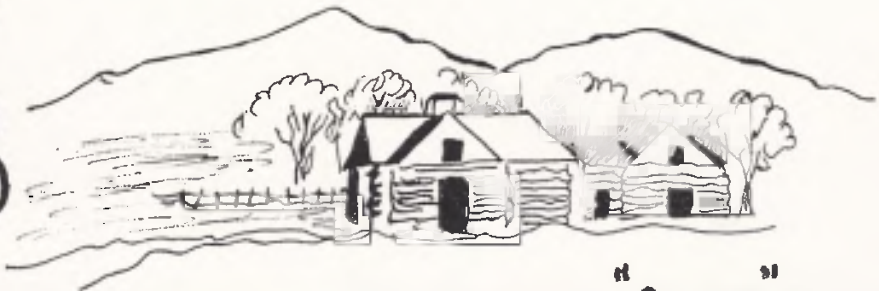
THE FATE OF THE FRYERS

COMPILED BY BESSIE "BESS" SNOW
A GRANDDAUGHTER OF
JANE FRYER

1973

THE FATE OF THE FRYERS



COMPILED BY BESSIE "BESS" SNOW
A GRANDDAUGHTER OF
JANE FRYER

1973

PREFACE

In compiling this story of the Fryer family I have tried as much as possible to stay with actual facts which in this case I think comes from Uncle Richard Fryer's Journal, Grandmother Jane Fryer Jorden Harrison's letters, and family records. When it comes to stories that are told from generation to generation, I find that very often the final telling is like John Fox Junior's comment on the picture show of his novel, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." After seeing the show he said,

"At least they had a pine tree in it."

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

To the many friends and relatives who have so kindly assisted me in gathering this material on the history of our people, I wish to express my appreciation. They are as follows:

Lucy Fryer Vance, granddaughter of Richard Fryer; Dr. and Mrs. Dan J. Swindle, he is a grandson of Annie Jorden Richey Hodges; Eva Page Higbee and Golda Page Smith, granddaughters of John Thomas and Sophia Fryer Geary; Sherlene Jensen Clove, a step-daughter of Geary Page a grandson of John Thomas and Sophia Fryer Geary; Linna Harrison Barton, granddaughter of Jane Fryer Jorden Harrison; Leah Keele Elison, granddaughter of John Thomas and Sophia Fryer Geary; Rhoda Ranson Milsson, Granddaughter of Annie Jorden Richey Hodges; my two sisters, Linna Snow Paxman and Elizabeth Snow Beckstrom, granddaughters of Jane Fryer Jorden Harrison; and Merton E. Doolittle, a grandson of Frank Jorden Jr. I also received information from my Mother, Effie May Harrison Snow and William R. Palmer, President of the Parowan Stake, who are now deceased. Art was done by Nell Malchus.

Bessie "Bess" Snow
Pine Valley, Utah

FRYER FAMILY

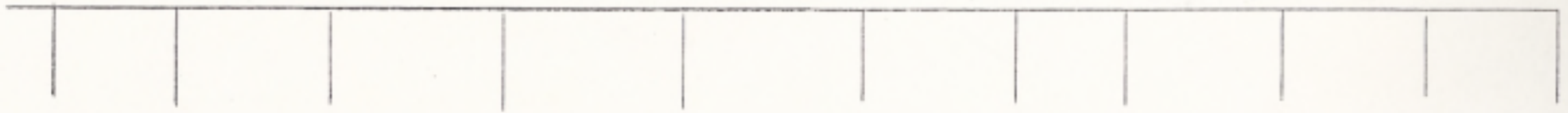
GENEALOGY

SHEETS

MOSES FRYER of ISLE of WIGHT (1786 -

m

ELIZA MILLER



*ELIZA	*JANE	WM. AARON	EDWARD G.	*SOPHIA	GEORGE NICK	LEAH	*RICHARD	ALBERT	VICTORIA	ANN
	m			m			m	(twins)		
	FRANK JORDEN & RICHARD HARRISON			JOHN THOMAS GEARY & JOSHUA T. WILLIS			THERESA ANN REVEL			

