



Preston Thomas

Taken from original journals typed by his son, Daniel H. Thomas. Condensed in 1970 and published by Annette Taylor, a great, great granddaughter.

by Daniel Thomas, his son (1940)

The causes which have impelled me to do this work are: first, the memory of and a love for my father, whom I scarcely knew; secondly, the feeling that his devotion to his family merited some kind of recognition by them; thirdly, his prominence and leadership in this community as a pioneer, colonizer, legislator and early-time judge, his leadership in his church and his education, which was far beyond that of his contemporaries.

Father was large in stature. He was six feet, 4 inches tall with large bones and physically very strong. His health was always good with the exception possibly of a little dyspepsia now and then and he was capable of hard physical labor. He was a good walker and his power of endurance was surprising.

His complexion was light; eyes blue and hair, brown; skin - clean and smooth. In his later life he wore a beard. He was keen of sight, and a good judge of human character. He had hosts of friends.

Father was a great frontiersman and an expert rifleman. He loved the great outdoors, and to commune with nature, her mountains, streams and forests. He knew how to build a wilderness into a settlement of homes.

He loved the land of Dixie where he was born and loved to dwell upon the memories of childhood, but he also, loved the golden west - the land of his adoption. He became a loyal son of the west. To him it was the land of promises--the land "choice

above all other lands." -education provided by the state. Education for the poor as well as the rich. He met much opposition in his efforts in this behalf, for many were opposed to paying taxes to educating the children of those not paying taxes.

He spoke well with the language of the Indians, and mingled much with them, and made them his friends. They called him "Bishop Thomas." He named one fine red man, "Alma."

This man visited him almost every year until father's death.

He loved God's word, and knew well the Bible from beginning to end. He was a friend and forceful speaker and writer, a shrewd and resourceful debater. His record of baptisms shows him to have been convincing and a converter. He loved the restored gospel and was a profound student of it. To him it was worth everything and any sacrifices.

There may be errors in this record, no doubt, there are. There are many omissions because I had no knowledge of the things which I have omitted, but what I have written will preserve many things connected with father's life. He kept a fairly complete journal of his missionary travels. These are written in his own hand and for some time I have had them in my possession.

Be the impelling cause whatever it may be, I have felt a closer association with my father than ever I had before. My study of him and his progenitors and people has endeared me to him and them, and has made me to realize their worth and significance and that they were not less noble or able than the best of their time. I am not ashamed of my father or his ancestors, but believe them worthy of my highest respect and admiration. I have found that my father was one of the leaders in every place he was called to go, and in every cause in which he participated. Any yet his strength of character did not destroy his wonderful devotion to the religious cause he had espoused, for he was obedient to every call, in a measure, kept him in the trenches and on the firing lines, devoting his attention to the general cause often to the detriment of his family and affairs.

I do not expect many to read this record, and still fewer to become greatly interested in it. To many it will be just another book telling the story of a man who has gone, written by his son. but if any who may read this record shall be inspired by it to higher ideals, my time and effort shall not have been spent in vain.

CHAPTER 1 - HERE IS A MAN....

Here is a man that no doubt would have become a lawyer, a prominent southern community leader. His life would have been one of comparable ease. He has land, prestige, and many slaves - yet he heard and believed. He joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day-Saints.

A man that did the things he did, endured so many hardships, led so many wagon trains across this nation, baptized so many people, helped shape and from so many communities, and changed the lives of so many people is remembered by few.

This man---the rugged, tall (6'4"), strong, handsome man with the kindest eyes deserved to be known. His story like so many others of his day is most interesting.

First let's take a look at his ancestors.....

The pedigree of the Thomas family can be historically traced for twelve centuries. Sir Rysap Thomas in the reign of Henry VIII, created Knight of the Garter in 1507, was one of the four Knights who accompanied the King to the Field of Cloth of Gold, and was the ancestor of numerous branches bearing his name in both England and America at the present time. He was descended from Urien Rhaged, a British prince, who lived in the early part of the Sixth Century.

We definitely know of his ancestors back to 1580 when Tristram Thomas was born in Sundridge, Kent, England. Three generations went by and another Tristram Thomas, the first's great grandson, left England and went to Talbot County, MD between the years 1666 when he was born and 1690 when he was married.

Preston Thomas was a "southerner." That is, he was from southern stock for generations back and was born in North Carolina. His ancestors from their earliest arrival in Maryland were southern planters and slave owners. His father, Daniel Thomas, was what might have been styled - wealthy in his day - owning a well equipped plantation with many negro slaves. This grandfather, Reverend Daniel Thomas fought in the Revolutionary War.

Pinckney Preston Thomas, grandson of Daniel, tells of the move of his grandfather Thomas to Richmond County, North Carolina. "When the company struck the old Yadkin River they built them a raft and went on board with their effects and named her "The Whippoorwill" and mounted a cannon on a pile of cobble rocks found near by with which to shell Mr. "Injun" if perchance he should make any war-like demonstrations from the shore. Old Ned, one of grandfather's niggers, was much afraid of the "Injuns," and when the sun went down and shades of night came on, old Uncle Ned would get "powerful skeered" and would say, "Marsa, I'se done seed an injun, don't you spect we better fire that cannon?" All such stories when a boy, I listened to with great interest when told by our father whom you never knew. As I have understood, he helped to found that town, and found his land about five miles out on the banks of the river, a tract of 3,000 acres, and some islands in the river where he kept the sheep. Aunty Betsy told me the land only cost \$2.24 per acre, plus the cost of surveying and for getting deeds from the state."

The plantation was on the east bank of the Yadkin River about 8 miles northeast of Rockingham, North Carolina. Their house was a large one. He had good orchards and cultivated flowers and trees. He had a carpenter and blacksmith shop on the place. He owned a cotton gin and had a shad fishery near the Yadkin River. He owned some 20 negro slaves, one of whom he purchased at a price of \$1,000.

There they lived until Daniel's death which occurred when he was 54 years old. Preston was about 16 at that time and was still in school. All of Daniels' and Nancy Ann Morehead Thomas's children were born at Rockingham. They were: 1. Joseph Morehead, 2. Elizabeth (known at Betsy or Aunty), 3. Preston (about whom this book is written), and 4. Daniel Claiborne Thomas.

Preston was born February 16, 1814. We know nothing of his childhood, or school days except that he was better educated than most people of that day. After his father's death, November 7, 1830, he and his family remained there for a comparatively short time, probably not more than five years. He went to school in New Jersey for a time. At that time the stream of population was wending its way

westward, Alabama, Mississippi, Western Tennessee, Louisiana, and Texas, rich with opportunities for raising cotton, beckoned to young men to come and acquire larger tracts of land at lower prices and build up more extensive plantations. Besides the lands were better and richer than those in the Atlantic states. This offered an inducement to sell out in the east and move westward. So the family sold out their lands in North Carolina and moved into Tipton County, Tennessee near the city of Memphis.

They took their personal property including their negro slaves with them from Rockingham into Tennessee. After remaining in Tennessee about one year, Joseph, his oldest brother, who was married, moved on to Somerville, Kemper County, Mississippi. Later he returned to Tennessee and induced his mother, his sister, Elizabeth and his brother, Daniel Claiborne to move to Somerville, Mississippi.

Preston remained in Tennessee where he continued the pursuit of his study of law. There he married Sarah Ann Jane Morehead, May 10, 1838. And there their first three children were born: Ann Elizabeth, February 19, 1839; Joseph Daniel, March 13, 1841; and Jane Morehead, March 5, 1843.

The mother of Preston, Nancy Ann Morehead Thomas, died November 7, 1843, at Somerville, Mississippi. Upon her death, the family in Mississippi sent for Preston to come where they were to settle up the Thomas estate. Accordingly, he with his wife and young children went to Somerville. There he built a mill. Daniel Claiborne, the youngest had gone to Texas where he married Jane Gaither.

At this point in their young lives (they were both 30), I am sure that they thought that the main struggles of their lives were over and they were well on their way to being settled. Then in January 1844, Benjamin Clapp, then one of the First Council of Seventy of the Mormon Church, came into the Mississippi neighborhood preaching "Mormonism," and Preston believed as others of the Thomas family did and was baptized.

From this point on their lives were never very easy again. Put yourself in their places. Here they were with three small children under the age 5 and little did they know of the hardships that were to follow them.

One of the first people Preston probably baptized was a colored boy who was 13 years old, Samuel Davidson Chambers. His story is told by Daniel Thomas many years later...."He came to Utah after the Civil War when the slaves had been liberated. I became well acquainted with him and knew him intimately for more than 10 years up to the time of his death." The story was told to me by him a number of times. In substance he said he was born a slave in Kemper Co, Mississippi in 1831. His father's name was Davidson, who was a slave owned by a white master. His mother, also a slave, was owned by a different master, a white man named Chambers. Samuel took the names of both masters and was known by the name of Samuel Davidson Chambers. According to the law of slavery where the husband and wife were owned by different masters, the offspring at birth became the property of the master of the mother. Hence, Samuel was owned by Chambers.

Samuel said that in the spring of 1844, when he was 13 years old, he was baptized into the Latter-Day-Saint Church by my father in Kemper County, Mississippi. He said that our father had just been baptized a few months before. He, afterwards,

told me that there were many people baptized about that time at the same place including many of the Thomas family.

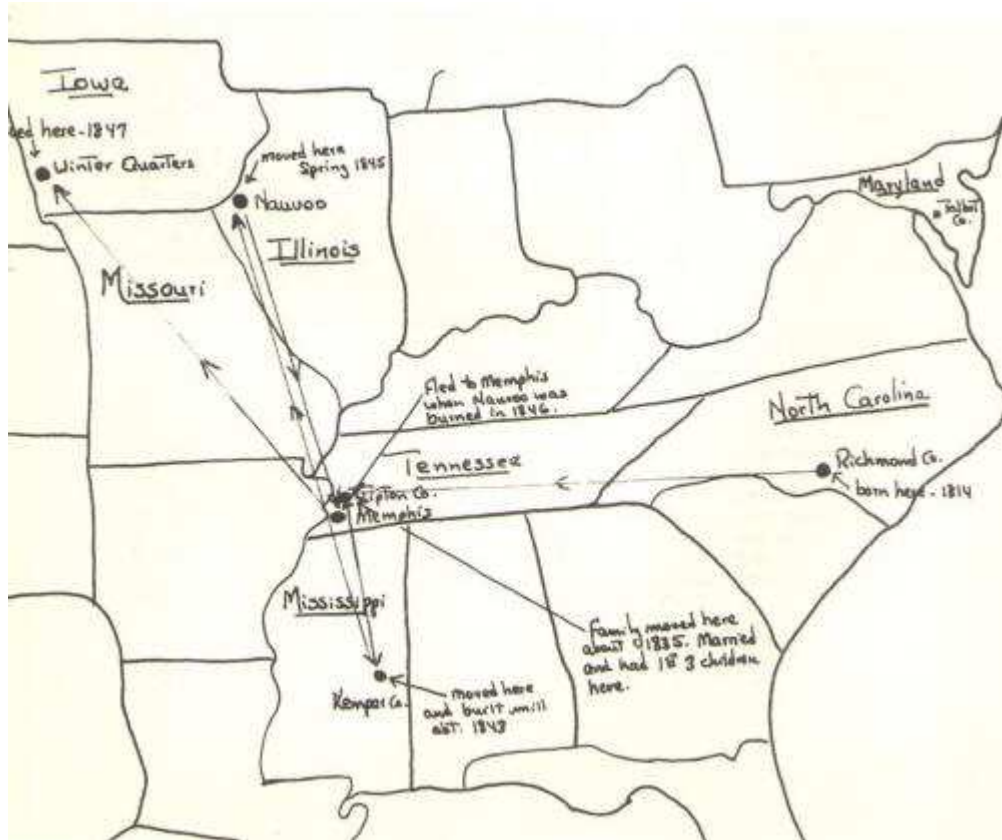
Incidentally, Samuel Chambers often said he "never heard a man who could preach the Bible like Preston Thomas." He said, "he just seemed to know the Bible from beginning to end." Chambers has the greatest faith in the Church and the most profound reverence for the man who baptized him. As illustrating this reverence, I pause to narrate an incident which occurred just prior to the death of Chambers. I came into my office one morning and saw him sitting in the reception room. He, then, attempted to rise to his feet to shake my hand. I sought to dissuade him from the effort of getting up, but he arose and took me by the hand and said with great earnestness, "Your father baptized me, and I always stand in the presence of his son."

In the spring of 1845 Preston Thomas moved his family to Nauvoo where the center of the Church was now located. He sold their negro slaves to his Uncle Benjamin Thomas. When his uncle died, his estate was probated in Mississippi and these slaves were sold by the estate and bought by Abner W. Thomas. His oldest brother, Joseph, went with him to Nauvoo and probably his sister, Elizabeth, who married James Morehead. Upon going to Nauvoo, he selected a farm out east of Nauvoo in the direction of Carthage, but owing to the unsettled conditions did not build or live upon it. Susan Catherine was born there in Nauvoo on June 6, 1845.

They remained at Nauvoo from the time of his arrival there until after the city was burned by the mob in 1846. At the time of the burning of that city, he and his family fled from there and went back to Memphis, Tennessee where his wife's mother and people lived. In the course of the mobbing and hardships at Nauvoo three of their children died:

Ann Elizabeth on Feb. 15, 1845; Joseph on March 5, 1845; and Susan Catherine on Oct. 9, 1845. They lived in Memphis for over a year where Martha (Grandmother Brunt's mother) was born the 20th of September 1846.

Then in early spring of 1847, he and Sarah Ann Jane and their two small children (Jane - 4 years old and Martha - 1 year old) packed their belongings once again and moved to Winter Quarters. They just had about six months together to get settled, etc. and then in December 1847 Preston was called upon his first mission to the southern states.



"FIRST MISSIONS"

Preston Thomas left his home and family on December 28, 1847 with Brother Amasa Lyman - "having been appointed on a mission to go to the south and visit the Southern Saints, to solicit donations of them for the purpose of removing the poor, etc to the Valley of the Great Salt Lake. We hope to return by spring." They traveled from town to town naming those with whom he stayed and how much money they gave them.

Upon completion of that first mission, he returned to his family in Winter Quarters, arriving sometime late in the spring of 1848. At the time of his arrival at Winter Quarters, he busied himself in ordinary routine matters as planting and harvesting his crops and looking after his family until the following November when he was called by President Brigham Young to go upon another missions. This mission was to Texas.

This mission to Texas was in reality the opening and founding of the Church missionary work and system in Texas. To my father is given the credit and honor of opening the mission work in that great state. However, a special object of his mission was to make an effort to get Lyman Wright to come back to the Church.

Lyman Wight was one of the Twelve Apostles in the lifetime of the Prophet, Joseph Smith. He was regarded as a staunch friend, supporter and defender of the Prophet, Joseph Smith. He was large of stature with black eyes and was fearless. He was in the Liberty Jail with the Prophet when they went through their hardships there. It was there in Liberty Jail that the Prophet received the revelation known as Section 121 of the Doctrine and Covenants. Although, he was a staunch friend of the Prophet, after his death, Lyman Wight could not get along with those who came into leadership of the Church. Lyman Wight had established himself in central Texas some distance from the City of Austin.

In those days the only means of transportation was on foot, horseback, mule or by stage. To reach the location of Lyman Wight the route from Winter Quarters was by way of St. Joseph and St. Louis, Missouri, down the Mississippi River by steamboat to New Orleans, from New Orleans on the steamer across the Gulf of Mexico to Galveston, Texas, from Galveston up the river to Houston by steamboat, and the over land in one of the ways pointed out above. "William Martindale was appointed by President Young to accompany father. They had a mule which father obtained from his brother, Daniel Claiborne Thomas in Texas. They would 'ride and tie.' This process was worked out by one man riding the mule for a distance and then tying him to the roadside and going on foot. The other man would come along on foot until he came to the mule and ride on and pass his companion for a distance. He, in turn, would tie the mule and go on afoot and the first rider would walk until he came to the mule. Then he would ride."

THE JOURNALS THAT FOLLOW WERE TYPE ORIGINALLY BY DANIEL THOMAS FROM PRESTON'S OWN HANDWRITING. I HAVE CONDENSES THEM SLIGHT, OMITTED SOME ENTRIES, BUT HAVE NOT CHANGED ANY WORDING OR MEANING. Annette Taylor

November 9, 1848.....This morning William Martindale and myself set out on a mission for Texas to visit Lyman Wight. This mission was assigned my by President Brigham Young, just before he left for the City of the Great Salt Lake, sometime during the month of May last. " Brother Thomas," said he -- "We want you to go and hunt up Lyman Wight. We want to know what he is doing for it is all we can do to get the people to hold on to him by faith and prayer. We want you to learn his purposes and intentions, and if he does not come up and do right soon, the Saints of the Lord will say, "clip the thread and he will go down at once," and accordingly I went to work preparing to have my family in comfortable circumstances. I moved from Winter Quarters to Coices Hollow, five miles from Pig Creek Hunt, went to work and made a crop and built me a house. Brother Martindale having been appointed in the meantime to go with me, traveling in a wagon with Mr. Richardson, intending to go to St. Joseph by land, and then take a boat for St. Louis, and then to New Orleans and from thence in purpose to sail for Galveston by way of the Gulf of Mexico and thence to Houston and thence to Austin County where my brother, Daniel, lives and thence to Wyman Wight. All day today it has been very cold and we traveled some 22 miles.

November 11, 1848....This morning we started very late. The weather still is very cold. Traveled some 25 miles. Mr. Richardson and Brother Martindale stopped at the house at Symon Creek Bridge, and I walked on six miles after night, and stopped for the night with Brother Henry Booth. They were glad to see me. Brother Booth promised to send up his oldest son to stay with our families until our return, and also to send up some wheat and pork to them.

December 26, 1848.....Today I set down to fill up this journal up to the present date.

While we were tarrying in St. Louis we visited many of the brethren and spent an agreeable time. And the brethren raised for us \$28.25. On Tuesday we left for New Orleans. Here we found Brother Lusius Scovit, who is the emigrating agent for the Saints from Europe. We tarried here some two days or more and during the time Brother Scovit and a Brother Calmier raised for us about \$20.00. On Friday we left New Orleans on the Steamship, Palmetto, for Galveston, Texas.

Here we arrived on Sunday afternoon, having had good weather and a good run. Nothing of importance transpiring on the journey, except I was very se sick on the Gulf of Mexico. Nearly the whole journey I ate nothing. Scooner, Fairy. At Galveston we tarried one night, and the next morning at nine o'clock we took passage on the steamboat, Reliance, for Houston where we arrived the next morning at daybreak.

Here we tarried most of the day, put our trunks upon the ox wagon of a Mr. Sullivan and we walked out some four miles and stopped for the night at the house of a Mr. Robertson, intending to wait here for the wagon, which was to come along the next morning, but when the next morning came - no wagon came. But we started on foot and walked a few miles and stopped under some trees and waited until about noon, and still no wagon came. At last, Mr. Sullivan's son came along and said their oxen had gone, had strayed off during the night and were not to be found. After a consultation together, we came to the conclusion that Martindale and myself should go on and take it afoot through the mud and after four days hard walking by which we blistered our feet badly. We arrived at Mr. Daniel Shelby's house, who was a friend to me when I was in the country before. He was glad to see me and treated us with much hospitality. Here we met my brother, Claiborne, who now lived near Mr. Shelby on Mill Creek. His wagon was down and we came up here to his house, tired with our long journey.

Here we found some people who wanted to inquire after the truth, accordingly an appointment was made, and I preached to the people on the first principles of the Gospel. A small congregation having turned out, yet most of the neighbors were out.

The same day I baptized a young man by the name Tyler, who seems to be a very good man. The next day Brother McGaw arrived, and informed us that he left our trunks at the house of Mr. Sullivan and it was agreed I must go after them, and accordingly I took Claiborn's wagon and started and after four days through the mud, ice and sleet, which had fallen in great quantities, I arrived back at Claiborne's sound and well, and Christmas day we spent in visiting the Saints and neighbors and writing, and today I have attended feasting at the home of a Mr. Alexander. Tomorrow morning we expect to start for Lyman Wight's encampment at Pindinatts River.

December 28, 1848....Last night the Saints here in this neighborhood met together to partake of the Lord's Supper, and we had a joyous time of it. There are five members of the Church here and after packing up our clothes and taking a late start, we set out with one Spanish mule, on our journey to Lyman Wights, first one riding and then walking, after traveling about 30 miles through a wilderness country.

December 29, 1848....Tonight we are camped in a little grove of live oak, by a good fire, but nothing to sleep upon, but the earth and nothing for a covering, but the sky. We set out from Austin this morning and after breakfast crossed the Calivado river just at the town and here traveled some 25 or 30 miles. Soon after clearing Austin we entered the Codileras mountains, and have traveled all day through the mountains. The scenery has been beautiful. The mountains are sparsely timbered with post oak, live oak, and cedar. Before setting out we purchased four loaves of bread and thirteen lbs of beef. The whole distance to Wight's settlement is a perfect solitude, not a settler on the road.

December 30, 1848.....This morning we took a early start, the night having been so cold we could sleep, but little. All day we traveled through a picturesque country, high mountains were often climbed in following the road, and then we would descend into beautiful fertile valleys, but generally sparsely timbered, but delightful places for settlements. During the day we saw a number of herds of deer. They seems to be very plentiful in these mountains. We passed, in the course of the day, a number of beautiful clear streams of water, and one large creek which would afford a large amount of water power.

December 31, 1848.....This is the last day of the year, 1848, and the new year is at the door. Early this morning we were up and roasting our beef, for we did not have to wake as we were not able to sleep much for the same reason that we did not the night before. About sun rise we were on the road, feeling we were so near to the place of our destination, as this day we expected to arrive at Lyman Wight's settlement.

We journeyed on, scaring up every little while a herd of deer and occasionally a huge black wolf. About thirteen miles from Elder Wights, we came to the Perernales River, and from here the road follows up the course of the river. Here we found two Dutchmen talking a lunch. We were invited to partake with them. We did so gladly as we were very hungry for we had been on short rations ever since we left Austin. All the provisions they had consisted of rough Dodger and coffee. The corn bread, I partook of, but not the coffee. I endeavored to keep the word of wisdom.

Journeying on we arrived at Elder Wight's about one hour by sun. We were conducted to his house and invited to lodge with him. During this conversation, he seem very reserved and cautious. He did not seem disposed to disclose much of his real mind, although he had learned the object of our mission. We were invited into the room where his high council were deliberating (for he had one).

We were invited to speak and give the news from Council Bluffs. We did so, each of us occupying the floor for a short time. During the whole evening Lyman Wight seemed very uneasy and restless. He was perfectly sober and free from the influence of ardent spirit, a thing we hardly expected to find from what several persons had told us. He expressed no gratification at hearing of the prosperity of the saints at Council Bluffs and elsewhere - nor did he make any remarks about it. We all went to bed having been informed that on tomorrow, New Year's Day, a feast was to be held among them.

January 1, 1849.... The new year has opened upon us and a beautiful day it was. The old year is gone with its events and cares, and it has been a year of commotion among nations. It has been a year in which I have toiled much. During the early

part of it I took a long mission with Brother Amos A. Lyman through the Southern States, and I returned home to Council Bluffs early in the spring and moved my family from Winter Quarters east side to the Missouri River and then made a fine crop by the blessing of God and now here I am in Texas.

During the forenoon of this day, we had a long interview with Elder Wight in which it was evident that he was alienated in feeling from his brethren of the Twelve, and he said many hard things of them, yet he would not express himself with any kind of freedom and when hardly pressed by us concerning some passages in his pamphlet, he would try to equivocate and put entirely a different construction upon them from the ideas the passages would naturally convey. one passage in particular, where he defies earth, hell, aspirants or bigots or anyone else to take away from him the station he holds and appeals to all them of like ordination with himself if they have power to remove him from this place. When his attention was called to this passage, he said the language here used showed nothing in it which meant the Twelve....if they considered themselves aspirants or bigots, then he meant it.

And so he went on for some time praising the passage and trying to distort it and show something else was meant by it. At length, looking him straight in the face I asked him,

"Elder Wight, did you or did you not mean the Twelve when you penned this passage?' He replied that he considered the Twelve of Heaven and not of earth and therefore, he could not of meant them.

Then Elder Martindale called his attention of the passage, "like all things else this seems to be reversed in the last days." this passage had reference to a sentence in the epistle of the Twelve which says, "The rich are required to help the poor to gather up, but may require them to pay them back again if they choose." To this passage he acknowledged to, without trying to distort it, but he was perfectly cornered. Towards the close of this conversation, he made some bitter remarks about Elder Hyde. He said he wanted none of his fellowship and he wanted us to tell the people when we returned that he wanted the fellowship of no one who would fellowship President Orson Hyde or W. W. Phelps of who he spoke many bitter things. He then read from the Times & Season's Newspaper an extract from President Brigham Young's remarks made on the stand at a conference soon after he (Elder Wight) left Nauvoo, which read, "I suppose there are some here for Joseph, some for the Temple, some for the Nauvoo House and some for Sidney Ridgon, some for Lyman Wight, some for Emmitt and suppose some for the Twelve." He read this passage to show that they (they, the Twelve) did not consider him as one of their Quorum. He then said that Brigham Young had told on the stand in Nauvoo an outrageous, knowing, willful, fascally lie, that is, he then said that he (Lyman Wight) ran away from Nauvoo because he was a coward, and he ridiculed him as such, and he further said that he did not recognize him as first President of the Church, but had usurped a place that did not belong to him. In all this conversation Elder Wight sat very uneasy upon his chair.

About noon or a little after, we were invited to sit down to a table prepared for all his colony. A New Year's feast. Some 8 to 10 Dutchman and women were present upon this occasion and in all did ample justice to the dinner, which was a very good one, and Elder Wight said to me, "When you return home tell your people that we can eat a whole hog at a lick, and other things in proportion." The afternoon was

spent in conversation with and among the people inquiring and hearing concerning their welfare and then we took a walk around their village which they called Zodiac. (According to an article in the September 1968 ERA their settlement which had once numbered 250 people, was down to 142 at this time.) We examined their mills, both saw and grist. They have great water power, the whole Pedernales River with rock foundation. It is a beautiful pure mountain stream.

At night there was a meeting of the people and Elder Wight preached upon his common stock principles. He had great effort and labored hard. I suppose he wanted to convert us. In his discourse a great many low insinuations were thrown out against the Twelve and the Church and the store holders caught a glancing shot or two. Finally, he sat down and we were invited to make some remarks. I arose and spoke a short time.

I told them we did not come among them as spies or enemies, but as friends, and we did not come to learn concerning nor find fault with their common stock principles, but we were sent to Elder Wight to tell him that it was expected and required of him to visit his brethren of the Twelve both at Council Bluffs and the City of the Salt Lake, and that his pamphlet did not meet the mind of the Church, neither the mind of the Lord for He had spoken concerning him and we wanted to know whether we might say to the Church when we returned, that they might cherish the hope that he would visit them and be united in feeling and hope. And I told him this was required of him. These remarks brought him out and he spoke freely. He made some bitter remarks about them and especially Elder Hyde. He said he was not going to take that wild goose chase away to Salt Lake City to please them. No, he would see them all damned to the lowest hell before he would do it. He could not see why they did not let him alone and mind their business and let him do so, too. He had his bark afloat already rigged with the rudder fixed, and he meant to run it into heaven and would if they did not run their big Steamboat in his way.

These are some of the remarks which Elder Wight made in the meeting. Next morning before we took our departure, he repeated many of the expressions he had made the night before and spoke more free and positive. He said, he considered himself as President of the Twelve, as he was the oldest man, and if they wanted anything of him they must come and see him for he would not go to see them and that he considered them all apostates. This was said in the presence of his family and several others. My mind must be guessed at when I heard this, for only the day before when he was pressed hard concerning some passages in his pamphlet where an allusion is made to certain characters not having the right to remove him from his place and his trying to show that he in that passage might have alluded to Strand or Sidney Rigdon or someone else? He has said he believed the Twelve were from heaven and now here he pronounces them all apostates. In all the conversations we had with Elder Wight, he never expressed any good feelings towards the Twelve nor towards one of the Church. However, when we started, he told us to give his respects of George A. Smith.

(They departed from Lyman Wight's on January 2, 1849. He describes the countryside)... "We took the road down the Colorado bottom which led through an extremely fertile country. Webber's Prairie some fourteen miles below Austin is one of the most handsome places I ever saw. The soil is of a reddish loam and is extremely rich. Here we left the Colorado bottom. We then passed through a country well timbered with Post Oak and Cedar and then through some very large prairies set with muskeet grass and occasionally a creek passing through."

January 5, 1849.....Finally about nightfall we arrived at his house (his brother, Claiborne's) feeling grateful to God for His blessings in preserving us on this long and arduous journey, saving us from the dangers of men, the waters and from the hands of ungodly and wicked, and providing us with means to travel with and for good health and strength.

January 8, 1849.....Today, I have spend mostly in writing. Among other things I wrote a letter to Brother Joseph Young. We are waiting to have our shirts washed and then we think of taking a tour, preaching, but we have not agreed upon the plan and course we shall take. Claiborne is trying to persuade me to stop with him and help him to sell his property so that he may get to the city of the Great Salt Lake, and I am anxious that he should go as he could do much good with his property and by tarrying here the prospect is I may baptize several others in this neighborhood, who are inquiring.

January 11, 1849.....Today I devoted almost entirely to reading. Among other things I have read are Elder Orson Spenser's letters written to the Rev. Mr. Crowel of Boston Mass. In these letters a series of subjects is treated upon setting forth the doctrine and faith held by the Latter-Day-Saints. These letters set forth in a masterly way the great work of God on the earth in the last days and are replete with instruction and I would recommend their persual to every Saint.

January 12, 1849.....I am yet tarrying at my brothers whilst he had gone down on Mill Creek to try to sell some property, for he is now offering all he has for sale. But as I was sent to this country to visit Lyman Wight and also, to preach the gospel, if an opening appeared, both by President Young and Brother Hyde, I feel to devote my time to it.

I have had it in mind to go down south of this place on the Colorado, Naridad or Guadaloupe, for this is the way my feeling has led me, and having a dream in which I saw beautiful fields of strawberries ready for gathering, and asking an unknown personage where this field was, he said, "on the Guadaloupe." I also dreamed of traveling through mud and water and being much fatigued. When I awoke I resolved to get out at once, though I was not quite ready, for Sister Ione Thomas was making me some shirts, two of which were done, one yet to make.

Accordingly after breakfast, I packed up my clothes and books and set out on foot without purse or script. Brother Claiborne coming some two miles with me to put me in a new road which led out to the settlements on the Colorado River. Taking this road, I traveled all day through a wilderness country, mostly timbered with post oak. The ground was very wet and boggy. Wading several creeks, I reached the settlements I set out for just at dark. The man of the first house refusing to take me in, but sent me on the next house, who took me in and fed and lodged me well. His name is Blair.

January 16, 1849.....I traveled on all day through mud and water, walking being very tiresome as the black mud would attach itself to my boots more and more every step until several pounds weight would have to be carried along on my feet, being held together faster by the grass that was united with it as I trudged along, then ever and anon it would disengage itself from my boots and I would feel lightened up some and thus it would produce an irregular gait to my traveling.

January 17, 1849.....This morning I took a late start, it having rained some through the night and still raining occasionally, a thick fog resting upon the earth. Today it has been very tiresome walking from the same causes that made it so yesterday. During the day I passed by two houses, the road leading through an extensive prairie most of the day. Towards noon the clouds cleared up a little and the sun shone out for a short time which was a welcome sight, for ever since I have been in Texas, there has been but a few days of sunshine. Today I became very tired, more so than any day previously. Finally near the approach of night, the muscles of my legs became so sore that I began to think of lying down on the ground until morning, but kneeling down and praying fervently for strength, the soreness immediately departed and I renewed freshness and vigor in my limbs, and I tripped along more briskly than I had for some days.

