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HISTORY OF JAMES CRANE

I have thought for the benefit of my children that it would be good for them to have handed down to them a few of the leading facts of the history of my life. I, James Crane, was born in the village of Penally, near Tenby Pembrokeshire, South Wales, England. My mother's name was Elizabeth Harris, the daughter of David Harris of the same village in which I was born. My father's name was George Crane, so my mother said, of Brighton, England, but was never married to my mother, but was engaged to be but died before fulfilling his engagement. My mother, being then living in the same town as my father at his death, she returned to her parents in Wales where I was born. Some of the people doubted this statement of my mother and when I grew up told me of it. But my mother was always silent to me on the subject. Now, though 48 years of age, I have had no way of finding out anything different to my mother's statement, as I have never been as yet to the birthplace of my father.

It is now at the time of my writing, one thousand eight hundred and seventy eight. My mother and her parents being very poor, when I was three weeks old, my mother had to go to work for a living and I was given in charge to a family by the name of Thomas, the officers of the Parish paying for my keep. I remained with this family six years, four years on the island of Colda and two years in the town of Tenby. While staying with this family, my foster father was drowned with fourteen others crossing from the island of Colda to the town of Tenby. It was a whaling party. It is said that the men were drunk, and the sea was very rough. They were in an open boat and all perished. I was so young that I never remembered my foster father, but my foster mother, I remember running wild through the town in great distress and quite out of her head. She had four sons, John, William, George and Charles. Charles was the same age as myself and we were both nursed at the breast together. He and I both had the measles. He died. I recovered. We were about five years old when this happened.

My foster mother was in sore distress and poverty at this time and she could not pay her rent and the landlord threatened to pull down the house on our heads if we did not leave the house or pay. And I well remember the man commencing, with his pick and shovel, to undermine the house. As soon as I saw him I ran to where the oldest son John was at work, to tell him that he might stop him. Crying all the way I went and raised the neighbors in our behalf, so that the man was so ashamed he had to quit. About this time, I was running down a hill to the south sands in Tenby, where we now lived, and fell and broke my thigh. An old gentleman by the name of Daggan, a baker, set it for me and gave me gingerbread watches so that I might keep still until it was set. He had done his best for me. I don't know whose fault it is or whether there is any one to blame but my thigh was set very much out of place.

The first six years of my life is nearly a blank. There is very little I know about it. The first time I knew myself, I was a little dirty, ragged, barefooted, hungry boy, having no

one that seemed to care anything about me. My mother was married by this time, but she had no interest in me. When I was six years old my foster mother died in great distress and the family was all scattered. The Parish officers then gave me in charge of a widow woman, by the name of Sophia Howells, that lived in the village of Penally where I was born and where my mother now lived. I lived in this woman's house two years. Her husband was killed by a blast in the quarry by the seaside and blown right out into the sea. She had three children, two girls and a boy, Elizabeth, Mary, and Thomas. They were all old enough to work and help her a little and the officers gave her two shillings a week for my keep. Fifty cents in American money. She was kind to me and I never remember her abusing me. I formed an attachment for her which I never lost. While with her, two ladies by the name of Bond paid for me to go to school and I got so I could read in the New Testament. They also gave me a suit of clothes to go to Sunday School. I was with her when the Great Western sailed to America. It excited my curiosity so that I stayed away from school, and went to Gilta-head to see her sail down the Bristol Channel, for which the school master gave me a flogging.

While living in the widow's home, Victoria was crowned Queen of England, and I, in company with lots of other little boys, passed through Captain Tudor's House and in passing through each received a hot cross bun. It seemed in these two years I formed an attachment for the village and people that whenever I was away from it I felt very lonesome and unless my mind was otherwise occupied, no child could feel worse after its parents. My attachment was for the village, not any particular person in it. There were a great many in it who were very kind to me. At the end of this two years it was destined for me to make another change. The Pembroke poorhouse was now completed and the officers stopped my pay, and the widow being too poor to keep me, I had to go to the poorhouse. We bid goodbye to the neighbors, with six pence apiece in our pockets given us by the neighbors in passing through Pembroke. We bought a two penny knife each and what we did with the other pence I never remember.

In giving the history of this five years I shall not be able to give dates, but circumstances, as they happen to my mind that occurred within the five years. The Governor of the house, Mr. Large, was very kind to all and I believe did his duty well as he was very much liked by all. But the rules of the house required him to be very strict, which instead of injuring me I found to be very good for me throughout my life. It had a tendency of bringing me to time ever after. The discipline of the house was good. In it I learned to write a little. I also learned a little arithmetic. I was very sick there for about two years. My mate died and I came very near it. We were both in the hospital as errand boy and helping to wait on the sick. After that I became general errand boy for the house. It made it a great deal better for me. Folks where I used to go were very kind to me and and [sic] many little kindnesses I used to get. I finally, at the end of five years, ran away from there. It happened this way. I was put, by the Governor, to keep the gate at the main entry to the house. One of the guardians came there, which was their business to do once a week to see that all things were done right and everything kept in order. It was my duty to hold his horse while he visited the different departments of the house. While I, boy-like, not content to hold the horse by the head, got on his back, and the gate being open, off we struck, the stirrups whipping the horses side increased his speed till it took all my time to

hold on, and it was not until he was going up a very steep hill was I enabled to grasp the reins and stop him and bring him back. When I got back, the gentleman was there waiting in a terrible rage and gave me a terrible whipping with his cane and ordered my removal from the gate. Also that I was to receive two dozen lashes and be brought before the board of guardians at their semi-monthly meeting to receive further punishment. The Governor did not think the crime was worth so much punishment so he forgave me his part of it but the rest I would have to take if I stayed. This I agreed in my own mind I would not do. So on Sunday morning I left, with another boy, not to return any more. While I was in the poorhouse there was a blacksmith who was brought in with a broken leg. His name was Evans. He was from Rafter-bridge. I was put to wait on him and he told me if ever I left, to come to him and he would do what good he could for me. I had a terrible time finding him. I had forgotten the name of his village, but by persevering I finally found him. He treated me kindly and he set me to blowing the bellows for one week until he got me a place. This was nearly thirty-six years ago or will be next April. The way I remember so well was the mail boy went by and called out to me, "The pig is in the garden." I ran. He cried out, "April fool".

It is now January 24, 1879. He found a place for me with a farmer by the name of James, with a home. I stayed six months, but all the time I had a great desire to return to the village where my mother lived and the few relations I had. And it seemed to grow on me until I finally returned. I went to my mother's house. She was married and had a family of seven children and they were very hard put to make a living. Her husband, my step-father, was a laboring man and only earned seven shillings a week which is one dollar and seventy-five cents. This for nine of them and then me putting in my appearance, under those circumstances, made me a very unwelcome visitor and they were not long in showing it. Leaving my mother at three weeks old and not returning till I was thirteen years old told me that she had no more parental feeling for me than any stranger on the street. She even threatened me to return me to the poorhouse and would have done but I happened to get a place to herd cattle for six cents a day, Sunday and all. This I brought to her for six months but the feelings did not get any better in my favor. While the other children sat at the table, I was given my piece in the corner. I got to be very thin and puny and between hunger and lack of clothing, I could scarcely walk the earth. I was worse off than when I was in the poorhouse by far. And had it not been for the timely interference of friends it seemed I must soon die.

A Mr. Beddows of the village was the first to move in my behalf. He went to those that were well off and related my condition and raised friends in my behalf. My mother got very much vexed and ordered me to leave the house in two weeks. I told her I had suffered enough and I would leave then. I left. I told the women that worked in the fields on the farm, what had happened. The same farm that I herded stock on. One of them told me she would cook my food for me. Three others told me that they would wash and mend my clothes in their turns. I bought my food with my six cents a day that I earned herding, and it consisted almost entirely of bread and coffee, for six months, with an occasional meal my friends used to give me. When I started out on this line of business I was happier than I had ever been all the days of my life. I lived this way for six months then I hired out to Mr. Watters, the man I already herded for, for one year, two cents a day and

my board. I served this man for seven years, grew to manhood, forgot all the sorrows of my early youth, got to be as saucy and troublesome as anybody, used bad language, kept bad company and did many things that were no credit to me. An old lady, that knew me all the way up, whose name was Betty Lewis, used to say, when I was half starved I was the best boy in the village, but now I was well fed there was no living in the village for me, which was true.

When quite young I had religious feelings and I used to think I would like to be a good man, and I used to like to hear men talk of it. I learned to read the Bible and used to like to read the historical parts of it. But being left without any one to guide me, those things left me, and when in my twentieth year I thought I was doomed to utter destruction sure. I had respect for good men and particularly preachers of every denomination. I thought all such would be saved. I went to hear them preach occasionally and sometimes thought I would try to do better, but I could not see where to begin. I could not be a hypocrite and after serious reflections I would always come to the same conclusion that I was doomed to destruction. I used to go to the Church of England the most and the parson gave me a hymn book. I was more acquainted with the members of that church than any other. In fact I was a member of that church according to their rules, being baptized into it when eight days old. They gave me a God-father and God-mother to look after me until I was fourteen years of age. I never knew even who they were and when the bishop of the church came around to ordain members of the church which happened fourteen years after they were baptized and also release the godfather and godmother from their oath, the parson sent for me. I refused to go, stating, I was already released from all obligations as the way I had been treated in my youth would testify. It certainly was a very easy religion to live and the greatest qualification a member needed was to be a first class hypocrite.

The farmer that I lived with was a member of this church and though a good man in many respects, in his moral character he was quite different. He would get drunk, profane, swear horribly and a debauch of the worst kind. He would get home on Saturday drunk. On Sunday morning he would take soda water to help sober him and then go to church, sing and pray and partake of the Sacrament, and his course of conduct would never be questioned. Whilst the honest poor would have to comply with the strictest rules of the church before they would be permitted to partake of the sacrament. In all this I had no idea but that this church was right as well as all other Christian churches. In my twentieth year I had taken to thinking more of those things than ever before. About this time which was the year 1850 and the beginning of the year 1851 there was a new class of preachers came to the village to preach. They were called Mormons by the people but they themselves said they were Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. I had heard of them for many years before. When a little boy in the poorhouse, I used to, when tired playing, go sit near the old men to hear them talk. At one of those times I heard them say that there was a man in America by the name of Joseph Smith that had found a Golden Bible and the keys of the everlasting Priesthood. I heard no more of it for years and I often used to wonder what had become of him, never dreaming that those Mormons were the self-same people that he had raised up. For the tales people used to tell of them were simply horrible. Religious people were worse than other people at the

business. About this time one Sunday afternoon I took the dogs and went hunting, and when I returned the village was all in an uproar. One of those Mormon Elders had been there preaching and told some strange things and set the people to thinking. Some were for him and some were against him and feelings ran high.

