

Lake City in November, 1852. The Sugar company failed to mature in manufacturing sugar, for various reasons.

"As there was a company engaged at Iron county to manufacture iron, I was engaged to go and put up their furnaces. Some considerable iron was made, but not of sufficient quantity to make a success, and for want of funds the company failed. I returned to Salt Lake City and commenced contracting in the year 1864; put up the Eagle Emporium for Mr. Jennings and the drug store for Mr. Godbe.

"In May, 1865, took a mission to Wales; returned in June, 1869; brought a company of 365 Saints back with me on my return; entered into a co-partnership with Samuel L. Evans as builders, under the name of Morris & Evans. Upon the opening of the mining industry in Utah, we made the manufacture of fire-brick and furnace building a specialty. We put up the Germania works; also smelters at Sandy, Bingham, Little Cottonwood, Flagstaff, East Canyon, Stockton, American Fork, the Ontario mill and Cornish pump at Ontario mine; also many other buildings, including the basement story of the Salt Lake Temple, Deseret National Bank block, Z. C. M. I. store, Mayor Little's residence and Utah University building.

"After the death of Mr. Evans I carried the business in my own name, and took quite an interest in establishing other industries in the interest of my adopted country, such as the tannery, Salt Lake Foundry, Soap Factory, Utah Cement company, Slate Quarry, Utah Sugar Factory. In 1891, in partnership with Houlahan & Griffith, contracted to lay the cut stone and brick work of the city and county building; also the gravity sewer of Salt Lake City.

"Served as city councillor for four years and a director in the Salt Lake Chamber of Commerce one term."

In a series of somewhat more extended autobiographical notes appears the following:

"When I commenced to learn the trade of builder and contractor, under my father, I was 14 years of age. When 22 years old I went to Liverpool and worked on the St. George Town Hall. After a few years I returned to Wales as my father had several contracts on his hands and while at work on a hanging scaffold, on a three-story building—on the top story—the scaffold gave way and I fell 35 feet onto the pavement. Those who witnessed my fall cried out that I was killed. But to their great astonishment as well as to my own, as soon as I was raised up I found I could walk without pain and in fifteen minutes I went up the ladder to the third story and made a new scaffold.

"It was soon after this that I was engaged by President John Taylor, who was filling a mission to France, but who was then on a visit to Wales, to come to Utah with heat sugar machinery. We set sail from Liverpool where the machinery was manufactured in March, 1852. After seven weeks' of sailing we landed at New Orleans. Took the river boat back to Fort Leavenworth. From there I was sent to Council Bluffs to get the company wagons with which to be loaded down with machinery.

"We made ready for our long and tedious journey over the Rocky Mountains and started from this point on the fourth of July. The day we crossed the Rocky Ridge, we camped at Willow Creek near the last crossing of Sweetwater. We made camp about 9 o'clock at night. It was very dark and snowing. As we had hardly any provisions we turned in without supper. In the morning we found a foot of snow and but very little provisions in camp. Orders were given by Captain De La Mac, now living in Tooele, to go and

get the cattle in. We found that quite a percentage of the poorest had laid down in the brush to rest for the last time. Of those that were found dead we cut out their tongues and hearts, which we cooked and thus satisfied our own hunger. When we gathered in all the other cattle we could find we had just about enough left to take the family wagons to Green River. At the same time the captain had sent a messenger to Green River post and brought sixteen head of cattle. On the first night from Green River they took a stampede and were either lost or stolen by the Indians.

"When we left camp with the families we left six single men and supplies such as shotguns, rifles and ammunition, to hunt the lost cattle, as well as game for their own support as we had no provisions to leave with them. The second day they found the cattle. They followed us the next day. As they were all strangers to the road and our tracks were covered with snow, they took the wrong road by mistake and when they struck the Green River they found their mistake. They sent a messenger down the river to our camp for provisions as they were near the point of starving. As we had secured provisions at the trading post we were able to supply them.

"In two days more our broken camp was again united for our journey. While here President A. O. Smoot came to our rescue with teams and provisions sent out by President Young. While Mr. Smoot stood at our camp fire sympathizing with our wretched condition he noticed three large white letters painted on the boilers, D. M. C. He asked us the meaning of the letters but received no answer. He said:

"If you don't know, I think I can tell you. D. M. C. in this case means Dam Miserable Company," and we agreed that he was correct.