*Eliza emigrated to Vermont and later returned to England

Jane, Sophia and Richard joined the Mormon Church and emigrated to Utah

BUTLER FAMILY

*ELIAS BUTLER

Born: about 1677 Alverstoke, Southampton Hampshire Co., England
Died:
Son of:
Married: Mary Winter June 29, 1702 Titchfield, Co., England
Mary born about 1681
CHILDREN:
Mary Butler
Born: February 24, 1703-4 Titchfield, Co., England
*JOHN BUTLER
Born: about 1705 Titchfield, Co., England
Jane Butler
Born: August 30, 1709 Titchfield, Co., England

*JOHN BUTLER

Born: about 1705 Titchfield, Co., England
Son of: Elias and Mary Winter Butler
Married: Catherine about 1709 Titchfield, Co., England
CHILDREN:
Elias Butler (Twin)
Born: July 23, 1731 Swanick Titchfield, Southampton, Hamps. Co., England
Died: August 11, 1731
Edward Butler (Twin)
Born: July 23, 1731 " " "
Died: September 12, 1731
*EDWARD BUTLER
Born: March 25, 1734 " " "
Died:
Richard Butler (Twin)
Born: January 12, 1736-7 " " "
Died: February 25, 1736-7 " " "
Ellis Butler (Twin)
Born: January 12, 1736-7 " " "
Died: April 3, 1737
James Butler
Born: February 17, 1737-8 " " "
Married: Dorcas Smith, September 29, 1760
Henry Butler
Born: November 25, 1741 " " "
Mary Butler
Born: May 14, 1744 " " "

*EDWARD BUTLER

Born: March 25, 1734 " " "
Son of: John and Catherine Butler
Married: Amie Ashley who was born about 1740

*EDWARD BUTLER (continued)
CHILDREN:
*MARY BUTLER
Born: February 20 or March 18, 1762
Married: James Fryer
James Butler
Born: June 24, 1764 Titchfield, Southampton, Hampshire Co., England
Edward Butler
Born: November 4, 1769 " " "
Married: Phillis
Elias Butler
Born: October 25, 1772 " " "

THE FRYER TRAGEDY

Richard Fryer and his wife Teresa lived in Toquerville with their four children. Richard was building a home of native lava rock during the years 1874-75.

Altho poor, Fryer was a man of culture and refinement. He was an artist, sculptor, musician, played for dances, led the choirs, painted the curtains and scenes for the local plays, and gave music lessons. He was a violinist in his own right.

There were people in the community who thought that Fryer considered himself better than the rest of the town and resented it. Fryer was assulted and mistreated. For example, a few young men caught him, tied his feet to a single tree that was fastened to a harnessed work horse, and raced through the streets of Toquerville dragging him behind them. These cruel incidents might have injured him and caused a mental breakdown.

In addition, Richard became upset and worried because he thought his wife was carrying on a love affair with their next door neighbor, Thomas Batty. He finally ordered her to leave his house and take her infant son, which she did. After that she lived most of the time with the Thomas Batty family. Richard began to have temporary spells of insanity and had them for a year or two before an undreamed of tragedy took place.

On the morning of March 16, 1875, Fryer knocked on the door of Thomas Batty's house, and upon being asked, went in and asked if his wife was there. Being answered in the affirmative, he asked her if she had not brought disgrace and shame enough upon him. Fryer then drew a loaded revolver and fired a shot at Thomas Batty, the ball entering the left eye and coming out of the back of the head. Batty then fell onto the shoulder of Henry Willis, who was present, when Fryer fired a second shot, the ball entering the back part of the head and coming out through the right eye. Fryer then turned and fired at his wife, who was yet in bed, the ball entering below the left ear and lodging in the head, near the right eye, which shot produced instant death. Fryer then shot his infant son, who was in bed with its deceased mother, the ball entering the child's forehead and coming out the back of the head.

After completing the tragedy, Fryer went to his house, a portion of which had lately been built of rock, unfinished, being without doors and windows. After getting into the house, he reloaded his revolver with cartridges, a number of which were found upon him by the sheriff. The sheriff of Kane County, as soon as he was notified of the facts, went as near the house of Fryer as was deemed safe and called from the bystanders a posse, instructing them to arm themselves, which

they did. The sheriff and posse then approached the house as near as was wisdom. Then the sheriff called and asked Fryer if he would surrender. The first time he answered, "I will not, if you want me, come and take me." The second time his answer was, "I will not. I have had enough of you and Bishop Bringhurst." The position occupied by Fryer precluded the possibility of taking him without a further sacrifice of life. After viewing the position and believing that unless immediate action was taken, more innocent blood would be shed, the sheriff ordered the posse to fire, which they did, killing Fryer instantly. Besides a revolver, Fryer was armed with a sharp butcher knife and a heavy loaded whip.

