

room nor words to explain. But with the preserving hand of God, we finally arrived safe on the Pacific coast.

Company C, to which father and I belonged, were quartered at San Diego, where I had the opportunity of seeing and going on board some ships for the first time in my life. We remained there until our discharge. The question then was how and where shall we find home?

Well, we bought some horses to ride and pack our provisions, etc., also buying some stock to drive with us for beef. But we could not drive them, as they would fight us, and we soon had to kill all of them and jerk the meat so that we could pack it with us. With much difficulty we traveled some 500 miles north; and then turning east, on our way to Salt Lake, being informed that the Church were going to settle at that place.

After getting well on our way, we were met by Capt. Brown's company, just from Salt Lake, with a letter from mother, and also a letter from the Twelve. This was read, and gave us much satisfaction. It was considered wisdom for a good portion of our number to return to California, as provisions were scarce and not much to be done at present. I took one horse and with a good portion of our number went back; but father, with four animals, went on to Salt Lake. Our company returned as far as Sutter's fort, getting a job of Sutter to dig a canal, wishing to build a grist mill. A few of us, according to his wishes, went with Mr. Marshall to the place now called Coloma to build a sawmill, which was built. I worked planing plank on the forebay and digging the tailrace, and with Marshall blasting some big rock, which made the Indians wonder to see them split open so easy.

After the race was pretty well finished and water had been turned in, Mr. Marshall happened to pick up in the race the first nugget of gold found in California. This was on January 24, 1848. With much trouble and perseverance we soon gathered up some. The word soon got out and spread like fire, that gold had been found. The people came flocking in from every direction, taking up claims, and soon made a mining country of it. I made out to get some \$500 of the gold, and with a company, in the spring prepared with some wagons and pack animals to go through to Salt Lake.

A sorrowful incident transpired that I ought not to pass by. Three of our brethren went to find a pass over the mountains, and not soon returning others were sent and soon returned, having found a place where the first three were supposed to have been killed and buried by the Indians. (I have the particulars written in my journal.) On July 19th we traveled about eight miles to the place where the brethren were killed. Upon opening the grave we found that all three were there. We again covered them up, built a wall around the grave and filled it up with rock inside. On a tree close by was engraven by Brother H. H. son, "Sacred to the memory of Daniel Browet, Ezra H. Allen and Henderson Cox, who are supposed to have been murdered and buried by the Indians, on the night of 27th of June, 1848." The first two were married men, but Brother Cox was not.

We found Brother Allen's purse with blood upon it, and it was brought and given to his wife. We fired the cannon, which made the horses run off, so that we never got all of them. We had a hard time to break a road through the mountains, breaking some of the wagons; but I came with pack animals, and helping the brethren pack their load through the canyon my mule broke his leg, and I had to leave him. I then put my pack in the wagon and helped drive the stock, having some cows and calves with us. The Indians bothered us much, stealing them and trying to shoot us, but by keeping guard we got along very well.

We had much trouble, crossing mountains and rivers and plains, until we gained our object. We brought with us two cannons, that we bought of Sutter.

On September 28th I rode ahead, and about 2 o'clock I arrived at Salt Lake City. After riding about some, I found father, mother, sisters and brothers all well, living four miles from the city, where father had got in his crop, but the hoppers had destroyed most of it; only saving twelve bushels of wheat, and some corn, beans, peas, melons, etc., growing. But we were all much pleased to meet again. I had a bolt of blocky shirting, etc., and also the gold that I brought with me. I went to Brother Brigham and paid my titling, gave some to the poor, and one dollar to each of the Twelve. Also bought some wheat at \$12 per bushel. Father had been back with a recruiting company to meet Brother Brigham and Heber C. Kimball's emigrating company, and got mother and family, bringing them to Salt Lake.

On the 6th of October we had a feast made by the members of the Mormon Battalion, having good music, marching to the table in good order, with our wives, children and friends. Over a thousand partook; after which there was dancing until night.

We soon built an adobe house, and moved into it, and in one room Appleton Harmon put a turning lathe, where we made many bullrush-bottomed chairs. Salt Lake City was soon built up considerably, and crops got in, but mostly destroyed by the hoppers.

On the 10th of April, 1849, I was married to Camilla Augusta Taylor; and Cyrenus Henry Taylor, her brother, was married to Emily Smith, my sister, by Presidents Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball, at our house. I soon dug a cellar, made adobes, getting lumber, etc., for a house, and also had some farming land, to make me a home. But father, myself, Cyrenus Taylor, with a large company of others, were called upon to go with Bishop Seth Taft and Father Morley, south, to settle in Sanpete valley. We soon sold out, as best we could, getting teams, etc., and started. We had a hard time on the way to make a road south, up Salt creek canyon, and down Sanpete valley, to the settling point, camping on the south side of the hill upon which Mantle Temple is now built, and living in small huts, or dugouts, through the winter, with plenty of gophers and rattlesnakes for company. And having to shovel snow off from the grass to keep our

stock from starving. We had much trouble with the Indians, from time to time, having to build a snow fort, also put our log houses in the form of a fort, and keeping guard all the time. The Indians stole the stock, and some of the brethren were killed by them; many of the Indians also were killed.

Mother had another daughter born in Salt Lake City May 9, 1849, who is now married to P. H. Anderson. She has a large family of children and grandchildren, and is now president of the Relief Society, South ward, Mantle.

The worst trial that I had was in being afflicted with epileptic fits, which kept me under the weather. My wife leaving me, taking the two children with her, I had to live with father and mother for some twenty years. On September 17, 1854, mother died, causing much grief and sorrow. Father afterward married another wife and I continued living with him until 1870, when I got pretty good health and went to Weber canyon, working on the first railroad built in Utah. I also worked some on the railroad south of Salt Lake City. Getting good health, I married again, and built a good adobe house, making me a happy home. My two children are now living, the eldest, a daughter, Camilla F. Jackson, being in Oklahoma. I have had eight children, all dead but four. I have a son forty-four years old, owning a ranch at Musselshell, Yellowstone county, Mont., he having been justice of the peace and also road supervisor. I have many pleasing communications from them.

Father left Nauvoo with the Pioneers and was always with them, pioneering the way with hard labor to get along, until he wore himself pretty well out. President Willard Woodruff, also a hard working man, used to work with father in the states, and while conversing with him he said that he could remember when father could beat him splitting rails. On Oct. 31st, 1892, father died and has gone to rest from his labors, but I presume that he is not idle.

We attended many celebrations of Pioneer day, and I was generally heard firing a salute with the old musket that Uncle Sam gave me fifty years ago. And last year it bursted about one foot from the muzzle, but I soon cut it off, and it does as well as ever. I have no relic of the gold that I picked up in California, but I have a little of some metal that was with the gold, being heavier and harder and of more worth than the gold, being somewhat the color of silver. When the gold dust was shaken up it would settle to the bottom. It is very bright and pretty.

I realize something of the hardship and trying scenes that have been in the pathway of those that have suffered the hardship of pioneering the way from our old homes to the valleys of the mountains, and making new homes under such trying circumstances, as I have been with them since I was a boy. How little do our children realize that which their fathers and mothers have had to pass through.

I thought of coming to the Pioneer celebration last July, but on account of the death of Abraham H. Cannon it was wisely postponed. I was not.