

the Mexicans. The flat roofs which are still in vogue here and which are used almost exclusively by Mexicans, did not prove adequate to keep out the rain and snow water in the primitive houses erected in the "old fort" in Great Salt Lake valley—something the Pioneers soon learned from unpleasant experience. Perhaps some of our Pioneers can explain why this is so. The Mexicans here seldom complain of leaky roofs—though it is said by some that they really do leak sometimes.

I left Santa Fe this evening and am now waiting for a train on the Atlantic and Pacific railway to take me to Holbrook, in Apache county, Arizona, where I expect to commence my historical labors in the Snowflake Stake of Zion.

ANDREW JENSON.

Written for this Paper.

### AN INTERESTING BIOGRAPHY.

CENTREVILLE, Davis Co., Utah, Feb. 8th, 1894.—Noticing in the DESERET NEWS some time ago an invitation to the veterans of the early rise of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and also the early Pioneers of this Territory to give an account of things which happened in those times, I thought I would give a brief sketch of my day according to my memory. I will begin with my parents.

My father, Elijah Cheney, was born in the town of Barlington, Berkshire county, Massachusetts, on the 14th of September, 1785. My mother was born in the town of Pellham in 1791, same county and state. Their parents moved and settled in the state of New York. My father served one year in the war of 1812; was in the battle of Black Rock and saw Buffalo burned in 1832. Jared Carter preached and baptized and organized a branch of the Church in Onondaga county, New York, my father being one of the number. He was ordained an Elder by Jared Carter in 1833, and he and Zerah Pulsipher went north on a preaching mission into Richland county and were the first that introduced the Gospel to President Woodruff, who was baptized by Zerah Pulsipher.

In 1835 my father moved his family to Kirtland, Ohio, where I first saw the Prophet Joseph. The walls of the Temple were finished and they were putting on the roof. I worked several days on the Temple and helped excavate the foundation for a grist mill, and was paid in Kirtland money, of which I have a one dollar bill in my possession at the present time. In 1838 I attended the Hebrew school held in the attic rooms of the Temple and taught by Professor Sexiax of New York City. In 1839 my Father started with his family for Far West, Missouri, with the Kirtland camp. Arriving at Coles county, Illinois, we were obliged to remain there through the winter on account of sickness. In 1843 we settled at Camp creek, Hancock county.

At the time when the printing press and type of the *Expositor* was destroyed I belonged to the Nauvoo Legion under Captain Lucius Bingham. We were called to go to Nauvoo under the orders of Colonel Markham, and were there three weeks under arms expecting an attack by the mob when we were discharged by Gen. Joseph Smith. Soon after-

wards he gave himself up a prisoner to Gov. Ford. Joseph and his brother Hyrum Smith, John Taylor and Willard Richards were confined in Carthage jail when a mob with blackened faces attacked and murdered Joseph and Hyrum and severely wounded John Taylor. Willard Richards escaping unharmed. The grand jury indicted Sharp and Williams for being accessory to the murder of Joseph and Hyrum Smith. I was one of the petty jury when the case was tried, and after considerable talk by the lawyers the judge ordered the indictment quashed; that ended the trial.

I was in Nauvoo when the first company crossed the Mississippi river on the ice and soon after Nauvoo was nearly evacuated. I crossed the river at Ft. Madison the 3rd of May, 1846, overtook the company at Mount Pisgah and traveled with Brigham and Heber's company to the Missouri river. We had been but a short time in camp when Captain Allen appeared in our midst and made a requisition in the name of the United States for five hundred young men to enlist in the war with Mexico. There were many speeches made urging us to volunteer. President Young said it was necessary that we should comply with the requisition, even if it took the Twelve to make up the number.