At their deaths, Richard and Teresa Fryer left three children: Eliza, age 13; Annie, age 11; and 3-year-old George. A Brother and Sister Lang raised George and took him to Mesa Arizona. The girls stayed in Toquerville and Eliza married David Baxter the next year, and they lived in the rock house Richard had built. She was fourteen and David was 53. Annie lived with them and, when mature, married Charles Clawson and moved to Colorado. Later, Eliza and David sold the house to the Presbyterian Church and they used it for a school house.

From: The Fate of the Fryers, compiled by Bessie Snow in 1973.

FRYER FAMILY

*JAMES FRYER

Born about 1737 Titchfield, Southampton, Hampshire Co., England
Died:
Married: Elizabeth (Last name unknown)
CHILDREN:

Mary Fryer
Born March 15, 1761 Titchfield, Southampton Hampshire Co., England

*JAMES FRYER
Born: December 7, 1762 " " "
or February 6, 1763
Married MARY BUTLER* (See Page 1)

John Fryer
Born: March 3, 1765 " " "

Sara Fryer
Born: March 1767 " " "

Rebecca Fryer
Born: April 12, 1776 " " "

*JAMES FRYER

Born December 7, 1762
Married: Mary Butler
CHILDREN:

James Fryer
Born: August 10, 1783 " " "

William Fryer
Born: November 20,1785 " " "

*MOSES FRYER
Born: February 6, 1786 " " "
or December 31, 1786

Mary Fryer
Born: December 25, 1796 Yarmouth, Isle of Wight

Sarah Fryer
Born: October 18, 1798 " " "

Emanuel Fryer
Born: January 9, 1803 " " "

Elizabeth Fryer (Twin)
Born: April 9-29, 1809 " " "

Edward Fryer (Twin)
Born April 9, 1809 " " "

*FRYER, MOSES (My Great-Grandfather)

Born: February 6, 1786 Titchfield, Hampshire, England
Died: July 6, 1862 Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, England
Married: 1st Elizabeth Pinnock
CHILDREN:
James Fryer
Born July 26, 1808 Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, England
Married: Anna Hollis
Mary Ann Fryer
Born: September 21, 1810 " " " " "
Died: 1852
John Fryer
Born September 28, 1813 " " " " "
Sarah Ellen Fryer
Born: July 1, 1816 " " " " "
Married: Anthony Chevalier
MARRIED 2nd ELIZA MILLER (My Great-Grandmother)
Born: November 5, 1796 South Hampton, England
Died: July 8, 1871 Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, England
Daughter of James Miller and Ann (Last name unknown)
Born 1750 Born 1760
MOSES & ELIZA MILLER FRYER had the following
CHILDREN:
Eliza Fryer
Born: January 5, 1820 Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, England
Married: James Russell - (She signed her name Eliza Forward)
*JANE FRYER (My Grandmother)
Born: September 7, 1823 Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, England
Married: 1st Francis Jorden
Married: 2nd Richard Harrison * (See pages V and VI)
William Aaron Fryer
Born: September 17, 1825 Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, England
Died: was captain of a ship and was lost at sea while on a trip to New Zeland.
Edward George Fryer
Born: March 23, 1827 Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, England
*SOPHIA FRYER
Born: July 12, 1829 Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, England
Married: 1st John Thomas Geary August 27, 1852
Married: 2nd Joshua Thomas Willis
Died: May 27, 1872 Toquerville, Utah (See page VII)
George Nicks Fryer
Born: February 12, 1832 Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, England
Leah Fryer
Born: March 31, 1835 Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, England
*RICHARD FRYER
Born: May 4, 1837 Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, England
Married: Theresa Ann Revel April 17, 1861 Johnson Settlement, Rust Valley, Utah
Died: March 16, 1875 Toquerville, Utah (See page VIII)

Albert Fryer
Born: February 10, 1840 Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, England (Twin)
Victoria Fryer
Born: February 10 1840 Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, England (Twin)
Died: March 10, 1840 " " " " "

NOTE: Victoria and Albert were twins. Queen Victoria, who had a summer home at Yarmouth, came to the Fryer home and asked if she might name the twins because they were born during the same hour that she and Prince Albert were being married. Great-grandmother gave her consent and the Queen named them for herself and the prince.