I could take no parts in the disputes because I had not heard him, and I felt terribly sorry about it and expressed myself accordingly, "but", said they, "he will be here next Sunday again." "All right," said I, "I will hear for myself." That week seemed a long one for me. I was so anxious to hear him. Finally it came. I was there with all attention to hear him. It sounded to me better than anything I had ever heard. He said an angel came from heaven restoring the everlasting Gospel to the children of men. And that he had appeared unto Joseph Smith and gave him authority to preach repentance, baptism for the remission of sins and the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost. And restored all the gifts and blessings to those who obeyed the message just as it was in the days of Jesus and the Apostles. He also said it was the same Gospel that was preached anciently. And that they could easily detect him whether he was a false teacher or not by coming forward and proving him. He also gave me a key at that meeting that I never before had the least idea of. He said how could two or more sects, each condemning one the other to eternal punishment, be right. This was beautiful to me. I said to myself, "How can this be possible. The Catholics say all that are not of our faith will be condemned and be eternally lost. The Protestants say all that are not of our faith will be condemned and eternally lost." He said the church that had power to save, had likewise power to condemn and if either one of those churches had this power as a natural consequence all the rest must be wrong. But being that none of them taught the true religion taught by Jesus and his apostles, but was teaching for doctrine the commandments of men and set up to themselves teachers having no authority from God, they were all wrong, and that the Angel, in his visit to the prophet Joseph Smith, had told him that they were all wrong and forbid him to join any of them. This of course was heavy firing against Orthodox Christians. It came in contact with old established rules, and those whom I before thought were traveling in the narrow path to eternal life, talked very hard things against this Elder and those he represented. Oh, and such a wicked spirit crying, "Away with him, he is not fit to live". While me and some more like me, that never made no pretensions to religion, said, "We will protect him, and he shall come again, till we learn more about it".

I had such a love for the man that I only wished I was good enough to associate with him and be like him. I had a shilling in my pocket and oh how I would liked to have given it to him but I did not feel worthy to talk to him. This opened a new field for me now. Everybody was discussing religion. The most religious were very bitter while others were more liberal. This kind of business was going on all through the winter of 50 and 51. I got quite expert at defending the Elders, though I was one of the least professors of religion. I remember on New Year's Day of 51 (it was the custom of the place to go from house to house merry-making, drinking and singing songs). I was at a farm house with a lot of others, the young, the old and the middle aged; some were singing, others were playing, while others, the older ones were talking religion. The topic at hand were those Mormons with their new religion. Those talking had denounced them as being wrong. This caught my ear. I left my playing and joined the religious crowd and commenced a discussion. I

asked them upon what ground they judged those people wrong. "Why," said they, "because they condemn all others." Said I, "That's your base is it young man " Said they, "That's our base." "Alright, said I, upon that ground I intend to prove you all wrong." I was well acquainted with the three leading ones in the talk and knew the different denominations they belonged to. One belonged to the Church of England, one to the Baptist, the other an Independent. Said I to the Church of England man: "It expressly says, 'Who soever do not believe in the Holy Catholic faith will be damned.' Does that not condemn all others that do not believe in them? Accordingly, as you have judged the Mormons, you are wrong. I then turned to the Baptist and said: "It expressly says in your Articles of Faith that unless everyone is baptized into your church they will be damned. You of course, therefore, will not object to be counted wrong like the Mormons." I then turned to the Independent and said: "I really am not acquainted with your Articles of Faith as I am with those others. Will you please rehearse them to me? By this time all had quit their amusements to listen to the talk. When I asked the Independent for his Articles of Faith he looked thunderstruck, as did all the others, and in his despair said, "I see there is no use talking to you." Not one of them could gainsay me nor answer [sic] what I had asked. I had never spoken to an Elder as yet and those that knew it were astonished at my silencing those religious folks.

One of the Elders left the Book of Mormon with one of the neighbors to read and when I called into the house I saw the Book there. It was on Sunday morning. I asked him what it was. He said he did not know much about it. I asked him if he would loan it to me. He said he would if I would bring it back to him by the next Sunday morning. This I promised to do and during the week read it all through and returned it. The reading of the book left great impressions on my mind. I was impressed that it was true. Giving a true account of the origin of the American Indians. And that they were of the seed of Joseph. And it was in fulfilment [sic] of the prophecy of Jacob on his son Joseph. He said: "The blessings of thy father have prevailed above the blessings of progenitors unto the utmost bound of the ever-lasting hills. They shall be on the head of Joseph and on the crown of the head of him that was separate from his brethren. It came to pass in the reign of Zedekiah, King of Judah, in his first year, that the Lord commanded Lehi to take his family and depart into the wilderness. Which command he obeyed. And as will be found by reading the book, Lehi was of the tribe of Manasseh and that he and the family of Ishmael left Jerusalem and landed in America. And from their seed sprang all the tribes of those American Indians.

I remember, one evening being in my Aunt Jane's house and there were a great many neighbors gathered in. They were talking against the Mormons and against their Book of Mormon, which they called the Mormon Bible. My Aunt Jane was very bitter. I was the only one of the defensive. I asked them if they knew what the Book of Mormon was. They said No. Have you read it? No. Said I, "Do you call yourselves fit judges of a book that neither of you have read? If you do, I do not." I then explained to them the nature of the book, its contents and the meaning of it in general. I never saw people more surprised. Some expressed themselves that they were agreeably surprised and they listened with great interest. But my Aunt Jane was not changed in the least. I continued to go and hear the Elders preach and never went to hear any others. The course I was pursuing was

related to the Parson of the Church and he sent the Sexton of the church to me to try to persuade me to go to church. I told him no, and furthermore, that I had been the last time to his church or any others till I knew which was right.

On Sundays, when not otherwise engaged, I would take the dogs and go hunting. I knew this was not right and my mind began to be very much troubled and this kind of business came to an end a little sooner than I expected. One Sunday morning, when out hunting, I felt more distress than I ever did in my life before. I sat down on a sand bank and in the sore distress of my soul I cried unto the Lord: "Oh Lord, show me the way to serve Thee. This was the first time I had ever prayed to the Lord. I had no sooner said this than my heart felt lighter and off I went hunting and thought no more about it for the rest of the day. And it did seem as though I would just as soon do evil as good and a little rather. In the evening of this day I went to hear the Elders preach and when there I found the Lord had heard my prayer that I uttered in the morning. At this meeting I was struck with such conviction that for one whole week I had no peace of mind, neither night nor day. I was convinced that those men were sent of God and that which they preached was true and unless I obeyed it I should be condemned. But how unworthy I did feel to receive it. This week I commenced to read the New Testament and I quit every kind of company. I was in the habit of swearing so much that every fifth word was an oath. I quit talking to any one and yes or no was all I said. The other servants could not make out what was the matter with me because I was always so full of life and fun. About the middle of the week I had made up my mind to be baptized on the following Sunday. As the Elders were going to baptize a woman of the village by the name of Mary Harris. She was the first in the village that had offered herself for baptism and I had made up my mind to be, though as yet I had told no one. I kept on reading the Testament until Sunday. I had made up my mind to stand in some prominent place that I should see the Elders on Sunday morning and tell them I would like to be baptized. The Elders came. They passed close to me. They said, "Good Morning". I returned it and though I was alone it was impossible for me to tell them what I desired. After they had passed I felt very despondent and in a terrible state of mind and said to myself that it was no use for me to try to be anything different to what I was because I had not moral courage to carry it out. I continued in this state of mind while the Elders went to this woman's house and they and herself and her friends passed back by me again on their way to the sea shore to baptize her. The place where I stood was half a mile from the place of baptism. I stood where I was until they were half way down to the place of baptism.

Then all of a sudden a thought struck me that if I had not courage to be baptized that I would go to the seashore and see this woman baptized. With that I took off so fast as I could run, hoping to get there before they commenced. When I got half-way there I again made up my mind that I would be baptized, and with this determination made, my mind felt better and I increased my speed and arrived at the waters edge just as they were going to kneel down to pray. I knelt down with them on the wet sand with this determination burning in my bosom: that I would be baptized after prayers. One of the Elders, an old gentleman, took her by the hand into the water and baptized her. As he was leading her out of the water I met him at the edge. "Sir, said I, I suppose you would have no objection to baptize me in the same water. He looked straight at me with a look that went through

me and in an instant he said: "Yes sir," and led me into the sea and baptized me. The old gentleman was feeble and I lay under the water with the most thankful heart that I ever felt in my life. When under the water I felt that what I was doing was just what I should do. And when I got ready I raised myself up. Being an expert swimmer I had no dread of the water. My whole thought was taken up with the object that I was there for. The date that I was baptized was March 21, 1851, by Elder Thomas Noot on Gilta Shore, Penally near Tenby, Pembrokeshire, South Wales. I was as near as I could get to know in the beginning of my twenty-first year. This was eleven o'clock.

The Elders told me that there was a branch of the Church two miles away and that meetings were held there every Sunday afternoon at two o'clock and they wished me to come that I might be confirmed a member of the Church. I had no sooner been baptized than the news spread like wild-fire. And I was one of the last that would have been thought to have joined those people. My associates were dumb-founded and they would stare and look at me with amazement like I had been transformed into some curious animal, and some would pity me, others would revile me. At two o'clock I went to meeting at Lydstep. I felt very strange there. There were none that I knew but this woman that was baptized when I was. They all looked so clean and good-natured with smiles on their faces, and when they spoke to each other they had a smile on their countenance. This was so different to any thing that I had ever seen before. The traditions that I had been raised to were that the more religious a person was the more sorrowful he felt. There was a good feeling with all present but me. The evil spirit said to me: "The reason they all feel so good is because they have caught you."

They confirmed me a member of the Church and laid hands on me for the Gift of the Holy Ghost, just like it is written in the Bible. They spoke in tongues and prophesied and the more they did it the more uneasy I felt. I sat by the door and my hat was on the inside of the room. I thought if I could only get my hat without disturbing anyone I would leave; but just at that time, when I felt the worst, the spirit opened to my mind those words of Paul that I had been reading in the past week: "If there were any among you that were unlearned, when you were speaking in tongues and prophesying, they will say you are mad." After this came to my mind I felt more satisfied. The meeting closed and the members came to me and shook hands. They asked me how I liked the meeting. I told them I did not understand it much as yet. Though my mind was troubled I was satisfied that it was right and could bear testimony of it.

The following Wednesday evening I was going to a Saints meeting in the town of Tenby and Brother Hire was with me, the same Elder that I first heard preach the Gospel. He asked me how I felt. I told him my mind troubled me very much. He then laid his hand upon me and said it should trouble me no more. In the same instant it left me and my mind was so free and easy as when I was a little child; and then I realized that my sins had been forgiven me. When we arrived I met with some new friends that I had not seen before. There was a branch of the Church here and it was presided over by Elder John Thain. I had seen him about two years before at the village of Ambrose Castle. It was on Sunday. I had been sent by my master with a message to his brother, and passing through this village I saw an assembly of people gathered, and a man standing on a bank with a

hymn book in his hand. I turned my horse and rode up to see what was going on. I found there was going to be a meeting I did not know what kind of a meeting nor what denomination, neither did I know anyone present; yet the devil tempted me to go and insult the preacher. I said to myself, though I have been wicked I never in my life insulted a preacher. Still the devil tempted me to do it and I strove not to do it. Right when I was on the eve of doing it, I wheeled my horse round and stuck my heels in his side and off I went as fast as the horse would go; and I felt very glad that I had said nothing. This Brother Thain was the man that stood on the bank and he also was a native of the village where this happened. When he told me that, I asked him of the circumstance. He could remember it well and could see I was possessed of an evil spirit; and how relieved he felt when I wheeled my horse and left.