Night at length came on attended with pitchy darkness for it had become very cloudy in the meantime. The road could only be followed by the tread of my feet, as I could easily tell by the grass when I was out of it. Journeying on I waded several creeks feeling before me with my cane. Finally I heard ahead of me the familiar bark of a dog which I readily distinguished from the howling of the hungry wolves which I had heard all around. This inspired me with fresh hope for I knew I was near the habitation of man. At length I saw a fire which was a welcome sight. I directed my foot steps towards it and at last I came to a house. Calling for quarters after my usual manner in informing the man of the house that I was a preacher of the Gospel of Jesus Christ and traveled without purse or script (his name is Mitchell with a Capt to it). He replied that he only two beds and he was crowded, but he did not live there, but it was only his negro farm, but there was a house half mile ahead where I could get good quarters. He said he would send a negro man to show me the way and one. He sent him with me, and passing some very muddy road I reached the house and invited to lodge with him.

January 19, 1849.....This morning I took an early start, thanking Dr. Ponton for his kindness in affording me lodging and shelter during the storm which had lasted for two nights and one day. It was still raining occasionally. I traveled through the mud and water, every little while coming to a creek which I generally had to wade or travel up and down in search of some fallen tree to walk over upon. I had the good fortune to meet a man and boy riding horseback, just at the ford of the Lavacca River, who kindly let me ride over this stream which was like all the creeks, very much swollen with the great quantity of rain which had fallen. About the close of the day, I came to a house where seemed to reside some farmer of considerable note from the size of the farm and number of negro cabins. I called to inquire if I could get lodging. At first he refused alleging that he had very little house room and was crowded and that by turning off the road one mile I could get good quarters and that he did not care for pay. Turning around I was about taking leave of him, he said, "Stop, I dislike to turn you off," and going into the house he came out and said, after consulting with his family, he had agreed that I might stop with him. Some supper was ordered to be prepared for me as the family had been to supper.

In the meantime a conversation commenced and among other things they wanted to know what church I belonged. Upon being informed, a great many questions were asked, and answers corresponding were given, all seeming pleased with what they had heard. "Stop," said the old gentleman, "I have a large family, some forty white and black, and I will call them in and you must preach to us." I agreed, with the help of God. In the meantime the meals were prepared and house filled with

whites, blacks and one Mexican. I stood up and after referring the peculiar circumstances in which we found ourselves and by a strange providence of God, we had met together, preached to them the gospel of Jesus. After preaching we sat up sometime conversing upon the principles of eternal truth. All the family seemed joyful at what that been told to them.

January 20, 1849.....This morning after breakfast, making mention of my intention of starting over to the settlements on the Guadalupe River. Mr. Carrol (for this I had learned to be his name) asked me to tarry with him during the day and rest until tomorrow. To this I agreed, and during the day I taught them much concerning the Kingdom of God and the great work He is about to perform upon the earth. All seemed to feel a deep interest in all I made known to them. The day was spent throughout talking and conversing up the things of the Kingdom. After supper I was invited to preach again. The family - white, black and Mexican - were assembled and I preached on the order of the Kingdom.

January 21, 1849.....This morning I resolved to journey on and packing up my clothes, for Mrs. Carrol had washed for me. We kept up the conversation concerning salvation. Finally I took my leave of them, they parting with me very reluctantly. Said I must come this way back and see them again, several of them shedding tears at bidding me farewell. I promised if I found a place to preach at not too far away, I would soon go back and visit them again. In the meantime Mr. Carrol had me a first rate mule saddled up and a boy mounted on a horse to go half days journey with me. Mr. Carrol has some seven or eight children, two of which are grown. Mary Ann, a young woman of beauty and intellect has once married.

I mounted the mule and the negro man, his horse, and off we rode. He came with me some twelve miles to the commencement of the Guadalupe bottom. From here I took it afoot, having to wade through water near one mile. After walking some four miles across the bottom, I arrived at the house of Mr. James N. Smith, whose wife is a sister of my wife and we were formerly acquainted in Tennessee, from whence he removed to Texas during the year 1840. I found Mrs. Smith and children sick with bad colds. Mr. Smith, himself, not being home having gone to Austin some 10 days ago.

January 27, 1849.....Today I have spent with Mr. Smith and family. During the evening Mr. Smith gave me a long lecture of the "Delusion of Mormonism" as he pleased to call it. He would listen to no reason or would he give me time to give one, but in an angry tone and manner abused the Latter-Day-Saints, but his spit was mostly aimed at Joseph Smith, calling him "imposter, false prophet, and a corrupt man."

January 29, 1849....Today I was kindly furnished with a horse and saddle by Mr. Blair to ride out and visit Mr. Carrol and family, where I stopped and preached as I came to this river. They live some 15 miles from Mr. Blair. I found them mostly believing, particularly Mrs. Carroll and their eldest daughter, Mary Ann. Since my stay with them at first many people have called upon them and have told all the lies and falsehoods that are usually circulated against the Saints. Mr. Carrol seems to be astounded at them, but Mrs. Carrol, Mary Ann and their eldest son seem to view them slanders as the natural consequence.

January 30, 1849.....Today I tarried with Mr. Carrol, teaching them the peaceable

things of the kingdom. Today Mr. Carrol was out in the prarie looking after his stock of which he has a great number and came upon a number of thieves killing his hogs. He came home and got some of his neighbors and followed them and overtook them and ascertained who they were. When evening came on, two men came in who live on the Colorado, who were in pursuit of a thief who had stolen three negros from them. I thought to myself, what a country, were it not for a few honest hearts, an elder would have not much business here.

January 31, 1849.....This morning I left Mr. Carrols and retuned to Mr. Blairs. I found him freely believing the gospel. Monday morning he told me he though he should be baptized, but now after reading the books I left him, to-wit: *The Voice of Warning* and the *Book of Mormon*, he was fully satisfied and desired to be baptized. I consented and we went down to the Gaudaloupe River and I baptized him, confirming by the waters edge.

At night I attended by appointment and preached, showing the order of the Kingdom of God. A very good congregation being in attendance for a sparsely populated country. When I was through Mr. James N. Smith made a long discourse against the doctrine I set forth. He was much excited and seemed to think it outrageous that any should presume to question that 11 of the pious sects and denominations of Christians were wrong. He went on at length comparing us to Mohammed, the French prophet, and such like imposters. After he was through I replied in a short speech in which I was often interrupted by him. At length some of the congregation begged of him in a mild way not to interrupt me any more. With this he could hardly be restrained. By request another appointment was made for Sunday.

February 1st, 1849.....Today I spent with Brother Blair in he clerks office, writing and conversing. Brother Blair is a lawyer. Keeps his office here though he says today he is done with his law books and business and is now going to studying and obeying the law of God. The night I spent with with. He is talking of going up to Council Bluffs this summer coming and he is now already preparing to sell out by offering all his property for sale.

February 7, 1849.....This morning I resolved to leave this community and go in search of a people, who if I could find such one as would receive the truth, for the people here seem too careless about the important truths I preach, so I packed up my clothes and books and bid farewell to Mr. Smith and family and went on to Brother Blairs. And after stopping here for a short time, I bid his family farewell, he walking with me some two miles. Mr. Smith in the meantime overtook us on horseback gave me a five dollar piece of gold for my sister's two children. I promised to visit them again if I did not go too far away.

February 16, 1849.....This is my birthday. I am today thirty-five years old, having been born on the sixteenth of February, 1814, in Richmond County, North Carolina. The day I spent in reading and writing and conversation...

My note: He had six children at this time: Ann Elizabeth (1/19/1839), Joseph Daniel Thomas (3/13/1841), Jane Morehead (3/5/1843), Susan Catherine (6/6/1845),

Martha (9/20/46) * [See family group #1](#), [family group #2](#), [family group #3](#), [Pedigree Chart](#)

February 19, 1849.....Today I rode up to Cuero Post Office and mailed some letters, one to my family. Judge Young rode up with me. We had much conversation and he invited me to come over and preach in his neighborhood. I agreed to do so and Thursday was appointed. I returned back to Brother Blairs and spent the afternoon in reading the news of the day from the papers I brought from the post office with me, from which it seems that the Congress of the United States is in great perplexity concerning the slavery question. Truly does it seem that God is vexing the nation according to his words of his servant, Joseph Smith.

February 20, 1849.....Last night I dreamed I was fishing and upon one taking the bait, I drew him up and brought him along side my canoe. He proved to be a huge catfish and when safely landed in the canoe, lo, he was transformed into a snapping turtle, and upon this I awoke. During the forenoon I went down to Mr. Smith's and here I encountered Judge Baker, the same with whom I stopped on my way to and from Gonzales the week before. He set at me for delusion, fanaticism and the like. This forced me to reply, while before I had avoided any controversy. He was furious, but at length being conversed upon baptism for remission, he pronounced Peter, a wild and refractory apostle and liable to a mistake. At this I thought of my catfish and snapping turtle.

February 22, 1849.....Last night I dreamed I was in the company with several men, strangers to me, and one of them attempting to stab me. I wrested the knife from his hand, he went away and then came back again with a longer knife and again endeavored to stab me. This time, also, I wrested the knife from him and striking at him with it I severed his jugular vein by the blow.....Upon this I awoke feeling assured I should encounter an enemy soon, so I was all day on the look out.

Sure enough as soon as I arrived at Judge Young's, I was introduced to one Tyler, and he being told by Judge Young who I was. In a very angry tone he replied, "I was in Missouri when the Mormons turned their horses in a cornfield there at their neighbors. He did not want to hear me preach. He said he knew too much about them. What he said he knew to be true, he did not speak from hearsay. Then he went on to tell upon a certain day when the Mormons were to baptize in the Missouri River, it was given out that at the time of baptizing an angel was to appear upon the opposite side of the River walking upon the River, but some fellows had concealed themselves in the woods and commenced stoning the angel and came near killing the poor creature." I asked him if he saw that occurrence himself. He replied, "No, but he was told it was a fact." I then, asked him if he was present when the horses were turned into the cornfield. To this he answered, "No, but an old friend of him told him it was so." Then Judge Young said to him, "You told us when you set out that you were not going to tell us anything from hear-say." The man seemed cornered. Again after I was done preaching and was coming out of the house he came up to me in a menacing attitude and said to me, "Sir, I can't swallow you," and so he went on cursing and swearing.

February 23, 1849.....The morning I had a good deal of conversation with Judge Young concerning our faith and doctrine, and by his request wrote down the notes of my discourses upon the gospel and many of the chapters and verses referred to in my sermon. He said he would come over to Cameron to hear me preach on

Sunday. He seemed well pleased with my preaching and what I taught him.

March 3, 1849.....This morning I told Brother Blair that I did not want a horse to go over to my brother Claiborne's yet as I wanted to stop awhile and preach a little longer in this neighborhood, for I had been warned in a dream not to go yet, though I did not tell Brother Blair my dreams. Brother Blair had no horse suitable for me to ride so far and was about swapping for one for me. I am a large man and tall - 6 ft 4 1/2 inches high - and a small horse will not carry me for a weigh about 200 pounds. Tonight Brother Martindale arrived and I was glad to see him and we were all glad. He gave me the information that he and Brother McGaw baptized some five persons.

March 14, 1849.....Today I have spent in conversing and writing. Among other things I have written out a report to Elder Hyde of our mission to Lyman Wight, also a letter to him and one to my wife. I will here mention Claiborne gave me fifty-three dollars to send by Brother Martindale to pay my debts at home. He, also, gave Brother Martindale thirty dollars. A good woman by the name of Carri gave me a sovereign and him a five dollar piece of gold.

(Brother Martindale then left for Council Bluffs. Preston Thomas sent his journal with him to take to his wife, Sarah Ann Jane. They prayed for his safe return and departed. Preston stayed there to reach until his brother and others were ready to depart for Council Bluffs.)

March 24, 1849.....Arriving at home again, at night, I preached to the people who had met according to appointment. The subject was the Kingdom of Heaven, its order, etc. During the day I had taken the occasion to teach those with me many things. Tonight, one woman, Mrs. Smith expressed a wish to be baptized as she was believing. Tomorrow morning at ten o'clock was appointed for baptizing.

March 25, 1849.....According to appointment, I baptized **Mrs. Smith** * this morning and confirmed by the water's edge and preached at 11:00 o'clock. After teaching several of the men (Judge Young, for one) expressed their great surprise at and entire satisfaction with the truths set forth.

**Daniel H. Thomas, son of 3rd wife, who typed the original journal believes that this was his 2nd wife as "in November, 1851, after arriving in Utah, he married Maria Foscu Smith, a widow.*

March 26, 1849.....Today I preached up the Second Coming of the Messiah and Signs of the Times. By invitation I preached again in the afternoon at the same place. The subject was the Book of Mormon. After preaching two men came forward and were baptized. Mr. John Smith and Lorenzo VanClive. At night we had a prayer meeting at the house of Brother Smith.

April 5, 1849.....This morning I took my leave of the Saints on The Colett, to go back to Brother Blair's as he expects to be off in a day or two, and I am to go with him. Brothers Smith and VanClive telling me they should try to sell out and come up to Council Bluffs by winter, so as to join the first company for the Salt Lake City another season. We bid each other farewell with such sorrow and although our acquaintance has been of a very short duration, yet in that little time each had become endeared to each and parting seemed as sorrowful as that of an old

acquaintance or near kindred.

I called upon Judge High R. Young as I returned and he gave me two dollars for subscription to the "Frontier Guardian." He seemed to be fully believing the Faith of the Latter-Day-Saints and spoke of moving to the city of the Great Salt Lake. I bid him farewell.

April 25, 1849.....Today we made a start for Council Bluffs, Claiborne and all with us. We had to cross today three large creeks, called 1, 2, and 3 Yawa's. The banks of the last one was very steep and muddy, and we camped in the timber on the borders of a Prairie where he had good grass. Everything was very wet for a great quantity of rain had fallen here, and around there were heavy thunder storms, yet on us a very little rain had fallen during the day. At night we agreed to some arrangements as to clearing grass and keeping out a watch, etc. The following was the arrangement as to the time. The night was divided into three watches....

April 29, 1849.....This morning we took an early start and arrived about 12:00 o'clock at Little River, which was much swollen. The wagons and carriages were ferried over in safety, but in swimming over the horses, one young colt was lost and several came near being drowned. Claiborne and myself pursued her in a canoe and at length we succeeded in roping her around the neck and towed her to shore, but the banks were so mirey that she could only be got out by pulling her out by a rope with a yoke of oxen, and after she was drawn upon the bank she was lost sight of in the thick brush and could not be found, and was lost after all our trouble with her and working in the mud and water...

May 1, 1849.....This is the first day of May and here we are only 175 miles on our journey. The weather has been so rainy and so many delays that we have made poor progress, but now the weather has cleared up and become dry and the mud is fast becoming dry and firm. One of the creeks we had to bridge and in many places we had to cut new roads and after a hard days labor we succeeded in getting through just before night. This is now two days we have labored hard, the weather being very hot and the drinking water bad.

May 6, 1849.....Today we have traveled over one of the finest countries I have seen in Texas. The prairies of the southern country present a lovely sight, at this season of the year in the abundance of flowers which in many places make a gorgeous display far surpassing in richness of color the flowers of the northern prairies and in the great variety.

May 7, 1849.....Today we have been washing and cleaning up and resting until noon and then we struck tents and started and after traveling some 8 miles and camped by a fine stream called Mill Creek. All day today it had been very calm and sultry, but about night heavy thunder storms began to arise, but passed until about an hour in the night, when suddenly a storm came up which at the first gusts carried away our tents, lifting them into the air and carrying them to a considerable distance. Our whole camp equipage was scattered in every direction. Brother Blair's carriage in which was sleeping his family, and himself had gone to his uncles some mile and half off, was tipped over. Happily hurting no one. The storm lasted some 30 minutes, during which time the rains fell in torrents and considerable hail with it. Trees were uprooted and broken down, houses were unroofed and most of the fences in its course were prostrated, so as soon as our tent was carried away, two of

the boys with myself retreated for shelter behind one of the wagons which afforded , but little protection from the hail and rain.

During the continuance of the storm I passed from the carriage and around to the wagon in which was sleeping my brother, Claiborne, and family to see if all were alive, for our voices could not be heard amidst the roar of the storm. Soon after it was over we all retreated to a house trudging through the mud and water which was about to the tops of our boots. The people took us into their house and we went to work and built a large fire to dry ourselves for we were perfectly wet and dripping and cold, for in the meantime it had turned very cold from the quantity of hail which had fallen. I had the privilege of sitting up all night by the fire on a chair and nodding as much as I chose. I will here remark that I have been exposed to many a storm both by sea and land, snow and hail storms, but I believe this to have been the severest one I ever witnessed.

May 8, 1849.....Today we have remained in camp all day drying our clothing and beds, etc, for pretty much everything we had got wet.

May 10, 1849..... About 10 o'clock today we got the wagons all over chambers Creek, but in gathering up the Caread we found a young colt just fouled for which some of us had to wait until afternoon that it might be strong enough to travel. We got some dinner at the house of a family of free negroes. We, then, started driving the horses slowly and overtook the wagons about sun down in camp on Woxahachee Creek. My brother, Claiborne, having upset his wagon in going down the bank of the creek. The wagon turning bottom upwards and emptying out the whole of the load. His wife was caught under the load, but not seriously hurt. The bows of his wagon were broken on one side where they go into the staples was about all the injury done.

May 12, 1849.....Last night we had another tremendous rain, such as one has never witnessed except in the southern country. It ran into our tents and wet everything about before we could roll them up, and the remainder of the night we had to sit up. Morning at last came; greeted and welcomed by us. After much trouble a fire was raised and after a late breakfast we started and we had muddy roads.

May 16, 1849.....Rained again last night, but at sunset yesterday the river was falling a little and this morning Brother Oscar Tyler and myself rode down to it and found it had fallen during the night some five feet, and we went to the ferry and found that wagons could get it my going through some two hundred yards of water, which was up to the side of our horses. We went back and responded all set to work immediately at packing up and whilst the men were driving up and harnessing up the team, some early dinner was got ready and soon we were off. After several hours of hard work cutting new roads and wading through mud and water we, at last, reached the bank of the river. The river bottom here is about two miles wide, one mile of which is the worst road that I ever saw a wagon dive into, which was described to us by some men as the "damdest road" and other other one described in as "a hell of a road." A short, but fair and full description of it.

May 31, 1849.....This is the last day of May and here we are not half way to our journeys end. We have had so many detentions and such incessant rainy weather and so much high water and mud that it has been impossible to make good progress

on our journey. It seems to be the fortune of Saints in their pilgrimages to have to contend with great adversity and he that comes to God to serve Him must prepare his heart for it. One of the Apostles says that "through suffering, Saints are perfected."

June 6, 1849....We are now traveling among the Creek Indians, the Canadian River being the line betwixt them and the Chocktaws on the south and the Arkansas River betwixt them and the Chickasaw on the north. All of these Indians have so far treated us very civilly, but we have been advised to watch closely our horses and mules, for it is said of them that they will steal horses if a good chance appears. By accident one of ours was left at the ford of the North Fork, it having wandered off in the thicket and after going about a mile it was missed and Brother Oscar Tyler was sent back in search of it, but he met an Indian boy with it bringing it to us. the circumstance speaks well for the boys honesty.

June 26, 1849.....Today we have passed along the confines of Jackson County, a land full of interest and Big with future events to the Saints...a beautiful country it is.

June 28, 1849.....We camped about one mile below Weston, where we found some Mormons who furnished us with one of Brother Hyde's papers containing an Epistle of the First Presidency of the Church from the Salt Lake City, and other news which we were glad to read, for we have not heard one word from the Saints since we left Texas, some three months ago.

June 29, 1849....Day appeared. This morning we were off across the river after another load of horses, we having penned them on the opposite side last night. This trip we brought all over and now we have everything across in safety. Soon we left camp and passing through the town of Weston, we took the road for St. Joseph and after a hard days drive we came to some pretty good grass some miles from St. Joseph. Here we stopped them and took lodging for the night with a man who live hard by.

June 30, 1849....Late in the afternoon Brother Blair and Claiborne and myself rode into St. Joseph. I had one of Brother Blair's horses shod which I am to ride home. I am expecting to leave the company in the morning and go immediately home.

July 3, 1849.....and reached home just at sunset. I found all my family well and there was joy and gladness at my arrival and God was praised for preserving my life on this long and arduous journey, both by sea and land.



Map p. 19a

Third & Fourth Missions to Texas

(Daniel Thomas notes) The journal for Preston Thomas' third mission to Texas begins on November 1, 1849 and ends a year and a month later on December 1, 1850. It ends abruptly at this point, the remaining part being lost or destroyed. During the last part of the year he spent his time in selling some of his families property and getting those affairs in order. The first and last entries of this journal are below.

November 1, 1849.....This morning I set out with Brother Byrns for St. Joseph, MO. on a mission to Texas to preach the Gospel in that country and to act as an Agent for the **Frontier Guardian Newspaper** published by Elder Orson Hyde at Kanesville.

December 31, 1850.....This is the last night of the year. The year 1850 is now coming to a close. The year has been marked by unprecedented prosperity of the Kingdom of God, in every land, the cause has prospered and the Government of the United States has granted to the Saints in the vales of the mountains a territorial

government under the name of Utah, thus have the persecuted and wronged Latter-Day-Saints at last obtained their rights and the world world looks at them with astonishment, whilst they witness the rapid spread and prosperity.

The year that is now departing has been one in which I have toiled much. I have been absent from my family during the whole year - yet about once each month I receive a letter from my beloved wife, filled with sentiment of tenderness and love. Oh, how I do want to see them. May God bless them and spare their lives until I return in peace.

He and his family arrived in Utah sometime during the summer of 1851. they made their home at Lehi and part of the time at Cedar Valley some 20 miles west of Lehi from the time of their coming to Utah until in the spring of 1860 when he was called by President Brigham Young to Franklin, Idaho.

In November 1851, after arriving in Utah, he married Maria Foscue Smith, a widow. She was his second wife.

While living at Lehi he was a member of the Territorial legislature during three terms or sessions, one at Fillmore, Utah where the capitol first was located, and the other two at Salt Lake City. These sessions were among the first sessions after the territory was organized by Congress.

In February 1852, he was appointed Probate Judge of Utah County, being the first Probate Judge in that county.

Preston Morehead, his 7th child and his and Jane's only living son, was born in Lehi on February 9, 1852. His and Maria's first child, Ann Marie, was born a few months after he had left on his 4th mission on the 1st of January, 1853.

At the general conference of the Church held August 27, 1852, in the old Salt Lake Tabernacle which stood at the southwest corner of the now Temple Block, but which later was torn down, Preston Thomas was called to another mission to Texas. On September 15, 1852, he started off on that mission.

After spending the fall of 1852 in preaching the gospel, he assembled a company of Saints with their cattle, horses and belongings and owing to the large number of animals and also to the continuous disagreements of the people in the company. Most of the company after having got a good way toward the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains decided to stay over until the next spring. However, Preston Thomas and a number of men determined to go on to Utah that fall. They suffered extreme hardships almost indescribable in crossing the continental Divide.

Following are the most interesting experiences which were many from this journal.....

November 16, 1852.....St. Louis, MO.....Here I find myself in this city on a mission to the Southern States to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ and to build up His Kingdom in the south country, having been appointed at a special conference held in the new Tabernacle in Great Salt Lake City, August 27, 1852.

After leaving my wife (wives) and children in Utah Valley upon I laid my hands and blessed them and commended them to my Father in Heaven, I proceeded to Great Salt Lake City where I attended a Council Meeting in which all the elders who had been appointed at the said conference on missions to the various nations and received our instruction from the 1st Presidency and others, and our blessing preparatory to going forth, in said meeting which was held in the splendid new tabernacle on Sept. 11th. I received the following blessing under the hands of Joseph Young, Jedidiah M. Grant and A. P. Rockwood:

"Brother Preston Thomas, in the Name of Jesus Christ, and in these blessings we set you apart unto your Mission to Texas and the lands round about and not only to this mission, but to preach to all those who shall be committed to your charge. In as much as you will be faithful before the Lord, the spirit and power of your mission shall be upon you and you shall have power to proclaim the fullness of the everlasting Gospel in the demonstration of the spirit and in much assurance to the understanding of those who receive the truth. Many shall be the fruits of thy labors, thou shalt lead many unto the Kingdom of God under thy teachings and you shall lay your hands upon them and God through you shall impart unto them the Holy Ghost, which shall enlighten their minds, inform their understanding and bring things of worth before their vision.

You shall have power over the elements, to heal the sick and do many other mighty works if you be faithful in your callings. We bless you with the Spirit of Wisdom; you shall enjoy health and life and be a blessing among the people where you sojourn. You shall have the power to safely return to your family and friends and find them in peace and enjoying the blessing of health and the spirit of the living God. These blessings we seal upon you and all others as you shall live for and say unto you, your heart shall be comforted. You shall do a work that shall resound to the honor and glory of God and no good thing shall be lacking. We seal these blessings upon and set you apart to this work in the Name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. amen." Reported by G. D. Watt

After making many arrangements and tarrying in the city until the 15th, I set off in the afternoon traveling in the same wagon with John S. Fulmer, William Enyers and Conute Peterson who were bound on missions to the continent of Europe. We joined the main camp over the big mountain some twenty miles from Salt Lake City which when altogether numbered 73 men, one woman and two children. We traveled along slowly, waiting for documents which were not printed when we left Salt Lake City, which were necessary to us to take along. These were sent to us by Express which overtook us in Echo Canyon on the 19th when we set off traveling at a fast rate. We had many instructions from Orson Pratt, Orson Spence and many others on the journey.

Altho a trip across the plains is always hard, and on this we had more than an usual amount of snowstorms and cold weather, and on this we had more than an usual amount of snowstorms and cold weather, yet many things transpired to make it an agreeable one, and it was recorded that never did a company cross these plains in so

much unity and brotherly feelings - scarcely a jar or contention was heard throughout the whole trip.

Ourselves and our animals which consisted of horses and mules were never molested by the Indians on the whole trip, many thousands of whom we met. In our band at one time we met some 2,000 Paunus. The principal cause, however, of our safety across may be attributed to our keeping up a vigilant guard and the Lord especially protected us. We reached the Frontier on the first day of November. A part of the company crossing the Missouri River at Plattville and part at Old Fort Kearney at which last place I crossed in the company with thirteen others - among them Orson Pratt, Capt Dave Jones, Horace S. Eldridge, John Brown, etc. We were 45 days in crossing the plains which is driving a little too fast for animals, for many of our gave out and were sold at Fort Laramie and Kearney for merely a trifle. At the latter place I sold mine for \$20 which when I started was a splendid mare, but we drove too hard for her and I was compelled to sell her, notwithstanding at Fort Laramie we bought \$21 worth of feed for our teams besides starting with as many oats as we could haul. Had we traveled a little slower and taken some five days more in making the trip, in my judgment, we should more than have been paid in the better price our teams would have brought us.

We traveled on Sundays with the exception of one or two which was against my feelings for I have always opposed to traveling on Sunday because it is the day the Lord has appointed to rest and has commanded us to keep it Holy. Our beloved, President Brigham Young, has always taught us to observe it and I always feel to do so. After crossing at Fort Kearney we directed our journey for St. Joseph where we came up from St. Louis and started back the same day upon I with many others took passage and arrived here in safety on Monday the 15th of this month (November) in good health and spirits.

Today, I have spent with Brother Pratt in having read a work in manuscript which he is writing upon the pre-existence of man and Celestial Marriage. We also, had much conversation in regard to "Spiritual Rappings" which are becoming very common throughout the United States. There are many newspapers devoted to these things. It seems that many spirits are let loose upon the world who are going forth discussing many things to discourage the people. They communicate as well by writing as by knocking and reveal many things to the children of men. These spirits lie like sixty and are so cunning in it that men without the priesthood are not able to detect them.

November 19, 1852.....Today many of the Elders came into our room and we spent much time in conversing upon various topics. From what I can learn from them, many have but a small amount of means and are trying to raise some more in this city before going further. This afternoon I spent with Brother Pratt at the office of Brother Gibson. At night a number of the Elders came in and we had much conversation upon various subjects. Some six or eight of them slept in my room on their buffalo robes not having anyone among the saints to invite them to their homes.

November 21, 1852.....This morning I went to Brother Gibson's house and was accompanied by several of the brethren. Here I read a challenge for a debate with Brother Pratt upon the subject of plurality of wives and sent by a Dr. Jackson, published in the St. Louis Democrat.

November 29, 1852.....Here I find myself near the city of Memphis having arrived here on yesterday morning after a voyage of five very disagreeable days from St. Louis spent aboard the Steamer Eliphant, among the wicked and abominable....Oh! How great is the wickedness of the people who travel upon these waters. No wonder the Almighty often sends judgment like destructions; it seems a wonder to me He does not come out of His hiding place and sweep them all away in His anger.

I now consider myself upon the land which is to be the field of my future labors, and I feel here to record my feelings of gratitude to my Father in Heaven for His kind care which He has exercised over me upon this long journey ever since I left my home in the mountains, and has brought me through dangers and has permitted me to arrive in safety. I am stopping at the house of my mother-in-law, Josie S. Morehead. Brother Washington Jolly is with me.

November 30, 1852.....Today I went to the City of Memphis with Walter and Armistead Morehead and called upon Col. Leary, a lawyer and obtained of him information in regard to selling the real estate of Joseph S. Morehead, deceased, and it was agreed that we should petition the Chancery Court to be held in Memphis on the 1st Monday in January for a decree to sell said real estate and Col. Leary agreed to attend to it for \$20.00 the day was very busy.....

December 31, 1852....This is the last day of the year 1852. How rapid the flight of time. The present has been a year during which I have toiled much. I labored very hard during the forepart of it in building cabins, digging water ditches and plowing and sowing, nurturing and harvesting wheat in Utah Valley, where my family reside. And on the 15th day of September I set off on a mission to Texas where I have been appointed to by the Church, and after much hard travel and exposure I find myself in this land. During the past year I can say I have been activated by the motive alone to do the will of my Father in Heaven, and I strive for this every day of my life that I may do the will of my Master and be an instrument in His hands of rolling forth His work in these southern states, where my calling and sending has been. May the Lord make me a blessing to the people wherever I am sent.

January 1, 1853.....This morning is a new year -- the old one is gone and will soon be forgotten and all its works except those that have been performed by those holding the priesthood of the Almighty and have performed works in reference to Eternity; these are recorded in the archives of God and will endure forever. Oh, weak mortal man, how perishable and transitory are all thy works. How soon they pass away and are buried in oblivion. Today thou boasted thou, thyself, in thy acts tomorrow -- behold all has passed away. Didst thou but know the great things which God has created for thy salvation and best knew that this was the day of thy visitation how different would be thy actions, but also thine eyes are closed. Thou art in deep slumber and knowest not what a destiny awaits thee. Satan hath lifted thee into carnal security and is ready to grasp thee with his awful chains and will soon drag thee down to hell. Knowing these things, therefore I pray night and day and first to plead with the people that peradventure I may persuade some to believe upon the Savior and accept of salvation whilst it is called today.

My wife, Jane's relatives, who live here once were believers in part of the gospel of Jesus Christ, but they suffered themselves to be overcome by the devil, and the world and the Devil has hurried them on until the light they once had has become darkness and oh, how great is the darkness they are in.

I am trying to assist in the winding up the estate of Joseph S. Morehead in which I am interested which ought to have been settled up long ago, but has been neglected until now. It consists mostly of one tract of land of forty acres upon which is a good set of buildings and said to be worth some hundred dollars per acre.

January 10, 1853.....Today I have commenced to carry into effect a plan which I have for some time entertained - of writing a Treatise on the Gospel. Today I made a commencement and wrote 5 pages, intending it for publication.

January 18, 1853.....Today I rode to the Town of Pontotoc. I went principally to employ the printer to print for me a pamphlet, the manuscript of which I have written. The printer agreed to print one thousand copies for about \$39.00 and will have them ready in about two weeks. I then made a purchase of a few articles out of a store which were sent for by me and then rode back again.

January 24, 1853.....I received two letters today from Texas - one from Brother William C. Moody and then other from Brothers John Spron and Coats. From these letters it seems the saints in that county have a division among them in regard to the route they shall take to the valley of the mountains, the gathering place of the saints. It seems some are for going by way of El Paso. All are urgent for me to come speedily and make them a visit and reconcile all differences, and both parties agree that all will abide my council. This is one instance out of many I have had of the difficulty of young saints being able to get along without an experienced Elder to be with them to council and instruct. Upon reading these letters, I decided at once to go and the spirit of the Lord seemed to sanction it. Late in the evening I rode back to Brother Dennis.