Ann Fryer
Born: March 10, 1843 Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, England

NOTE* Three members of this Fryer family joined the Mormon Church and came to Utah. They were JANE, SOPHIA, and RICHARD.

Eliza didn't join the Mormon Church but she came to Vermont and lived for a number of years then returned to England.

---

*HARRISON, JANE FRYER JORDEN (My Grandmother)
Born: September 7, 1823 Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, England
Daughter of Moses Fryer and Eliza Miller.
Died: March 18, 1898 Pinto, Utah
Married: 1st Francis Jorden
Jane and Francis had the following
CHILDREN:

George Jorden
Born: November Shirley Common, England
Died: When three weeks old

Frank Jorden
Born: June 1, 1844 Shirley Common, England
Married: Lucy Maria Baldwin February 14, 1871
Died: Torrington, Conn. April 13, 1932

Annie Jorden
Born: September 2, 1846 Shirley Common, England
Married: 1st Robert Richey June 1863
Married: 2nd John Hodges April 24, 1876 Pinto, Utah.
Died: November 22,1921 Salt Lake City, Utah

Sophia Jorden
Born 1848 Shirley Common, England
Died: in infancy in England

Walter Jorden
Born: September 1850 Shirley Common, England
Died: in infancy on England

?Ida Edith Jorden
Born:
Died: November 14, 1853 Salt Lake City
NOTE: The only place I have ever found this child's name is in the records of Eva Page Higbee. I wonder if this isn't the same child Uncle Richard speaks of

in his journal quote:

"August 1854 Jane presented us with a fine baby which took sick a fortnight after its birth and in the early part of October Jane's baby died."

JANE FRYER JORDEN married 2nd. RICHARD HARRISON. They had the following.

CHILDREN:

RICHARD FRYER HARRISON
Born April 19, 1856 Cedar City, Utah.
Died January 9, 1857 Cedar City, Utah.

*BRIGHAM WILLIAM HARRISON
Born: January 20, 1858 Cedar City, Utah.
Married: Maria Haskell September 4, 1878
Died: May 10, 1925 Manassa, Colorado.

(Twins)

*ADA JANE HARRISON
Born: January 20, 1858 Cedar City, Utah
Married: Neil D. Forsyth 1890
Died: July 16, 1938 New Castle, Utah.

LINNA FRYER HARRISON
Born: December 19, 1860 Cedar City, Utah.
Married: Oscar Wood December 19, 1879
Died: February 28, 1888 Pinto, Utah

MOSES WHITTAKER HARRISON
Born: October 15, 1862 Pinto, Utah
Married: Louis Ashby December 30, 1890
Died: February 20, 1932 Lund, Nevada

ELIZABETH HARRISON
Born January 29, 1865 Pinto, Utah
Married: Rodney C. Badger
Died: August 7, 1932 Cedar City, Utah

EFFIE MAY HARRISON
Born: October 3, 1867 Pinto, Utah
Married: Frank Snow May 2, 1893 St. George Temple
Died: November 11, 1957 St. George, Utah

GEARY, SOPHIA FRYER

Born: July 12, 1829 Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, England
Died: May 27, 1872 Toquerville, Utah
Daughter of Moses and Eliza Miller Fryer.
Married 1st: John Thomas Geary August 21, 1852
Born: February 5, 1823 Otterton, Leicester, England
Died: January 5, 1867 Salt Lake City, Utah
Son of Thomas Geary and Sarah Ann Elten.
Member of the House of Lords of the British Parliament.

SOPHIA FRYER & JOHN THOMAS GEARY had the following CHILDREN:

Sophia Ann Geary
Born: June 10, 1853 Keokuk Camping Grounds, Iowa.
Died: August 14, 1934 at Page's RAnch called Little Pinto or Pinto Creek
Married: Daniel Richey Page April 12, 1876 (Divorced)
Born: May 27, 1855 Salt Lake City, Utah
Died: April 26, 1933 Parowan, Utah
Son of Daniel Page and Mary Ann Richey. Grandson of Robert Richey who with Isaac Riddle and Jehu placed the first sawmill in Pine Valley, Utah.