To return to the Wednesday evening meeting. Those assembled felt well. They spoke by the power of the Holy Ghost. I felt well now also and the Holy Ghost tested upon me and for the first time in my life I arose to my feet to bear testimony of the work of the Lord; though I trembled in every joint and it did seem as though I should have fallen to thin ground if I had not caught hold of the mantle piece with my hand

My happiness was complete, I knew for myself that God had spoken from the heavens and that my sins were forgiven me; and that when I went home that I would tell it to all my neighbors and associates; and how glad I thought they would be to know it. When I told them they would look at me and pity me and say: "He was a promising young man before he became deluded by those people and not one would believe me. This seemed strange to me, for I had a reputation for always telling the truth and my word was never disputed. I found the thread was cut between me and my old associates for ever [sic] unless they traveled the way I was going. I had made up my mind never more to return and travel the way I had been going.

There were five servants, living with my master, in the house besides myself; and before this time I was the life and fun for all, but the looks they would give me now were fearful. My master looked upon me with another look that he never did before and when my year was up, never asked my [sic] to stay any more. And my mistress, when seeing me would say in ridicule, "Here comes our preacher", and the house rmaid that waited on my mistress said that the devil appeared unto her and told her that the Mormons were wrong and me in particular. She proved very bitter to me; but in a little while after, she cut out her own bowels and was buried, despised by all. I had formed an acquaintance with the cook and kept company with her, and the week before I was baptized she cried and kept it up for one week. I then asked her if she would not be baptized. She said she would if I would promise to marry her. I told her I did not believe that to be the proper way to receive baptism. I knew it was not the way that I had received it, but if she was baptized I would keep her company and for all I knew would marry her. She said unless I gave her my word, without any reserve, that I would marry her, she would not be baptized. "All right," said I, "I have started in a new way of life and at present I do not know what is before me and under the circumstances I should not promise marriage to any one." With these words we parted.

I now felt satisfied and had changed my old acquaintances for new ones, and with it I had made up my mind to serve the Lord. I continued to work and whenever there was a meeting of the Saints anywhere in the neighborhood, I always went and I felt so good that time and distance was nothing to me. About a month after I was baptized, the President of the Branch invited me to a council meeting. His name was John Hopla. I had heard that the Saints had secret meetings and it was only the favored few that were permitted to go in. I said to him, "Will there be any trouble for me to go in?" He said, "Not any." I said, "I would hate to go ten miles and be disappointed. Not that I am afraid of the walk, but I would be of the disappointment." He said, "Can you believe my word?" I said, "Yes." "Then," said he, "I will see that you are admitted." I began to realize that about all the rumors that I had ever heard about the Mormons were lies. On Saturday evening, I went to the council meeting and arrived there about nine o'clock and was admitted according to promise. I felt terribly small. The faces of all present shone and looked so good. They were the best looking I men I had ever seen. When I entered the room they all felt so good to see me. The brethren of the council consisted of the president of the conference, Elder John Price, and his councilors. The presidents of the different branches and their councilors, the traveling elders and a great many others of the priesthood. They were handing in their reports of their different labors and successes, and the spirit of the Lord was there so much that I found it to be the best place I had ever been in, in all my life. The president asked me if I would like to preach the gospel. I told him I would try. He then ordained me to the office of a priest. This frightened me terribly, not the ordination, but the idea of being a priest, that which I had been traditioned to be. A priest was to wear a long gown and I though [sic] I could never stand it. The president told me where in the Doctrine and Covenants I could find instructions in regard to my office. The meeting was dismissed about twelve o'clock midnight. I then went home. Some of the brethren accompanied me part of the way; and it was not until the next day when I read my duties in the Doctrine and Covenants I could find instructions in regard to my office. I then felt satisfied.

This was one month after I was baptized and now I had to preach to the same boys that I had been raised with. This I did with trembling knees, but when I trusted in the Lord I never lacked for wisdom nor words. In the meantime there were several others of the village and the surrounding neighborhood that received the truth. This made a terrible stir amongst the religious folks of the village where I lived, and the parson Hughs, of the Episcopal church, got some of his members, amongst whom was my Aunt Jane, to rattle cans whenever the brethren attempted to preach. They would make such a noise it was impossible to hear anything that was said. The brethren concluded to give up for a while as they could get no redress for the feelings were very much against them. I continued to live with Mr. Waters until the first of Nov. By then my year was up. He never asked me to work for him any more, the feelings were so bad against me that I was glad to leave. But this had a tendency to strengthen my faith more than otherwise, and I was willing to endure everything and anything for the Gospel. I would work until six o'clock in the evening; then take my supper and go ten miles to meeting to Pembroke, and stay after until twelve and some time two in the morning. Then home in time to go to work in the morning. I have done this for three nights running, and the way I used to go those ten miles was astonishing to myself. My mind was so taken with the Gospel that I would

often find myself at my journey's end before I had really taken a good start, many times, for I traveled the same road to councils for five years. I have run five miles without ever stopping once.

When I joined the Church I had seven suits of good clothes. When I found out the true condition of the Elders, I gave my clothes amongst them until I had but one suit left for myself; and with paying rent for houses to preach in, and helping the traveling elders on their way, it would take all I could scratch. I remember going to a meeting one Saturday evening to Tenby, and while there the landlord sent word that if the rent was not paid we could hold meetings no more in this hall, and it being the only one we could possibly get in the town, would make it pretty bad for us. I had money in my pocket to buy two new shirts and provisions for the following week. I could not stand this. The president of the branch felt very badly, the saints were all poor and it was hard to meet those expenses. I gave him what I had and others did the same. I returned without shirts or food and on the second day I got money to buy food, but it was exactly three months after this before I got money to buy shirts. I had but one old shirt left and that was torn off around the waist. And then I wore a shirt front, sometimes called a hippocrite, on Sundays. I did this with a good heart for I knew this was on purpose to try me. I was so well satisfied that the day would come when the Lord would reward me for what I was doing. My step-father upbraided me one day and said, "Before you joined those people you were the most respectable young man in the village, but now you are little better than eggar." This raised me. I told him the difference between him and me was that I knew what I was doing and he did not, and that while he disobeyed the message God had sent, he would struggle in poverty and distress until he went to his grave. And for what I was doing, the day would come that the Lord would bless me with plenty until I was satisfied and that I knew it. I spoke by the power of the spirit. That was so reproving to him that he never after meddled with me. I have lived to see the words fulfilled on his head and also on my own.

Respectability amongst my neighbors was counted by the clothes a person wore and not their moral character. In September 1851, I was ordained to the office of an elder, and put to preside over the Lydstep Branch. There were fourteen members belonging to the branch when I commenced to preside, but they all turned away but four of us. We continued to meet for about two years. The rest had not faith to bear the persecutions that was [sic] brought to bear against them. Many is the night that I have walked through the village, when all others would be hushed in sleep, when the tears would roll down my cheeks and there was not one that I cared to speak to or associate with. They would look upon me as one that was lost, but those feelings were of short duration. I had found what I wanted and I was determined to press onward at every risk. When the members of the branch began to fall away, it hurt me very much. It was the worst trial I had met as yet, and it took all the faith I could raise, through fasting and prayer, to stand up under it. But I got over it and before I emigrated to America I raised up a great deal better branch than we had before, and they nearly all emigrated and are, up to this day, in good standing in the church.

After I left the farmer that I had lived with for seven years, I in company with Brother William Hire, the first elder I heard preach, took a room and went to keeping bachelors hall. We took jobs around in different places, and then returned at night to cook and prepare our meals. We then moved to the mines, at a place called Step-a-side, five miles from the branch. We both went to board with a family by the name of Thain; and I went to the Branch on Sundays to look after it, besides preaching round in different villages in the neighborhood. I have worked regular at my work every day and been at meetings for fourteen nights in succession; varying from five to ten miles in the distance from the place where I was at work, and I never felt better in my life than when I was thus engaged. While working at this place I was taken very sick. I worked very hard and our board was very poor. We could not get money for our pay, but orders on what they called the Tommy shop, and all we could get was bread and butter and tea. No meat nor vegetables of any kind could be got, nor money to buy them. This kind of food made my [sic] very sick, and it did seem for about two weeks that I would scarce survive it, but through the blessings of the Lord, I got better. The Saints of the Branch that I presided over were very kind to me and sent me assistance.

In the spring of 1852 I left there and went to work with a Mr. Beddows of Pennally, in the limestone quarries. After I had been there a little while, the President of the Conference called out several traveling Elders, to travel and preach in the towns and villages that were in the circle of the Pembrokeshire Conference. Among others I was called. I had fourteen villages selected for me to travel and preach in. This was a new labor for me to travel and preach without purse or scrip, and it was a great sources of trials and experience to me; and many are the tremblings I had to undergo. When I would reach the outskirts of a village I would notify the inhabitants that I was going to preach in their village. Well, in fact, I would never have been able to do it only by the blessings of God that I would get by fasting and constant prayer. Then the Lord would bless me with His Holy Spirit until I would be astonished; for many times words would flow from my mouth that I never had read nor heard any one utter in all my life. I remember calling at a ladies house and telling her I was going to preach in her village. When she questioned me about the nature of the Gospel I was preaching I answered her questions in a way she little expected. She finally said she did not think I was a fit person to preach the Gospel because I was not learned and could not speak the English language properly. I said: "Madam, can you understand what I do say? Oh yes, she said. "Then, said I, that is all the Fisherman of the Sea of Galilee could do and you should ask no more." I traveled and preached for three months then I was liberated to go to work. In this three months I gained a great deal of experience. I learned a great deal of human nature and the feelings of professors of religion. When I went to a village where the people were very religious I generally met with very cool treatment and when I went to a village where the people made no pretensions to religion, I was generally treated with kindness.

I preached one evening at a village called Huntelton. A great many came out to hear me. When I was through preaching I asked if there was anyone could entertain me overnight. They looked at each other to see if there were anyone dare entertain me over night. They all walked away, one after the other until I was left alone. I wandered out of the village about a mile and came to a meadow. There was also a sheep cote with two small

doorways to it but no door. I went into the cote. There were some dry litter of old straw in it and some lambs tails in it also. I gathered them all together to make a bed and in the meadow I saw a little hay scattered around where the cattle had been fed. I went out to gather a little to make my bed as comfortable as I could. When I was picking it up, the same spirit that was in the people of the village got in the cattle and they took after me with their tails erect and bellowing most hideously. The like I never had seen nor heard, nor did I see that like again until I was on the plains and there witnessed a stampede. The same spirit was in those cattle and it was with great difficulty that I reached the door of the sheepcote. On the same instant I entered the door the cattle bounced up against it like mad. I thanked the Lord for my deliverance. I had been well used to cattle but this was the first time I ever met them under this circumstance. I fixed my bed and felt tolerable comfortable though I had neither dinner or supper that day. I committed myself to the Lord. I took off my coat, laid me down and covered myself as best I could with my coat and felt tolerable comfortable and in no ways discouraged, thinking that such treatment was no worse for me than it was for all those that had done the same things before me. I had not laid long until the wind wheeled around to the north and it commenced raining and sleeting and it turned very cold and I had to jump around as best I could to keep warm. The cote was too low for me to stand upright in and it was with difficulty I could get around. When tired jumping around I would again lie down but I was too cold to sleep, and so between jumping around and lying down, I put in the night. I was glad when morning appeared. I then left and traveled on the road toward another village, but I had a cold settled all through my whole system and it was with great difficulty that I could travel at all. When about to fall down I came to a blacksmith shop. I stepped inside the door and sat down on a bench by the doors. It was then very cold. The fire was at the other end of the shop. The shop must have been twenty five feet long. The blacksmith was at work and there was another man talking with him. They both were entire strangers to me and did not seem to notice me or even to be aware of my presence there. I sat on the bench in the most misery I had ever experienced. I then prayed to the Lord, that He would remove this cold from my body that I might attend to the labors assigned me. I had no sooner done praying than the cold was drawn right out of my system; just the same as some person had drawn a very close fitting garment off me. I could feel it leave every part of my body. It first left my feet and was drawn upward until it left the top of my head, and I felt as well as ever I did in my life and left the shop without speaking to anyone, thanking God that I was as well as ever I was in my life.

