the afternoon and dined with them. Mrs. Cooper was a very amiable and intelligent lady and a dear friend of my mother’s. I remember playing in the lovely dining room with their beautiful little boys and jumping off the sofa a time or two. Mrs Cooper was such a quiet refined, generous lady! I remember seeing a little work bag hanging near the window. It was made of white cloth and had a landscape design upon it, drawn by Mrs. Cooper, which was proof that she was an educated person as in those days drawing was not taught, except in the higher class schools or by private teachers. Dr. Richard Cooper, her husband, was our family physician, and he, thinking I might be my mother’s last child, would accept no fee, but presented me to her.

While accompanying mother, one Sunday afternoon to visit some friends, we met my nurse, Grace Lummus. It seemed to me quite an event to meet the person who had attended me when I was a baby.

Receiving the Gospel. Aunt Agatha’s Recital
My sister, your Aunt Agatha, furnished me with the following facts with reference to our receiving the Gospel. She said.—“Mother was away for a short time and Aunt Kate who was a devout Methodist, was staying with us. At that time I could not have been more than eleven or twelve years old. Aunt Kate asked me if I had been converted or had experienced religion. I told her I had not. She asked me if I did not know that if I did not become converted and tell the Lord that I was the chief of sinners and ask him to take away my heart of stone and give me a heart of flesh, that I should go to the lake of fire and brimstone and be condemned forever. Now this was an awful thing to tell a child and my own common sense revolted from such an idea.

I replied “Aunt Kate, I could not tell the Lord such a thing, for I am not the chief of sinners, I do not tell falsehoods or say wicked words and I have not a heart of stone because I love my parents and fear and love the Lord”. “Well”, she said, “you will have to tell the Lord so or your fate will be as I have said”.

“Now”, aunt Agatha continued, “this set me thinking very seriously and troubled me a good deal, so when mother came home I told her what Aunt Kate had said. Mother replied, “Be a good child, and when you are older you will know what to do.” But this did not satisfy me. Shortly after we moved to Pendleton.3 Father, as you know was a local preacher and took

3. Pendleton, England, was located two and a half miles northwest of Manchester and had about 11,032 inhabitants in 1845. Its major industries were cotton and flax mills and
me with him one Sunday when he went to preach in a little church near by. A young man, named William Hardman walked home with us, and when we were about to separate, he asked father if he had heard of these people called Mormons who have a golden Bible and preach the same doctrines that our Savior taught. “They speak with new tongues”, he said, “and do as Christ charged His apostles to do before He ascended to Heaven.” Father said he had not heard of them but would like to meet some of them.

The Latter Day Saints were holding their meetings at this time in a cellar or basement of a building in Oldham Road. Father went to hear them and attended several meetings before he took me. He used to go early and sit upon the stairs, where he would not be seen on account of his being an officer in the church to which he belonged.

I do not know how many times he heard them before he became convinced of the truth, but this I know, the very first time that he took me (they were holding meetings in Poland Street by this time) I drank in every word;—it was like pure water to the thirsty, food to the famished; it satisfied my whole being. I thought, “This is reasonable, tangible, it tells me what to do and how to do it. I knew the first principles they taught were true, and I have known it ever since.

I said to father,—“Why do you not join the Mormons, you know that what they teach is true?” His only reply was, “Humph, what does a child like you know about it?” I said, “Well, I know it is true.”

At another time, when we were going home from meeting, father said,—“If I were to join them I should lose my position”. He was then teaching school in Jackson Lane, in a room adjoining an Independent chapel owned by the church that kept the school. He received a small salary from the church funds and the children each paid a little every week, and besides this he taught a Sunday School, for which he was paid. Some time after this the church made some improvements in their chapel, built a new organ, etc., which caused them some financial embarrassment and they were therefore obliged to close the school, thus depriving father of this employment.

When he came home and told us, my first words were,—“Now you can join the Mormons”. All he said was,—“Humph.” But he did join them and was ordained to the office of an elder at the water’s edge (if I remember right) and was sent to labor in Hull, Yorkshire.”

I must say, in justice to father, that he was a faithful laborer in the ministry and enjoyed the gifts of the Gospel to a great degree, especially the gift of healing.

My Sister Dorcas

Some time after we joined the Church, two elders, one named Sands, were brought to our home. They came for the purpose of administering to my sister Dorcas, who had been a cripple for about eleven years, as the result of an attack of measles. She walked with her hand on her knee. After the administration of the elders she began to improve, and would straighten herself against the door every day, until before her death she could stand almost erect. Her death, which occurred about 1842, was a result of typhoid fever, which was a great trial to my dear mother.

Although I did not know it at the time, though I was only about seven years old, my sister has told me since that father had very grave fears for mother after Dorcas’ death, though we never remember to have heard a murmur pass her lips. Agatha says that father was always anxious to have me accompany mother everywhere she went in order to divert her mind a little from her great bereavement.

Dorcas, being a delicate, nervous child, extremely sensitive and a cripple, had wound herself around the tenderest cords of my mother’s heart. She was of fair complexion, rather dark red hair and blue eyes. She had very quick perceptive powers and nimble fingers. She would make very pretty doll’s bonnets of straw (hats were not worn in those days, except with riding habits or as sunshades, wide brimmed.)

When I was a child, there was a saying that to dream of a wedding was a sure sign of a death in the family. I dreamed of a wedding and thought that I must be in attendance but I had to borrow a dress to wear. My sister died soon after, and strange as it may seem, I had to wear a borrowed dress at the funeral, my own not being finished. I remember also that it was a blue black instead of a jet black, as is usually the custom for mourning. Our bonnets were what was called “draw bonnets” made of a sort of corded lawn, shirred. I remember them distinctly, although it is more than sixty years ago. In spite of the fact that we were only little children and the day warm, for it was in June, we were dressed all in black, as was the custom then.

People used also to believe that to see a “winding sheet” in the candle was another sign of death. This winding sheet was caused by the wax or tallow of the candle melting, and running down the side of the candle in fine flutings or crinkled sort of ribbon. We noticed a winding sheet in the candle one night, shortly before our sister’s death, and it seemed to point in the direction in which she was sitting.

In those days, they did not dress people for burial as we do now, but instead, a finely pleated shroud, or winding sheet was placed over the body. It was made of soft white woolen goods, called Domet, and was laid in pleats an inch wide from the neck to the waist and finished at the neck with a white ribbon. Mother’s own nimble fingers arranged the
soft regular pleats of the shroud of her treasured one. The remains were
tenderly laid to rest in the Brunswick Chapel Cemetery in the village of
Pendleton, near the city of Manchester, England. Sweet rest to her dear
remains!

When upon her deathbed, Dorcas asked my sister Agatha to be bap-
tized for her. All matters of this nature have been attended to.\(^5\)

Altho her death was a sore trial we have lived to acknowledge the
hand of the Lord in it. With her frail constitution, she could have never
endured the trials and privations that we afterwards passed through in
crossing the plains and in our pioneer life for many years after we reached
the valley.

\textit{Results of Obeying the Gospel}

Shortly after my father joined the Church, a gentleman by the name of
John Banks, residing in London and a prominent elder in the branch
there, wrote to my father as follows:—“Elder Walker, why teach children
the alphabet, why not teach men and women the words of Eternal Life?”
This remark led to my father being called on a mission a few months later.

When my mother was consulted, she said;—“If the Lord wants him,
I will not with-hold him”.

As I recall these words of my mother my heart is touched, as I am a
witness of what ie meant. This simple reply showed the guiding principle
of my dear mother’s life,—self sacrifice, and unswerving devotion to God
and to those around her.

\textit{Father’s Mission}

I was almost nine years old at this time and father continued in the minis-
try until I was between fourteen and fifteen years old. During this period
of about six years we passed through much privation and all struggled for
the necessaries of life.

When I was nine years old my father took me with him to visit some
of the Saints in Cheshire, the Conference in which he was laboring as a
traveling elder.\(^6\) It was very pleasant for me to meet with these humble
people, who loved and revered my father so much.

One day I went to a farm house to buy some buttermilk for the lady

\(^5\) The baptism for the dead for Dorcas Walker was completed on June 23, 1869, in the Salt
Lake Endowment House. Dorcas’s endowments were completed on June 13, 1877, in
the St. George Temple; and she was sealed to her parents on August 23, 1894, in the Salt
Lake Temple. International Genealogical Index, Family History Library (hereinafter
cited as IGI).

\(^6\) Cheshire, England, a county in northwest England bordering the Irish Sea, included
about 1,052 square miles and approximately 334,391 inhabitants in 1840. Lewis, \textit{A Topographical Dictionary of England}, 1:512–16.
with whom we were staying. The bucket was as large as an ordinary water bucket and far too heavy for a child to carry, and on my way back I upset the buttermilk. “Oh, what shall I do?” I thought. Remembering that I had a few coppers, I returned with the best grace I could and presented myself to Mrs. Bessie Williams, my kind hostess with the empty bucket and what money I had. She only smiled at my anxiety to make good my misfortune and refused to take my little stock of half-pence. I think the buttermilk only cost two cents.

While staying with this good family, we held Sacrament Meetings every Sunday afternoon. Sometimes there would be only six or seven persons present,—Bro. Geo. Williams and wife and their two children Tom and Emma, myself, and Bro. Thomas Naylor and his wife, Mary [Clayton Naylor]. This Bro. Naylor was a brother of William Naylor of the Old Folks Committee of Salt Lake City.

The Spirit of God was with us and we had happy times in that humble cottage on a Sunday afternoon.

Sometimes, after the meeting I had to confess that I had quenched the spirit of testimony that burned within my breast, and Sister Williams would say,—“The angels of the Lord will go up and say, ‘There’s no testimony from Polly today.’” Polly was their pet name for me.

While still upon this visit to Cheshire my father took me to stay with a family named Wright, who lived in a little town called Crew. Mrs. [Ruth Nephewson] Wright had already embraced the Gospel some time previously, but Mr. [Henry] Wright had only just been baptized by father. This new convert being a night watchman, father arranged one day for a meeting to be held at his home at 9 a.m. There were present at this meeting besides Bro. and Sister Wright and ourselves, their only daughter, Annie [Ann Neveson Wright Naylor] (now Mrs. William Naylor) a Sister Webster, who had recently been baptized and her young son. I was seated in an infant chair by the side of my father, and soon after our meeting was opened I felt impressed that Sister Webster had something to say. Being so young, I had not the courage to rise and express myself as moved upon. Then the spirit left me and rested upon my father, who arose and stated that he felt Sister Webster had a testimony to bear. She arose and bore a strong testimony, which confirmed our impressions. This incident has always been a pleasant recollection of my childhood and a satisfaction to me to have had this manifestation while still so young. I believe I was so prompted for her encouragement.

I never met this sister again until I had reached middle age and was pleased to find upon that occasion, that she had a distinct recollection of this little incident.

In after life Mrs. William Naylor, before mentioned, told me that I preached the Gospel to her when we were children together at her
father’s house, although I was not aware at the time of the effect of my words.

About three years after this I was again invited to visit at Bro. William’s home and this time had the opportunity of attending school. The head girls of the school were Ester Bisbrown and Esther Cleghorn. I liked my teacher, who was a very quiet, unassuming gentleman, and adapted to his profession. At this time I had pleasure in the Gospel and enjoyed attending meetings. Elder Lyman, Omer Littlefield was laboring in this, the Overlane, Cheshire district. I well remember how powerful he spoke and how joyfully my heart responded to his inspired words as I sat and listened to him in those humble cottage meetings. I remember very distinctly an expression Brother Littlefield made as he stood by the fireplace in that humble home of Bro. Williams in Overlane. He said;—“I have not come eight thousand miles on a foolish errand”, having come from America.

You will notice that the initial letters of this brother’s name were L.O. and he once told us that the Prophet Joseph [Smith] would greet him with, “L.O.Littlefield!” thus making a pun of his initials. He was in the prime of life at this time, and when I heard of his laboring in the Logan Temple in his advanced years I should have liked to have met him and talked over this period in his life, while he was laboring in England. This Bro. Littlefield was the author of a book called “The Martyrs” which dealt with the martyrs of our own church.⁷

As I have said before, I loved to attend my meetings and would go alone and at night, perhaps six or seven blocks, but I was not afraid and enjoyed the good Spirit as much as I do now, altho only a child.

We had the privilege of listening to such men as Elder Serine, Orson Spencer, and Apostles Parley P. Pratt, Orson Pratt, John Taylor, and Orson Hyde. I remember hearing Orson Pratt give an account of the Great Salt Lake Valley.

In speaking of John Taylor, father once told us that he said,—“Always save a man if you can”. This may have been uttered at some council meeting, or trial at which father was present.

I remember hearing Parley P. Pratt speak one Sunday evening, and of loving the words he said so much that I felt as if I could lay down my life for him. I followed the people who crowded round to shake hands with him, but it seemed to me that I could not reach out my hand for the world."⁸

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⁷ Lyman Omer Littlefield, *The Martyrs; A Sketch of the Lives and a Full Account of the Martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum Smith, Together with a Concise Review of the Most Prominent Incidents Connected with the Persecutions of the Saints, from the Time the Church Was Organized up to the Year 1846* (Salt Lake City: Juvenile Instructor Office, 1982).

⁸ Parley Parker Pratt (1807–1857) was an apostle in the LDS church from 1835 to 1857. Ann Agatha Walker, Mary Lois’s sister, was his tenth wife.
Before the Manifesto

I remember, very distinctly, the ‘Joint Stock Co.’ trouble and Thomas Ward and Reuben Headlock [Hedlock], who were implicated in the affair. A few days ago I was told by a very old member of the Manchester Conference that the Apostles referred to as visiting our meetings were sent over from America to clear up this ‘Joint Stock Co.’ business. ⁹

When these Apostles returned my sister Agatha emigrated to America. Not long after this, in the early ‘forties’, my brother Charles also had an opportunity to emigrate, in company with our dear friends the Williams family. He had just begun to work at the blacksmith’s trade, and Bro. Williams being a blacksmith we thought this a good opening for him. They, with many other Saints, settled in St. Louis, until by working they could earn means to purchase the necessary outfit to go on to the Valley. My brother was very happy with this family and went with Mr. Williams to Kentucky for a time, to work at blacksmithing.

Privation

Mother and I were alone now, as father was still out preaching the Gospel. We suffered many privations. I think one of the most trying times of this period was once, when we were without food all day. What made the pangs of hunger more intense was the odor of freshly baked bread arising from the bakery in the basement of a house adjoining where we lived. I have often thought how intensely my dear mother must have suffered under these circumstances with her sensitive nature and undying mother love. But no murmur escaped her lips.

In our family prayer she would ask our Heavenly Father to gently clear our way and would quote from Proverbs 39th Chapter, 8th verse, “Give me neither poverty nor riches, feed me with food,” and therewith let me be contented, she would add. Father did not receive sufficient money to pay our rent and this was another great trial to my mother and deeply humiliated her because of her extreme conscientiousness and rigid sense of honor.

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⁹. In 1846, Reuben Hedlock, the president of the LDS church in the British Isles, and Thomas Ward, his counselor, founded a Joint Stock Company in Britain that was represented as an “adjunct” to the LDS church. Its purpose was said to be the gathering of LDS church members to America and the improvement of church members’ economic welfare. Mormons were encouraged from the pulpit and in church periodicals to buy stock in the company, and a considerable amount of stock was purchased. When LDS apostles arrived from America, they demanded an accounting of the company and found that of the £1,644 of stocks that shareholders had bought, all but £226 had been used for traveling and business expenses, leaving no money to be invested. Hedlock was excommunicated, and Ward was disfellowshipped and between October 17 and 19, 1846, the Joint Stock Company was dissolved. Brigham H. Roberts, A Comprehensive History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints: Century I, 5:124-28 (hereinafter cited as Comp. History).
My mother added to our income by her millinery work and it always looked as if it had not been touched by human hands. I can see her seated with a tuscan bonnet on her lap and in her hands white satin of which she was making a dahlia. The flower, when finished, consisted of sixty three petals and was about the size of a sauce dish and looked so perfect that it did not seem to have been made by any human being. I sat and watched her make it and although a child and it is over sixty years ago, I can distinctly remember how she did it.

I used to tease her for something to do and she would give me needles to thread, but after these were threaded I would again tease for something more to do. Then mother would give me cloth and scissors and I would cut out and make doll’s clothes. When I had made enough of these I would make tiny bags. In her pleasantry she would call me her “Little woman of forty bags”. This title was prophetic, as my children can all testify, for it always seemed to me to be a good way of keeping bedding and clothes neat and clean when not in use.

Another School Attended in Childhood
When about nine years old I attended a school taught by two Scotch ladies, Miss Law and her sister Miss Charlotte Law. The room where the classes were held was long, lofty and large, with a gallery at one end for the children to sit in while they were being instructed. Upon the walls were hung pictures of animals pasted upon smooth white boards. After marching around the room we would be seated in the gallery doing needle-work or lessons, as the case might be. Here I learned something of knitting. We had work pockets about nine inches deep, with two compartments to hold our work, thimble, thread, etc. My pocket was made of checked gingham, in red and green, with a tape sewed, to it so that it could be tied around the waist, like a little apron.

I remember these ladies called upon mother and how lovely I thought they were and how they seemed to enjoy conversing with her. For a time I sat quietly on a little stool by the side of one of these ladies and with a pin, that I happened to have in my hand, traced the pretty floral pattern on her dress, and she, noticing what I was doing, stooped down and kissed me. They were very polite and had a way of acquiescing with what mother said by bowing their heads and saying “Quite so”, and “Just so” in a very precise and courteous manner. After a while my brother Charles and I sat under the large round table, no doubt hidden from view by the ample corners of the table cover, and childlike, we sat and enjoyed silently mincing their courteous “Quite so’s” and “Just so’s” accompanied with a nod of the head.

I suppose I must have been very fond of children, judging from a remark of my father’s. He said;—“You would nurse children as old as yourself.”
The neighbors would often ask mother to let me come over to tend the baby. This I was very willing to do, as I had no companion at home of my own age to play with. A lady living next door got me to come and help her with the baby, but when she found that I was handy with housework she put me to that and tended the baby herself. One Sunday afternoon I was left alone with the baby and was also told to keep the dinner cooking.

I can see myself now in that basement kitchen (which is not as cheerful as an upper room) with baby in my arms and the puddings boiling dry. I knew that the water on the puddings must be kept boiling and knew that, left as they were, they would burn before Mrs. Davis would be home from church, so I ventured to add cold water to them (there being several in one pot) and was greatly relieved to find they were all right when served at dinner. That same evening I had to tend baby again and it cried with the colic as a result of the mother eating fresh fruit, but it never entered my mind to get out of the difficulty by going home, next door.

When about twelve years old, my father being still in the missionary field, I worked again for this same lady. I had all the housework to do, besides the washing for the family. On wash day I would have to work until bed time to get it all done as I had no washer or wringer, or even a washboard to work with, so had to rub and wring every piece by hand and at night my hands would smart so that I could not sleep. Being naturally diffident I did not always eat all I wanted, altho I needed it, being a growing girl and working hard.

About a year later I began helping mother at millinery work and found it very hard to sit all day. Mother was working for Messrs. John, James and George Cooper at a large warehouse. The firm traded under the title of “I.J.&G. Cooper”. (the Scotch form of John, Ian, being used probably to prevent confusion of initials, a custom in England.) We worked in a large well lighted, beautiful room filled with bright attractive girls.

I remember one of the salesmen passing through the room one day and asking, rather scornfully:—“What do you girls call yourselves? “Ladies”, they answered, to which he replied,—“Mrs. Walker is the only lady here”. This remark caused the girls to look up the meaning of the word “Lady”.

They were good singers, too. These Messrs Cooper were brothers of Dr. Richard Cooper before mentioned, and we held them in high esteem, for their own worth as well as for their relationship to our dear friends.

I remember dining at their home once when I was a little child. Mrs. Cooper, their mother, sat me on a stool and put my plate on a higher stool in front of me and then cut my meat in small pieces for me, but noticing later that I ate my potatoes first, asked if I “did not like meat?” I
told her that I did and that is why I reserved it till the last.” You, children, may judge whether or no, this was characteristic of your mother, although manifested in childhood.

My mother told me that in that family, no matter what guests were dining with them, the sons, who served the dinner, always served their mother first. They had a beautiful home and servants.

Mr. John Cooper married a very beautiful woman, but his brother, the doctor, remarked as he walked behind him and his bride, either going to or coming from the church,—“If that woman lives, our Jack’s a dead man,” He could tell that she had consumption and that her husband would take the disease if she lived, but she did not live. He married again, and his other wife, although not beautiful was a very excellent woman. She said once that a voice told her that her little daughter Jane, would die, but she answered the voice “Rather let me beg than Jane die.”

At another time mother and I worked in a warehouse where three hundred men were employed and we were the only women. Our occupation was to clean bonnets, which we did with stale bread. Some days I was there alone and one day one of the men put his hand on my waist. I told him to keep his hands to himself. He replied, “I know you don’t mean what you say.” Boiling over with indignation I answered, “When I speak once I mean what I say as much as if I had spoken a thousand times.” He concluded he had better leave me alone after that. When I used to pass through these large rooms to the street these men would whistle or make remarks, but I passed on as if I had heard nothing and was never molested.

**Methodical Habits**

When a child of ten, if allowed to stay home and do our work, (I generally had to go out to work to help mother while father was away preaching) I would arrange my household duties, something like this:—Monday, washing; Tuesday, ironing; Wednesday, after my work was done I had a little leisure, or took a walk with my companion, a girl about my own age, or she would come to see me; Thursday, chamber work; Friday, cleaning parlor and sitting room; and Saturday, kitchen work, which would be done about noon. Then I would go to my friend’s perhaps, and help her, as she was the eldest of a large family. Sometimes I would help her bathe the children or do her pantry work for her.

**We Move Back to Our Native Town**

When father had been out preaching for about four years, my uncles, Joseph and Samuel thinking no doubt, that mother, their only sister, must be having a struggle to make a living, wanted her to come to Leek and live so that they might be able to render her some assistance from time to
time. They had been left fatherless in their infancy and were reared by a tender, God fearing mother. They remembered the trials of their youthful days and very tender feelings existed between them and their sister. They were in comfortable circumstances and lived on their own property, which is not very common in England. I think they must have consulted together for mother’s welfare. So Uncle Joseph brought his own team and wagon to Manchester, some thirty miles, and took mother and me and all our household effects to Leek, their native town.

Our surroundings had greatly changed. Mother’s large business connection was gone and we were in straightened circumstances. Having joined the Mormons we had few friends, for we did not associate with church or chapel folks. I doubt if there was another person in the town of Leek who belonged to the same church as ourselves. The Mormons were held in bad repute, so it was bad policy for us to let it be known that we belonged to them. Our relatives knew of our religious connections but treated us well, although they cared nothing for Mormonism. We lived part of the time with Uncle Joseph and part with Uncle Samuel. We also stayed with a first, or second, cousin, a Mrs. Ann Slack Beardmoor. Her husband was a very devout, nice man, a good husband and father and also a clever mechanic.

Our stay at Uncle Samuel’s was not the pleasantest, as I remember, although he was a kind gentle man, but his wife, who was step-mother to his children, had an irritable disposition, as a result of Dyspepsia. I know that the little daughter, Lydia, hardly dared to call her soul her own. Neither of us could please her. If we tried to make the beds well, we were too long about it and if we tried to hurry we did not make them well enough to suit her. Finally I concluded that I could not please her however much I tried. She was a very neat, orderly person and no doubt a worthy woman. They had a bright rosy cheeked boy about sixteen years old who was learning the baker’s trade.

After a time we rented two rooms in a fine old-fashioned house. A farmer rented the house and he re-rented the parlor and the room above it to us. The woodwork and floor were of English oak.

I sometimes went to Class-meeting with my aunt (they were Methodists) and while they kneeled and prayed to Jesus, calling Him to come, and shouting “He is here”, or “I have Him”, “Glory to God”, “Hallelujah”, etc. I was asking Heavenly Father to protect me from their influence, and He did.

John Darling Ross, a Scotchman, who belonged to the Mormon church, and who was spoken of as a “Walking Bible” because of his great knowledge of that book, came to Leek as an elder from the Manchester Conference, and held a little meeting in an upper room, and I remember with what avidity I drank in every word he said.
While living in Leek, mother worked at her trade when she could obtain work, and one day a lady with two little girls brought some hats for her to clean and trim. The agreement was that mother should also furnish the trimmings. The hats were done, according to promise, and called for but not paid for. A few days later I went to Condleton, about seven miles distant, to collect the money, but returned as I had gone, without it, and in addition was foot-sore and weary after my fourteen mile walk for nothing.  

We felt very much alone while living here. We were poor, and my mother was too proud and sensitive to go out much among our relations who were so differently situated.

However, whatever privations I have been called upon to suffer for the Gospel’s sake I consider it an honor, although at that time I thought it hard, especially to be parted from my dear mother to go out and work for my daily bread.

We Emigrate
But, at least a change in our fortunes was approaching, for when we had been in Leek about a year, mother received a notification from the Liverpool office that we were to sail for America. By this time I was fourteen years old and father was released from his missionary labors, to gather to Zion, and it did not seem long after he came home that we were ready to go to Liverpool.

I had not seen father for nearly a year and I remember how interested I was in the packing and in our decisions as to what should be taken and what should be left behind. I remember father looking at me one day and saying;—“You are very decisive.” He hardly expected his thirteen year old daughter of a year before to be able to decide household affairs so readily.

We Reach Liverpool
When we arrived in Liverpool we stayed at a Mormon hotel, kept by a Mrs. Cooley. While waiting in Liverpool we had the privilege of attending meeting in the comfortable well lighted hall where the Saints assembled. Here they used often to sing that favorite hymn, “Oh Babylon, we bid you
farewell”, by Cyrus H. Wheelock, in which we joined with all our hearts for it thrilled the souls of the Saints. 12 I remember hearing a very powerful discourse delivered by Orson Pratt, calling the world to repentance. I have often marvelled at so powerful a voice from a man of small stature, but have found the answer to my query in Church History, for here we find, that when the Prophet Joseph sent Orson Pratt out in the world to preach the Gospel, he told him to “Speak to the people long and loud.” The Prophet told George A. [Albert] Smith to make short speeches and short prayers and the people would listen to him. Apostle George A. Smith followed this commandment all his life and made this remark about himself, “When I get up the people know that George A. isn’t going to speak long, so they listen to me.”

We Board the Ship

On February 11th, 1850, my father, mother and I boarded the ship “Josiah Bradley” with Captain [Charles] Mansfield as master of the ship. 13 But we did not set sail until a week later, Feb. 18th. I find this date in From Kirtland to Salt Lake City by Fred Piercy, Artist. 14 This Mr. Piercy was an Englishman, from London who drew the different scenes along the plains. He once showed me a stick which could be used as a walking cane or converted into a seat. This he used while making his sketches along the route from Kirtland to Salt Lake City.

When our ship was towed out and we had passed the Health Inspectors, said our last farewells and watched the waving handkerchiefs

12. A song about gathering the righteous to Zion, entitled “Ye Elders of Israel” by Cyrus H. Wheelock (1813–1894). The chorus of the hymn is “O Babylon, O Babylon, we bid thee farewell. We’re going to the mountains of Ephraim to dwell.” Richard H. Cracroft and Neal E. Lambert, A Believing People: Literature of the Latter-day Saints, 273.

13. Conway B. Sonne describes the 1850 voyage of the Josiah Bradlee: “Sailing from Liverpool on 18 February 1850, the Yankee square-rigger Josiah Bradlee out of Boston carried 263 Mormon passengers. Captain Charles Mansfield commanded the vessel. . . . After a passage of fifty-nine days, during which there were five deaths, one birth, and two marriages, the Josiah Bradlee arrived 18 April at New Orleans.” The three-masted ship had two decks and was built in 1849 in Medford, Massachusetts. Conway B. Sonne, Ships, Saints, and Mariners: A Maritime Encyclopedia of Mormon Migration, 1830–1890, 123–24.

14. Mary Lois seems to have interchanged the author and title of two different books. The title she refers to is by James A. Little, From Kirtland to Salt Lake City (Salt Lake City: James A. Little, 1890). The author that she refers to is Frederick Hawkins Piercy, Route from Liverpool to Great Salt Lake Valley: Illustrated with Steel Engravings and Wood Cuts from Sketches Made by Frederick Piercy . . . : Together with a Geographical and Historical Description of Utah, and a Map of the Overland Routes to That Territory from the Missouri River: Also an Authentic History of the Latter-Day Saints’ Emigration from Europe from the Commencement up to the Close of 1855, with Statistics (Liverpool: Franklin D. Richards; London: Latter-day Saints’ Book Depot, 1855).
fade into the distance while we sang in chorus “Yes, my native land, I love thee”, we began to be conscious of a queer sensation which all would like to have avoided, and were glad to descent to our berths below and lie down. While lying there ill of sea-sickness, we could hear our boxes sliding about with tins rattling as an accompaniment, and as we felt the ship heave and groan, we felt what helpless specks we were on the bosom of the Mighty Deep.

Our company was organized into three wards, English Welsh, and Scottish, with Thomas Day presiding. I think Abel Evans, a great ecclesiastical leader among the Welsh must have been in charge of the Welsh people on board this vessel, as he was with their company. He is the father of the Evans family of Lehi, Utah.

With us also were Bro. James Needham, then but a stripling with his young bride [Alice Warburton Needham], his venerable father [James Needham] and mother [Mary Armitage Needham], his brother Arthur [Armitage Needham] and wife, and his sisters Alice and Sophia. Also James [Munro Pyper] and Alex [Alexander Crookshank] Pyper, fathers of the Salt Lake family of that name.

I associated a great deal with the Needhams, especially with Mrs. Arthur Needham, who was a very ladylike woman and made herself a pleasant companion for me. Her husband was a pianist and older than his brother James. They had no family. I used to associate too, with the Welsh people, especially with Miss Prothero, who was a gentle modest lady. She was fifteen years older than I. There was also a little girl on shipboard, who afterwards became the mother of Bishop Seddon, of the Fifth Ward, Salt Lake City.

You will understand from what has been said of our circumstances, that we should not be able to travel as First Class passengers. This necessitated laying in a supply of provisions before we left the shore, such as bacon, herrings, potatoes, butter, sugar, rice, oat-meal, etc., not forgetting sea-biscuits, or “hard-tack” as it is sometimes called. The latter was rightly named, for I remember how it made the muscles of my face ache, even up to my temples to masticate it. This was our principle article of diet, and had to be used on account of the duration of the journey, nearly three months, and it kept perfectly.

You will understand also that the supply of fresh water was necessarily limited, since enough had to be taken to last for so long a time, therefore it was measured out, perhaps as little as a pint of drinking water per day for each person. This measured water had to be used for cooking, all of which we did for ourselves. Sometimes we had trouble, when cooking

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such things as rice or beans, which absorb so much water, and would not have been sufficient to finish cooking them properly. The cooking was done on a sheet iron stove, about the size of an ordinary kitchen table, in a small room about the size of an ordinary pantry. Many would be cooking at the same time, and people had to stand and watch their own things lest someone should come and put their things back to give their own the better place.

The ship furnished a cook to attend to the fire and superintend things and assist the passengers. Father had learned to cook at home when a boy with his mother and considering the Galley, where the cooking was done, an unfit place for women, did our cooking himself. The only way of going to and from the galley was by means of a large ship ladder. You can imagine the difficulty of carrying the hot food from the galley, which was on deck down the ladder to our berths in the steerage. Fortunate indeed was the individual who possessed a good stock of patience, for you can see it would be needed under these trying circumstances.

Mother was often solicited to prescribe and administer medicines to the sick on board. She was given free access to the Captain’s medicine chest. He was pleased to consult with her with regard to the health of the passengers, to whom he was very kind. She even attended to one accouchment with great satisfaction to all parties concerned. This was the only maternity case during our passage, I think.

Mother, and the Captain, who was a perfect gentleman, enjoyed conversing together upon many topics, but I think it afforded her the greatest pleasure to converse with the steward, who was a handsome young Portuguese and who spoke French fluently. I have said before that mother used to speak that language in her childhood, hence the pleasure this would be to her.

The steward is quite an important official on shipboard, superintending the household matters, so to speak, of the ship. I can see him how, as he looked then, dressed in black clothes, white linen shirt, and long white linen apron, walking steadily, however much the ship rocked, his hands filled with dainty or choice dishes for the Captain’s table, for upon him also devolved the duty of waiting upon the Captain at his meals.

I spent most of my time on deck when the weather would permit. Upon this deck was a long, low chicken coop, containing live fowls for use at the Captain’s table. This coop was about as high as a bench and afforded us a good seat. I often sat here doing needlework, reading, or conversing with some one. I remember on day sitting here sewing and watching the chain lightning flashing across the sky, which would be the case for hours after a storm. As I sat working and humming a tune the Captain happened to notice me and remarked to mother “Mary is like Hope on the tomb”. In the evening I so much enjoyed standing on the
deck looking at the stars and down into the deep blue waters which had the appearance of being full of stars, but which was really the phosphorus in the water. Oh, how I wished that I might study astronomy and thirsted for knowledge of all kinds.

I certainly enjoyed the voyage, and my health was very good after the first sea-sickness was over. I was fond of needlework and had also a nice book that my cousin, Joseph Godwin had given me before our departure. I also learned to walk steadily on the ship when it was rocking.

An expression of one of the passengers I shall always remember for I have proven it to be true. It was that “Industry brings contentment.”

We were becalmed for some days in the Gulf of Mexico. The climate was very warm and yellow sea weed floated upon the surface of the blue water. The sea was so still that we could see sharks beneath the water.

**We Reach Terra Firma**

We reached New Orleans the latter part of April, after having been at sea about eight weeks. The Custom House officials came on board and looked through our trunks. While I was watching them one of the officers remarked to me;—“If you were in California you would be married in six months.”

The mosquitoes literally swarmed about us as we came near the mouth of the Mississippi. This same officer upon seeing this jokingly remarked, “Oh, they’re cousinng you.”

Father went on land for a few hours, but mother and I remained on the ship till he came for us. Then we all landed. Here I saw bananas for the first time, but when I tasted them, I did not care for them.

It seemed strange to see most of the women wearing loose wrappers and long narrow sun bonnets called Virginia Wagon Covers. They were out doing their marketing in the morning before the heat of the day. In

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16. An 1855 guidebook for Mormons emigrating from England to the Salt Lake Valley included New Orleans as part of the route. It stated that the “immense steam-boat traffic upon the Mississippi river, affords every facility to emigrants to proceed to St. Louis, without detention in New Orleans more than twelve hours at the furthest, as steamers start daily for that city, and sometimes three or four times in the day. The fares are from two to three dollars on deck, and from twelve to fifteen in the cabin.” James Linforth, ed., *Route from Liverpool to Great Salt Lake Valley Illustrated with Steel Engravings and Wood Cuts from Sketches Made by Frederick Piercy*, 35–57.