Thomas Fryer Geary
Born August 25, 1854 Council Bluffs, Iowa likely
Died: January 1856

Echo Workman Geary
Born: November 26, 1855 in Echo Canyon
Married: Kenedy Hanley
Died:

Leah Fryer Geary
Born: December 13, 1857 Salt Lake City, Utah
Sealed to David Keele her sister's husband March 15, 1898
Died: January 5, 1898

Eliza Jane Geary
Born: Arpil 6, 1859 Cedar Ctiy, Utah or Toquerville, Utah
Died: January 8, 1931 Panaca, Nevada
Married: David Keele March 29, 1877 St. George Temple

Annie Geary
Born: February 29, 1864 Toquerville, Utah
Died: May 21, 1921
Married: Love Davis

SOPHIA FRYER GEARY married 2nd Joshua Thomas WILLIS and had the following CHILDREN by him:

William Richard Willis
Born: May 22, 1868 Toquerville, Utah
Died:
Married: Harriet Thompson June 10, 1888

Laura Adina Willis
Born: about 1870 Toquerville, Utah
Died:
Married: Larkin Lewis

Infant born when she died in childbirth 1872, May 27. Buried in the casket with his mother.

RICHARD FRYER

Born: (March 4, 1837) one record says May 4. Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, England
Died: March 16, 1875 Toquerville, Utah
Son of Moses and Eliza Miller Fryer.
Married: Theresa Ann Revel April 17, 1861 Johnson Settlement, Rust Valley, Utah
Birth about 1839 Territory of Iowa
Died: March 16,1875 Toquerville, Utah
She was the daughter of John and Elizabeth Ann Houghton Revel
RICHARD & THERESA REVEL FRYER had the following:
CHILDREN:

Eliza Ann Fryer
Born: January 23, 1862 Johnson Settlement, Rust Valley, Utah
Died:
Married 1st: David Baxter
Married 2nd:

Annie Fryer
Born: February 6, 1864 Toquerville, Utah
Died:
Married: Charles Clawson

Richard Albert Fryer
Born: October 28, 1865 Toquerville, Utah
Died: in Toquerville

George Maroni Fryer
Born: April 27, 1872 Toquerville, Utah
Died: June 25, 1946 Phoenix, Arizona.
Married: Lucy Ett Phelps May 1, 1900. Mesa, Arizona

Moses Fryer
Born: October 15, 1874 Toquerville, Utah
Died: March 16, 1875 Toquerville, Utah

THE STORY OF OUR FRYER FAMILY IN AMERICA

Just off the southern coast of Hampshire, England, lies a small island separated from the mainland by a strait, in the English Channel, known as The Solent. This island is known as the Isle of Wight.

This tiny island is famous for its mild, pleasant climate and beautiful scenery. A range of chalk cliffs crosses the island from east to west. The beauties of the island attract many tourists and visitors. The leading port is Cowes noted for its yacht races.

Osborne House is one of the well-known landmarks of the island. It was a favorite home of Queen Victoria of Great Britain and was the place where she died. Another famous building is the Carisbrooke Castle, where Charles I was imprisoned during his struggle with Parliament. The island also has many ancient relics of the Roman occupation.

A few miles north of the Solent, near the southern shores of England is the village of Titchfield, Southampton, Hampshire, England. In this village lived James Fryer and his wife Mary Butler. Here they, their parents, grandparents, brothers, and sisters had been born, and many had lived and died there. While living here, James and Mary had three children born. They were James, William and Moses. After the birth of their third child, they moved across the strait and settled in the little village of Yarmouth on the northern shore of the Isle of Wight. Here they made their home and had a large family. After moving to Yarmouth, they had the following children: Mary, Sarah, Emanuel, Elizabeth, and Edward.

When their son Moses grew up, he married Elizabeth Pinnock and by her had four children James, Mary Ann, John, and Sarah Ellen. After Elizabeth's death, he married Eliza Miller who had been born in Southampton, England. They were my great-grandparents.

Moses and Eliza had the following Children: ELIZA, JANE, William Aaron, Edward George, SOPHIA, George Nicks, Leah, RICHARD, Albert and Victoria (twins), and Ann.