This was the first night I had ever camped out in this way; though when I was a little boy in the poorhouse I had one fearful bad night. It happened in this way: A lot of us boys one Sunday were in the boys yards in the poorhouse. The masons had been there in the week doing some repairs on the house and had not finished and had left the scaffold up. There was a plank inclined from the top fold to the ground, and we boys would go up the plank and then slide down. We kept it up until the Governor caught us. He dropped onto us unawares. We were all summoned to appear before him. We received six lashes apiece and I, being one of the largest, was sentenced to receive two dozen more on the next morning, as he said, I was the ring-leader. I thought to myself that I would not stop to receive this punishment but would leave. So when they were all leaving the supper table and all the officers of the house were busy putting the inmates in their different wards, I

walked right out through the house and left unobserved. I had made up my mind to go to my mother's house. That was ten miles away. It was now dark in mid-winter and it was a terrible night. I had no 16 It sooner left the house than it commenced to rain. My way lay right through the main street of the town of Pembroke. It rained in torrents. It rained until it ran down my face and fairly blinded me, and when I got to the edge of the town where there were no lights, it got so dark I could see nothing, and when about a mile from the house, I had to turn back. I went back and tried the door and it was fastened for the night. I then tried to go in or climb over the wall. The wall was ten feet high and I was not strong enough to raise anything against the wall to climb up, and the things I could raise, I was able to climb up over. I found I could not get in and that I could not live the night through if I did not get in, so there was nothing left for me to do but to go to the front door and ring the bell, for it yet rained in torrents. I rang the bell. They were just going to bed. I had been missed and search was made and I could not be found. The Governor answered the bell. I was so frightened for the punishment that I knew I would receive, that when the Governor asked me where I had been, I told him everything but the truth. It was nine o'clock when I returned and he kept me up until twelve o'clock, cross questioning me and whipping me. I had told so many stories that when I told him the truth he would not believe me.

There was a lady in the house that was nurse in the sick ward and she was a very kind good lady and was liked by everyone. When I used to go out on errands, she would send for a knoggin of gin by me, which was an eighth of a pint. She would not get drunk but had accustomed herself to take a little liquor sparingly. At last, I told him that I ran away to avoid being whipped in the morning, which was the truth. This he did not choose to believe but said that if I would own up that I had been after gin for the old lady, he would forgive me and punish me no more. Now the stories I had told him would hurt no one but myself, and if I owned up to this request of his it would turn the old lady out of her business and furthermore, it would be a down-right lie. This I would not nor did not do and I told him if he whipped me until morning I would not. He got very angry now and gave me one more whipping and ordered me to bed, saying, in the morning he should commence on me again. The first up in the house were always the boys that went to town after skim milk to make milk porridge for breakfast. I was one of those, but now that I was in transgression, another was appointed in my place. When they got up, I got up, and when they left the house, I left. I took another route from what I took the night before. About two miles from the house lived Billy Rowe's aunt (the boy that went to the poor-house with me). I called there and told her that I had run away. She gave me breakfast and then left for my mother's. It had rained so the night before that the water was running in every direction. I arrived at my mother's at noon. I told her I had run away. She told me she could not keep me and that I must return in the morning. I said, "Alright," but I was in hopes I would be able to find someone that would keep me. After dinner I went to see those I knew but no one offered me a home. I went back to my mother's and went to bed. In the morning, after breakfast, my mother told me to go back and sent my half-brother, John, to accompany me a little way. I told him to go back, when I left the house a little ways, that I was not going to the poor-house anymore if I could possibly avoid it. After I had traveled a little ways it commenced to rain. I had made up my mind not to go back but to go to the blacksmith at Ralterbridge, where I did go when I afterward left the

poor-house. But it turned out to be such a stormy, blustering day and it was twenty miles from where I was then, that before I had traveled many miles I became perfectly discouraged, and I then was on the same road that led to the poor-house. I thought I would return and traveled on until I came to the gate of the poor-house, and had I seen anyone I would have gone in, but standing at the gate awhile in the pouring rain, I became discouraged and turned around and went back again towards my mother's house. I got to be very hungry by this time and called at a house on the road and they gave me something to eat. It was now nearly dark and still raining and I had several miles to go, but on I went as best I could and arrived at my mother's house just about the time they were going to bed.

After I arrived, I had not courage to go in. I stood opposite the house, on the other side of the road, and my step-father came out to the door to look at the weather and as he opened the door, with the candle in his hand, the light shone across the street right upon me, and he saw me, and it so frightened him that he shut the door quick and went back into the house and told the family that he had seen my ghost. I then left and went to Mr. Waters stack-yard, the man I afterwards lived with for seven years, and I thought perhaps I could find shelter there some-where for the night. It was so dark I could scarce see anything, and being away so long, and so young when I went away, that every place was strange to me. I would crowd up against the stacks and try to get shelter under the eaves. The stacks were thatched but the eaves were so short that when I would stand under them, it would pour on my head worse than when outside of them. Finding I could not rest in any wise here, I again returned to my mother's house. There was a passage way between the two rooms in my mother's house and I thought if I could crawl in there without being heard, it would be alright. But in opening the door I made a noise on the latch and my step-father stepped into the passage and exclaimed, "Here he is. I knew I saw him or his ghost." I went into their presence, dripping wet, having traveled twenty miles that day, storming all the time, and looking like one that had no business whatever, to exist on the earth, and more particularly in my mother's family. The first words my mother said to me: "You must return to the poor-house in the morning." I said: "Alright". I took off my wet clothes and went to bed. In the morning after breakfast, I sat by the fire. When my mother said it was time for me to leave, I got up, took my hat and started for the door, but before reaching it, I fell senseless to the ground, and three weeks after, when I first came to my senses, I found myself in a burning fever, lying in my mother's bed, with a doctor waiting on me, reduced to a perfect skeleton. In three weeks more I was well enough recovered for my step-father to take me back to the poor-house. When I arrived there Mr. Large, the Governor, said: "Jimmy, you have not made much by running away from me. When you left you were dean and respectable. Now you are sick, poor and dirty." He forgave me all that had happened between me and him and now treated me real kind. He put me in the ward where all newcomers had to go until examined by the doctor. I felt very lonesome and cried all day. Toward evening, the doctor not having, as yet come, the Governor came to see me and said he did not think the doctor would come that day, and that he would not keep me there any longer. He gave me a new suit of clothes, and the porter put me in a plunge bath and in a little while I was ushered into the presence of my former associates and companions and for once more forgot all my sorrows. This happened when I was between eleven and twelve years of age.

To return to my history. After I was that morning, cured through the blessings of the Lord from my severe cold, I continued on my journey. At evening I called at a public house to get something to eat. It was the first I had to eat for two days, and strange to tell, I did not feel the least bit hungry than if I had been eating regular meals. One evening I preached at a village called Redberth. The people were terribly opposed to me. They were mostly Wesleyan Methodists; and when I was preaching they did everything to annoy me. One man had a sack on his back and a reap hook in his hand. This he would flourish around my head and aim to strike me with it. He was possessed with a very evil spirit but he had no power to hurt me, and I could see that he had none, and felt perfectly safe. Another one would offer me a biscuit to eat and anything and everything they could think of to try to annoy me. There was not one there that believed one word that I said nor showed the least respect. Every word I spoke would return to me void. I closed the meeting. After I had finished, one of their number, a preacher, got up and opposed what I had said. Ridiculed the character of Joseph Smith and commented a great deal on the sayings and writings of Orson Pratt. I got up at the close of his remarks and said as it was late I would reply to his remarks one week from then. One of my old associates happened by at the time of the meeting and saw the way I was treated. His name was Thomas Howells, the widow's son, that kept me for two years when I was a little boy. He said, "James, how can you stand such treatment?" He said he wouldn't stand it for one moment and he was full of fight. He begged me to quit it and return and be like I used to be. He gave me enough money to pay for my night's lodging and supper. I thanked him for his kindness and told him he did not understand things as I did or he would look at it differently, and so far as leaving it it was the very farthest thing from my mind. The following evening I went to the village of Jefferson to preach. In this village the people were more liberal and did not seem to be bound up in priestcraft so much. They were a mixture of Wesleyans Teatotalers and some that did not seem to care for anything.

I opened the meeting and commenced to speak and referred to the treatment I had received the previous evening, when a voice from behind me said that he was there for to do the same this evening. There were a great many there assembled, and I had a few friends amongst them and I was very glad to hear the announcement, for I was far better prepared to meet my opponents here than in their own village where I had no protection. At the close of the meeting this same man got up who had opposed me the previous evening, and rehearsed the very same things that he had done before, word for word. I sat on the ground next to where he was standing. I never felt better in my life nor never had more of the spirit of the Lord upon me. When he got through I again got up to reply to him. I said, "My friend here has not courage to go out manfully and preach the Gospel of Christ, but after I have been to the trouble to gather the people together, he and his friends see fit to follow me around and try to break up these meetings, and relating to the people a little story that he has learned by heart, without a word of truth in it". I told him "it was a very dangerous business for him to be engaged in. Too much study was very hurtful to the mind and might accidently upset his reason. I had heard of a gentleman in the city of Bristol, that through over study had lost his reason, and one day while walking down through Bristol, he saw a cobbler at work by the door, as was, the custom of the place and he really fancied that he swallowed the cobbler. Now as my opponent here is a

gentleman cobbler, I should not wonder if he was the cobbler that the crazy man swallowed. This made him and his friends very mad. They cursed and swore like sailors. This saying of mine was very mild compared to what they had said of me. I bore mine without a ruffle but their religion was very thin, and it did not take much squeezing to burst it and their language showed them up too. Those that before-time had thought that they were somebody now found out that they were nothing but hypocrites. The people now divided up. One part was for me, the other part was for my opponent; and a madder lot of Christians I never saw. They opened the ball by denouncing Joseph Smith as a false prophet and our religion a humbug. But when I commenced to sift over their religion and then prove from the Bible that they had no authority to preach, and that in fact there were no such things in the Bible, that they professed to believe in, and teach the people, they began to think by this time that they had walked up to the wrong man. They began to call out, "Pull him down". I told them to take it easy, that I had just given them a lesson in patience. While they abused me and my friends I took it quietly until they got through, though all they had been telling were lies. What I was saying about their religion I was able to prove from the Bible. I told them by the time I got through with them my opponent would not be over anxious to follow me around and endeavor to break up my meetings any more. I said, "Last night he had his own way about it, and when people of his own church would insult me, he would never check them in the least, and he must not complain if I had my way tonight." There were not enough of them to hurt me. My friends gathered around me whilst my enemies had to stand on the outside. They consisted mostly of the rich, whilst mine was of the working class. I preached to them until it got dark, as the meetings were in the open air, so I closed it. A gentleman came to me and asked me for my license to preach. Said I, "Sir, am I preaching?" Said he, "No, nor you can't preach." Said I, "Sir, this is a kind of a strange business for you to be in. Asking for a license to preach of those that cannot preach, and besides I do not think that you are a fit person to ask for a preacher's license. You are so full of brandy that if there was a candle put to your breath it would set your whole body on fire." I little knew then the good those few words were going to do me. I sold all my books at the close of the meeting and got board and lodging free for the night. I gave out a meeting to be held there one week from that night.

