

*Written for this Paper.*

### VETERAN'S RECOLLECTIONS.

Rockville, Utah, April 10, 1894.

Seeing an invitation given—or a request—in the DESERET WEEKLY for any person that felt disposed to give an account of his early experience and seeing that two or three have complied, I thought I would venture and contribute a few items of my recollections.

I will begin by saying my father's name was Parshall Terry. He was born at Fort Niagara, York state, September 30, 1778. My mother, Hannah Terry (whose maiden name was Terry) was born at Goshen, Ulster county, New York state, October 8, 1786. My parents moved before I was born to what was then called Upper Canada, now Ontario, where I was born January 1, 1830. In February, 1838, one of my sisters brought two Mormon missionaries in a cutter to our place. They were Theodore Turley and Robert B. Thompson. Through lies that were told, my father and some of my brothers were much prejudiced against the Mormons, and my father talked pretty ugly and cross to the Elders, telling them what he thought of them; but he gave them liberty to preach in our house, and before they got through he was satisfied that the doctrine they taught was true, and the result was that most of our family was baptized a few days later in our mill pond after cutting a hole through two feet of ice for that purpose. I remember hearing Brother Turley say afterward that when they received their setting out or lecture by my father he thought they had come to a pretty tough place to make Mormon converts. Yet, ours was the only family in the neighborhood that joined the church.

I will here relate what I consider a miracle or a remarkable occurrence: My sister who brought the Elders to our house had borrowed a Book of Mormon from them to read, and her husband was so much opposed to it that he took it out of her hands and went and threw it open into the fire and stamped it down with his foot. My sister went from the farther part of the room where she was reading when he took the book from her, and on taking it from the fire she found it not even so much as scorched, though they had on an old-fashioned Canadian winter's fire, as it was very cold. I heard my sister relate this before the Elders and my brother-in-law who sanctioned it as being true. I now regret that I did not get a deposition of these persons before they passed away, but I have two sisters and a brother yet living who will testify to having heard our sister relate this remarkable incident. We saw the book afterward.

My father moved with his family to Missouri in the summer of 1838 in time to be driven out by the famous or infamous exterminating order of Governor Boggs. On day in November, just at sundown, two men rode up to our house and without any provocation ordered my father to begone from there the next day by 4 o'clock p. m. or they would come, tie him up to a tree and give him a hundred lashes; and if that wouldn't do, they would burn the house over our heads. My father tried to reason with them, telling them his teams were away, (my brother-in-law

being gone to move a family to Adam-on-di-Ahman,) and that his family was sick (my mother not having been able to go across the river for two months without help). But they became boisterous, would not listen to reason and left. The troubles became so bad that the family which my brother-in-law went to move did not go all the way, so providentially he got home in the night. So my father loaded what he could of his effects in the wagons, but he was unable to take any of our winter supplies and had to leave quite an amount of outstanding accounts. We started out about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. We traveled about two miles and camped as best we could in the timber and snow for the night. My brother-in-law, who stopped behind to attend to some affairs and watch the movements of the mob, informed us that as we went out of sight of our home into the timber, the mob, said to be 300 strong, came in sight from the opposite direction evidently intending to carry out their threat; but as we were gone they did not follow us.

One day while we were traveling we met 700 of the mob militia in a heavy snow storm going up to Far West. We were forced to turn out in the snow to let them pass. There were some other teams with us and the mob searched their wagons for guns. One man of our company was not a Mormon, but his wife was. The mob searching his wagon threw a box of books into the snow, pretending to hunt for guns. The captain of the boat that ferried us across the river at Quincy as we went into Missouri was along with the mob, and I think he was the captain of the company. He told them they needn't search our wagons, for he searched them when we went into Missouri and that we had no guns then. But my father did have a gun when we went into and also when we went out of Missouri. When we reached the Mississippi opposite Quincy the river was running full of ice and the ferryboat was so crowded that we could not get across that afternoon. In the night the river froze over so solid that we crossed the next day on the ice; so you can judge it was not very warm.

A few days after we arrived in Illinois one of my sisters died from cold and exposure. Myself and brother, Joshua Terry (not having been baptized at the time the others of our family were) were baptized in June, 1840. I assisted to haul rock for the Nauvoo Temple. I was present when the crane fell over backward with, I think, the last stone for the building. I was at the meeting in the Temple when the floor settled and caused the stampede and big excitement, but upon an explanation by President Brigham Young quiet was soon restored, not, however, until several had been more or less seriously hurt. In February, 1846, I crossed the river on the ice to visit the camp on Sugar creek, when the road was filled with those fleeing for their lives from civilization (!) I remember President Young counseling the Saints to parch corn to take along to eat, which many did. I also recollect corn being ground into meal, some of which became so strong and bitter that it could hardly be eaten.

It is hardly necessary to relate much of incidents of travel from Nauvoo to

Great Salt Lake valley, where hundreds and thousands have had similar trying experiences of crossing the Plains. I will say, however, that I came out with others in the fall of 1848, to assist those who were moving to the valley. I came as far as the Pacific Springs, 80½ miles from Winter Quarters, where we met relief teams from the valley. There was only one other, I think it was Oscar Sperry, who came this far. President Young being camped on the upper crossing of Sweetwater, 12½ miles east of here. From here we returned to Winter Quarters on the Missouri river.

In 1849 I came on to the valley with my father and mother and one of my nephews that was living with them. One day while traveling up the Platte a stampede occurred in our train, and one woman (Sister Hawke) was killed, and a young woman named Finley badly hurt. I had the early experience in the valley with the crickets and grasshoppers. I had my crop all destroyed by the grasshoppers one summer, which saved me the trouble of harvesting it. I have seen the grasshoppers flying so thick on a clear day that a person could not see the sun.

I see this is lengthening out, but there is one more incident I would like to refer to. It was at a celebration of the Fourth of July, 1850, in Salt Lake City. It was a fine, clear day, but there was a gust of wind came up in the afternoon which snapped the liberty pole off a few feet below the flag and it fell to the ground, after which it was as calm and as fine as it had been. Of course this was just a "happen-so!"

JAMES P. TERRY.

### A MODERN JOSHUA.

President John Taylor was a modern Joshua in many respects. He took the place of President Young, even as Joshua took the place of Moses anciently. The first we hear of him on this earth was that he was born in England. He received a common education at school; the high scholarship he attained to afterwards was acquired in every-day life. At a young age he was apprenticed to the wood-turner's trade; at the age of twenty his father moved to Toronto, Canada, where he worked at his trade. He had joined the Methodists in England and became an exhorter, which means, when the preacher is absent the exhorter takes his place, and in ordinary times do as some of the hard praying and singing.

John Taylor with a number of his young friends were not satisfied with their religion. They prayed to the Lord to show them the truth. About that time came Parley P. Pratt to Toronto with a letter of introduction that a merchant had given him to Taylor, who, not knowing anything of Pratt's mission until later, was told how Heber C. Kimball and others came to his house in Kirtland, Ohio, after he and his wife had retired; Heber requested him to get up as he had a prophecy to deliver to him: "Arise and go forth, take no thought for the necessities of life, for the Lord will supply you all things; thou shalt go to Upper Canada even to the city of Toronto; then thou shalt find a people prepared for the Gospel, and they shall receive thee, and thou shalt organize the church among them, and the Gospel shall spread, and from the