17. Mary Lois arrived in New Orleans in April 1850. A year and a half earlier, in September 1848, newspapers first began publishing news about the gold fields in California. By spring 1849, thousands of men had gone to California to seek their fortunes. With few exceptions, the men traveled without wives or families. The population of California rose from fourteen thousand non-Indians before the discovery of gold in January 1848 to more than two hundred fifty thousand non-Indians by 1852. Eric Foner and John A. Garraty, eds., *The Reader’s Companion to American History*, 454.
the afternoon they remained indoors but in the evening they would dress up and go out. It seemed delightful to have plenty of fresh water, after having been scrimped for so long.

We boarded the steamboat “St. Louis” to go up the river to the city of St. Louis.¹⁸ This comparatively short journey, as it would seem now, took us three days longer than one can travel from Liverpool to New York today. The river was very muddy, but the water was soft and pleasant to use.

Now we could have fresh bread and plenty of good eggs. These eggs we beat up and used in our coffee instead of cream. We appreciated these comforts after our long ocean voyage.

The scenery along the river was delightful, changing every moment. There were trees in endless varieties and many negro huts, at the doors of which the families stood watching the steamboats pass. This was all very interesting and picturesque. The boat stopped frequently to take on fresh fuel and to receive passengers and freight. Then the negro boat hands would haul on the great split oak logs about five feet long, singing as they worked. Their singing was a sort of low chant, keeping time with their movements and very different to the singing of the sailors on board the ship.

It was the custom at that time for steamboats to run races up the river, and explosions were often the result. Our boat ran a race with another boat. The lady who nursed me when my son Nephi [Lowell Morris] was born related her experience upon such an occasion when coming up the Mississippi River on board the steamboat Saluda. The boat took fire and she had to cross a narrow plank to shore with two little children. In her fear and excitement she held her babe so tightly to her breast that she found it was dead when she reached the river bank.

While we were on the boat St. Louis, a Mr. Sylvester Kitteridge used to come to our quarters and talk with us. He was a tall, well built, handsome man, dignified and intelligent, but unassuming withal. One day, during my absence, he told my mother that he loved her daughter. Of course I was very young and travelling, also was a Mormon, and the matter was not to be considered. There was another pleasant looking young man who used to come and talk to us. He was a watchman on the boat and often brought us nice things from the Cabin. I have forgotten his name but there is a pleasing recollection of him in my mind.

¹⁸ Mary Lois and her family came up the Mississippi from New Orleans on a steamboat, landing in St. Louis, Missouri, on May 2, 1850. Between 1840 and 1855, Mormons emigrating from Great Britain to America often landed in New Orleans. From there, steamboats “took the emigrants up the Mississippi River . . . landing them at points along the Missouri River to the localities designated as outfitting places for the saints crossing the plains to the Rocky Mountains.” Jenson, Encyclopedic History, 516–17; “Sailing Vessels and Steamboats,” in OPH, 12:450.
Some fine looking colored girls were also on board, slaves no doubt, going to be sold or bought by some one. Father gave them money, as was the custom for white people to do, and asked them if white men ever married them. They told him that they did. How little did we know of the customs of white slave owners.

Altogether, we had quite an enjoyable trip up the river, and landed in St. Louis, Missouri, on the 2nd of May, 1850.

We were entertained for a time by our friends, Bro. and Sister Williams, with whom I had visited in Cheshire, England, when a child. There was also a family named Dunn, who had been neighbors in Manchester. They were faithful Latter-Day Saints and are related to the Dunns and Stubbs of Provo, Utah. Soon, however, we rented a house on 5th Street, between Car and Biddle Streets. The Sunday following our arrival in St. Louis we attended a Latter Day Saints meeting in Music Hall and there Nathaniel H. [Henry] Felt was preaching his farewell sermon, prior to his departure for Utah. This was about the 4th of May, 1850.

I suppose Henry Clay must have been running for President, for I remember seeing a conveyance going up the street, bearing his name in large letters.  

On the 4th of July following I was very ill and it seemed to me that every cannon that was fired went through my nervous system. I felt relieved at the thought of evening approaching. As I have said, mother remarked that every cannon that was fired was aimed at the English. But I had adopted America as my country and cared not for past grievances.

St. Louis was a regular gathering place for the Saints who were intending to go to the “Valley”. Here they would stay and work to get means to purchase an outfit for their long journey across the plains. Here we found many people who had been father’s friends while he was traveling as an Elder in the different conferences in England. Among others was Sister [Jane Pattenden] Tuckett and her family. She was the

19. Henry Clay (1777–1852), a leader of the Whig party, ran for president unsuccessfully five times. While he was not a presidential candidate in 1850 as Mary Lois recalled, he was prominent at that time because of his part in brokering the Compromise of 1850, which dealt with the question of slavery in the territory gained in the Mexican War. Foner, The Reader’s Companion to American History, 190–91, 209–10.

20. An 1855 guidebook for Mormons emigrating from England to the Salt Lake Valley included St. Louis on the route, stating, “St. Louis has been for years the residence of numbers of L.D. Saints, some of them emigrants from different parts of the world, on their way to Nauvoo, Council Bluffs, or Utah, and many of them American converts. Owing to the rapid advancement of the city the unemployed have found labour, and many have thus completed their outfit for the remainder of their journey. At the present time there are between 1300 and 1400 in the city and vicinity.” Linforth, Route from Liverpool to Great Salt Lake Valley, 57.
mother of Bro. Henry Tuckett, Sen. and his brother Charles Tuckett, both of Salt Lake City. I think they were from the London conference.

Everybody had to work, and those who could not obtain employment at their trade must turn to whatever presented itself. Father obtained the agency for a kind of photography which had recently been invented and was quite successful in securing orders, for which he received a commission. From Sister Tuckett's daughter Jane [Tuckett], an interesting little girl in her teens, I heard of a vacancy in a most excellent family, where a girl was wanted to take care of the children and attend to the chamber work. I applied for and obtained the situation and went there on the 11th of September, 1850. Before going father called mother and me, and together we bowed on our knees and he asked the Lord to give me favor in the sight of the family where I was about to enter as help. So under that influence I left the parental roof.

Life in St. Louis

I remember how beautiful that month of September was when I, a girl of fifteen, went out into the world to earn my living and help my father to secure our outfit to cross the great plains. I did not mind work and loved children, so there were pleasant times to follow, provided that I was with the right kind of people and received proper treatment at their hands.

The lady for whom I had engaged to work was a Mrs. Horace Howard [Mary Grizwell Haven] Jenks, nee Mary Grizwell Haven. Her mother was an English lady, and her father one of the rich men of New York. She was a young widow of about thirty years of age, medium height, had rather light brown hair, blue eyes and a fair complexion. She was modest and unassuming in her manner and a perfect lady. She lived upon her income and her household consisted, besides herself, of three small children, Ellen Agusta, Charles Haven, and Horace Howard, a babe in arms. Also Miss Mary [Orne] Jenks, sister of Mr. [Horace Howard] Jenks, deceased, a woman about sixty years of age. Then there was Caroline Peckham, the cook and myself. This Miss Peckham was a cousin of the Tuckett family and afterwards became Mrs. Tom Seddon, of the 6th Ward, Salt Lake City.

Miss Mary Jenks was the real house-keeper, for although Mrs. Jenks stood at the head, she devoted her entire time to her children. I heard her say that she liked to have Mormons work for her, and also that she liked English people. Miss Jenks was rather cross and fidgety, but Mrs. Jenks I loved. Miss Peckham was a good girl and very kind and we got along well together.

When I was sent upstairs to do the chamber work, I noticed small piles of silver change on the different mantels. This pleased me, and I understood by it that these ladies wanted to test the honesty of their new help. As I had been reared in the most rigid honor it was gratifying to me to have the opportunity to prove myself to them.
My first duty each morning was to kindle a fire in the nursery, prepare the morning bath for the children, help them to dress and take them to school. On my return I would put the nursery, bed-rooms and parlor in order, tend the lovely baby and then go and fetch the children home from school. There was another little child that I used to take to school, beautiful little Molly Jenks, a cousin of the other children and daughter of Mr. George Washington Jenks, Miss Mary Jenks’ brother. Molly’s mother was a cute little dark eyed, rosy cheeked woman, as cheery as spring flowers. At Christmas time she made a little silk pin-cushion for me. When she gave it to me she said;—“Mary, I give this to you for being so kind to my little Molly when she goes to school, helping her over the ditches”. Mrs. Jenks would often take me to market with her, and as I loved her I enjoyed it immensely. She cared so little for finery that she would go out in the morning as plainly dressed as myself.

Mrs. Jenks was as anxious to have persons of rigid honor to take care of her children as my parents had been to have their children associate with people of that kind, so we mutually appreciated each others qualities.

Sometimes father came and spent the evening with us. That winter the weather was so severe that he said he had to saw our bread at home. The ground was covered with frost for several months.

One evening as he was leaving the door he slipped and broke his leg. Fortunately he had brought a Bro. Rushton with him, so he helped father home.

When Christmas time came I received presents from all the family. Mrs. Jenks gave me a dress pattern and Miss Jenks a grey silk scarf with blue silk velvet stripes across the ends. I received a pair of scissors from little Master Charles, an egg of perfumed soap from Sissy, as the little daughter was called, and a very good dressing comb from sweet baby Horace. The soap I kept and used for my first baby.

After Christmas, Mrs. Jenks began to consider preparations for a contemplated visit to her relatives in the East. In this event they wanted someone who could do more work than I was able to do, in my place. I rather think they wanted someone who could assist with the sewing. When I first went there they gave me a dusting cloth to hem, I suppose in order to test my ability in that direction. I did it and was not ashamed to let anyone examine the stitches.

When my parents learned that I should probably soon be leaving Mrs. Jenks my father wrote a letter to her and addressing her in a most respectful manner, he said, amongst other things;—“Thine is a house of prudence, thine is a house of virtue”, and also, “How often we leave true happiness to seek for imaginary bliss”, meaning that she was happy there, but might not be so, if she moved away. He continued, using the Quaker
Before the Manifesto

style,—“If it pleaseth thee that my child remaineth with thee, it is well, and if not, it is well.”

Then engaged another Mormon girl, about ten years older than I, to take my place. She came about a week before I left so that I could teach her the ways of the house. Miss Jenks very pleasantly remarked during this week while we were both there “Many hands make labor light”, to which I meekly replied “Yes, ma’am”. When the time was up I went home.

One morning, about a week later, a rap came at the door and upon opening it we saw Mrs. Jenks, who had come to ask me if I would not go back, as the work of my successor had not been satisfactory. I was pleased to do so as I loved and highly esteemed them. She seemed pleased to notice when she called, that I was wearing at my side the pair of scissors she had given me, for I was busy at making the dress they had given me. Mrs. Jenks’ husband had come from New England and they seemed proud of this fact.

So I returned to my duties and as the spring approached Mrs. Mason, a seamstress, was engaged to come and assist with the sewing. Miss Peckham was to accompany Mrs. Jenks to take care of the baby and in a very kind manner I was asked if I should not like to remain with Miss Jenks and do the general housework while Mrs. Jenks was away. I did not care to do so as I was not very fond of Miss Jenks, although I had never had any unpleasantness with her, but as I did not like to refuse Mrs. Jenks anything I consented to stay.

The day of the departure, while Miss Jenks accompanied them to the station, I was requested to clean the dining room. Upon her return I had almost finished my task and had not wasted a moment, for mother had always taught me to work, not with eye service, as men pleasers, but as unto God. However, I suppose she thought I had been a long time over it, for she remarked rather impatiently,” Is this all you have done?” I had made up my mind that if I did stay I would not take as much from her as I had in the past, so I answered firmly, “Yes, ma’am, but I have done it well.” She took this gentle hint, and after that was very kind to me, helping me in many ways with my work.

Soon we received word that Mrs. Jenks had decided to remain, and wished to know if I would not go East, to New York, and live with her. I loved her enough to go a long distance to oblige her, but my parents did not wish me to go, so I gave up the idea at once.

When Miss Jenks and I parted, she dais, and I knew it came from her heart, “Good-bye, Mary, you have been a good girl, wouldn’t you like to write to us?” I should like to have done so, but feared I could not write well enough.

When Miss Peckham returned Mrs. Jenks sent me two beautiful presents. One was a daintily embroidered chimisette of fine white mate-
rial and a pink and white striped satin ribbon to go with it, and also a blue and white waist ribbon.

When the furniture was auctioned off a lady expressed a wish that she might engage the girl who had done their housework. But I was not at every lady’s service.

In the summer of 1888 I did work in the Manti Temple for Miss Jenks and had that of her brother Horace Howard Jenks to attend to, but I could not do anything for my beloved Mrs. Jenks, as she was only fifteen years older than I, and the ruling is that if you are not positive of the death of a person for whom you wish to do a work, that at least one hundred years must be allowed for their age. At that time I was only fifty three so that she would have been about sixty eight years old and in all possibility still alive. I intend to have this matter hunted up and if she is dead, to do the work for her.

After leaving Mrs. Jenks I was recommended to a Mrs Bertis who lived in affluence in a beautiful home. When I called I found her sick of an intermittent fever. She was a very interesting lady but in speaking of the work that I should be required to do I found that I was expected to wait on table. This I could not brook. The idea of coming in contact with strangers was more than I could bear. She tried to make me see how easy it would be, but I did not accept the position.

Mrs. Mason, the seamstress at Mrs. Jenks’ told me of a place where help was wanted. I applied but engaged only on trial. When I was fairly established I found that I was not only expected to do all the house work but also to clean all the rooms after the workmen, for the house had been undergoing repairs. To do this I had to work night and day. I believe they were poor, for I heard the lady acknowledge to a friend that they had to take in work. The mother and a pretty young daughter, who had been very ill, worked all day in a dismal looking bed room, and I seldom saw them except when they ordered their meals.

There were two sons, Warn, or Warren, and Bub. Odd names, they seemed to me. I remember hearing one of them remark that on a certain day he would have a sum of money, but just them he “Hadn’t a red cent.” They were boat hands, or to use their own expression, they “ran on the river”. In my press of work I retired one night at three o’clock and rose at five. The nights were short and warm, and my bed a mattress laid on the floor, but I was glad to get a little rest in my room anyhow.

Besides all this work that was piled on my sixteen year old shoulders these boys allowed me the privilege of cutting the wood, which made me look upon them with feelings akin to contempt and I thought them fine specimens of American gallantry. Of course I did not stay there very long. I only received two dollars a week but managed to clothe myself quite neatly and save a little besides. I bought myself a white straw cottage bon-
net, white gloves and a pale blue dress (the one I have my picture taken in) and a dark satin fringed parasol, changeable satin, green and purple.

The young men wore fine white tucked shirts, trousers and belts, with straw hats. The weather being so warm they seldom wore vests or coats. As I passed along the street I would notice them turn and look at me but I had the satisfaction of holding my parasol so they could not see my face. Some of my friends suggested that I ought to have white slippers to wear with this dress but I thought that too foppish and would not do so.

I think I went home with fourteen dollars, which I gave to father to help to get our outfit for crossing the plains. We always had this object in view and I remember, when we were tempted to make little expenditures, father would say;—“Remember the wagon wheels”.

Mother’s Illness and Death
That summer my dear mother was taken ill. I tended her with loving care but on Monday morning, August 11th, after I had made up the lounge and made her comfortable there and was making up the bed on the other side of the room, something told me that mother would die. I was not dismayed, for with this impression, came a spirit of sweet peace and I felt that it was best that she should go and be at rest from her troubles.

Previous to this I had prayed with all the fervor of my eager young heart that the Lord would spare her life to reach the home of the Saints. Little did I know of the hardships, trials and privations of this long journey and the repetition of want and scarcity of the necessaries of life which awaited our arrival here. But there was One who did know, and in His great mercy took her from that which she could not have endured.

When I had completed the arrangement of the room I went over to our dear friend and neighbor, Sister Williams, and told her of the impression I had received and returned immediately. Then I ventured to tell mother also. She made no reply but asked me for her writing desk. She looked for a paper upon which was some writing she wished me to see, but it was not there.

I told no one else of my impression. I remember going to the office of Doctor Rutherford, and leaving word upon a slate upon the door for him to call. He was a Scotchman and belonged to our church. He came and pronounced her ailment Typhus Fever.21 I remained alone with her all

21. Typhus fever refers to a group of infections caused by rickettsiae and characterized by severe headache, a widespread rash, prolonged high fever, and delirium. Epidemic typhus, transmitted by lice, was prevalent in overcrowded, unsanitary conditions such as were common in jails, hospitals, and ships and had a high mortality rate. In the nineteenth century, the treatments recommended for typhus were emetics and tonic medicines such as quinine. John Charles Gunn, Gunn’s New Family Physician, Or Home Book of Health, 405–9.
day, but was not afraid, as the same spirit of peace remained with me. I had a little money of my own and was able to buy any little thing that I thought might add to her comfort. We had a little nursery lamp that I used in preparing her food or for heating water. A candle was used inside it.

I watched her by day and at night and took a pillow and rested on the floor near her couch, so that I might arise at any moment if she needed me. What would I give to know the feelings of my dear mother’s heart, during the five days of her illness. I may know when we meet again.

On Thursday night father drew a chair up to her couch and asked her if she would be his in Eternity, but death was too near, and she had not the power to answer. At that time evidently, father knew about the eternity of the marriage covenant and was anxious to have mother sealed to him when we should reach the Valley, for they had not had their endowments and had therefore been married for time only.

That night mother became delirious. By morning there was a great change for the worse. Her face was flushed but her hands and feet cold and what few words she uttered were in a quick and unnatural manner but seemed to have reference to some pleasant recollections with regard to father. When the doctor came he said in a surprised manner “This is a bad case.” I was prepared for it and it was no surprise to me, for when I felt her hands and feet cold, the sad truth came to me with new force and I felt that death was near.

She continued about the same all day. Bless her! She said very little during her entire illness, and never a murmur or complaint of any kind escaped her lips.

Just before five o’clock my brother Charles came over and said Sister Williams wished to see me as she was also sick in bed. I immediately went over and returned as quickly as possible but mother had passed away during my absence. If she was conscious at the last it must have been a consolation to her that her only son was near her for she loved him most tenderly. Father happened to be absent also just at the time, so Charles was the only one with her at the hour of her death, which occurred at five o’clock August 15th, 1851.

Our friend, Sister Eli Harrison, came over and helped to prepare her for burial. After she was laid out her dear face bore no trace of the sorrow and trials she had passed through but wore a sweet and peaceful expression.

About dark Bro. Williams came over and stayed with father while my brother and I went to spend the night at his home. I remember, if we put out the light, my brother seemed to be troubled by some unpleasant influence.

Mother was buried the following afternoon. Bro. and Sister Harrison, and as many of the Williams family as could attend were with
us. I think very likely the Naylor family was also present. In any case there were less than a dozen persons in attendance. The funeral was held at our home and her dear remains were laid to rest from life’s care and woe in the cemetery in St. Louis, Mo.

May her mortal remains there rest in peace until the Resurrection morning, when I hope to be prepared to meet her who loved us so fondly. After our return from the cemetery it seemed as if the fountains of my young heart would burst, for I realized that my dear mother was gone from me indeed.

The remainder of the summer I stayed at home and worked at binding fine slippers. These were made of bronze leather, bound by hand with black silk ribbon and sewed with silk thread. It was quite a difficult task, as the weather was so warm that we had to use powder on our hands to keep them dry and to make it easier for the needle to go through the leather.

In the Fall, however, I went to do chamber work at a female seminary. This school was kept by a Rev. Dr. Crowell and his wife, assisted by several teachers. These were all ladies, except a Mr. Van Meter, teacher of Vocal Music. This Dr. Crowell was the gentleman who corresponded with Orson Spencer, which correspondence was subsequently published in book form under the title of Spencer’s Letters.22

The doctor and his wife were very nice people, but my work was no child’s play.

The school was held in a fine large dwelling house which they rented for the purpose. A flight of broad stone steps led up to the front door which opened into two spacious parlors which were used as recitation rooms. They were carpeted in dark red, while the chairs, which filled the two rooms, were white and of elegant shape.

Before the hour at which school started in the morning it was my duty to sweep and dust these rooms and also the hall, and clean the grates and build the fires. When school had commenced my work was in the bed rooms, which were very cold to work in, as houses were not heated then as they are now.

A number of the students boarded there and among them I remember a Miss Wilder and two other young ladies, who were teachers, and whom I liked very much. One day, this Miss Wilder, Mrs. Crowell and I happened to meet at the front door, and as I stepped inside to allow the ladies to pass, Mrs. Crowell asked me how old I was, and when I told

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her sixteen years, she turned to Miss Wilder and said, “Isn’t she a perfect specimen of physical symmetry?” Of course I liked that.

One of the young ladies, whose name I cannot remember was a consumptive. I loved her and was willing to do anything I could for her. She was very nice to me. I think the Doctor and his wife were from Boston, and it was considered quite an advantage to St. Louis that people of so much culture should come out West and open such a nice school, so it is no wonder that they were well patronized. They reminded me of English people, and I shall never forget, in the midst of so many opportunities for education, how my heart yearned with a desire for learning and especially to study music.

The Doctor used to call all the household into the parlor every morning for devotional exercises.

From here I went to live with a family of the name of Hughes. The gentleman was Welsh but his wife was a rather comely American woman. They had two little children, the oldest a boy, and a little girl named Pauline. I was surprised to hear her say one day that she did not like the —— children (using a very ugly word) but that Mr. Hughes liked them. She seemed to be a woman of some refinement, and always behaved as a perfect lady to me. She was a fine looking woman.

I think it was a Sunday night when I went there and had not been in the house long when Mr. Hughes asked me to sing, remarking, “Most English ladies sing.” I sang one of my favorite songs,—“She wore a wreath of roses.”23 He remarked during the evening to his wife that I had no brogue. I replied that we were not allowed to use any.

Sometimes he would ask me what was preached in our meetings, and would try to tease me about gathering to Utah.

Mrs. Hughes was very kind and allowed me to do the work as I pleased, and would often talk to me and try to entertain me while I ironed in the dining room. She could sing quite nicely and accompanied herself upon the accordion. If she did not like the children she was always good to them.

One day a well dressed, intelligent Irishman came there to board. Soon after, one morning, at breakfast, he and Mrs. Hughes began praising the biscuits we had for breakfast. “Yes”, said Mr. McClanahan, for that was his name, “and Mary is a very nice girl.” And then in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Hughes he asked me to marry him. I told him, “No.” At another time he came into the kitchen and putting his arm over my shoulder asked me again if I would not marry him. I told him so without

23. “She Wore a Wreath of Roses” by Thomas Haynes Bayly (1795–1839) and Joseph Philip Knight (1812–1887). The first line is “She wore a wreath of roses.” Havlice, Popular Song Index, first supp. (1978), 251; Michael Kilgarriff, Sing Us One of the Old Songs: A Guide to Popular Song, 1860–1920, 397, 466.
even turning around. Another morning after breakfast and in the present of Mr. and Mrs. Hughes, he again asked me if I would not marry him in preference to going to Utah. I told him I preferred to go to Salt Lake to marrying any man. One Sunday, as I was returning from meeting I saw him on the street and was so afraid that he would come and walk with me that I prayed that he might not, and he did not. He afterwards told Mrs. Hughes that he saw me but was afraid that I should not be pleased, so did not come and walk with me. He left there soon after. I think the whole thing was planned by him and Mr. Hughes. In fact, Mr. Hughes admitted as much to me later, saying that Mr. McClanahan had come there for that purpose, although I could not sense it at the time.

I used to sleep in the dining room while living here, and so anxious was I to get at my work in the morning that I used to say my prayers overnight for the next morning and rose about five o’clock, an hour or two before daylight.

It was Sunday evening when I went to their home, and it was Sunday evening when I left, March 15th, 1852. I left with the intention of preparing for our trip across the plains.

That same evening I called with my father, after meeting, to see our friends Bro. Eli Harrison and his wife. They introduced us to a Bro. [John Thomas] Morris, from North Wales, who was visiting at their home. Taking his proffered hand I made this rather uncomplimentary remark;—“They say that the North Welsh people are very deceitful.” “Perhaps they are”, was his prompt response. To speak in this manner was little less than an insult, and a strange way of receiving an introduction to a young gentleman.

This was my reason:—Two years previous to this time I had crossed the sea in company with a party of Saints from North and South Wales and the people from South Wales used to make this assertion with regard to the North Welsh. The moment I met Mr. Morris, I had the impression that he would become my husband, and I spoke in this discourteous way to test his metal. On the other hand Mr. Morris, at the moment of our meeting, had the assurance that I should become his wife, so perhaps that is why he took my remark so lightly.

A few days later, while my father and I were on our way to spend the day with a Sister Hueish, we passed by a house where Bro. Harrison was working as a painter and decorator. Hearing someone call to us and turning round we saw Bro. Harrison who invited us to come in and see the work, as the house was undergoing some repairs. Here too, we found Mr. Morris, who was assisting Bro. Harrison. We merely passed the time of day and departed. After spending a pleasant day with Sister Hueish, who was an old acquaintance of father’s from his missionary days in England, we returned about nine o’clock, calling in at Bro. Harrison’s as was our custom.

Bro. Harrison then handed me a letter from Bro. Morris. The
moment I received it I knew its contents, although I did not open it until after our return home, about midnight.

After reading it, I handed it to father, but said nothing. Father then read it and said;—"I will answer that note."

It was written on rather stiff cream colored paper, about six inches square, with the corners cut off. Mr. Morris was an artist and in the center of the sheet he had painted a beautiful red apple, streaked with yellow. The note was begun in the usual way at the top of the paper and continued around the apple, in a free, handsome handwriting as follows:—

St. Louis, Mo.
March 1850 [1852].

Dearly Beloved Mary Walker:—

These are the feelings of my heart towards you. I wish us to be one in life and in Eternity. If this accords with your mind please write a note and send it with the bearer.

Yours Thoroughly,
John T. Morris.

I considered this note frank, sincere and laconic. My mother had always warned me against flattery from men. In this there was none. I considered it the expression of an honest man, but as father had said that he would answer it I took no action in the matter. Days, and perhaps more than a week passed, and still father had made no reply to the note. But I rather think that Mr. Morris was not as unconcerned as I was, for every day or two, I believe at his suggestion, Bro. Harrison would speak to me about it. Once, in a rather impatient manner he made this remark to me:—"He", meaning Mr. Morris, "does not want to marry thy father, he wants to marry thee."

Finally, becoming weary of Bro. Harrison’s constant reminding I said to father, rather impatiently, "Mr. Morris is a respectable person, and he deserves civil treatment". I suppose then father thought he had better do something, for he could see that I was in earnest for I had never before, to my recollection, spoken in an unbecoming way to my father.
The next day, I think it was, he sat down and wrote to Mr. Morris, a very kind and respectful letter but telling him, among other things, that whoever had me for a wife must be in his (meaning father’s) kingdom. This doctrine was very little understood by many of the Saints but father had given the matter some thought and felt that he did not wish to part with his child either in this life or the life to come.

Mr. Morris, however, being a man of good sense, did not bother about this particular part of father’s letter.

Weeks and months passed and we seldom saw each other. One evening he called, bringing with him a Bro. Wilson, from Great Salt Lake. This gentleman was boarding at the same hotel as Mr. Morris, and proved to be a good and pleasant person, whose company father and I enjoyed very much. We were always pleased to meet Saints from the Valley.

Mr. Wilson made this remark, one evening, when I killed a cockroach that happened to be crawling across the floor:—“Do you know, that little creature loves life as well as you do?”

This remark made a deep impression upon me, and has had an influence upon my life ever since. Bro. Wilson and Bro. Morris continued to call at intervals for some time. Father and I would often walk part of the way back to the hotel where they boarded, with them.
On one of these evenings, father was walking with Bro. Wilson and I with Bro. Morris. Amongst other things our conversation turned on a young couple of our acquaintance. The young lady in question had been flirting with other young men while supposed to be engaged to the one under discussion. I made the remark in a very emphatic way:—“I do not believe in that”. He replied, “I think you are pretty smart, but I wish you would answer that note I sent you.”

This request, made at a moment when I was not expecting anything of the kind, embarrassed me, for I was not at all prepared to answer it, so I made no reply, for I had not yet decided on the matter.

During the next few days I thought a great deal and prayed constantly for Divine guidance in making my decision. On the Saturday following I prayed at intervals all day. It was a time of very solemn thought for me, for I realized that my decision at this time would affect my whole life. I looked the matter over in all its bearings and finally, in the afternoon, I wrote the following note to him:—

_Betrothal_

Mr. Morris.

Dear Sir,—

You have asked me if I am willing to become your wife. I am. The question was asked, it is now answered. I need say no more.

Yours truly,

Mary L. Walker

That evening Mr. Morris came to see me and brought a bouquet of beautiful roses. I quietly handed him the note, but said nothing. He took the note and read it. During the evening we went up town for a walk and he bought me a beautiful little silver portemonnaie, or purse. On the sides was a raised design of a basket of flowers with a wreath of roses around the basket. The compartments inside were lined with red silk and edged with fine black kid. I had never seen anything so exquisite before, and of course I appreciated it very much. After our return, we were standing at the door, I on the step above him. As he was about to depart he slipped up and stole his first kiss. I was quite shocked, but on consideration, concluded he had a right to do so, if men ever have a right to steal a kiss.

Sometimes Mr. Morris would bring other young men with him to see if I preferred them to him. I did not understand why he did this at the time and often wondered at it, but when I found out I thought it pretty smart of him.

My engagement ring was a heavy gold band called a “keeper” embossed with a sort of shield upon which were engraved my initials M.L.W.
We then exchanged daguerreotype likenesses. Mine was the one that my enlarged picture was made from and his was the only one that I have in my possession. He was about twenty-five when his was taken and I about seventeen when mine was taken.

All was not smooth sailing. Although father made no objection to our engagement he was not always agreeable when Mr. Morris called on me. I think that this was due to the fact that he could not bear to be parted from his child. He once told me that was his reason for deferring his answer to Mr. Morris’s note for so long.

On account of my father’s attitude, to save unpleasantness, when we were going out together, we would sometimes arrange to meet in town, instead of Mr. Morris calling for me. This touched my dignity, but we had some pleasant times, in spite of this fact.

I believe that my father’s feelings had their influence upon me for sometimes I feared that I did not love my betrothed as I thought I should, and I felt that I would rather not marry at all than wrong the man I married by not giving him my whole heart. I wondered what I ought to do, and having no mother to confide in, I naturally turned to my father and asked his advice by writing to him, as I felt that I could not talk to him upon so delicate a subject. He answered my letter verbally and advised me by no means to break off my engagement. He told me that affection was sometimes stronger upon one side than the other, and made this remark;—which I did not enjoy hearing;—“In many cases wives love their husbands more than the husbands love their wives”. At this time he made another remark which made a deep impression upon me and which I have referred to elsewhere in this sketch. It was this;—“Those who honor God, God will honor2.

This was a test of my father’s feelings also, for if he had wanted me not to marry Mr. Morris he had a good opportunity to use his influence in that direction, but no, he advised me otherwise, and with his sanction I felt like letting things take their course.

I suppose many young people have doubts and fears and little trials during their courtship.

Father Returns to England

We gave up the idea of going to the Valley that season as father went to England on business and expected to be gone all the winter. He gave me money to pay the rent and to buy coal, expecting that I should support myself, as I had done before, but to my surprise advised me not to marry. After he had gone I looked the situation squarely in the face. Here am I, I thought, living alone, engaged to be married, my betrothed coming to see me, as was his right, and willing to marry me at once except for my father’s council to the contrary. My own common sense told me that if
only for my good name’s sake, I should either marry soon or discontinue my association with him, whose wife I had promised to become.

Oh, my mother! If thou couldst have known the shortsightedness of thy spouse in his advice to thy child, the grave could not have held thee!

On the 15th of August, 1852 my mother had been dead one year. That evening we set the date of our marriage for September 5th. Mr. Morris being an artist, I submitted some samples of dress materials for my wedding dress to him for his approval. He made choice of a very pretty pattern, but one which I, with my Quaker training, considered rather gay. But concluding that my taste might be rather one-sided, I selected the one of his choice. The material was called barege-delaine and was very thin and gauzy. The background was a pale cloudy blue with pink roses not more than an inch in size. This dress, with a black silk scarf and a white bonnet, constituted my wedding suit.

**Marriage**

We were married, immediately after meeting, about four o’clock on Sunday afternoon, September 5th, 1852, by Elder William Gibson, then president of the St. Louis Conference. We rented one room in the house in which our friends Bro. and Sister Harrison lived.

After our marriage my husband told me that he had prayed for a wife who might be clean, healthy and a good Mormon. Mark the simple earnest language of this young man of foreign birth.

He soon wrote home to tell his parents of his marriage. He told me what he wanted to say and so I put it into rhyme for him. This is how it ran:—

“I was married on the fifth of September
The day, long expected, I shall ever remember,
To a girl, the age of seventeen,
The sweetest girl that ever I’ve seen.
Mary Walker was her name,
She was without gold or fame,
A Mormon she is, in deed and heart,
And from the truth she ne’er intends to part.”

After our marriage, my husband would tell me of having dreamed that he had married some other girl of his acquaintance, but that upon awakening he was thankful to find that he had the one whom the Lord had given him, in answer to prayer.
Before the Manifesto

Forebodings
About two weeks after we had been married an impression came to me that my husband would die. Indeed I might have thought of this before, as he had some sort of lung trouble but I naturally supposed he would get better after a while. He said that at one time after having walked a long distance, which caused him to perspire, he rode on a stage coach in the rain. The result was a heavy cold, which in spite of careful nursing settled upon his lungs and ultimately developed into consumption. From our first acquaintance he had been candid with me regarding his condition, but had I foreseen what the final result would be I would not have forsaken him for that.

So the winter wore on without any very bright prospect before us.

Arrival of Relatives
In the spring we received word that my husband’s family was coming to Utah, and in April they arrived. Besides his parents there was his sister Barbara [Elizabeth Morris] and brother Hugh [Conway Morris], these being the only unmarried children in the family. Our meeting was a very pleasant one, for in loving my husband I loved all who belonged to him.

My Husband’s Family
My husband’s father [John Morris] was of medium height, well built, had light brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion and rosy cheeks. He looked very happy, when he said, in his best English:—“I am proud of my daughter-in-law.”

My husband’s mother [Barbara Thomas Morris] was very small in stature, with curly hair, grey eyes, an olive complexion and very smooth skin and a rather dignified nose. She had her feelings well under control and was a person of few words. She was a woman of ability and a natural artist.

Father Morris, your grandfather, had worked his way up from a mason’s laborer to a contractor and bridge builder. He was a man of industrious habits, full of integrity for the Gospel and fond of children.

My sister-in-law, Barbara, was small also but quite interesting. She was nineteen years old the month after their arrival. Her hair was brown, eyes grey, a good complexion and teeth, a shapely figure and a particularly attractive manner. Her brother, Hugh Conway, was also small of stature, had rather light hair, aquiline nose and was quite good looking. I cannot say that his eyes were either blue or grey, as he had one blue eye and one grey. He had had more educational advantages than his brothers, or had more time for study and was very intelligent. In fact he reminded one of a college student.