January 25, 1853.....This morning I rode to Pontotoc again in order to correct the remainder of the proof sheets of my pamphlet which I did, but it was late when I finished. The printers say in a few days all will be ready. This evening upon returning to Brother Dennis I found that he had been to the Redland Post Office and brought in three letters, one from my wife, Jane, one from Daniel M. Thomas, a cousin of mine, who resides at San Bernardino, California and the other from a Brother John Less of the same place, who was formerly of Texas. It seems from my wife's letter that all my four children had been sick since I left my home, as also my wife, and also Maria's children.

From the letters from California, it seems that great prosperity attends the saints at San Bernardino. Cousin Daniel writes in the feeling language of a relative and his kind letter awakens the recollection of many former enjoyments. He and I were brought up together and came into the Gospel at the same time and place to wit: State of Mississippi in January 1844, but we have never met since that year.

January 29, 1853.....I am making arrangements to start for Texas, and I found the stage for Memphis goes out tonight at one o'clock, upon which I wished to take passage. I accordingly rode back to Brother Dennis and gathered up my clothes, some of which I have just had made and finished, but today, I took leave of the family and Brother Dennis. He promised to follow me in a month or two. Being accompanied by a negro boy to bring back the horse upon which I rode, we reach Pontotoc after night. I took lodging at the Eagle Hotel from whence the stage departs. I, also, went over to the printing office and directed the printers to bundle up for me two hundred of my pamphlets which I wish to take with me. I then went to bed.

January 30, 1853....This morning at one o'clock the state set off for Holly Springs. I being the only passenger on board which I considered quite a privilege to be left alone to my own reflections.

January 31, 1853.....This morning I set off in one of the Holly Spring stages for the railroad depot. At 4:00 we had a great crowd of passengers and pretty soon it was known that I was from Salt Lake and was a Mormon, upon which a general conversation ensued during which many questions were asked and corresponding answers were given, and it was kept up until we arrived at the depot which was about 10:00 o'clock. Here we tarried until one o'clock when the cars et off for Memphis. On the passage I had a great deal of conversation wit the passengers and was treated very civilly by them, many inquired with interest, and I sold copies of my "Treatise of the Gospel." At three o'clock we arrived in Memphis and I went out two miles from the City and stopped all night with William T. Morehead, my wife's brother, where I was entertained by him with some good music on his violin. His wife, Morena, seemed very cross and did not greet me as though she wished me there, but he, himself, was very kind. Just such a wife as she is, I consider far from being a blessing to any man.

February 7th, 1853.....Here I find myself in the City of New Orleans having arrived here this morning abut 2:00 o'clock on the steamboat, John T. Lund....

February 10, 1853....We are now just across the Bar at the mouth of the Mississippi river. I find the "Perserverance" to be a splendid ocean steamer and a fast runner. The gulf of Mexico upon which we are now sailing is perfectly smooth as much as the river was and consequently none of the passengers are seasick.

February 14, 1853.....We arrived in the City of Houston in the midst of a hard rain. I found a number of our good saints, who were anxiously looking for me and we all rejoiced together. One sister by the name of Barron declared she had seen me in a dream and knew me. I have arrived in the field of my labors. The Lord has blessed me on my long journey, spared my life, provided me with money to travel upon and brought me safely to the field of my labors, which I wish to thank and praise His Holy name.

February 18, 1853.....I find the saints here have been much stirred up and tried in their faith with the doctrine of plurality of wives. It seems a Brother Tanor has been here and told them of the doctrine without having the spirit to enlighten them upon it, and most of them appear to have been very much shocked, and I have been at work mostly to reconcile the feelings upon that point, consequently I preached upon that subject last night.

Brother Tanor it seems, after having crossed the plains with us and come a far as St. Louis, insisted in going on to Inland by way of New York with the rest of the brethren who were on missions to Europe, got left at St. Louis and then got robbed of his money and then came on here. His mind being perfectly dark he scattered confusion as we went as our brethren observed he set everything on fire and not one drop of water to put it out. I observed all the way across the plains as we came out, he was much darkened in mind. The brethren here gave him one hundred and twenty-five dollars and he went from there to New Orleans to go Inland where he was appointed to go. It seems he never reported himself at New Orleans to Brother John Brown who is our Agent there (that is agent of the Church). I suppose he was ashamed to

do so. As far as the saints here, I reckon it is all well enough for them to stir them up with something. The good ones, I presume the Lord will save anyhow and the half-hearted ones have been kicked out and everything is about right anyway.

February 19, 1853.....Today I went to a German School and commenced the study of the German language, something I determined to do as soon as I was appointed to this mission to Texas for there are a great many Germans in Texas. Perhaps as many as 1/2 of the whole population and they are a very honest and industrious people.

February 20, 1853.....(Sunday) Today I preached twice in the forenoon to the saints upon their duty; in the afternoon upon the principles of the gospel. The saints in attendance and in the afternoon my German school teacher who is a Lutheran preacher came to hear me. His name is George A. Binger.

Today we have had with us a Brother Clark from Grimes County who is a sound Latter-Day-Saint. He informs me that the saints in Grimes County are much disturbed in regard to the doctrine of plurality of wives. Brother Tanor was there likewise. I have promised to go home with Brother Clark and try to set it all right.

This morning I set off for Grimes County to visit the saints there. Brother Clark and Brother Ray going with me. The roads were tremendously muddy and bad for it has rained almost every day since I have been in Texas. We swam two creeks and forded many up the the saddle skirts. We rode 36 miles (a severe norther blowing against us all day) and stopped for the night with a Mr. Ashpond, who treaded us very kindly. He inquired a great deal about our people, faith and doctrines, etc. and listened to me very attentively.

February 23, 1853.....This morning before I arose Brother Ray who slept with me related the following dream. He and I appeared aged men together and many children were clipping from our heads, which were very white, locks of hair to preserve as keepsakes in remembrance of us. He asked me what the dream could mean. The following interpretation was strongly impressed upon my mind. If we were faithful we should live to be of great age and future generations should hold our names in honorable remembrance because of our wisdom and the good we shall do in the kingdom.

February 18, 1853.....I went to the German school this morning and commenced the study of the German language. My teacher took some pains with me. I learned the alphabet and began to read a little. I find some difficulty in pronouncing some of the words. Unlike the English being spoken with the tongue many are sounded in the throat. It takes a thick double tongue for such a language. I am determined to persevere in trying to acquire if as I am very desirous to reach the gospel to the Germans in Texas.

March 3, 1853.....Today I have spent among the brethren partly at the house of Sister Cropper. In the afternoon I baptized 6 persons, the names are as follows: Shepton Duggin, Mr. Matier (a german), Dennis LaFayette Mathena, Joseph Harmon, Nancy Mathena and Amelia Mathena. They were baptized in Spring Creek at the mill of Mrs. Croft at night. ([See list of baptisms](#))

March 7, 1853....This morning we were called upon by a number of gentlemen and invited to preach upon the subject of Plurality of Wives - rather insisting we should

stay. I told them we would and I wrote out an advertisement and they had it printed in large handbills and stuck up all over town. The result was a large congregation of gentlemen filled the Court House, but no ladies. I preached a powerful discourse and was listened to with breathless attention and was often times cheered at a great rate. The effect was great and the impressions made upon the people seemed to be very favorable and animosities and bitterness against us, as a people seemed to be very much softened, and gentlemen gathered around me and conversed freely with me upon the subject and inquired a great deal about our people, doctrine, etc.

March 25, 1853..... Last night I had a dream in which I saw and talked with Brother Brigham Young and he told me many things and again I dreamed of the Prophet Joseph Smith's children and talked with them. Spent the day in reading and writing

March 30, 1853....This forenoon I with Brother Lloyd went out to meet the brethren on the road and after riding some five or six miles we met Brother W. C. Moody in a carriage with a number of saints. I turned and went back with him to Brother Barron's late in the afternoon. The families came in wagons drawn by oxen. A number of persons asking for baptism. About the time it grew dark, all the saints in the neighborhood had gathered together and a great flame of fire being kindled out of the pitch pine of the banks of Spring Creek. I baptized the following persons: Michael Minnich, Rebecca C. Anglin, Eliza A Loyd, Albert Stock, Clara Stock, Christiana Johnson, John Franklin Moody, Margarette Moody, Thomas Jepperson Clark, James Madison Clark, Robert McIntire, Samuel McIntire, Louisa, the Calaabite, belonging to Brother Willim C. Moody, , two lamanites of the Tuckopaw tribe named Sally and Betsy.

The following persons were re-baptized: Brother William C. Moody and his wife, Harriet, his mother, Polly and Mr. John M. Moody, his wife, Margaret, Brother John Wesley Clark and his wife Eveline. Also, for the first time, Simon Birnz. ([See list of baptisms](#))

After baptizing we had a meeting at the home of Brother Barron and I confirmed all these persons, being annointed by Brother's Moody and Barron. We had a very good meeting and many spoke by the spirit and prophesied. Brother Clark spoke in tongues and prophesied that if all those going to the Valley would be faithful not one of them should fall under the hand of the Destroyer by the way, but all should live to reach the Valley. The meeting lasted until midnight when we broke up and all went home.

April 15, 1853.....Here I find myself at the house of Brother Barron again after an absence of just two weeks on a voyage to New Orleans with the saints who have gone from this and Grimes County.

Whilst stopping in New Orleans I bought \$75.00 worth of dry goods and sent to my family by Brother William C. Moody and gave him \$10.00 to purchase leather for me in St. Louis which he agreed to take out to my family. I, also, sent my wife, Maria, one box of goods which Brother Dennis bought in New Orleans and had left with Brother John Brown. Brother John A Ray took them. I, also, gave him \$10.00 to pay freight upon them and to purchase leather for her in St. Louis. Thus the Lord has put means in my hands to clothe my family with for which I feel to thank and praise His Holy name.

Sunday morning I went on board the Steamship Louisiana, and here I found some 13 saints who are to accompany me back to Texas in order to join those going up from there by land. They are all poor and expect to work their passage through. At eight o'clock the Steamer set off. I bid farewell to Brother John Brown and soon we were rapidly losing sight of the city of New Orleans where we had parted with so many kind friends. In the afternoon we crossed the bar at the mouth of the Mississippi River and were again upon the boisterous Gulf of Mexico, making it now six times that I have crossed this Gulf to Texas in order to preach of Gospel of Jesus Christ. On Monday, I was called upon by a number of the passengers to preach on board. I consented and a large crowd was assembled on the upper deck and I preached a long discourse to them upon the kingdom of God showing that God, in the last days, will set up a Kingdom which shall cover the whole world and all people be subject unto it, giving also its order showing that its officers would be of God's appointment. I was listened to with very great attention and after I was through a crowd gathered around and many made inquiries.

April 16, 1853.....This morning I came to the house of Brother Barron and continued filling up my journal, reading, etc. I find it will take sometime yet for the Saints to be off as they have much yet to do in the way of finishing wagons, gathering cattle, etc. I find they have some five hundred head gathered and are being herded and there are many more yet to gather which are very wild and are hard to drive. I have counseled the Saints to drive all their cattle for knowing as I do the great scarcity of cattle and consequently high price at Utah, I have felt anxious to have them take all they possible can. Some of the brethren have some three or four hundred head. These brethren have lived in a new country here with boundless prairies and being sparsely populated has given them great opportunities in raising stock.

May 16, 1853....This day I have spent in riding around among the saints and giving instructions. The wagons are now mostly ready and the packing of goods is being attended to by most families today and all are making ready for a start.

May 17, 1853.....Today I wrote two letters to my wife, Jane, and one to Brother John Brown in New Orleans. The day was otherwise spent in helping to make wagon covers, etc.

May 24, 1853.....and took my departure for the Camp where I arrived about dinner time immediately after which I organized them by nominating Alexander F. Barron, Captain over the whole company and Brother William Slack and Michael Minnich, captains of ten.

Their nominations were sustained by unanimous votes and all things seemed to pop off very well. As the close of business I spoke to the people upon their business and duties and exhorted them to be faithful and instructed them in the manner they should live and deport themselves upon this journey. The remainder of the day I spent in writing, looking after things about the camp at night. I was informed that the business of dividing the herd was about finished.

May 25, 1853.....This morning we took an early start which was unusual for this camp owing to their always having so many wild cattle to take up. The day was exceptionally hot and in the afternoon the road proved to be a deep heavy sand

which made it very hard pulling for the oxen, but just as dark came on the wagons had gotten thru the sand which was a timbered country where it was and all camped on the Prairie. The herd in the meantime had been taken on that a pen might be found to pen them in, but finding none had been taken on that a pen might be found to pen them in, but finding none we were compelled to stop them on the prairie and guard them there.

In the meantime just before night came on a heavy shower of rain came up, which gave us a thorough drenching so as not to leave a dry thread upon us and it was eleven o'clock at night before we had anything to eat when some of the brethren arrived from camp bringing us some dinner and supper for we had had nothing since breakfast. We likewise had a good fire kindled by setting fire to an old tree which I found on the edge of the prairie some distance from the herd. Up until this fire was kindled we all suffered very much from cold and I often times lighted from my horse and took a good dance in order to warm myself. This was done so often that I had fairly worn myself down. I could no longer warm myself in this way. At twelve o'clock I lay down before the fire upon the wet ground, upon a blanket and slept until 4:00 o'clock when I was aroused to go on watch again.

May 30, 1853.....This morning as there seemed to be some dissatisfaction among some of the brethren, a meeting was called at which all the men were present. I called upon them to know the cause of the dissatisfaction and the dispute Saturday night. Several spoke and explained it seemed that some of the English saints thought they ought to have pay for their services in helping to cross the Plains. One man, by the name of Mun stated that he was not going to be abused as Brother Thomas abused them the night before and should go no further. This man for sometime manifested a wicked spirit and disposition not to listen to counsel and showed a stubbornness that would not brook control and disclosed he would go no further. All the others seemed pacified and were willing to go on with those which they had promised and everything was set right and all felt well.

As soon as all the teams could get together we set off and traveled some six miles, at which place we were very late getting during the day due to heavy rain which came up which made the roads very slippery and muddy and our wagons had a hard time. One wagon of Sister Croppers was sunk into a deep gully and the standard were broken and the wheel had to be dug out with a spade. It was about nine o'clock in the night when we got out of the gully. I then went ahead of the teams carrying a torch of pitch pine and wading in the mud wherever I had to I piloted on set of wagons into camp. I then would go back and pilot in anther set and before the last ere gotten in it was midnight. All were wet, muddy and hungry. Mun, the man mentioned wanting to quit the train got off with his wife and daughter.

May 31, 1853.....This is the last day of May and here we are but just started only some 40 or 50 miles. Our camp is moving very slowly. These Texas people are not so industrious and energetic as the saints from other countries, but they are generally better informed and almost all are wealthy which is generally a misfortune for when people are rich they are more apt to forget God and trust in their own riches and own strength, consequently God in His providence generally deprives them of their property as soon as they come into this church. Today Brother Selby and Brother Ostler left us to go and stop for a time with Brother John Moody and then to go on a mission to preach the gospel to the gentiles.

June 6, 1853.....This morning the camp made a late start owing partly to some of the cattle being hard to find and so many new or unbroke oxen to yoke up. Our camp is now considerably enlarged now since Saturday and on this day another captain was appointed, Robert Lloyd, who now constitutes the third. I have now fully organized the camp with officers, charts all complete, and everything now begins to move on with considerable more order and regularity. Today we traveled some twelve miles and stopped at a beautiful camping place in a prairie.

June 12, 1853..... I announced to the company that I expected to accompany them to Salt Lake this season, instead of remaining in Texas to preach the gospel to the gentiles. This announcement gave a general excitement to the whole company and an universal burst of satisfaction and joy was the result and many a heart that had began to faint in regard to going thru this season suddenly revived and felt confident of being able to perform the journey. A wonderful change now came upon their feelings.

I had not until with a few days past ever contemplated, going through with this company home, but had made all my arrangements to stay for another year, but the Holy Ghost had now manifested me to go home with these saints.

June 26, 1853.....During the past week we have traveled some 70 miles, laid by most of two days through the carelessness of the people and their indifference to traveling, already are many growing sick and the hand of the Lord is upon us. Death, also has been in our camp. One of Brother Langley's children died on Friday, whilst we were journeying along. The little boy had been sick for sometime, but one one thought of his dying until a few moments before he was known to be dying. May the Lord have mercy upon and save the people in His goodness, but I know the God whom we serve will not be mocked nor trifled with in the last days and I fear this people will suffer sorely.

July 3, 1853.....Today we have traveled 10 miles or thereabouts. We have had much afflictions in camp, many have been sick and it has been with difficulty we have been able to get along with the herd and teams with so many being sick. On Tuesday night last I was attacked with a disease, the name that is prevalent in camp known as Bone Fever among the inhabitants of this country. Its effects are: there comes a great aching in the head attended with a slow fever. It seldom proves fatal, but might if not treated with care. It has been from this that have suffered very severely for three days during this week. It is followed afterward by violent headaches and most of the week I have been confined to my bed and unable to attend to the camp duties and of course, camp regulations have been none of the best.

July 20, 1853.....Near Ft. Arbuckle 60 miles north of Red River. For the last three weeks we have had much sickness in camp. Three of our little children have died of fever and we have had great difficulty in traveling at all owing in part to the sickness and in part to the contention among the Saints, of which there has been a great deal ever since we have been on the journey. We forded Red River some 40 miles above the little town of Preston, a place known as Bonkins Ford. The streams was really over half-mile wide and very deep, so much so we had to block up the wagon boxes upon the wheels about one foot high in order to prevent the water from running to them and wetting the goods. One day did not suffice in crossing, but we labored hard one whole day and part of another. From Red River to this place we have had

a very bad road and we have traveled very slowly. We have been stopped here two days to have some blacksmithing done which the Government officers are kindly doing for us.

There is much contention in our camp and has been all the time and the people are anything but right in their hearts. My prayer to Almighty God is that we may get all things set right or that the Lord will set things right so we may travel in peace. My health is improving, but slowly. The weather has been exceptionally hot and it seems to be impossible for me to recover whilst traveling in this hot sun. But I prefer to ride very much in the sun to riding in a wagon and being jolted as I should have to be over these bad roads.

I have neglected to record, heretofore, the gift to me by the company of a splendid mule for which they paid \$125.00. I believe him to from his appearance one of the finest animals I ever saw of that race. I immediately named him Texas. I shall expect to take first rate care of him.

July 23, 1853.....This day we left Ft. Arbuckle after a stop of four days during which our sick recovered very much. The Commanding officer, Capt. Simmons treated us with much respect and kindness as did all the other officers. On Sunday, I preached to the officers and men of the garrison twice and was listened to with attention. I also preached on Friday evening.

On Sunday I took dinner with Capt. Henshaw who had a splendid dinner. His table was loaded with luxurious food, along which was the most palatable to me was various kinds of vegetables, kinds of berries which I have for a long time been a stranger unto. My discourses were well received and seemed to have made very favorable impressions upon the minds of all. Capt. Simmons came to our camp this morning to bid me farewell - also several of the officers of the Fort. I will not here forget to mention the kindness of the physician of this station in waiting upon our sick and furnishing medicine free of charge to anyone. May he be rewarded in the resurrection of the just for his kindness. He, too, came over this morning to bid us farewell.

August 1, 1853.....Today we have remained in camp all day; and for the past week we have traveled very little. We have had a number sick and one death had occurred...Sister Elizabeth Coates, a woman much beloved by everybody, sound in the faith and a woman of great kindness to all. she left three little children - the youngest only one month old which his parents have named, Preston Thomas, in honor of myself. May the Lord bless the child, spare its life and bless it greatly that he may grow up to be a useful man in the kingdom.

August 2, 1853.....Today we have remained in camp all day having been detained by the loss of some of our mules and we have been searching after them. For sometime now we have had nothing but difficulty and trouble with our animals, and among the people murmuring and contention. Brother Slack has been murmuring and finding fault on the whole journey and he has been sick and afflicted with most of his family. Three of his children have died, but the blinding of his mind is so great that he can not understand. He has murmured at and found fault with almost every counsel I have given. And he has tried to poison the mind of all the camp against me, and he has wanted to stop and the camp to stop and lie by with him at every place.

August 20, 1853.....The whisperings of the Spirit is for me to go home this fall. Accordingly I am contemplating to go with a small part of young men as soon as we arrive at the Arkansas, and the saints find Winter Quarters, following up the course of that river and try to reach my mountain home by that route.

August 30, 1853.....Here I find myself in camp on the North side of the Arkansas River having been more than a week ago crossing this river from the junction of it with the Arkansas. The usual amount of hindrances have characterized our journeyings. We have lost a number of cattle and lost much time in hunting them up, broke down several wagons and were delayed in repairing some very bad roads. The country is scorching hot, rough and mountainous and the road very rocky in places. Our stock have suffered very much for want of water. Almost through the whole distance we have traveled there are no springs - the creeks do not run and water is only to be found standing in holes in the creeks and branches, which is always very warm in this hot climate and often times unpleasant to the taste and of course, very unhealthy.

September 4, 1853.....Here I find myself with the camp 15 miles from Fort Gibson on the east side of the Verdigris River having crossed it two days ago with the whole camp. I am making my preparations to go to Sale Lake this season, as I understand this to be the whisperings of the Spirit to me. Brother William Coats especially has acted nobly towards me. He purchased one larger mule which cost him about \$150.00 and one beautiful Indian pony.

Yesterday I went to the tow of Gibson and bough some things for the journey. Among others I purchases a new pair of harness for which I paid \$25.00. We, also, had our mules shod at the government blacksmith shop. We remained in Fort Gibson all night. Tomorrow morning it is agreed that I and Franklin Coats shall go back to Fort Gibson in search of a light 2 horse wagon for himself and me and also Michael Minnich and Joseph Harmon (who are also going with me to Salt Lake) are to go over the Arkansas River to the Creek Agency in search of arms for themselves. This afternoon I went out with Brother Barron to an Indian's house where they gave us some good peaches.

September 5, 1853.....Today I rode to Fort Gibson with Franklin Coats in search of a light 2-horse wagon. We found one and made a purchase from a man who lives some few miles east of the garrison. The wagon appears to be a very good one, well finished and nearly new. I paid for it \$100 in gold. I, also, purchases some articles of provision for our journey. We then rode back to camp where we arrived just as it grew dark.

September 6, 1853.....Today I have spent very busily in preparing for starting, making arrangements, etc. I sent for a wagon load of corn in order to start to sack and carry with us to feed our mules upon the road. In the evening the boys returned bringing in twenty-one bushels for which they paid 37 1/2 cents per bushel. P33

September 8, 1853.....This morning I have been trying my mules in harness in my new wagon. They seem to be drawing well, but are young, fat and wild...still they performed very well. I have on my wagon 28 bushels of corn, 150 lbs of flour and a number of articles making in all some 1700 or 1800 lbs of weight, which is a very heavy load for two mules, but it will soon grow lighter and then we can roll faster.

September 9, 1853.....We are journeying with the company in order that we may help them along for if we should leave them and go on our journey to Salt Lake Valley, they would be left scarce of men and would not be able to move on. We want to assist and go with them to help them if they are not hindered too long even at the risk of being belated and caught in some snow before we reach Salt Lake ourselves.

September 12, 1853..... Today we have traveled some eight or ten miles and camped early in the afternoon upon the banks of the Viridigris River, where they expect to winter. We shall probably remain for one or two days when we shall roll on towards Salt Lake This afternoon I had an interesting conversation with Sister Cropper. At night I held a meeting at which, most of the brethren were present. I spoke to them at length upon their duties and obligation to God and to one another. I organized them all into a branch of the Church It was called the Texas Branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Brother Alexander Barron was chosen president, Brother William Slack, Priest, Brother Robert Lloyd, Teacher and Brother John Richards, Deacon. Brother William Coats was appointed to leave on a mission to Texas on business for the saints, who are here, and to visit those who are there and gather them out as many as well come with him and bring them to this place and be joined with the company here to go on to Salt Lake together next season.

September 13, 1853.....All this forenoon we have been making arrangements for starting and all our little items of business are being attended to. Today Sister Cropper gave me one lot of muslin for a robe, or Temple clothing. Sister Cropper gave me some small shawls for my little girls at my home in Salt Lake,

This afternoon, I baptized Benjamin F. Coats, a young man of considerable promise. He is a brother of Brother William Coats and he goes with me this season to the Valley. I, also, baptized Brothers Michael Minnich, Joseph Harmon and Sims Matherny. We had a beautiful river for baptizing, the Virigris. Today I have done up many small items of business and such as arranging our load an such like affairs.

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[Click here for Wagon Train Trip To Salt Lake City - 1853](#)

Onward to Salt Lake City

Description of Wagon Train Trek

<http://www.lds.org/churchhistory/library/pioneercompany/0,15797,4017-1-61,00.html> (Source)

The **Preston Thomas Company** consisted of poor Englishmen, a couple of Scotsmen, and some wealthy Texas families with their slaves. The British Saints, 13 in number, had sailed from Liverpool to New Orleans, then to Galveston and Houston, from which point they traveled overland to Spring Creek (near Houston). Here they were assigned jobs as teamsters, cooks, and herdsman in the company to pay for their way to Utah. The 12 Texas families had an average of three wagons each and between four and five hundred head of cattle. While in this outfitting camp, they elected Alexander Barron to be captain. Barron, an energetic man, had been serving as a branch president. Preston Thomas, who joined the company to return to

Utah, was a missionary who had served in Texas. All together, there were between 60 and 75 in the company when they started. Setting out from Spring Creek on May 23, the company encountered many difficulties. Their oxen were wild or unbroken, it was exceptionally hot, and many of the teams failed. Before getting far, the company was stopped by a law officer who demanded \$500 to pay a debt he said one in the company owed. In many places, deep sand covered the road, and making it muddy and slippery when it rained. At one point wagon had to be dug out of the mud. The Englishmen quarreled with the Texans, demanding pay for their services. The company frequently had to stop to look for lost cattle and they often traveled no more than eight or nine miles a day.

By May 31 they had progressed only 40 or 50 miles. On that same day, two of their number chose to remain in Texas as missionaries. On June 3 in Grimes County, four more Mormon families joined the company. Slowly they pushed ahead. The party crossed the Trinity River at Dallas and the Red River about 40 miles above the town of Preston. At the Red River, they voted to have Preston Thomas take over the company captain's reins because he was more experienced in traveling in Indian territory than Barron.

Traveling in Indian territory, many in the company suffered from "bone fever" -their bones and heads ached, their flesh felt tender, and they were feverish. On July 30 the train camped near Fort Arbuckle. The post commander and his physician treated the Mormons with much kindness, giving them medicine without charge. On August 7 they camped on the Canadian River with improving health and spirits. There, a Cherokee man advised them not to continue northward but to go down the Canadian River and then go cross country to the Arkansas River. They followed this route and arrived near the mouth of the Verdigris River not far from Fort Gibson. All along the way from the Red River to the Arkansas River the road was bad and some of it had to be repaired. Three wagons tipped over, though no one was seriously injured. After crossing the Arkansas River, the party went into winter quarters on the east bank of the Verdigris River about 35 miles north of Fort Gibson. There, Elder Thomas organized a branch called the Texas Branch, with Alexander Barron as president. Up to this time, six children and one woman in the company had died. The Texas Branch stayed there until the following year, 1854, when they completed their journey to Utah with Washington L. Jolley as their leader.

In spite of the lateness of the season, Preston Thomas decided to continue on to Utah via the Evans/Cherokee road. Together with five companions (one of them a non-Mormon), two light wagons, four mules and four horses, this small party left the Verdigris River on September 14. Trouble struck almost immediately. One of the heavily laden wagons got stuck crossing a creek. At Hickory Bluffs, a Cherokee settlement, the natives tried to dissuade the travelers from continuing their journey. The crossing of the Verdigris River was difficult.

Weather continued hot until September 20. When the company ventured onto the plains the next day, some of the men were suffering from chills and fever. Reaching the Santa Fe Trail at Turkey Creek, they followed that road for about 100 miles to where it crossed the Arkansas River. On the road they met freight trains and purchased soap, medicine, flour, and matches. On September 29 the weather turned wintry. Two days later they passed Fort Atkinson, a deserted army post.

After crossing the Arkansas River, they left the Santa Fe road and followed the north bank of the river westward. When they passed a Cheyenne encampment, armed and mounted warriors surrounded them, demanding food and pilfering equipment. Facing the Indians with boldness, the company was allowed to continue. They passed Bent's Fort and then turned northward along the Boiling Spring River. They then passed Pike's Peak, crossed over the Arkansas-South Platte watershed, and followed Cherry Creek to its mouth. For 12 days the weather was freezing; then it snowed in drifts that made traveling difficult. Creeks were frozen, food ran low, feed for the animals was scarce. When the party, many of whom were now sick, met a band of Arapahos, an old chief advised them not to continue their journey. Two of the company elected to winter on the South Platte.

From the South Platte the rest of the party headed toward Bitter Creek, even though Indians and a mountain man warned them not to go that way. For the next 200 miles there was no grass, no water, no wood, and the road was the most difficult any of them had ever seen. Cold and snow continued. It took them six days to get from the Continental Divide to the Green River, arriving there on November 22. There they bought a fresh team and some beef from mountain men. On Black's Fork the travelers joined the main east-west emigrant road. Stopping at Fort Bridger, they bought flour and fresh beef. At Yellow Creek, Thomas left his companions and pushed ahead in order to solicit help from Salt Lake City. He reached Salt Lake in company with a mail carrier he had met on the road. His three companions straggled into Salt Lake on or about December 9-one of the latest arrivals on record for a Mormon emigrant company, albeit a very small one.--

Continued from Journal:

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Wednesday, Sept 14th, 1853..... This morning about nine o'clock I started on my journey for Salt Lake having now made all things and bidding all the saints farewell. We set off being accompanied by Brethern Michael Minnich, Joseph Harmon, Franklin Coats, James McPherson, and a young man by the name of Thadeus Crandel, who does not belong to the church, but goes out with a view of wintering in Salt Lake and then go on in the spring to the gold mines. We have two light wagons, four mules and four horses, our wagons are drawn by the mules, two each. I drive my own wagon and Bro Michael Minnich drives his.

Today the weather has been very warm and the flies bother and tormented our mules most miserably, the road most of the day has been good with some rocky hills excepted. After traveling some 22 miles we camped near a creek where we had some good water.

Thursday, Sept 15th, 1853.....This morning we were off by time; just before starting a thundershower came up which lasted for a short time only, In the afternoon we arrived among the settlements of Cherokees at the crossing of the Virdigris [Verdigris] river. Before we reached the river within one or two miles we came to a deep creek with very muddy banks. Here my wagon stuck fast in the mud and the mules were unable to pull it out, and I was compelled to wade; and then it was with great difficulty we were able to get it out with both teams hitched on to it. After it was pulled through I had nearly the whole load to pack across the stream and up the hill, a distance of more than 200 yards; unfortunately at this particular

time Bro. Franklin Coats and Joseph Harmon were gone some several miles down the river to a settlement in search of some brethren and did not arrive until I had over the whole of my load which was packed upon my shoulders, and the mud for several rods was up to my knees; darkness came on about the time I had all the load across and was camped upon the banks of the creek. Here we had poor grass but having plenty of corn I fed my mules well upon that, and I went to bed worn out and worried with my hard evening's labor.

Friday, Sept 16th, 1853.....This morning we were off very early and were soon upon the banks of the Verdigris River. Here we found some difficulty in crossing owing to the banks being washed badly, then we had to dig down so as to drive our wagons over in safety. At this river in the last of the settlements which is on the east side. Here lives a Cherokee half breed by the name of Cooley and there are others living around. The place is known as the Hickory Bluffs on the Verdigris—here the people tried to dissuade us from going upon so long a journey so late in the season and with so few men as they said we should certainly fall into the hands of the savage Indians, for no one ever thought of trying to pass over this route with so few men, being only 6 of us. But I was not to be dissuaded from my purpose of making the attempt to go home, for this was the whisperings of the Spirit to me and I felt to just put my trust in the Almighty for protection and safety.