The company was soon made up and organized, the day soon arrived for our departure, which was the 16th of July, 1846. That was a day of sadness, of mourning and a day of parting; fathers and mothers parting from their sons; brothers from their sisters; husbands from their wives, and maidens from their lovers. I tell you, on that day the tears fell like rain drops; on that day we commenced our march for Fort Leavenworth and on our arrival there we received our arms and equipments and started for Santa Fe, a distance of over 700 miles. Soon after leaving the fort we were apprised of Colonel Allen's death, which was sad news to us. Soon after that Lieutenant Smith took the command and marched us to Santa Fe. From there Colonel Cooke took the command and we marched 250 miles down the Rio Grande. When we left the river we were put on half rations—one-half pound of flour and one pound of beef. Our pilots wanted us to go down to the city of Sonora and winter there, as they knew of no other route. The colonel called the commissioned officers of the Battalion to hold a council, and they decided to go by way of Sonora. We started the next morning in regular order with music to "The Girl I Left Behind Me." The boys felt disheartened and could not keep step; they did not want to go that route. The colonel called a halt and with an oath he said, "I started for California and I am agoing," and ordered us to march. Then our step was quick and lively.

We traveled over a country that was unexplored about 500 miles and came to a Spanish town called Tulejon. It contained about 500 inhabitants and 200 regular soldiers and a large amount of government stores. The soldiers all fled on our approach and we raised the American flag. We then marched over an 80 mile desert and arrived at the Pemo Indian village, situated on the Gila river. We traveled down to the mouth of the Gila

and crossed the Colorado. We then had a 95 mile desert to cross where we were required to dig wells to obtain water. We were put on one-fourth rations of flour and very poor beef, but we soon arrived at Warner's ranch, where we got plenty of beef, and at San Diego we rested for a short time. We then marched to San Luis Rey mission, and remained there about one month. Company B, to which I belonged, under command of Captain Jesse D. Hunter, were sent back to San Diego to take charge of that place, the other companies being sent to Los Angeles. We had to live on beef and mustard greens until a vessel was sent to the Sandwich Islands and returned with provisions, which was more than three months.

Our Battalion was a very poor lot of boys when we arrived at San Diego. We had passed through the extremes of hunger, of thirst and fatigue, and nearly without clothes. I have seen boys so nearly exhausted with fatigue and famished that they wanted to be left by the roadside to die, but the rear guard would bring them along. Company B was ordered to Los Angeles, where all the companies were discharged by Colonel Cook on the 16th day of July, 1847. The majority of the men left for Utah, about sixty went up the coast, some stopped at Monterey, some at Santa Cruz, some went to Sutter's Fort, and some to San Francisco. I was one that stopped at San Francisco.

In the spring of 1848 James Balie and myself made and burned a brick kiln of about 50,000, which was the first brick made in San Francisco. I was one of the first company that left San Francisco for the gold mines on the south fork of the American river at Mormon Island, where we arrived on the 18th of May, 1848. There I was married to Mary Ann Fisher, daughter of Adam Fisher, of Chester county, Pennsylvania, on the 11th day of July, 1848; returned to San Francisco and lived there till the spring of 1850, when we moved to Alameda county on our farm.

My wife gave birth to a daughter on the 25th of December, and on the 1st day of January she died and was buried near San Jose mission. I was married again to Amanda M. Evans on the 10th day of January, 1853. I was ordained and set apart to preside over the San Francisco branch by Hosea Stout, James Lewis and Chapman Duncan. I moved to Alameda county the same year and lived on my farm. In 1856 I was set apart by George Q. Cannon to preside over the Centerville branch, members of which in 1857 formed a company to go to Utah, and I was appointed captain. We arrived in Utah on the 3rd of November, 1857.

I was born in the town of Sempronius, Cayuga county, New York, on the 22nd day of April, 1818; was baptized in May, 1834, in Cortland county, New York, and have resided here in Centerville over thirty-six years.

Very respectfully,  
ZACHERY CHENEY,

### SOUTHERN UTAH.

KANAB, Kane Co., Feb. 14, 1894.—The usual monotony of dry weather and sand was fairly broken last Saturday when six or eight inches of snow