In the week that followed, the rich folks of the village held a meeting to provide means to have me put out of the village, and they decided at the meeting that I should preach there no more, that I was to be walked out of the village the next time I came. But there was one gentleman there, a teatotaller, and the boys had told him what I had said about the man with the brandy. He sat still and heard their decision so he said, "You have decided to put this man out of the village; well, when you do you will have to put me and my friends out too." This of course stopped the putting out part. They then took another course to head me off. Between them, they hired a fiddler, and the nights that I would appoint to preach, they would have the fiddler there to attract the crowds away from me. They occupied a large barn close by where I was preaching and when one crowd was on the floor dancing, the other would come to hear me preach and so on to the end of the meeting. They kept this up for quite a while but finally the fiddler got sick and later died. At the end of three months I again went to work for a farmer by the name of Smith. He was very liberal in his feelings. He did not care, he said, what religion belonged to so

long as I attended to his work, and that I could take a day any time I wanted to--to attend to my duties so long as I was not to charge it to him. The President of the Conference gave each president of a Branch a district to preach in, and with him the priests and elders of his branch. This was to be done on Sundays and whenever occasion would require. The conference was now quite large and it was divided into two districts and the priesthood was to meet every two weeks on Saturday night. I was appointed clerk of the Tenby district and it taught me a great deal in the art of writing. I worked with this farmer Smith until the next May. I then went to work in the limestone quarries at Gilta. This was very hard work and it being new to me, it went very hard with me for awhile. But I was anxious to get more money and try if possible to secure my emigration, and I was willing to endure a great deal to accomplish that.

Whilest working there, one evening I was at a council meeting and the next day being Sunday, Brother Hopla asked me if I would not go with him to his district to preach the following day, as there was a very troublesome fellow who came to their different meetings every Sunday and annoyed them very much. In fact it was almost impossible for them to preach. I told him I had my own district to attend to and that I could not leave and that I was not very desirous to enter into trouble, that if it was in my own district, I should try to make the best of it. He said he should go to the president of the conference and get permission for me to go with him. I said if the president said I should go I would, if not, I wouldn't. He went, and it was decided that I should go. We went at two o'clock to the place appointed. I forget now the name of the village. There was quite a crowd of people gathered and we had a very quiet meeting. This disturber was there but he never said one word. I saw him and could pick him out by the spirit that was upon him. This annoyed Brother Hopla very much because he wanted to see him act a little for my benefit and for me to get a taste of what he had to put up with and he could now account for it. But before the day was out, we could account for it all. At six o'clock in the evening we were to hold another meeting at the village of Corew, some few miles from there. This disturber had notified, in the week before, all the inhabitants of that region of country to come to this evening meeting. That he was going to make it so hot for the Mormons that they never would show their faces there any more. None of us knew anything about this as we lived a number of miles away from there. The time came and the people flocked from every direction. Rich and poor, small and great. It seemed as if they were all there. It was on a cross-road and we stood on a little rising ground so that we could see all the people. We opened the meeting in the usual way. Brother Hopla called on Brother Richard Jones to preach, there being three of us. As soon as he commenced, this disturber walked to the front and commenced a tirade of abuse towards our religion, denouncing it every form. He took hold of Brother Jones' arm and got to disputing with him in such a way that it was impossible for him to preach. So Brother Jones quit. He was a big powerful man, and a class leader with his sect, and terribly forward in his way, no politeness whatever, but very coarse and brusque. I stood there and took him in at a glance. I made up my mind that what I had to meet and I felt as ready for it as he did. I smiled at his ridiculousness and the spirit of the Lord rested upon me in such a manner that before I began with him I knew I should use him up in such a way that he would trouble us no more. Brother Hopla then called on me to speak. I stood forth and as soon as I did he introduced me to the people as the man that had challenged him to

meet him anywhere and at any time to discuss religion. I then recognized him to be the same man that I had met the summer before at the village of Jefferston. He came up to me after I had closed the meeting and said, he had come to Jefferston that evening on purpose to oppose me, but seeing the people were almost entirely in my favor he did not think it wise to do so. I told him I was not afraid to meet him at any time or place. That I had the truth and with the help of God was able to defend it. I could now see the hand of the Lord in it. The previous week he had given out that he was going to drive all the Mormons out of that region of the country. He did not know of my coming. Neither did I until about twenty hours before. But now here I was face to face with an enemy to the truth and never felt better and entered on my task with pleasure. I commenced by saying how necessary it was for all present to be possessed with the spirit of the Lord and that without it no one should undertake to teach the religion of Jesus Christ to the children of men. He shouted out at the top of his voice that that was true. I said if it was true, he varied from it very much. With that he marched out of the crowd to lay hold of me. I gave one step back and then braced myself, pointed my finger at him, looking him straight in the eye I said, "You dare lay a hand on me. I have an instrument in my pocket that will put you in prison so fast you will be astonished how you got there." He stepped back quicker than he came forward and turned as pale as death. I said, "You can stand there and say what you have a mind to, but hands off, gentleman." This move made me many friends and they gathered right around us. There was one fighting bully there and his companions. They stood next to us and this fighting man man [sic] said at the top of his voice, "This man is going to preach, and the man who interferes with him will have to walk over my dead body." We had now started in dead earnest. My opponent and his religious friends had to stand on the outside while I had it entirely my own way. I now directed, my remarks right to him. I would ask him questions out of the Bible and repeat the doctrines of Christ to him; and he would deny them and protest there was no such thing in the Bible. I crowded him to it until he would cry it out so loud until all the people could hear him and I would get him to repeat it. I would then read from the Bible those very things he had denied and called on any gentleman to come forward and see for himself. I did this a number of times. This wore him out and he got very mad, and he cursed and swore like a trooper. Then I said, "This is the kind of a man you have here to defend your religion. It is a man that in your own presence has denied the Bible. A man that in your own presence does curse and swear like any low taproom blaggard. The religious people of this region of country must be bad off for good timber or you have been most woefully deceived with this wolf in sheep's clothing; or the Lord has sent me here to raise his mantle of hypocrisy [sic] so that you can see him in his true light. If his mother is here, she must certainly feel badly for a son that has no better way of manifesting himself before the people than he has." By this time he was perfectly frantic and the devil had complete possession of him, and many of his friends were very little better than himself. He commenced to roar like a young bull, and roar he did, thinking to drown my voice.' But I could speak clear over him with ease so as to be heard by everyone. When he got through roaring, he looked like a man in the last throes of death, and he yelled at the top of his voice that I was the worst Mormon he had ever met. I told him before I had got through with him he would find I was good for the challenge I had given him. I had nothing to fear from him nor anyone that took the course he did. I had the Bible on my side, the revelations given to the Prophet Joseph and the sword of the

spirit. While he had nothing but a man made system to defend and an old broken sword to do it with and a hypocrite to the bargain. We came prepared to receive abuse and God had given us grace for to bear it. We knew that the day was not far distant when all their man made systems would come to an end, and that the kingdom of God, as it was revealed to Joseph Smith would reign over all the earth. And that I was so well aware of the fact as though it had come. They then deputized one of their number to come to me and offer himself for baptism, to try to break up the meeting that way. I saw him force his way through the people. He was a very tall man and I could see the spirit he was possessed of before he got to me. Said he, "Mister, I want you to baptize me." I said, "My friend, you are not prepared for baptism. Repent of your sins and then come to me under the proper spirit and I will baptize you." I can't begin to write the quarter of what I said at this meeting. Words were given by the spirit that I never heard before. Neither had I read them in any book. It now began to be dark. Brother Hopla said a few words and the meeting was dismissed and we started for home. I had about seven miles to go. The others, four. When Brother Hopla got home where he and the president of the conference lived in the same house, he felt so delighted at the success we had that they were up nearly all night talking about it. I got home feeling so good, the distance seemed like nothing. This disturber never after troubled our people but said he really believed there was something more with us than with any other people he had ever met.

While working in the quarry, I earned enough money to emigrate to New York, which I did, leaving Liverpool on the 19th day of April, 1856. There were a great many of the Pembroke saints emigrated the same time and it stripped the conference of nearly all of the officers and members and it never recruited any more but kept going down until this day, there is no church organization there whatever. I came over to America in the dipper ship S. Curling, commanded by Captain Curling. The ship had eight hundred saints on board. Captain Dan Jones had charge of the company. The ship was divided into wards with a president over each ward, and the guards set so as to keep order in every department of the ship and to keep the crew in their proper places. I got very sick as soon as the ship started and was very sick most of the way. In saving the money for my emigrations I lived on barley bread and water for three months and working in the quarry lifting large rocks. I used to spit up blood every day from the heavy strain of work I had to do, and then it was by the skin of my teeth I got passage money just two days before. The provisions were served out to the passengers. I was without food or money. The last money I spent in Liverpool was a penny I gave for a cake. I divided it with my partner, William Hart, who was in the same fix as myself. And then we had to fast for two days. We felt well tho and thanked the Lord all was so well as it was. Though sick, I enjoyed myself. Not being married I was put in the bachelors hall with the other bachelors on the lower deck of the ship. And when the ship would be laboring in a heavy sea we would go up and down like in a swing. The only light we had was that which came through a large round pipe, which also served for a ventilator. There were six of us from the same conference that messed together, and from the great amount of fun we used to have, we were known throughout the ship as the "saucy six", but we broke no rules. The president of our ward used to say when calling on others to do anything, and they would complain, "If you don't want to do it say so, I have six boys here that will do anything I ask them and do it cheerfully." The ideas that a great many of the saints had of traveling to Zion

was quite amusing. One day I was lying down on the deck quite sick near a group of sisters who were talking over their troubles, when one old lady exclaimed with a sigh, "Well, well, I never thought that this would be the way we would go to Zion. I thought we should be doing nothing but singing and praying all the way." This amused me so much that it cured me of my sickness.