We soon began to arrange for our “trip to the Valley” as it was then called. My husband’s family had paid their way from Liverpool to Salt
Lake, in what was called the “Ten Pound Company”, but how were my husband and I to go? Winter is not a very brisk season for painters and the spring work had hardly begun. However, we heard of a neighbor, whose wife had emigrated in the “Ten Pound Company” but was desirous of remaining in St. Louis, as her husband and daughter, who had proceeded her some time previous, were not prepared to go on to the Valley at that time.

To the Valley

My husband therefore purchased the half way ticket for me and on the 17th May, 1853, Father and Mother Morris, their son Hugh Conway, daughter Barbara and I left for the city of St. Louis, Mo. for the home of the Saints in the Great Salt Lake Valley.

After about a weeks travel we arrived in Keokuk. We spent the night in what must have been a baggage shed for there was merchandise of great variety stowed away all about us and we were awakened at dawn by the crowing of roosters. I was sad because I did not know whether I

24. Because of the desire of so many Mormons to emigrate to Utah, church leaders decided to reduce the cost for British converts to emigrate to Utah in 1883 to ten pounds per person. Polly Aird explains, “The cheap price was based on reducing everything to a minimum: no extra food and more people per wagon and milk cow, which meant each person could take less luggage and would receive less milk.” Men were also sent ahead to buy the supplies and teams at a discounted bulk rate. The plan allowed each person over eight years old to take only “one hundred pounds of luggage—including bedding, clothing, cooking utensils, and tools.” Unlike other immigrating plans, the teams and wagons belonged to the immigrants. As a result of cutting costs, the Ten-Pound Company’s wagons were overloaded, and they experienced food shortages during their journey. In 1853 more than 41 percent of the emigrants, as many as 957 people, came across the plains in this manner. Aird cites Mary Lois Morris’s memoir as one of seven surviving accounts of the Ten-Pound and Thirteen-Pound companies in 1853 and 1854. Linforth, Route from Liverpool to Great Salt Lake Valley, 12; Polly Aird, “Bound for Zion: The Ten- and Thirteen-Pound Emigrating Companies, 1853–1854,” 305–25.


26. In 1853, the town of Keokuk, located in southeast Iowa, was the point of departure for Mormon emigrants heading west. Until 1853, Mormons crossing the plains got outfitted for their journey in Kanawha, Council Bluffs, Iowa. Because merchants and traders in Council Bluffs “had commenced a system of inordinate speculation upon emigrants” and because of “the somewhat dangerous ascent” of the Missouri River, in 1853 the point of outfit was changed to Keokuk, along the Mississippi River. This change greatly increased the distance traveled on land through Iowa. Linforth, Route from Liverpool to Great Salt Lake Valley, 59; Stanley B. Kimball, Historic Sites and Markers along the Mormon and Other Great Western Trails, 48.
should meet my husband again before we reached our journey’s end or not but I was willing to make the sacrifice, come what might. From here we moved to Montrose where we stayed until the company’s outfitting was all completed.27 This consisted of purchasing cattle, wagons and provisions for our one thousand miles journey across the plains.

One evening I was taking a little walk a short distance from the Camp and saw a number of persons coming towards us, one of them proving to be, to my great delight, my dear husband. In this I felt that the Lord had accepted our sacrifice but did not require of us as much as we were willing to endure. And here is a valuable lesson;—to be willing to do the will of God is often all that he requires. At Montrose we met for the first time our future beloved and highly esteemed captain Joseph W. [Watson] Young, son of Lorenzo Dow Young and nephew of Pres. Brigham Young.28 He was a man of medium height, medium complexion, manner grave and unassuming. He had a beautiful wife with him but she was an invalid, which perhaps accounted for his grave demeanor.

Before we started he gave us this advice,—“Contend with no one, pray for those who are set over you and they will prove a blessing unto you”.

He was a young man when he said that, but in the fifty years which have elapsed since then I have proved his words to be true.

When we had been some time on the plains he called us together to talk to us as a leader must talk to those who are under his guidance. Amongst other things he said was;—“A man who talks about doing ‘his share of the work’ should be fed with a teaspoon and sleet with his mother!” Once of twice I caught a glimpse of his beautiful wife as I passed their covered wagon.

We had one wagon and one tent to ten persons. Our ration, or allowance of provisions, was one pound of flour and a portion of bacon each day, but we were at liberty to provide any extras we could afford. There was a commissary to every ten and a captain of every ten, also captains of fifty’s who assisted Captain Young. The late Pres. John R. [Rex] Winder was captain of our fifty.

A great deal of patience was required by both captains and people to perform the trip of one thousand miles across the plains. We had four

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27. In 1839, Montrose, Iowa, was settled by Mormons along with its sister city of Nauvoo, Illinois, on the opposite bank of the Mississippi River. Montrose was “one of the largest and most important Mormon settlements in Lee County, Iowa.” Susan Easton Black and William G. Hartley, eds., *The Iowa Mormon Trail: Legacy of Faith and Courage*, 32, 196–97; Brown, Cannon, Jackson, *Historical Atlas of Mormonism*, 48–49, 58.
28. A portion of Mary Lois’s memoir describing her journey from Montrose, Iowa, to the Salt Lake Valley is included in the Journal History. Mary Lois’s account is inserted beginning with the sentence “At Montrose, we met, for the first time” and concluding with the sentence “After a short visit we bade her good-night and betook ourselves to our camping ground again.” Journal History, October 10, 1853.
oxen and two cows to each ten. The wagons were for our baggage and we walked alongside or ahead of the teams, perhaps riding once or twice a day, for half an hour or so. One day I walked twenty miles, the whole day's journey, without riding at all. Twenty miles was the distance we were supposed to cover each day and sometimes we would have to camp without either wood or water. In this case we were compelled to gather buffalo chips with which to build a fire to cook our supper. Sometimes there was no feed for our cattle in the place where we camped for the night, in which case we had to rise early and travel on until we reached a place where the cattle could feed while we cooked and ate our breakfast.

Our bread we mixed with a piece of light dough or leaven, but often by the time we reached our camping ground, especially in warm weather, it was sour, or in cold weather not sufficiently raised and then we had heavy bread. Sometimes, however, it was just right and then we had excellent bread.

While our extras lasted our rations were abundant, but when they were gone they were insufficient. Father Morris would not only walk all the way, but carried a double barrel shotgun, with which he often shot rabbits or prairie chickens. One evening, when our food was scanty, I asked your grandmother where she had got the pepper from? She replied that there was no pepper. (I doubt if there was any in the camp.) Yet it certainly seemed to me that I could taste pepper in our rabbit supper. One day when it was still colder and provisions less than ever, our commissary, Bro. William Parry, gave us some bread which certainly seemed to have sugar in it, when perhaps there was none in camp.

An Indian Episode
One afternoon, as we were traveling in the vicinity of Platt River, we saw, at a great distance, two objects coming towards us.\textsuperscript{29} As they approached we saw that they were Indians, Pawnee's, a very savage tribe who were at war, at that time, with the Souix, another savage tribe.\textsuperscript{30}

\textsuperscript{29} The Mormon Trail followed the North Platte River until Fort Laramie, Wyoming. In 1847, the Vanguard Mormon Company decided to disregard the precedent of earlier immigrants who had traveled along the south side of the Platte. Instead, they made their way along the north side of the Platte River. The Vanguard Company's route on the north side of the river "established a pattern for subsequent Mormon companies," which often followed the same route. William W. Slaughter and Michael Landon, \textit{Trail of Hope: The Story of the Mormon Trail}, 53; Brown, Cannon, Jackson, \textit{Historical Atlas of Mormonism}, 76, 86.

\textsuperscript{30} When the Siouan tribes entered the Platte valley, they found the Pawnees had already taken up residence there, after also being pushed out of their native lands. As a result, beginning in the 1760s, warfare began between the Pawnee and Siouan tribes over hunting areas and continued for the next century. The opening of an emigrant trail through the Platte valley in the 1840s also spread disease, leaving the Pawnees "less
At sight of these two Indians, the teamsters stopped their wagons and reached for their guns, while the women came to the wagons for protection. As these first two Indians came to a standstill, they said, “Pawnee shoot! Pawnee shoot!” Then more Indians came, dressed in their trappings and war paint, their numbers seeming to increase every moment. I was not afraid however. Something seemed to bear witness to me that they would not harm us. One of them came and talked to me, and wanted the little blue jacket I was wearing. There was no more traveling that night. After the fires had been lighted the Pawnee chief came and patrolled our camp all night, to protect us from his own band. I sat and looked at him with pride and pleasure, he seemed so noble and grand. Also I could feel a protecting power over us that was more than mortal. It is likely that he felt this influence and that a superior power inspired him to do as he did. It seems to me that I can never forget the spirit of calm and serenity that surrounded us as I sat, on an ox yoke, almost alone, near the dying embers of our camp fire. So the night passed, the morning dawned, we were permitted to continue our journey unmolested and unharmed, filled with gratitude to our Heavenly Father for His merciful protection.

When the rivers were too deep for us to cross in the wagons, the young men would carry us over. I think that Wood River was the most remarkable one on our journey. I crossed, it on horseback, behind Dr. Dunyon, a near relative of Mrs. William D. Johnson, Sr.

The night we camped on the banks of this river, the watchman, in telling the hour, would add,—“Mosquitoes tiresome”. But they were more than tiresome; it seemed to me that they would devour us.

We crossed the Platt River at intervals during five hundred miles of our journey, and walked much on its sandy banks. In fact the whole region of this river seemed sandy. I remember, in walking, I was so anxious to save the soles of my shoes, that I walked in the grass whenever possible, so that the uppers wore out first.

Another Premonition
When about halfway on our journey I again had the impression that my husband would die. I could not keep back my tears and sobbed as if my heart would break. I was ashamed for the family to see me, for there was no privacy, except away from the camp. I never knew what they thought of my grief, but my impressions proved to be true. At another time, while crossing the plains I was very ill. I had no desire for food, and the only medicine we had was a little rice water. I did not mind much

able to defend themselves against the continuous attacks of their enemies, the Sioux.”
whether I recovered or not, but I did not like the idea of leaving my husband and his mother.

**Trying Times**

We found it very trying when the wind was high, especially as this seemed to be the case when it was raining. Then we would try to put up our tent in order to protect ourselves from the tempest which often seemed as if it would lift our canvas home from its foundations after we had succeeded in erecting it. This was often a long and tedious process. First hooks, shaped like crochet hooks were driven into the ground, the hooks holding the rope, which held the tent to the ground, but when a high wind was blowing the tent would be lifted from its holdings as fast as the man tried to fasten the rope to the pegs.

Then again, when we came into camp, tired and hungry and would have to hunt buffalo chips in the dark, and could not get a mouthful to eat until bread had been baked by this slow process. But when the evenings work was done, the bugle sounded and we assembled for prayers. In the early part of our journey, when the days were long, we would sit on the yokes of the oxen and sing hymns, but as the nights grew colder, we often heard the wolves howling not far from us.

**The Post Offices**

As we journeyed across the plains we often passed a “Post Office”. This would mean the skull of an ox or buffalo bleached white by exposure, upon which was written, probably, as follows: “July 15th, 1853. The Company of Jacob Gates passed today. All well.” “August 15th, 1853. The Company of Cyrus Wheelock passed today. All well.” And this news cheered us and we were glad to know that our friends were well and progressing on their journey even if the message were only taken from a dry bone. A similar message was of course added by our captain telling of our safe arrival.

(Note:—Illustrate with a buffalo skull engraved with message)

When we had made about half of our journey, I think still upon the Platt River, we came to Chimney Rock.31 It was so tall that it was in view two or three days before we reached it, and could still be seen several days afterward as we continued our journey.

I must not forget to speak of our little milch cows. These faithful creatures, though giving milk to supply us on our journey, were yoked to the wagon, between the lead and tongue cattle. They looked very small

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31. Chimney Rock, Nebraska, a natural tower of clay twelve miles west of Bridgeport, was a celebrated landmark along the pioneer trail. Hundreds of names were scratched onto its soft base by passing travelers. Linforth, *Route from Liverpool to Great Salt Lake Valley*, 91–92; Kimball, *Historic Sites and Markers*, 124–25.
indeed, as they pulled in front of one yoke and behind the other. I do not remember them by name, but I know the lead cattle were called Tom and Bill and those attached to the tongue, answered to the names of Dick and Ned. Unfortunately our little cows became dry, or so nearly dry that they gave but a teacup full of milk a day. The consequence was, that our camp kettle, that used to be full of good milk gruel for our breakfast, became gradually a kettle full of flour starch with only a cup full of milk added.

Welcome Aid
A few days before we reached our journey’s end a team and provisions were sent to our aid. I was invited, with others, to ride, but was so overcome with fatigue and also perhaps, the reaction at feeling that our tedious journey was nearly at an end, that I fainted, in the wagon. Regaining consciousness, I found myself in a sitting posture, on the ground, my dear mother-in-law in front of me and my husband, supporting my back, he trembling the while, and I heard her say to him, in the Welsh language;—“It is want of food that ails her.”

Big Mountain
Before reaching the Great Salt Lake Valley, we had another high mountain to cross, called Big Mountain. We were anxious to get to it, but dreaded the ascent. It was a fine day on October 10th, 1853, when we reached it. We had previously arranged our attire, as best we could, after such a long journey, in expectation of meeting with our friends, as many of the Saints came to greet the companies as they arrived.

There was a great variety of trees growing on the side of the mountain, the road was hard, level and well trodden and as we descended into the canyon below the scenery was grand indeed. I remember, while ascending the Bid [Big] Mountain, and stopping to take breath, I looked around, above and below and came to the conclusion that “never again, in this life, do I want to cross that mountain”. Among the brush I saw a bush bearing wild berries and being very hungry, I ate some of them, not knowing what they were, but they affected me like poison.

Little Mountain
We had still one more mountain to cross, called Little Mountain, but upon descending, began to feel more cheerful as we began to meet persons coming to fetch their friends or relatives. The first person whom we

32. Big Mountain, located east of the head of City Creek Canyon, was the “largest, most difficult mountain” along the Mormon pioneers’ trail to the Salt Lake Valley. John W. Van Cott, Utah Place Names, 33.
were acquainted with was Bro. Caleb Parry, brother of William Parry, our Commissary.

I could not understand why my only sister, whom I had not seen for a period of seven years, had not come to greet me.

I was most forcibly struck with the neat, clean and fair appearance of the people as they came up to us and did not realize that in proportion as they looked fair and clean to us we looked correspondingly brown and grim to them. I especially remember a Sister Grateriz, mentioned in another part of this sketch. She looked so neat and clean that it gave me additional pleasure to see her. I thought I looked pretty well for I had taken a good wash, every morning, before starting our day’s walk and had taken care to shade my face.

We Camp in Great Salt Lake City

Our camping ground was situated immediately west of where the Salt Lake Knitting Factory now stands, in the Sixteenth Ward. There was a little round house built nearby, later occupied by your Uncle Richard [Vaughan Morris].

I think it was our friend Bro. Harrison, who came to the camping ground to see us and took us to find my sister, Mrs. Ann Agatha Pratt. Her home was situated just west of where the Elias Morris & Sons Company marble yard now stands, and on the ground at present occupied by the Vermont Building, or perhaps a little west of that structure.

Meeting with My Sister Ann Agatha Pratt

My sister had that day presented her husband, Apostle Parley P. Pratt, with a twelve and a half pound boy in the person of her oldest son Moroni Walker Pratt. I may just state here, as I may never mention him again, that this boy as he grew to manhood developed the courage of a lion with the meekness and gentleness of a lamb, and other qualities to correspond.

I do not think that my sister had grown during the period of our separation, for she attained her full height at the age of fourteen, only that lying stretched out in bed she appeared taller. She looked lovely, so exquisitely clean and rosy. Everything in her room and surrounding her was spotlessly clean and appeared so comfortable to one who had just passed through such an experience as we had.

33. In the first decade of the twentieth century, when Mary Lois was writing her memoir, the Salt Lake Knitting Works was located at 58 South Main Street, Salt Lake City. *Utah State Gazetteer and Business Directory*, 2:405.

34. Between 1900 and 1915, when Mary Lois was writing her memoir, the Morris & Sons marble yard was located on the Richards Street corner of West South Temple. Morris and Sons, 16.
As I was only ten years of age when she left England I had, as it were, to re-adjust my mental picture of her, in order to realize that this beautiful woman lying with her infant clasped to her bosom, was the sister of my childhood.

After a few hours of conversation we bade her goodnight, leaving her to her much needed rest, and betook ourselves to our camping ground.

Greetings from Friends

The following morning Bro. Geo. B. [George Benjamin] Wallace and Bro. Lorenzo Dow Young, came to see us and talked to us as a company. The latter was the father of our beloved Captain Joseph W. Young, for whom we got up a memorial as a token of the love and esteem in which we held him.

Father John Parry, a dear friend of the Morris family also came during the day. He was the father of John Parry, who built the Logan Temple; also of William and Caleb Parry, before named and Joseph Hyrum and Edwin F. Parry. He was a dear old gentleman and a sweet singer. He had been a Campbellite before joining the Church.

A year previous Elias Morris, my husband’s brother had emigrated and settled in Iron County, so Father and Mother Morris with their daughter and son Hugh continued the journey south to Cedar City while my husband and I remained in Salt Lake. We went to live with a family of the name of Pell. Our acquaintance with Bro. Pell had begun in St. Louis when he boarded in the same hotel as my husband.

Brother Pell had two sisters, Josephine and Martha, very respectable cultured girls. They were from the east and milliners by trade. We were the best of friends but it was hard for people who had just taken the journey across the plains to eat at another person’s table. We could not be satisfied with an ordinary amount of food and were hungry all the time.

Soon after our arrival these young ladies were taken ill with Mountain Fever, and I nursed them. Miss Josephine soon recovered but Miss Martha for many days lingered between life and death. One evening as we stood around her bed expecting to see her breathe her last, she turned her eyes toward her brother and whispered;—“Lige, I know I ought to be baptized”, and she desired to have the matter attended to the following morning. The weather was cold, but I do not remember whether there was ice on the water or no, but the following morning she was baptized in City Creek by Bro. John Snider and she was healed.\(^{35}\)

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35. City Creek begins near the summit of the Wasatch Mountains and flows southwest through City Creek Canyon for about twelve miles. It emerges into the Salt Lake Valley near the state capitol building. Van Cott, Utah Place Names, 80.
Bro. Pell and my husband had gone into business in a small way soon after we went to live with them but as winter closed in there was no work or prospect of any for some time to come.

Xmas 1853
We spent Xmas with my husband’s cousin Isaac Conway Morris who lived in a house on North Temple and near Fourth West Street. The room was without ceiling and I think without plaster. The fire was composed of three small sticks of wood placed across two adobes and the sticks were so green that we could see the sap ooze out of them and hear it sing. Wood was scarce everywhere, as the canyon had been snowed up since the autumn. They had a little baby, born on the plains September 13th, three months previous, and as they had been in our ten, we were acquainted with the circumstance.

Our supper was very plain, consisting of potatoes, some kind of bread and I think a small amount of meat, perhaps a little piece of bacon.

The house was very cold, and we sat keeping warm this fire of three green sticks, and all the light we had came from the same source. And so passed our first Xmas in the Valley.

Opening of the Year 1854
Though want stared us in the face we preferred it to obligation, so early in January we took a room in the home of Bro. Alfred Randall situated half a block north of the north-west corner of the Temple Block. The room was small but neatly finished. We had no wood for fuel but a kind hearted Scottish brother hauled some willows for us to burn. When we found one a little thicker than a broom handle we were glad. I do not know how we obtained flour, but I remember we had to content ourselves with “shorts” during nine days. We had no stove, but burned our willows in a small fireplace. We had one saucepan, but perhaps that was a borrowed one. When we had bread to bake my husband would go down to Sixth or Seventh West Street to borrow a baking kettle from a good natured Welsh Sister named Daniels, and when our loaf was baked, return it. It was a cast iron vessel and very heavy. I remember going with him once, and while he carried the vessel I carried the lid, but I know either was as much as one would care to lift.

Housekeeping under Difficulties
We had no chairs or table but my husband managed, some way, to get two stools. I think he paid for them in painting. Then we obtained a dry goods box, which we elevated by some means, and I took an old light colored skirt, starched and ironed it, and put a shirring at the top and it looked quite neat around the box which served us for a table.
On the plains we were obliged to dispense with our little clothes chest, on account of its weight, so we sewed up our clothing in a bed tick. This, filled with straw, was our bed, and our pillows were filled with the same substance and remained plump.

I have no idea where we obtained a candlestick, if we had one, which was not a very necessary utensil in our household; however, as a candle was a luxury we seldom enjoyed. Our fireplace, too, smoked so badly that at times we could hardly see each other across the room.

About this time my husband contracted a severe cold, losing his voice, so that he could hardly speak above a whisper.

I think that the only work that came during the first two months of the year was a little stand to be painted as a checker-board, but we were glad to get it, as we hoped by this means to be able to buy a little meat which we so much desired. But instead of money or provisions, the young man offered in payment to make a rolling pin or a potato masher! I was still using both when I broke up housekeeping in 1902. Our library consisted of a Book of Mormon, Goldsmith’s History of England, A Book of Etiquette for Gentlemen, bound in red, which belonged to my husband, and A Book of Etiquette for ladies, bound in pale blue and gold, which he gave to me. Also a volume of the Times and Seasons, which I have given to my son Nephi, and a book on Obstetrics.56

My husband would sometimes looked at me as if he expected me to complain, but a murmur never passed my lips, for we had been taught that it was wrong to murmur. Upon seeing this, he said to me;—“You shall see better times, for what you have passed through.”

In the month of February we received our Patriarchal blessings, under the hands of the presiding patriarch, John Smith, who was uncle to the Prophet Joseph. This good man told us things that we did not know about ourselves, but which afterwards proved true. My husband happened to have a dollar in cash in his pocket and so paid for the blessing, but I had nothing wherewith to pay for mine, so I gave a pair of gold earrings in place of the money, until I could redeem them. The lady who wrote the blessing accepted the ear-rings. She was Mrs. Agusta [Augusta Bowen Cleveland Smith], wife of John L. Smith, and daughter-in-law to the Patriarch.

56. Oliver Goldsmith (1730–1774) was the author of An History of England: In a Series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son (London, printed for J. Newbery at the Bible and Sun in St. Paul’s Church Yard, 1764). The book was subsequently published in a number of succeeding editions, often under the title An Abridgment of the History of England: From the Invasion of Julius Caesar, to the Death of George the Second (London: W. Osborne, 1793). The Times and Seasons was a periodical printed in Nauvoo, Illinois, between 1839 and 1846.
A Blessing

Salt Lake City, Feb. 4th 1854

A Blessing, by John Smith, Patriarch, upon the head of Mary Lois Morris, daughter of William and Mary Walker, born in Leek, Staffordshire, England, May 14th, 1835.

My Blessing

Sister Mary, In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, I lay my hands upon thy head and seal upon you a Patriarchal, or a Father’s blessing;—The destroyer shall not hurt you when he passeth through the land. You shall be blessed with health and all the blessings of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob and all the priesthood that was conferred upon the daughters of Ephraim in the land of Egypt. Your posterity shall be very numerous and extend their dominions to the ends of the earth. You shall have faith to heal the sick in your house, to cast out devils and even to raise the dead if it is necessary. You shall prosper in all things you set your hands to do. The powers of darkness shall not prevail against you. You shall live to see the winding up scene of this generation. You shall see your Redeemer, and converse with Him and shall inherit all the blessings and glories of that kingdom with all your father’s house. Even so, Amen.

The earings just mentioned, stood the lady in good stead many years afterwards, when her husband was on a mission, and still later she bought them back again and returned them to me by the hand of Aunt Bathsheba [Wilson Bigler] Smith, free of charge for my blessing given fifty-seven years previously. They are still in good condition and I gave them to my daughter Kate.

During the latter part of the winter of 1854 and in the spring, my husband was engaged in painting portraits. He made life size bust pictures of Apostles Parley P. Pratt and George A. Smith. Also a three quarter portrait of Patriarch John Smith. The patriarch was ill at the time and the picture was completed when he was really dying.

A Prosperous Spring

Notwithstanding the difficulty of the different sittings a very good likeness was obtained. My husband also painted a family group of about twenty persons for Apostle Parley P. Pratt and another family group for Edmond Elsworth.

He also painted some chairs for a Bro. Dallas, a furniture maker, and took chairs in exchange for his work. These he grained in mahogany and being well varnished they had a very handsome appearance. Two full length mirrors also came his way, one of which we kept and the other my sister Agatha was very glad to buy as she was in the Millinery business. A Brother Coleman of the Tenth Ward, a cabinet maker by trade, made
the frames for them, and as these were grained in mahogany of a darker shade than the chairs, ours made quite a nice addition to our room. Soon after we were fortunate enough to secure a bedstead and this too being grained to match the chairs, all our furniture corresponded. A Sister Horner wanted some painting done, and offered a piece of very choice rag carpet, and a Sister Davis, sister of our esteemed landlady, also had a fine quilt to dispose of for some painting. I am not sufficientlyversed in the science of geometry to describe it, but it was very pretty. These acceptable articles came to us about the time of spring cleaning, and my husband calcimined the walls of our room cream color. These were decorated with the unfinished oil paintings which were set off to advantage on the spotless walls. We had brought with us some white curtains and as the season advanced these contrasted prettily with the purple morning glories blooming outside our little windows.

We were able to add a little also to our stock of kitchen utensils, but while dinner plates were fifty cents each and everything correspondingly high priced, our progress along this line was necessarily slow. Our little home began to look quite handsome for those early days.

In the month of September we secured a very nice leaf table and soon after a cover in scarlet and black. We now began to feel that we had about as much as could be desired for one small room.

By this time my husband was in great demand for his work, for he not only understood portrait painting, marbling, graining and fresco work, but also house and carriage painting. One of his patrons I remember with great pleasure, was Bro. Jedediah M. [Morgan] Grant, councilor to Pres. Young. During the summer of 1854 my husband painted a carriage for him, the wheels of which were done in vermillion with narrow lines of yellow down the center of each spoke. He also painted some cupboards or book-cases in American oak with which Bro. Grant was very pleased, for I heard him say;—"Bro. Morris, I know that this graining is done correctly, for I have cut just such beautiful oak in my native state of Kentucky". In part payment Bro. Grant brought from the canyon two loads of excellent oak and maple for our winter’s fuel. I can see him now unloading his two well filled undergears into our door yard for winter use.

A Son Is Born

On October 17th a son was born to us. He was a healthy looking child and weighed nine and a half pounds. We named him John Walker [Morris]. When he was about nine days old he began to cough. We used simple remedies but without result. In spite of the cough he seemed to thrive

37. Calcimine is a “trade name given to a kind of white or coloured wash for walls.” The Oxford English Dictionary, 2nd ed., s.v. "Calcimine."
and developed into an intelligent looking baby with large blue eyes, light brown hair, well marked eyebrows, fine features and a fair complexion. I loved him very dearly. The way had opened up before his birth so that we obtained some beautiful material for his clothing which I made by hand with a great deal of pleasure.

_A Warning Voice_

One evening, when he was two or three months old I was sitting alone with him on my lap, his father being at quorum meeting, when I was deeply impressed, or something whispered to me,—“You will lose that little one”. This caused me to feel very sad and when my husband came home I told him of the impression that I had received. He replied, “Perhapd you were mistaken”, but I had no doubt about it.

_Failing Health of Husband and Baby_

We were now in prosperous circumstances, my husband being crowded with work, some being so anxious to obtain it that they paid for it in advance. Though being perhaps the youngest painter in the town, he was very popular, and on one occasion, invited his fellow workmen to our home for the purpose of considering matters relative to their trade. They formed an association of which, I think, he was made the president. As winter advanced, however, his health and that of the baby, began to decline. So we concluded to call in our neighbor, Bro. Anthony Ivins, who had a reputation for medical skill. With reference to my husband, he asked if he had night sweats. Although still in my teens, this question was full of foreboding. The symptom, however, had not developed at that time, but did later. In reply to my inquiry about the baby, he said that he had taken his father’s disease.

In our anxiety about our little one we asked a friend, who was something of an astrologer, what he thought about him. He said;—“If he lives, he will be a brighter man than his father ever was, allowing that his father is pretty bright.”

My husband’s health did not improve and he grew weaker every day, but he was so anxious to work, especially to finish the pieces for which he had already received payment, that he would not give up, even when he was so ill that on returning home he had to support himself by holding onto the fences.

_We Go to Cedar City_

About this time we received an invitation from his father and mother to go down to Cedar City and visit them. The invitation seemed opportune, as we thought the change to a somewhat milder climate might be beneficial to him and the baby.
Arrangements had been previously made for us to make the journey with a Bro. Wesley Willis, in his covered wagon. This Bro. Willis was an intelligent man, in good standing in the Church, and he was very kind to us. It was in January, 1855 that we started on our three hundred mile journey through the frost and snow. Our mode of travel was to make an early start with a heated rock at our feet to keep us from freezing, and at night we would stop at friends of Bro. Willis’s. One night we stayed with a Mrs. Roper, a friend of my father’s. She was so handsome, intelligent and kind that it made me happy to look at her.

The journey was very fatiguing to my husband, and the baby was so ill that as I sat with my husband at my side and my baby on my lap I did not know which would die first. Just before we reached Cedar City, it seemed that the baby would surely die, but his father, sick as he was, administered to him and he grew better, and both lived to reach the journey’s end.

When we arrived we were taken to the home of my husband’s brother, Elias, who entertained us until Father and Mother Morris came to take us to their humble but cheerful home with a kindly welcome.

**Death of the Baby**

We did all that we could for the invalids, but the baby grew steadily worse, and for the second time I was strongly impressed that he would die. Finally he was taken with convulsions, and on the Second of February he passed away. We laid him in the new and barren grave yard in Cedar City, Iron County, and so I drank the bitter cup of parting with my own flesh and blood.

**The Shadow of Death Still Hovering over Us**

My hands were now empty and I could give more attention to my husband, who was no better of his affliction. The month of February, 1855 was very mild in Cedar City and we would take a walk every day for the benefit of his health. He had a peculiarity during his illness that I could not understand at the time, but later learned that it was characteristic of a consumptive. When a friend would meet him and tell him he was looking better he would reply that he was not feeling so well, but if they happened to say he looked worse, he would always insist that he was better. Sometimes I took him outside the Fort, as the wall protected him from any cold blast. During these walks, nearly everybody we met had a different remedy to offer, but we had brought with us the best remedy, i.e. Cod Liver Oil.

The 20th of February fell upon a Sunday that year, and as he was accustomed to go out every day we thought it would not hurt him to go to meeting, it being but a block away. That day, however, he seemed especially weak and as we came out of the meeting house a stiff wind came
up, which nearly took his breath, but father and mother being with us we managed to get him home all right and seated him in an arm chair at the fireside. In taking off his shoes I noticed his feet were swollen and though very young at the time it seemed to me a bad omen, and went right to my heart, and I called mother’s attention to it but she made some reply to make me think lightly of it. Although this was done in kindness it did not at all remove the anxiety that this new symptom had created.

The next morning he was no better. I had just put the bedding out to air when he asked me to engage in prayer with him. The burden of it was a supplication that his life might be spared as we loved each other a wished to remain upon the earth together. It seemed to us that some climax was approaching.

It happened that the Stake Presidency were in the settlement at the time and they were called into administer to him. They told him that if he had faith, and his family had faith, he should be healed. After the administration he walked across the floor alone. I went outside the fort wall and thanked my Heavenly Father for the promise that the Elders had made.

Towards dusk however, he grew worse. Towards evening his brother Elias and his wife [Mary Parry Morris] came down, when the former administered to him, using their own, the Welsh, language. I regretted that he had not spoken in English. Elias asked us if his brother had seen anything and we told him he had not. He and his wife then returned home, but about nine o’clock as my husband was so much worse, we went for him again as my husband had a great love for and all confidence in his brother Elias.

Elias, mother, and I continued to watch at the bed side all night. The poor sufferer was restless and could not remain long in one position as his breathing was difficult. Part of the time he would be in bed and then in a few minutes sitting in his chair again. Towards morning, or long past midnight, (there was no clock in the house) I could see that the end was drawing near. He was in bed, and the sweats of death were already upon him. We all continued to watch, except his father, who had laid down to rest. While Father Morris was sleeping, he dreamed that he saw a man carrying a suit of empty clothes across his shoulder. We took this as a bad omen.

A Momentous Compact
Feeling that my husband’s end was near, and being anxious to know if he had anything upon his mind and fearing that he might become unconscious at any moment, I asked if he had anything to say to me. His answer surprised me. He said,—“You speak as if a fellow were going to die”. I said nothing more, but continued to watch with anxious eyes. Finally he said, “If anything should happen that I do die, I do not want you to leave the
Before the Manifesto

family”. I replied, that I had no desire to do so. Then, turning to Elias, he said,—“Will you take Mary, and finish the work that I have begun”. Elias said,—“I have no objection, if she is willing.” I replied, “I am”. He then said, “Do as Elias bids, you, be obedient to him and do not be influenced by other women, but do as you have done.”

Bereavement

A few hours later, about nine o’clock in the morning as he was sitting straight up in his chair, he looked up to the ceiling, at the corner over his bed, opposite to where we were sitting, and said;—“I see Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and John, and the Angels.” As he told us what he saw his eyes were staring wide open, and appeared almost black in color. When the vision ended, his eyes closed, his jaw fell and his spirit was released from its fair, but frail tenement.

He was prepared for burial by a friend of the family, a Mrs. Hannah Evans, who told us that he had been during the night to call her, as many others had done for whom she had performed the last offices.

When Elias returned home the next morning, his wife knew as much as he did and testified that John had been to see her during the night, while we were still watching him, and had told her that Elias was going to take me and had asked her to be kind to me.

As soon as I could, that morning, I wrote down the words that my husband had said to me, intending to carry them out as long as life should last.

So was I, while yet in my teens, bereft in the short period of twenty days, of my husband and my only child, in a strange land, hundreds of miles from my blood kin and with a mountain of difficulty before me.

I will here explain, that in the fall of 1852, Apostle Orson Pratt was sent to Washington, D.C., to publish a little periodical entitled *The Seer*. In this but two subjects were treated, viz. Patriarchal Marriage, and the Pre-existence of Man. We subscribed for *The Seer*, and read and believed its teachings. One of its doctrines was from the law of Ancient Israel,—that if a man died without issue, his brother should take the widow to wife and raise up children to his deceased brother, that in the morning of the

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38. Mary Lois Morris’s sister Ann Agatha Pratt described the events of this night in a letter to her husband Parley P. Pratt: “I am sorry to inform you of the melancholly news I received from my sister they went to Iron County in feb. Johns health was very bad when he went away and graduly grew worse till he died. . . . My poor Mary is left a widow and childless before she is twenty years of age. . . . [John] told her he did not wish her to go out of their family but wished her to stay and let his bro. stay her and do the work the had commenced. Mary told him she would do as he wished. . . . I suppose it is all for the best but it seems hard for her to stay away from me.” Ann Agatha Walker Pratt to Parley P. Pratt, March 27, 1855.
Resurrection he might take her and children she had borne in the second marriage and present them to his brother.