"We arrived in Salt Lake City about November, 10. After a few days we started with the sugar machinery for Provo which was selected for the site of the plant. It took us three weeks to reach Provo from Salt Lake. When we got to Provo the camp was dissolved and the machinery turned over to the Church.

"That winter I went around chopping wood for a living. On the 5th of April, 1853, Brother William Nuttall and myself started on foot to attend the conference and witness the laying of the corner stone of the Temple at Salt Lake City. On the night of the 5th we slept in a dug-out at the Point of the Mountain and walked to the city early in the morning in time for conference.

"At conference I was selected to go to Iron county to work on the iron works: built a furnace there. After the failure of the iron works I moved to Salt Lake, labored on the Temple and laid the southeast corner stone where we commenced the cut stone work. This stone was about 3 feet square carved as a box in which was deposited several of the Church works, covered with a lid of cement."

The deceased had been a High Councillor for nearly twenty years having been set apart to that office April 17, 1878. On Sept. 12 1888, he was set apart as president of the High Priests' quorum of the Salt Lake Stake and filled that position up to the time of his death. On the reorganization of the Fifteenth ecclesiastical ward, May 11, 1890, he was chosen to succeed Elder Joseph Pollard, who died a short time before. That office Elder Morris also filled up to the time of his demise.

In 1895 he was elected a member of the Constitutional Convention which drafted the organic law of the State of Utah. In 1889 on the organization of the Utah Sugar company Mr. Morris was made president and held the office continuously up to the present. He was

greatly interested in Elstedford matters and was treasurer and director of the association, and in the active discharge of his duty on Monday when he met with the unfortunate accident that resulted in his death.

#### OUR CUBAN LETTER

Havana, Feb. 27, 1898.—Carnival time has come again, and the queen of the Antilles is enjoying herself in the same old way—all but the suffering thousands in hospitals and prisons, the naked and hungry in highways and byways, mothers whose loved ones are in the field or among the slain, and the many in all grades of society and official position in whose hearts the secret love of Cuba libre is burning with quenchless flame.

The gaiety for which Havana has always been noted is now more than even accentuated by the dark shades of the picture. The unknown hand which threw the bomb into a crowded ball-room the other night, killing a few and wounding many more, was probably that of some half-crazed "patriot" who wished to discourage frivolity in these days of tragedy. But all the same, masked balls, theaters, bull-fights and parades are the order of the hour, though with far less splendor than formerly, because the people are poorer. One of the straws which show the way of the wind is the fact that the pawn shops are packed with valuable articles, "put up" by impoverished people to raise money for the season's festivities, while the line of second-hand fans, jewelry and ball gowns is unusually low.

Every afternoon from my balcony I view the carnival parade, which for a week takes place between the hours of 5 and 7 o'clock. Hundreds of carriages are in the procession, a few of them with liveried coachmen and footmen, and blooded horses glittering with gold and silver trappings; but the large majority are hired hacks, in more or less advanced stages of dilapidation. Nearly every horse, however, whether a high-stepping steed or some poor old Rosinante designed to end his days in next Sunday's bull-fight, has gaily colored ribbons bound over his eyes, and perked out at the ears in bows and rosettes of fluttering streamers. Here goes a splendid span, gorgeous in gold-plated harness, with yards upon yards of pink and yellow ribbon interwined about their heads; the coachmen in white knee trousers and yellow jacket, and huge boutonniere of pink roses; the ladies in the open landeau disguised (purposely not too well) in pink gauze dominos, with tall cone-shaped hats on their heads, surmounted by roses and ribbons. Close behind jogs an old lame white horse, a really pitiable object under the lash, drawing a dilapidated chaise filled with colored people. The dusky madams, in gowns of yellow satin and white lace manilla, are bedecked with flowers like a paschal lamb and waves her fan with languid dignity, while her lean husband has his hands full to keep the trio of ebony youngsters on the front seat from standing on their heads under the carriage wheels. The driver of this turn-out (who plainly bears the ear-marks of an ex-plantation hand from "Ole Virginny," despite his tall silk hat and white cotton gloves, lashes the poor lame beast incessantly to keep its painful hobble up with the procession. Nor is the only brute who piles the whip in this carnival of pleasure—not by an overwhelming majority. The sound of blows is continually in the air, everywhere and at all times in Cuba. Whip! whip! whip! Whether the wretched beasts go fast or slow; no matter how over-worked or ready to drop from hunger and fatigue, the drivers consider it a part of their business to apply the resounding lash without cessation. The