We landed safely in Boston on the 21st of May, all safe. The most of the passengers went to the frontiers, which was Iowa City at that time. Thirty of us, for the want of means had to stay in Boston. The captain of the ship gave us the privilege of staying on board until we could get work. Four of us started out to seek work. We came to a toll bridge where it cost one cent each to pass over, but we had to return. I laughed and said to the boys, "This is certainly starting at the lower round of the ladder in America." We returned to the ship and the next day Brother Felt came from New York to meet us. In those days it was the law in Boston for every foreigner to pay one dollar to the state or leave. And there was a way provided for us to go to New York, which we did. When we came to New York, we were entire strangers and were left on the wharf to shift for ourselves. In those days, Elder John Taylor, one of the Twelve Apostles, was presiding in New York and publishing a paper called the Mormon. I told the company to stay on the wharf while I went to the printing office and found some of the brethren. I found them and we found places for us all to stay in the homes of the saints, principally in Williamsburg. The next day I went to work for an Irishman by the name of Teddy Mack-wiggin and of all the critters I ever met he was one of them. Our work was leveling streets and building-blocks in Williamsburg. We worked eleven hours a day. He would stand over us and swear from morning till night. The most abusive language I ever heard. The Irishmen who worked for him, when he would turn his back, would stand still and not work, but as soon as he turned around, they were down and at it again. Of course this accounted for his awful swearing, for often he would catch them. I was never used to work, after this fashion, for I had always been used to working whether the master was present or not. He soon found this out and after two days, he set me to driving a horse and cart. In my young days I had become very much taken up with America. I had read the history of Columbus several times and my ideas and anticipations of America, were great. But when I got amongst this crowd, I really thought I had landed in the wrong place, for I could see no beauty in it. I decided to leave there and try something else. Being raised to farming, I thought I would try it amongst the farmers. I went to a store-keeper and asked him if he had any friends of his that were farmers who needed hands. He said he had, and in a few days sent me word of a friend of his who needed two hands, twelve miles out on Long Island. I went, accompanied by Joseph Davis, who had been with me all the way from Wales. We hired for twelve dollars a month. Being used to farming, we thought we would have a little better time. But the American farmer was no better than the Irishman, for he trotted us through from sunrise until dark, in July, and when Sunday came we were hardly able to walk. We worked for him for five weeks and then left and went to Williamsburg for a month, where we laid over and rested. The weather being so hot, and many people dying daily from sunstrokes, we thought it best.

I stayed in the state of New York for nearly two years. I was there the time the army was sent to Utah, by James Buchanan, President of the U. S. The feeling was very bitter

against our people in New York, the winter the army lay in Hamsfork, near Fort Bridger and suffered so much. I was working in a factory in New York and the men swore that if there was one soldier killed by the Mormons, they would kill every Mormon in New York. But the Lord managed that affair through his servant, Brigham Young. And his command to every officer was, that went out with a company of Mormon soldiers, to kill no man only in self defense, and that if they would do as they were told by their officers, every one should return home safe and sound. And it was so! not [sic] one was killed. And the gentile army was humbled and instead of destroying the Lord's people, they filled the country with wagons and tools of every kind, and clothing, and money and the Lord turned it into a great blessing. In the spring of 1858, I moved to Iowa City, Iowa, in company with Joseph Davis and his sister Alice and brother William. Myself and Joseph, while in New York, had sent money to emigrate them from Wales. I paid for Alice, an agreement I made with her before I left Wales, and Joseph paid for William. In Iowa I married Alice, April 5, 1858. We lived in Iowa one year, working at farming, gardening, and wood-chopping or anything else I could get. Times were very dull there and money scarce. I had been out of work a month and could not get work anywhere. I then concluded to get married although my wife and I had not one cent to bless ourselves with. I borrowed a dollar to pay for a license, which we could not get married without. I rented a room on trust, got wood, stove and provisions, all on trust, then trusted in the Lord, and married. I was married one month, paid all of my debts and had ten cents left and I have been as successful in my married life as the next one. I write this that my children might see that two of the best qualifications to getting married is, perseverance and faith in God.

While in New York and Iowa, I acted as a teacher in the church. Iowa was a terrible place. There were a great many apostates. It was the place where the emigrants used to fix up their trains for Utah, and a great many fell away. It was a hard place for teachers. It seemed that in about every other house the folks were apostates. In the spring of 1859, Brother Joseph W. Young, Bishop Kesler and Orten Haight came to the frontiers to bring a freight train through for the Church. They wanted teamsters to work their passage through for the church, and Brother Kesler came to Iowa City and found eight teamsters there. I was one of them. He bought two yoke of oxen and a wagon to take us to Florence, or Winter Quarters, three hundred miles from Iowa City. I had charge of this small company. We left Iowa City April 3, 1859, just as winter was breaking up. The roads were terrible and it being the first time any of us had ever started out on a trip of this kind, we did not know too much. It was intended for us to meet Brother Joseph W. Young and Orton Haight at Fort Desmoines as they were buying cattle, through that region of country, to take the train across the plains. Day after day we had rain, mud, and slush to wade through and many days we could not travel more than four miles. We had a great time at Skunk River. When we got there the river had over-flowed its banks and filled the bottom for two miles across. We arrived there about nine o'clock in the morning. We stood and looked wishfully at the situation, wishing we were on the other side. While looking, two men came up to us and asked us which way we were traveling. "To Utah", we replied. "So are we," said they, "We have only lately arrived from Utah and are now returning, and if you will join us we will show you how to cross this river, as we have crossed many of them." I looked upon it as a blessing from the Lord and we arranged to unload our wagon and theirs, then lash the two-wagon boxes together, caulk

them tight and ferry over. Where the water was shallow, we waded and pushed the boxes before us, but where it was deep we used poles and worked our passage over. Some of my little company objected to our crossing in this way. I could see no other way than this. I called on those that were willing to join me, and those that were not could take their own course. The unwilling ones, seeing that they were about to be left behind, finally joined in without any bad feelings. We had to cross this stream three times until we were all used up pretty badly and the last trip it snowed on us all the way. One of the boys went several miles around the riffle in the water with the oxen and running-gears, and we on our third trip across arrived at the landing as soon as he did. We were so numbed with the cold that we hardly knew what to do. There was a house close by where we hired a room and stove for the night, and in half an hour we were merry, singing, and chatting one with the other as though we had a splendid time.

When we arrived at Fort Desmoines, the company had left with word for us to follow as quickly as possible, which we did, and the next day we over-took them just as it was getting dark. Old Brother Beecroft from London had charge of the camp and those that were driving the oxen that the brethren were buying. They all felt very blue in camp and down-hearted. I began to wonder if it was a Mormon camp or not, being there was no life in it, so I asked them if they were Mormons. "Oh yes," said they, "Then what is the matter with you?" said I. "Why we have been driving cattle all day and have had no supper nor likely to get any," they answered. I said, "Have you no provisions in camp?". They answered they had flour, bacon, tea coffee, and molasses but had no time to cook it. "What, and hungry?" said I. "Have you got a camp kettle?" I asked. They had, so I told them to bring it along with some flour, and in ten or fifteen minutes I made a kettle of mush that made their eyes sparkle, and with molasses to put on it, they all had a good supper. This drove the blues out of the camp and we sang and talked until midnight. The next morning, the old man told me to take charge of the camp for he would starve them to death with the wagon loaded with provisions. I refused, saying I would not take charge but I would help him all I could. From this time on we got on well until our arrival at the Missouri River. We stopped on the Missouri about six weeks until the oxen that had been poorly, got fat. We had four hundred head of oxen. I was put in charge of the herd until we left. When the train started on the plains, I was made captain of ten. There were seventy four wagons in all and Brother Haight was captain of the company, Brother Kesler commissary and in charge of all the freight. We were three months in crossing the plains. It was very laborous on the oxen and after passing through the sand hills of Laramie, the oxen began to die and continued to do so until we arrived within two hundred miles of Salt Lake City. We could scarcely move the train and had to get help from Salt Lake City. Considering the length of the journey, we had a good time, plenty of provisions, once in a while short of water and an occasional quarrel with the untidy teamsters, but nothing only what might be expected on such long hard journeys. All were inexperienced in the business, men and boys. All had been brought up to different business to this. Artisans of every trade. Many that had never seen an oxen before, much less yoking them up and driving them. When the Salt Lake City boys met us with fresh oxen to help us, we felt delighted. But when we heard the way those boys could curse and swear, we did not feel so delighted. I felt bad and could not account for it. We were going to Zion and they came from Zion to help us. Many of the camp felt badly and expressed

themselves so, but I always kept those kind of feelings to myself, and prayed to the Lord for an explanation. The spirit of the Lord told me, to take care when I arrived in the land of Zion that I did not fall into the same snare. I am sorry to say that every one of those boys came to a bad end. Many of them were shot for thieving and I soon learned that they were playing the part of the wicked and not the righteous.

We arrived in Salt Lake City on the 1st of Sept., 1859, and when we came out of Emigration Canyon and saw Salt Lake City, oh how thankful we did feel to the Lord. And none but those that experience it can tell the heavenly feeling that possess a Latter-day-saint when they first see the city of the saints. The tears of joy coursed down my cheeks and I thanked the Lord that I had been preserved thus far to receive of his blessings. We drove our teams into President Young's yard and his family made supper for the whole company. This was the first time I had ever seen President Young. He was walking on the side walk in front of his house, in company with Brother Heber C. Kimball, his first counselor. They both had on large straw hats, home made. The feelings of my heart were drawn out towards them and I am thankful to say it continued with me all the days of their lives have now been in Utah over twenty-one years.

It is now Jan. 11th 1881, showing that I am twenty one years behind in my history. Bishop Kesler recommended me to work for President Young. I went to work two or three days after I came into the valley. When I came into the valley I was strong and healthy and had been all the way across the plains, and so had my wife but when I went to work I took sick and so did my wife and we could scarcely crawl the ground for three months. But I stuck to my work, often having to lean on my shovel to keep from falling down. When I landed in Salt Lake City, me, my wife and her brother had five cents between us. We bought a melon and was square with the world once more. Joseph A. Young had charge of his fathers affairs. I told him I had nothing. He sent me a cord of wood, a sack of flour and a chunk of beef. This was the first pay I received to begin life with in Utah, and this before I earned it. I worked three months and earned one hundred and five dollars. Then winter set in. I was very much used up. I then rested three months and recruited my strength, and in the spring when I returned to President Youngs to work, I was strong and was so for many years after. In the winter I went to Bishop Hardy to settle my tithing. He asked me what I had been doing. I told him. He said, "You have done enough. Live on what you have made and next year pay your tithing." I worked for President Young one year and a half. I lived one year in the 12th Ward and half a year in the 17th Ward. While I lived there, Cache Valley was opened for settlement. Two men, named Barker and Squires, that kept a small store where Godbe's store now stands, they wanted me to go to Cache Valley to farm for them. I was to meet them one day at noon, at their store to make arrangements. I met them, when I went in they were quarreling about my outfit. They were so heated that my presence did not stop them. I listened a few minutes then said, "Gentlemen, you need not quarrel over me. I can take care of myself," then I left. Barker followed me up the street and begged me to take no notice of what had happened. I gave no heed to his words. When we arrived at the Eagle Gate, I was turning in to go to work and he had to pass on, but before doing so he whispered in my ear, "If you work here at President Young's a few years, they will have you in debt for things that you never received, then you will be ruined. Why I did not knock him down was a

mystery to me for I felt that indignant. Seeing this, he left in a hurry. When I left President Youngs and settled up, I was paid every cent honestly.