So you will see, my dear children, how the reading of this pamphlet, *The Seer* had prepared us for the events that were awaiting us.

This second bereavement opened the wound of the first afresh and I wished that I too, might die and join my loved ones.

Being so young it seemed to me that I could not endure the thought of a corpse being in the rooms where we lived. There was a little room leading out of the living room, and not much used, and here the dear remains lay while the coffin was being made. Even then, I felt as if I could not remain in the house, so went to the home of a very dear friend of ours, Bro. Job Rolands, who lived next door. Here I paced the floor hour after hour in an agony of distress.

**Funeral**

The coffin was of plain white wood and an ordinary wagon served for a hearse, and there we, the mourners, sat; Father and Mother Morris, Elias and his wife, myself, and a very few friends. It was a dark, stormy day, the 23rd of February, 1855, and the clouds seemed to hover over us as we sat in the wagon, surrounding the remains as they were conveyed to the cemetery of Cedar City, Iron County, Utah.

A young man in rough attire, followed on horseback, and I think I shall never forget him for that act of sympathy shown in that hour of grief. His name was Jack Walker and he was a resident of Cedar City. The grave of our little son, which had been made but eighteen days previous, was opened to receive the body of his father.

Later the loving brother Elias erected a monument to mark their resting place upon which was engraved an inscription in the characters of the Deseret alphabet.39

As we sat by the firelight after our return from the cemetery I looked back upon my life, and though in deep sorrow, I was able to see where the hand of the Lord had been over me and felt how thankful I should be that he had sent me to parents who had taught me to serve Him in all things, and to count all things as dross, compared with the wisdom that God gives to His faithful children.

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39. The Deseret alphabet was an experimental alphabet that grew out of the perceived need in Utah for an alphabet that could bridge linguistic differences. The Alphabet assigned a symbol or sign to each of the thirty-eight sounds of the English language. A school primer was printed in the Deseret alphabet in 1868, and in 1869 the Book of Mormon was published in the Alphabet. For a time, the characters of the Deseret alphabet were taught in classes throughout Utah, but after the death of Brigham Young in 1877, efforts to promote the Alphabet largely ended. Daniel H. Ludlow, *Encyclopedia of Mormonism*, 373–74 (hereinafter cited as EM).
As a little child I had so loved to attend meeting that I often went alone, even on dark nights, and there I drank in the Spirit of the Gospel which now, in the hour of bereavement and tribulation, was with me to strengthen me and give me hope which reached beyond the grave. I felt that I had served God to the utmost of my ability, that I had His approval, and that He would stand by me.

Widowhood

My husband’s parents sympathized deeply with me and told me that I should have a home with them as long as they lived. I appreciated their kindness, and as their only daughter Barbara, a girl about my own age, had just married, and their youngest son, Hugh Conway, was absent from home, there seemed to be a niche in the home that I might fill. As I understood housework and sewing I could make myself generally useful to my good adopted parents, for like Ruth of old, I intended to remain true to them and to their beloved departed son.

One Sunday evening I was taking a walk with my friend Sister Mary Rolands and we passed by the mill, where I had so often taken my husband to walk for the benefit of his health. I was reminded of his absence and my intense loneliness and as I wept bitterly I could see, as it were in mental vision, the steep hill of life I should have to climb and felt the reality of it with great force. A deep depression settled upon me, for the
enemy knows when to attack us, but our Elder Brother is mighty to save. Through my home training in Christ’s example, a practical knowledge of the principles of the Gospel and the help given me of the Father, I was able to battle with all the forces which seemed to be arrayed against me at this time. Having had a thought which I knew was not right, I supposed I should confess it to my block teacher, but this experienced and intelligent Saint, instead of expressing censure, blessed me and said;—“You will yet receive a great exaltation.”

As spring approached, one Sunday I was invited with father and mother to go to tea, after meeting, at the home of a brother, and there met William and Margaret [Pettigreen Hope] Williams, who were members of the choir. The afternoon passed pleasantly and by entreaty I sang a song for them. I think this was the first time I had been out since my husband’s death, except to meeting. Soon afterwards, I was invited to join the choir. When I attended the first practice, the leader said to me, “Thou must come up by me, because thou art bashful.”

In this choir I found many friends whom I learned to love very dearly. They were Mrs. Ellen Whittaker Lunt, Sarah Whittaker Chaterly [Chatterley], Mary Whittaker Thornton, and later Mrs. Mary Ann Wilson Lunt. Sisters Ellen W. Lunt and Mary Ann Wilson Lunt were the wives of Bishop Henry Lunt. I also met John M. [Menzies MacFarlane] and Ann Chaterly McFarlam [Chatterley MacFarlane]. May I meet these dear people in a better world hereafter.

The peculiar circumstances surrounding my widowhood, and the agreement I had entered into at the time of my husband’s death caused some rather unkind criticism by those who did not countenance the principles I was expected to sustain. This opposition was very hard for me to bear, especially as sorrow had rendered me extremely sensitive. But my trust was in the living God.

One Sunday afternoon there was a testimony meeting which I think I shall never forget. It was a great effort for me to arise at the prompting of the Spirit of God, yet I dared not disobey. As I stood, saying my few words in weakness a feeling came over me that the Lord was on my side and all the world could not hurt me. I had accidentally heard that by a certain class I was nick-named “Holy Woman” but I did not mind it much as long as the Lord was my guide.

In the month of May following my bereavement, Pres. Young and a company came down to visit the settlements, and my brother-in-law went to see him relative to my husband’s death and the covenant entered into.

This met the President’s full approval and he set the date for it’s consummation for a year from that time. The deferring of this event for that length of time was a great consolation to me, for while I had confidence
and great respect for my husband’s brother, the thought of marriage at
that time went against all my natural feelings.

I continued to live with Father and Mother Morris, who were always
kind to me and I was as contented as I could be under the circumstances.
I knew at least I was earning my bread. Of clothing there was none to be
had.

Our social enjoyments consisted of quilting parties or a wool pick-
ing, the 4th and 24th of July celebrations and Christmas.

In the autumn I was invited by a Brother Wardman Holms to join
a Dramatic Association which had been recently organized. He said they
were studying Hannah Moore’s Sacred Dramas, by which he wished me to
understand that every play presented would be strictly moral and usually
devotional. Later he asked me to sing solos between the opening Farce
and the play of the evening. This, for lack of confidence, I blankly refused
to do. I have always regretted this, for I learned afterwards that at the time
the organization was effected, the members promised to do whatever the
manager required, and also I feel that the confidence I should thus have
gained would have been a benefit to me in after life, as I have always had
a great dread of coming before the public. The members of the Dramatic
Association were nearly all members of the Choir.

A Bro. Samuel Jewkes, a member of the choir, who had a very good
voice, asked me to sing with him and his sister one evening, which I did.
I also took part in a farce as Lady Scraggs, in “Sketches in India”. During
the rehearsal the ladies would crochet or knit while others rehearsed,
thus occupying every moment of their Pioneer evenings. My association
with this organization afforded me a little change in a social way.

In the latter part of the Fall, my brother-in-law asked me to come
and live with him and his wife and help her. This I was perfectly willing
to do, taking this view, that as I was young and empty handed and that if
I lived, and he lived, he would have a great deal to do for me so that in
turn I should be willing to do all that I could for him and his family. So
I went and took the burden of the house upon me, for my sister-in-law
had Barbara [Elizabeth Morris], a little girl of two years old, and Winnie
[Winifred Jane Morris], a baby in arms, and her time was almost entirely
occupied in caring for them.

Two young men named John and Evan Owens, boarded with us. I
attended night school that winter taught by an English brother named
Martin Slack, a very refined and intelligent man. There were also quite a

40. Hannah More’s (1745–1833) Sacred Dramas, Chiefly Intended for Young Persons, the Subjects
 Taken from the Bible (London: T. Cadell, 1782). This collection of plays on religious
 subjects went through a number of editions throughout the late eighteenth and
 nineteenth centuries. The 1806 edition includes plays on Moses, David and Goliath,
 Belshazzar, Daniel, and Hezekiah.
number of social parties held in the homes of the people. At these I was generally asked to sing. There were no pianos or organs and our musical entertainments were altogether vocal. The Dramatic Association also afforded us a great deal of enjoyment but this organization was broken up by Bro. Holms leaving the settlement.

One evening during the winter of 1855–6 I was outside the house sawing wood (perhaps my brother-in-law was away building) It was twilight, and as I rested for a moment to regain my breath, a vision seemed to come before me showing how dark my future would be. Not in detail were the events shown to me, but the general impression was a future of suffering and woe.

Twenty Years Old
I was twenty years old and in the forty eight years that have elapsed since that winter evening I have never seen a darker hour.

I considered the covenant I had made with my husband on his death bed. I knew that Elias was worth of all the confidence and love that his brother had reposed in him, and I knew that I was all that my departed husband had in the world to look to his interest in the world to come and his eternal increase. God knows that I believed and had accepted the principle that His law required of me. I took a mind’s eye view of the other brothers. One was older than Elias and two were younger. The youngest, Hugh, had sent word from California that it was his right to have me. There were also two Apostles, to either of whom I might have been married, but could I have taken either of these and kept my conscience perfectly clear before God? Did either of these excel Elias in point of honor, virtue and integrity? Could either of these take the interest in my departed husband that his brother Elias did? Had either of them, except Elias, been asked to perform this sacred duty, though all had known and loved my husband? Was I willing to endure whatever might befall me in this straight and narrow path I had chosen? Yes, I had already counted the cost, had already tasted the bitter cup which I had agreed to drink to the dregs.

A Peculiar Situation
A few months after my husband’s death I chanced, one day, to meet his brother Elias, who told me that he and his wife were invited to a wedding to which he would have liked to have taken me, but as the invitation was for only one couple he could not do so.

In the Spring he invited me to attend a party with him and his wife, and told me that at a certain time he would call for me. Being ready in good time and having an opportunity to go with a friend I left before he arrived. Perhaps this was unwise, also unkind to him, as opportunities for
showing me any regard were very meager. My motive, however, was principally to save his wife’s feelings, and also perhaps, I was prompted by my own natural independence.

In the Spring following the winter that I lived with Elias and his wife, William P. [Price] Jones, the husband of your Aunt Barbara Morris Jones, came home from his Las Vegas mission, and with him came a Brother — —, who had formerly been a drill master in Her Majesty’s Army in India. I was told that this gentleman had formed an attachment for me before he saw me, from what he had heard of me. He was a man of refinement, as may be supposed, having occupied such a position, was fine looking, of good address, well acquainted with horsemanship, a very good singer and devout and sincere in the religion he had espoused. I have no idea how he began to come to the house, but he came frequently and took a great deal of pleasure in teaching my brother-in-law sword exercises. He would come also on Sunday evenings and sing for us and afterwards we would all sing together.

A Friendly Admonition

When this had continued for some time, a friend of the family who understood my position and sympathized with me, drew me aside one evening and in a very kind manner told me that if I intended to be true to Elias and the covenant I had made, I had better not allow my affections to turn in a channel where I might be led to break my sacred vows. This friend was unmarried and ten years my senior, and he felt that there was danger of my being led in a direction opposed to that of duty, and I must admit that it was me and my God and stirling principle for the battle.

A Call of Duty

Some time afterwards, on a Sunday evening, my brother-in-law asked me to come and sit down at the family hearth, as he wanted to talk about something. Of course I knew upon what subject he wished to converse and sensed my position keenly. It was very embarrassing for all concerned, as there was a third person present, whichever way we might take it, and all had an equal right to be present as all were equally concerned. In honor of the Principle, obedience to which had created the necessity of our coming together as a family, we were obliged to meet in order to discuss the preliminaries which should cause us to enter into a relationship which would place us in a more trying but more exalted position. For how can gold be cleansed from dross except it be placed in the crucible? Imagine how hard it was for a girl, not twenty years old, to be asked if she intended to be true to one of the three persons present, and that in the interest of a fourth person, and he departed this life? And yet how very hard also for the lady who was the third to
the two contracting parties, in this particular case? And how hard for this man of God, this loving brother, to take another's wife into his care and to all present appearances break up the happiness of his married life? Nothing but the love he bore his brother and the covenants he had made at the water's edge could have induced him to climb the rugged path, upon which alone now he could ask the Heavenly Father's blessing. And in view of all these circumstances, how very much easier for this girl widow to renounce the sacred covenant she had made with her husband's brother, at the death bed of the former, than to be true to what the law of God required and to the life-long contract she had made? No one was to blame for the circumstances which surrounded us, but this was one of the ordeals we had to meet, as all have their fiery trials to pass through who set their faces like steel to serve God to the end.

There was only one answer that I could make to this solemn and weighty question, and that was that I intended to keep my covenant.

The time now approached for our marriage, according to the date set by President Young a year previous. There was much laborious work to be done to prepare for a journey to Salt Lake City where we were to receive our Endowments in the House of the Lord. We traveled by ox-team, and were two weeks upon the road. It was in the month of May, 1856. Our company consisted of five persons, viz.—Elias and his wife and their two children and myself. Upon our arrival we stayed at the home of our brother-in-law, Richard V. Morris, which was situated near the City Hall, and often, during the time that we stayed there I went outside that historic structure and prayed that my deceased husband would come in person and tell me if he really did require me to drink this bitter cup.

He came not. I was again left alone, I and my Heavenly Father, for the battle. I talked with my beloved and only sister about the matter. She suggested that perhaps my husband wanted to prove me and know what I should do while standing alone in this dark world. Now, as I look upon things, I think that my Heavenly Father wished to prove how I should stand the trying ordeal.

If I had wished to forsake my husband I should have done so while he was in this life, and could have chosen another help-meet, and I had the power, for I knew that he was not in the best of health. But it was not in my nature to desert an afflicted person. No, and now my duty was clear, I would lay my life's happiness upon the altar of the requirements of the will of God, and trust in him for the future.

There was no one to take me by the hand and give me a word of encouragement at that critical moment, or at least no one did so. All had their trials.
The Consummation

So I kneeled on the altar in God’s Holy House with the deepest dread in my heart that I had ever known. No physical strength could have drawn me there, had I consulted my own feelings. But God required it. I sensed keenly that it was no my happiness alone that was sacrificed, but it was marring the happiness of others, which rendered the cup doubly bitter. I knew that nothing that I could do would remove the sting that comes to the heart of a first wife when her husband enters into the order of Plural Marriage. I had been so conscious of the suffering she must of necessity pass through, that during the time that I had been living with my sister-in-law, I felt that no service was too menial, or labor too great, to serve her, and so strong was my sympathy for her that I felt willing to forego almost everything, except honor, for her sake. There was only one way to relieve the situation and that was to recant, and this I could not, I dared not, do. I would rather have died than have shrunk from my duty. If God is angry with me, I can only leave myself to His Mercy. My motives were as pure as those of an angel.

On our return to Cedar City, we arrived about mid-day and Mother had prepared an excellent repast, set out on a long table. I could not imagine what it was for. It had no charm for me, my heart was too sad in contemplating the future. After many, many long years, however, I have come to the conclusion that our dear mother intended it as a wedding feast. A room had been prepared for my use, as comfortably furnished as circumstances would allow, but it was needed as a kitchen for the use of the family, and as I was doing the housework I used it as such. My own nice furniture, which had come from my home in Salt Lake City, had been placed in the sitting room previously, and there I left it, so that by permitting my room to be used as a kitchen, I deprived myself of any privacy, except I retired into the sitting room after the family had gone to bed. In this year, 1856, the Handcart Company came in, and a Relief Society was organized for their help, I being called to work in it. The following summer the United States troops entered the Valley and after the 24th of July I went to Salt Lake City to visit my sister. It seemed as if a merciful providence had provided a season of happiness for me at this particular time, and I thoroughly appreciated it. My dear sister and I had been separated so much that it seemed to take a month for us to get time to say all that we wished.

The next summer, 1858, the soldiers entered the city and the people moved south. I also returned to Iron County that Fall in company

41. The Salt Lake Fifteenth Ward Relief Society was formally organized in September 1857, but as a result of the Utah War, it was broken up and not reorganized until January 1868. Barraclough, 15th Ward Memories, 131.
with our friend, Job Rolands. On my journey home I read “Uncle Tom’s Cabin”. My heart was full of sadness and dread for the future, and as I approached the town I was reading a pathetic part of the story that referring to little Eva, and this coupled with my own sorrow, caused me to weep most of the time.

Upon my return I met all that I had anticipated, and asked my Heavenly Father that I might die. One night I dreamed that I was dying and felt as if nature were dissolving I had been making molasses during the day, using pitch pine as fuel, the smoke therefrom being so blackening that my underwear had become soiled. In my dream I remembered

Before the Manifesto

this and could not bear the thought of being found in this condition, so
aroused myself, and found it was only a dream. Another time, I thought
that I was in the spirit world and meeting my husband, he looked sadly
at me and in spirit (for we conversed in spirit), he asked me what I had
come there for? I told him I was unhappy and wanted to come to him. I
took this as a rebuke, realizing that God knows better what is good for us
than we do. I was not going to parties that winter, but took great pleasure
in preparing lunch for your father and auntie when they came home for
intermission; also in caring for the children while they were away. On one
of these occasions, your father told me that he had come home to hear
me sing. He also bought me a book of songs by one of Zion’s sweet sing-
ers, Brother William Willis, who had come down south to sell his books.
Bro. Willis was one of the first members of the Sunday School Union
Board.

A Ray of Sunshine, Birth of Effie

On the 10th of January, 1859 a little daughter was born to me. We named
her Effie Walker [Morris]. I had found the name in Godie’s Ladies’ Book,
representing a beautiful lady who gave gifts to the poor at Christmas time
and who married one of her father’s workmen because they loved each
other and he was good.43 I considered also that the first name should be
one which would blend nicely with our family name. Also, shortly before
her birth, the choir, in serenading me, sang Tennyson’s beautiful poem,
the Queen of the May.44

A short time previous to this event your father suggested that I
should keep house to myself, for my own comfort, but I declined his kind
offer, thinking to save him expense, but I fixed up the log room with my
own effects in preparation for the coming event. I had waited upon your
Auntie in numerous periods of illness during the four years that we lived
together with as pure feelings as if she had been my sister or my mother.

My baby was indeed a great comfort to me and as good as a child
could be. I used to carry her in my arms, a distance of a mile to the New
City, to Sunday School where I was learning to read and write the Deseret
Alphabet, which we thought would become popular in those early days.
I remember holding her in my arms while singing in a duet at a celebra-
tion on the 24th of July.

43. Godie’s Lady’s Book (New York, The Godey Company) was a popular women’s magazine
published between 1830 and 1898.

44. Alfred Tennyson’s poem “The May Queen” was published in 1832. The poem, which
is narrated by the “May Queen,” refers several times to the May Queen’s younger sister
Effie. For instance, it says, “Don’t let Effie come to see me till my grave be growing
green / She’ll be a better child to you than I ever I have been.” Christopher Ricks, ed.,
The Poems of Tennyson, 1:456–60.
When she was in long clothes, we were visiting with a very nice company and Mrs. Anabella McFarlane, a lady friend, took her upon her lap and said she would see many changes and great events, which she certainly has.

When she was born her hair was red, but turned flaxen and then golden color. Her complexion was very fair, her eyes large and blue and she was a very pretty child. Even at that early period, I did not want to be blinded to my children’s faults, physical or otherwise, or esteem them above their merit, and I had known people to think their children beautiful, when they were really quite plain, so I did not want to be guilty of that weakness. Her father, however, thought her pretty and as he was a man of good sense as well as good taste I concluded to let him be the judge, especially as his opinion upon this matter coincided with my own.

In cutting her larger teeth her eyes became affected and as I was keeping house for your Grandfather Morris at the time I was not able to give her the attention I should like to have done there being a great deal of dairy work besides the general house-work. Your Grandmother Morris had gone on a trip to the Big Valley, as Salt Lake City was called, in company with your father.

Poor little Effie was not at all fretful, although I knew that she suffered, but she followed me about all day, and while waiting for me to lift her down the step between the kitchen and pantry, (the only two rooms we had) she would bow her little head to shield her eyes from the light and moan in a most patient manner.

When I went to New City to Sunday School my dear friend, Sister Richard Robert [Jane C.] Birkbeck would invite us to dine with her, so that we might attend the afternoon meeting also. She had no children, but was an excellent housekeeper, and set the table with beautiful linen and elegant glassware and made delightful meals out of such things as the country produced. I can see her now, in her humble cottage, presiding at the table, and the light colored preserves in her clear glass dishes. In those days we made molasses and preserves from carrots, beets, squash and melons. Our daintiest and best preserves were made from parsnips. This dear friend, at whose home we spent so many pleasant hours, told me afterwards that she thought Effie would never recover from the effect of her sore eyes. But they were as bright and blue as ever when her teeth trouble was over.

We made our molasses by boiling the vegetables before named, until quite tender. The vegetable was set aside to be used as we should use fruit for preserving now, and the liquor in which it had been cooked was strained and then boiled down until it became thick syrup and was used to eat as molasses or in place of sugar for preserving.

When Effie was nine months old a son was born to your Auntie, your brother Elias, and I stayed with her and did the house-work and took
care of her. When I took Effie into the room to see the baby, she lifted up her little hands with delight. When she was a tiny toddler she would laugh so heartily that she would fall down.

We Remove to Salt Lake City

Six months later it was decided that the family should remove to Cache Valley.\textsuperscript{45} There was much to be done in preparation for a journey by ox-team occupying from ten to fifteen days with a family to provide for.

Uncle Ed [Edward] Parry was our teamster and the rest of the party consisted of your father, Auntie, their little daughter Hattie, with Elias [Parry Morris], a baby six months old, myself and Effie, fifteen months old. Barbara had been left behind with her Grandmother Morris and Winnie with her Grandmother [Elizabeth] Parry, until we should be settled in our new home. It was in the month of May, 1860. We had a carriage, a span of mules, an ox team and a wagon. We took our clothing, bedding and provisions.

When we reached Salt Lake City, your father was requested to remain in Salt Lake City and work on the Temple Block.

He bought a house and half a lot where the old home now stands. (Note; A lot, in those days, contained one and a quarter acres of land, so half a lot contained five-eights of an acre) The house was an adobe structure, one and a half stories high with two rooms up stairs and two below. It was owned by a gentleman from Liverpool, named Coward (the name having just occurred to me). He was a rich merchant and probably found Mormon pioneer life a little too rough for him. The property was left in charge of Andrew Cunningham, who was then Bishop of the 15th Ward. The price was four hundred dollars, which your father paid with his carriage and span of mules.

He now started to work for wages, whereas in Cedar City he had owned land which he let out on shares and was at liberty to work where and for whom he pleased.

For a few days after our arrival I stayed with my sister, but finding that your father needed help in planting the garden I came home, although dreading it as usual.

Here we began housekeeping again, with very little to make home attractive, having left our furniture behind in Cedar City.

Your father took most of his pay in provisions which he had to carry home on his back. Sometimes it would be a hundredweight of flour, or fifty pounds of bran. I remember his remarking that, “A fellow might as well be a donkey at once.”

\textsuperscript{45} Cache Valley is a large valley in north central Utah that contains the communities of Logan and Hyrum. Van Cott, \textit{Utah Place Names}, 61.
The flour was dark colored and our bread was about the same shade as an adobe. But we were thankful for that as flour of any kind was scarce.

Coming as we did, in May, our garden vegetables were later than those of our neighbors and we were often obliged to borrow from them more than was pleasant, and as I was doing the housework this task fell to me. The first thing that I borrowed was an onion from Sister [Elizabeth Spur] Eccles. Her son Andrew [Eccles] was then a baby in arms. It was quite humiliating, but was one way of becoming acquainted.

Your father, being a good provider, had brought a barrel of molasses and Sister Eccles older son William [Eccles], a mute, and then about ten years of age, used to enjoy our bread and molasses.

In our lot, however, were some currant bushes and this fruit was not only a great help but a great treat. Some of our friends sometimes gave us a little pie-plant. One of these was Father John Parry, father of Joseph Hyrum Parry and grandfather of E.F. Parry, now Stake Superintendent of the Salt Lake Stake Sunday Schools.

The pie-plant was also a rare treat, and eaten as sauce or made in to a bolster pudding with a sauce of sugar cane molasses made a fine dessert. This dear old gentleman also gave us some rheubarb seed, and how eagerly we watched the young plants come us the following season.

One of the down stairs rooms was used as a kitchen and the other was your Auntie’s bed-room. Mine was the wagon box, but as the Fall advanced I made my bed in one of the upstairs rooms which the neighbors said were haunted. I had one refuge however, and that was my daily companion, prayer. Moses Wade, an intelligent old gentleman and a thorough Latter Day Saint said, “Bro. Morris is a good man, holding the Priesthood”, intimating that on that account there would be a better influence in the house than formerly.

We had no stove, our fire-place being a couple of adobes, with the wood, cut in small sticks, (for it was scarce) laid across. There was a baking kettle in which to bake our bread and a crane upon which we hung it. I had to fetch water from across the street some of the time.

Then your Aunt Barbara came on a visit, at your father’s invitation, for he had his anxieties concerning her. She had dear little Jeddie [Jedediah M. Jones], a toddler by her side, and Becky [Rebecca Elizabeth Jones] a baby in her arms.

There was a great deal of opposition in the house that summer, but I tried to be patient and make everything as comfortable as I could with your father’s hard earnings and to prepare as good meals as possible, with what there was to be had. As the Autumn approached little Effie was not very well and I had but little time to attend to her, and she being so patient it touched my heart in a tender place.
The work I was doing was altogether too much for me and your father would like to have had someone to help me but our means were so limited he could not. I used to arise about five o’clock or earlier in order to do a little sewing before starting my daily work and after having finished one of our large washes I suffered such sharp pains that I could hardly move about, but still I tried to do all that there was to do.

On the 24th of February following, two days before your sister Addie [Marian Adelaide Morris] was Born, on Sunday afternoon, I was sitting by my frugal fire with little Effie by my side, feeling as sad as any mortal could whose conscience was clear. The Lord only knew what I suffered. I was weeping. Oh, if only I could have rested my head upon someone’s breast who could have sympathized with me! Dear little Effie looked up into my face and said, “Is ’oo tired, Mamma?” I said nothing, but I could feel, standing at my left side, in a position to be able to look into my face,—someone who loved me.

Birth of Addie
On February 26th, at 9:20 o’clock a.m. in the year 1861, another little daughter was born to us. Not having been able to obtain clothing for her before her birth your father took some cutlery, given to him by Aunt Barbara’s husband, to trade for some necessary articles, but being unsuccessful he went to Bro. Daniel H. [Hanmer] Wells, who as manager of Public Works was in the habit of giving the men $5.00 in times of great need. Your father obtained this small sum of money as a great favor and divided it between his two families. The midwife received three dollars for her services, but in what material I do not know and the nurse received for her week’s work a pair of shoes valued at three dollars.

The advent of this baby into the world was somewhat critical and your father remarked, “Well, Mary, you have lost your rosy cheeks, but never mind, the baby has them.” She had rather dark hair, well marked eye-brows and a little wrinkle in her forehead, directly above the bridge of the nose exactly like that of your dear Grandmother Morris. As she grew her eyes were very large and her skin velvety. A lady who had before remarked of Effie, “Bless the child, she won’t tan.” said of Addie, “She seemed all eyes”, but I never thought her eyes too large.

Your father wanted her called Katherine Vaughan, after his grandmother [Catherine Vaughan], who was a good woman and whom he almost idolized, but I did not think the name pretty enough. When a little child I was fond of a picture of Queen Adelaide and liked the name very much. I consulted your Aunt Aggie and she said, “Call her Marian”, so I pleased her and myself and hope my dear daughter has been pleased also.

Just before the baby was born I started to keep house for myself in one of the rooms, so that when I was able to be up I had time to do a little
sewing. Your father bought a piece of cloth for a suit, which he wished me to make. It was a neat pattern and a good piece in black and white pepper and salt design, as such mixtures were termed. In this piece black predominated. He arranged that our friend Griffith Roberts, a very good tailor, should cut it out and give me some idea how to proceed. I would not have you imagine that because your father thought I could make this suit, which was a simple sack coat style, that he was not particular with regard to his appearance. It was on the contrary, quite the reverse, and when he could obtain work where money was paid, received an expert’s wages. I saw a brocaded silk velvet vest which he brought with him when he emigrated, which I thought fit for a titled gentleman, and whereas he was glad to get buckskin for every day wear, his best clothes, from the standpoint of appearance and quality, were such as to call forth the admiration of his friends.

I remember that it was a bright Saturday morning in winter that I gathered my washing together in order that the next week might be devoted to my task of “suiting”, in more ways than one, this gentleman of taste.

At this time I had not even seen a sewing machine, but had been taught to sew very neatly and the material was soft to handle and pleasing to the eye. After a lapse of fifty years I can almost feel that soft cloth in my hands. It was pleasant to sew and easy to press, and being finished with a black braid had a neat and respectable appearance.

At first my little Addie was quite fretful and when I had work to do, I was obliged to let her lie and cry. This worried me and disturbed the other members of the family. I concluded to fast and pray about it and she became contented. One day, her father coming in and seeing her lying on the bed awake, said to her, “You tell them, wherever you see them, that they are not better than you.”

A Sad Experience with a Bright Result
The summer that Addie was a baby there lived in the next house a big uncouth girl who was sent one day to say that my little Effie was stealing their currants. She was about two and a half years old at the time. I had corrected her several times for plucking things in our garden, but young as I was, could see that she must be made to understand that she must discontinue, and it touched my sense of honor that the girl should speak in that way. So I took a switch about as thick as my little finger and whipped the poor child all the way home. Oh, how my heart ached. I took her little hand and kneeling down in a corner of our room (we had but the one) asked my Heavenly Father to cause that I might never more have to correct her for that sin. A year passed and she was a little over three years old when she came in one day with her fifteen months old sister by the hand and said,—“Mamma, here’s Addie, stealing currants.” My heart was filled
with gratitude to find that my little one not only remembered that she
must do no wrong herself, but would protect her little toddling sister from
doing so. I had no more trouble with these dear children on that score.

Visitors
The Fall that Addie was a baby in arms, your father brought a man and
his three little boys to board with me. His name was Thomas Jones and I
think he was from South Wales and had recently come to the States. I sup-
pose your father had compassion on him and I did what I could for him
and his three children. One day he told me that he was going to get him a
wife and that she was big enough to change the moon. And, sure enough,
he brought her [Margaret Spotswood] and she was indeed a very large
woman. She was the mother, by a former husband, of our town’s man,
Charles J. [John] Thomas, the musician who is now the leader of the
Temple Choir and a constant worker in the Temple. She told me that
her son could detect a discordant note in a choir of a thousand voices.
Her daughter, also by this marriage, now Mrs. Margaret [Ann Thomas]
Romney, used to stay with us sometimes. After this lady came to us she
and her husband slept on the floor in one of the rooms upstairs as I had
done the winter before. She used often to come and hold Addie and sing
to her and tell yarns about her life in the Army where her first husband
had been a drummer in the band.

While occupying our one room, we invited a gentleman and his wife,
Bro. Shearman and Sister Shearman, to dine with us. I made a preserve
pudding, which I suppose I boiled in our bake-kettle and, of course, had
some meat and vegetables, but only a few sticks laid across two adobes for
a stove. I felt embarrassed at the idea of cooking and serving the meal
under these conditions in the presence of our guests but our friendship
for them was so sincere that I was willing to endure this little humiliation
for the sake of enjoying their company. However, upon this occasion these
dear friends, for some reason, did not come, to our great regret when
we found how delicious the pudding was. This Bro. William Shearman
was private secretary to Apostle Amasa Lyman and we became acquainted
with him during the “Move” when the Saints moved South on account of
Johnson’s Army being in Echo Canyon. He afterwards made his home
with us for a time. Your father was then building at Jacob Hamlin’s place
at Santa Clara, but sent us a letter saying, “Bid him welcome home, wel-
come to my home.”

46. Santa Clara, Utah, is located along Santa Clara Creek, four miles northwest of St.
George. Jacob Hamblin, “an early Mormon scout and church authority, helped
establish an Indian mission on the site in 1854. In 1856 a fort was built. The settlement
was destroyed by floods in 1862, then rebuilt on higher ground.” Van Cott, Utah
Place Names, 331.
Your sister Addie cut her teeth with a very sore ear, or rather a sore behind her ear. I did not attempt to heal it, but bathed it copiously with Castile soap and water. One day when I was doing so my father called and he remarked, “Do not heal it, but continue as you are doing.” I was pleased to have his approval for I felt that he understood such matters. When the wound had seemingly run its course, the little child began to make flesh and look well.

I think the last time I mentioned your Grandfather Walker was when I spoke of his returning to England on a visit soon after my dear mother’s death and just previous to my marriage to John Morris. He returned to St. Louis about the time our party left for the Valley, and travelled in Jacob Gates’ Company. We met him at Montrose, I remember, while we were all waiting the final preparations to continue our journey. When he arrived in Salt Lake City, he went to live with my sister. A few years later he returned to England again, on a mission, and upon this occasion brought with him a sister, named Mary Ann Morton, from Luton, Hertfordshire, England, whom he married, and they resided in the Sixth Ward. She was a lady of some literary attainments and the author of several Latter Day Saint hymns.47

My Stepmother

Your grandfather and grandmother Morris also came to Salt Lake City from Cedar City and lived in the Sixth Ward, next door to my father.

When your sister Addie was little she liked to play with toads and would run about with a toad in one hand and a “piece” in the other. When she was a year and nine months old your father went to Camp Douglas to build bake ovens for the soldiers, who had lately taken up their quarters there.48 I remember he was given some immense sperm candles, which were so large that we could hardly believe the reality. He received cash in payment for building these bake ovens. With the portion that I received I bought some very pretty soft flannel for dresses for my little girls. It was red and dark brown plaid, and I had gilt buttons to fasten them with. I had a neat pattern to make them by and felt proud of and thankful for these pretty dresses. I can see now my little Effie and Addie dressed in

47. Mary Ann Morton (1826–1897), Mary Lois’s stepmother, was the author of at least six LDS hymns, including “Sweet Is the Peace the Gospel Brings,” “O Happy Home! O Blest Abode,” “A Saint! and Is the Title Mine,” “My Father in Heaven,” “Though Nations Rise, and Men Conspire,” and “With Cheerful Hearts and Willing Hands.” J. Spencer Cornwall, Stories of Our Mormon Hymns, 137, 203; Sacred Hymns and Spiritual Songs for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 76, 368–69, 577, 379, 398.

48. Camp Douglas was an army camp on the east bench overlooking the Salt Lake Valley. It was established in 1862 when the Third California Volunteers were ordered to the Salt Lake Valley to “prevent Indian hostilities and keep an eye on the Mormons.” Arrington, Great Basin Kingdom, 201.
them and playing on the grass on the street on a Sunday evening during the Spring, when the weather was mild enough for me to have the door open. The streets were green in those days when there was so little traffic.