After crossing the Verdigris which we effected without difficulty we set off to explore an unknown country to us in finding a way to the home of the saints. In about four miles from the Verdigris is a large creek to cross and a good camping place. From here it is 16 miles to where we crossed the same creek again here we camped and it is a good place for the purpose. Soon after we got into camp, an Osage Indian came into camp. He seemed half starved, begged for something to eat. He appeared to be of the lowest order of human beings, I have ever seen. His appearance in camp admonished us to be on the lookout for our mules and horses, and it certainly stirred up the boys to watch with double diligence. The poor fellow after we had fed him made signs to go away but I tried to induce him to tarry until morning, thinking by this means to prevent him from carrying the news to his band, until we should be on our way tomorrow morning, and thus have the advantage of the time to get out of this country but I could not prevail upon him to stay, but when I proposed to take his pony out to grass with a rope and offered him a blanket to lie upon, he seemed to guess at my reasons for trying to induce him to stay and he was evidently, confused.

Saturday, Sept 17th, 1853.....This morning we got a late start owing to Bros. Minnich and Harmon having broken one of the harness of their wagon and a new one had to be put in before starting. However at 8 o'clock we were off rolling over a beautiful country resembling very much the country west of Council Bluffs on the Missouri River. The whole face of the country is covered over with a very heavy coat of grass which is still as green as midsummer, ever and anon we crossed fresh Indian trails admonishing us that we are now traveling in an enemies' country and it is necessary for us to keep wide awake. Today we have hauled our load over twenty miles and camped near a small creek where we had good water, and grass, and would be a very good place for a train. We took our horses off to a good spot of grass some three hundred yards from camp and watched them until 9 o'clock when we brought them in and tied them up to our wagons in our manner and fed them corn and kept one man on watch during the night. The night we divide in three watches, the first is until half past eleven, when the second goes on which ends at 2 o'clock, then the last goes on which ends at early morning. When all are well each one watched the corn every other night but now during Bro. McPherson's sickness it

comes a little oftener.

Sunday, Sept 18th, 1853.....This being the Sabbath we have not traveled but have lain still in order that we might rest and let our animals rest, and indeed it has been a rest day to me, for I stood very much in need of it, so much labor has to be performed and thru standing guard for three hours every night that I hardly have time to pray and I am worn down for sleep and rest is most needed. Brother McPherson still continues as sick as ever, and appears to suffer a great deal. We miss his help very much especially in standing guard at night.

Monday, Sept 19th, 1853.....This morning we were off in good time and were rolling over a beautiful country, but soon the face of it changed to rather mountainous and occasionally very rocky which made traveling with wagons very unpleasant and we have had several very severe hills to pull up. Along all the road which we have traveled thus far water and wood have been sufficient for large companies of emigrants at convenient distances and oceans of grass. This afternoon we spent traveling, we have passed no water and the rocky hills have been less frequent, the rock has changed from sand stone to hard limestone and the soil which is of a reddish hue appears very rich, camping time coming on and finding no water near the road we turned off down a steep large rocky hill about one mile from the road where we found water, wood and good grass. Today we have traveled some 28 or 30 miles.

Thursday, Sept 20th, 1853..... This morning we were off early and rolling over a beautiful country covered with a luxurious growth of grass, but no water and it was nearly noon before any was passed on the road, but when we found it there is a good camping place with wood, water and grass. Timber which has been very plenty all along the road is now becoming more scarce and apparently we are verging upon the vast plains lying East of the Rocky Mountains, extending almost the whole length of this continent. The weather which has been very hot ever since we started[,] last night changed to very cool and today a strong north wind is blowing and it is fine traveling; in the afternoon several higher elevations were passed. At night; we camped at the foot of some mountains on a beautiful creek—a lovely camping place. 25 miles today.

Wednesday, Sept 21st, 1853.....This morning we were off at an early hour, pretty soon we commenced ascending the limestone mountains, the ascent was long and gradual and consequently easy for teams. When we reached the top we found the country almost a plain ahead of us, not, and the road somewhat rocky. We have almost lost sight of the timber. The day has turned cool and is lovely. This afternoon we began to observe the real Buffalo grass in considerable quantities and several kinds of antelopes were seen. We camped tonight at the edge of a beautiful valley and in the absence of any other name, I called it "Solitude". Through this valley runs a beautiful creek with skirts of timber along its banks mostly walnut trees of a gigantic size. We passed over the stream and through the Valley to the foot of the hill to camp and hauled wood from the creek, mosquitoes were quite plenty. 25 miles.

Thursday, Sept 22nd 1853.....This morning we got rather a late start in part owing to two of our company having taken sick last night with chills and fever, namely Franklin Coats and Joseph Harmon, Bro. McPherson is recovering and is able to help a little around the camp. This forenoon we have traveled over a country, mostly level and a good road, crossed one creek and stopped to move on the banks

of a large creek, with a broad strip of walnut and huckleberry timber on its banks. Daily we observe much Indian sign but have met with but one on the first evening after we crossed the Verdigris River. Camped this evening on a beautiful camp with creek nearby, and with walnut timber skirted along its banks. This evening we saw signs of buffalo. 25 miles.

Friday, Sept 23rd, 1853.....This morning we were by times and rolling over a beautiful country, no water was met with until late in the afternoon, and then we have hauled over a country destitute of timber not a tree to be seen. We camped without wood or water but good grass, many antelopes were seen today. 28 miles.

Saturday, Sept 24th, 1853.....Today we have met with no wood; at noon we cooked some dinner with buffalo dung; this when it is quite dry makes a very good cook fire, early in the afternoon a beautiful small creek of clear pure water was crossed. Late this afternoon we reached the Santa Fe and Independence road, the Ft. Gibson road intersects it just at Turkey Creek; here we camped, no wood, but water standing in holes, and grass poor.

Sunday, Sept 25th, 1853.....Inasmuch as we have no wood and poor grass at this place we have concluded to roll on notwithstanding it is Sunday and our custom is not to travel on Sunday, but in this instance it seems we would be justified. We have traveled 20 miles today over a splendid road and camped on the banks of the little Arkansas River, very poor grass and water, but wood through Buffalo Hills, was found today[.] This day I have been observing a Fast before the Lord in order that I might enjoy His spirit and that He may help us on our journey and save us and our mules and horses from the Indians, prosper us upon our journey, which things may be granted us for the sake of His Son, Jesus Christ and bring us safely to my home. Brother Franklin Coats is still very sick, the other brethren who were sick are fast recovering. 20 miles.

Monday, Sept 26th, 1853.....This morning we were up at the break of day, and soon after the sun was up we were rolling along—we traveled over a good road this forenoon and have made good speed, stopped at noon, without water although we have crossed several creeks but they were dry, no doubt there is water in most of them somewhere, one buffalo bull was seen this morning with a herd of antelope. This afternoon we crossed a creek with deep channel and a small stream of running water, supposed to be Corn Creek, here we filled up our jugs, watered our animals, and drove on some 7 miles further and camped on very poor grass without water. Here I killed an antelope which was very acceptable as we were all without meat, butter or anything of the kind, his skin was quickly taken off and a game at roasting and frying commenced, and kept up until all had satisfied their keen appetites. None of my companions had ever before eaten antelope and they all pronounced it good meat. This day we have seen a number of buffalo bulls. 25 miles.

Tuesday, Sept 27th, 1853.....This morning we were off by times and at 11 o'clock reached a large stream of water running over a broad wide bed of sand. This we afterwards learned was the Arkansas River. Here we watered our animals and drove on, stopping after a few miles to drive to noon, we then went on and late in the afternoon came to a large creek known as Walnut Creek. Here we discovered a large herd of Buffalo watering some half mile above the crossing of the creek, our party was stopped and myself and Bro. Michael Minnich went out in pursuit in order to try to kill one. Large numbers of them were coming down into the stream to drink, and after crawling on our hands and knees for a long distance we came in gun shot,

and I succeeded in killing two large fat cows and Michael two poor ones. I immediately went after our wagons and left Michael butchering one.

We soon were all on the ground, camping arrangements attended to, and all went to taking care of the flesh of the two cows and a little after dark it was mostly all carried to camp. This one is the last camping place we have had for sometime, good grass, good water and plenty of dry oak wood; this was much better than the Buffalo chips we have been compelled to use of late for fuel; our supper was of the best for no flesh is more palatable than hot tender buffalo cows. This afternoon a train of wagons were moving west on their way in to Independence. They informed me that they had been to Santa Fe. I obtained some matches from them as we came off without any and have been much troubled to kindle fires at campings for the want of them. 25 miles.

Wednesday, Sept 28th, 1853.....This morning I obtained 4 sacks of flour from the quartermaster of a government train which passed us whilst we were taking care of our buffalo meat this morning. From the officers I obtained some information in regard to the road we are to travel, it seems from their information we travel the Santa Fe road yet more than 100 miles, then it crosses the Arkansas River and our road does not but goes immediately up on the North side of Burtsport. We also this morning obtained from a freighting train who had camped near us some soap and also some medicine for Bro. Franklin Coats who still remains very sick. Today we have traveled some 20 miles and camped on Ash Creek; we passed today a noted rock known as "Prairie Rock" the only one we have seen for many a day.

Thursday, Sept 29th, 1853.....This morning we were off in due time but we have found the roads rather heavy from the rain which fell last night. The weather today is cloudy and a thick fog is resting upon the earth, the air is chilly and things look quite gloomy to us lonely travelers out on these vast prairies, with a long journey before us and winter fast approaching, and we have the Rocky Mountains to pass before we reach home, and the prospect is we shall have plenty of snow before we get thru. This forenoon we crossed a large stream of water known as the Pawnee Fork of the Arkansas River. I feel to be hurrying on with my little party as fast as possible trusting in the Almighty who gives me his spirit daily. I know He is with me and my faith is He will preserve us, but one can't help feeling a little gloomy, such a wintry day as this on these plains amid such a vast solitude and with so small a party as I have with me, and the Indians are on the alert all time to steal, to rob and to kill, but I trust the Almighty will preserve us through and bring us safely at home. We found a camping place on the banks of the Arkansas, but no wood, only buffalo chips which burn badly and cooking is difficult. Today we have traveled some 25 miles, several small herds of buffalo were seen on the high lands a good way off from the road.

Friday, Sept. 30th, 1853.....This is the last day of the month and here we are some 400 miles from Fort Gibson and 7 or 800 from Salt Lake. The weather has cleared up but the wind blows strong from the north and the day is cold and wintry. Soon after sunrise this morning we were off and rolling on up the Arkansas over a splendid road. We camped at a bend in the river where we found an old dry cottonwood log which made us a good fire—traveled today 25 miles.

Saturday, Oct. 1st 1853..... This morning whilst we were eating breakfast about sunrise a large train drove up and stopped near us to cook their breakfast. From them I borrowed some information in regard to the road ahead of us, some of their men had the scurvy. I gave them some buffalo meat and some antelope. I wrote a

letter to Bro. Barron and sent by them to mail for me at Independence. We soon were off, took in in the afternoon old Fort Atkinson, now a deserted post. The United States officers and troops we met at Walnut Creek some 100 miles before, were from this Post, and had but just evacuated it, which was by order of the War Dept. at Washington City, which I think was a wise step in evacuating as the Post was built of mud and not a single tree within some 30 or 40 miles. We drove on beyond this post some two miles and camped. 25 miles today.

Sunday, Oct. 2nd, 1853.....Today we have remained in camp and rested ourselves and our animals and indeed it has been a restful day to us all. This is my general custom in all my travels when I have the control to observe the Sabbath as a rest day but more especially because the Lord has commanded us to observe it as such.

Monday, Oct 3rd, 1853.....This morning we were off soon after the sunrise, our mules seemed much invigorated by the rest on yesterday and I am sure we did ourselves. Soon after starting we met a large train from New Mexico, the wagons were all drawn by mules, soon after this we passed some ox wagons in camp on the banks of the river, these belonged to Mr. Bent of Bent's Fort, a well known trading post some 180 miles down on the Arkansas, they were bound for the states, from them I purchased a splendid buffalo robe for \$6, about 2 o'clock today we left the main Santa Fe Road immediately where we left it, it crosses the Arkansas and our road follows up on the north side without crossing it at all. We stopped for dinner soon after we left the main road. Here we had some very good grass. We then drove on until after sundown before we could find a camping place which at last we did upon the Banks of the river. Here we found a pile of flood wood, which we used for fuel.

Tuesday, Oct 4th, 1853.....This morning we were off by times – as we drove along I discovered a flock of geese near the road; took Bro. Michael's shot gun and fired among them and killed two very fine ones, camped for the night on the banks of the Arkansas and waded – across the river to procure a little wood to cook with. It is a curious fact that although there are always trees in sight yet none are to be found upon this side of the river. This afternoon both Bro. McPherson and Thadeus Crandel are taken sick and both were compelled to forsake riding horseback and rode in wagons, and Bro. Franklin Coats was compelled to ride horseback, altho he was hardly able to do so, and I tied my pony to my mule in my wagon and led him in this way.

Wednesday, Oct 5th, 1853.....This morning we were off soon as the sun was fairly up and rolling over a splendid road and in fact we have had a most extraordinary good road ever since we came into the Santa Fe Road. Since we left it we have seen a great many bands of antelopes which were very scarce before, we seem to be out of the buffalo altogether and I have seen but very few for a nu[m]ber of days. We turned into the river and camped on its banks where we had a little driftwood for a fire. 27 miles.

Thursday, Oct 6th, 1853.....Last night I dreamed I was with Brigham Young and Willard Richards and had some conversation with them in regard to my mission to Texas. We got quite a late start this morning stopped at noon on a good spot of Mountain Blue Grass, traveled today some 25 miles and camped near the banks of a small chute which makes out of the main river across which Bro. Joseph Harmon went and cut down an old dead dry cottonwood tree which made us a splendid campfire, but it cost us some hard licks to get it. Bro. McPherson our little

Scotchman still continues very sick and Thadeus the Gold Digger who is with me has the Ague and Fever every day and is scarcely able to do any camp duty.

Friday, Oct 7th.1853.....This morning we were off by early times and rolling over a splendid road. Last night I dreamed of seeing some of my old acquaintances among the Saints and some of youthful associates who have long since been dead among them Charles Law was one, and my sleep was secret. Whilst we were nooning today two Indians of the Shian [Cheyenne] Tribe came to us and begged something to eat. We gave them bread and buffalo meat, they informed us that their party was in camp on the Arkansas some distance, just at camping we came in sight of the horses belonging to the band and we turned in on the river and camped; soon after camping an Indian came to camp and informed us his band was camped just above and that they were Shians [Cheyennes].

Saturday, Oct 8th, 1853.....This morning we took an earlier start than usual that we might be away before the Indians started to come to our camp to annoy us. We soon found their lodges some 20 or 25 in number. Several of their principal men came out hailed us and inquired if we saw many buffalo on the river as we came up. We informed them, Yes. They next inquired if we saw any Comanchus [Comanches] or Pawnus [Pawnees]. We answered them, No. All these questions and answers were given by signs. They said they were Shians [Cheyennes] and seemed to us to be quite friendly.

We then drove on and after driving some 10 or 12 miles we met an Indian on horseback with a squaw behind him. He said he was a Shian [Cheyenne] and we passed on, soon after I looked back out of my wagon and saw that he had turned about and was following us. He continued with us some mile or two and turned into the timber on the Arkansas, making signs to us to follow him, this however we took care not to do, soon after he disappeared in the timber a party came rushing out on horseback armed with guns, pistols and bows and arrows, and rushing forward on my train (for I was in advance) by signs demanded of me to stop. This I did and by this time a number of them had come up.

Then in a murmuring manner demanded of me sugar and I offered them a little in a tin cup. This they would not accept but demanded more. I made signs to them and gave them to understand that I was on a long journey and had but little. They still persisted. I filled up the cup, they accepted this and wanted more. I made an attempt to drive on but two of their party interfered and made signs if I did they would shoot me and one with a pistol drawn stood just in front of my mules. After consulting with the rest of my brethren it was thought best perhaps to give them some more sugar and perhaps this might satisfy them. I did so until I had given them three cups full. They seemed as little satisfied at this as at first. I refused to give any more. They then wanted several other articles. These I refused. They then gave me to understand they had a pair of Mocasins which they wanted to trade for more sugar. I gave them to understand I did not want to trade for I had very little sugar, but they persisted so with guns and pistols pointing in our face, that some of the brethren thought it safest to take the moccasins. I did so and gave them a cupful of sugar.

During the parley about the sugar some of them attempted to put their hands into my wagon and take up little things, but I thrust them out. I now begun to feel as if their intentions were to rob us of everything and having but little choice between death and being robbed of all our provisions and clothing on the plains at this season

of the year, the weather now cold and freezing, with these reflections I resolved to free myself from them, and pulling my rifle near and my large butcher knife lying on my seat just at my right hand, I demanded of them to get out of my way and let me drive on, they refused. I struck my mules, a pop with my whip, the mules started, and Indian seized the bridle of the mule on the right side, this frightened them, and they jerked away from the Indian, the Indian struck the mule with the barrel of his rifle as the mule was passing him. This so frightened the mule that he stampeded and turning square off the road, my team running at the top of their speed for more than the two hundred yards before I could get them stopped.

This done I whirled about immediately and returned to where the other wagon and the rest of the brethren were. I found the wagon surrounded by Indians and making demands of Bro. Jos. Harmon who was its driver, he had given them some flour and [they] had reached their hands into the wagon and had taken several little articles and still wanted more. After I drove up some of them wanted to approach me but I would not suffer them. Bro. Joseph at last got free from them, about the time we were starting it was found the Indians had taken my skillet from out of my food trough, frying pan, and one or two other things. However I recovered my skillet again, it being found hid in the grass near by, but Bro. Joseph and Minnich did not recover theirs. We then drove on, the Indians making no attempt at following us. We then drove on a few miles and stopped for dinner and to water our mules and let them graze for a short time. Some of the brethren were not for stopping at all, for I told them it was of no use to try to run away from the Indians for we were too far out on the plains and too far in the Indian country to think of running away from them. We then drove on until the usual camping time, 5 o'clock when we turned in near the river and found some splendid mountain blue grass for our mules and plenty of good dry wood, an old fallen & dry cottonwood tree; here we camped for the night. The events of the day made up the subject for the evening's conversation, no one feeling comfortable at our situation.

Sunday, Oct 9th, 1853.....This morning some of the brethren were for driving on and not resting until we were out of the Indian country, but I told them it was of no use to think of trying to run away from the Indians with our tired, worn down animals, but we must content ourselves to abide our fate for to overdrive our teams would be as bad as to be robbed by the Indians. I prevailed upon them to again stop and rest as it was the Sabbath—we have found it a rest day indeed, both to ourselves and animals. This morning I walked out across the road at an early hour. I fell in with an Indian, on foot. He said he was a Shian [Cheyenne] and that his party had gone another way. I took him to our Camp and fed him well in order that perhaps we might induce him to stop with us during the day and not go on and give information to his band that we were passing thru their country until we had gone on, for we dreaded to come in contact with another band of them after yesterday's adventure. My scheme worked to a charm and my Shian [Cheyenne] was induced to stay all day and night with us.

Monday, Oct 10th, 1853.....This morning we were up by times and as soon as the sun was up we were rolling over the plains up the Arkansas wending our way towards my mountain home. But, before starting we gave our Shian [Cheyenne] some bread and buffalo meat for his dinner, for he had taken breakfast with us. After we had been travelling several hours we passed a number of lodges of Shians [Cheyennes]; some distance to our left in a bend on the river, one old man galloped after us overtaking and begging us for sugar. I, by signs give him to understand that the Shians [Cheyennes] whom we had met with before him had begged it all away

from us. I gave him some hard bread and a piece of fat buffalo meat and he went away seeming satisfied. We rolled on until camping time when we turned in near the river where we found some very good grass. During the day we have crossed a great number of Indian treks freshly made going towards the river and crossing and going over on the Purgatwave River, which comes in on the west side of the Arkansas—the mouth of which we passed this afternoon about the upper end of what is called the “Big Timber” on the Arkansas which we have been passing for several days.

Tuesday, Oct 11th, 1853.....This morning we were off soon after sunrise and rolling over a splendid road, which seems to be about the same from day to day, should this road continue from here to Salt Lake as good as the part we have traveled it certainly must become one of the great thoroughfares across the plains to Salt Lake and California. This evening riding ahead of the wagon I discovered the cattle of Mr. Bent for which we have been looking out for several days and camping below in a bend on the river[.] I rode up to his camp and had a conversation with him. He seems to be a man of intelligence and is an old Indian trader, and has been out on those plains trading with the Indians for 21 years. His old Fort which is now in a state of delapidation we passed early this afternoon, and is a noted place on the Arkansas River. I found him quite communicative, he now has a train of wagons with goods and is moving down the river, He has a large herd of cattle and horses and stock as he travels over the country trading with the Indians and going to and from the states.

Wednesday, Oct 12th, 1853.....This morning we started just as the sun was rising and as we passed Mr. Bents train yet in camp we made a short stop. Here Thadeus Crandel sold his horse [to] one of Mr. Bent’s men for \$2.00. I advised him to do so as the horse was about giving out and could not possibly hold out to go to Salt Lake. Mr. Bent proposed to swap some corn with us for flour as he was out of flour and Bros Jos. Harmon and Minnich were feeding their mules on flour, but Mr. Bent would not give only measure for measure, and this the brethren thought was not enough. So after stopping for a short time we drove on and after making a tolerably fair day’s drive we camped beside the Arkansas where we found some pretty good blue grass. We are now getting fairly in sight of the mountains and Pikes Peak looms out in grandeur for [far] above the other peaks and the eternal snow with which it is covered, glistens beautifully[.] the rays of the morning sun rays upon it. It was first visible on Monday and yet we are a great way off. I learn from Mr. Bent the road passes immediately under it. It must have been a great way off when first seen by us as we travel about 25 miles per day.

Thursday 13th. 1953—At sunrise this morning we started and rolled over all day, during the afternoon I kept a constant lookout for the mouth of the “Fountain La Buzon”, or “Boiling Spring” a small river running down from Pikes Peak, up which the road goes, leaving here the Arkansas and which Mr. Bent had told me was only 40 miles distance from his camp, but we did not reach it until just at camping time and we camped in the bend below. I had been the more anxious to reach this place as he told me he knew a Spaniard or Mexican who had some corn to sell. I rode to his house and had a conversation with him. He had corn and asked \$6 a “Fonagan” this is a Mexican measure and is two and a half bushels of our measure.

Friday, October 14th, 1853—This morning we were off very early and drove up to Mousaline's for this I had found to be his name, we bought of him four Fonagans of corn for which we paid him \$24[.] He had a blacksmith shop but no blacksmith, he tendered us the use of it with his tools and I went in and filed up and nailed on shoes on several of the horses and mules of the brethren. This man only settled her[e] last Spring and intends to establish a farm for the purpose of raising grain to sell to emigrants and no doubt the soil will yield well but must be irrigated to promote vegetation. Here we have [leave] the Arkansas River and go directly up the Fountain Klu [La] Buzon, the Arkansas here no longer maintains the character which it has on the plains with low banks, shallow sandy bed with placid current, but here it assumes the character of a mountain torrent surging and roaring over its rocky bed with its waters clear and pure whereas on the plains they are muddy. At 12 o'clock we started and after driving a few miles we stopped to noon on the banks of the pretty Fountain Klur [La] Buzon. At night we camped upon its banks where we had some good mountain blue grass for our mules and dry cottonwood for fire.

Saturday 15.—This morning we were off at sunrise and wending our way up the Fountain Klur [La] Bozon, all day we had a good road but in the afternoon there came on a hard shower of rain which made them muddy in places and of course heavy going which wearied our mules very much. At night we camped on the stream where we had poor grass.

Sunday 16th.—This morning soon after breakfast I took my rifle, walked up the banks of the beautiful Fountain Klu [La] Buzon, that I might find a secret place to pray and also to search if "preadventure" [peradventure] I might find some better grass for our mules, finding some and as I was returning I discovered a band of deer on the opposite side of the stream. Feeling the temptation to shoot one was greater than I could resist. I reached the stream, crawled up, and with my rifle shot and killed two. I went to camp with my conscience bothering me for hunting on Sunday, in all my travels and journeyings this is the first time in my life I have felt to hold this day sacred and at times when crossing the plains I have seen the Elders shoulder their rifles and go hunting on the Sabbath, but I could never be induced to join them. I returned to camp and we moved up to where I had found the grass and then the three of us went and took care of my two deer which occupied most of the remainder of the day. So it turned out to be a day of labor with me rather than a day of rest. And, of course I did not feel as happy as I should have done had I let hunting alone, and I also was in dread lest the Lord be offended at me should in some way chasten me.

We are now in camp just under Pikes Peak, right at its foot. Last Monday its top was first visible to us when we were just above the Big Huber, on the Arkansas, and it has taken us one week's hard travel to reach it, but today it is cloudy and only occasionally its top looms out through the clouds and the snow on its lofty peaks glisten with dazzling splendor in the rays of the sun.

Monday 17.—During last night it rained frequent showers and this morning the ground is muddy and the grass very wet. I had to crawl into my wagon and sleep doubled up at the feet of Franklin Coats and Thadeus Crandel, now both sick with ague and fever, and of course I lay uncomfortable enough. For sometime they both have been sick and I have give up my wagon all my bedding except a buffalo robe to them, and my hands have been more than put in in attending to 4 horses and doing the cooking, waiting upon them, and bringing wood and water and standing guard

almost every night. The Lord knows I am growing weary enough of it. We got a pretty early start this morning and after traveling some 10 miles up the Fountain Flue [La] Buzon we found we had taken the wrong road, this one being made, no doubt, by Indian traders. Night [Light] kept growing more and more dim until it ceased to be passable for wagons altogether[.] we had to retrace our steps. Bros. Minnick and Coats we sent ahead to search for the right road. When we got back it was the place where we had started in the morning. We camped for the night. Soon after the brethren who had been sent in search of the road came into camp and informed us that after much riding and searching they had found it and that it was very close where it turned [turned] off, no traveler would ever have taken it unless previous instructions about it. Neither Bro. Bent nor Mousaline had told us anything about it, from the signs of travel whole teams have been misled as we have been.

Tuesday 18th.—This morning we took an early start and were soon on the right road, it leaves the Fountain Flue [La] Buzon just after crossing a big sandy dry creek, goes for some distance to the creek, then follows a Dirroh [?] and gradually for many miles ascends until you reach the top of the dirroh between the waters of the Arkansas and the South Fork of the Platte. We traveled the whole day without finding any water until just at dark we found a small running creek making towards the Platte. Here we had good grass and plenty of wood of the Pitch Pine for fuel.

Wednesday 19th.—This morning we got a very early start and commenced descending towards the Platte[.] the road most of the way was very good. In the afternoon we struck the head of Cherry Creek down which the road winds to its mouth, where we are told the road crosses the Platte. We camped upon the banks of this creek where we had good grass and the best of dry oak wood for fuel.

Thursday 20th.—This morning we were off by times and rolling upon a splendid hard road whivh [which] follows immediately down Cherry Creek. We called a halt at noon for din[n]er where we had a small spot of the best mountain blue grass for our mules, about this time there came up a sever[e] storm of wind from the northwest, with a little rain which was very cold when Bro. Minnich and myself went to the creek for a load of wood which was some half mile distant. We found some dry cottonwood which we carried to camp and soon had a good fire. After halting for one hour and a half we drove on until camping time; when turning in to the creek found it was entirely dry[.] we continued on down searching for water and grass but could find neither, about dark we halted where we had little dry grass for our animals, during the night another storm of wind came up attended with a little rain and it suddenly grew very cold.

Friday 21st.—This morning we were early up and having no water with which we might prepare our breakfast (the little we had brought in our jugs being exhausted) we harnessed up our mules and drove on, at half past nine o'clock we came to a small river, which is no doubt the South Fork of the Platte, here we called a halt and prepared some breakfast and let our mules feed upon the grass which grew in plenty upon the west side of the river, but of which seemed to be a very poor kind. After halted for two hours we drove on and in about six miles we came to a large beautiful creek rushing down off the mountains. For several days we have been traveling on the plains with a high range of mountains immediately on our left hand. Early in the afternoon a dark and portentous cloud seemed to rest upon the lofty mountains away far to the northwest, which soon drew nearer obscuring the mountains as it approached. Soon the sun which had shone very warm and brilliantly all day became hidden, the day grew dark and at three o'clock it commenced snowing fast with a

violent northwest wind. We drove in two hours facing immediately the storm, the snow driving in our faces with fury. The brethren who were on horseback were obliged to dismount[,] tie their horses to the wagons behind, take it on foot in order to keep themselves warm or from freezing as it had grown intensely cold. At 5 o'clock we descended a steep hill but could not see what was at the bottom for the driving snow. Ever since the snow commenced I had feared we should find no wood for camping purposes and we should be compelled to do without. I had felt considerable alarm about it, but now whilst descending the hill, I began to have hopes we should find some stream and wood upon its banks which always is the case in the mountains that upon almost every stream small patches of cotton willow may be found. Sure enough when I reached the bottom of the hill I discovered a large tree dimly through the driving snow. I shouted to my companions behind, for I was in advance of all, "Timber"—and turning my mules from the storm in order that the snow might not enter in my wagon whilst I was gone, for I started immediately to the tree I had seen. I found it a large dead log of cottonwood and standing on the banks of a dry gully and nearby a thick patch of willows and some good grass close by not yet buried beneath the snow, I returned as quickly as possible to my wagon, the others by this time had come up and I informed them of my discovery and we immediately drove to the spot. In a very short time we had a fire kindled with some pitch pine we had brought along with us for the purpose, the large cottonwood tree was soon cut up and supper prepared in the midst of the driving snow, our mules were staked upon the grass after being fed their scanty allowance of corn which is not yet quite exhausted. The brethren soon all retired to their wagons to bed, and I was left alone to watch until half past 11 o'clock[.] in the meantime the snow increased and continued to fall faster and faster, the wind blew frightfully and conditions began to look gloomy for reaching Salt Lake this season. My watch expiring I awoke the relief and retired to my wagon to bed but not to sleep for my mind was too full of anxiety for sleep, many reflections rolled across my mind. I thought of many of the frightful circumstances I had read of travels being undertaken and finishing up in snowstorms. I thought of Fremont's unfortunate expedition, some years ago, when his party nearly all, with all his mules, perished in a snowstorm in these same mountains, not a great distance to the south of where we now are. I thought of the party some years ago who were snowed up in the great Sierra Nevadas west of Salt Lake and had to eat one another and most of the party perishing, and many other awful catastrophies came up to my mind but in the midst of all felt contented and serene for I knew I had been on the Lord's business and had been faithful and was now returning to my mountain home in obedience to the whisperings of the Holy Spirit, and felt no self reproach at the course I had taken in life and ever since I had been an Elder in this Church now nearly ten years I have been a faithful member and have borne a faithful testimony to this generation, if ever a Servant of God did to the things which the Lord required me to do. With these reflections I fell asleep and I dreamed I was with my Father (long since dead) and though I saw others of my kindred and communed with them upon the great principles which the Almighty[y] is revealing in these last days for the salvation of the human family. When I awoke I felt comforted. I thought of my blessing which the brethren placed upon my head in the Tabernacle at Salt Lake City just before leaving for this present mission for Texas "that I should have power to return to my family and friends and should find my family enjoying the spirit of the living God."

Saturday 22nd. This morning still snowing fast, snow nearly one foot deep, grass nearly buried out of sight, mules all drawn up, backs humped up and heads, from the storm, long icicles hanging from their sides and manes, poor creatures they look pitiable. The wind is still blowing fearfully, in the midst of all this I arose at daylight,

before anyone saw the guard was up—rounded up the brethren and in the driving storm prepared our breakfast, which consists every meal of the same thing, buffalo meat and flour bread; baked every meal by our hands and shortened with buffalo tallow, which I prepare in the following manner. I take the clean fat of the buffalo, salt it well let it lie in the salt for a day or two, then dry it and mould it into large cakes which I consider better for cooking purposes than anything save it be butter. The snow continued to fall fast until ten o'clock when it almost ceased and the sun could be dimly seen through the thin clouds and falling flakes of snow. I wished at once to move on to where we might find water and more wood, for our little steak [stake] of water was exhausted and we were compelled to resort to melting snow for both cooking and drinking and our poor animals had none since early in the afternoon yesterday. Some hasty dinner was prepared and at half past eleven o'clock we started, the wind blew very hard immediately in our faces and the cold was intense; pretty soon it commenced snowing very fast and I began to fear we had started too soon. The road was very hard to find in the deep snow and could be discovered at intervals when the snow had partly drifted out of it. However, pretty soon the snow ceased falling and the wind became more less and the sun became more plainly to be seen but a thick frozen fog rested upon the earth and entirely obscured the lofty mountain range at whose base we are traveling. We found it very heavy pulling for our mules in the deep snow. After traveling some five or six miles we came to a dry creek where we found plenty of wood and after searching we found a hole of water at which we watered our animals and filled up our water vessels, both kegs and jugs, and after searching up the dry creek I found some good feeding grass almost entirely buried beneath the snow which lay upon the grass nearby up to our knees—here we concluded to camp for the night and spend our Sabbath.