The twins, Albert and Victoria, were born at the same hour that Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were married. When the Queen heard of their birth, she came to the Fryer home and asked Great-grandmother if she might have the privilege of naming these babies. Great-grandmother gave her consent and she named them for herself and the Prince. Albert grew to maturity but the baby Victoria died.

The Fryers were a wealthy English family. Moses was a refined and educated gentleman. His family was also well educated. His son, Richard, was a student at Oxford University. He owned a farm near the seashore. Here my Grandmother, Jane Fryer, was born September 7, 1823. As a child she loved to go to the seashore with her brothers and sisters and play. She said they used to follow the tide out then race to see if they could beat it back to the shore. She told how she and the other children loved to go to their Grandfather Miller's bakery to watch him take the loaves of hot bread out of the great brick ovens with his long hook. He would make them sit on a long bench and watch while he worked. He insisted that the place

must be kept clean, neat, and orderly. (He has some descendants who inherited the same traits.) He sometimes gave them some of the "goodies" he baked.

When we children used to lean against our kitchen table and watch Mother make pies we would ask, "Ma, why do you make those little decorations around your pie crusts?"

She would answer, "Because my Mother did."

"Why did Grandma do it?" we wanted to know.

"Because she used to watch her Grandfather do it when he made pies."

Those same decorations are still appearing on the family pie crusts.

Grandmother told how she and the other children loved to crawl into their warm cozy beds on a cold winter night because their Mother always warmed the beds first with a warming pan. This was a pan with a hinged lid and a long handle. She filled it with hot coals and rubbed it between the sheets before the children climbed in for the night. Oh, how I did wish we owned that warming pan when I was a child.

Grandmother's brother, William, was the captain of a yacht. He started on a voyage to New Zealand and was lost at sea. His wife, a girl from Switzerland, returned to her people after his death. Her kid brother, George Nicks, glued hazel nuts to the soles of the family cat's feet so it would make a nice tapping sound when he walked.

When Grandmother was 19, she married Francis Jorden Sr. of Shirley Commons, England. He was a turner by trade. Some of their children were born here. Later they moved to London. Here she had a beautiful home with a bath with hot and cold running water. Such things were a luxury in those days. While they were still living in England, they had five children: George, Francis Jr., Annie, Sophia, and Walter. Francis "Frank" and Annie were the only ones that lived to maturity and came to America.

Grandmother's sister, Sophia, was born July 12, 1829, at Yarmouth. When she grew up she became acquainted with John Thomas Geary. He was born February 5, 1823, in a beautiful palace in Atterton, England. He was a member of a royal family. When he was a baby, he was cared for by a nurse-maid. As he grew older his parents hired a famous talented tutor to come into their home and educate him. Sherlene Jensen Clove's story of his life says quote:

"Now his life was planned for him hour by hour. He was up bright and early in the morning for a brisk ride, a lesson in horseback riding, and grooming. This was followed by a well balanced breakfast. Then began the usual studies of the day, interrupted by a mid-morning snack consisting of a glass of milk and a tart, a short recess and more studies. At noon John lunched with his tutor while learning etiquette and receiving instructions on how to be a "Gentleman." He then studied some more until "tea time" when he had tea then a couple of hours to do as he pleased. (Let's hope it was something mischievous.) Then at twilight he went for a ride in the family carriage with his tutor. This ride took them into the country where John learned all about nature. Dinner and a game of chess with his tutor preceeded his trip to bed. So was his daily life day in and day out for a little more than sixteen years. He

was a very intelligent young chap.

When he graduated into long pants and bow ties his tutors were dismissed and he went abroad to finish his education. At that time Germany had the highest scholastic standards so John attended the best universities of that country. He majored in law and being a brilliant fellow, progressed very rapidly.

At this point he became acquainted with Sophia Fryer who was noted for her beauty. He fell madly in love with her and she finally consented to marry him. Their wedding wasn't just an ordinary one.

They were married August 21, 1852. On this day they led a parade of both the Geary and Fryer families through the streets of London. The parade lasted three hours. Crowds were out to see this newly married couple. There were feasts and parties, and loads of expensive and precious gifts brought to the palace for the newly weds. After a long honeymoon and the excitement had died down, John's new wife accompanied him back to Germany where he continued his studies.

Being a member of this royal family it was his place to become a member of the "House of Lords" of the British Parliament. After becoming an accomplished lawyer, he could speak seven languages besides his native tongue. At the completion of hisstudies he and Sophia returned to London where he became Speaker of the House of the Lords in London.