In the Spring of 1863 your father built two small rooms for us, west of the house proper, and we were more comfortable. We had some narrow shelves put in a door-way which led into the other house, and these served as a cupboard. For a dresser we had a clothes chest with a white cover of some kind and an old lilac skirt neatly arranged as a flounce. It was not very elegant, perhaps, but presented a cleanly appearance. Our windows were small square ones and swung on a little piece of iron. We had red curtains, made with a heading and drawn with a string. There were very few blinds in those days and no screen doors.

We enjoyed our usual health that summer but it was a season fraught with trial.

**Birth of John Conway**

On August the 22nd, (I think) a son was born to me. My dear niece, Miss Aggie [Agatha] Pratt, took care of me and my children and attended to the house work and was a great comfort to me.

Soon after the baby was born, my father sent this word to me, “Tell them to call him John Walker”. Shortly afterwards your grandfather Morris called and said, “I want you to call him John Conway”, giving the following simple history of the name. “There was once a little boy found sailing alone under Conway Bridge in Wales. No one knew who he was of from whence he came. We are descended from that little boy”.

Next came your father and repeated his father’s request. I objected to calling my baby after a dead person. Your father reasoned with me, trying to show that there was no cause for such an objection. For illustration, he said, “Here is Bro. David O. [Orson] Calder, who has lately buried three of his children with diphtheria, they were called after no one. So I yielded, but against my own judgment, and my second son was named John Conway [Morris]. He had blue eyes, fair skin, light hair, and to use his grandmother’s own words, “he was the biggest of the breed” He was a good tempered little fellow and even while he was in long clothes would sit in his high chair and watch me while I did my work. Mrs. Shearman, who called to see us one day, said; “You have to stay with this baby to know how good he is.” He was so plump, white and beautiful that Barbara and Winnie would contend which might hold him when he was undressed. His father said, “Take care of him, he is a model picture”. The winter following his birth his little wrist was burnt, but not seriously.

This winter, we had the good fortune to secure a stove, which came to us second hand, for it had been the property of our neighbor, Bro. Nelson A. Empie. That winter, as was often the case, we could not get
enough tallow to make our candles, so the light from the fire in the stove served for illumination as well as for warmth. Later, however, your father bought me a little lamp which cost him $3.50. It would be worth about 25 cents now. With the lamp came a paper shade with a little scene painted upon it. The edge was scolloped and it shaded the ceiling bringing the form of the scollops down on the wall. I felt so happy in the possession of this lamp that it seemed as if my cozy little room were a piece of Paradise.

Speaking of lamps and home-made candles reminds me of soap-making. We used to make soap in those days from the cake or prairie saleratus and lime, for lye was a dollar a box and money very scarce. I remember that on the 24th of July, soon after we came from the South, besides the days work I made three kettles of soap and then went to a party in the evening.

A Birthday Party
Birthday celebrations were not as general as they are now, but when Addie was three years old we thought we would give a little party in her honor. There was a picture on the wall of our room of which she was very fond, representing Nellie Grey sitting by the river with her mother. I can see her now, standing upon a chair, dressed in her pretty red dress which showed her pretty arms to such good advantage, gazing at this picture. Upon the occasion of her birthday I taught her a verse of the song “Nellie Grey” to sing.49

One of our little guests was Moroni Walker Pratt, who was about ten years old at the time. He recited a poem by Mrs. Hemans on the Life of Moses.50 The last lines were,—

“And a good man he grew,
And a wise man too,
For the Spirit of God was there.”

The poor little fellow was so overcome with shyness that he cried. The large heart is capable of much emotion.

The following March little Conway was very ill, which terminated in serious lung trouble. Your Aunt Aggie thought he caught cold by being cradled in a clothes basket which, naturally was not much protection from

49. The song “Nelly Gray” begins “There’s a long green valley on that old Kentucky shore.” It was arranged by at least five composers, including Thomas Hood (1799–1845) and Jonathan Blewitt (1781–1853). Havlice, Popular Song Index, first supp. (1978), 197; Kilgarriff, Sing Us One of the Old Songs, 401, 455.

50. Felicia Dorothea Browne Hemans (1793–1835) was “the most widely read woman poet in the nineteenth-century English-speaking world.” A search of the various collected volumes of her poetry did not find any poems on the life of Moses. Gary Kelly, ed., Felicia Hemans: Selected Poems, Prose, and Letters, 15.
the draughts which came from under the doors. When he recovered, I remember how sweet it was, after his life had been threatened, to sit and hold him in my arms and sing him to rest.

The First Matinee
A pleasant incident occurred in the lives of the children of Salt Lake City on the 1st of May, 1865. It was the giving of a Matinee, the first ever given in Utah, at the Salt Lake Theatre in honor of May Day. It was given by Julia Dean Hanes [Hayne], a distinguished actress. There were May Pole dances on the stage, in which the children took part, holding ribbons attached to the pole. This, and the fact of the theatre being darkened and lighted artificially, this turning day into night, made a great stir in the Capitol City of Utah.

The play was Chinese in its character and Mrs. Hanes played the part of a Chinaman. Her Chinese talk was long remembered by the youngsters and you could bear bits of Chinese language for months afterwards. The principle word I remember was “Chi-hi”. I doubt if Utah had so much as seen a Chinaman at that time.

On May 24th, 1865 your father left us to go on a mission to Great Britain in answer to a call from the First Presidency.

At a Convention held in the Tabernacle the day following the preceding April Conference, some reference was made to Masons. Pres. Young, in speaking, made some uncomplimentary remarks concerning them. As he sat down, your father rose and said,—“I rise to represent a class of workmen who, it has been said, are very dishonest.” In a few plain and pointed sentences he defended them. His statements were not refuted. It may be proper to state here that in a matter in which he felt he was right your father feared nobody.

Missionary Call
A few days later he met Brother T. B. H. [Thomas Brown Holmes] Stenhouse, a man of more than ordinary intelligence and editor of the Daily Telegraph, the first daily paper in the West. Bro. Stenhouse

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51. The Salt Lake Theatre, which opened in 1862, could seat three thousand people and had a parquet, dress circle, and three balconies. Many well-known actors and actresses performed in the theatre, which was reported to have been similar to the famous Drury Lane Theatre of London. In addition to the traveling actors and actresses who performed in the theatre, performers based in Utah also put on plays. In 1928 and 1929, the theatre was demolished. Ila Fisher Maughan, *Pioneer Theatre in the Desert*, Roderick Robertson, “The Early Mormon Theatre,” 40–49; Arrington, *Great Basin Kingdom*, 211–13.

52. The *Salt Lake Daily Telegraph* was a newspaper edited by Thomas Brown Holmes Stenhouse (1825–1882). It was published daily (except Sunday or Monday) between 1864 and 1868.
acosted him with, “Well, Morris, my boy, you’re called on a mission, arn’t you?” “Yes, someone has shoved my name in, I suppose”, was the reply. “No”, Bro Stenhouse said, “I was present at a council of the Twelve, when a call was made for faithful, earnest men to go to Wales to clear up a Josephite mess which exists there, and your name was mentioned and sustained as a suitable man to send”. So we commenced preparations to that end.

It was a beautiful day, to all appearances, the day he left us; the ground white with blossoms of the locust trees and the air laden with a luscious perfume. Outside, all was peace and quietness, but within the house were tears and heart-rending sobs. Your father was leaving his two wives and seven small children to recross the trackless desert and the fathomless deep, in answer to the call of duty.

Your Grandmother Morris and a Sister Williams were with us at the hour of parting. Sister Williams, it seems to me, had been acquainted with the Morris family in Wales. These dear old ladies went from house to house trying to comfort us. Your grandmother would come in from your Aunties and say, “Well, its just the same here”, and then Sister Williams would come from there and say, “And its no better here.” At one time the latter said to me;—“I know what is the matter with you, you are thinking of the other one too.” And so it was. My grief at parting with your father was so deep in my heart that it reached the place where my first husband had impressed it and re-opened the wound, and so I wept for both at the same time.

After your father had left, I remember that I went to Pres. Heber C. [Chase] Kimball’s mill and bought fifteen pounds of rolls. These I spun, scoured and colored all with my own hands.

Speaking of the Mill, I may here mention that Bro. Kimball had engaged your father to build a warehouse for him some time previous, remarking at the time,—“If Bro Morris builds it, I expect it will be finished in this generation.”

53. Mary Lois seems to be referring to the missionary efforts in Wales of the “Josephites,” members of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (RLDS). The RLDS church split from the LDS church after the martyrdom of Joseph Smith over issues of succession. Joseph Smith’s son Joseph Smith III became prophet-president of the RLDS church in 1860. By 1865, when Mary Lois wrote of the “Josephite mess” in Wales, several RLDS branches had been established in Wales, and RLDS missionaries reported progress in their missionary work among LDS members in Wales. One RLDS missionary reported in 1863, for instance, “The news from Wales is encouraging for the progress of the work. . . . I found some of the old saints, who then, for the first time, were informed of the existence of the Reorganization, and they seemed much interested concerning it.” Such reports would no doubt have concerned LDS leaders. EM, 3:1211–13; Joseph Smith III and Heman C. Smith, *The History of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints*, 3:394–409.
This was a busy summer for me. I would go from working in the garden to the spinning wheel, and from the spinning wheel, perhaps, to the Tithing Office, seven blocks distant, to purchase and then carry home provisions for my family, then snatching an hour to cook a hot meal. Often it was currant dumplings, made from the fresh currants in our garden and as many other good things as circumstances would permit. But all was received with a grateful heart.

Effie was six years old in January and Addie four years old in the February previous to your father’s departure, and Conway two years the August following. Effie was now old enough to go to school, so I sent her to the Sixth Ward School taught by a Miss Elizabeth Hattersly. Effie had learned her alphabet by the time she was two years old, and from the time she went to school in May to the following September she learned to read in the Second Reader. That same summer I gave her a piece of an old sheet upon which to sew at school. In the afternoon she brought it back so neatly hemmed that we could hardly see the stitches. Her teacher, appreciating this effort in so young a student, gave her five cents. This was the first money she had ever had.

When currants were ripe it was the work of these two little girls to pick three quarts daily, Effie two quarts and Addie one. We had two ways of drying them; one was to spread them out fresh from the bushes to dry in the sunshine, and the other, to cook them until the moisture had evaporated and then spread them upon plates to dry. Currants were the only fruit we had and therefore of great importance. Squash drying was of equal importance in still earlier days when these and melons were the only fruit we could get. In case of a sudden storm, I have often gone out in the dead of night to gather in the currants but the flashes of blazing lightning. I may say here that while your father was away on his mission, I felt safer at night than I had done when he was working only a few miles out of town. We had planted an orchard, but the trees were too young to bear fruit. It had been my duty to water the trees by carrying water by the bucketful. This being faithfully done, every tree, I think, grew and we watched with great interest for the first buds and blossoms.

I was very glad when I could spin several skeins of yarn a day, besides the other work I had, and caring for my children. Five skeins a day was considered a good days work. Pres. Young reckoned that a woman who spun all day walked twenty miles, and many a song I sang as the buzz of the big wheel played a bass chord to my tune, this reminds me of Burns, who says,—“All day land, Gene spun and sang.”

54. As tithing was generally paid “in kind” instead of in cash, the function of the tithing offices was to receive and redistribute the products paid as tithing and to convert these items “into acceptable means of payment wherever the church made purchases.” Arrington, Great Basin Kingdom, 140–41.
**Home Made Dresses**

I had set myself the task of finishing the spinning of my fifteen pounds of rolls by September, and a thankful heart was mine when my yarn was ready to scour, and still more so when I could see the white hanks filling the fence and my joy reached its height when by care, skill and labor, I had colored these beautiful white skeins a handsome madder red, indigo blue and jet black. And, as I had arranged, I took them to your Aunt Hannah H. [Hinchliffe Midgley] Morris to weave into cloth on the date in September that I had intended when I commenced the work. The cloth that I made for my own dress was black with a fine stripe of red and a few threads of blue. That for Effie and Addie blue with a narrow stripe of red. This style of cloth was much admired and sought after. I received $2.00 a yard for some like my own dress.

Then we took what dried currants we had to spare and sold them for cash and with this money bought some little vegetable dishes of which we were very proud.

Then your father, in disposing of his outfit after crossing the plains, managed to send us sixty pounds of lye to make soap of, and some tea. It was just like him, good provider and manager, that he was, to think of us and to send us something to help us along. I borrowed a wheelbarrow from your uncle William V. [Vaughan] Morris, and with a good deal of repugnance, wheeled the sixty pounds of lye home. With my share of the tea I bought some bowls, thus adding again to my scanty stock of dishes, and was thankful for the opportunity.

A fine fat ox was also sent to us that Fall which your father had purchased of some immigrants. So through the blessings of Providence and our own industry, we had that winter, handsome, warm dresses, some good beef and a nice supply of dried fruit.

**Christmas Maneuvering**

And now Christmas, 1865 was approaching and I wondered what I could do for my little ones, for every little girl at least wants a doll. It is always well to begin to think of Xmas early and I think this was the year in which we did as follows.—Effie had taken readily to knitting and knitted a pair of mittens for a Harry Bowering, who lived across the street, for which she received fifty cents. She also knitted a similar pair for Cousin Tom Morris, for which she also received another fifty cents, so that her doll was secure. But what was little Addie to do? I had taught her also to knit and she put forth her best effort and knitted a pair of garters for a Sister Willard, who lived next door to us, so that we had money to buy her a doll too. So we went up to a little store which stood somewhere about where the Kolitz Kandy Kitchen now stands on Main St. between South Temple and First South Streets. The dolls from which we selected Effie’s were
$1.25 each, but kind Sister Cooper, who kept the store, found one slightly damaged which she let us have for a dollar. It had a very pretty face and was about as large as could be purchased now for twenty-five cents. The class of doll which Addie’s money would buy were solid china and very pretty. By hiding Addie’s dollie, and sewing the head of Effie’s up in a cloth, they did not see them until the right time. As the charm of Addie’s doll lay in the symmetry of its limbs and the beauty of its face it would have seemed an injustice to cover its perfect form with paltry clothing, so it was ready for presentation, but how to dress Effie’s without its being seen was a problem. It was accomplished by the dim gleam of candle light, after the children had retired. The dress was made of dove color alpacca, as glossy as silk. As Miss Dolly had a fine figure we made the waist tight fitting to display her form to good advantage. The fashionable coat sleeve and a gored skirt, which had just come into vogue made the costume of the latest style, at that time. The trimming was three rows of narrow braid, such as we used in embroidery, and just the size for the little dress, so that when finished it was really very neat and comely.

I think it was about this time that I had a chance to do some knitting for Mrs. Lavina Johnson, who gave me some apples from her orchard in payment, with which I made my mincemeat.

Xmas came, and the new dolls were a great source of joy to my little girls, but poor little Addie was doomed to sorrow for her precious doll dropped upon the hearthstones and was shattered to fragments. Who could comfort her? I had no money, or prospect of any, so all I could do was to gather up the pieces and put them away in a drawer for she would not hear of their being destroyed, and there she would go and peep in, sobbing as if her heart would break, just as a bereaved mother might look at her departed baby. This, I think, must have been Addie’s first sorrow.

About this time, during a spell of very cold weather, little Connie had his leg burnt; it was rather a deep sore, but he was extremely patient. It showed me the different stages of the healing of a burn and what a more serious burn would be.

Hearing that the families of absent Missionaries had the privilege of attending the theatre free, I went to Manager John T. [Thomas] Caine, to see to what extent these favors were granted. He replied that we could have a ticket once in a while, so I gladly availed myself of the enjoyment this privilege afforded. At this time Bro. David McKenzie was our theatrical star and we delighted to bask in its brilliancy. He shone particularly in a play entitled “The Ticket-of-leave Man” in which he took the leading part. The name of the heroine of the play was May Edwards, but I do not remember what the lady’s real name was.

55. Mary Lois seems to be referring to Tom Taylor’s play, *The Ticket-of-Leave Man*, about “a parolee whose trusting disposition leads to misadventures.” It was first performed
About this time I had the misfortune to hurt my right heel, all reme-
dies seeming unavailing to heal the wound so that upon such occasions as
I was obliged to go to town my foot was tied up in a white cloth. Becoming
tired of this, and hearing of a certain remedy for such ailments, I proc-
cured some and asked your dear Cousin Aggie Pratt to come and spend
the day with me to help administer the treatment in the form of poul-
tics. In my case however, it was worse than useless, for by night the entire
limb was inflamed.

Soon afterwards, while attending the theatre one evening, I met an
old friend who told me that the yolk of an egg rendered thick with flour
had proved beneficial in such cases. The result of the application of this
mixture was a speedy healing of the sore heel.

A Dress Bought with Rags and a Ham

In the spring of 1866 paper rags were in great demand. Previous to
this, in ’61 or ’62, our enterprising citizen and later, merchant, George
Goddard, came with a neat cart with a white cover to collect them, offer-
ing in exchange, haberdashery and other small wares. But in 1867 the
Daily Telegraph was in full blast and paper rags were sought and a good
price paid for them. The depot where they were received was just west
of Clark’s Corner called the Eagle Emporium (the Clock Corner) and
the building had been erected for Bro. Wm. [William] Jennings by your
father. Wagons also called at intervals to collect rags. I do not know how
many dollars I earned by collecting, washing and sorting rags, but with the
sale of a nice ham of my own feeding and curing, I had enough money to
buy a handsome dress pattern. In order to make the very best use of my
money I went to Bro. Naisbitt who bought goods on commission as a side
issue to his business as a dry goods buyer for S. P. Teasdale’s store. By this
means we could obtain goods almost at eastern prices. My dress pattern
was a nice quiet shade of blue French Merino of excellent quality.

Gored skirts were just coming into fashion, but not wishing to cut this
fine cloth, I laid two large box pleats in the back, to give the skirt a gored
effect. Coat sleeves were also very stylish at that time so of course mine
were cut in that shape and for out door wear a small cape terminating just

56. The Eagle Emporium, located at 102 South Main in downtown Salt Lake City, was
constructed in 1864 by Elias Morris for prominent merchant William Jennings. In
1868, Jennings “exchanged his inventory for capital stock in Z.C.M.I. and leased his
Eagle Emporium to the new organization.” Z.C.M.I. remained in the Eagle Emporium
City, 8, 62.
above the waist made a graceful costume. In those days all stuff dresses were trimmed with white buttons as may be seen from pictures of that time. This was a very neat but stylish dress, and I was not naturally as stout as I am now. Cousin Aggie helped me to arrange the pleats in my skirt.

An Invitation to a Dinner Party

Early in the following Spring, I, with other missionaries wives, was invited to dine at Bishop [Robert Taylor] Burton’s. This invitation caused me more uneasiness than pleasure, as I was not acquainted with the Bishop’s family and was uncertain as to the location of the house at which the dinner would be held. I knew they were quite well to do people and the Bishop, with whom I had often danced at social functions at the ward had expressed a wish that I should meet his family. I wondered if I should take some work with me, as I always felt more at ease when occupied. However, I did as I always did when things troubled me and tried to worry less. I knew I had a handsome dress to wear but still felt so diffident about going. There was one comfort, I at least was acquainted with my fellow guests.

At last the dreaded day arrived and instead of having to wander in uncertainty as to where to go, a carriage was sent to fetch me.

Bishop Burton received us at the door and conducted us to the parlor, an unusual luxury in those days. Here I met my friends, the wife of James Ure [Janet Scott Ure] and his daughter Jeannette [Janette Scott Ure]; Jane, the wife of Griffith Roberts and the wife of Councillor Joseph Pollard [Mary Ann Bailey Pollard or Ruth Allen Pollard]. Our invitation stated that the party was to do honor to the missionaries of the ward and certainly we were treated right royally. We spent a most pleasant afternoon and having taken my work, a little red stocking, it added to my comfort.

During the afternoon Bishop Burton ingenuously asked his little daughter, Florence [May Burton], to ask her sister, Mrs. [Theresa Hannah Burton] Hills, to play for us. This was a rare treat as very few people possessed musical instruments. Mrs. Teresa Burton Hills was a beautiful young lady and superintended the dinner, which was a sumptuous repast. Mrs. Maria [Susan Haven] Burton remarked that Teresa had kept house for two years previous to her marriage.

During the evening Bishop Burton requested me to sing several times and he played the violin for us. I tried to be as much at ease as possible and suppose I succeeded as my recollections of that day are most pleasant.

Shortly afterwards, at Bishop Burton’s suggestion, I was invited to join the Ward Choir, the new and highly esteemed leader, Bro. William D. [Davies] Williams, remarking that he preferred mature voices. Here I remained a member until circumstances made it necessary for me to
leave. I also belonged to the Tabernacle Choir.\textsuperscript{57} I remember very distinctly, that one evening Pres. Young met with us. It was just before October Conference and he desired to test the acoustic properties of the building. I remember he spoke from the stand and a strange impression was made upon those who were close beside him, myself amongst the number, for it seemed that his voice came from the eastern or opposite end of the building. Upon another occasion I was seated at the feet of a speaker but was unable to hear and had to sit with the audience below in order to do so. Later a canvas was stretched between the ceiling and the heads of the people, which I well remember seeing in course of erection by Pres. Daniel H. Wells and a staff of men. There was no gallery at that time, but later, when that addition was made and the sky-lights put in, the trouble ended, I believe.

I think it was this summer, that of 1866, that I went to Aunt Hannah’s to twist some yarn on their wheel. I left the house locked, but when I returned found that Conway, large child that he was, had managed to push his way through a pane of glass 8 by 10 inches, and by climbing upon his high chair, had obtained some matches from the mantel shelf. With these, he set fire to some stuff in the cow shed and then ran away. This was the second accident with fire, although this time the dear child was not hurt.

About a year and a half after your father went away, one Monday, having finished my weekly washing as usual, in spite of the fatigue and the approach of evening, in order not to break into another day, I went to the Tithing Office to get provisions for my family. I took Effie with me to help a little in carrying my load of about forty pounds. Often I had to leave my little ones alone when I went upon errands of this kind. At such times I always asked my Heavenly Father to take care of them, and He did. But this time I had taken extra precautions and left them in charge of Sister Guiver, in her own home. I felt depressed upon this trip and fancied that when I asked for the order the clerk looked coldly upon me, although he gave me what I asked for. The nearer I came to home, the more this feeling of sadness oppressed me. At last I reached the house and Sister Guiver brought my two poor little children, severely scalded and stripped of their clothes. I could see at a glance what was before me, and no father there to help me bear it. For an hour I was powerless. Sister Guiver and another neighbor, Sister Eccles, good soul that they were, took olive oil and water and whipped them together until they became

\textsuperscript{57} A group of singers from the Nauvoo choir and a Welsh immigrant choir began calling themselves the Tabernacle Choir in the early 1850s. In 1869, following a succession of short-term conductors, George Careless, a professional musician from England, was appointed director of the choir, and under his leadership the choir took on a more permanent and professional character. Hicks, \textit{Mormonism and Music}, 44–45, 95–96, 98.
a salve and this they applied to the wounds. Addie was scalded in five places, one on the wrist and the rest upon the lower limbs. Conway was scalded more severely. One of his little legs was scalded from above the knee down to the ankle, the other from below the knee toward the instep.

When these good sisters had dressed the wounds I put Addie in bed with Effie and made my own bed on the little kitchen floor so as to be able to attend to little Conway as he was so much worse. The simple salve made by the sisters took the fire out of the burns and the children rested pretty well, but the worse was yet to come. In the morning there were stains upon my sheets as big as plates where the water had run from the burns upon poor little Conway’s body. Father Bustle, an old gentleman in the ward came over and told me how to treat the burns. I had plenty of good tallow from the Tithing Office to use for making salve and he seemed to be progressing nicely until the following Thursday when the blisters broke and the flesh was exposed to the air. Oh, what suffering that poor child did endure. It seemed too, that it was worse at night. I used to sing to him. This would take his attention for a while. He would say, “Sing Nennie Day”, meaning “Nellie Gray”. Then he would say “Sing it adain, Ma.” When this charmed him no more I would whistle for him, and he thought that was grand. Then when he could endure the pain no longer he would begin to scream and it seemed to me that his screams could be heard a block away.

One night Aunt Hannah stayed with us, and Uncle William came later. I made a bed for them on the kitchen floor. In his good natured way he gave me five dollars. He seemed pleased to hear the singing.

Another night Aunt Aggie came to stay with us. I put her in my bed while Connie and I slept in a bed upon the floor in the same room. After daylight, while dear Aunt Aggie was conversing with me she said these words,—“Mary, the Lord will never allow you to apostatize, you will not only save yourself, but will help to save others.” At this time I was about thirty three years old.

The poor child suffered in this horrible manner until a white mesh began to grow over the exposed places. It was like the meshes of white net but the cells were round instead of square. Then we both got a little more rest, but I did not care what I suffered with him so long as I had him with me. The accident happened in November, and the wounds were not healed until the following March. Addie’s wounds were smaller and not so severe.

The accident happened in this wise. The children were seated in front of a stove which was not very firmly set. Upon the stove stood a coffee pot of hot, or boiling water. The stove tipped and the coffee pot was precipitated into little Conway’s lap, Addie receiving some of the scalding liquid also. If the little fellow had been dressed in a slipshod manner his
wounds would not have been so deep, but being dressed, in good woolen clothing, with his shoes tightly laced and his little knickerbockers securely fastened it took some time to get his clothing off him, and by this time the heat of the water had spent itself. But after all his vital organs were uninjured and I still had him.

When he was at last able to be up he would sit in his high chair as when a baby.

Still I was obliged to leave these little children when I went to the Tithing Office to get provisions.

One day as Christmas approached I had occasion to call upon Cousin Belinda [Marden] Pratt Stenhouse who gave me two little books for my little girls. They had been sent to her little daughters by their father while he was on a business trip East some years before, but had been kept in such good condition they were almost as good as new and she was pleased to give them to me with much sympathy and affection. No doubt she called to mind the time when her father was on a mission in far off lands and realized how scanty our means were to provide for Christmas.

One of the books, the one intended for Effie, was about “Little-Red-Riding-Hood”. It was beautifully illustrated. The little maiden was dressed, in scarlet hood and cloak, and the artist, in order to bring the design of the pretty little figure into bold relief, had placed a black background. There was a picture upon every page with just space enough left for a four line verse in beautiful clear pica type, as follows:—

Sweet little Red Riding Hood’s mother
Ties on her scarlet hood
And sends her with gifts to her Grandma
All through the lonely wood.

A Cushat-dove follows her footsteps
When a wolfe creeps slyly near;
But she hears the ax of the woodman
And greets him without fear.

He wins her to tell him her errand
Then slyly steals away
While Red Riding Hood lingers longer
With butterflies at play.

The fair child taps at her Grandma’s door
Half wearied now, with play
“Pull the string, and the latch will come up,”
She hears a gruff voice say.

She enters, she lays aside her hood
And cries with wild surprise;—
“Oh, Grandma, what long sharp teeth you have!
And oh, what fearful eyes!”

The wolf would have killed her, but shrilly
Her loud cries pierced the wood;
The brave woodman came and slew him
And saved Red Riding Hood.

The second book, given with the same kind spirit for Addie, had belonged to Mrs. Stenhouse’s little Florence and had been kept with the same care as the other one. The title was “Hop o’ My Thumb”, and towards Xmas I managed to get a dime or so and bought a small, but very pretty book for my little Conway. This was “Mother Goose’s Rhymes”, daintily illustrated. It contained “Old King Cole,” The Cow jumped Over the Moon, and another was,

Little Polly Flinders
Sat in the cinders,
Warming her pretty little toes,
Her mother came and caught her
And whipped her little daughter
For spoiling her nice new clothes.

I knew how much pleasure these books would give and with a grateful heart laid them away for Christmas.

Some peach trees your father had planted merely for a fence, by careful watering had grown and were bearing heavily. I used to climb the trees with a small kettle in my hand and then descend and fill a larger one which stood below. As we had no planks or lumber we would climb upon the roof of our little house and spread the peaches out to dry. Little Conway would insist upon following, although but three or four years old and as fast as we fetched him down he would go right up again. And by some means he would climb upon the roof of the cow shed and sitting astride would say;—“Get up, horsey”. He was very strong and active. Your grandfather wrote one day to your father saying,—“I was passing your house the other day and saw something I thought was all Goshen coming,
when what was it but little Con, carrying a log of wood as big as himself"!
Your grandfather was proud of the little fellow's physique. He was about
three years old at this time.

While the peaches were drying it was time to see what could be done
towards helping to provide fuel for winter. Across the street was a tennery
and there the children resorted after school and on Saturday to gather the
tan bark. There were others besides ours, bare-footed, as they had been all
the summer, with gunny sacks in their hands and none worked more ear-
nestly than Effie and Addie so that soon we had a big heap of tan bark piled
in the corner of the shed where the stove used to stand in the summer.

As the girls grew a little larger other girls would come over and
spend the evening with us, a most constant visitor being Janey Wade. She
was the same age as your sister Winnie and sometimes these girls would
change clothing and when Sister Wade called Janey to put up the calf,
Winnie would go instead, and so they would go on until found out and
then considerable merriment would follow.

Sister Wade was a dear and old time friend of my father's and an
early member of the Manchester Conference. When my father formed her
acquaintance first she was Sister Armstrong and was highly esteemed. In
her earlier days she had been a lady's maid and was as gracious as she was
refined. If we sent her any little gift of anything which she did not have,
she was never satisfied unless she sent us something of as much, if not
greater value, in return. Thus a bond of friendship existed between us on
my father's account, and also that friendship which exists between those
who have known each other during the time when they first embraced
the Gospel.

Besides housework, gardening and manufacturing cloth I used to
cut a great deal of wood. Sometimes I would hack away at knotty logs until
I could not straighten myself up to walk into the house. This was hard
work but valuable from the standpoint of experience and better perhaps
for my stove and the comfort of my family than for my physical system.
Your Grandfather Morris once sent up a man to cut a little wood. It was
just such knotty pieces as I was accustomed to work at and after watching
him for a few minutes I quietly suggested to him how he might, I thought,
overcome the difficulty. He did not dispute the question but adopted my
method to his entire satisfaction. I was daily working at the wood, every
time I needed it, while his experience had been on other lines.

In the spring of 1868 I dreamed that I stood in mud with just enough
of solid ground for me to stand upon. All that I could see was mud or
earth, the walls surrounding me were mud. There was nothing but mud
as high as I could see.

Also somewhere about this time there came to my bedside a person
in the form of a little boy. He wore rather a grim looking shirt. I knew
that the spirit was not of God, and perhaps it was not a little boy at all, for
as I understand, spirits can assume to be that which they are not. Living
as I was, and situated as I was, I do not think that Our Heavenly Father
would allow a grown person to appear to me in my lonely condition. I did
not dare to disturb my little children so had to battle with the influence
alone. My anxiety was to get rid of him. Having attended meetings since
my childhood and having learned the principles of the Gospel, I knew
what to do, so with all the courage I could muster, I arose and said:—“In
the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, depart!” He answered me, in spirit,
“I do not know which way to go.” I said to him, “Go, the way you came.”,
and he went. It seemed to me that he came through a corner of the lit-
tle kitchen and he departed the same way. I did not sleep any more that
night but prayed and sang, and sang and prayed until daylight.

Death of Little Conway
Along in May I was coming home from Uncle William’s with Effie, Addie
and little Connie. I had the latter by the hand and it seemed to me his lit-
tle hand had never been so dear and precious as it was that evening, and
at night, after we had retired, as he lay at my side, his presence seemed
more precious to me than at any other time. There seemed to be some-
thing magnetic in his touch, and more lovely than I had words to express.
There seemed to be running in my mind:—“There is sweet rest in Heaven,
there is sweet rest, there is sweet rest, there is sweet rest in Heaven”.

The next morning, according to appointment your Grandfather
Morris sent a man to do some whitewashing, which I was accustomed to do
for myself usually. If I could have proceeded according to my wish I would
have had my little bedroom done first and after having put the things
back there have had the kitchen done, but my rooms being so small I was
obliged to upset the whole place at once, in order that he might proceed
without delay. In preparing the kitchen a box of matches had been tipped
over, but I picked them up at once. Perhaps he also picked some of them
up and put them into the pockets of his pants, as children love to do.
Effie and Addie had taken Connie to school in the morning and not see-
ing him about I concluded they had taken him again in the afternoon.

Early in the afternoon I was very busy shifting things so that the
man might go on with the whitewashing, when I smelt brimstone and saw
a fire in the chicken coop. I ran out to save my chickens. As I reached the
coop, oh, my! what a sight met my eyes! There was my little Connie, in the
lucern patch, lying on his back, with his little hands turned upwards and
all his clothes burned off him. Oh, my, what a sight! By this time a man
by the name of Shingleton approached and leaped the fence. He had
seen the blaze from across the street where he was at work. A chair was
brought out for me to sit upon. Sister Wade was by my side and said to
me,—“That child will have Celestial Glory for what he has suffered and so will you!” By this time many friends had gather round and had taken the child into the house. There was a fierce south wind blowing at the time, which sent all the sound up the street or I might have heard his screams. People a block away could see the flames before I knew anything of it. A Brother [William] Paul, the father of Mrs. Priscilla [Paul] Jennings, and well acquainted with your father, was working in the tannery opposite and came over in a very kind manner. When I went into the house to see my poor boy, he assured me, with much sympathy, that there was no hope. Then he, or a doctor, prepared linseed oil and lime, it seems to me, and applied to him. They had laid him upon the bedroom floor, that room being empty. He asked continually for water to drink. I asked him if he had taken matches. He knew it was contrary to my wishes for him to play with fire.

Brother Paul took me over to Brother Eccles house and forbade me seeing the child again so I left him to the skill of kind neighbors, friends and relatives, for I was powerless to render any aid.

I paced the floor in agony. Many neighbors from the 16th Ward came to see me and Sister Butterworth from the 6th Ward. I felt that my mind was leaving me and exercising all my self control asked to be taken back to my home and there found a calm and heavenly influence which restored my soul a little. While I had been away little Connie had passed the throes of death.

Dear Aunt Aggie and Bro. William R. [Roberts] Jones, sen., had lovingly laid him out. Aunt Aggie begged me not to see him, telling me he was not fit.

Sister Kate Thurgood South had picked up my house-cleaning where I had left it off and all were anxious to help and comfort me. My spring seated rocker which had been my companion on many previous heart rending occasions, stood in its accustomed corner. Here I sat and passed the night. And although a spirit of peace was in our habitation as I sat in that chair, I endured weeping and wailing, and gnashing of teeth;—the gnashing of teeth being from the agony of my soul.

The following morning Aunt Aggie and Bro. William R. Jones prepared my treasured child for his last resting place. Later, Apostle John Taylor called on me and he preached the funeral discourse. The funeral was held in Auntie’s front room, the house being unoccupied at the time, Auntie being down south on a visit. I have no recollection of going to the cemetery.

Knowing that work was the best remedy for sorrow I went right at it, and after cleaning the pieces of linsey which had been applied to my darling’s wounds, I prepared to use them for making a warm quilt for the winter. Friends continued to call upon me, and Cousin Lona, who spent
the week with me, wished they would not do so as my feelings were being constantly harrowed up.