Monday 23, Sept, 1853—This morning the sun rose brilliantly and the highest peaks of the lofty range of mountains at whose base we lay encamped, loomed out above the clouds which concealed the main plain from our view and filled the mind with admiration and in my contemplations could compare them to nothing but my ideas of the towers of a celestial world, and under other circumstances I could have viewed the scene with unusual pleasure and delight, but our forlorn condition, here alone among these vast mountain ranges, with several hundred miles yet intervening between us and our home, the road to us unknown, but we know from our knowledge of the geography of the country it must be through and over vast mountain ranges, upon which at this time must lie a great depth of snow, our animals too are poor and are our only hope of carrying our provisions, added to these reflections, the fact that my young Texian [Texan] brethren are almost strangers to cold weather having been raised in a tropical climate (the southern part of Texas) some of them never having seen the ground covered with snow in their lives, and but little used to toil and hardships, having been raised in different circumstances, reflections like these tended greatly to mar the pleasure I felt at contemplating the scene spread out before me. A good warm breakfast was soon prepared of steak made of as good buffalo meat as ever we [had] eaten and warm wheaten bread, some baked and some fried in buffalo tallow, to which we all did ample justice save poor Thadeus Crandel who still is very sick in my wagon. The day I have spent mostly in writing, my brethren in scraping away the deep snow so as to uncover the grass for the poor animals, cutting down the tons of the sweet cotton for them to browse [browse] upon, etc.

Monday 24th.—This morning long before it was day we were all up and preparing breakfast and at an early hour we were pursuing our journey wending our way towards the home of the saints. The day has been quite warm and pleasant although

the nights are intensely cold. Large pieces of buffalo sat freezing solid in my wagon and the creeks frozen hard enough to bear a man, the snow during the day pretty much all melted out of the road and the road became tolerably dry so as to be comfortable traveling. At night we camped upon a small dry creek with poor grass. Today as on every day since we reached Pikes Peak we have traveled alone at the base of a great mountain range [illegible] leaving it to our left and ever and anon we cross cold running creeks rushing down from the kanyons of the mountains.

Tuesday 25th.—This morning the sun rose beautifully but was soon obscured behind a dark cloud which from before daylight had rested upon the mountains and about nine o'clock it commenced snowing which increased until about noon, when it was a storm almost equal to the one through which we have but recently passed though not quite so cold—at one o'clock we reached a considerable sized river which no doubt is Laramie, Fork of the Platte, after crossing the stream we found some very good grass and a large dead dry cotton wood tree—here we camped and staked our mules. The cottonwood tree was soon pulled and a large fire kindled but the wind blew so furiously and the snow fell so fast that no comfort could be taken.

Truly things now are unfavorable aspect for reaching Salt Lake this season with our wagons, a few more such snows and we will find it too deep for our mules to pull our wagons across the mountains. We retired to our wagons to bed and still the snow falling furiously.

Wednesday 26th.—This morning I arose very early and found the snow nearly over a foot deep, the clouds were broken and promised to soon disappear. We thought the snow too deep for us to travel so we remained around a good log heap fire attending to various little affairs attending traveling and camping. About eleven o'clock the sun was shining very warm. We prepared some hasty dinner and set off but the snow was so deep we found it hard traveling but notwithstanding we continued on until dark and found no good grass but camped by a dry gully where we had some dry cottonwood for a fire. Truly the cottonwood is the tree of the desert.

Thursday 27.—This morning we were off by sun up and after starting on, an Indian overtook us on horseback and said he was an Arapaho. I bought of [f] him a brown skin and a small buffalo robe, the skin he afterwards stole. He went with us for a mile or two, we crossed a small river which he told us was the Medicine Bow; from the direction which it was running it evidently falls into the Laramie's Fork. Soon after crossing this stream, the roads around the mountains we pass at the kanyon out of which the Medicine Bow emerges after going for a mile up the kanyon, then the road turns to the right up a small dry kanyon; here we met a large band of Arrapahoe [Arapaho] Indians, some of the first we met acted as though the[y] intended to make a show or that they intended to rob us as the Shians [Cheyennes] had attempted to do, but an old chief coming up in a friendly manner and asking for something to eat gave us more confidence. We gave them all some things and they seemed satisfied. I had considerable talk with the old chief, he asked me what Indians we had met. I informed him. He then asked me where we were going. I gave him to understand we were Mormons and were going to Salt Lake; at this the old chief shook his head as much as to say we could not reach that place this winter on account of the snow. Hh [He] made signs showing me how there was upon the mountains snow, upon snow, upon snow, and showed me it was up to the sides of my mules. I gave him to understand that we must get there or at any rate we must try and I thought we should reach there. He bid us goodbye in a very good humor.

And, we passed on. For a mile or two we kept meeting, mounted upon mules and ponies with the Lodge poles and all the moving paraphernalia [paraphernalia] of a moving tribe of Indians, not even the dogs excepted. We were glad when we were alone and done meeting them. During the afternoon our road lay between the continuous mountain ranges, the road was good and we continued to ascend until about our usual camping time where we found a good spot of grass and spring of water just at the top of the road where the road turns down the mountain.

Friday 28th.—This morning we took an early start Brother [Joseph] Harmon driving my team and took my rifle to walk ahead of the wagons in order to kill a deer, if possible, for we are getting scarce of meat and our supply of buffalo tallow is getting very low. I saw a great number and fired at one large buck. He ran off, however sprinkling the snow with blood, but I had not time to follow him. I continued to walk ahead all day but saw no other deer nor antelope in the after part of the day, however, I shot one of those beautiful little mountain foxes just as we were going into camp. The day has been one of the coldest we have yet experienced. The wind blew a perfect gale all day, right in our faces, with occasional flurries of snow. This together with reaching the deep snow caused men and mules to be completely worn out by the time all got into camp, and some of the men fell down as they came in unable to do anything towards camp duty.

Saturday 29th.—This morning we started early notwithstanding the intensity of the cold. The wind continued to blow a perfect gale, night stared ahead, all day we continued to ascend, it was up, up, up, etc.—it grew colder and colder, the road was more rough than any day's travel since we started on this trip. At night we camped upon the top of the mountains in a little hollow without grass or water, but plenty of pitch pine wood and we were all smoked as black as "tar turners."

During the whole night the wind continued to blow with such violence that it was impossible to warm but one side of a person's self at a time, and as for cooking, it was almost out of the question. Nothing I can here write can carry any idea of the fury of the wind, and the intensity of the cold, so fearful was it that not many of the men were willing to stand guard and myself and Bro. Harmon had to stand although it was not our turn.

Sunday 30th.—About 10 o'clock this morning we started, we found great difficulty in getting around the great banks of snow which were drifted in places in the road. Pretty soon however we began to descend towards the North Fork of Platte River—and soon descended into a broad open valley where we found plenty of good grass and a beautiful small stream of water—here we took up camp for the day.

Monday 31.—This is the last day of October—and notwithstanding the intensity of the cold we started at an early hour; all day we traveled in an open valley without wood or water, but in the afternoon we came to a river which we supposed to be the North Fork of the Platte, as we have no knowledge of the existence of any other river in these mountains, we found excellent grass here and camped for the night.

Monday Nov. 1st.—This is the first day of Nov. and here we are in the mountains, yet how far to Salt Lake I know not, but this distance must be considerable. The day has been intensely cold and at night we turned off the road to go to some timber at the mouth of a kanyon which seemed to be a mile or perhaps a little more, but in the distance we were very much deceived for it turned out to be three or four and our horses were entirely worn out before we reached the place and it was sometime after

dark, first we found an old fallen dry cottonwood tree which made us a good fire and a beautiful little stream of water.

Monday Nov. 7th. Here I find myself in camp on a considerable river, which when we were in camp yesterday I was certain was Green River, but when we came to the water I at once saw it could not be for it was running north instead of south as Green River does. We all felt a sad disappointment for this certainly must be the North Fork of the Platte and not the river we crossed on last Monday. We felt that we were much further from Salt Lake than we had anticipated, and of course all felt dejected. During the past week we have toiled up mountains and over snow banks, some of which we have found great difficulty in passing often times we have had to go around on the sides of mountains to avoid these great snow drifts, sometimes dig away the snow with shovels, our labors here have been arduous. The cold on these lofty mountains has been intense, our animals are almost all worn out, several have given out and from present appearances not many of them will be able to hold out much longer, and to add to our misfortune we have been annoyed very much by the Indians, and have had to divide our scanty supply of flour with them after giving them all the sugar I had. On last Thursday night we were visited by a whole band of those creatures who seemed to be in a starving conditions and nothing would do but we must make them a feast, and accordingly we set to work baking bread in our only two little skilletts which the Shians [Cheyennes] had left us, and our camp kettle the only one we have which holds about one third of a bushel, was filled with the meat of an antelope, for our buffalo meat being exhausted I had only the day before killed one, and it was soon in the morning when we had eaten our last piece of buffalo meat for supper the night before, and all in camp seemed to acknowledge the hand of the Lord in sending us meat just when we needed it. But to return to the feast of the Indians, in the midst of our forlorn condition I was forced for a time to forget all in watching the etiquette, manouvers [maneuvers] of the Araphahoos [Arapahoes] as they dispatched the passing of soup and antelope as it was sey [set] before them. The whole amount of our tea board which we could parade for the important occasion was two plates, two small baking pans, two pint cups and a small wash pan and three spoons, all of tin, except the spoons which were of Iron. Bro. Harmon and myself drank soup out of a three quart tin bucket as I had him introduced to the Chief as the big Mormon Chief, and of course I must honor the feast by partaking likewise, but previously while the feast was a preparing, I had sat and smoked the pipe of peace and conversed freely by signs with the Chief. After all was over and dark had come upon us most of them went away, two of the chiefs remained, soon two squaws made their appearance who had not arrived in time, these the head Chief modestly informed me had no[t] partaken of the feast but would like to have something to eat. I tried to excuse myself by telling him it was growing late and my men were tired, and wished to go to bed, but it would not at all do, they must be fed for they were persons of distinction in the tribe. So at last I went to work myself, prepared some of the ribs of a fat antelope, made a fresh camp kettle full of soup, and set before them inviting the principal Chief the only one now remaining to partake again. This he readily did, I joining in myself heartily for I had eaten very little of the feast, first prepared. After remaining for some time the Chief proposed to sell me some beaver skins for flour and they all wanted flour. I gave him to understand I was not a trader but only a traveler passing through his country and had but a very little flour, but informed him that in the Spring when the snow was all gone if his band would take their beaver skins to Salt Lake he might trade for as much flour as all his ponies could pack as they had great quantities of it there. I asked him if the Arrapahoes [Arapahoes] were allowed to have more than one wife, he replied Yes. I then asked him how many he had. He modestly replied by holding

up the four fingers of his right hand. After stopping still for a while longer he arose to bid me farewell. This was done by a hearty shake of the hand and as a token of great friendship gave me a warm hug around the shoulders which I retaliated as well as possible. At this he went away, his squaws and all following.

Monday night Nov. 7th, 1853....Today we have remained in camp during a rest day as we traveled on yesterday and it is my custom if I travel on Sunday which I never do unless grass, wood or water is scarce, but if I do, I always try to observe a day during the week as a rest day. Our situation is becoming quite precarious, we are a long way from home, our animals almost worn out, feed for them all gone and flour for ourselves getting scarce. The weather however is more favorable than it has been, not being so cold and windy. May the Lord God of Heaven bless us and prosper us and bring us to our homes in peace and safety. All day today it has been snowing upon the mountains but quite pleasant in the wide open valley in which we are in camp.

Tuesday, Nov 22nd, 1853.....Here we are on the banks of Green River, having arrived we camped in order that our animals might have a little rest and some grass for them for they have had very little since leaving the North Platte Fork which was this day two weeks ago. Since that time we have had three snowstorms and some very severe cold weather. The morning after we left the Platte a mountaineer and a Snake Indian followed after us and overtook those who were behind and gave them some information in regard to the road to Green River, the distance they said was some 200 miles, they further said there was no grass or as good as now, and not a single stick of wood upon the whole route, that they had just passed across from there and that they were nine days in crossing—that it was the damdest [damnedest] hardest road they had ever traveled in their lives and no money could induce them to return that way. This very unfavorable account of the road to Green River completely discouraged some of the party and when they came up to where I was they (for I was some distance ahead and did not see the mountaineer) proposed to go back and winter upon the Platte or trade for some ponies from the Indians, after consulting together sometime it was agreed that Bros. Harmon and Minnich should go back and try to trade for some ponies and the rest of us should go on with the wagons.

This plan was carried into effect and we accordingly went on and camped without water and a very little grass, but we had a good fire out of the wild sage. About noon of the next day the brethren who had gone back to trade for ponies with the Snake Indians overtook us, bringing still more unfavorable accounts of the road ahead of us. They were unable to trade for any ponies, and had made up their minds to return back to the Platte and winter there as there was buffalo in the neighborhood. According they began making preparations to return and Bro. MacPherson not wishing to return and asked me the privilege of putting his clothes in my wagon and going with me.

I consented but rather reluctantly for he had no flour nor anything else to eat and we should have to share our scanty allowance with him, but as my manners is never to leave behind any saint who wishes to gather, if it is possible for them to go, I at last

consented and I did it hoping I might be able to kill an antelope or a buffalo and thus procure meat, our arrangements were soon all made and we set off and Bros. Minnich and Harmon started on their return to the Platte. The next day we had a severe snow storn [storm] and we suffered intolerable cold, in a day or two we eat the last piece of our antelope and we had nothing but one sack of flour containing 100 lbs. and a little salt. I immediately put all upon half rations, from during today I hunted faithfully. I found both buffalo and antelope but could kill none and although I had good chances at the buffalo yet could not kill anyone, reason was I had a very poor gun, it was one belonging to Franklin Coats, and was entirely too small for buffalo. I had an old one which Bro. Sims Matheny gave me but it was almost broken and on the first occasion of shooting in attempting to reload it broke off at the breech; from day to day we have traveled in the snow with only half rations of flour with nothing else but a little salt, daily we have grown weaker and weaker and our horses and mules are still weaker than we are, very little grass was found and several times we were two days without water for our animals and our chance for drinking and cooking was to melt snow over a wild sage fire.

I continue to hunt but without success—saw only a single sage and a mountain rabbit I killed. The road we found to be pretty good but the scarcity of grass and water and the want of wood for fires caused us to suffer and our mules and horses intolerably. We at last reached the summit of the Divide, where the waters of the Continent of America run each way, some running East flowing into the Gulf of Mexico and some flowing west into the Pacific Ocean. We found the descent was rugged for about two days journey when the road follows immediately down Bitter Creek and is tolerably good. We were six days from the top of the Divide to Green River . That night we lay at or near the top of the Divide, then fell a deep snow which greatly impeded our progress.

After this the weather turned intensely cold and on the second night after, my splendid mule "Texas" was frozen to death. This was a severe loss to me and I felt somewhat mad at his loss. The saints whom I came with from Texas purchased him at a cost of \$125 and gave him to me and he had served me so faithfully for so long a journey. I could but feel sorry at his loss, but his value though very great to me I cheerfully parted with as I have for the sake of this kingdom suffered so many sacrifices in friends and relations in Missouri, and in lands, in homes and farms, in silver and gold, in toils and sufferings, that now there is hardly any sacrifice that I know of which the Lord might call me to make, which I would repine at. But upon this trip my heretofore indomitable spirit almost failed me beneath my accumulated sufferings and three times when lying down at night I prayed to the Almighty that I might never awake to see another morning so great were my sufferings, my feet were badly frost-bitten my old boots were entirely worn out. I had a new pair but they hurt me so I could not wear them, the snow was deep and I was obliged to walk with all the brethren save little Thadeus Crandal, who from long sickness has been confined to the wagon and now is barely able to drive from the team. This we have been compelled to do from the weakness of our team.

My companions are worn out in body and spirit, much more than I am, they seem as spiritless as little children and they look to me as their savior but I have carefully concealed from them my own feelings, for I knew if I perished my whole party would instantly do likewise. I feel assured that it has been the special interpretation [intervention] of the hand of the Lord that has saved us thus far, this spirit has been in my heart by night and by day and my slumbering moments have been lit up by

the most splendid dreams, sometimes I would dream of being in the congregation of the saints and visiting with my old friends, then I would dream of conversing with Bro. Brigham Young and Bros. Kimball and Dr. Richards, then I would dream of my wives and children and they would be inviting me to come on! Oh, come on! and then I would-----my sweethearts in my dreams and then be at splendid feasts and parties among the saints, and after I had prayed that I might depart and go into the spirit world, in order that I might be free from my great sufferings, then the spirit whispered not yet, you have a great work yet to do on the earth.

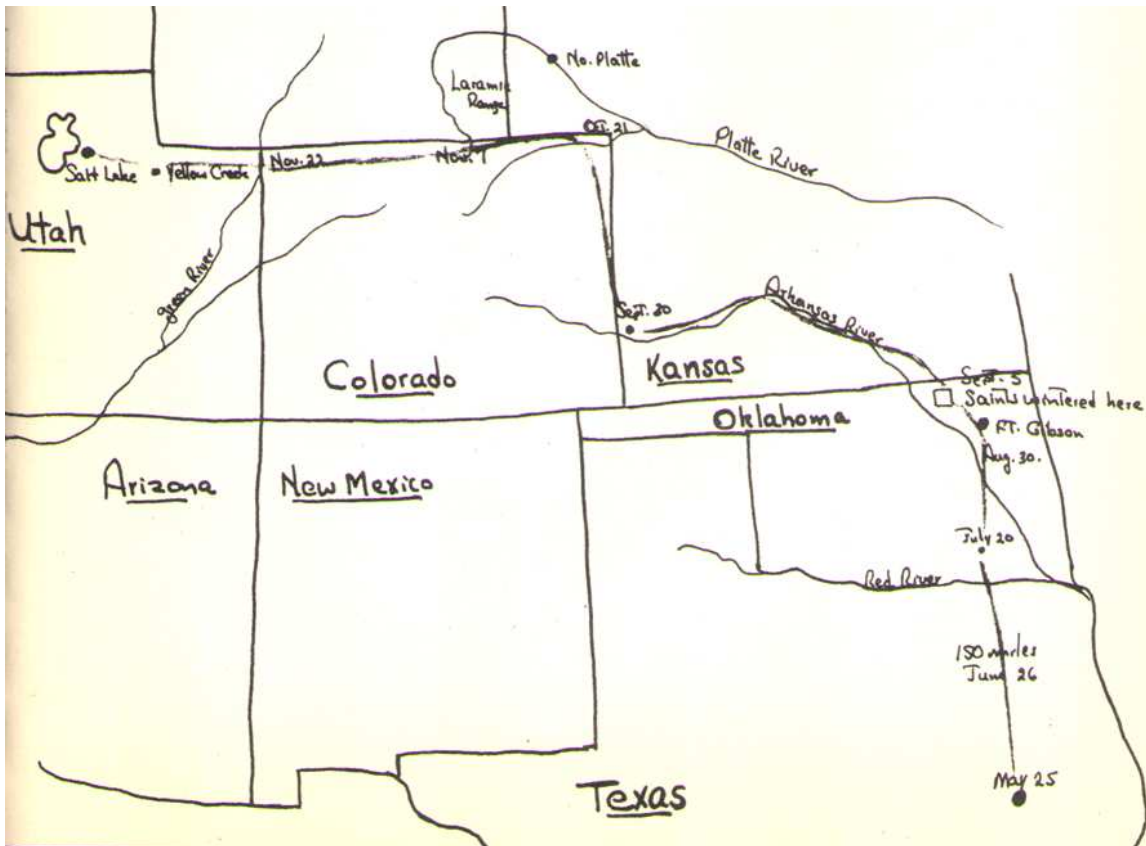
Thus from day to day we have struggled through the snow with not half enough to eat, upon reaching Green River found good grass, it was early in the morning but we camped and turned out our mules and boiled a little rice. ..all we had left.] We then raked up a little corn which lay scattered upon the bottom of our wagon it having been spilt in pouring out of the sacks in order to feed our mules. This we washed thoroughly and put on to boil, that we might eat it. Whilst this was going on and writing, three or four mountaineers rode up on the opposite side of the river. I hollered to them to cross over, this they quickly did. I soon began to question them if they knew anything concerning the saints in Salt Lake. I found one of them had recently been on a visit there to purchase flour and gave me considerable information concerning matters there. This was the first reliable information I have had from the saints at home since I left there over a year ago. I then inquired if they could furnish us with anything to eat, they replied they had plenty of beef and would sell us as much as we wanted for ten cents per lb. I went immediately with them to their camp some two miles down on the river. I soon returned to camp with a supply of beef which when the boys in camp saw it, they smiled and preparations were immediately entered into for cooking and a feasting commenced. Never in all my life did food eat so sweet, nor enjoyed. I ate with a more grateful heart. Thus after several weeks of scarcity, we had plenty at last to eat. While here we swapped off two of our animals, one mule and one horse we had to give a large booty, \$60 in each case. So now we were fitted out with a fresh team and all felt elated with the prospects of a more speedy trip home. While stopping here I had a Snake Indian Squaw make me a pair of moccasins of soft well dressed buckskin. These I found a great relief to my sore feet and after this I suffered but very little from them.

The next day we set off for home, the weather being beautiful but the road we found to be quite rough until the second day when we intersected the main road coming through South Pass and Laramie. This was on Blacks Fork of Green River some 45 miles below Ft. Bridger, from this point we had a good road until we reached Bridger which was on the fourth day after leaving Green River. Here we procured some flour at fourteen cents per lb. and a fresh supply of beef. The night we camped near this place. We had a severe snowstorm. Here we received some intelligence from the saints at Salt Lake but nothing very definite.

The next morning we set off facing one of the coldest winds we had experienced since we had been on this long journey. The snow we found to be deeper and deeper as we ascended towards the top of the Bear River mountains which compose the rim of the Great Basin or Divide between the waters which flow into the Green River and then into the Gulf of California and those which flow West into the Great Salt Lake, on the top of this divide the snow was about one foot deep and in thro Bear River Valley it was some six inches deep. At Yellow Creek, some 75 miles from Salt Lake City, I left the brethren with the wagon and started to go in ahead in order to send out some help in order to get our wagon over this Big mountain. All day I traveled alone upon my little Cherokee Pony, just at dark I reached the Weber River, after

traveling down the valley some two miles I turned aside and camped in a little canyon some distance to the right of the road, solitary and alone I camped where I had good grass for my pony,—good wood and good water. The night was clear and beautiful and I felt very happy alone as I was. I ate my small loaf of bread and rolled up in my buffalo robe and slept as sweetly as if I was in Eden.

The next morning I arose early and making ready, started just as I was emerging from the little canyon into the road I looked up the road and I saw the mail man coming after me. He soon overtook me and informed me he had been in swift pursuit of me all the day before as he had passed my wagon soon after I left and had hoped to overtake me and camp with me, could not come up with me. I now joined him at night and traveled with him to the City where we arrived at 10 o'clock.



"FIFTH MISSION"

Following his fourth mission, he made his home with his family at Lehi, Utah, until he was called on another mission to Texas. It was customary at that time to read off in the services in the great tabernacle at Salt Lake the names of those called to go on missions. While the conference was in session on July 27, 1854 his name was called off for still another mission. He was counseled to remain at home until the following September. He remained with his family and attended to his affairs, harvesting his crops, etc until the company started on September 4, 1854, their journey eastward. Two children were born shortly after he departed on this mission. Daniel Benjamin (Maria's second) on November 28, 1854 and Angeline (Jane's 8th child) on December 10, 1854.

During this mission he first went to Texas, but at the beginning of the year 1855, he went to the City of Washington DC to report the "doings" of the United States Congress. He was a reporter for the "Mormon," a newspaper published by Apostle John Taylor at New York City. And he was also, a reporter for the "St. Louis Luminary," a paper published by Apostle Erastus Snow in St Louis. At the adjournment of Congress in the spring of 1855, he was called by Apostle Snow to return to his missionary work in Texas and to make ready a company of saints to emigrate to Utah in the spring of 1856.

This he did. With him in the 1856 company was Maria Hadlond, a girl then 17 years of age, her elder sister, Charlotte and her brother, Edward. They had left their parents, Thomas Hadlond and Rachel Franklin Hadlond and their brothers and sisters in St. Louis where they lived. Their mother was very anxious for them to go to "Zion" and it was largely due to her faith that they made the trip. Her mother always hoped to come to Utah, but her father never would consent.

Soon after their arrival in Salt Lake, Maria Hadlond married Preston Thomas as his third wife. Their marriage was performed by President Brigham Young in his office in Salt Lake City. The date was October 18, 1856. He was 42 and she was 17.

AT THIS POINT I WOULD LIKE TO ADD A SHORT LIFE SKETCH OF EACH OF HIS THREE WIVES. These were written by Roberta Thomas Scott.

SARAH ANN JANE MOREHEAD was born in Maury County, Tennessee in 1817. As her father wished to have all of his children well educated, she was sent away to school at Nashville, Tennessee. When she was 18 years old, her cousin, Preston Thomas of North Carolina came to see them. This is the first time they had ever met, and it seemed they fell in love at first sight. However, Jane did not wish to marry until she had completed her course at school. In the meantime Preston bought a mill near her folds, in Tipton County, and prepared a place for them to live. In 1838 they were married. Here, they lived for five years, during which time their home was blessed with three children: Ann, Joseph and Jane.

In January in 1844 they moved to Somerville, Kemper County, Mississippi. Here they heard the gospel and were converted, joined the church and moved to Nauvoo the next year. Another little girl was born to them here and they named her Maria. That fall the children took sick, and three of the four died. When the Saints were driven from Nauvoo, Preston took his wife and remaining child back to her folks at

Memphis, Tennessee. While here Jane had another little girl named Martha. (Note: This was our grandmother Brunt's mother). They stayed here for 18 months, her husband being gone much of the time, on a mission to Texas.

In 1847 they moved to Council Bluffs, and Preston bought a yoke of oxen and a covered wagon, in which to cross the plains. However this had to be postponed while he filled three more missions back to Texas. They finally reached the Valley in the fall of 1851, and went to settle in Lehi, where the rest of their relatives had gone the year before.

They lived at Lehi for nine years, and had many trying experiences with the Indians. It was here that Jane had her last three children, Preston, Angeline and Immogene. During this time here husband was Probate Judge of Utah County, served two terms in the State Legislature, went on two more missions to Texas, married a widow with four children and a young girl of seventeen. "Aunt Jane" as she was affectionately called, adjusted well to all these situations.

In 1860 they were called with others to go and make a settlement at Franklin, Idaho. After four years they were called to go and help settle Bear Lake. Here they lived for ten years, the longest she had ever spent in one place since she was married. Her husband was Probate Judge and Bishop in these places, and here it was that he went to fill his last mission, this time going and coming by train.

In 1873 they returned to Franklin, and in 1877 her husband was accidentally killed in the mountains. She was now 60 years old, and she spent the remainder of her life with her children. she was a widow for 24 years when she died. She was buried at Clifton, Idaho in 1902 at the age of 85.

She was patient, honest, industrious and a kind-hearted woman. She was also a capable nurse and a good cook. She was a splendid type of western pioneer woman and died as she lived, a faithful Latter-Day-Saint.

Maria Foscue was born in Jacksonville, Florida in 1822. When she was only 17 years old she married John Smith, and in 1844 they moved to Texas. Here they suffered many hardships and exciting experiences with the Indians. In 1849, Preston Thomas, a Mormon missionary came in contact with this family, and they were converted to the church.

By 1850 they had commenced their journey across the plains. They now had four children, Cordelia, Lois, Rebecca and a boy, Wickliffe. One other child had died in infancy. Cholera struck their camp and John Smith was stricken with the dread disease. When he saw the end was nigh, he repeatedly urged his wife and children to continue out to the Valley and remain true to the faith. This was in June of 1850, and she, true to his dying request, continued the journey, despite her delicate condition, and went to Tooele to settle. On January 1st, 1851, her baby was born, but it died in infancy.

When Preston Thomas arrived in the Valley, he inquired after his Texas friends, and learning of the sad death of John Smith, went at once to call upon his widow. Soon after this she married him, and he subsequently moved them all to Lehi. By this second marriage she had four children. Ann Maria, who died in infancy; Daniel Benjamin, who never married, Nancy Eliza and Marion Augusta.

In 1860 when all the rest of the families moved to Franklin, she chose to remain

behind. She was quite well fixed financially, as her father had left her \$1,500 with which she had bought land and cattle. She had good judgment and showed considerable tact and business ability, and suffered less from the hard times, than did most of her neighbors. Her last baby was born about eight months after the others left. This was Marion Augusta, and she died when she was about fourteen years old.

Socially, Maria was a queen among women, dignified and well informed, and an extraordinary conversationalist. During the last years of her life she felt a great anxiety about her work for the dead, especially that of her husband's, John Smith, realizing that that depended upon her. Therefore she moved to Smithfield, to the home of her daughter, Cordelia Morehead, so she could get this work done in the Logan Temple. While this vicarious work was being done, she was very happy and frequently expressed her joy and satisfaction, saying that it was all she had to live for now. She died there the 25th of March, 1886, at the age of 64.

Maria Hadlond was born in England in 1839. Because of the gospel, her mother took her little family of seven children, one, a babe in arms, and sailed to America to be with the body of the Saints. This dream was never realized. She made their home in St. Louis, awaiting an opportunity to join a company of Saints going across the plains to the Valley of the Great Salt Lake.

One day Preston Thomas met this family on his way to Texas, and when the mother learned that he was going to take a company of Saints to the Valley, she begged him to take her three oldest children. This, he did. Charlotte - 18, Maria - 16 and Eddy - 14. Later Maria married Preston Thomas, but the other two children returned to St. Louis.

When Maria married into the Thomas family, she was called Molly. While she lived in Lehi, she had two little girls, Sarah and Ella. In 1860 they moved to Franklin, and while there she had two little boys, Pinckney and Seth. While living in the Bear Lake Valley, she had three little girls, Mary, Rachel and Rosabell. Then, moving back to Franklin, she had her last two children, Daniel and Letitia, the last being a baby when her husband died.

Molly was a little wirey, ambitious woman. Her mother had taught her the glover trade, but she loved treating the sick. She had a doctor book which she studied from the beginning to the end. she fought through many an epidemic. Even people for many miles around would come and get her. Many times when a doctor had given up a bad case, she had been called in and known to save their lives. She had kept track of all the babies she had brought into the world and they numbered over a thousand.

She had a beautiful soprano voice, and her daughter-in-law said she say like a "prima donna". She had a strong unwavering faith in the gospel and by the power of her love she held the hearts of her children. She fed the needy and her mercy exalted the fallen. After her husband died she sent her three sons on missions, which they all filled honorably.

In 1897 she moved to Canada with Pinckney, Seth, Rose and Letitia - three of her other daughters having moved there with their families some years before. After the last of her children were married and settled, she sold her home in Canada, and went

to Salt Lake City to live with her daughter, Letitia. When there she spent her time going to the Temple and doing the work for her departed loved ones. A year later she died, aged 68, leaving 71 descendants. All her children mourned her death.

Her son wrote: "She was true to her family, true to her husband, true to her covenants and true to her God. To think of that glorious resurrection that awaits her, and of the crown she will wear, and of that happy salutation, "Well done thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of the Lord."

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Continued from Journal Preston Thomas Journal p. 34

Wednesday, Sept 14th, 1853..... This morning about nine o'clock I started on my journey for Salt Lake having now made all things and bidding all the saints farewell. We set off being accompanied by Brethern Michael Minnich, Joseph Harmon, Franklin Coats, James McPherson, and a young man by the name of Thadeus Crandel, who does not belong to the church, but goes out with a view of wintering in Salt Lake and then go on in the spring to the gold mines. We have two light wagons, four mules and four horses, our wagons are drawn by the mules, two each. I drive my own wagon and Bro Michael Minnich drives his.

Today the weather has been very warm and the flies bother and tormented our mules most miserably, the road most of the day has been good with some rocky hills excepted. After traveling some 22 miles we camped near a creek where we had some good water.