As John could speak so many languages he was often hired by the king to accompany him to foreign conferences--to be his interpreter. He became a very successful lawyer, and school teacher after coming to America.

Not long after they returned to London, a couple of Mormon Elders (Parley P. Pratt and John Hyde) came to their home. When the butler opened the door and found they were Mormons, he told them no one wanted to hear what they had to say and asked them to leave. As soon as they were gone, John called the butler and told him to never turn any one away from his doorin that manner again. He asked the butler to go and bring the missionaries back. John welcomed them and they spent a very pleasant two hours together. For a while John went alone at night to the L.D.S. meetings and then would come home and tell Sophia all about it and explain it to her. It wasn't long until they were both baptized. They said this was something they had waited for and hungered for all their lives." End of quote.

Through Uncle John and Aunt Sophia, Grandmother Jane, her husband, Frank Jorden, Sr. and her 15 year old brother, Richard, became acquainted with the Mormon Elders. Grandmother and Uncle Richard were converted and wanted to join the church but her husband Francis Jorden hesitated. Grandmother's son, Frank Jorden Jr., says and I quote:

"When I was about seven years of age (He turned 8 June 1, 1853) the Mormon Elders visited London, England, where they found my parents, and my Mother was soon enlisted in the new developments of Bible teachings, and was persuaded to join them. Following close upon this the demand--I ought to say command--that all who accepted the revelation of Joseph Smith should emigrate to America, thence to Salt Lake City. Some of my Mother's friends united with them. At last my Father, though very reluctantly and doubtful of the

issue, was induced, by my Mother's determination to emigrate whether he consented to go or not, to join them."

Grandmother Jane, her husband, and children, were baptized January 1853 by Elder John Hyde. The rest of the Fryer family would have nothing to do with the church, however, they remained friendly with the ones who did and often wrote to them after they came to America.

Not so the Geary family. When it became known by the Geary family that John and Sophia had joined the Mormon Church there was a terrible commotion. They were turned out without a copper in their pockets. They went to some of the saints and were given a home. When the furor died down a bit, Uncle John and Aunt Sophia went to Liverpool where they were again given a home with some of the saints.

Uncle John's father said "They lured John and Sophia into joining their church."

Uncle John's parents were so upset, that after pleading with him to give up this Mormon idea and being refused, they disowned him entirely and wished to never see him again.

To hide his identity he shaved his head. He obtained a job at night working on the docks helping to load and unload freight on the big ships that came in and went out. He had to stay hid in the day time. When he finally earned enough money to pay Aunt Sophia's way to America, he sent her over with a group who had joined the church. He stayed and worked until he had earned enough to pay his way over.

Lenora Cannon Gardner, who came with her family from Liverpool, England, in 1842, told me that when the Mormon Church began to send missionaries to the British Isles many converts began moving to Utah. Many of these were skilled workmen. At one period so many skilled workmen began leaving England that the government passed a law against them leaving the country, and many of the seaports were guarded and ships searched to stop these men from taking their families out of the country. Because of this many families broke up and boarded ships at different seaports, then joined each other after reaching America.

Grandmother's younger brother, Richard, was born at Yarmouth, May 4, 1837. When he heard the gospel message, he too, was touched and knew what he heard was true. He had a desire to go with his sisters to America. Plans for departure had to be made very cautiously. He and Uncle John Geary decided to come together.

January 3, 1853, they left London at 7:00 p.m. for Liverpool. At Liverpool, they secured lodgings and began to make preparations for the voyage to America.

January 10, they took their luggage on board the ship and were waiting for provisions. On the 14th, a man came on the ship with a letter addressed to Richard Fryer, but he knew better than to let him know he was there or to acknowledge the letter. When Richard told Uncle John about the letter, he was fearful that his brother Fred would bring a policeman on board as he knew they were searching for them. So they decided to abandon this ship and go to Holy head and board a ship there.

Departing from the ship they crossed the river to New Brighten Ferry. From there they took a carriage to Chester. At Chester they discovered a man and a policeman following them.

After giving them the "slip" they were much relieved and happy when they made connections with the train going to Holyhead.