Finally dear Cousin Lona was obliged to return home, but Miss Rachel Guiver stayed with me at night until the Fall, as I could not bear the thought of being alone, my sorrow being always fresh upon my mind.

One morning, after I had arisen, Effie dreamed that she saw Conway up towards the ceiling. She said he was wearing his Sunday clothes and looked rosy and fair and she noticed that a few freckles, which had been upon his face in life, were no longer there. He looked very happy and said it was a nice place where he was. Then he remarked; “There’s Addie yrolled out on e floor.”, and sure enough Addie had rolled out on the floor as he had said. I believe he came because I was out of the room. Our friends do not like to be near us when we are in grief.

One day, I think it was the first time I had been out after his death, his absence came upon me so forcefully that it seemed as if my heart would break and tears streamed from my eyes as I moaned in my loneliness and yearning for my treasured one.

One evening, as I was standing silently weeping at my gate, Father Wade came by and said;—“Don’t you know that in the morning of the resurrection you will take your little boy by the hand, just as you had him in this life?” I cannot tell you how these words comforted me. Your father had a warning about trouble and after receiving word from Uncle Richard, went into mourning for little Conway. When he wrote to me he said that he attached no blame to anyone and that it might have been worse, since others might have been with him to share the same fate. He asked me to write him more particulars as soon as I felt able, but it was more than two months before I had strength to comply with his request.

One day, as I was passing Sister Lavina Johnson’s house she remarked that she did not see how I could keep my senses. I told her that I tried to keep possession of my mind, because if I did not do so, some other power would soon possess it.

During the summer, our neighbor, Sister William R. Jones, lost a little child and I went to render any assistance I could to her in her trouble. As the funeral discourse was delivered the wounds in my heart were laid bare, as if by a surgeon’s knife, and I could not repress my violent sobbing.

Sister Jones was a very neat thrifty person and we were good friends. After the funeral she told me that she liked my way of working, and asked if I would arrange to some to her during the winter when she expected to be sick.

Poor little Addie was heart-broken at the loss of her little brother and she longed, yes yearned, to continue her play with him, and refused to be comforted. Often she would cry and say she wanted to play with
Connie. She even clung to a large cat we had, because it was associated with herself and little brother around the family hearth.

When chips were put upon the fire, for we had no coal, if the flame was a little high up the chimney Effie and Addie would watch my face with great anxiety.

If a bon-fire was kindled in an adjacent lot I could not rest until I knew it was extinguished, and often, in the middle of the night I went out to see if any fire had been left in the embers, and carry water to extinguish it if there was. One night I went into the street and found a large heap of ashes containing so much fire that when I poured water upon it, the steam and sparks rose to the second story of the house, where the inmates unconsciously slept.

If a train approached during a wind I must go down upon my knees and ask my Heavenly Father to protect us from the falling sparks. I took the two little girls to the theatre where we witnessed a play entitled “The Streets of New York”, and during the street scene where the fire occurs, the poor little things watched my face until the agony had passed from it.\textsuperscript{58}

\textit{Third Year of Missionary Life}

In January, 1868 I went to our friends Bro. and Sister Wm. H. Jones, according to the promise previously made, but in order to do so, I had to make arrangements for my two remaining children to be cared for during my absence from home. Addie stayed with Auntie and Aunt Aggie made Effie happy and welcome.

I had plenty to do in my new position, for I was housekeeper, cook and laundress, as well as nurse. The washing I was obliged to do in a room without fire for but few people had more than one stove in those days, it being hard enough to obtain fuel for even one fire, and I did not consider that the steam from laundry work would be suited to my patient and her new born baby. I went home at night, Bro. Jones being at home then to attend to his wife.

I well remember, after washing in the cold room all the afternoon, how my feet felt as I hobbled in the snow to the Tithing Office to purchase flour, and from thence home to climb the haystack, in the dark, to feed my cow. But I did not murmur, for I loved the Gospel and was willing that my husband should preach it to others.

Sister Jones’ baby was named Patience Mary Jane [Jones], and is with us yet, bless her.

\textsuperscript{58} The \textit{Streets of New York} (also called \textit{The Poor of New York}) was a play by Dion Boucicault first performed in 1857. In the play, a New York tenement is set on fire. Bordman, \textit{Oxford Companion}, 505.
Bro. Jones and his sons, William Richard [Jones] and James Samuel [Jones], brought in wood and water at night for my use during the day, as was the custom in all wellordered households.

Talking of firewood, I have seen the time, during your father's absence, when I was as hungry for warmth as a person could be for food. Once I went to a neighbor's to get warm, leaving the children in bed.

Upon another occasion I was picking up a few chips of wood in the Tabernacle grounds when a man ordered me off, refusing me this small privelige.

One day I went to get a missionary order, as usual, but was told there were none, but that we could get help from the ward. This so wounded my feelings that I wept all the way home, feeling that I would rather rent my two smallrooms and live in a tent than accept ward relief.

We had not lacked for food up to this time, as the orders we received from the Missionary Fund gave us provisions from the Tithing Office.

Some time after this I was making a dress for Janey Wade, and the sun was shining in our little kitchen making it look warm and bright, although there was very little fuel in the stove, only tan bark and a little wood and it was bitterly cold in spite of the sun. Sister Wade came in and remarked how bright and cozy it was, but we had nothing in the house to eat but bread. Had she known this she would have paid for the work in advance.

Lack of sufficient nourishment began to tell upon me and the children also. There was a heavy log of wood upon our sawing horse and when I stopped to regain my breath after sawing, little Effie would volunteer to help, but this work was too much for her and her heart began to trouble her. I took her to Dr. Benzon, a gentleman of our faith, and he told me to give her plenty of nourishing food and not to let her work beyond her strength.

One day Mrs. Empie came in and asked me if I would go over and wash for her as she was going out of town unexpectedly, and in return gave me some red calico with which I made my little Effie a dress with yoke and belt waist. I was very thankful for this as she needed a new dress to wear at an entertainment at the Sixth Ward a few days later.

On another occasion I did some washing for Sister Eccles, our kind neighbor, but it was almost too much for me. There were no washing machines or boards in those days, everything was rubbed in the hands. They noticed my weakened condition, and said;—“Now, we know that you are not strong”. To help me they made lunch several times, giving me tea to drink, but when I reached home I could not sleep my limbs ached so much and also the tea prevented me from resting.

Finding that I could not do such hard work, I tried to obtain some sewing. Amongst other things I made a fine shirt for Proffessor Orson
Pratt. I was sitting on my door step stitching the fronts by a drawn thread when a rather inquisitive neighbor passing, came and stood near me, but I did not fear her scrutiny for I had learned to stitch by the thread at school and had made shirts for my husband while yet in my teens.

As the spring advanced, instead of renting my rooms, as I had proposed, I tried to turn my knowledge of millinery to some account, and with the help of Aunt Aggie worked up a nice little business. When I had a difficult piece of work I went to her home, eight blocks away, for help and advice.

I often made over hats for customers which required more skill than making new ones, and also obtained work from the millinery stores in town and even succeeded in satisfying one lady by remaking a hat she had just bought from a millinery store.

I made straw hats for gentlemen as well as ladies, one of my patrons being Bishop Robert T. Burton. I also made one for Joseph Henderson, Uncle Isaac’s Brother-in-law in Weber County. With the money I received for the latter I bought two quarts of coal oil to burn in my pretty little lamp, and can remember to this day how proud I felt, for coal oil was a luxury in those days.

At this time there was a great deal of beautiful straw braid made in Utah, also straw trimming which looked like lace, but was more substantial. This was very dainty and becoming, and was much worn. I had a white straw bonnet with straw trimmings which looked very nice with a purple dress your father had sent me and I was thirty years old then and in the prime of life.

About this time Bro. T. C. [Thomas Cott] Griggs asked me to teach in the Sunday School, saying “It strikes me you would make a good teacher”. I had a nice class of girls, some of whom were the sisters of Thomas F. Howles, Ellen and Ella Gant, Emma [Louisa] Brown (sister of your brother-in-law James S. Brown), their cousin Amy Chamberlain, a daughter of Bishop Benjamin [Thomas] Mitchell and others.

The First Relief Society
I also did active work in the Relief Society and Ward Choir. I rember when the Relief Society built their new hall how proud I felt to give a bonnet of my own making as my donation. It was of rice straw and trimmed with blue, if I remember rightly, but I know it was sold and the money applied as I had intended. I saw our beloved President, Sister Sarah M. [Melissa Granger] Kimball lay the South-east stone of thi edifice, with a silver trowel. Bro William L. [Lawrence Spicer] Binder led the singing in which I was privileged to take part. Ours, the Fifteenth Ward Relief Society Hall, was the first to be built in this dispensation, and Sister Sarah M. Kimball the first, or one of the first, to speak of erecting a Women’s Building. It
was opened in May, 1869. The lower part was used for mercantile purposes and continued to be so used until 1900, when a new substantial brick structure was erected in place of the old one.59

Speaking of the Relief Society reminds me that the first Primary Association of the Ward was held in the north side of the old Fifteenth Ward Grainary. I was called to take charge of it, while Sister Sarah M. Kimball directed it, offering the use of her school house in which to teach the children their little songs. Many of these were written by Sister Eliza R. [Roxey] Snow, and Sister Kimball wrote one, a verse of which I remember, as follows:

"Come and join our labor classes,
    Join with us in doing good,
What we do may help to furnish
    Some poor child with clothes or food.

Mrs. Robert T. Burton taught the class to braid. I think these little meetings were first begun in our house in 1867 when we invited some of the neighbor’s children in and taught them to sew and talked to them about good things.

**Father Returns From His Mission**

In June 1869 your father returned from his European Mission, having left home on May 25th 1865. It may be of interest to note here that he then brought with him the first company of Saints to cross the plains by rail.60 The railroad then terminated in Ogden. In referring to the Church Cronology I find the above statement to be correct.

I need not describe his joy at returning home to his loved ones or our gratitude to our Heavenly Father for this happy reunion. You can picture this for yourselves, having, many of you, passed through similar experiences.

When your father say my efforts in the Millinery business, he wanted to build me a store next to his, upon the block where the Deseret News Building now stands. While I appreciated his confidence in my ability, yet

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59. The Fifteenth Ward Relief Society Hall was the first such building in the church. The building’s cornerstone was laid in November 1868. The building, which cost $2,631, hosted Relief Society meetings in its upper story and had a store operated by the Relief Society on its lower floor. Barraclough, *15th Ward Memories*, 131; Derr, Cannon, and Beecher, *Women of Covenant*, 99–102.

60. Elias Morris returned from his Wales mission in May 1869 in charge of a company of over three hundred members of the LDS church immigrating to Utah. This was the first company of LDS immigrants to travel over the transcontinental railroad, which had been completed in 1869. “Elias Morris,” in Romney, *The Gospel in Action*, 122; AJ, 1:638.
The Salt Lake Fifteenth Ward Relief Society Hall was the first such building in the LDS church. The building’s cornerstone was laid in November 1868. The building, which cost $2,631, hosted Relief Society meetings in its upper story and had a store operated by the Relief Society on its lower floor.
I could see far enough into the future to realize that when my children might be passing through attacks of illness, if I were obliged to be absent from home in order to attend to this business, they must naturally suffer, and perhaps, might even die, because deprived of a mother’s constant care, so I declined his kind offer.

In contemplating the above circumstance, I find that I had builded better than I knew then, for if there is one thing connected with my children which is dearer than life itself, that is their morals, and had I been engaged in business away from home I could not have plucked out the little weeds as they peered through the virgin soil of their little minds, and planted in their place a flower to bloom and flourish in their future lives.

I continued however, to do millinery work at home and it was quite a help to your father, as of course it took some time to establish his business again, after having been absent so long.

The winter of 1869 and 1870 had more of happiness in it for me than I had known for the past seven years or more. I continued my attendance at the Ward Choir and actively engaged in Relief Society and Sunday School work. The Superintendents and teachers of the Sunday School contributed original articles and poems to a monthly paper called the Educational Solicitor. This afforded us much intellectual enjoyment and some amusement, as humorous subjects were sometimes treated upon. Miss Sallie Russell was the editor. I well remember taking my first little contribution, and hearing Sister Grey, another of the committee say, “I’ll risk it”. This kind concession encouraged me to more pretentious efforts in the future.

Then there were pleasant parties given in the ward in which I had my share of pleasure. At one of these little affairs I was told by a lady friend, Sister Nell Pratt Driggs,—“You look as sweet as a peach, as if you hadn’t a baby at all.”

*The First Railroad Train Enters Salt Lake City*

On the 10th of January, 1870, the first railroad from Ogden to Salt Lake City was completed. I saw the last spike driven in the line which brought the first train to Utah’s Capitol. President Brigham Young drove the spike and Joseph A. Young made the speech. It was welcomed by a great

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61. The *Educational Solicitor* was a monthly magazine put out by the Salt Lake Fifteenth Ward Sunday school beginning in January 1869. The publication had ‘ladies’ and gentlemen’s departments, edited by different members of the school. The editors were changed for each number. The magazine was read at each session of the teachers’ monthly meeting. *History of the Fifteenth Ward Sunday School, Fifteenth Ward, Salt Lake City, Utah*, 9.

62. The transcontinental railroad was completed at Promontory Summit, eighty-five miles northwest of Ogden, Utah, on May 10, 1869. Soon after its completion, the Utah
celebration. At night we stood upon the steps of the theatre to witness the great display of fireworks in honor of the occasion. One piece was General George Washington on horseback. This created quite a sensation in those early days. Effie was then ten years old, having been but six when her father went away.

Soon after your father’s return from his mission he took a trip into Iron County with the intention of locating there again, and was received with open arms by his friends, but being advised to remain in Salt Lake City, he came back and after a while obtained employment as Engrossing Clerk to the Legislative Assembly, there being nothing doing in his trade during the winter.

The trip occupied a couple of months, during which time he would, had he been at home, have made provision for the cold weather, but under the circumstances we found ourselves poorly provided with fuel, having almost nothing but the tan bark collected by the little girls. Upon one occasion I remember being unable to obtain sufficient heat to make the potatoes boil, but when the usual supper hour arrived, was surprised to find the potatoes were perfectly cooked, although they had not boiled, so I thanked kind Providence for this, as for other blessings received from time to time.

My knowledge of millinery work was a great help to me during the following Spring, for a mason’s work does not open up early, although by the middle of March your father had begun building an addition to the largest hotel in town, the Townsend House. Often we could not get butter for our bread, but I felt more sympathy for Auntie’s family than for ourselves, as she was sick. I was glad to take whatever I could get for my work such as dried fruit, fish or even flour. I remember taking a few hats to the Ward Store for which I was to receive thirty-five cents, and buying something to eat with the money. I know the last five cents was spent for butter! You younger children do not know how good food tastes when you have been deprived of it.

As the Spring opened up however, I was able to save a little money and finally, by borrowing five dollars upon a piece of velvet I had by me, had enough to send to England for a sewing machine. It was called the “Little Wanzer”. Your father had brought one with him for the combined use of his two families, but I thought I would get one for my exclusive use

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Railroad Company constructed a branch line from Salt Lake City to Ogden. Construction of the branch line was begun in May 1869 and completed less than eight months later. The last spike was driven in by Brigham Young in Salt Lake City on January 10, 1870, "in the midst of great rejoicing." Comp. History, 5:249–51.

63. The Townsend House, or Continental Hotel, was used for social occasions and was frequented by tourists visiting Salt Lake City. E. V. Fohlin, Salt Lake City Past and Present, 128.
while trade was brisker than it might be after the Fourth of July. I bought dresses for Effie and Addie and shoes also I think, and proud was I to see my two little daughters neatly dressed by my own earnings. The dresses were dark blue delaine with small pink roses on them, and being a milliner their hats were easily arranged for. I also made a hat for your father of fine rice straw, which he wore for best. Your brother Johnnie when he was six months old, I made a turban with a round brim, of fine white rice straw trimmed with blue plush with rosettes to match.

**Birth of Nephi**

In May of this year I discontinued my very pleasant associations with the Ward Choir and on October 2nd, 1870 my son Nephi was born, about two o’clock in the morning. He was a welcome guest and was received with a thankful heart. When, a month later, I took him to the Fast Meeting his father blessed him, to be mighty in the Truth, like Nephi of old. Before he was many months old I had a gathered breast and before this had healed the other breast gathered also, causing me much suffering. While the first one was so bad I did my work as usual and made a little dress for Addie to wear at a party. Sister Eccles, who was herself an industrious woman, remarked;—“I don’t see how you manage to do it all under the circumstances.”

When he was four months old I took him in my arms and visited my block in the capacity of a Relief Society Teacher. A little later a slight eruption appeared upon his head which gave me great uneasiness, so I took him to Bro. C.R. [Charles Roscoe] Savage, the photographer, to have his picture taken, fearing that he might die. Bro. Savage spoke sharply to me telling me that the eruption was nothing and was a good thing for the child, but I had not recovered from the shock of the horrible death of my last little child and the least thing made me nervous. Before he was a year old he became seriously ill with summer complaint, so much so that at one time I listened to hear if he still breathed. The night that the disease assumed its most dangerous symptoms was the night that your grandfather Morris lay dead at his home in the Sixth Ward. Thinking I might get some consolation, about midnight I took him in my arms and carried him to where your father was watching by the remains of HIS father, but I carried my baby back home again, without consolation, and so the night wore on. The following morning your Uncle Richard came over, in a very kind manner, to see us and suggested some simple remedy. In those days for summer complaint we would burn a corn cob and make tea from the ashes. Sister Eccles also came over and begged me above all not to become discouraged for the sake of the child, so for his dear sake I tried to be brave and after a time was thankful to see signs of restoration to health. This illness occurred soon after we had moved into
a little new two roomed house which your father had built for us in the
lucern patch.

_Value of a Bucket of Water_

A little incident happened just about this time which is worthy of being
mentioned Your Aunt Nancy's [Nancy Cook Morris] little daughter
Catherine Vaughn [Morris], was very seriously ill, so your father and I
got over one night to relieve them by sitting up with the sick child. It
had been my custom to bring in a bucket of water every evening in case it
might be needed during the night. Upon this occasion we left Effie with
the baby, in my bed room and Addie, with Addie Ridges, who was stay-
ing with us, upon a lounge in the kitchen The carpenter, in finishing the
kitchen, to make it more complete had put a small cupboard in the fire-
place to hold the stove furniture, also a large cupboard upon either side,
These, with the mantel being of wood, the whole side of this room practi-
cally was of that material, even the top of the little cupboard, upon which,
unknown to us, during the evening, some soot had fallen and was smol-
dering, and during the night broke into a blaze, burning the cupboard
and part of the mantel and would soon have reached the other woodwork
but for the presence of mind of our little Effie, then about eleven years
old. Addie, and Addie Ridges were paralyzed almost, with fear, but Effie
coolly took up the water provided and extinguished the flames, and so
the children were saved.

A few days later little Katie Vaughn, your cousin, went to a brighter
and better home.

The following spring your father added three more rooms to this
house and in the following May we moved into these, renting the first two
and adding a pantry to our side.

_Birth of Ray Godwin_

On June 20th, 1872 another little son came to bless our home. We called
him Ray Godwin [Morris] and he was as fair and amiable as one could
desire. It has been said that he was too fair and good for this world, but
I think many have lived as fair and pure as he was. Patient, even when
imposed upon, I can see him now sitting, all too long, in his high chair,
while I prepared supper for our two boarders who lived with us the fol-
lowing winter. Their names were Ed and Will Durnford, and they were
doing work upon the Germania Smelting Company's plant which your
father was building. Their home was in the eastern part of town but they
boarded with us, having to go to work each day upon the train which
passed our house. They were nice pleasant young men and we enjoyed
their society. Cousin Isaac [Conway Morris], then an orphan and about
12 years old, was also added to my family a little later.

The two rooms of which this house at first consisted were built from
material that had been formerly used in the Overland Stage Office. After the advent of the railway this building was pulled down and your father engaged to erect another building upon its site so he bargained for the old material for his own use, hence the two large cupboards which had glassdoors, in the kitchen where the fire took place. While these rooms were neither modern nor elegant they were nice and comfortable for those days, especially when a front and back porch were added.

The summer that little Ray was born your father built a handsome new house for Auntie’s family. I was told that the paper upon the walls was the most costly in the city. After it was finished your father invited some friends to come to his home after meeting, and as the friends were dear to me also asked me to come over and join them. As I stood upon the threshold of this elegant parlor I asked myself the question, “Shall I enter here and have my feelings hurt?”, but these friends being related to me in marriage and knowing that I had a warm place in their hearts, I said, “Yes, I will enter.” But I wished that I had not done so as I sat near the door beholding so many things that would have wounded a nature even less sensitive than my own, as I sat there like a stranger.

The following February, when little Ray was seven months old, your father was taken seriously ill and with little Ray in my arms I went over to see him on my way to meeting. While in meeting I felt impressed that trouble was ahead of us and in spite of every effort could not keep back my tears while the meeting was progressing, feeling all the time that your father was going to die.

A few days later I again felt the presence of death so vividly that I could not shake off the presentiment. The baby too was quite sick, and I had taken him to our dear friend Sister Esther Le Baron, who pronounced the trouble which he seemed to have in his groin, as canker. She knew a great deal about sickness and many remedies, but was opposed to doctors, saying that she wanted no more children killed by them. I had often seen babies sore in these parts during teething and had known of many obstinate cases where, when the trouble with the particular tooth was removed, the soreness had healed by itself. Auntie’s little son Earnie [Ernest Edwin Morris], during teething, had been troubled with an eruption upon his head which the doctor had succeeded in healing, only to have it break out in another place, so I could not see that any good had been done by his attendance.

Death of Little Ray

But had I realized that it was the canker that ailed my baby and known at the time the seriousness of this dread disease, which like a snake may attack the vitals before we are aware of its presence, I should have been aware of the danger and might have taken more precaution, perhaps.
And so our treasured one passed away on the 20th of February, 1873. The snow was so deep at the time that we did not step out of the carriage. It was a great shock to me as I had not realized the gravity of his condition. In order to bridge over my grief a little, dear Aunt Aggie took me home with her for a few days. Little Ernest was so bad that night that we did not know how it would go with him.

Here are some poems I wrote some time later, in memory of our darling.

Poem To Little Ray

Little Ray,
Son of Elias and Mary Lois Morris, Born June 20th, 1872
Died February 20th, 1873

Thou art gone far away to thy beautiful rest
We cannot behold thee again,
Thine own precious image we may not caress
In this world of sorrow and pain.
We fain would retain thee, it ‘twere Heaven’s will
That thou shouldst remain with us here.
But the Father hath called thee, a mission to fill
In yonder bright Heavenly sphere.

We cannot recall thee, nor ask thee to stay.
Thy sufferings are grievous to bear.
While angels are waiting to take thee away
Where all is most lovely and fair.
Thy hand is outstretched to receive the last kiss
Thy mother doth fondly bestow
Thine eyes glancing round, on thy father to gaze,
For death, now, creeps over thy brow.

Thine eyballs grow weary, thy patience unchanged
Thy sufferings no tongue can describe
(The heart-strings are subject to piteous pains
Where death has the power to divide.)
Thy breath draweth shorter, thy life’s ebbing fast
Thine eyelids now closing in rest.
Thy woes are all ended, thy tortures are passed,
Thy spirit is now with the blest.
Poem—The Vacant Chair

The Vacant Chair

The vacant chair, that hallowed spot
Where sat my cherub bright;—
His limbs were round, his eyes were blue,
His brow was spotless white.
His gentle ways, his happy smile,
His patience seldom met,
For even when imposed upon
He was contented yet.

The golden glint upon his hair,
His soft and loving touch
There’s nought to me that can compare
And nothing else is such.

Wilt thou not take a word of love
To dear ones, gone from earth
From parents who, though now bereft,
Were honored in thy birth?

Go, Angel, Lamb, and stay thee there
In those fair realms of light
While we, for lasting peace prepare
In this dark land of blight.

To Little Ray
June 20th, 1873

A ray of rosy sunlight
That gladdened all my heart
Alas, too soon, it perished
And left a stinging smart.

‘Tis the birthday of my cherub
And he has passed away;—
How sharp the pang that pierces
    My heart, this livelong day!

But the rosebud fair will blossom
    On a brighter, happier shore
And there we may caress him,
    Where parting is no more.

The ways of God are perfect
    The “why” not always clear
But resting in his perfect love
    The end we need not fear.

I will turn back a year or two in order to relate an incident, which in view of subsequent events became important in the history of our family.

In the Fall of 1871 Edward Ashton, one of the early members of the 15th Ward and a man highly respected in the community, came, bringing his eldest son, Edward T. [Treharne] Ashton, to your father in order to apprentice him to the firm of Morris & Evans to learn the building trade. When the preliminary arrangements had been completed Bro. Ashton jocosely remarked that perhaps when his son had finished his period of apprenticeship he might wish to continue the association by marrying one of Elias Morris’s daughters.

The Spring following the death of little Ray, Sister Maria Burton was very sick with canker, and having her son Willie’s [William Shipley Burton] dear little motherless babe [Julia Horne Burton] to tend was badly in need of help. Your father wanted Effie to go and render her what assistance she could, especially as Bro. Burton was just preparing to go on a mission and there was much to be done. Sister Burton was a good housekeeper but our little girl, although only fifteen years of age, was able to give her such good satisfaction that when she was leaving and Sister Burton was settling up with her, she remarked, “You have done the work of a woman and you shall have the pay of a woman”. Effie was always energetic and the year previous to this, when we had little Ray, although only fourteen years old, she would do the week’s washing and then ask if she might go up to Aunt Aggie’s. This summer, I remember, she wore a simple, though tastefully made buff suit with a sailor hat with blue gauze streamers fastened with a bunch of daisies. This hat was becoming to her face with her large blue eyes and wealth of golden hair.

The following winter she went to school. About Christmas time Sister Sarah M. Kimball, president of our Relief Society, offered a prize of a gold ring for the best essay on the Birth of Christ. Sister Kimball
remarked that if her daughter Lizzie [Kimball] would read it, she would write an essay for her upon this subject. I concluded that if it was right for Sister Kimball to indite the paper for her daughter, it was perfectly proper for me to do so for mine, knowing that with her retiring nature, Effie would deserve the ring if she could get sufficient courage to read the essay. So I carefully read over the story as contained in the Gospels and one morning I arose early and taking my paper in hand, asked for Divine guidance upon my labor. Sister Kimball had charge of the affair which was to be held on Christmas Day. The meeting house was darkened and candles burning upon a large Xmas tree gave a subdued but beautiful illumination. Bishop Edward Hunter, of the Presiding Bishopric was the guest of honor and Mrs. Belle Guthrie and Bro. T. C. Griggs the adjudicating committee, with one other. Effie wore a very plain, neatly fitting black and blue plaid dress with a pink ribbon. One of the girls who was competing was a rather pompous person and dressed accordingly, and as Effie passed her she seemed to feel an influence come from her, which might have been expressed in these words;—"You need not think that a poor little thing like you can get the prize". This added to poor little Effie's nervousness and lifting up her heart to God she asked Him to cause that the one who deserved the prize might get it. This simple earnest prayer could not fail to ascend to the place to which it was wafted by a sincere heart. I suppose too, that Effie read the little essay in a spirit of humility, trusting in God alone. In any case, it proved satisfactory to the adjudicators and she received the ring. This added to the enjoyment of our Xmas repast, to which we had invited Mrs. Lulu [Louisa Lula] Green Richards, Editor of the Woman's Exponent and her husband Elder Levi W. [Willard] Richards, fellow missionary with your father, to Great Britain. Your dear Aunt Aggie and Aunt Kesiah [Keziah Downes] Pratt were also our guests upon this occasion. One of the dishes we had for dinner was dressed ducks. Your father said something about the bones, and Bro. Richards rather humorously remarked that he supposed they were made to hold the meat that was on them.

Sister Richards made a complimentary notice of our little dinner in her paper, and later Bishop Hunter asked for a copy of the essay that Effie had read and a synopsis of it was published in the Exponent.64 My father,

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64. The Woman's Exponent (1872–1914) was a periodical published and owned by LDS women that discussed a wide range of topics, including women's suffrage and rights, geography, literature, history, and current affairs. Issued bimonthly, it was eight pages long and was widely read. The magazine was independent of the LDS church but had a strong emphasis on themes of the Relief Society, such as thrift and home industry, and it strongly defended polygamy. Part of its mission was "persuading the scornful East that Mormons were respectable and should be admitted to the union." Bushman, "Reports from the Field: The World of the Woman's Exponent," 297–300; Sherilyn Cox Bennion, "The Woman's Exponent: Forty-two Years of Speaking for Women," 222–39; EM, 1571.
who was then residing at De Kalb, Ill. saw a notice in a paper with regard to it and was much pleased and sent Effie a beautiful book mark in black and white silk with a design representing Our Saviour blessing the Cup.

Effie, by this time, was able to make her own clothes and showed much ability in this direction. Upon one occasion I gave her a pair of dotted swiss curtains, with which she made a very pretty polonaise, which worn over a blue skirt had a good effect. She also made a pale green chambray, which was very becoming to her, but one which I think I liked the best was a white dress with a soft gilt leather belt which corresponded with her hair. At that time young girls wore what was called a Grecian braid. The hair was combed to the back of the head where a braid as broad as the hand was made, tapering of course naturally to the end, where it was tied with a bow of ribbon, or, as Effie did, with ties made of some inexpensive material. Some of the girls had such beautiful hair that their braid would reach half way down their skirts.

Speaking of Christmas just now reminds me that a few days before Christmas in 1872, I think, your father took one of his best teams and one of his men and canvassed the ward, asking for provisions, etc. to make Christmas happy for some of the less favored brethren and sisters. This was the beginning of the custom of the Bishop’s collections at Christmas time which has now become general. It would take a man with a generous heart, like your father, to concoct such a plan.

Our home by this time was quite comfortable. The two rooms that I had previously rented becoming vacant, your father told me to go to Brother [Samuel Lineam] Evans and he would attend to the matter of furnishing the little parlor for our use. The carpet, which your father helped me to select, was a handsome ingrain with shades of brown and orange with a white thread for relief, also a rug to match. Then we had a large round table and cane seated chairs and a rocker. For the table I had a beautiful green damask cover which your father had brought from England some four years previously. This cloth is handsome today after the wear and tear of thirty years. A fire-place was built under the mantel-piece to which I referred in speaking of the fire and this gave the room a cheery appearance. The window was small but looked well for those days.

Birth Of George Q.

I remember the night of the 19th of February, 1874 as distinctly as if it were last night. Effie, Addie and I were seated comfortably in our front room and I was directing Effie in making a school dress. I was not feeling very well and retired early leaving her at work. The next morning about 11:20 another precious son was born to us. The morning was cold and a heavy snow had fallen during the night, drifting so that it was higher than the front porch, and the little snow birds came to the window looking for
food and leaving the marks of their tiny feet upon the snow. But within the happy mother and her darling baby lay cozy and warm.

We named him George Q. [Quayle Morris] in honor of our highly esteemed apostle George Q. [Quayle] Cannon. His hair was yellow, his skin fair, and his eyes of a hazel color. When he was about three weeks old he had jaundice, and a week later, a gathered finger which affected the tiny finger nail, leaving a mark which remains to this day. At two months he contracted a severe cold which turned to pneumonia. Alarming symptoms set in and Sister Pierpont, a neighbor, assisted me in putting him through a course of Lobelia. While under the influence of this treatment we thought he was going to die, so your father, in administering to him, ordained him to the High Priesthood. When he recovered from the affects of the lobelia, however, he seemed better, but I took him out of the kitchen and remained in the bedroom with him and did not attempt to do anything but take care of him. Your father stayed with me while he was so ill and your Aunt Aggie, Sister Ridges and Aunt Hannah Morris all helped by sitting up at night.

The night Aunt Aggie sat up with me she asked me what I thought of him? I told her that I thought he would recover. One afternoon our dear president, Sister Sarah M. Kimball called and taking him upon her lap, she remarked; “It is no matter now, but if you ever have a case like this again, put a wet cloth over his chest with a flannel one over that.” On her way home she called on our mutual friend, Sister Le Baron, and said, “I think in the morning you will send me word that he has gone home.” He used to like me to sing to him and it seemed to comfort him. One night I sat up all night with him in my arms, singing at intervals, and your father good humoredly remarked that it was as good as a concert to be here. But the Lord was gracious to us and spared this precious babe to prove a blessing in later years.

Death of Grandfather Walker

Your Grandfather Walker and his wife had moved some time previous to this, to De Kalb, Illinois, where his wife had died and Aunt Aggie, hearing that his health was failing him, sent for him to come and live with her in her home in Sugar House Ward in order that she might care for him to the end, but when he arrived, your cousin Aggie being very ill, your father and I met him at the depot with a conveyance and brought him to our home where he stayed for several weeks. I remember how delicious

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65. Lobelia (Lobelia inflata) was used to stimulate respiration and cause vomiting, but if too high a dose is taken, it “slows respiration and lowers blood pressure drastically.” The toxins in lobelia can cause nausea, paralysis, convulsions, coma, and death. Claire Kowalchik and William H. Hylton, eds., Rodale’s Illustrated Encyclopedia of Herbs (Emmaus, Pennsylvania: Rodale Press, 1987), 364.
the children found the remains of his lunch, in spite of the fact that it had been brought hundreds of miles over the railroad. He was interested in the children and would amuse little George, then about nine months old. One day he remarked, with regard to Addie; then about thirteen years of age;—"There is a great deal of the executive about that child".

In the beginning of this "Sketch of My Life", my dear children, I gave a brief account of my father's conversion to the truth of the Gospel and of his faithful labors in the missionary field. At that time he was full of the Spirit of the Gospel and the blessing of the Lord followed his efforts wherever he went. After the death of our dear mother he returned to England where he again engaged in missionary work. At the time he left we were living in St. Louis. I married soon afterwards and came on to the Valley with my husband and his parents. It was four years before my father returned, and during this time I had buried your Uncle John, and at the latter's request;—and in strict accordance with the command of God to both ancient and modern Israel, I had married my husband's elder brother—namely, your father.

In the meantime, my father had married a Miss Mary Ann Morton, whose acquaintance he had made in Great Britain during his missionary labors previous to our emigration. This lady was of a refined nature and very devotional. She was the authoress of several hymns which are to be found in the Latter Day Saint's Hymn Book, above her signature.

It was during a visit to your Aunt Aggie, that I first met Mrs. Walker and I treated her with all the respect due my father's wife. I also stayed at their home a few days later, while I made a suit of Temple clothes by hand, for your Uncle Charles.

Now, Mrs. Walker, though a very devout person, and believed firmly in the Bible, did not seem to understand that God must have a channel through which to communicate to His people. It was during one of the nights of this few days of my stay with them, that I tried to convince Mrs. Walker of the necessity of the Holy Priesthood. During this interview she told me that she received Mormonism and Spiritualism at the same time!66 (No wonder that they did not assimilate very well!) I continued to labor with her, but in the morning she was of the same opinion.