Thursday, Sept 15th, 1853.....This morning we were off by time; just before starting a thundershower came up which lasted for a short time only, In the afternoon we arrived among the settlements of Cherokees at the crossing of the Verdigris [Verdigris] river. Before we reached the river within one or two miles we came to a deep creek with very muddy banks. Here my wagon stuck fast in the mud and the mules were unable to pull it out, and I was compelled to wade; and then it was with great difficulty we were able to get it out with both teams hitched on to it. After it was pulled through I had nearly the whole load to pack across the stream and up the hill, a distance of more than 200 yards; unfortunately at this particular time Bro. Franklin Coats and Joseph Harmon were gone some several miles down the river to a settlement in search of some brethren and did not arrive until I had over the whole of my load which was packed upon my shoulders, and the mud for several rods was up to my knees; darkness came on about the time I had all the load across and was camped upon the banks of the creek. Here we had poor grass but having plenty of corn I fed my mules well upon that, and I went to bed worn out and worried with my hard evening's labor. [P 35](#)

Friday, Sept 16th, 1853.....This morning we were off very early and were soon upon the banks of the Verdigris River. Here we found some difficulty in crossing owing to the banks being washed badly, then we had to dig down so as to drive our wagons over in safety. At this river in the last of the settlements which is on the east side. Here lives a Cherokee half breed by the name of Cooley and there are others living around. The place is known as the Hickory Bluffs on the Verdigris—here the people tried to dissuade us from going upon so long a journey so late in the season and with so few men as they said we should certainly fall into the hands of the

savage Indians, for no one ever thought of trying to pass over this route with so few men, being only 6 of us. But I was not to be dissuaded from my purpose of making the attempt to go home, for this was the whisperings of the Spirit to me and I felt to just put my trust in the Almighty for protection and safety.

After crossing the Verdigris which we effected without difficulty we set off to explore an unknown country to us in finding a way to the home of the saints. In about four miles from the Verdigris is a large creek to cross and a good camping place. From here it is 16 miles to where we crossed the same creek again here we camped and it is a good place for the purpose. Soon after we got into camp, an Osage Indian came into camp. He seemed half starved, begged for something to eat. He appeared to be of the lowest order of human beings, I have ever seen. His appearance in camp admonished us to be on the lookout for our mules and horses, and it certainly stirred up the boys to watch with double diligence. The poor fellow after we had fed him made signs to go away but I tried to induce him to tarry until morning, thinking by this means to prevent him from carrying the news to his band, until we should be on our way tomorrow morning, and thus have the advantage of the time to get out of this country but I could not prevail upon him to stay, but when I proposed to take his pony out to grass with a rope and offered him a blanket to lie upon, he seemed to guess at my reasons for trying to induce him to stay and he was evidently, confused.

Saturday, Sept 17th, 1853.....This morning we got a late start owing to Bros. Minnich and Harmon having broken one of the harness of their wagon and a new one had to be put in before starting. However at 8 o'clock we were off rolling over a beautiful country resembling very much the country west of Council Bluffs on the Missouri River. The whole face of the country is covered over with a very heavy coat of grass which is still as green as midsummer, ever and anon we crossed fresh Indian trails admonishing us that we are now traveling in an enemies' country and it is necessary for us to keep wide awake. Today we have hauled our load over twenty miles and camped near a small creek where we had good water, and grass, and would be a very good place for a train. We took our horses off to a good spot of grass some three hundred yards from camp and watched them until 9 o'clock when we brought them in and tied them up to our wagons in our manner and fed them corn and kept one man on watch during the night. The night we divide in three watches, the first is until half past eleven, when the second goes on which ends at 2 o'clock, then the last goes on which ends at early morning. When all are well each one watched the corn every other night but now during Bro. McPherson's sickness it comes a little oftener.

Sunday, Sept 18th, 1853.....This being the Sabbath we have not traveled but have lain still in order that we might rest and let our animals rest, and indeed it has been a rest day to me, for I stood very much in need of it, so much labor has to be performed and thru standing guard for three hours every night that I hardly have time to pray and I am worn down for sleep and rest is most needed. Brother McPherson still continues as sick as ever, and appears to suffer a great deal. We miss his help very much especially in standing guard at night.

Monday, Sept 19th, 1853.....This morning we were off in good time and were rolling over a beautiful country, but soon the face of it changed to rather mountainous and occasionally very rocky which made traveling with wagons very unpleasant and we have had several very severe hills to pull up. Along all the road which we have traveled thus far water and wood have been sufficient for large companies of emigrants at convenient distances and oceans of grass. This afternoon

we spent traveling, we have passed no water and the rocky hills have been less frequent, the rock has changed from sand stone to hard limestone and the soil which is of a reddish hue appears very rich, camping time coming on and finding no water near the road we turned off down a steep large rocky hill about one mile from the road where we found water, wood and good grass. Today we have traveled some 28 or 30 miles.

Thursday, Sept 20th, 1853..... This morning we were off early and rolling over a beautiful country covered with a luxurious growth of grass, but no water and it was nearly noon before any was passed on the road, but when we found it there is a good camping place with wood, water and grass. Timber which has been very plenty all along the road is now becoming more scarce and apparently we are verging upon the vast plains lying East of the Rocky Mountains, extending almost the whole length of this continent. The weather which has been very hot ever since we started[,] last night changed to very cool and today a strong north wind is blowing and it is fine traveling; in the afternoon several higher elevations were passed. At night; we camped at the foot of some mountains on a beautiful creek—a lovely camping place. 25 miles today.

Wednesday, Sept 21st, 1853.....This morning we were off at an early hour, pretty soon we commenced ascending the limestone mountains, the ascent was long and gradual and consequently easy for teams. When we reached the top we found the country almost a plain ahead of us, not, and the road somewhat rocky. We have almost lost sight of the timber. The day has turned cool and is lovely. This afternoon we began to observe the real Buffalo grass in considerable quantities and several kinds of antelopes were seen. We camped tonight at the edge of a beautiful valley and in the absence of any other name, I called it "Solitude". Through this valley runs a beautiful creek with skirts of timber along its banks mostly walnut trees of a gigantic size. We passed over the stream and through the Valley to the foot of the hill to camp and hauled wood from the creek, mosquitoes were quite plenty. 25 miles.

Thursday, Sept 22nd 1853.....This morning we got rather a late start in part owing to two of our company having taken sick last night with chills and fever, namely Franklin Coats and Joseph Harmon, Bro. McPherson is recovering and is able to help a little around the camp. This forenoon we have traveled over a country, mostly level and a good road, crossed one creek and stopped to move on the banks of a large creek, with a broad strip of walnut and huckleberry timber on its banks. Daily we observe much Indian sign but have met with but one on the first evening after we crossed the Verdigris River. Camped this evening on a beautiful camp with creek nearby, and with walnut timber skirted along its banks. This evening we saw signs of buffalo. 25 miles.

Friday, Sept 23rd, 1853.....This morning we were by times and rolling over a beautiful country, no water was met with until late in the afternoon, and then we have hauled over a country destitute of timber not a tree to be seen. We camped without wood or water but good grass, many antelopes were seen today. 28 miles.

Saturday, Sept 24th, 1853.....Today we have met with no wood; at noon we cooked some dinner with buffalo dung; this when it is quite dry makes a very good cook fire, early in the afternoon a beautiful small creek of clear pure water was crossed. Late this afternoon we reached the Santa Fe and Independence road, the Ft. Gibson road intersects it just at Turkey Creek; here we camped, no wood, but

water standing in holes, and grass poor.

Sunday, Sept 25th, 1853.....Inasmuch as we have no wood and poor grass at this place we have concluded to roll on notwithstanding it is Sunday and our custom is not to travel on Sunday, but in this instance it seems we would be justified. We have traveled 20 miles today over a splendid road and camped on the banks of the little Arkansas River, very poor grass and water, but wood through Buffalo Hills, was found today[.] This day I have been observing a Fast before the Lord in order that I might enjoy His spirit and that He may help us on our journey and save us and our mules and horses from the Indians, prosper us upon our journey, which things may be granted us for the sake of His Son, Jesus Christ and bring us safely to my home. Brother Franklin Coats is still very sick, the other brethren who were sick are fast recovering. 20 miles.

Monday, Sept 26th, 1853.....This morning we were up at the break of day, and soon after the sun was up we were rolling along—we traveled over a good road this forenoon and have made good speed, stopped at noon, without water although we have crossed several creeks but they were dry, no doubt there is water in most of them somewhere, one buffalo bull was seen this morning with a herd of antelope. This afternoon we crossed a creek with deep channel and a small stream of running water, supposed to be Corn Creek, here we filled up our jugs, watered our animals, and drove on some 7 miles further and camped on very poor grass without water. Here I killed an antelope which was very acceptable as we were all without meat, butter or anything of the kind, his skin was quickly taken off and a game at roasting and frying commenced, and kept up until all had satisfied their keen appetites. None of my companions had ever before eaten antelope and they all pronounced it good meat. This day we have seen a number of buffalo bulls. 25 miles.

Tuesday, Sept 27th, 1853.....This morning we were off by times and at 11 o'clock reached a large stream of water running over a broad wide bed of sand. This we afterwards learned was the Arkansas River. Here we watered our animals and drove on, stopping after a few miles to drive to noon, we then went on and late in the afternoon came to a large creek known as Walnut Creek. Here we discovered a large herd of Buffalo watering some half mile above the crossing of the creek, our party was stopped and myself and Bro. Michael Minnich went out in pursuit in order to try to kill one. Large numbers of them were coming down into the stream to drink, and after crawling on our hands and knees for a long distance we came in gun shot, and I succeeded in killing two large fat cows and Michael two poor ones. I immediately went after our wagons and left Michael butchering one.

We soon were all on the ground, camping arrangements attended to, and all went to taking care of the flesh of the two cows and a little after dark it was mostly all carried to camp. This one is the last camping place we have had for sometime, good grass, good water and plenty of dry oak wood; this was much better than the Buffalo chips we have been compelled to use of late for fuel; our supper was of the best for no flesh is more palatable than hot tender buffalo cows. This afternoon a train of wagons were moving west on their way in to Independence. They informed me that they had been to Santa Fe. I obtained some matches from them as we came off without any and have been much troubled to kindle fires at campings for the want of them. 25 miles.

Wednesday, Sept 28th, 1853.....This morning I obtained 4 sacks of flour from the quartermaster of a government train which passed us whilst we were taking care of

our buffalo meat this morning. From the officers I obtained some information in regard to the road we are to travel, it seems from their information we travel the Santa Fe road yet more than 100 miles, then it crosses the Arkansas River and our road does not but goes immediately up on the North side of Burtsport. We also this morning obtained from a freighting train who had camped near us some soap and also some medicine for Bro. Franklin Coats who still remains very sick. Today we have traveled some 20 miles and camped on Ash Creek; we passed today a noted rock known as "Prairie Rock" the only one we have seen for many a day.

Thursday, Sept 29th, 1853.....This morning we were off in due time but we have found the roads rather heavy from the rain which fell last night. The weather today is cloudy and a thick fog is resting upon the earth, the air is chilly and things look quite gloomy to us lonely travelers out on these vast prairies, with a long journey before us and winter fast approaching, and we have the Rocky Mountains to pass before we reach home, and the prospect is we shall have plenty of snow before we get thru. This forenoon we crossed a large stream of water known as the Pawnee Fork of the Arkansas River. I feel to be hurrying on with my little party as fast as possible trusting in the Almighty who gives me his spirit daily. I know He is with me and my faith is He will preserve us, but one can't help feeling a little gloomy, such a wintry day as this on these plains amid such a vast solitude and with so small a party as I have with me, and the Indians are on the alert all time to steal, to rob and to kill, but I trust the Almighty will preserve us through and bring us safely at home. We found a camping place on the banks of the Arkansas, but no wood, only buffalo chips which burn badly and cooking is difficult. Today we have traveled some 25 miles, several small herds of buffalo were seen on the high lands a good way off from the road.

Friday, Sept. 30th, 1853.....This is the last day of the month and here we are some 400 miles from Fort Gibson and 7 or 800 from Salt Lake. The weather has cleared up but the wind blows strong from the north and the day is cold and wintry. Soon after sunrise this morning we were off and rolling on up the Arkansas over a splendid road. We camped at a bend in the river where we found an old dry cottonwood log which made us a good fire—traveled today 25 miles.

Saturday, Oct. 1st 1853..... This morning whilst we were eating breakfast about sunrise a large train drove up and stopped near us to cook their breakfast. From them I borrowed some information in regard to the road ahead of us, some of their men had the scurvy. I gave them some buffalo meat and some antelope. I wrote a letter to Bro. Barron and sent by them to mail for me at Independence. We soon were off, took in in the afternoon old Fort Atkinson, now a deserted post. The United States officers and troops we met at Walnut Creek some 100 miles before, were from this Post, and had but just evacuated it, which was by order of the War Dept. at Washington City, which I think was a wise step in evacuating as the Post was built of mud and not a single tree within some 30 or 40 miles. We drove on beyond this post some two miles and camped. 25 miles today.

Sunday, Oct. 2nd, 1853.....Today we have remained in camp and rested ourselves and our animals and indeed it has been a restful day to us all. This is my general custom in all my travels when I have the control to observe the Sabbath as a rest day but more especially because the Lord has commanded us to observe it as such.

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Monday, Oct 3rd, 1853.....This morning we were off soon after the sunrise, our mules seemed much invigorated by the rest on yesterday and I am sure we did ourselves. Soon after starting we met a large train from New Mexico, the wagons

were all drawn by mules, soon after this we passed some ox wagons in camp on the banks of the river, these belonged to Mr. Bent of Bent's Fort, a well known trading post some 180 miles down on the Arkansas, they were bound for the states, from them I purchased a splendid buffalo robe for \$6, about 2 o'clock today we left the main Santa Fe Road immediately where we left it, it crosses the Arkansas and our road follows up on the north side without crossing it at all. We stopped for dinner soon after we left the main road. Here we had some very good grass. We then drove on until after sundown before we could find a camping place which at last we did upon the Banks of the river. Here we found a pile of flood wood, which we used for fuel.

Tuesday, Oct 4th, 1853.....This morning we were off by times – as we drove along I discovered a flock of geese near the road; took Bro. Michael's shot gun and fired among them and killed two very fine ones, camped for the night on the banks of the Arkansas and waded – across the river to procure a little wood to cook with. It is a curious fact that although there are always trees in sight yet none are to be found upon this side of the river. This afternoon both Bro. McPherson and Thadeus Crandel are taken sick and both were compelled to forsake riding horseback and rode in wagons, and Bro. Franklin Coats was compelled to ride horseback, altho he was hardly able to do so, and I tied my pony to my mule in my wagon and led him in this way.

Wednesday, Oct 5th, 1853.....This morning we were off soon as the sun was fairly up and rolling over a splendid road and in fact we have had a most extraordinary good road ever since we came into the Santa Fe Road. Since we left it we have seen a great many bands of antelopes which were very scarce before, we seem to be out of the buffalo altogether and I have seen but very few for a nu[m]ber of days. We turned into the river and camped on its banks where we had a little driftwood for a fire. 27 miles. (? Not in book) see page 37

Thursday, Oct 6th, 1853.....Last night I dreamed I was with Brigham Young and Willard Richards and had some conversation with them in regard to my mission to Texas. We got quite a late start this morning stopped at noon on a good spot of Mountain Blue Grass, traveled today some 25 miles and camped near the banks of a small chute which makes out of the main river across which Bro. Joseph Harmon went and cut down an old dead dry cottonwood tree which made us a splendid campfire, but it cost us some hard licks to get it. Bro. McPherson our little Scotchman still continues very sick and Thadeus the Gold Digger who is with me has the Ague and Fever every day and is scarcely able to do any camp duty.

Friday, Oct 7th, 1853.....This morning we were off by early times and rolling over a splendid road. Last night I dreamed of seeing some of my old acquaintances among the Saints and some of youthful associates who have long since been dead among them Charles Law was one, and my sleep was secret. Whilst we were nooning today two Indians of the Shian [Cheyenne] Tribe came to us and begged something to eat. We gave them bread and buffalo meat, they informed us that their party was in camp on the Arkansas some distance, just at camping we came in sight of the horses belonging to the band and we turned in on the river and camped; soon after camping an Indian came to camp and informed us his band was camped just above and that they were Shians [Cheyennes].

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Saturday, Oct 8th, 1853.....This morning we took an earlier start than usual that we might be away before the Indians started to come to our camp to annoy us. We

soon found their lodges some 20 or 25 in number. Several of their principal men came out hailed us and inquired if we saw many buffalo on the river as we came up. We informed them, Yes. They next inquired if we saw any Comanchus [Comanches] or Pawnus [Pawnees]. We answered them, No. All these questions and answers were given by signs. They said they were Shians [Cheyennes] and seemed to us to be quite friendly.

We then drove on and after driving some 10 or 12 miles we met an Indian on horseback with a squaw behind him. He said he was a Shian [Cheyenne] and we passed on, soon after I looked back out of my wagon and saw that he had turned about and was following us. He continued with us some mile or two and turned into the timber on the Arkansas, making signs to us to follow him, this however we took care not to do, soon after he disappeared in the timber a party came rushing out on horseback armed with guns, pistols and bows and arrows, and rushing forward on my train (for I was in advance) by signs demanded of me to stop. This I did and by this time a number of them had come up.

Then in a murmuring manner demanded of me sugar and I offered them a little in a tin cup. This they would not accept but demanded more. I made signs to them and gave them to understand that I was on a long journey and had but little. They still persisted. I filled up the cup, they accepted this and wanted more. I made an attempt to drive on but two of their party interfered and made signs if I did they would shoot me and one with a pistol drawn stood just in front of my mules. After consulting with the rest of my brethren it was thought best perhaps to give them some more sugar and perhaps this might satisfy them. I did so until I had given them three cups full. They seemed as little satisfied at this as at first. I refused to give any more. They then wanted several other articles. These I refused. They then gave me to understand they had a pair of Mocasins which they wanted to trade for more sugar. I gave them to understand I did not want to trade for I had very little sugar, but they persisted so with guns and pistols pointing in our face, that some of the brethren thought it safest to take the moccasins. I did so and gave them a cupful of sugar.

During the parley about the sugar some of them attempted to put their hands into my wagon and take up little things, but I thrust them out. I now begun to feel as if their intentions were to rob us of everything and having but little choice between death and being robbed of all our provisions and clothing on the plains at this season of the year, the weather now cold and freezing, with these reflections I resolved to free myself from them, and pulling my rifle near and my large butcher knife lying on my seat just at my right hand, I demanded of them to get out of my way and let me drive on, they refused. I struck my mules, a pop with my whip, the mules started, and Indian seized the bridle of the mule on the right side, this frightened them, and they jerked away from the Indian, the Indian struck the mule with the barrel of his rifle as the mule was passing him. This so frightened the mule that he stampeded and turning square off the road, my team running at the top of their speed for more than the two hundred yards before I could get them stopped.

This done I whirled about immediately and returned to where the other wagon and the rest of the brethren were. I found the wagon surrounded by Indians and making demands of Bro. Jos. Harmon who was its driver, he had given them some flour and [they] had reached their hands into the wagon and had taken several little articles and still wanted more. After I drove up some of them wanted to approach me but I would not suffer them. Bro. Joseph at last got free from them, about the time we

were starting it was found the Indians had taken my skillet from out of my food trough, frying pan, and one or two other things. However I recovered my skillet again, it being found hid in the grass near by, but Bro. Joseph and Minnich did not recover theirs. We then drove on, the Indians making no attempt at following us. We then drove on a few miles and stopped for dinner and to water our mules and let them graze for a short time. Some of the brethren were not for stopping at all, for I told them it was of no use to try to run away from the Indians for we were too far out on the plains and too far in the Indian country to think of running away from them. We then drove on until the usual camping time, 5 o'clock when we turned in near the river and found some splendid mountain blue grass for our mules and plenty of good dry wood, an old fallen & dry cottonwood tree; here we camped for the night. The events of the day made up the subject for the evening's conversation, no one feeling comfortable at our situation.

Sunday, Oct 9th, 1853.....This morning some of the brethren were for driving on and not resting until we were out of the Indian country, but I told them it was of no use to think of trying to run away from the Indians with our tired, worn down animals, but we must content ourselves to abide our fate for to overdrive our teams would be as bad as to be robbed by the Indians. I prevailed upon them to again stop and rest as it was the Sabbath—we have found it a rest day indeed, both to ourselves and animals. This morning I walked out across the road at an early hour. I fell in with an Indian, on foot. He said he was a Shian [Cheyenne] and that his party had gone another way. I took him to our Camp and fed him well in order that perhaps we might induce him to stop with us during the day and not go on and give information to his band that we were passing thru their country until we had gone on, for we dreaded to come in contact with another band of them after yesterday's adventure. My scheme worked to a charm and my Shian [Cheyenne] was induced to stay all day and night with us.

Monday, Oct 10th, 1853.....This morning we were up by times and as soon as the sun was up we were rolling over the plains up the Arkansas wending our way towards my mountain home. But, before starting we gave our Shian [Cheyenne] some bread and buffalo meat for his dinner, for he had taken breakfast with us. After we had been travelling several hours we passed a number of lodges of Shians [Cheyennes]; some distance to our left in a bend on the river, one old man galloped after us overtaking and begging us for sugar. I, by signs give him to understand that the Shians [Cheyennes] whom we had met with before him had begged it all away from us. I gave him some hard bread and a piece of fat buffalo meat and he went away seeming satisfied. We rolled on until camping time when we turned in near the river where we found some very good grass. During the day we have crossed a great number of Indian treks freshly made going towards the river and crossing and going over on the Purgatwave River, which comes in on the west side of the Arkansas—the mouth of which we passed this afternoon about the upper end of what is called the "Big Timber" on the Arkansas which we have been passing for several days.

Tuesday, Oct 11th, 1853.....This morning we were off soon after sunrise and rolling over a splendid road, which seems to be about the same from day to day, should this road continue from here to Salt Lake as good as the part we have traveled it certainly must become one of the great thoroughfares across the plains to Salt Lake and California. This evening riding ahead of the wagon I discovered the cattle of Mr. Bent for which we have been looking out for several days and camping below in a bend on the river[.] I rode up to his camp and had a conversation with him. He seems to be a man of intelligence and is an old Indian trader, and has been

out on those plains trading with the Indians for 21 years. His old Fort which is now in a state of delapidation we passed early this afternoon, and is a noted place on the Arkansas River. I found him quite communicative, he now has a train of wagons with goods and is moving down the river, He has a large herd of cattle and horses and stock as he travels over the country trading with the Indians and going to and from the states.

Wednesday, Oct 12th, 1853.....This morning we started just as the sun was rising and as we passed Mr. Bents train yet in camp we made a short stop. Here Thadeus Crandel sold his horse [to] one of Mr. Bent's men for \$2.00. I advised him to do so as the horse was about giving out and could not possibly hold out to go to Salt Lake. Mr. Bent proposed to swap some corn with us for flour as he was out of flour and Bros Jos. Harmon and Minnich were feeding their mules on flour, but Mr. Bent would not give only measure for measure, and this the brethren thought was not enough. So after stopping for a short time we drove on and after making a tolerably fair day's drive we camped beside the Arkansas where we found some pretty good blue grass. We are now getting fairly in sight of the mountains and Pikes Peak looms out in grandeur for [far] above the other peaks and the eternal snow with which it is covered, glistens beautifully[.] the rays of the morning sun rays upon it. It was first visible on Monday and yet we are a great way off. I learn from Mr. Bent the road passes immediately under it. It must have been a great way off when first seen by us as we travel about 25 miles per day. (from Church Publication)

Thursday 13th.--At sunrise this morning we started and rolled over all day, during the afternoon I kept a constant lookout for the mouth of the "Fountain La Buzon", or "Boiling Spring" a small river running down from Pikes Peak, up which the road goes, leaving here the Arkansas and which Mr. Bent had told me was only 40 miles distance from his camp, but we did not reach it until just at camping time and we camped in the bend below. I had been the more anxious to reach this place as he told me he knew a Spaniard or Mexican who had some corn to sell. I rode to his house and had a conversation with him. He had corn and asked \$6 a "Fonagan" this is a Mexican measure and is two and a half bushels of our measure.

Friday 14th.--This morning we were off very early and drove up to Mousaline's for this I had found to be his name, we bought of him four Fonagans of corn for which we paid him \$24[.] He had a blacksmith shop but no blacksmith, he tendered us the use of it with his tools and I went in and filed up and nailed on shoes on several of the horses and mules of the brethren. This man only settled her[e] last Spring and intends to establish a farm for the purpose of raising grain to sell to emigrants and no doubt the soil will yield well but must be irrigated to promote vegetation. Here we have [leave] the Arkansas River and go directly up the Fountain Klu [La] Buzon, the Arkansas here no longer maintains the character which it has on the plains with low banks, shallow sandy bed with placid current, but here it assumes the character of a mountain torrent surging and roaring over its rocky bed with its waters clear and pure whereas on the plains they are muddy. At 12 o'clock we started and after driving a few miles we stopped to noon on the banks of the pretty Fountain Klur [La] Buzon. At night we camped upon its banks where we had some good mountain blue grass for our mules and dry cottonwood for fire.

Saturday 15.--This morning we were off at sunrise and wending our way up the Fountain Klur [La] Bozon, all day we had a good road but in the afternoon there came on a hard shower of rain which made them muddy in places and of course heavy going which wearied our mules very much. At night we camped on the stream where we had poor grass.

Sunday 16th.--This morning soon after breakfast I took my rifle, walked up the banks of the beautiful Fountain Klu [La] Buzon, that I might find a secret place to pray and also to search if "preadventure" [peradventure] I might find some better grass for our mules, finding some and as I was returning I discovered a band of deer on the opposite side of the steam. Feeling the temptation to shoot one was greater than I could resist. I reached the stream, crawled up, and with my rifle shot and killed two. I went to camp with my conscience bothering me for hunting on Sunday, in all my travels and journeyings this is the first time in my life I have felt to hold this day sacred and at times when crossing the plains I have seen the Elders shoulder their rifles and go hunting on the Sabbath, but I could never be induced to join them. I returned to camp and we moved up to where I had found the grass and then the three of us went and took care of my two deer which occupied most of the remainder of the day. So it turned out to be a day of labor with me rather than a day of rest. And, of course I did not feel as happy as I should have done had I let hunting alone, and I also was in dread lest the Lord be offended at me should in some way chasten me.

We are now in camp just under Pikes Peak, right at its foot. Last Monday its top was first visible to us when we were just above the Big Huber, on the Arkansas, and it has taken us one week's hard travel to reach it, but today it is cloudy and only occasionally its top looms out through the clouds and the snow on its lofty peaks glisten with dazzling splendor in the rays of the sun.

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Monday 17.--During last night it rained frequent showers and this morning the ground is muddy and the grass very wet. I had to crawl into my wagon and sleep doubled up at the feet of Franklin Coats and Thadeus Crandel, now both sick with ague and fever, and of course I lay uncomfortable enough. For sometime they both have been sick and I have give up my wagon all my bedding except a buffalo robe to them, and my hands have been more than put in in attending to 4 horses and doing the cooking, waiting upon them, and bringing wood and water and standing guard almost every night. The Lord knows I am growing weary enough of it. We got a pretty early start this morning and after traveling some 10 miles up the Fountain Flu [La] Buzon we found we had taken the wrong road, this one being made, no doubt, by Indian traders. Night [Light] kept growing more and more dim until it ceased to be passable for wagons altogether[.] we had to retrace our steps. Bros. Minnick and Coats we sent ahead to search for the right road. When we got back it was the place where we had started in the morning. We camped for the night. Soon after the brethren who had been sent in search of the road came into camp and informed us that after much riding and searching they had found it and that it was very close where it rurned [turned] off, no traveler would ever have taken it unless previous instructions about it. Neither Bro. Bent nor Mousaline had told us anything about it, from the signs of travel whole teams have been misled as we have been.

Tuesday 18th.--This morning we took an early start and were soon on the right

road, it leaves the Fountain Flue [La] Buzon just after crossing a big sandy dry creek, goes for some distance to the creek, then follows a Dirroh [?] and gradually for many miles ascends until you reach the top of the dirroh between the waters of the Arkansas and the South Fork of the Platte. We traveled the whole day without finding any water until just at dark we found a small running creek making towards the Platte. Here we had good grass and plenty of wood of the Pitch Pine for fuel.

Wednesday 19th.--This morning we got a very early start and commenced descending towards the Platte[.] the road most of the way was very good. In the afternoon we struck the head of Cherry Creek down which the road winds to its mouth, where we are told the road crosses the Platte. We camped upon the banks of this creek where we had good grass and the best of dry oak wood for fuel.

Thursday 20th.--This morning we were off by times and rolling upon a splendid hard road whivh [which] follows immediately down Cherry Creek. We called a halt at noon for din[n]er where we had a small spot of the best mountain blue grass for our mules, about this time there came up a sever[e] storm of wind from the northwest, with a little rain which was very cold when Bro. Minnich and myself went to the creek for a load of wood which was some half mile distant. We found some dry cottonwood which we carried to camp and soon had a good fire. After halting for one hour and a half we drove on until camping time; when turning in to the creek found it was entirely dry[.] we continued on down searching for water and grass but could find neither, about dark we halted where we had little dry grass for our animals, during the night another storm of wind came up attended with a little rain and it suddenly grew very cold.

Friday 21st.--This morning we were early up and having no water with which we might prepare our breakfast (the little we had brought in our jugs being exhausted) we harnessed up our mules and drove on, at half past nine o'clock we came to a small river, which is no doubt the South Fork of the Platte, here we called a halt and prepared some breakfast and let our mules feed upon the grass which grew in plenty upon the west side of the river, but of which seemed to be a very poor kind. After halted for two hours we drove on and in about six miles we came to a large beautiful creek rushing down off the mountains. For several days we have been traveling on the plains with a high range of mountains immediately on our left hand. Early in the afternoon a dark and portentious cloud seemed to rest upon the lofty mountains away far to the northwest, which soon drew nearer obscuring the mountains as it approached. Soon the sun which had shone very warm and brilliantly all day became hidden, the day grew dark and at three o'clock it commenced snowing fast with a violent northwest wind. We drove in two hours facing immediately the storm, the snow driving in our faces with fury. The brethren who were on horseback were obliged to dismount[,] tie their horses to the wagons behind, take it on foot in order to keep themselves warm or from freezing as it had grown intensely cold. At 5 o'clock we descended a steep hill but could not see what was at the bottom for the driving snow. Ever since the snow commenced I had feared we should find no wood for camping purposes and we should be compelled to do without. I had felt considerable alarm about it, but now whilst descending the hill, I began to have hopes we should find some stream and wood upon its banks which always is the case in the mountains that upon almost every stream small patches of cotton willow may be found. Sure enough when I reached the bottom of the hill I discovered a large tree dimly through the driving snow. I shouted to my companions behind, for I was in advance of all, "Timber"--and turning my mules from the storm in order that the snow might not enter in my wagon whilst I was gone, for I started immediately to

the tree I had seen. I found it a large dead log of cottonwood and standing on the banks of a dry gully and nearby a thick patch of willows and some good grass close by not yet buried beneath the snow, I returned as quickly as possible to my wagon, the others by this time had come up and I informed them of my discovery and we immediately drove to the spot. In a very short time we had a fire kindled with some pitch pine we had brought along with us for the purpose, the large cottonwood tree was soon cut up and supper prepared in the midst of the driving snow, our mules were staked upon the grass after being fed their scanty allowance of corn which is not yet quite exhausted. The brethren soon all retired to their wagons to bed, and I was left alone to watch until half past 11 o'clock[.] in the meantime the snow increased and continued to fall faster and faster, the wind blew frightfully and conditions began to look gloomy for reaching Salt Lake this season. My watch expiring I awoke the relief and retired to my wagon to bed but not to sleep for my mind was too full of anxiety for sleep, many reflections rolled across my mind. I thought of many of the frightful circumstances I had read of travels being undertaken and finishing up in snowstorms. I thought of Fremont's unfortunate expedition, some years ago, when his party nearly all, with all his mules, perished in a snowstorm in these same mountains, not a great distance to the south of where we now are. I thought of the party some years ago who were snowed up in the great Sierra Nevadas west of Salt Lake and had to eat one another and most of the party perishing, and many other awful catastrophies came up to my mind but in the midst of all felt contented and serene for I knew I had been on the Lord's business and had been faithful and was now returning to my mountain home in obedience to the whisperings of the Holy Spirit, and felt no self reproach at the course I had taken in life and ever since I had been an Elder in this Church now nearly ten years I have been a faithful member and have borne a faithful testimony to this generation, if ever a Servant of God did to the things which the Lord required me to do. With these reflections I fell asleep and I dreamed I was with my Father (long since dead) and though I saw others of my kindred and communed with them upon the great principles which the Almighty[y] is revealing in these last days for the salvation of the human family. When I awoke I felt comforted. I thought of my blessing which the brethren placed upon my head in the Tabernacle at Salt Lake City just before leaving for this present mission for Texas "that I should have power to return to my family and friends and should find my family enjoying the spirit of the living God."