In the spring of '61, I left and took a farm on the shares of Daniel Cahoon. Worked hard for six months. Lived hard, but never went hungry, [sic] This was the first time I had ever started out to be a producer on my own hook. Through the blessings of the Lord I did well. Raised a good crop, got a cow, some chickens and a pig. Money was very scarce in those times and the most it tried us in was for little things. We were without soap for three months. We, my wife and I, for we shared together, used to burn grease, wood and she would take the ashes to wash with. In those days it was hard to sell any kind of produce. My wife has walked the streets of Salt Lake City with butter to sell until it would run out through the bottom of the basket, from the heat, and could not sell it. In the fall I bought a house and five acres of land in the Sugarhouse Ward, where we moved in the fall of '61. The house had no door, floor or windows. I bought some lumber and fixed it up myself. I took two bushels of wheat uptown to buy nails. I tried all over but could not succeed for a long time. Finally a store-keeper told me to dump my wheat in his bin and he gave me a few nails and I put them into my vest pocket and with them made my door. The five acre lot was a poor one, mostly rocks and nothing whatever on it. I went to work with a will and made a good home, planted a splendid orchard, lived there seven years and when I left had one hundred bearing trees and a splendid garden.

I had been in Utah two years but up to this time I had not been employed in a church capacity. I went regularly to meetings. Never missed. Used to go to the Tabernacle and the Bowery to hear President Young, Heber C. Kimball, Brother Wells and the twelve and others preach. I had been in Utah three years before I ever spoke in a meeting. I did not feel as I wanted to, much. It was the greatest rest I had since I was baptized into the church but now my rest was over. I was called to act as a teacher, under Bishop Eldredge, in company with Brother Benjamin Clark. He was the best teacher I ever worked with. I never saw the day that he would not leave his own work and tend to his duties in the Church. I in company with my wife went three miles to the tabernacle every Sunday and took our dinners with us, and then when we returned, would go to the ward meeting at night, one mile and a half. As a teacher I worked faithfully for over six years.

I joined a company of minute-men in Salt Lake in 1862. Captain Jack commander. They were peculiar for one thing and that was for passing resolutions, that they never kept. We met once a week and after drilling a while, would go to passing those kind of resolutions. I suppose it was more for the want of means that the will, those things were not carried out. While I belonged to this company, General Connor arrived with his company of soldiers from California. His greatest pride would have been to kill President Young, for which he tried his best. I was on duty at this time for six weeks. In fact there was not one willing hearted man but what was on duty. General Connor was well fixed with implements of war and backed by the Government, tho the Government was at this time at war with the South on the Slavery question. And it was declared by the Republicans, then in power, that slavery and polygamy had both to be destroyed. General Connor thought that while, the government destroyed slavery subdued the southern states, he would destroy polygamy and the Mormons, but he never did. He maneuvered around for

several days getting ready. At last the day was set that he was to come down and do the bloody deed that he anticipated. He marched his forces to the top of the Tenth Ward bench. When he started from camp, the signal was given, which was the firing of a cannon by night and the hoisting of the flag on the Bee-hive House by day. The flag was hoisted, there were a number of men on duty while the others were at their duties at home, but on the lookout for the flag. I was on duty at head-quarters when the word came to make ready. Every man was ready. I had a little rifle that I used to practice with three bullets at once. I could put three bullets in a rabbits head at one hundred yards. When orders were given, it being hot, I did not want to be encumbered with anything unnecessary. I threw off my coat, filled my pocket with bullets, took my powder horn and caps, loaded my rifle and that same determined spirit came upon me that I used to have when preaching the gospel. In fact, I was ready in every sense of the word. I feared not death nor the enemy. Neither did the brethren.

At the hoisting of the flag, the brethren came running from every quarter with their guns, and in a very little while the city was full of armed men. There happened to be one of General Connor's cavalry down town. Seeing the men all armed in the city, he hastened to meet General Connor as fast as his horse could carry him, to report to the General that the city was filled with armed men. Secretary Black also rode with great haste to meet the General and tell him that if he persisted in coming, that there would not be one of them left to tell the tale. At this he halted his troops and turned back to camp, never trying it again, and got to be more favorable toward our people. The government party that sent General Connor to do this work soon forsook him and he was removed from office. The same as all others before him who had been forsaken that fought against the Lord's people. After this, I joined Company C. Nauvoo Legion in which I served for a number of years. I served as captain of ten and lastly second Lieutenant and held that position when the Governor of Utah broke up the Militia companies of Utah.

February 3rd, 1865 I married Elizabeth Stewart who bore unto me eight children. The birth date of all will be found in the last page of this book. In the year 1869, March 18, I left Sugarhouse Ward and moved to Herriman. On the 28th of March 1869, I married Rachel Briggs, who bore me seven children. Their births and names are also in the last of this book. Before I left the Sugarhouse Ward, in the summer of 1866, I, with other of the brethren, was called to go to Sanpete as an escort to General Wells. I never saw an Indian. It always happened that when we were in one place, the Indians were in another. I was gone six weeks on this trip. The last year that I was in the Sugarhouse ward, I presided over the teachers and I also was ordained a Seventy. I also served as junior President of Seventies of the 26th Quorum. The year before I left this same Ward, I was sent by acting Bishop Robinson to take charge of a company of men and boys to assist in constructing the Union Pacific Railroad. We had a good time and made good wages and lived our religion and kept both drunkenness [sic] and profanity out of the camp and returned with honor.

I had not been in Harriman long when I was appointed Second Councilor to Brother I. E. Stocking, presiding priest of Herriman, being a branch of West Jordan Ward. I filled this position until 1876 when Brother Stocking moved away and I was appointed by Bishop

A. Gardener, presiding priest of Herriman. Until the 17th of June 1877 I filled this office, when West Jordan was divided into four Wards. I was then ordained by President Wells, Bishop of the Herriman Ward.

While councilor to Brother Stocking, I was appointed by President Joseph Young, President of all the Seventies of West Jordan Ward and all of the branches belonging thereto. I organized them into two companies and each company sent a man to the quarries to get rocks for the temple and continued to do so until the branches were organized into wards.

It is now January 11, 1882 and as a ward we have paid yearly about four hundred dollars for each year. I made up my mind to carry out the instructions of the presiding officers of the Church to the best of my ability, which I have, notwithstanding the many troubles I have had to contend with. I have, through the blessings of the Lord, and the assistance of my brethren, been able to keep down drunkenness and profanity, and the gentiles out of our midst. I have made it a matter in my life for the last fifteen years, to read the Bible through once a year. For the last twelve years I have read the Book of Mormon through each year. And for the last eight years, the Doctrine and Covenants and the Voice of Warning I have read each year through. I have found it a great benefit to me in filling the offices I have been called to and keeping in my memory the Commandments of the Lord and making myself more acquainted with the laws of the Lord. I find great comfort in reading those books and all the works of the Church.

There is a great deal of excitement in the states over the Mormon question, from the President of the United States on down to the editors, priests and people. But President John Taylor, with all the leading men of Israel have great faith that the Lord will deliver us in the future as he has done in the past.

January 12, 1882. Today we had a party at our house consisting of a number of the brethren and sisters of the ward. We enjoyed ourselves very much. The day was a bitter cold day. We heard that Brother Cannon was having a hard time of it. He, being delegate from Utah to the Congress of the U. S., is opposed by one Campbell, a miner, having only one tenth of the votes. The 10th of January being the day set apart by Congress for the trial of the parties, and the word has come, there are twenty-five in Congress, with Mr. Cox of New York at the head, for Brother Cannon, and seventy against them. There is a terrible feeling in the states against us.

Today, January 13, the weather is very cold. Snow, with hard frost. I was home all day reading the papers and the Bible and some letters written from Europe. One from my brother-in-law W. G. Davis, on a mission to Birmingham, England. Another from an old Mormon, that used to be, but owing to drunkenness, was out of the Church, but always friendly to our people.

January 14, Very cold [sic]. Worked a little around home. Spent some time reading. In the evening, read the Book of Esther to the family and thought how much like our case of

today was like the Jews of those days, and in how many instances the Lord had delivered us.

January 15, Sunday. Today we had our yearly meeting of the Ward, as was our custom, ever since I was ordained Bishop, to read over the accounts of the Ward. In the year 1881, we paid to the temple, Three hundred and twenty-six dollars. To the new Assembly Hall, sixty eight dollars. To the meeting house, thirty-two dollars. We had a good meeting and the spirit of the Lord was with us in rich abundance. We also had a good Sunday School and meeting at half past six in the evening when the brethren spoke with much freedom. I spoke half an hour encouraging the saints to carry out the instruction of the leaders of Israel.

I have six children going to school. My oldest son James, second Heber, third William, fourth Charles. My oldest daughter Alice, second Annie. Willard Ennis of Draper is the teacher. My family all live in the same house, consisting of myself, three wives, and thirteen children. We get along pretty well generally and have been quite a credit to the principle of plural marriage, but many times by giving way to the tempter, we are not as good as we ought to be and do many things unbecoming saints; but by the mercies of the Lord and humbling ourselves before him, he forgives us and we feel encouraged and press on.

Monday, January 16, 1882. Home all day. Working a little and reading. Very cold weather. 13 degrees below zero in Bingham, ten miles away, and all is well.

Tuesday, January 17. Home all day working and reading. Very cold but all is well.

Wednesday, January 18. Home all day working and reading. Very cold.

Thursday, January 19. At home. Went with Brother Crump to administer to sister Clara Farmer. Thursday is our mail day. We receive it once a week. The enemy is busy at this time and I feel anxious to know the proceedings at Washington towards President George Q. Cannon. And several of our enemies are trying to pass measure to take every right from the people of Utah. I read the papers but as yet nothing is done. The weather is very cold. I went this evening to Sister Bodells to supper. The sisters spent the day there quilting, a number of them, and in the evening, I, with some of the other brethren, had a friendly chat. My wife Alice was there. When I came home I then read some things out of the papers to my family as is my custom so to do. I have taken the Deseret News ever since I arrived in the mountains September 1, 1859, and the Juvenile Instructor from the first time it was published.

Friday, January 20. Home today working and reading. Weather milder. Spent the evening reading, partly to the family.

Saturday, January 21. Home all day, working a little, weather mild.

Sunday, January 22. My son James went for the missionaries to the switch at Bingham Canyon as was our custom for four years. Every other Sunday, home missionaries being sent out in the wards of the stake. Sometimes I went to get them. At other times some of the other brethren would get them. Brothers Pratt and R. Lambert came today and preached to us and we had a good time. We went to dinner to Brother J. M. Bowen. A privilege I gave the brethren to invite the missionaries to eat at their houses, only speak to me so there would be no confusion. My son took them back to meet the train at fifteen minutes to four. I went to the elders meeting at four o'clock, had a good time. I spoke there and urged the brethren to diligence. At half past six I went to our night meeting. Had a testimony meeting and a good time.

Monday, January 23. Went to Salt Lake City on business.

Tuesday, January 24. Came home from city. All well. Big thaw.

Wednesday, January 25. South wind cold. All day studying and reading at home.

Thursday, January 26. Home all day. Very cold. Mail day. Anxious for news. Mormon question lively in the U. S. Last Sunday the preachers all through the Union made Mormonism a specialty. Urging their hearers to use their influence to put it down. Lying [sic] in a most fearful manner. The same lie it would seem as though they thought there would be no hereafter. On Monday there were a great many conventions held in the large cities to get up petitions to present to congress, to put down the Mormons. At present time there are nine bills in Congress against us. This week, Brother George Q. Cannon's trial came off in Congress for his seat. Campbell contesting it, having only one fourteenth of the votes with Governor Murray's certificate. The house of congress took Governor Murray very severely to task for giving a certificate to one having so few votes and by a vote of one hundred eighty-nine against twenty-four. It was referred to the committee on elections to investigate and report accordingly. Congressman Cox, of New York, spoke in favor of right, fearless of who it might be, and the Lord helped him when speaking for his servant and his people, and the enemy was silenced as the difference in the votes will show.