66. Spiritualism was an alternative religious movement (somewhat similar to "New Age" movements) that was influential in the U.S. between 1850 and 1890. Influenced by the Swedish mystic Emanuel Swedenborg, spiritualism argued that "matter and spirit were essentially one and that the universe contained a multitude of 'correspondences' between the physical and the spiritual." Spiritualism also taught that there was a benevolent afterlife with no hell or punishment and that it was possible to converse with spirits of the dead. Richard Wightman Fox and James T. Kloppenberg, A Companion to American Thought, 650–51.
About two years later, during another visit to your Grandfather’s home one Sunday afternoon, he read to me from a periodical called “The True Latter-Day Saint’s Herald”\(^{67}\). It was a vile sheet and very much like the Salt Lake Tribune in spirit. I listened to him very attentively until he had finished. He then paused for a moment as if for comment. After a little reflection, I said to him,—“Father, I am your child, and but a child compared to you, yet I can see that if you continue to read that paper, you will apostatize.” He made no reply verbally, but I could read his answer in the influence that came from him, as plainly as if it had been written upon his face, and it was this;—“It makes no difference if I do.”

I think it was during this visit that he gave me my choice of one of three Daguerriotype likenesses of himself, and the one I chose I have to this day.

After our return to Salt Lake City from Iron County, he used often to call to see us, but seemed to have a fault-finding spirit. On one occasion he was returning from his High Priest’s Quorum meeting and he sneered at the singing of the President of the Quorum. At another time, in conversation with reference to the building of the Salt Lake Theatre, he asked;—“Why build a theatre, why not build the Temple and do work for the dead?”

Your Grandfather was of course aged by this time and perhaps did not realize as well as he might have done when he was younger, that working men need some wholesome recreation. And besides, it was not my father’s place to attempt to steady the Ark!

At another time when I called upon him and reference was made with regard to the settling of Dixie, as St George was then termed, and I happened to state that the climate was improving, he replied that he did not believe it. I assured him that it was so however. This was after your Uncle Charles had moved down there.

During the time that we were living in St. Louis, Mo, we, made the acquaintance of a man by the name of Joseph Morris, who was a member of the St. Louis branch of the church. This man Morris was very good looking, but decidedly soft, in my opinion—and you will agree with me when I tell you a little incident with regard to him.—

One day he called, and in conversation with my father, told him that he had received a letter from a young lady who had made love to him. The epistle was signed Caroline Parthing, and she gave her address. I remember an extract from the letter as follows;—“Come to me, dearest, I am lonely without thee; Daytime and night time I’m thinking about thee.” At the same time he told my father that he did not get along with

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\(^{67}\) The *True Latter-day Saints’ Herald* was the magazine of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. It was published from 1860 to 1876 in Cincinnati, Ohio.
his wife very well! The burden of his errand was to get into communica-
tion with the young lady, and he seemed to think that your grandfather
could help him, so it was agreed that I should call at the address and see
her. I was only fifteen years old and did not relish the job at all, but would
not think of disobeying my father, so I found the young lady but she knew
nothing about the affair, so we concluded that someone had been mak-
ing a fool of Mr. Joseph Morris.

You may well ask, “What has this to do with your Grandfather’s apos-
tasy?” but you will see presently. It was said that this man Morris was twice
cut off the Church for committing adultery.

Notwithstanding this he found his way to the Valley, and started up
a new sect, if you please. He had a fascinating manner, but did not have
brains enough to carry on any great scheme, but was assisted by a man of
the name of John Banks, who was a man of great intelligence and who had
presided over the London Conference at the time that your Grandfather
was travelling in that district.

There was also another man named Richard Cook who was very
prominent in the Manchester Conference at the time that Banks was in
London. Both these men joined the Morrisites, as they were called, and I
think helped Morris found his new sect.68

My heart aches as I recall the names of these men whom we had so
loved and esteemed, but who were now treading the downward path, and
I feel like saying with David of old;—“How are the mighty fallen!”

These new religionists once held a meeting in my father’s home
here in Salt Lake. Your grandfather Morris, whose house was next to your
grandfather Walker’s concluded to stand outside and listen to what they
had to say. This is the doctrine that one of its members had to advance.
Speaking on the principle of plural marriage, he said,—“I will not believe
it, no, not if an angel from heaven should teach it to me.” As a number
of the members of their sect were in this order of marriage, it made them
appear very small and unprincipled to adopt a religion which caused
them to break their covenants with their wives who were the mothers of
their children.

68. Joseph Morris (1849–1862) joined the LDS church in 1849 and immigrated to Utah in
1853. On April 6, 1861, Morris started his own church with a following of members from
South Weber, Utah. Richard Cook, the former bishop of the LDS ward in South Weber,
and John Banks were his counselors. The Morrisites lived communally and believed in
the imminent coming of Christ. The church, which was centered at Kington Fort in
Weber, grew to as many as five or six hundred members. In 1862, when dissenters were
imprisoned in Kington Fort, government officials went to the fort to investigate. The
Morrisites refused to give themselves up, and a battle ensued in which several Morrisites,
including Joseph Morris, were killed. Comp. History, 5:39–48; C. LeRoy Anderson, Joseph
Morris and the Saga of the Morrisites.
These people took up their quarters in Weber County, Utah, and I think your grandfather was the only one who did not move up there.

Your father had asked me to question your grandfather at some time when he called, with regard to the doctrines of this new sect. It was your grandfather’s custom to come to our house upon his return from meetings at the headquarters of these people, so I thought one day that I would talk to him upon the subject. I had put some milk down to heat near the coals on the hearth (we had no stove in those days) knowing him to be very fond of it. While the milk was heating I ventured to put the question your father had suggested. Instantly he became very angry, and replied.—“Do you think that I do not know the difference between a gas light and a rush light”?, and picking up his hat he left the house and the comfortable lunch I was preparing for him.

Another day, I had occasion to call upon him on a little matter of business which was to his interest, when he took a paper from his pocket and read it to me. The article purported to be a revelation received by Joseph Morris, and was to the effect that spirits who were destined to earth were ordained to a certain priesthood before taking upon themselves tabernacles of flesh. I listened attentively while he was reading and upon his looking up at me for an answer, I simply said, in a very calm tone of voice, that it might be true, or not, but it was of no importance to us.

Time went on apace, and he opened a little school in his own house and his teaching gave so much satisfaction to the parents that he was asked to take charge of the Ward school. However, before the matter was consummated someone remembered that he was an apostate and on this account not eligible for the position. When he was told this it so hurt his feelings that he concluded to leave the country. At this time the Civil War was in progress.

So he and his wife commenced to make preparations for their departure, which seemed a pity since they were quite comfortably situated. While Mrs. Walker was not much of a housekeeper, she was very clever at her trade, that of a straw braid. She did beautiful work for gentlemen’s hats as well as for ladies hats and bonnets. For this it was necessary that she should keep her hands soft and smooth, but your grandfather, having been the eldest of a large family, had been taught the art of housekeeping. So, by united effort they could make each other very comfortable. Your Uncle Charles also made his home with them, adding his portion towards the support of the home. In this way they were independent, I think, although your grandfather must have been quite Seventy years old and Mrs. Walker seemed just about the same age.

Your Aunt Aggie and I went to see them before they left and when we departed he accompanied us part of the way home. It was a pleasant evening in the spring, I remember; all was peace and tranquility. As we
were walking along together, enjoying the peace and safety with which we were blessed, your grandfather began to talk of his grievances. Among other matters he spoke of the Ward School incident, and remarked;—“They who would take my bread would take my life!” I answered, “You belong to the general class of people, like myself, and nobody wants to kill me. Why go to the seat of war to find peace?” He replied; “I wanted to spew,—I have done so.” We made no reply, and when he had walked as far as he cared to, he returned and we continued on our course homeward, contemplating the influence of one who is possessed of a faultfinding spirit. The manner in which he spoke to us was so different to what we had been accustomed to, for he was a man who dearly loved his children. And, I believe too, that he also regretted his attitude, for the next morning he called early and ate breakfast with me.

After they had been away some time, he wrote to your Aunt Aggie, expressing a good deal of bitterness towards certain persons. Again, he wrote a letter to your sister Effie and enclosing a note for one dollar, suggested that her mother would advise her what she should do with it.

Knowing that he had always loved her so much I thought he would be pleased to have a likeness of her. Accordingly a tin-type picture was taken and sent to him. In the return letter he expressed a dislike for the style of her hair, although it was quite simple. At that time it was the style for young girls to wear a circle comb and Effie’s hair being very abundant we thought it becoming, as the hair rolled from the forehead made a background to her face that many would have appreciated. I suppose he preferred the Quaker style, parted in the middle and combed smoothly at each side.

Some time afterwards he sent me twenty dollars. He was quite frugal in his habits although generous where he saw a person in need. He also believed in having something on hand for a rainy day, and debt was a stranger to him.

Your grandfather and his wife were living in Illinois, but after a while Mrs. Walker died, and hearing that her father was in poor health and her children all being married except Wilford, your Aunt Aggie wrote to him to come and end his days with her, so he again turned his face towards the City of the Saints.

Your father went, I think, three different times to the depot before the delayed train brought him to us. As your Cousin Aggie was very ill at the time, it was agreed that your grandfather should remain with us until your Aunt Aggie was at liberty to take him to her home in Sugar House Ward, which was five miles out of town.

He was somewhat reduced in flesh, his beard long and silken and whitened with the frosts of Seventy-seven winters. He had lost that bitter feeling and love had returned to his heart. He spoke very kindly to little
George Q. who was then a baby. He also met your father with good fellowship and appreciated the kindness he had shown him.

In due time your Aunt Aggie took him and had the satisfaction of making him comfortable in her quiet peaceful home. When his cough grew worse she would arise during the night and prepare him something warm to comfort and strengthen him. His former loving spirit seemed to return and the family became much attached to him.

Your cousin, Elzathan Eldridge [Eldredge], particularly admired his intelligence, his gift of relating anecdotes and his original style of doing so; also his fund of general knowledge.

During the fine autumn days that followed, he would take long walks, and at such time he would often call upon your cousin Eva and have pleasant chats with her. The following Christmas she got up a party, in his honor, I think and invited us to be present. During the evening he asked me to sing, but little George Q. seemed so sensitive that he would begin to cry as soon as I started to sing, so I concluded to wait until he should go to sleep. I then sang my father’s favorite song;—“Woodland Mary”. 69

A little later he was asked to make a few remarks. One of the first things he said was,—“I would walk five miles to hear that child sing”. pointing to me. He spoke of card playing, which he had always shunned; also of the intoxicating cup, to which he had never been addicted; then he added—“But if, in the end, Elder Walker is not right?" Little did we think what was revolving in his mind.

Your Aunt Aggie’s home was, as you will remember, situated in a clear grassy place, with large windows letting in plenty of light and sunshine. One day, while in conversation with your cousin Lona Eldridge [Malona Pratt Eldredge], he told her that he wanted to be where they would be in the future, and added that ever since he had been at your Aunt Aggie’s he had been looking for a place where he could be baptized. He then told her that the 11th day of the coming month of March would be his birthday into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, and he added,—“I will be baptized that day, if I die!”

Having formed the above resolution, he one day, when your Aunt Aggie had come up town, sent for Elder Abraham O. [Owen] Smoot, and made the following statement, in substance;—“I have been away ten years, have come back, and want to be baptized.”

I will here remark that although your grandfather was very devotional, there was nothing sanctimonious about him, and being somewhat proud there would be no palaver about his statement although he was quite penitent at heart. I suppose he mentioned the 11th of March

69. The author was unable to locate any information about the song “Woodland Mary.”
as the date as that was the anniversary of his birth into the Church, so it was agreed that your cousin Moroni Walker Pratt should perform the ordinance of baptism upon that day at the Warm Springs bath-house and Bishop Abraham O. Smoot promised to come over and confirm him. Your Aunt Aggie was to go with him to assist him, since she had been his attendant and nurse during the preceding four or five months.

So they set out on the day appointed, March 11th, 1875, although the day was cold and the ground covered with snow. Arrived at the baths, Sister Arnold, who was stationed at the bath-house, did all in her power for his welfare. But the five mile journey to the Warm Springs, added to the fatigue and possible excitement of the ordinance of baptism, seemed too much for him, and while riding in the buggy upon the return journey he became so weak that he was unable to sit up, so Moroni held him up while Aunt Aggie drove the team.

Upon reaching home he was put to bed as quickly as possible with hot water bottled placed to his feet. He continued to complain of coldness in the extremities, and becoming alarmed at his condition your Aunt Aggie sent for Bro. Preston Free, a neighbor, to come and administer to him, but it was found that your grandfather had departed this life.

Bishop Smoot, who had promised to come and confirm him had been called to guard President Brigham Young, who was a prisoner in his own house, and had, on that account, been prevented from keeping his promise.

That day, I and my family, at your father’s request, had moved from the cottage he had built for us, to a much larger house recently vacated by

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70. The warm springs were in north Salt Lake City and had temperatures of between 95 and 104 degrees. The Warm Springs baths were located on Second West Street, between Eighth and Ninth North. Van Cott, *Utah Place Names*, 389–90.

71. William Gibson Walker (1797–1875), the father of Mary Lois Walker, met Mary Ann Morton in England, and the couple married upon his return to Salt Lake City in 1858. Shortly afterward, Walker joined the Morrisites but soon broke with them and moved to Illinois. After Mary Ann Morton’s death in Illinois, Walker returned to Utah. He was rebaptized as a Mormon on March 11, 1875, but died that night before he could be confirmed. CWD, 923.

72. In 1873, Ann Eliza Webb Young, Brigham Young’s youngest plural wife (said to be his twenty-seventh), sued for divorce, “charging neglect, cruel treatment, and desertion.” Ann Eliza wanted alimony, which Brigham Young refused, saying that her previous divorce from James Dee had not been legal. Judge James McKean ordered Young to pay $3,000 in court fees and $500 a month to Ann Eliza. The judge said that their marriage was legal since Utah had no marriage laws. Young refused to pay the fee, waiting for an appeal to a higher court. On March 11, 1875, Judge McKean found Young guilty of contempt of court, fined him twenty-five dollars, and sentenced him to the penitentiary for one day. Young spent that night in the territorial prison, but five days later, President Ulysses S. Grant removed McKean from office, in part because
your Auntie. As most of our belongings had been taken over to the house we were soon to occupy, I slept on a couch that night. Now I knew nothing of what was going on at Sugar House Ward, and was not frightened or uneasy, but somehow I could not sleep. Early in the morning, even before I was up, your cousin Moroni came and told us what had occurred and that he had come, at his mother’s request, to consult with your father as to the best mode of procedure in reference to the funeral.

After a few moments reflection your father concluded that it would be best to hold the funeral that day, and from your Aunt Aggie’s house where the remains lay. So a little later your father, Effie and I were on our way to Sugar House Ward. When we arrived your Aunt Aggie had all in order, your grandfather’s clothes beautifully made and a lovely lunch ready for us after our long cold drive.

Aunt Aggie said that your grandfather had looked miserable after his death, but when dressed in his temple clothes his countenance changed. His brow was smooth, his teeth perfect (for all that I ever knew), his eyebrows dark and wellmarked, and his venerable beard long, silky and of a snowy whiteness. One might imagine him to be in a sweet peaceful sleep. I could lean on his casket and take solid comfort in looking at him; whereas, had he not returned to the fold of Christ I do not think he could have rested in his grave.

Your father was asked to take charge of the funeral. Your Aunt Aggie’s house being situated near that of President John R. Winder, she and Sister Winder were very intimate, and knowing that your grandfather was not in the best of health Sister Winder came over through the deep snow to inquire after him and just in time for the funeral. Your Aunt Aggie led the singing, I taking the alto part. The first hymn was “Unveil Thy Bosom, Faithful Tomb” (L.D.S. Hymn Book Page 220). Your father, who was the principle speaker, in his remarks said,—“There is no spirit of death here”, and such was the case. The spirit of peace and tranquility pervaded the house and the funeral. The same spirit remained with us as we followed the dear remains to the City Cemetery. Some years later your Aunt Aggie and I had what work was needed done for him by a very excellent man Bro. Wm. H. Miles, a brush maker who had emigrated from New York. And so we leave him in the hands of an All Wise Father, who, as the Psalmist says, “Knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are but dust.”


73. Psalm 103:14: “For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.”
When we arrived at our home after the funeral, we found that Addie, then fourteen years old, had, besides tending the baby, laid the dining room carpet and put up the stove in the house into which we were just then moving. This substantiated her grandfather’s opinion of her. She was a fine little mother, and when the railroad was built in front of the house would run out to see if the little boys were all right. I believe she would have risked her life to save theirs. She was very fond of dressing her little brothers and taking them out, but evidently thought that boys did not offer sufficient scope for her talent and would remark ruefully, “Say, I wish I could make him into a girl!”

In the Fall of 1876 Nephi was five years old. One day he had two tasks to perform. One was to wash a tubful of small potatoes and the other to pile some wood into the woodshed. By night the potatoes were all washed and the wood piled higher than his head, which we thought a good day’s work for a little boy of his age. His birthday came on the 2nd of October and I spent about three hours selecting a suitable book for him. At last one which would suit our purse and yet was fine enough to present to the little boy we loved so well was found, and Effie and I sat up till almost mid-night devouring its contents. It was about eight inches square and upon the cover was a sunny faced little girl in a blue dress and a red hat with a white plume upon it. It was called “Little Snow-Flake’s Album”. On one page was a picture of two little girls praying, and these words followed;—“And as ye would that men should do unto you, do ye so unto them in like circumstances.” Upon another page was represented a little girl descending a handsome staircase and holding to the banister. Then followed these verses.—

“This is our baby, our darling
Coming alone down the stair,
Just washed and dressed for the morning,
Looking so sweet and so fair.

Papa will watch from the landing,
Mamma will watch down the stairs.
Soon we will all have our breakfast,
But now, fold your hands and say prayers.

Another little verse was;—

Dear little children, don’t waste the day,
Always remember that work sweetend play.
Upon the fly-leaf I wrote the following lines;—

“Accept this book, my little boy,
It’s lessons treasure well.
‘Twill be to you a source of joy
When you can read and spell.

Take it, keep it, while you live,
That when I’m dead and gone
‘Twill tell you of the love I bore
My darling little son.”

A little before Christmas father gave Effie and Addie some money to buy some new winter dresses. Effie chose a pretty shade of green and Addie’s was red. I worked hard to make the dresses by Christmas day, as the two girls were invited to a party in the evening, and also were beginning to receive attentions from their young man friends.

Besides the dresses your father had given Effie and Addie each a pin cushion with a pocket mirror upon one side, and a tablet on the other. Master Nephi, then about five years old, evidently considered them cute also, and took Effie’s to school with him, afterwards trading it with one of his little school mates for something else he wanted. When I was made aware of the fact I told him he would have to get it back and return it to it’s owner and also ask forgiveness of his sister. Then taking him alone I told him what an awful thing it was to steal and that he must also ask forgiveness of our Heavenly Father and return fourfold to the owner the amount of the article he had taken. After dark that evening I took him out where there were some tall trees and with the stars looking down at us I talked to him again, and he was impressed, for the first nickel he received, he brought to Effie and continued to do so, until he had paid four times the value of the small article.

Our parlor was a very pleasant room, and with a bright fire in the grate reflecting upon the handsome rug before it made the room appear still more cozy, and when during the afternoon, the girls received their callers, a good feeling prevailed. One of Effie’s presents, I remember, which she received during the evening party, was a large orange; a rare treat in those days..

About this time Effie and Addie attended a singing class, conducted by a worthy young man of the ward, named Douglas Swan. This class gave them much enjoyment and on one occasion the members surprised him, taking picnic, and spent a very pleasant evening. Addie’s cake, on this occasion, was the first she had ever made and was quite a success, being
beautifully baked in a rather flaring tin, scalloped at the edge and much used thirty years ago.

Another surprise was one which Effie took upon her esteemed friend, Miss Jane Barlow. In opening a new can of yeast powder she had found a recipe for making a cream cake. It was the first we had heard of but she tried it, and was delighted with her experiment, as it stood on the table with the stiffened cream showing between the well baked layers. The happy company of pure young people gathered together at our house first, where the picnic was placed in a large clothes basket. This, with much merriment, they carried with them, Elder Thomas [Francis] Howells taking one of the handles I remember, while Effie, busy and happy, although not without care and anxiety to the success of her project, followed in the rear.

During the winter of 1875–76 your sister Effie worked at a tailor’s shop. It was conducted by a member of the ward and was a ward enterprise, the employees being also members of the ward. Your father thought it would be a nice place for Effie to learn something of that trade, but we did not know that she would be required to work a No. 2. sewing machine, which was entirely too heavy for her, and indeed positively injurious to her health.

She was also such an active member of the ward that almost every evening she was engaged,—Tuesday at mutual, Wednesday choir practice; and Thursday, Sunday School Choir-practice. On Sunday also she took no rest, being anxious to attend Sunday School and evening meeting.

She soon became thin and nervous and I remember your father’s partner and esteemed friend Bro. Sam’l L. Evans saying to her,—“Effie, whatever you do, try to rest at night”. But the poor child was too fatigued too sleep and soon her health became so seriously impaired that she has felt the effects throughout her whole life.

The Explosion of the Powder Magazine
On the 5th of April, 1876, two boys, one a son of Bro. Archibald Hill and the other a son of Dr. Robinson, were amusing themselves on Arsenal Hill with a gun. One of them shot at the great powder magazine which was located there. In an instant it exploded, shaking the earth for miles around like an earthquake and blowing the boys to atoms.

That day, having a quantity of good soft rain water, I had washed my linsey sheets previous to putting them away for the winter, and was hanging them out on the south side of the house when the explosion occurred. I thought it was the report of a gun and was indignant that anyone should fire so near the house. Then came another report followed almost immediately by a third, when the chimney of the house occupied by my neighbor, Mrs. Van, fell down. At the same time Addie was standing upon the step between the kitchen and pantry, holding little Georgie by
Before the Manifesto

the hand. She felt the shocks, heard the glass in the windows smash and the hams, etc. suspended from the ceiling of the storeroom above, come crashing to the floor. Calling for little Nephi, she exclaimed; “The world is at an end—we shall all go together!”, and many older persons were of the same opinion.

Your father was in his buggy in the vicinity of Arsenal Hill returning homeward from a trip, and his horse, instead of taking fright, to his great astonishment, stood perfectly still while huge pieces of rock came whizzing past them, but they were unharmed. A woman, not far distant, however, was killed in a most shocking manner.

Birth of Catherine Vaughan

On the 10th of April, five days later, my little Kate was born, and I concluded that my love of cleanliness saved me from injury and my little daughter from premature birth, as the shock received while standing upon the ground outside was not nearly as severe as if I had been inside the house.

Fifteen years had elapsed since a little daughter had been born to me. When Addie was told by the midwife that her mother had a little baby, she closed her eyes tightly, and remarked, “If it is a boy, I won’t look at it!”

Our baby had dark hair and eyebrows and a rosy face, and was as welcome as the flowers in May. When she was nine days old someone declared she laughed. Your father went over to Auntie’s and told the folks that baby had long curls the next morning after she was born. As I had thwarted him in naming our daughter Addie I determined to let him have his way about naming this one. He had almost idolized his maternal grandmother, and wished to have the baby named after her. At the fast meeting when he took the baby in his arms to bless her, he asked me, very politely, if I had a preference, and upon receiving my assurance that I had none, he named her, after his wish, Catherine Vaughan.

When baby was about three weeks old, Nephi, George and she contracted measles. The two others had it in a mild form, but little George had a more severe attack. Effie continued to work at the tailors shop so Addie and I had to do the housework and attend to the sick children.

One night George was very sick, my nurse had left me and I was feeling far from strong. Your father, too, was out of town. About four o’clock in the morning we were much alarmed and prayed earnestly to our Heavenly Father for help and He again listened to our supplications and made him better. It was a long time, however, before he recovered his health and his sweet disposition, which was one of his chief characteristics. Addie will remember his periodical crying spells, and he would not stay in bed after he had been put to rest for the night, but we loved him just the same.
Miss Baby continued to thrive and would lie on the pillow and laugh and kick for hours together, making us all very happy.

The following Autumn your father took a contract to build the Great Ontario Silver Mine [in Park City]. He took a number of workmen with him, among them being Edward T. Ashton and his Uncle William Treharne. He also took his daughters Winnie and Effie to cook for the men, and a man to butcher the beeves and help the girls do the heaviest part of the work.

As Ed and Effie were now keeping company, and both going away so far from home, I requested Effie to have no more association with him than with any other of the men during their stay at the Park, and was gratified to learn that his parents, with the same careful forethought concerning his welfare, had made a similar request of him, or at least instructed his uncle to see that he was in bed by nine o’clock.

Effie was as careful to carry out my wishes as I had been to give them and when Ed, good natured boy that he was, would go into the kitchen and offer to help the girls with the dishes, Effie would leave them to him and Winnie while she went to another table to mix bread. Winnie, from her youthful point of view, thought this restraint between Ed and Effie was time wasted, but we did not think so.

The night that Effie left to got to the Park, Addie and I felt so lonely that we actually brought our beds down into the dining room for the first
night or two and we watched eagerly for the mail to bring us letters from our loved one. The little boys, too, were anxious for her return and would send loving messages to her.

Father came home to attend the October Conference and Winnie came in a day or two later, but Effie stayed till the job was finished. During this time Effie was the only lady in the camp, but there was not a man who would have harmed their little “Red Bird” as they called her (because she wore a red waist), so she locked herself in her little bed room at night and enjoyed the sweet sleep that hard work and innocence can give.

A little before Christmas she returned home and was joyfully welcomed by us all.

Christmas day she cooked the dinner assisted by Ed Ashton, who seemed very happy to cut wood for her and render any help he could, in spite of the fact that he was not to enjoy the repast, his own parents being desirous of having his dear presence at their family board. Some time previous to going to the Park, Ed had asked permission to call upon Effie, but at this particular period there was no positive engagement between them so far as we knew. So he went home to dinner and returned in the evening to take her to a party. During the evening Ed returned home, and came into the parlor, where Bro. Morris and I were seated, and formally asked for the hand of our dear daughter in marriage. Her father gave his free consent, having known him intimately for a number of years, and I told him that there was no one whom I preferred. The time for the marriage was set for the coming spring.

A pleasant incident occurred on the following New Years Day. Your father had sent a message asking Ed Ashton to comeover to our house. When he entered the Parlor, after wishing us compliments of the season, he remarked;—“Bro. Morris, I brought no tools with me, as I did not know what kind of work you wanted me to do.” Your father then presented him with a beautiful silver cased watch engraved upon the inside plate, stating that it was presented to him by Elias Morris and Samuel L. Evans as a token of their esteem. Father said that during the four years of his apprenticeship he had not spoken in an unbecoming manner or been guilty of an unbecoming act, or broken a rule of the agreement entered into.

Effie’s earnings stood her in good stead as she turned her attention to the coming event. Besides the trousseau there were household furnishings, quilts, rug, carpet and mat. When the Log Cabin pieces for the quilt were completed they were set together and a quilting party arranged for. Those invited were dear Aunt Aggie, Cousin Belinda [Marden] Pratt Musser, and Cousin Lucy Pratt Russell. The quilting was done in our cozy parlor and pleasant jokes passed around the quilt as the needles sewed upon the pretty blocks. This, with the rug and door mat were all made
from pieces of cast off wearing apparel so that they represented part of her maidenhood’s history.

She had already, with neatness and care made some pretty suits of underwear and a short time previous a nice dark blue cashmere dress. Sister [Elizabeth] Bird, an expert dressmaker was engaged to do the cutting and fitting, but the rest was Effie’s own handiwork. It was made with a polonaise, and she also made a winter wrap to wear with it, and bought a black felt hat of becoming style.

A pale blue cashmere was selected for the wedding dress which was given into Sister Bird’s hands to make, but a dainty white dress to wear in the Endowment House, Effie made herself.

The date for the wedding was the 4th of April, 1878. By this time all was in readiness but the date had been kept a profound secret from all but Aunt Aggie, until the day previous, because of the bashfulness of the young couple. They did not wish for an elaborate wedding, so in the afternoon of the eventful day we went quietly to the Endowment House, there being no Temple nearer than St. George. In order not to attract attention Effie and Aunt Aggie went along Second South Street and Winnie accompanied me on Third South Street. Winnie represented the other family, in order to show them proper respect. Then Bro. Ashton took his invalid mother [Jane Treharne Ashton] in a buggy and father came over from his office with his coat thrown over his shoulder, for the day was warm.

Apostle Joseph F. Smith, (now President) performed the ceremony which made them husband and wife, and Aunt Aggie said she saw the ruffles on Effie’s dress tremble as she knelt at the altar to be married.

In the meantime Addie, little brick that she was, had prepared a nice hot supper. Before we sat down, Aunt Aggie took her beloved niece upstairs and soon returned with her arrayed in her perfectly fitting pale blue princess dress and presented her to us as Mrs. Ashton.

Sister Ashton being an invalid we appreciated her company very much. About ten o’clock the party broke up, the bridal couple going to their pretty new home built by the groom’s own hands, which was situated on the south-east corner of First South and Sixth West.

The Ashton family had expressed their love by many substantial presents, and Sister Ashton sent a quantity of provisions, so that they would be supplied for some time.

The day following their marriage Effie made a cake and some lemonade, in order to entertain the friends who would be sure to call when they heard the news. The lemonade of course, took the place of wine, which is so often served upon such occasions, but they would have no intoxicants, and those who desired such would be placed at small value.

The following Sunday, the boys and girls came down in a troop with shouts of joy, bringing many tokens of their affection and esteem.
You will remember a picture of your brother Nephi, when he was a little fellow, dressed in a velvet kilt and cutaway coat with a horn attached to his belt. When Georgie was three years old I made him a pair of knickerbockers of this kilt of Nephi’s, which worn with the little jacket made a nice suit of which he was very proud.

We began to teach him to recite verses from a linen picture book Bro. Evans had given him. It contained Scripture incidents. The one we taught Georgie was as follows:

“Behold the Dreamer comes,
Seize him, hold him fast,
And in the lonely darksome pit
Was gentle Joseph cast.”

(he pronouncing Joseph—“Jovus”)
A few weeks later he recited the following verses at the Sunday School. They were taken from “Little Snow-Flake’s Album” which Nephi had received for his fifth birthday.

“A little bird built a warm nest in a tree,
And laid some blue eggs in it, one, two and three
And then very glad and delighted was she.

She spread her soft wings on them all the day long
To warm them and guard them, her love was so strong,
And her mate sat beside her and sang her a song.

Then after a while, how long I can’t tell,
The little ones crept one by one, from the shell
And the mother was pleased, for she loved them all well.

One day the young birds were crying for food,
So off flew the mother, away from her brood
Then came up some boys, who were wicked and rude.

They tore the soft nest down, away from the tree,
The little ones tried but could not get free
So at last they all died away, one, two and three.

When back to her nest the mother did fly
Oh, then she set up a most pitiful cry,
Then she moaned a long time, and laid down to die.”
Birth of My First Grandchild, Edward Morris Ashton

In the early part of 1879 my daughter Addie was called as counceller in the Primary Association of the Fifteenth Ward. On the 12th of the same month, (January) my first grandchild was born, in the person of Edward Morris Ashton. His Aunt Sarah Roberts called him Edward the Third, because his father and grandfather bore the same name.

The Sunday Afternoon that he was blessed there were two of your father’s grandsons present to receive a name. One was little Willie [William] Swan, who was blessed by your father, who, in the course of his remarks said that he expected to see his children’s children. Eddie was blessed by Bro. Ashton. Both grandfathers were called upon to speak. This was Bro. Ashton’s first grandchild and in speaking he made this very humble remark;—“I hope that I shall never do anything to disgrace him.” Bro. Thos. C. Griggs selected an appropriate hymn for the occasion commencing, “This Child We Dedicate to Thee”. (Bless his memory) Page 223 L.D.S. Hymn Book.74

Another Son is Born and Dies

On the 20th of July, 1882 another son was born to me [Richard Vaughan Morris]. He was a remarkably large child, weighing fifteen or sixteen pounds, the midwife said, but was lost for want of proper help. Your father was at home with me and would have gone anywhere or given anything to get help but it was not obtainable at the moment. The loss of this little baby was a great disappointment to me and also to Addie, and even little Katie, although only five years old, felt it keenly and would go to the drawer where the tiny articles of clothing had been placed and weep bitterly. I was forty-seven years old at the time and my husband fifty-seven.

Lines In Memory Of Richard Vaughan, Son Of Elias
And Mary L. Morris. Born July 20, 1882.
Died July 20, 1882

Little floweret, you have left us
In this shady sorrowing sphere
Death’s cold hand has thus bereft us
Thickly falls the bitter tear.

Who was it hovered near our bed

74. The hymn “This Child We Dedicate to Thee” is on page 223 of several of the Salt Lake and Liverpool editions of Sacred Hymns and Spiritual Songs for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. See the 16th ed. (1877); 19th ed. (1889); and 22nd ed. (1897). The words of the hymn are by Christoph F. Neander (1793) and were translated from German to English by Samuel Gilman (1823).
When in the throes of Motherhood?
Who was it came with noiseless tread
And bore our Baby heavenward?

Perchance some dear departed one
Commissioned from the realms of Joy
To take our little new-born son
Where pleasure reigns, without alloy.

On August 16th, 1878 Auntie too lost a dear little daughter two years old. The following lines were composed by me upon that occasion.

A Tribute To The Memory Of Little Jessie Pearl [Morris],
Daughter Of Elias And Mary P. Morris
Born August 22, 1876—Died August 16, 1878

Oh, sweet little Jessie, the pride of our heart,
How little we thought that with thee we must part;
How bitter the sting; how piercing the smart!

Thy beautiful eyes! How they follow us now.
How bright were the curls that decked thy fair brow.
We fancy we’re smoothing thy silken locks now.

Pearly thy teeth, and sweeter thy kiss,
The sound of thy dear little feet, how we miss;
To have but one look at thy face would be bliss.

Oh, sweet little Pearlie, who brightened our path,
How fain would we take thee from cold mother earth.
To cheer us, and bless us, and gladden our hearth.

We think thou art coming, but no, it is vain,
We never shall clasp thy fair image again
In this world of sorrow, and darkness and pain.

We know thou art gone to the dear ones above,
Their arms shall embrace thee, their hearts beat with love
We know they will take special care of our dove.

When my little Kate was five years old I taught her to sew and composed the following little poem, which she learned to recite.
Come, little Kate, upon my knee
And bring your work and thimble,
And make nice stitches, one, two, three
You soon will be quite nimble.

Your alphabet you’ve conquered now
And soon you’ll learn to spell
And pretty lessons then you’ll learn
And pretty stories tell.

And then you soon will learn to knit
And many useful things;—
For surely half our happiness
From love of labor springs.

When she was about three years old, we made her a winter suit of very soft and rather bright blue flannel, with hood to match. It was a pretty sight to see her in it, with her bright blue eyes, rosy cheeks, fair complexion and brown hair, her new dolly in her hand, as Effie took her over to her little home.