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Saturday 22nd. This morning still snowing fast, snow nearly one foot deep, grass nearly buried out of sight, mules all drawn up, backs humped up and heads, from the storm, long icicles hanging from their sides and manes, poor creatures they look pitiable. The wind is still blowing fearfully, in the midst of all this I arose at daylight, before anyone saw the guard was up--rounded up the brethren and in the driving storm prepared our breakfast, which consists every meal of the same thing, buffalo meat and flour bread; baked every meal by our hands and shortened with buffalo tallow, which I prepare in the following manner. I take the clean fat of the buffalo, salt it well let it lie in the salt for a day or two, then dry it and mould it into large cakes which I consider better for cooking purposes than anything save it be butter. The snow continued to fall fast until ten o'clock when it almost ceased and the sun could be dimly seen through the thin clouds and falling flakes of snow. I wished at once to move on to where we might find water and more wood, for our little steak [stake] of water was exhausted and we were compelled to resort to melting snow for both cooking and drinking and our poor animals had none since early in the afternoon yesterday. Some hasty dinner was prepared and at half past eleven o'clock we started, the wind blew very hard immediately in our faces and the cold was intense; pretty soon it commenced snowing very fast and I began to fear we had

started too soon. The road was very hard to find in the deep snow and could be discovered at intervals when the snow had partly drifted out of it. However, pretty soon the snow ceased falling and the wind became more less and the sun became more plainly to be seen but a thick frozen fog rested upon the earth and entirely obscured the lofty mountain range at whose base we are traveling. We found it very heavy pulling for our mules in the deep snow. After traveling some five or six miles we came to a dry creek where we found plenty of wood and after searching we found a hole of water at which we watered our animals and filled up our water vessels, both kegs and jugs, and after searching up the dry creek I found some good feeding grass almost entirely buried beneath the snow which lay upon the grass nearby up to our knees—here we concluded to camp for the night and spend our Sabbath.

Monday 23.—This morning the sun rose brilliantly and the highest peaks of the lofty range of mountains at whose base we lay encamped, loomed out above the clouds which concealed the main plain from our view and filled the mind with admiration and in my contemplations could compare them to nothing but my ideas of the towers of a celestial world, and under other circumstances I could have viewed the scene with unusual pleasure and delight, but our forlorn condition, here alone among these vast mountain ranges, with several hundred miles yet intervening between us and our home, the road to us unknown, but we know from our knowledge of the geography of the country it must be through and over vast mountain ranges, upon which at this time must lie a great depth of snow, our animals too are poor and are our only hope of carrying our provisions, added to these reflections, the fact that my young Texian [Texan] brethren are almost strangers to cold weather having been raised in a tropical climate (the southern part of Texas) some of them never having seen the ground covered with snow in their lives, and but little used to toil and hardships, having been raised in different circumstances, reflections like these tended greatly to mar the pleasure I felt at contemplating the scene spread out before me. A good warm breakfast was soon prepared of steak made of as good buffalo meat as ever we [had] eaten and warm wheaten bread, some baked and some fried in buffalo tallow, to which we all did ample justice save poor Thadeus Crandel who still is very sick in my wagon. The day I have spent mostly in writing, my brethren in scraping away the deep snow so as to uncover the grass for the poor animals, cutting down the tons of the sweet cotton for them to brouse [browse] upon, etc.

Monday 24th.—This morning long before it was day we were all up and preparing breakfast and at an early hour we were pursuing our journey wending our way towards the home of the saints. The day has been quite warm and pleasant although the nights are intensely cold. Large pieces of buffalo sat freezing solid in my wagon and the creeks frozen hard enough to bear a man, the snow during the day pretty much all melted out of the road and the road became tolerably dry so as to be comfortable traveling. At night we camped upon a small dry creek with poor grass. Today as on every day since we reached Pikes Peak we have traveled alone at the base of a great mountain range [illegible] leaving it to our left and ever and anon we cross cold running creeks rushing down from the kanyons of the mountains.

Tuesday 25th.—This morning the sun rose beautifully but was soon obscured behind a dark cloud which from before daylight had rested upon the mountains and about nine o'clock it commenced snowing which increased until about noon, when it was a storm almost equal to the one through which we have but recently passed though not quite so cold—at one o'clock we reached a considerable sized river which no doubt is Laramie, Fork of the Platte, after crossing the stream we found some very

good grass and a large dead dry cotton wood tree—here we camped and staked our mules. The cottonwood tree was soon pulled and a large fire kindled but the wind blew so furiously and the snow fell so fast that no comfort could be taken.

Truly things now are unfavorable aspect for reaching Salt Lake this season with our wagons, a few more such snows and we will find it too deep for our mules to pull our wagons across the mountains. We retired to our wagons to bed and still the snow falling furiously.

Wednesday 26th.—This morning I arose very early and found the snow nearly over a foot deep, the clouds were broken and promised to soon disappear. We thought the snow too deep for us to travel so we remained around a good log heap fire attending to various little affairs attending traveling and camping. About eleven o'clock the sun was shining very warm. We prepared some hasty dinner and set off but the snow was so deep we found it hard traveling but notwithstanding we continued on until dark and found no good grass but camped by a dry gully where we had some dry cottonwood for a fire. Truly the cottonwood is the tree of the desert.

Thursday 27.—This morning we were off by sun up and after starting on, an Indian overtook us on horseback and said he was an Arapaho. I bought of[f] him a brown skin and a small buffalo robe, the skin he afterwards stole. He went with us for a mile or two, we crossed a small river which he told us was the Medicine Bow; from the direction which it was running it evidently falls into the Laramie's Fork. Soon after crossing this stream, the roads around the mountains we pass at the canyon out of which the Medicine Bow emerges after going for a mile up the canyon, then the road turns to the right up a small dry canyon; here we met a large band of Arrapahoe [Arapaho] Indians, some of the first we met acted as though the[y] intended to make a show or that they intended to rob us as the Shians [Cheyennes] had attempted to do, but an old chief coming up in a friendly manner and asking for something to eat gave us more confidence. We gave them all some things and they seemed satisfied. I had considerable talk with the old chief, he asked me what Indians we had met. I informed him. He then asked me where we were going. I gave him to understand we were Mormons and were going to Salt Lake; at this the old chief shook his head as much as to say we could not reach that place this winter on account of the snow. Hh [He] made signs showing me how there was upon the mountains snow, upon snow, upon snow, and showed me it was up to the sides of my mules. I gave him to understand that we must get there or at any rate we must try and I thought we should reach there. He bid us goodbye in a very good humor. And, we passed on. For a mile or two we kept meeting, mounted upon mules and ponies with the Lodge poles and all the moving paraphernalia [paraphernalia] of a moving tribe of Indians, not even the dogs excepted. We were glad when we were alone and done meeting them. During the afternoon our road lay between the continuous mountain ranges, the road was good and we continued to ascend until about our usual camping time where we found a good spot of grass and spring of water just at the top of the road where the road turns down the mountain.

Friday 28th.—This morning we took an early start Brother [Joseph] Harmon driving my team and took my rifle to walk ahead of the wagons in order to kill a deer, if possible, for we are getting scarce of meat and our supply of buffalo tallow is getting very low. I saw a great number and fired at one large buck. He ran off, however sprinkling the snow with blood, but I had not time to follow him. I continued to walk ahead all day but saw no other deer nor antelope in the after part of the day,

however, I shot one of those beautiful little mountain foxes just as we were going into camp. The day has been one of the coldest we have yet experienced. The wind blew a perfect gale all day, right in our faces, with occasional flurries of snow. This together with reaching the deep snow caused men and mules to be completely worn out by the time all got into camp, and some of the men fell down as they came in unable to do anything towards camp duty.

Saturday 29th.—This morning we started early notwithstanding the intensity of the cold. The wind continued to blow a perfect gale, night stared ahead, all day we continued to ascend, it was up, up, up, etc.—it grew colder and colder, the road was more rough than any day's travel since we started on this trip. At night we camped upon the top of the mountains in a little hollow without grass or water, but plenty of pitch pine wood and we were all smoked as black as "tar turners."

During the whole night the wind continued to blow with such violence that it was impossible to warm but one side of a person's self at a time, and as for cooking, it was almost out of the question. Nothing I can here write can carry any idea of the fury of the wind, and the intensity of the cold, so fearful was it that not many of the men were willing to stand guard and myself and Bro. Harmon had to stand although it was not our turn.

Sunday 30th.—About 10 o'clock this morning we started, we found great difficulty in getting around the great banks of snow which were drifted in places in the road. Pretty soon however we began to descend towards the North Fork of Platte River—and soon descended into a broad open valley where we found plenty of good grass and a beautiful small stream of water—here we took up camp for the day.

Monday 31.—This is the last day of October—and notwithstanding the intensity of the cold we started at an early hour; all day we traveled in an open valley without wood or water, but in the afternoon we came to a river which we supposed to be the North Fork of the Platte, as we have no knowledge of the existence of any other river in these mountains, we found excellent grass here and camped for the night.

Monday Nov. 1st.—This is the first day of Nov. and here we are in the mountains, yet how far to Salt Lake I know not, but this distance must be considerable. The day has been intensely cold and at night we turned off the road to go to some timber at the mouth of a kanyon which seemed to be a mile or perhaps a little more, but in the distance we were very much deceived for it turned out to be three or four and our horses were entirely worn out before we reached the place and it was sometime after dark, first we found an old fallen dry cottonwood tree which made us a good fire and a beautiful little stream of water.

Monday Nov. 7th. Here I find myself in camp on a considerable river, which when we were in camp yesterday I was certain was Green River, but when we came to the water I at once saw it could not be for it was running north instead of south as Green River does. We all felt a sad disappointment for this certainly must be the North Fork of the Platte and not the river we crossed on last Monday. We felt that we were much further from Salt Lake than we had anticipated, and of course all felt dejected. During the past week we have toiled up mountains and over snow banks, some of which we have found great difficulty in passing often times we have had to go around on the sides of mountains to avoid these great snow drifts, sometimes dig away the snow with shovels, our labors here have been arduous. The cold on these lofty mountains has been intense, our animals are almost all worn out, several have

given out and from present appearances not many of them will be able to hold out much longer, and to add to our misfortune we have been annoyed very much by the Indians, and have had to divide our scanty supply of flour with them after giving them all the sugar I had. On last Thursday night we were visited by a whole band of those creatures who seemed to be in a starving conditions and nothing would do but we must make them a feast, and accordingly we set to work baking bread in our only two little skilletts which the Shians [Cheyennes] had left us, and our camp kettle the only one we have which holds about one third of a bushel, was filled with the meat of an antelope, for our buffalo meat being exhausted I had only the day before killed one, and it was soon in the morning when we had eaten our last piece of buffalo meat for supper the night before, and all in camp seemed to acknowledge the hand of the Lord in sending us meat just when we needed it. But to return to the feast of the Indians, in the midst of our forlorn condition I was forced for a time to forget all in watching the etiquette, manouvers [maneuvers] of the Araphahoos [Arapahoes] as they dispatched the passing of soup and antelope as it was sey [set] before them. The whole amount of our tea board which we could parade for the important occasion was two plates, two small baking pans, two pint cups and a small wash pan and three spoons, all of tin, except the spoons which were of Iron. Bro. Harmon and myself drank soup out of a three quart tin bucket as I had him introduced to the Chief as the big Mormon Chief, and of course I must honor the feast by partaking likewise, but previously while the feast was a preparing, I had sat and smoked the pipe of peace and conversed freely by signs with the Chief. After all was over and dark had come upon us most of them went away, two of the chiefs remained, soon two squaws made their appearance who had not arrived in time, these the head Chief modestly informed me had no[t] partaken of the feast but would like to have something to eat. I tried to excuse myself by telling him it was growing late and my men were tired, and wished to go to bed, but it would not at all do, they must be fed for they were persons of distinction in the tribe. So at last I went to work myself, prepared some of the ribs of a fat antelope, made a fresh camp kettle full of soup, and set before them inviting the principal Chief the only one now remaining to partake again. This he readily did, I joining in myself heartily for I had eaten very little of the feast, first prepared. After remaining for some time the Chief proposed to sell me some beaver skins for flour and they all wanted flour. I gave him to understand I was not a trader but only a traveler passing through his country and had but a very little flour, but informed him that in the Spring when the snow was all gone if his band would take their beaver skins to Salt Lake he might trade for as much flour as all his ponies could pack as they had great quantities of it there. I asked him if the Arrapahoes [Arapahoes] were allowed to have more than one wife, he replied Yes. I then asked him how many he had. He modestly replied by holding up the four fingers of his right hand. After stopping still for a while longer he arose to bid me farewell. This was done by a hearty shake of the hand and as a token of great friendship gave me a warm hug around the shoulders which I retaliated as well as possible. At this he went away, his squaws and all following.

p.42 **Monday night Nov. 7th, 1853....** Today we have remained in camp during a rest day as we traveled on yesterday and it is my custom if I travel on Sunday which I never do unless grass, wood or water is scarce, but if I do, I always try to observe a day during the week as a rest day. Our situation is becoming quite precarious, we

are a long way from home, our animals almost worn out, feed for them all gone and flour for ourselves getting scarce. The weather however is more favorable than it has been, not being so cold and windy. May the Lord God of Heaven bless us and prosper us and bring us to our homes in peace and safety. All day today it has been snowing upon the mountains but quite pleasant in the wide open valley in which we are in camp.

Tuesday, Nov 22nd, 1853.....Here we are on the banks of Green River, having arrived we camped in order that our animals might have a little rest and some grass for them for they have had very little since leaving the North Platte Fork which was this day two weeks ago. Since that time we have had three snowstorms and some very severe cold weather. The morning after we left the Platte a mountaineer and a Snake Indian followed after us and overtook those who were behind and gave them some information in regard to the road to Green River, the distance they said was some 200 miles, they further said there was no grass or as good as now, and not a single stick of wood upon the whole route, that they had just passed across from there and that they were nine days in crossing—that it was the damdest [damnedest] hardest road they had ever traveled in their lives and no money could induce them to return that way. This very unfavorable account of the road to Green River completely discouraged some of the party and when they came up to where I was they (for I was some distance ahead and did not see the mountaineer) proposed to go back and winter upon the Platte or trade for some ponies from the Indians, after consulting together sometime it was agreed that Bros. Harmon and Minnich should go back and try to trade for some ponies and the rest of us should go on with the wagons.

This plan was carried into effect and we accordingly went on and camped without water and a very little grass, but we had a good fire out of the wild sage. About noon of the next day the brethren who had gone back to trade for ponies with the Snake Indians overtook us, bringing still more unfavorable accounts of the road ahead of us. They were unable to trade for any ponies, and had made up their minds to return back to the Platte and winter there as there was buffalo in the neighborhood. According they began making preparations to return and Bro. MacPherson not wishing to return and asked me the privilege of putting his clothes in my wagon and going with me.

I consented but rather reluctantly for he had no flour nor anything else to eat and we should have to share our scanty allowance with him, but as my manners is never to leave behind any saint who wishes to gather, if it is possible for them to go, I at last consented and I did it hoping I might be able to kill an antelope or a buffalo and thus procure meat, our arrangements were soon all made and we set off and Bros. Minnich and Harmon started on their return to the Platte. The next day we had a severe snow storn [storm] and we suffered intolerable cold, in a day or two we eat the last piece of our antelope and we had nothing but one sack of flour containing 100 lbs. and a little salt. I immediately put all upon half rations, from during today I hunted faithfully. I found both buffalo and antelope but could kill none and although I had good chances at the buffalo yet could not kill anyone, reason was I had a very poor gun, it was one belonging to Franklin Coats, and was entirely too small for buffalo. I had an old one which Bro. Sims Matheny gave me but it was almost broken and on the first occasion of shooting in attempting to reload it broke off at the breech; from day to day we have traveled in the snow with only half rations of flour with nothing else but a little salt, daily we have grown weaker and weaker and our horses and mules are still weaker than we are, very little grass was found and

several times we were two days without water for our animals and our chance for drinking and cooking was to melt snow over a wild sage fire.

I continue to hunt but without success—saw only a single sage and a mountain rabbit I killed. The road we found to be pretty good but the scarcity of grass and water and the want of wood for fires caused us to suffer and our mules and horses intolerably. We at last reached the summit of the Divide, where the waters of the Continent of America run each way, some running East flowing into the Gulf of Mexico and some flowing west into the Pacific Ocean. We found the descent was rugged for about two days journey when the road follows immediately down Bitter Creek and is tolerably good. We were six days from the top of the Divide to Green River . That night we lay at or near the top of the Divide, then fell a deep snow which greatly impeded our progress.

After this the weather turned intensely cold and on the second night after, my splendid mule "Texas" was frozen to death. This was a severe loss to me and I felt somewhat mad at his loss. The saints whom I came with from Texas purchased him at a cost of \$125 and gave him to me and he had served me so faithfully for so long a journey. I could but feel sorry at his loss, but his value though very great to me I cheerfully parted with as I have for the sake of this kingdom suffered so many sacrifices in friends and relations in Missouri, and in lands, in homes and farms, in silver and gold, in toils and sufferings, that now there is hardly any sacrifice that I know of which the Lord might call me to make, which I would repine at. But upon this trip my heretofore indomitable spirit almost failed me beneath my accumulated sufferings and three times when lying down at night I prayed to the Almighty that I might never awake to see another morning so great were my sufferings, my feet were badly frost-bitten my old boots were entirely worn out. I had a new pair but they hurt me so I could not wear them, the snow was deep and I was obliged to walk with all the brethren save little Thadeus Crandal, who from long sickness has been confined to the wagon and now is barely able to drive from the team. This we have been compelled to do from the weakness of our team.

My companions are worn out in body and spirit, much more than I am, they seem as spiritless as little children and they look to me as their savior but I have carefully concealed from them my own feelings, for I knew if I perished my whole party would instantly do likewise. I feel assured that it has been the special interpretation [intervention] of the hand of the Lord that has saved us thus far, this spirit has been in my heart by night and by day and my slumbering moments have been lit up by the most splendid dreams, sometimes I would dream of being in the congregation of the saints and visiting with my old friends, then I would dream of conversing with Bro. Brigham Young and Bros. Kimball and Dr. Richards, then I would dream of my wives and children and they would be inviting me to come on! Oh, come on! and then I would-----my sweethearts in my dreams and then be at splendid feasts and parties among the saints, and after I had prayed that I might depart and go into the spirit world, in order that I might be free from my great sufferings, then the spirit whispered not yet, you have a great work yet to do on the earth.

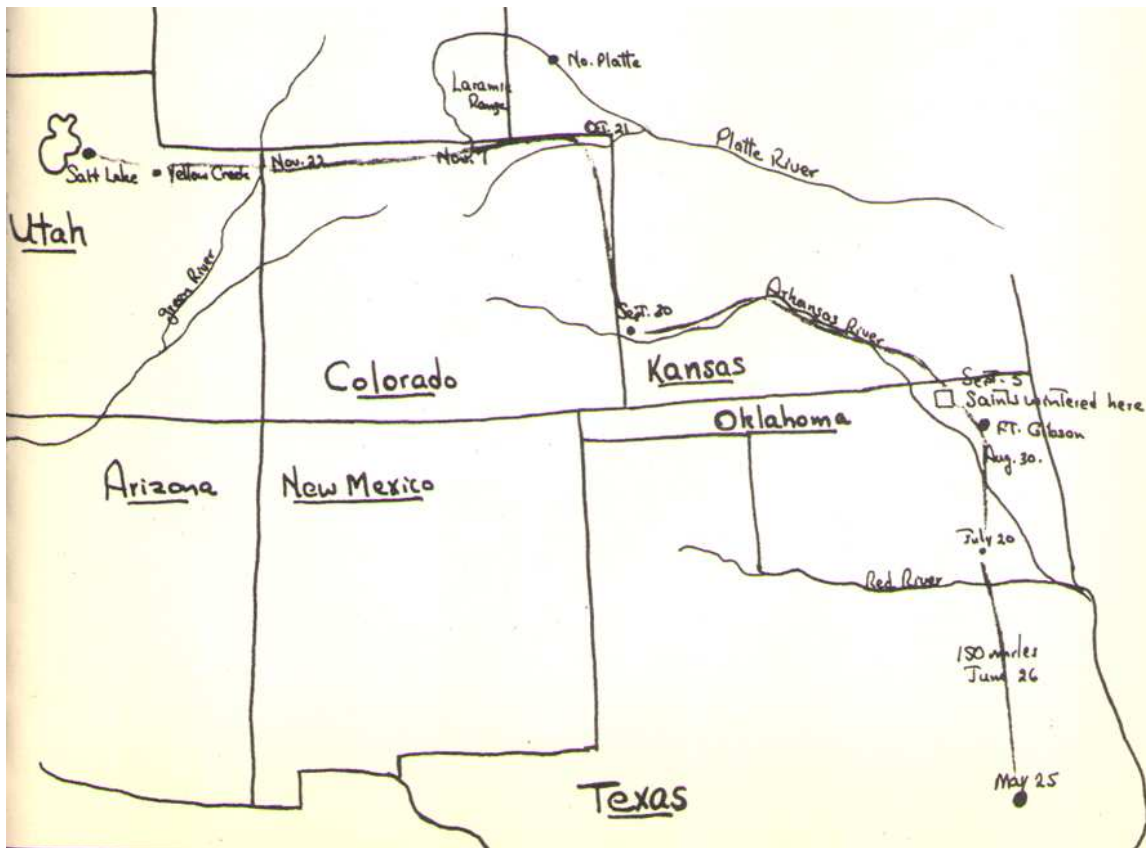
Thus from day to day we have struggled through the snow with not half enough to eat, upon reaching Green River found good grass, it was early in the morning but we camped and turned out our mules and boiled a little rice. ..all we had left.] We then raked up a little corn which lay scattered upon the bottom of our wagon it having been spilt in pouring out of the sacks in order to feed our mules. This we washed

thoroughly and put on to boil, that we might eat it. Whilst this was going on and writing, three or four mountaineers rode up on the opposite side of the river. I hollered to them to cross over, this they quickly did. I soon began to question them if they knew anything concerning the saints in Salt Lake. I found one of them had recently been on a visit there to purchase flour and gave me considerable information concerning matters there. This was the first reliable information I have had from the saints at home since I left there over a year ago. I then inquired if they could furnish us with anything to eat, they replied they had plenty of beef and would sell us as much as we wanted for ten cents per lb. I went immediately with them to their camp some two miles down on the river. I soon returned to camp with a supply of beef which when the boys in camp saw it, they smiled and preparations were immediately entered into for cooking and a feasting commenced. Never in all my life did food eat so sweet, nor enjoyed. I ate with a more grateful heart. Thus after several weeks of scarcity, we had plenty at last to eat. While here we swapped off two of our animals, one mule and one horse we had to give a large booty, \$60 in each case. So now we were fitted out with a fresh team and all felt elated with the prospects of a more speedy trip home. While stopping here I had a Snake Indian Squaw make me a pair of moccasins of soft well dressed buckskin. These I found a great relief to my sore feet and after this I suffered but very little from them.

The next day we set off for home, the weather being beautiful but the road we found to be quite rough until the second day when we intersected the main road coming through South Pass and Laramie. This was on Blacks Fork of Green River some 45 miles below Ft. Bridger, from this point we had a good road until we reached Bridger which was on the fourth day after leaving Green River. Here we procured some flour at fourteen cents per lb. and a fresh supply of beef. The night we camped near this place. We had a severe snowstorm. Here we received some intelligence from the saints at Salt Lake but nothing very definite.

The next morning we set off facing one of the coldest winds we had experienced since we had been on this long journey. The snow we found to be deeper and deeper as we ascended towards the top of the Bear River mountains which compose the rim of the Great Basin or Divide between the waters which flow into the Green River and then into the Gulf of California and those which flow West into the Great Salt Lake, on the top of this divide the snow was about one foot deep and in thro Bear River Valley it was some six inches deep. At Yellow Creek, some 75 miles from Salt Lake City, I left the brethren with the wagon and started to go in ahead in order to send out some help in order to get our wagon over this Big mountain. All day I traveled alone upon my little Cherokee Pony, just at dark I reached the Weber River, after traveling down the valley some two miles I turned aside and camped in a little canyon some distance to the right of the road, solitary and alone I camped where I had good grass for my pony,—good wood and good water. The night was clear and beautiful and I felt very happy alone as I was. I ate my small loaf of bread and rolled up in my buffalo robe and slept as sweetly as if I was in Eden.

The next morning I arose early and making ready, started just as I was emerging from the little canyon into the road I looked up the road and I saw the mail man coming after me. He soon overtook me and informed me he had been in swift pursuit of me all the day before as he had passed my wagon soon after I left and had hoped to overtake me and camp with me, could not come up with me. I now joined him at night and traveled with him to [the City where we arrived at 10 o'clock. P46.](#)
DUPLICATE CONTENT ABOVE???



FIFTH MISSION

Continuing with Preston Thomas's journal while he was on his fifth mission.

The following has been taken from Preston Thomas' Journal while he was enroute and upon his fifth mission.....

Nov. 11, 1854.....Here I find myself once more in the City of St. Louis on my way on a mission to preach the gospel to the inhabitants of Texas. I was counseled to remain at home until the company should go out in September, and accordingly I remained with my family and attending to my domestic affairs, harvesting my crops, etc. The company at length being ready to set off from the Great City of the Saints on the 4th of September, traveling in one small buggy wagon with Ephraim K. Fuller, Jepperson Knight and Henry Buckwalter as my mates. We started late in the afternoon and proceeded some 9 miles as far as what is know as "The Little Mountains," and we encamped for the night. Some of the brethern in light wagons having proceeded us and during the whole night others who were to constitute our party across the plains kept coming in. In the morning it was agreed that I should lead the party, so on over to Big Mountain and to select a camping place and wait until all the company should come up and would then organize for crossing the plains and then roll on in order.

On the second day after we left Salt Lake City, being across the Big Mountain, and the company all having come up, we entered into an organization. I was chosen

Captain and Dr. I. Clinton, Seargent of the Guard and N. H. Felt, Clerk and chaplain.

From that point we travelled in regular order across the plains. We found the grass better than I ever found before at that season and there was nothing to mar the peace or to disturb the harmony of the company. Many things of great interest transpired on the journey. I found Bro. John Taylor one of the most agreeable traveling companions I ever met with. Many lectures were delivered by him around the campfire of a very interesting nature.

After an journey of 41 days we arrived at the Missouri River at old Fork Kearny on the 17th of October. Here we crossed and the company separated. I then went to Sehn Creek to visit Brother William T. Dennis who was staying there for the winter. This man I had baptized some years ago in the State of Mississippi and now he was on his way to Utah to gather with the Saints. One night a company of abolitionists stole five of his negroes. Stopping his family and wagons he pursued them as far as Chicago and Detroit and although he could hear of them, he could never come up with them. After giving up the chase and retuning back to his family he found it was too late to go on to Salt Lake this season so he was forced to wait until another. I found him and his family well and glad to see me. I spent a number of days very pleasantly with him.

We then went to Kaneville. There we found Brother Taylor, Felt, Dr. Clinton and others. Brother (John) Taylor was having the prospectus of his newspaper printed which he intends publishing in New York. I tarried with the brethren in order that I might have their company to St. Louis. Arriving there we went in conference with Bro. Eratus Snow, one of the twelve, and Brother Orson Spencer who was here from Cincinnati. Many items of business were transacted appertaining to carrying into effect the mission of Brother Snow publishing a newspaper in St. Louis; Brother Spencer publishing one in Cincinnati; and Brother Taylor, one in New York. I was appointed to go to Washington City and act as correspondent for these papers, but in the meantime I must first go to Texas and try to raise means to start them and also, to pay my expenses while at Washington.

I left St. Louis on Sunday evening, Nov. 12, upon the steamer, Sutton. There was a very great crowd of passengers on board. I preached once, but after that the captain did not gain much for I talked so much and so loud that many heard many of the principles of truth and became my warm friends.

After five days I arrived at Memphis, Tennessee. Here I stopped and visited my wife, Jane's relatives. I found some of them glad to meet me and some of them treated me kindly especially Walter Morehead, his family and his sister, Susan. Then I attended to some business which was an interest which I or my wife, Jane, had to Joseph Morehead's (deceased) estate. My nephew and niece, Preston and Ann Morehead, also have interests in the same estate. The money was ready, but I could not draw it on account of informality in the papers. Consequently, I wrote back to Salt Lake for other papers sending a form for them to be guided by these.

On Monday the 20th, I came on board the steamboat, Flying Cloud, and on the next morning I started - bound for New Orleans.

November 20, 1854.....New Orleans - Here I find myself at the boarding house of Mr. James Fisher in the company of Brother James McGaw, who I found here upon my arrival which was on Monday morning, the 27th.

I feel very thankful to the Almighty for His blessings to me in preserving my life thus far and providing for me means to travel upon. Since arriving here I have visited the St. Charles Theater, the most aristocratic in New Orleans. The performances were good in many respects, in others I saw much to condemn. It was a beautiful night for Miss Eliza Logan, a celebrated actress, was playing in New Orleans. The plays were the celebrated tragedies of Shakespeare, of "Macbeth, King of Scotland," and the petite comedy of the "Soldier's Daughter." Miss Logan was the Lioness and played the part of Lady Macbeth and performed it well. The parts were all well sustained and much genius and talent displayed. Much of the scenery was beautiful and some of it grand and imposing. But notwithstanding, I saw much to admire, yet other things I saw while were disgusting to every person of refined tastes. The rowdy character of a great part of the audience and the noise and confusion which prevailed. Another thing was the disgusting manner of the women upon the stage exposing their persons.

I took passage on the steamship, Penning, for the Galveston on Thursday morning early, November 30th.

December 7, 1854.....I find myself in Fayette County, Texas, at the home of Col. Gaither, the father-in-law of my brother, Claiborne Thomas. I arrived here on yesterday having come from Houston by the stage from Washington and from there I came on foot to this place, after coming over on the steamship and on the boat from Houston from Galveston. I delivered several lectures to great crowds of passengers. Many treated me with kindness and with great respect. Tomorrow I think of going to what is known as the Yawa Settlement where Bro. Oscar Tyler is preaching, and where I understand he has baptized a number of persons.

December 8, 1854.....This morning I took an early start from Col. Gaithers and after a hard, muddy days walk, I arrived at the home of Bro. Thomas Brown who has recently been baptized into the Kingdom of God.

December 14, 1854....Today I have spent with the saints in conversing up the things of the Kingdom and in counseling with the brethren. I counseled Bro. Tyler to go back to the saints who he had baptized and then them off by spring to go with the company going from here.

December 16, 1854.....During the day I had the pleasure of looking through a microscope and inspecting its wonderful powers. It was the property of Bro. Liford. That night we held a meeting and preached at the home of Bro. East where I am stopping most of the time.

December 18, 1854....Today, I wrote a letter to my wife, Maria. About noon the mail came in bring one letter from Mr. McGraw, but none were of any importance. During the forenoon of the day Bro. Blair baptized two persons in the Bronson River - Thomas Gunn and Marian Gunn, wife of Gilbert Gunn. A goodly number of saints were present. After the baptizing all repaired to the home of Bro. East where they were confirmed and Bro. Gunn was called and ordained to the office of a priest. I gave the saints some instructions.

December 19, 1854.....Today, Bro. Gunn, a young man, the same who was baptized gave me cloth to make me a pair of pants as my old ones were worn and

torn so I can wear them no longer.