Friday, January 27. Very cold, snowing. Home studying all day.

Saturday, January 28. Home all day working and studying. Cold. All is well.

Sunday, January 29. Meeting at half past ten. Sunday school at two, meeting at four and meeting at half past six. I don't ever remember when we felt better and enjoyed the spirit more, and more unity with the brethren and sisters and children. The day was very cold but fine.

Monday, January 30. Home all day. Held a birthday party at our house for the young folks. My oldest son James George, was sixteen January 29. The young folks had a very pleasant time. All things went well. Very cold today.

Tuesday, January 31. Home all day. Made a ladder. Had a visit from Brother Bliss who came to the young mens Mutual Improvement Association. He had dinner with us, then I went with him to Brother Thomas Butterfield, Jr. to supper. From there to meeting at half past six. Had a very interesting time.

Wednesday, February 1. Home all day working and reading. Weather milder.

Thursday, February 2. Home after fast meeting in the morning. Had a good time. The spirit of the Lord rested in power on the saints when bearing testimony. Read the papers in the afternoon. The wild-fire continues in the states in regard to our people. Nothing done as yet.

Friday, February 3. Went to Salt Lake City today to attend to some business and attended the meeting of the board of trade, in the evening at seven, I being a member of the State Board. No quorum present to do business, had a pleasant chat about things in general. By the invitation of Bishop Morris of the Nineteenth Ward, I stayed at his house Friday night.

Saturday February 4. Stayed in the City to stake priesthood meeting. Had good instruction from President Cannon and came home in the evening. Very cold the last three days but all is well.

Sunday, February 5. We had brothers White and Pratt from the city to preach to us today. Had a nice time and all enjoyed themselves very much. Went with our friends to brother Robert Dansie, Sr. to dinner, where we were very agreeably entertained. Went to meeting in the evening where Brothers Walker, Dansie and Bowen addressed the saints with a rich flow of the spirit. Weather very mild. All is well.

Monday, February 6. Home pruning in the orchard. Studying some of the time. Went to seventies meeting in the evening. Spoke a short time, encouraging the brethren in their duties. Weather mild in the morning but very cold and stormy in the evening.

Tuesday, February 7th. Home pruning the orchard. Went to Mutual in the evening. Reading and explaining the Testament.

Wednesday, February 8th. Finished a rocking chair I had made partly and a ladder in the afternoon. Being mail day, read the news. Gutteau, the assassin of President Garfield, is sentenced to be hung on the 20th of June. The people of the Union are very rabid against our people and asking very extreme measures against us.

Friday, February 10. Home all day studying. All is well.

Saturday, February 11. Very stormy. Went out shooting with the boys. Too stormy and cold for much sport. In the evening, reading and singing.

Sunday, February 12. Very cold day. Went to meeting at the regular time. Had a good meeting spoke for forty minutes. The spirit of the Lord was with us and all went well. Went to Sunday School at 2 o'clock and there was a very good attendance. Went to the evening meeting. Three of the brethren spoke under the right spirit and all went well.

Monday, February 13. Settled the peoples tithing. Brother Holt of South Jordan visiting. People paid a very good tithing, a little over eighteen hundred dollars. There were forty-two tithing payers, making forty-three dollars to each on the average. The people felt good in paying and settling their tithing. I feel thankful to the Lord for the good feelings of the people and I do not forget to pray for them.

Tuesday 14th, and Wednesday 15th. Home hauling manure. Reading.

Thursday 16th, Friday 17th, and Saturday 18th. Went to the city and back on business. It was a fearful [sic] snowy and cold winter, with a vengeance word from Washington. The Senate had passed the Edmunds Bill, disfranchising all polygamists, and depriving them from holding office and appointing five commissioners to register voters. We call it the Slavery Bill. The Brethren feel if the issue has to come, and it is the will of the Lord, it might as well come now as any time. The gentiles begin to fear.

Sunday 19th. Had a good meeting in the morning. Brother Williams, one of the home missionaries, spoke and felt well. I followed him, for about twenty minutes.

Monday 20th. Home all day reading and working. All is well.

Tuesday 21st. Home all day studying.

Wednesday 22nd. Received word from the President of the stake for the officers and men of the Ward, the sisters of the Relief Society, and the Young Ladies, all to sign separate petitions to the Congress of the United States, protesting against the bill, passed by the Senate, making us worse than slaves, and asking them to send commissioners to investigate and find out for themselves, the willful lies told about us. I started each one with their petition on Wednesday evening at nine o'clock.

Thursday 23. Got through with the petitions by twelve o'clock noon, and sent my son, James, to the city with them. Today, received a letter from W. J. Davis, Birmingham, who is on a mission to England. I have kept a regular correspondence [sic] with him ever since he went. Also my first wife has. She is his sister, and we have made it a rule, in every letter we send him, to send him one dollar to help him in that poor country; and he truly appreciates it, and I think the Lord does not forget us for the act.

Friday 24. I have rented Bishop E. F. Sheets farm for one year. Have to give him in rent, one hundred bushels of wheat, one hundred bushels of potatoes and a part of the lucern hay. Today I have been pruning the orchard.

Saturday 25. Pruning the orchard. Weather mild and thawing.

Sunday. Had a very good meeting in the morning. Also Sunday School at two, a meeting at four, for the teachers, also night meeting at half past six. I gave the brethren the privilege of doing the speaking through the day with the exception of a few exhortions [sic] from myself. We truly had a good time.

Monday 27. Was the anniversary of the Sunday School. Brothers Goddard, Miller and Butler came out from the city and we had a good time. The children received [sic] their pieces splendidly. There was a good turn-out of the parents. The children danced in the afternoon and the older ones at night. I was present with it all and good order prevailed throughout. All was finished by twelve o'clock at night.

Tuesday 28. Home all day working and fixing things, preparatory to spring work. Terrible thaw today and yesterday. Canals broke and a great deal of damage done.

Wednesday, March 1st. Home all day, piling manure.

Thursday 2nd. Went to fast meeting in the morning. Read the papers in the afternoon.

Friday 3rd. Went to the city, fearful day. Snowing and thaw, mud knee deep. Tiresome trip. Went to the board of trade at night.

Saturday 4th. Went to the stake priesthood meeting at eleven, had a good time. The spirit of the Lord rested powerfully on the brethren. Sent my son, James, home with the team in the morning.

Sunday 5th. I came home with the train, in company with Brothers Parks and Clawson, who were the home missionaries appointed to our place for the day. Had a good time through the day. Went to sister Tempest's to dinner with the brethren and friends. Had a very good meeting at night. The spirit of the Lord was with us and we enjoyed the day very much.

Monday 6th. Hauling manure in the morning. Had frose again and very cold. Greased a new set of harness I bought of Charles Dansie. My son James works with me in those things. Went to the seventies meeting in the evening. Seventies feel well and help me in my duties. All felt well and was greatly blessed together. I continue to read and study the work of the Lord.

Tuesday 7th. Hauling manure in the morning, fixing irrigator in the afternoon.

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Hauling manure and doing other work preparatory for spring.

Sunday 12th. Had a good time in the meetings and Sunday School. Saturday night, Daniel Densley returned from his mission, from the Southern States. He was well and spoke on Sunday at the meeting. All the brethren speak well and have a good spirit

notwithstanding the terrible pressure that is brought to bear against us. I spoke on Sunday evening half an hour. The Lord blessed me greatly with his holy spirit and I was enabled to speak with much freedom. There is rumor reached us that President George Q. Cannon has received his seat in the Congress, but it is not confirmed as yet. The religious people of the state are in a perfect fury against us, and there is no falsehood too great for them to utter against us, but we trust in the Lord and as he has delivered us in the past in all our afflictions, we know he will not forsake us at the present time.

Monday 13th. Home all day. Very muddy. Anxious to put in the wheat. Getting things ready.

Tuesday 14th. Home all day. Commenced to dig cellar for vegetables. Terrible floods in the states. The Mississippi has broken over the levies, and many towns and villages destroyed, and people homeless, and the Government is feeding them on army rations. The pit they are digging for us, seems they are falling into themselves.

Wednesday 15th. Received orders for me and my councilors to appear at a meeting in the city on important business. We went.

Thursday 16th. Had a good meeting. The Edmunds Bill passed both houses of Congress, disfranchising all polygamists, and none believing it can sit on jury. Fine of five hundred dollars and five years imprisonment for continuing in it. The enemy feels fine and greet each other with smiles, thinking they have got us this time sure, of course, counting the Lord out of the whole matter. As one of their ministers said, "It is the American people we are accountable to, and not the Lord." We have now to put the public property in shape, so the enemy will not possess it.

Friday 17th and Saturday 18th. Home working. Received a letter from my brother John. He was at Hollyhead, North Wales, bound in his ship to Chile, South America. His letter was not a very flattering one, partaking somewhat of the spirit of the enemy. I wrote him a long letter and explained many things to him in regard to the gospel.

Sunday 19th. Home missionaries did not come. We had good meeting, and by the voice of all the people, we agreed to organize into a co-operative body, to protect the rights of the peoples public property. We also had a very good meeting in the evening.

Monday 20th. Went to the city. Made arrangements with one of the committee, appointed to come on the 29th of March. Came home.

Tuesday 21st. Notified the people accordingly.

Wednesday 22nd, Thursday 23rd, Friday 24th and Saturday 25. Home planting wheat, cleaning ditches, digging cellar, and other things. Weather still cold and stormy.

James Crane died July 6th, 1886, at twenty-one minutes past one A. M. Was burried [sic] at Herriman graveyard, July 7th by all his family and a large circle of friends.

James Crane, born April 1st, 1830 in the village of Penally, near Tenby, Pembrokeshire, South Wales, England.

Married to Alice Davis, April 5th, 1858.

Married to Elizabeth Stewart, February 3rd, 1865.

Married to Rachel Briggs, March 28, 1869.

Children of James Crane and Elizabeth Stewart.

James George Crane, Born January 29th 1866

Heber Stewart Crane, Born August 17, 1867.

William Abner Crane, Born June 15, 1869.

Annie Crane, Born August 30, 1870.

Brigham Crane, Born October 19, 1872.

Franklin Thomas Crane, Born February 3, 1875.

Mary Elizabeth Crane, Born November 14, 1876.

Fannie Jane Crane, Born October 29, 1878.

Children of James Crane and Rachel Briggs.

Alice Briggs Crane, Born February 19, 1870.

Charles Edward Crane, Born January 18, 1872.

Rebecca Crane, Born November 15, 1873.

Esther Crane, Born December 16, 1875.

Hyrum Crane, Born March 18, 1878.

Sarah Marie Crane, Born September 4, 1880.

Carrie Crane, Born July 12, 1884. 40.

This History was written by James Crane and has been published with the approval of his two living children, Franklin and Hyrum Crane. The Family Genealogical Committee

arranged publication under the direction of the following persons, who served as your officers for the year 1948-1949.

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