Before Effie was married Addie was beginning to receive attention from a young gentleman friend, and was often invited to nice parties, but the young lady seemed to be very hard to please and this young suitor was followed by several others.

After the death of the little baby to whose advent we had all looked forward with so much joyous anticipation, she seemed sad and gloomy, and as a young lady who had been staying with us was about to return to her home in St. George she wanted Addie to return with her so that she might visit her Uncle Charles Walker and his family. We hurried and did a little sewing for her and in due time she departed. The day she left I cleared away the remains of our dressmaking and tried to do some ironing, but finding some of her clothes I began to weep and felt almost as if I had lost her, and when I went into the quiet orderly parlor I so missed her dear presence that it seemed for a while as if she had gone from me forever.

While she was away I cleaned the house throughout as I always did in the Fall, and also that it might look pleasant to her, as well as doing the usual housework.

On the 24th of December she returned. When the train which bore her passed the house it was about 7 a.m. and I was upon my knees scrubbing the porch. A few minutes later she arrived from the depot, bringing with her her Cousin Zaidee [Walker], which I had not seen since she was a little toddler. Now she was seventeen years old and reminded me very much of her father, my brother Charles. She possessed a good deal of her
Grandfather Walker’s wit, humor and satire. She was of medium height, fair complexion dark brown hair and eyes and small hands and feet. I felt rich now with my daughter and niece also. As it was the day before Christmas and I was very much absorbed in home affairs, I concluded that, for an outing Addie and Zaidee could do the Christmas shopping. Father gave them each a new dress for Christmas.

As Christmas Day this year fell upon a Sunday, our esteemed friend and Sunday School Superintendent, Bro. T. C. Griggs, suggested that we keep the celebration on Monday as to presents. So on Sunday evening, after the children had gone to bed, Addie and Zaidee arranged the presents upon the side table. While they were doing so, Addie made this remark; “I bet I’ll be married in two years from now, if I want to.”

One of Nephi’s presents was a Chatterbox, which his cousin took great pleasure in reading to him during her visit. I remember a favorite story was about a man named Paul Parker who killed a mad dog and thus saved several lives. Many of the stories were of English life and very interesting. There was also a little joke about England to the effect that their American cousins think that England is so small in comparison to their own vast continent that English people are afraid to go to bed at night for fear they will find themselves in the sea in the morning.

Again, under a picture of a donkey were some verses referring to his very hard life. I think there were some carrots dangling in front of him to make him go by coaxing him along. Two of the lines were as follows;

In all the three kingdoms you scarcely could see
Such a little, old, rough looking donkey as he.

Your cousin Zaidee was extremely fond of reading, and like her grandfather, was a good conversationalist and would have us laughing till we shook. We became very much attached to her during the nine months she remained with us. The day she returned home we prepared a chicken dinner. Auntie Barbara happened to call in and asked me to accompany her to town, remarking that I should be back in time to see Zaidee off. This was however, unfortunately, not the case and as the dear child stood at the depot and realized that the last ray of hope of seeing her Aunt Mary before she left was passed, she sobbed with grief. And that aching spot is in my heart yet to think that my beloved niece so longed to bid me a loving good-bye.

On January 1st, 1884, Mr. George M. [Mousley] Cannon and his friend Dr. Leslie W. Snow called and left their cards. We had noticed that Mr. Cannon was showing our daughter Addie some attention and your

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75. The Chatterbox (London: Wells Gardner, Darton & Co.) was a weekly English magazine that contained children’s stories. It was published beginning in 1866.
father had expressed his satisfaction, he being an intimate friend of Bro. Angus M. [Munn] Cannon and knowing the son to be intelligent, a good business man and a consistent Latter Day Saint.

In the early part of the year Bro. Angus M. Cannon and his family dined with us and a little later we went to dinner at their home, where we spent a very pleasant evening. Apostle Erastus Snow, who was on the eve of taking his departure on a mission to a distant part of the country, (probably Mexico) was one of the guests.

Later in the evening Addie accompanied Mr. Cannon to a Leap Year Ball, a function which was not at all to Addie’s taste. Some time afterwards, I remember, she was called to act as floor manager at a Leap Year Ball in our Ward, a position which was repugnant to her natural feelings, but she performed her task well, however.  

As we were returning from the dinner party your father told me that Bro. Geo. M. had asked if he might pay his addresses to Addie, and

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76. In nineteenth century Utah, holidays often ended with grand balls lasting until early in the morning. Dancing consisted mostly of square dances, such as the Virginia Reel, which allowed little intimacy. Brigham Young allowed one or two round dances, such as the waltz, at each dance, especially as the century wore on. EM, 1380; Hicks, Mormonism and Music, 78–86.
he had replied that there was nothing in the way. I objected to this last statement, as she was corresponding in a friendly way with a young man who resided in a distant part of the state, and had several other admirers. It was, I think, the following morning, about 10 a.m. that Mr. Cannon called to ask my permission also. I expressed my esteem for him personally but explained that the choice must rest with the young lady herself as to whether he should be the favored suitor.

When father would bring Addie a letter from this other gentleman he would look rather archly over his spectacles at her and ask; “How many beaus are you going to have?”

It was on Sunday night, the last day of the Spring Conference that Mr. Cannon had the promise that Addie would be his wife.

The following month, her friend, with whom she had been corresponding, came to Salt Lake on his way to Logan to attend the dedicatory services of the Temple there. He had heard of her engagement, and called several times in a friendly way, but previous to his departure, came with the intention of talking the matter over with her. Some time later I saw him about to leave the house, and in a kind manner asked him to stay to dinner, but he replied, “I am extremely obliged to you, but not now.” My sympathies are very strong, and I felt so sorry for him that I wept most of the afternoon. It seemed so cruel for a young man of his worth to come hundreds of miles to offer his hearts best affection and find that it was not returned. Addie did admire him and appreciated his fine qualities, but if she had a choice, it was her privilege to manifest it. Both these gentlemen are friends today, and even at the time there was no bitterness in his heart towards his rival, for he remarked, while wishing her good-bye, “Well, Addie, if you decide in favor of Bro. Cannon, he will have one of the best wives in the world.” I may say that this young man later obtained a wife of many gifts and graces and as good as the world makes.

Upon one occasion I remarked to Br. George M. that after he had travelled out in the world, as most of our Elders do, he might see some fair maiden whom he would have preferred to my daughter. His reply was very fine I thought. He said, “Sister Morris, if the Gospel does not make girls more attractive than those of the world, then I have no more to say.”

He would like to have married Addie in June but she would not agree to such an early date, nor yet in September, nor at Thanksgiving, but finally consented to let the event transpire on Christmas Day. So we did our best to have matters in readiness. She made many fancy articles

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77. Addie’s “friend” was Mr. Bently, a young man from St. George, Utah, who also wished to marry her. Logan is located at the mouth of Logan Canyon in northern Utah. The Logan Temple, the second functioning temple in Utah, was dedicated on May 17, 1884, by President John Taylor. N. B. Lundwall, comp., Temples of the Most High, 102–3; Van Cott, Utah Place Names, 232.
to ornament her new home and sewed carpet rags, which I dyed in brilliant colors. I made three quilts, one a dainty greyish blue shade of soft flannel with a red star set in every other block and quilted to match the pattern. It was a beautiful quilt for a brides outfit. A second was of bottle green cashmere arranged in what was called a goose-chase pattern, in suitable colors. A third had diamonds of orange and blue shaded material arranged upon a soft flannel background. Besides these I had earned enough money to buy a guitar, which I thought to give as a wedding present, but upon second thoughts bought a handsome Chamber set instead.

Addie’s Wedding

Three days before Christmas I hired Miss Annie Waterfall to do my kitchen work while I cleaned house, painted, and varnished and cooked. On the 23rd and 24th I dressed fat chickens and a turkey. I had engaged Miss Amelia Howells to make the cakes and pies and they were well done. I had also made a fruit cake. Father brought another turkey weighing seventeen pounds, on Christmas eve.

It was three o’clock of the morning of the 25th before I went to bed and two hours later I arose. At seven Bro Ball came to ice the wedding cake, which was in three tiers and was made by Sister Ann [Whitehead] Duncanson. We prepared for sixty guests and had food enough for twice that number. Aunt Nancy came and cooked the vegetables.

The young couple had desired to go to the St. George Temple to be married as they had received their endowments there, and also it was the birthplace of George M. but on account of the approach of severe weather it was deemed wiser to go to the Endowment House in Salt Lake City. They were accompanied thither by the parents of both,—Bro. Angus M. Cannon and his wife Sarah Maria [Mousley Cannon], your father, and myself. President Cannon performed the ceremony of marriage and kissed his son and new daughter at the close. We reached home early in the afternoon and soon afterwards the groom presented his bride with a set of jewels, a breast pin and ear-rings. The design was a beautiful little bird with a diamond in its mouth. This was a magnificent present and a token of love in more ways than one, for I think the birds were doves.

Among our guests were Pres. Angus M. Cannon, his wife Mrs. Sarah Maria Cannon, and Aunts Amanda [Ann Amanda Mousley Cannon], Clara [Clarissa Cordelia Moses Cannon], and Dr. Mattie Hughes Cannon [Martha Hughes Cannon], with all of the grooms brothers and sister together with Mina’s [Wilhelmina Mousley Cannon] husband Abram H. [Abraham Hoagland] Cannon and their children. Also two little girls whom Aunt Clara Mason Cannon was rearing. Bro. Abram H. Cannon was a cousin of the bride-groom but also a brother-in-law, but we felt unable to invite all the cousins, except Cousin Billy [William C.] Morris and his
wife Diantha [Empey Morris], whom father insisted must come as he was the eldest and more like a brother, although Addie was afraid of giving offense by this discrimination.

I was obliged to leave the bride to entertain her company while I superintended affairs in the kitchen. The huge turkey was in the oven by two o’clock, allowing it four hours to cook and claimed more or less attention all that time. We had fires in the dining-room, parlor and downstairs bed-room where the presents were displayed. Also in the cook-shed where the fat chickens were gently stewing, and in the kitchen, where the lesser and greater turkeys sent forth their savory odor while the vegetables cooked to taste. I believe our six o’clock dinner was cooked without accident and our guests were pleased to pass a favorable judgment upon it.

During the evening Dr. Mattie recited “Mary, Queen of Scots” in a very pleasing manner. Addie was induced to sing, but broke down in tears. It was a song of home. That very evening, two years previously Addie had remarked to her cousin Zaidee,—“I guess I’ll be married in two years from now, if I want to,” and so her own prophecy had come to pass, to the very hour even. When ten o’clock arrived the guests took their departure.

When the last of the guests had gone the groom waited to take his bride to their pretty new home, but little Katie, then about nine years old, began to raise objections to this plan. With her arms about her beloved sister, who was about to leave the parental roof, she piteously begged her not to go, crying, “You said you would not leave me tonight!” The groom walked the floor in silent distress, while Miss Waterfall, who had been assisting in serving the dinner, joined her tears with Katie’s. The gentleman, however, did not seem much affected by our sentiment and quietly waited, while his brother in a buggy outside, where it was raining, did the same. Finally Addie was able to tear herself away from her little sister and stepped into the buggy with her husband, to make bright and happy their future home.

I am afraid Mr. Cannon did not love his bride’s little sister very much in those days, for Katie had been rather spoiled and had the idea that where her sister was, there she might be also. I know she had often intruded herself upon their company, when he, at least, could have dispensed with her, although it was at Addie’s invitation, not because I wished it.

On the 11th of October, 1884, another strange feeling came over me and I felt as if I were going to a higher sphere I began to weep and did not know why. It was Saturday night, the evening meal was over and your father had finished his stay with us for that week. But before his departure I asked him if he required any more of me, in my course of life, than I had already done. Putting his hand affectionately upon my head
he replied,—“No, lass.” After he had gone I wept still more, and thought, “Well, if I am to depart this life, I am perhaps, as well prepared now as I shall ever be. My house is clean and so is my person,” and I felt at peace with all the world. And so I retired to rest.

Appointed President of Ward Primary Association
The next evening, as I was seated in the meetinghouse, Brother Binder came down from the stand and told me that the Bishopric wished to see me. I remained seated after the meeting had closed and Bishop Pollard, with his counselors, William L. Binder and Nathaniel V. [Vary] Jones, came and told me that they wished me to preside over the Primary Association of the Ward. I remarked upon my lack of qualification for such a position but they replied.—“You are qualified, if you will only take hold of it.”

The following Thursday, I think, October 16th, 1884 a little meeting was held in our fine new meeting house when the organization of the association should be effected. Besides the Bishopric there were present the officers of the Relief Society; Mrs. Ellen [C. Spencer] Clawson; Stake President of the Primary Association with her counsellors Mrs. Camilla C. Cobb and Mrs. Lydia Ann Wells. In those days, before the Primary Association had a General Presiding Board, the Relief Society had jurisdiction over the Primary Associations, so Sister Sarah M. Kimball, our beloved friend and President of the Relief Society, had charge of the affair and expressed her desire to make it as important as might be. Mrs. Elizabeth [Henderson] Duncanson, president of the Visiting Committee of the Relief Society was also invited with Sisters Susannah [Bacon] Waterfall and Hortense [Mary] Lang Jones. After preliminary remarks by the President, Bishop Pollard addressed the meeting as follows:—“I have looked this ward over and over again and can find no one as suitable as Sister Morris. She has reared her children in the order of marriage that the world is fighting and her children are a credit to the ward, and I consider her a proper person to help others to rear their children.”

These eulogistic remarks caused me to feel very humble and tears came to my eyes. Mrs. Duncanson turned to me and said in her emphatic way with her Scotch brogue;—“Ye mustn’t refuse, but we will excuse ye from visiting the blocks.”

My counsellors were Sisters Susannah Waterfall and Hortense Lang Jones, with my son George, then ten years old, as Treasurer, as Sister Kimball suggested that I could then oversee that part also. Prudie [Prudence] Brown was our Secretary with Vernie [Isabell] LuKin as assistant. Our first meeting was appointed for the following Thursday, which being Thanksgiving Day, we concluded should be in the form of a party.

While the children were happily dancing, two or three boys, aged from fourteen to fifteen, came and stood beside me on the stage. One
of them remarked, rather contemptuously,—“Too small! Too small!”
His companion replied, “Rather than speak to a lady as you have spoken
to that lady, I would sack my head.” A little later Bro. Henry P. Lindsey
[Henry Patrick Lindsay] came and stood beside me but he was delighted,
and said, “This is pretty! This is beautiful!” One little maiden danced so
beautifully that had we been in possession of a bouquet we would have
presented it to her, but upon consultation we concluded to give her the
money to buy a pair of shoes, as her mother was a widow.

We had $4.00 in the Treasury at the beginning, and this was spent
for much needed books, but this entertainment brought us $16.00, half
of which we gave to the Ward fund to pay for the use of the hall.

Our next meeting was in the form of a concert by the children, but
of course there was but little time for preparation, but Sister Sarah M.
Kimbball, who came to visit us, was much pleased, and Sister Elmina S.
[Shepard] Taylor, General President of the Y.L.M.I.A., who had accompa-
nied her, spoke encouragingly to us.

I put my best energy into the work. I loved it; I loved the children
and the children loved me. I controlled them by kind firmness and would
allow no harshness used towards them. I never went to a meeting without
seeking Divine guidance. My gift for singing served me well in this work
and my natural idea of reciting was a help also. With cheerfulness, kind-
ness, patience and firmness, aided by the Spirit of God we got along very
nicely and enjoyed the work.

We gave many entertainments in which the children took part, but
did not charge for admission as I felt that the work was too sacred in
its character. If we needed funds we raised them in some other way. For
instance, a fair, which I worked hard to get up, left fifteen dollars in the
treasury when I left the Association.

At one time I had an elocutionist of some merit for one council-
lor and a good reciter for the other. But I, being president, did not pro-
pose to stand idly by and let them do all of this class of work, although
I always paid them due respect and consulted with them in everything.
But when I had anything to teach to the children and did not feel myself
quite qualified, I went to the best elocutionist in town and at considerable
expense took private lessons on the exercise I desired to teach, so, having
learned myself, I was competent to teach others. Many times, mothers,
feeling proud of the achievements of their children would come to me
and say,—“You have more patience with my children than I have myself.”
and they would express their gratitude for my efforts.

I held the position of Ward President of the Primary Association
for twelve years to the day, lacking one month, and was then called as
Councillor to the President of the Salt Lake Stake Primary Board.

...
Home Life

In looking over my past life and the many years I have worked in the different offices I have been called to fill in the organizations of the Church, it is a satisfaction to me that I have not neglected my children. And any success I may have had in this regard also, I have my Heavenly Father to thank for His assistance, through the inspiration of His Holy Spirit. No matter was too small for me to raise a petition to Him for help, and my prayer was always answered.

Even in those early days, when we had no bathroom or many changes of clothes, I made a point of bathing the children and giving them clean underwear twice a week.

Little Kate would be the first. Having a large towel warm to receive her, I would wrap her in it, head and all, and after rubbing her, pretend that I had lost her, until a few minutes later I uncovered her little brown head and smiling face, pretending to have found her again, to her great delight. The bathing would occur on Wednesday and Saturday evenings usually. If all could not be bathed at night, it was done the following morning. One morning, I remember, I had only twenty minutes to bathe little Nephi, or he would be late for School. I was unwilling that he should miss his bath or be tardy, but with the help of my Heavenly Father, all went well, and he was bathed, changed and off to school in time.

It was My Heavenly Father and me in the rearing of those children, for I had sent my petition to the courts above that the King of Kings would send me spirits who would have a desire to serve Him above all things on earth.

Nephi had a very strong will; He was not inclined to do evil, but not always aching to do what I knew to be for his best good. But I could not let it go at that. This strong willpower needed directing. Sometimes I would kneel down, perhaps three or four times, before I could get him to go to Sunday School, but it was generally successful. In the line of duty, it was my God, and then my children.

When he was about ten years old I had entreated him to go to meeting with me, but this time to no purpose, so I went my way without him. Your sister Addie, who was always very careful of her little brothers,
at home, so I had no anxiety upon that score. While in meeting I saw a man go to the stand as if to take a message, and then your father rose and went out. As I neared Third West on First South Street, your father met me with a buggy, and told me in a pleasant manner that Nephi had broken his leg. In his afternoon meanderings he had been down to the barn and climbing a fence, his knickerbockers had caught, and hanging there, his weight had broken his leg. By the time I reached home he had been made very comfortable by Dr. Joseph S. Richards. His precious leg was encased in leather splints and over this they had put one of a pair of red and gray striped stockings, which I had knitted for my own use, such being the style in those days. This fitted cozily over the splints and gave added support. He was put to bed on the lounge in the dining room, which was lofty, roomy and airy, so with the bright glow of the fire, made a pleasant room for an invalid boy. I made a bed for myself in the recess near the fireplace and having just completed some warm winter night gowns, I was ready and it was a real pleasure to wait upon him if he needed anything at night.

Many friends called to see him, amongst others Miss Mary Jones, who brought Claude Clive, a boy about Nephi’s own age. She also used to come and bring him grapes, etc. Ed brought him a map of the United States, in blocks, which gave him much pleasure to put together.

In about three weeks the doctor said we might take him to his office. It was on a fine frosty Sunday that Ed Parry took us up in a buggy. Your father was at the time in Parley’s Park building the Ontario Mine. That night as we began to ascent the stairs to retire, Nephi stumbled over the first step. My heart filled with loving compassion and tenderness as I helped him back into the dining room and drawing the lounge near the fire, took him in my arms as I would have taken a newly-born baby, only love was so much stronger. His utter helplessness and his having suffered so much already, drew forth the deepest sympathy of my heart.

The same afternoon, I think, the floor in front of the hearth, which had been built by a short-sighted workman, with only a foot of the space where the ashes fell, caught fire, burning the carpet and the floor underneath. Upon examining the hole in the floor, I could see shavings underneath and feared that a spark might have fallen amongst these and that it might smoulder, and later break into flames I extinguished the fire, and poured water all around, but little Nephi being so crippled and your father away from home, I felt very anxious. So I called the family together and had prayers, asking God to take care of us and after that we felt no uneasiness. The following morning we had a man come to enlarge the hearth and make it safe.

I am reminded of a pleasant incident that occurred a few months previous to this. The two little boys, Nephi and George, had some
beautiful new suits made by your father’s Welsh tailor, Bro. John Thomas, and I had knitted them some red stockings, and thus arrayed I took them to town to see the Strassburg Clock, in miniature, which was displayed in one of the stores. When this clock struck the hour, images representing the twelve apostles came out and bowed before the Saviour. It was April conference, and seeing the clock, and enjoying a feast of oranges, was a great treat to the little fellows.

When Nephi was in his early teens he was called and ordained a deacon. It would sometimes happen that a party would be held upon the same evening as his quorum meeting but I always urged him to attend his meeting first and go to the party afterwards, or in other words, to seek first the Kingdom of God.

As soon as he was old enough, he went to the Brigham Young Academy, at Provo. I wrote to Bro. [Karl Gottfried] Maeser, asking him not to allow my boy to room with some who might have been sent there to reform bad habits, as I had taken great care of him, thus far.

While he was there, however, I had an opportunity of seeing him sometimes, for part of the time I was in hiding, on the “underground” as we called it, I resided in Provo.

On the Underground
When it was nearing Christmas, my daughter Addie was much concerned at my being away, thinking that it was a dreadful thing for a mother to be absent at the festal season, so at the end of November, much against my judgment, I went to Salt Lake. I expected to return to Provo in February and bring my son George Q. (whom I had left in charge of his sister Effie) back with me to attend the B. Y. Academy with his brother Nephi.

I have often thought since, how much more comfortable I should have been at Aunt Clara Loverage’s than to have returned home to a cold, dusty house, which of course my first thought was to make as clean

78. A Deacons Quorum was first organized in the Salt Lake Fifteenth Ward in 1877. At this time, the office of deacon was gradually becoming associated with young men. The main responsibilities of deacons were collecting fast offerings and making distributions for the bishop of their ward. Barraclough, 15th Ward Memories, 75; Arrington, Mormon Experience, 215.
79. Provo, Utah, is forty-five miles south of Salt Lake City. Brigham Young Academy, located in Provo, was an early predecessor of Brigham Young University. President Brigham Young began the Academy in 1875 and appointed Karl G. Maeser, a German-born convert and educator, as principal. The school’s first students were primarily in the elementary grades, but in later years the Academy became a secondary school, a teacher training college, and then Brigham Young University. During the 1885–1886 school year, while Mary Lois was in hiding in Provo, her son Nephi attended the Academy. See Keith L. Smith, “A History of the Brigham Young University: The Early Years, 1875–1921”; Ernest L. Wilkinson, ed., Brigham Young University: The First One Hundred Years.
and cozy as possible. But even then I had to be in hiding, and it was well that I did so, as after events proved, for it was by the veriest chance that I got out of the City again without being caught by our persecutors. I had asked Arnold [Gustave Giauque] to give me an account of the amount I had received from the office during a certain period, and during the evening received a letter from him as he passed down the street to his own home. I naturally concluded it to be merely the memorandum referred to, and as I was very busy laundering some clothes to send to Provo to the boys the following day, I put the envelope on the mantel, behind the clock, and thought no more about it. The next day was Fast Day, in those days held on Thursday. As I sat by the fire during the afternoon I chanced to look up and detected your father’s handwriting upon the envelope. It was from the Blue Bird Mine, which he was building for the Walker Bros. in Montana. He said he had had words with a man who was working for him, and was afraid he intended to make trouble, so I had better get out of the way as soon as possible.

How to wash, iron and pack to leave my home for an indefinite period, in a few hours, was a puzzler. I had to have my wits about me. First I put in one place all I intended to take with me and worked as hard as I could. At dusk, I went to the office to make some necessary arrangements. As I set out all went like clock-work. The car was at the top of the street when I arrived and at Main Street I met Dean Swift, who went to the office to see if Arnold Giauque were still there, while I waited upon the corner. I shall always remember his kindness. He brought back word that our faithful friend and business manager had not yet left, having been detained (for my benefit, it would seem.) I went into the office and made my business known to him;—if I had been a titled lady he could not have treated me with more respect; I shall never forget him for it. He gave me what money I needed and a nice purse to hold it, and promised to see that my trunk was at the depot the following morning in time for the train. So next day, the 5th of December, 1885, at 6a.m. I started out, holding little Katie by the hand. I went early for safety and it was so dark that I had to feel my way over the foot bridge. I was thickly veiled and afraid to look or speak, and when I met my son Nephi at Provo I was afraid to own him or speak to him. He, however, came to me and introduced me to a Bro. Louveridge [Ledru C. Loveridge], who took me in a conveyance to the home of his wife, Aunt Clara [Pratt Loveridge], a particular friend of ours, to whom he introduced me as Mrs. Vaughn. She received me quite kindly, but when I removed my veil she exclaimed; “You little gypsy”, and was ready to shake me with delight. And so I reached my place of refuge in safety. Dear Aunt Clara made us very happy for a short time, and was very disappointed when I made up my mind to go up to Salt Lake again just
before Christmas Day. She was a great friend of your Aunt Aggie’s and was pleased to entertain her sister.

Christmas day was not a very happy holliday for me, as I was afraid to go out and remained in hiding alone, at home, but had the consolation of being with my daughter Addie as much as I could during my stay, and was with her when, on the 11th of the next month, (January) little Addie was born. Your father, however, did not consider it very safe for me to stay, so I returned to Provo, where I spent Washington’s Birthday very pleasantly. It was a beautiful day and the sun shone brightly as I sat looking over some back numbers of the *Juvenile Instructor*, which was a source of intellectual enjoyment.80

In March your father came to Provo upon some business matter, and during his short stay asked me if I would like to go to St. George. When I was in Salt Lake he had asked me to do so, but I had declined, as I did not want to be separated from my children, but now that I was already separated from them, I was pleased with the idea and gladly anticipated the pleasure of renewing my acquaintance with my old friends in Cedar City, where I had spent some very happy days, and also experienced some bitter trials. But alas, before he returned, he had concluded that I had better remain in Provo and have Nephi and George board with me, so as to lessen expense. This disappointment, together with a spell of very cold weather, made me feel rather blue, as it is so seldom that I give way to anticipation, and I wanted to go south and stay for a little while. The following month your father again came to Provo, as the April General Conference was held there. When we first went there your father had requested me to take the name of his dear Grandmother Vaughan, but one frosty day, little Miss Katie wrote her name upon the window pane, and so gave us away.

Before the close of the school year, we went to Spanish Fork, to visit some old friends of your father’s.81 It was during the month of May, 1886 and we, little Katie and I, were met at the depot by a Mr. Stringer with a good conveyance and in the evening there was a meeting at which the real Welsh language was spoken. It took me back fifty years! His wife, who had formerly been the wife of John Roach, received us very kindly and we spent a pleasant week visiting friends of your father’s.

The following week, on May 26th, we went to the closing exercises at the Academy, conducted, of course, by Karl G. Maeser and James E.

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80. *The Juvenile Instructor* was published semimonthly from 1866 until 1929, when its name was changed to the *Instructor*. A publication of the LDS Sunday School, it was edited by George Q. Cannon.

81. Spanish Fork, Utah, is located about eight miles south of Provo. Van Cott, *Utah Place Names*, 349.
[Edward] Talmage. In those days of poverty these worth gentlemen had not yet received the title of “Doctor”.

The exercises were delightful indeed; the pure spirit of the Gospel ran through all of them. Bro. Talmage was a powerful factor in the mirthfulness of the occasion, at the close of which we took the train for our home in Salt Lake City.

A little before this your father had been subpoenaed by those appointed for such work. They came to him early one morning. He spoke rather sharply to them as follows;—“What do you want to come here for at this time of the morning disturbing the family? I am in my office, and in my buggy and around town, and you can get me any time. I am not running away.” On their route they had been down to your sister Effie’s, but they would have it she was Briggie Ashton’s wife and not Elias Morris’ daughter, so they did not get her. When the deputies went to the Academy, wise Brother Maeser brought your brother John [Parry Morris] to them, and kept Nephi and George back. The time for the trial had not yet been set, but when all was in readiness your father told me to take his name again. An amusing incident occurred just before I left Provo. I had been told the Deputies were after me, and hurried to some kind hearted family, whose name was Meldrum, I think. Seeing a man coming towards the house, Aunt Clara hastened over to me saying;—“Aunt Mary, there is a Deputy at the house now, where are you going?” I replied, “I am going to stay right here.” So the “Deputy” came to the house where I was hiding, and when he made his appearance this much dreaded man proved to be your father!

When we arrived home from Provo a warm welcome awaited us. Your father and Addie had united in trying to make the house look home-like and a warm supper was cooked and ready to serve. Addie had made me a fine white apron for my birthday present and we were as glad to be home as they were to have us return.

I was now free to set to work at my house-cleaning, feeling free for a while, or at least until the trial came off. I was surprised to find how much dust could collect in an un-occupied house, although Addie had hired a woman to clean it before we came. But in due time it was all done, even to the wallpaper in the parlour, which I had hired a woman to clean.

George, who was twelve years old, now went to work for the Home Bakery, in which your father was heavily interested. The agreement was that he should be on hand at three o’clock a.m. but should return at nine a.m. for his breakfast and then rest. This conscientious child would say; “Now, Ma, wake me before three.” which I did, although it hurt my feelings to have him get up so early. On the part of his employer, however, the agreement was not kept. After he had raced about town for hours delivering bread, he was given a piece of dry bread to eat, or perhaps a piece of very plain bun, and expected to attend to the team he had been
using and do many other things. Or if the boss was getting up a banquet, he was asked to go and help, or stay and make candy. The boss liked him very much, and felt he was to be trusted in everything. In speaking to a mutual friend of this man’s utter disregard of the child’s welfare and need of rest, she replied:—“Why, Aunt Mary, he works so hard himself that he never thinks of it!” We shall see the result.

When Nephi was working at the flour mill in which your father was interested, one of our faithful workmen said to me;—“Nephi is working too hard and lifting too many sacks for a boy of his age”. I felt thankful to him for this information, although Nephi had uttered no complaint. I spoke to your father with regard to the matter, but he was not very well pleased. I had done my duty however. But in the case of Georgie I had made no protest, although I suppose I made a statement to the facts in reference to the treatment he was receiving. But to come out and assert plainly that “My boy cannot do this, or that.”, and take the backbone out of him, is not my idea of rearing children. And then my circumstances were different to those of many others, and my Heavenly Father knew it. He was watching over us.

During that summer, Aunt Net. Coslet [Jennette Cosselett] came to occupy a furnished room in our house, and later Addie and George M. came to stay with us while their home was in course of erection.

One Monday morning, early in September, I was busy cleaning the cellar, and happening to look up, I saw a gentleman standing at Auntie’s door and was impressed that he was a Deputy. I ran upstairs to comb my hair, and then went back to my work again, my sleeves turned up to my elbows. I did not mind that he should find me hard at work, but did not want to be caught with my hair uncombed. Soon the man was at my door. I bade my heart cease its throbbing and went to greet him as if I were pleased to see him, and bade him be seated. He declined, but asked me to be seated, saying,—“You are tired”. I called for a chair for him and spoke to him as if he had been a friend. He answered pleasantly, and then in an apologetic manner gave me to understand that we should have to appear at court. When the date of the present interview was mentioned, I suggested that there was a mistake, and after a moment’s thought he admitted that there was, and so we parted with a pleasant “good-morning”. I knew that it would not do for me to be fearful and hang back, for I was next in importance as a witness, to the defendant, and perhaps more so. So I prayed continually for courage, wisdom, and strength, for if I were to manifest fear it would give a guilty tone to the whole case. Also I realized in what light I should be held by the other members of the family if your father had to go prison for my sake. In the meantime I was taken to Lawyer Richard’s office and drilled as to what I must do. He remarked to your father, “You need have no fear from this lady, she seems
quite collected.” None of my children were subpoenaed, but nearly all of Auntie’s were, hired help included.

During the summer Nephi had expressed himself in some way as if he did not feel just right as to the way things were going. Children have their eyes open and no doubt have their trials. I asked myself the question “Have I said anything at any time to make my son think less of this principle that I have spent my life in sustaining?” In talking to him upon the subject, he said;—“You do nothing else but sustain it.” I thought; “That will do, I can stand that!”

About a week before the trial at court, George came home feeling sick, and instead of taking an interest in things, he hung around and could not eat. He always seemed thirsty, but when he drank anything it caused nausea.

The Trial
Finally the day of the Trial, arrived, and in order that no one would think that I was afraid, I went early. Rose Thompson was with me. She and her mother were living in one of our rooms at the time. She had been subpoenaed as a witness at the same time that the papers were served on me. I dressed in my best, which was a black cashmere dress, heavily trimmed with passementerie; with bonnet and parasol to match. When we arrived at the County Building, the colored janitor had not yet completed his work, but I sat quietly where I was bidden until the officer whose business it was to do so, called out;—“Hear ye, hear ye”, and court was opened. I sat as still as I could, knowing that I must be calm and brave, however I might feel. After a while it was my turn to go to the witness stand. I had my fan along, and I do not know that it ever offered me better service, for it made me seem at ease, although my heart might be beating so that it almost choked me.

After swearing to what I had been instructed, I stuck to my text. One thing to which I had to testify was, that defendant and I had not lived together for such a number of years. The question was then asked;—“How is it that you have such kind feelings toward the defendant?” I replied, “Because of his extreme kindness to me.” I think this answer touched their finer feelings. I believe I had to relate about my first marriage. There was an inference drawn that I was not married to the defendant, but the statement was sustained; “that we were not THEN living together as man and wife. Another question was;—“Did you receive money from the defendant while you were in Provo?” I said, “I had money of my own which I used at my own discretion.” Another question was, “How does the defendant pass his time with you?” (Now, my dignity was aroused) I answered, “Every other week, if it is any benefit to you.”
The prosecution now drew in its horns and the council said; “Mrs. Morris, we did not intend to hurt your feelings.” They then asked me to produce a letter I had received from defendant during my absence from home.

The Court then adjourned until two o’clock. At that hour, our case was “to be, or not to be”.

When the Court resumed its operations, it decided that the charges against us had not been sustained, the defendant was discharged, and congratulations were in order. One of the first to offer congratulations was Governor [Eli Houston] Murray, himself.

I received my witness fee, and went on my way rejoicing. Not, however, without some unpleasant feelings. The thought of being dishonored as a wife, after a marriage of thirty years or more, was neither comforting or flattering. Your sister Addie was very angry about my position.

When the account of the Court proceedings appeared in the Evening News, Mrs. Sarah Maria Cannin remarked;—“that it was most ladylike defense she had ever read.”

And so, I was free, at the expense of being separated from my husband!

[The memoir continues after the portion included here and describes Mary Lois’s husband’s death and other details of her own and her children’s lives. The inclusion of only the first half of Mary Lois’s memoir (from her birth until 1887) complements her diary account of the years 1879 to 1887. Beginning on page 534 below, an epilogue contains Mary Lois’s account in her memoir of accompanying her daughter Kate, a polygamous wife, on the underground in Mexico from 1902 to 1905.]
First page of Mary Lois's first day book, begun on January 1, 1879.