December 25, 1854.....Today is Christmas Day and I have had many reflections. After an early breakfast Bro. Gunn and myself set off of a mediated mission over on the St. Gabriel. We took no road, but traveled in the open prairie which was awfully muddy, directing our course to the north. After supper I was invited to preach, which I did, speaking upon the first principles of the Gospel and was listened to with very great attention.

December 29, 1854.....This morning I set off to go down back again for Fort Sullivan, as my dreams were not favorable for going to Bell Town where I dreamed last night of seeing a field of potatoes that looked very poor and indifferent and not worth of being gathered.

December 30, 1854....Last night I dreamed I was fishing and I caught one very large trout. I, then, fell asleep and dreamed again and I thought I saw Bro Blair troubled with devils and I felt a great anxiety about him. I set off from Cameron this morning. Upon arriving at Fort Sullivan I found all the saints well.

December 31, 1854....This is the last day of the year and will soon close, and all of its events and its troubles and calamities will soon close and be forgotten by the inhabitants of the earth except a few who will acknowledge the hand of God in these things. They will many of them take warning and remember them. So many of the judgments of God have been poured out upon the earth and its inhabitants that Mr. Pierce, president of the United States, remarks in his message that it has been one of the most eventful years on record. Drought with short crops, destructive fires, and storms and floods and the great loss of human life by cholera, yellow fever and other sickness and by explosion and sinking of steam boats and ships have marked it as one of the most calamitous years to be recorded.

Thus it seems that God is verifying the words of his servants which they have preached for twenty years and the world is beginning to see it and to feel his avenging hand, but they will not repent, but will go on in their wickedness and God will continue to pour out upon them His judgments: war, cholera, fires, floods and storm and devastating sickness until the inhabitants of the earth will wander away.

Last night I dreamed I was on board of a boat with my family and some of my friends and thought some calamity befell the boat, but I got all on shore in safety During the day Bro. Greer, Sr. asked me to walk with him and told me many things and asked counsel in regard to them for he seemed to be in trouble and told me many of the saints were likewise. Upon this my dream came into my mind and I was able to understand it.

January 1, 1855.....The New Year is ushered in. The old one is gone with all its troubles. It has been one during which I have traveled constantly and performed a vast amount of labor. Upon its commencement I was at home among my family and friends, but had only recently arrived in December in the cold and snow from off a mission from Texas. During the spring and summer I labored incessantly upon my farm and made by the distinguished blessings of God a most excellent crop and about the 25th of August I set off for this country upon a mission which I find myself still enjoying the blessings of God. My heart's desires are to do His will and to fulfill my mission with honor to His Holy Name, to the prophet of God and to myself. Oh, Lord, grant this the desire of my heart.

Last night I dreamed of obtaining a large amount of gold. I fell asleep and dreamed again and I was searching for a new country to make me a claim. I thought I found a beautiful land for making a settlement, near some ancient ruins. Others besides myself were making settlements like mine, but for myself I did not select any place that pleased me.

During the day I wrote two letters, one to Bro. Carrington for publication in the Desert News, giving a short account of my travels and ministry in Texas. I, also wrote another letter to my wife, Jane. In the afternoon the mail arrived bringing the St. Louis Luminary 1st, 2nd and 3rd.

January 8, 1855.....Today is the day. I learned from the brethren that a meeting was held privately and \$300,00 was made up for me to go to Washington, D.C. to pay my expenses there, and the brothers agreed to make some for Bro. Taylor when they should sell their property and it could be deposited in St. Louis in the spring. Most of the \$300 was borrowed. May the Lord bless them for this liberality to me.

January 10, 1855....Today, and for several days past, it has been raining. The whole country is covered with mud and water and everything presents a very forbidding aspect and times look very unfavorable for traveling, but I feel I must go and hasten on my way for Washington. I must travel through the mud and water to some stage road and there take a stage for Houston, which place is some one or two hundred miles distant from this. Today, I have spent in visiting and conversing and at night all the saints gathered in and had good music and dancing and the saints all rejoiced.

January 15, 1855....I am tarring at the home of Esq. Land and his family intending after dinner to go out to the stage road to get passage for Houston on my way to Washington. So soon as some early dinner was prepared I ate and set off to go the the state office to get a passage for Houston. Upon arriving I found the stage already, horses hitched on. I jumped on board and off we dashed through the deep mud, but first I paid my passage to Houston was was \$10.00. There were four other passengers. When we arrived at Burnham, the county seat in Washington, we were advised to take a stage by way of Chapel Hill, a route of some twenty miles nearer than 'round by Washington on the Branos River. Here we stopped for the night at a hotel, rater a poor affair of the kind.

January 16, 1855.....This morning after an early breakfast, the stage set off for Houston now 64 miles distant. The roads were in an awful condition, the soil was a rich black, sticky kind and the great rains had rendered it very muddy and it was slow traveling. During the forenoon we crossed the Branos River, all passengers getting out and walking the whole distance across its bottom, which was four miles, as this was the worst part of the road. After traveling all day we stopped for supper at about 8:00 at night. In the drive we expected to reach Houston about three in the morning, but at 12:00 at night the stage mired down with three of the horses. After a long time we succeeded in helping the driver to extricate the horses, but the stage we could not get out, so we all turned out and camped in the open prairie until morning should come, for in the darkness of the night we knew not where to go in search of help in order to get out of the mud.

January 17, 1855.....This morning the stage driver went back on the road some four miles and obtained some oxen and pulled out his stage from the mud hole, and

after a long delay we got started and about 12:00 we arrived in Houston. At 3:00 this afternoon I took passage on the steamboat, Neptune, for Galveston where we arrived about 1:00 am. On the passage down I preached to the passengers and was listened to with much attention by them.

January 20, 1855.....At 10:00 this morning we arrived at the wharf in New Orleans. I went ashore with my heart filled with gratitude to God for bringing me in safety across the wild waves of water in safety, now making 8 times that I have crossed the Gulf of Mexico in going to and from missions here. Soon after arriving on shore I found Bro. James McGaw, our agent here and went with him to the Caladonian house kept by Mr. Fisher. In the afternoon we went abroad in the city and I purchased myself two coats, one a dress coat and the other an overcoat for which I paid \$46.00 and I, also, engaged a tailor to make me a pair of pants and a fine vest for \$17.00 as I can now find these articles of clothing large and long enough for me, my size being far above that of the common man. This will constitute me a full suite to go to Washington in order to enter upon my duties there.

I have learned much news from Bro. McGaw since I have been with him and have seen several numbers of the St. Louis Luminary containing much news. All things among the Saints seem to be prosperous. One shipload of emigrants has arrived in the Fort from Europe and have all been shipped for St. Louis. Another vessel is now looked for daily who upon arrival will be shipped for the same place.

February 3, 1855.....Through the blessings of my Father in Heaven I have been permitted to arrive in safety in this city, the place of my destination. For the present I am to commence a living of life which I have never followed before, to-wit, become correspondent to our newspaper and write articles for them.

I was three days in coming from there to this city. I passed through the states of Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina and Virginia and coming 60 miles up the Potomac River on a steamer, making in all about one thousand miles in three days. During the travel I had very little time for eating and none for sleeping, only as I could sleep on my chair in the cars. Consequently, when I arrived here I was much fatigued and worn out. When I first arrived I put up at Brown's Hotel, one of the finest in Washington. Here they charged me \$2.50 a day for board. In the evening I called upon Dr. Burnhisel, our delegate from Utah, who seemed very glad to see me. That night we started around and I found a Bro. Rush who has lately been baptized here. With him I went out and found myself a boarding place at a private home, where I have board, lodging and a private room with fire and lights for \$5.00 a week.

For the past two or three days I have been attending the sittings of Congress. Sometimes in the gathering of the Senate, and sometimes in that of the House of Representatives. I have watched with interest for a few days the passage of a bill in the House appointing a general land surveyor for Utah, making provisions for the surveying of the lands in that territory. A Clause was first introduced into the bill donating land to the actual settlements, in the territory, but this The House struck it out it seems. Congress is willing to give Oregon and New Mexico lands, but Utah, which was settled under more disadvantageous circumstances than either, can have no land. And it seems it is only because they are Mormons. I have noticed in the House there were many who were friends to the bill and to Utah while some others seems very bitter.

Last night I attended a lecture at the Smithsonian Institute delivered by a Mr. March upon the subject of introducing the camel and the dromedary into the United States. Mr. March was formerly Minister to Constantinople. When in Arabia he had a good opportunity to become acquainted with these animals and their adaptation to the Great Western Prairies as beasts of burden. He advocated their introduction into the country by the government and that upon a pretty large scale so the experiment might be made upon a scale that would likely succeed.

Today I have spent in writing letters and reading, etc. Among others I wrote one to the "St. Louis Luminary" give account of the congressional proceeding, etc.

February 5, 1855.....This afternoon I have written a letter to the "Mormon" for publication. In the afternoon I visited the Senate Chamber of the United States and witnessed the proceedings of that body. The Land Bill granting lands to the soldiers of 1812 passed the Senate and other un-important business was transacted. At night I visited the room of Bro. Burnhisel and spent several hours with him.

February 7, 1855.....The afternoon I spent in the gallery of the House of Representatives. The House was engaged upon a Bill to pay the debt of Texas according to the treaty of annexation with that state.

At night I went to see the performance of an acrobatic Necromancer by the name of Robert Heller, who performed some wonderful feats. He caused an orange tree to bloom and bring forth fruit. Real ripe oranges were distributed among the crowd, and afterward butterflies came out from among its leaves. A boy was suspended upon two poles, one placed under each arm about midway from the elbow to the shoulder and the stool upon which he stood was then taken from under his feet. The boy was entirely senseless, chloroform having been administered unto him. The poles had no fastenings, but were et loose upon the floor. One of the poles was then taken from under his left arm, which left him suspended by one arm, his left hand was then touched by the Necromancer when it fell to his side; his right hand was then raised so as to rest his face upon it. His feet were then directed to a horizontal position with his head and thus he remained suspended for sometime - his whole body resting upon nothing save the right arm upon the end of the pole.

Money, handkerchiefs and many other articles were passed from under silver vases on one table to others at another part of the stage without seemingly any human agency. Many other wonderful feats were performed by the great Necromancer.

February 8, 1855.....This morning I received a letter from Bro. (John) Taylor in New York. He informs me that he will start his paper the "Mormon" about next Saturday. I spent the forenoon in writing and reading. The afternoon I spent in the gallery of the Senate. I heard Mr. Jones of Tennessee make a strong speech in favor of granting the railroads of the United States three years to pay the duty on their railroad iron. Mr. Broadhead of Pennsylvania opposed the measure warmly as contrary to the settled revenue policy of the country and the injurious affect it would have upon the manufacturers of iron in the United States. These men displayed all the ingenuity in their power in their arguments. Mr. Jones is quite an orator.

February 13, 1855.....This forenoon I called upon Dr. Burnhisel and had some conversation with him. He seems to fear very much lest I should write something that would offend some of the members of Congress or President or some head of

some Department of State. He is altogether too much of an old granny to suit me.

February 14, 1855.....Today I have spend in the usual way. Late in the afternoon I called at the National Hotel upon Col. Hall and others. I had a good deal or conversation upon subjects connected with our people in Salt Lake, but polygamy seems to be the subject that they all seem to be interested in. they think in that they can cover up their own wicked doings.

At night I visited the Smithsonian Institute, where the mechanics are now holding a Fair. I examined a great many things of every sort here to be seen, but all of them seemingly too fine for use. A great many machines of curious structure among them many of which I think to be of great importance to the country - steam engines, saw mills, stone cutting machines, brick making machines, agricultural implements, works of art, paintings, statuary and musical instruments. Curiosities of every sort even to Santa's wooden leg which was taken in Mexico by the Illinois Volunteers. Upon the whole the Mechanics' is a sight worth seeing.

February 15, 1855....Today was my birthday, being 41 years old.

February 16, 1855....This morning I received from the Post Office a bunch of papers from Bro. Snow at St. Louis, containing all the back numbers of the "Luminary." It was quite a treat to have so much news from the saints in St. Louis and everywhere else at once. In the afternoon I went to the Senate gallery to witness and listen to the senators a short time, but the subject was uninteresting so I came away. At night I visited Dr. Burnhisel at his room and spent an hour or two with him.

February 17, 1855....This forenoon I spent in directing and forwarding many kinds of literature to Utah which were given by the Patent Office Dept. to Dr. Burnhisel to distribute in Utah. The Dr. had given me several jobs of this kind before. In the afternoon I went to the Senate gallery where I spent some time until 4 o'clock when the Senate adjourned. The subject up most of the afternoon was a bill to grant an extension of time for railroads to pay the duties on imported iron.

February 19, 1855....This morning I called upon Mr. Campbell, Postmaster General, at the request of the friends of Mr. McGraw who is carrying the mail from Independence to Salt Lake, in order that I might clarify his mind in regard to some reports as to his incompetence in carrying the mail, etc. He seemed to feel unfriendly towards him. Mr. Campbell also asked me about plurality of wives and seemed to manifest a very interested feeling towards us.

February 20, 1855.....This morning I received a letter from Bro. Erastus Snow who writes to me very kindly and suggest that I go to Texas and preach the Gospel for 12 months before I go home. This is altogether contrary to my expectations for I had expected to go home this approaching season. Today I forwarded a long letter for publication in the "Luminary." I saw a block of pure copper and silver weighing some 2100 lbs which was presented by Michigan. It is certainly a wonderful specimen of native metal.

February 26, 1855....This morning I mailed off a long letter to the "Mormon" and one to the "Luminary." The afternoon I spent in the gallery of the Senate Chamber. The Post Office appropriation bill passed the Senate, one of its provisions are to give

\$36,000 to Mr. McGraw for carrying the mails to Salt Lake. This amount I hope will renumerate him sufficiently to enable him to carry the mails regularly, so our people in the mountains can for the future have something to rely upon in regards to their mail.

February 27, 1855.....This morning I received a letter from Bro. Taylor at New York inviting me to come and see him before I go south. I wrote him another letter and sent some items of additional news in Congress.

March 1, 1855....This forenoon was spent in writing, reading. At 11:00 o'clock I went to the House of Representatives and witnessed the prayer and opening of the House.....just such a confused body of men. I reckon these men were assembled together to transact business for a great nation - talking, laughing, shouting, hollering. Is a wonder to me they do any business at all. I can compare it to nothing other than a scene in one of the Southern States, at one of their militia musters, when the men are alone and the companies are dismissed and all return to some adjacent Doggery to get drunk and have a glorious spree.

Moves to and around Southern Idaho

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Preston Thomas and his families continued to reside at Lehi, Utah until 1860. During this period four more children were born to him. The first child of Maria Hadlond, Sarah Ann Jane, was born October 6, 1857. Nancy Eliza, Maria's third child, was born December 25th, 1858. Ella Elizabeth, Maria Hadlond's 2nd daughter, was born October 9, 1859. Imogene, Jane's last child, was born May 19, 1860. Jane was 43 at this time.

While they were living in Lehi, Johnston's Army came to Utah in 1857. Daniel Thomas said, "My mother has told me of the the excitement which prevailed among the people then living in Lehi. She said the homes of the Lehi people were filled with those living in Salt Lake who had fled from their homes for fear of hostilities with the army. She said father's house was filled with these refugees for some time until the word came from President Brigham Young for the people to return to their homes."

Then in the spring of 1860 a new mission and a new chapter in their lives seems to have opened up. Cache Valley long had been a fruitful field for hunters, trappers and fur trappers. For many years these parties had carried on their occupations in the surrounding Wasatch Mountains. In the early part of the year 1860, a few families settled in the north end of Cache Valley. More southerly points in the valley had been settled some two years earlier. The Samuel R. Parkinson family, Thomas Smart family and some others had settled there. Then, all of the valley was supposed to be within the boundaries of the Territory of Utah.

From the days of the burning of Nauvoo, Preston Thomas had been a close friend of Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, John Taylor, Willard Richards and other Mormon Church leaders. Early in June of 1860 Brigham Young, on one occasion, said to him, "*Brother Preston, come and go with me up to North Cache Valley, and help explore that section.*"

In those days every such request made by President Young was cheerfully complied

with. So he consented and the exploration was made. About the middle of June, when they were through "exploring" and ready to return home, President Young put his hand on his shoulder and said, *"Brother Preston, we will put you in as Bishop and leave you here. Go back to Lehi and get your family."* When he returned to Lehi he "yoked" up his oxen and gathered together his possessions, which seemed to consist mainly of his family, and some cattle and a few horses, and began the pilgrimage." Maria Foscue and her children stayed behind in Lehi. She had three at this time, but on the 26th of February 1861, Maria Augusta was born.

To make the trip to Franklin, which was about 126 miles, required two weeks. The settlement was located on Cub River at the mouth of Maple Creek Canyon about one mile north of the present Utah-Idaho line. Later it was named Franklin in honor of Franklin d. Richards, one of the then Mormon apostles.

P63The winter of 1860-1 was a severe one. The snow fell deep and it was extremely cold. Not much in the way of provisions, either for man or animals was available and the people were in need. But they lived through it. Maria Hadlund gave birth to her first son whom they named Pinckney Preston. The name Pickney was taken from Charles Coatsworth Pinckney of South Carolina, who was prominent in national politics, being at different times U. S. Senator, Secretary of State and Ambassador to France. The Thomas and Pinckney families were neighbors and close friends in the Carolina.

During the summer of 1862 Preston Thomas built a home in Franklin for his family on the north side of Main Street - just across the street north of the present Latter-Day-Saint chapel and about where the Hall of Relics now stands (1941). Other families joined the colony and laid the foundations of a permanent town. It is the oldest permanent settlement in the State of Idaho. Some mining camps were located earlier than Franklin, but they "pinched out" and never were permanent. During all this time there were "Indian troubles."

Bear River Indian Massacre of 1863

The people had to build a fort as protection against the attacks by the Indians. The Snakes and Blackfeet were the principal Indian tribes. They were much more quarrelsome and savage than the Indians in Southern Utah. They carried on their conduct until the Government was forced to come to the defense of the settlers.

In the winter of 1863, while Preston Thomas was still Bishop in Franklin, Idaho, Colonel P. Edward Connor, with a number of soldiers from Camp Douglas at Salt Lake City were sent to "clean out" these Indians. The Indians were lodged in a box canyon where a creek now called Battle Creek is located north of Franklin. Daniel Thomas says, *"My mother, who was then at Franklin with father, many times has told me the whole story in detail of this great battle. Colonel Conner slept at father's house the night before the battle. It was early in February. The snow was deep and the temperature well below zero. Next morning the Colonel asked father for two young men to act as scouts to guide the Colonel to the hideout of the Indians. Father appointed as these guides Will Head and Tom Smart, two young and vigorous frontiersmen."*

Upon arriving on the south brink of the box canyon down which Bear River wends its way from Northeast to Southwest, the tents of the Indians could be seen on the farther side of the canyon where Battle Creek connects with the river. After the Indians had been pointed out, the Colonel thanked and dismissed the scouts who thereupon turned, gave their horses the spurs and shouted, "Success to both parties!" This angered the Colonel and when he returned to Franklin after the battle, the boys, having been warned by their friends, kept out of the way until the Colonel had left for Salt Lake City.

In his official report, Colonel Conners said, I, immediately ordered Major McGarry to advance with the cavalry and surround the Indians before attacking them. I remained a few minutes in the rear to give orders to the infantry and the artillery. When I reached the field I found Major McGarry had dismounted the cavalry and was engaged with the Indians who had sallied out of their hiding places, on foot and horseback with fiendish malignancy were waiving the scalps of white women, and had challenged the troops to battle. As it was impossible to entirely surround them on account of the nature of the ground, a flanking movement was executed. The battle lasted from daylight until ten o'clock."

The official statement of the battle was: Troops in the expedition, 400; Soldiers killed in action, 16; Soldiers wounded in action, 49; Indian warriors killed, bodies counted, 224; and Squaws and papooses captured, 160. These squaws and papooses were immediately liberated. In addition, the command destroyed 70 Indian lodges and captured 175 head of horses.

The statement was made by a non-combatant observer that the bodies of 368 Indians were counted upon the field of battle. No doubt some of these were squaws. At first, Colonel Connor ordered his men not to shoot the squaws and children, but they got in between the soldiers and the men attempting to form a breastwork for the Indians, and finally the Colonel ordered the soldiers to kill everybody. This resulted in a dreadful slaughter.

It was reported that only 19 of the warriors escaped, and that among these were Chiefs Sandpitch, Sagwitch and Pocatello. The soldiers performed on the battlefield the usual services for the slain.

B. H. Roberts in his Comprehensive History of the Church says, "Conner sent to the Bishop of Franklin for ten sleighs on which to move the wounded soldiers from the field and they were furnished." Bishop Preston Thomas was the bishop of whom this request was made.

"After the battle Colonel Connor and his soldiers returned to Franklin. The night was spent by the Colonel in father's home. The sixteen dead soldiers were stacked lengthwise in a covered wagon much like a load of cedar posts, and were frozen stiff. One of the wounded soldiers lay on a pallet on the floor. Mother was kind to him and tried to make him as comfortable as possible. He took out his wallet and was in the act of rewarding her for her kindness when another soldier came into the house, snatched the wallet and ran out. All these details I have heard my mother repeat many times."

THE MOVE TO BEAR VALLEY

"Early in 1863, President Brigham Young conceived the idea of settling Bear Lake Valley. General Charles C. Rich, then one of the apostles of the Church, was designated to head an exploration party, and father was called to accompany him. They visited the valley in the summer of that year, and in the fall, about the month of September, General Rich and father, with about 138 people settled at the point where Paris is now located. With him father took his two daughters, Martha, daughter of his first wife, Jane, and Sarah, the eldest daughter of his wife, Maria, who was my mother. That fall father built a cabin at Paris and then returned to Franklin. The next spring he went to Bear Lake Valley taking his family with a view to making his home pursuant to the call mentioned above. He had been "called" so many times that he probably slept with his ear to the ground and one eye open so as to intercept any call that perchance might be intended for him."

Father first intended to settle at Paris, but later that spring moved to Fish Haven, leaving Mother and her family at Paris, and later taking her family to Fish Haven. This place was named by him. The name was suggested because of the many fish in the stream running into Bear Lake at that point. Here mother's fifth child was born on June 28, 1866. They named her Mary.

While in Bear Lake Valley, father devoted much time to locating settlements for the people. It was the custom in those days to keep one of the Twelve Apostles in each distant valley and General Rich mentioned above was the appointee for that valley. When he was absent from the valley father acted as president over the valley and became well known among them. The valley then was supposed to be entirely in Utah and was organized into a county by the Utah Legislature and called Richland County. Father was the first probate judge of the county. As judge it was his duty to divide the county into voting precincts. This he did, name each precinct."

In a letter dated June 10, 1921 written to Daniel Thomas by his brother, **Preston Thomas, Jr**, Jane's son, he gives the following summary of the settlement and leaving of Bear River Valley: *"Father went to Bear Lake in September 1863 to explore the valley with a company of about 12 or 15 men and then in May 1864, father left Franklin, Idaho with a company of about 10 families. Some of the families settled at Bloomington and the balance at Fish Haven. We went by way of Gentile Valley and Soda Springs. Bear River was very high. We crossed the river at the Ten Mile Ford in Gentile Valley on a ferry boat, and then crossed back again at Bennington on to the west side of the river and to the west side of that valley to Fish Haven where we settled. We, then, moved back to Paris and from there to Dingle or Cottonwoods as father called it, now called Wardboro. We left there March 20, 1872 and settled at Franklin, Idaho."*

In a letter dated July 13, 1919, **Pinckney Preston Thomas** give his account: *"Leaving mother at Paris, I went with father and Aunt Jane, and from then until our return to Franklin I lived most of my life with Aunt Jane and most people thought I was Aunt Jane's boy. Father's object in going to Bear Lake Valley was this - Brigham Young called upon him to go and settle that valley. In the company with General Rich, one of the Twelve, he went and in the absence of Apostle Rich, was president of the valley. Father traveled much of his time locating settlements and laying of town sites. Two years later he moved mother to Fish Haven so that Aunt Jane could care for her during her sickness when our sister, Mary, was born. Later our father*

was sent over to the place then called Cottonwoods. Afterwards that place was named Preston.

By that time, because of hardships, mother was well-nigh worn out. She had passed under the road of affliction, and had suffered much, the burden falling more heavily upon her as her children were small. After moving to Preston at the call of the head of the church, father filled a mission to the South. That is when he baptized Garrison and Lawrence and that "bunch." At the end of eight years he was released from the Bear Lake Mission and returned to Franklin to finish a mission he had left uncomplete, viz. the building of the "Thomas Ditch." This mission he finished. Many of our family will, to this day, deny most of them and say that father moved around of his own accord, but I know better. He did not. President Young directed him in all of this.

The summer before going to Bear Lake Valley, General Rich and father, in the company with three others, went over there and examined the valley from end to end and picked out the place for the first settlement, which was Paris.

After our return to Cache Valley he took charge of the Thomas Ditch again and finished it. The summer before I was born Brigham Young set father apart to build that ditch, laid his hands upon father's head and told him he would accomplish that mission, and live to see the water out, which he did and you and the rest of you know.

Dear brother, I can remember no dates, of which I am very sorry.

Yours truly, P.P. Thomas."

The town of Preston, named for him, formerly The Cottonwoods was changed to Wardboro when the people applied for a post office and it was found that the present city of Preston, Oneida County, already had a post office in Idaho and the Government would not establish two by the same name in the state. Rachel was born in a log house near Bear River on December 7, 1868.

This is the end of the book which as written by his son in 1941.

PEDIGREE CHART starting with Preston Thomas (1814)

<p>PRESTON THOMAS Born: Married: Died:</p>	<p>DANIEL THOMAS Born: Married: Died:</p>	<p>REV DANIEL THOMAS Born: Married: Died:</p>	<p>SIMON THOMAS Born: Married: Died:</p>
	<p>NANCY ANN MOREHEAD Born: Married: Died:</p>	<p>SARAH COVINGTON Born: Married: Died:</p>	<p>SUSANNA SANDS Born: Married: Died:</p>
			<p>JOHN COVINGTON Born: Married: Died:</p>
	<p>JOSEPH MOREHEAD Born: Married: Died:</p>		<p>JOHN MOREHEAD Born: Married: Died:</p>
		<p>ELIZABETH TURNER Born: Married: Died:</p>	<p>MARY Born: Married: Died:</p>
			<p>JAMES TURNER Born: Married: Died:</p>
			<p>KARENHAPPUCH NORMAN (HEROINE) Born: Married: Died:</p>

PRESTON THOMAS

Born: February 15, 1814 in
Rockingham, Richmond County, North
Carolina

Married: Sarah Ann Jane Morehead on
May 10, 1838 at Tipton County,
Tennessee

Died: July 10, 1877 near Franklin,
Oneida County, Idaho

Father: Daniel Thomas Mother:
Nancy Ann Morehead

Other Wives: [2. Maria Foscue -
November 17, 1851](#) and [3. Maria
Hadlond - October 8, 1856](#)

Sarah Ann Jane Morehead

Born: February 23, 1817 at Knoxville,
Knoxville County, Tennessee

Died: April 11, 1902 at Clifton, Franklin
County, Idaho

Father: Joseph Morehead

Mother: Jane Story Jenkins

CHILDREN:**Ann Elizabeth Thomas**

Born: February 19, 1839 at Tipton,
Tennessee

Died: February 15, 1845 at Nauvoo,
Illinois

Joseph Daniel Thomas

Born: Mary 13, 1841 at Tipton,
Tennessee

Died: March 5, 1845 at Nauvoo, Illinois

Jane Morehead Thomas

Born: March 5, 1843 at Tipton,
Tennessee

Married: Jason E. Howell on October 26,

1861

Died: March 12, 1926

Susan Catherine Thomas

Born: June 6, 1845 at Nauvoo, Hancock County, Illinois

Died: October 9, 1845 at Nauvoo, Illinois

Martha Thomas *

Born: September 20, 1846 in Memphis, Shelby County, TN

Married: (1) David Taylor on November 16, 1867 & (2) Alfred Rasicot on September 11, 1874

Died: September 11, 1909

Maria Thomas

Born: June 28, 1848 at Winter Quarters, Iowa

Died: 1922

Preston Morehead Thomas

Born: February 9, 1852 at Lehi, Utah County, Utah

Married: Mary Ellen Sant on December 3, 1876

Died: September 4, 1932

Angeline Morehead Thomas

Born: December 10, 1854 at Lehi, Utah County, Utah

Married: James Nephi Winn on September 25, 1875

Died: August 1, 1936

Imogene Thomas

Born: May 190, 1860 at Lehi, Utah County, Utah

Married: Nathan Hawkes on October 13, 1881

Died: February 18, 1929

SOURCE: Family records of Clara Rasicot Brunt		
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PRESTON THOMAS

Born: February 15, 1814 in Rockingham,
Richmond County, North Carolina

Married: Maria Foscue October 13, 1822

Died: July 10, 1877 near Franklin, Oneida
County, Idaho

Father: Daniel Thomas Mother: Nancy Ann
Morehead

Other Wives: [1. Sarah Ann Jane Morehead May
10, 1838](#) and [3. Maria Hadlond - October 8, 1856](#)

#2 MARIA FOSCUE

Born: October 13, 1822 at Jacksonville, Duval
County, FL

Died: March 25, 1886 at Smithfield, Cache
County, UT

Father:

Mother:

CHILDREN:**Ann Marie Thomas**

Born: January 1, 1853 at Lehi, Utah County, UT

Died: December 27, 1854

Daniel Benjamin Thomas

Born: November 28, 1854 at Lehi, Utah County,
UT

Died: October 6, 1893

Nancy Eliza Thomas

Born: December 25, 1858 at Lehi, Utah County,
UT

Married: William Loose

Died: October 19th, 1945

Maria Augusta Thomas

Born: February 26, 1861 at Lehi, Utah County,
UT

Married: Robert Greening Till

Died: 1875

Note: Preston Thomas and Maria Foscue
separated in 1860. He moved to Franklin, Idaho
about June 1860.

SOURCE: Family records of Clara Rasicot Brunt

PRESTON THOMAS

Born: February 15, 1814 in Rockingham, Richmond
County, North Carolina

Married:

Died: July 10, 1877 near Franklin, Oneida County,
Idaho

Father: Daniel Thomas Mother: Nancy Ann
Morehead

Other Wives: [1. Sarah Ann Jane Morehead May
10, 1838](#) and [2. Maria Foscue, October 13, 1822](#)

#3 MARIA HADLOND

Born: August 27, 1839 at Cheltenham,
Gloucestershire, England

Died: May 29, 1907 Salt Lake City, UT - Buried on
Franklin, Oneida County, ID

Father: Thomas Hadlond

Mother: Rachel Franklin

CHILDREN:**Sarah Ann Jane Thomas**

Born: January 1, 1853 at Lehi, Utah County, UT

Died: December 27, 1854

Ella Elizabeth Thomas

Born: November 28, 1854 at Lehi, Utah County, UT
Died: October 6, 1893

Pinckney Preston Thomas

Born: December 25, 1858 at Lehi, Utah County, UT
Married: William Loose
Died: October 19th, 1945

Seth Hadlond Thomas

Born: February 26, 1861 at Lehi, Utah County, UT
Married: Robert Greening Till
Died: 1875

Mary Thomas

Born: June 28, 1866 at Fish Haven, Bear Lake
County, Idaho
Married: Jason Jasper Head January 6, 1886
Died: December 20, 1926

Rachel Thomas

Born: December 7, 1868 at Preston (now
Wardboro), Bear Lake County, ID
Married: St Leon Woodward on April 2, 1902
Died: January 29, 1948

Rosabel Thomas

Born: September 18, 1871 at Preston (now
Wardboro), Bear Lake County, ID
Married: Samuel Heber Kimball on June 6, 1900
Died: September 6, 1943

Daniel Hadlond Thomas

Born: February 24, 1874 at Franklin, Oneida
County, ID
Married: Mary Ethel Pratt on May 17, 1900
Died: Sept 6, 1943

Dolly Letitia Thomas

Born: October 23, 1876 at Franklin, Oneida County,
ID
Married: George Teasdale on May 17, 1900
Died: February 1937

Note: Preston Thomas and Maria Foscue separated in 1860. Moved to Franklin, Idaho about June 1860.

SOURCE: Family records of Harriet Maria C. Thomas of Cardston, Canada and from the book, Preston Thomas from his written diaries by Daniel H. Thomas