Copying from Uncle Richard's diary we read as follows:

January 16, 1853 We arrived at Holyhead about 1 o'clock in the morning, but Mr. Geary thinking he was _telegraphed to Holyhead, resolved to go on to Ireland and on inquiring about the fare from Holyhead to Ireland found we could have got from Chester to Dublin for the same money that he paid from Chester to Holyhead, however, we went on till we came to the streamer and went aboard. We had a rough passage and were sick. We arrived at Ringstown about half past 6 o'clock, and we were much surprised to find that we had to pay Ll 'r' O fares. We went to the railway station, took our tickets and got into the train to Dublin. We arrived at Dublin about half past 7 o'clock and after walking about 2 hours we found some comfortable lodgings, we being tired went to bed and slept till 3 o'clock in the afternoon: we then had some tea and went out into the town.

January 17th. Mr. Geary thinking that he was not safe, went to a Law Station to read the the English Common Law Act, but he found he was quite safe. Then we went strolling about and seeing some very high mounds in thedistance, I thought we might see a great distance but it was getting dark and I thought it was time to go home to our lodging and we turned back to the town.

January 18th. We went to Gt. Ship St. and found some Latter-Day Saints and stopped there.

January 20th. Mr. Geary and a Brother went to some reading rooms to look for advertizments of shipping but they could not find one for New Orleans. We left Dublin for Glasgow at 2 o'clock in a steamer.

January 21st. This morning it was very rough and the wind was ahead, which delayed us very much. We had been without food for twenty-four hours and were very hungry, so we went into the Cabin and had breakfast for which we paid 2 shillings. We arrived at Glasgow at six this evening and had considerable difficulty in finding a Saint. We went to Charlotte St. and from there we were directed to another Charlotte St. When we got there we could not find the house but meeting with a Policeman we obtained some information. He directed us to a factory where a Saint worked. We went to the factory but he was gone home. They directed us to the Saint's house and we tried to find it, but we could not. We had to go back to the factory and the woman very kindly took us to the house, but after all this trouble we found this man was not a Saint which was very provoking. However, Brother Geary was two hours talking to the old man about Mormonism. While we were there this man's daughter said there was a woman at the factory where she worked they called a Latter-Day Saint and they sent the boy with us to show us the house and we were very glad to find that this was the L.D.S. Saint. Well, he took us to Brother Lyons. We had some supper and then went to bed.

January 22nd. Brother Geary was looking for a ship for New Orleans but could not find one.

January 23rd. This evening I went to the meeting which was held at the British School Room.

January 24th. Brother Geary had a walk with Brother and Sister Lyons.

January 25th. Writing letters, etc.

January 26th. We were out nearly all day looking for a ship but could not find one.

January 27th. Brother Geary decided upon going to Liverpool but we tried once more to

get a ship and found there was on going to start in the afternoon. We went to the dock and found the ship but we could not secure a passage. The Owner said the ship was cleared and he could not take us. We went back to the office to see if they could procure a passage for us. They said that we could not get a passage. However, Brother Geary was determined, if it was possible, to procure a passage. He went to the Mate and got a little information. The Mate said he thought we could procure a passage by offering the Captain a trifle of money, which Brother Geary succeeded in doing, but the owner kept so close to the Captain that Brother Geary could not make an appointment with him. However, we understood that the ships in general stopt at Greenock a few days so Brother Geary decided upon going to Greenock the next day.

January 28th. We packed up our clothes and started for Greenock about midday and just as I was getting out of the train at Greenock, who should I see but the owner of the ship. I don't know if he saw me for I got among the crowd and was soon out of the station. I did not stop to look for Brother Geary. I was afraid of the Owner seeing me. I walked some distance down the street before I looked around thinking that Brother Geary was following me, but I was greatly mistaken. I kept walking to and from the station and on the warf, out of one street into the other for 2 or 3 hours, but I could not find him until late in the evening as I was passing by the station. Now I found out how we had lost each other. Brother Geary immediately he saw the Owner went back into the station until the owner went and then as he was passing out of the station he met the Captain who said it was impossible for him to take us because the Owner had put his nephew on board, but Brother Geary would not give it up. He asked the Captain the third time and the Captain said he wanted three sailors and he would take us for two of them. Well, Brother Geary thought this was a first rate chance, so we engaged with him to be there without fail at 12 o'clock the next day so we went back to Glasgow thinking that we would be sailors the next day.

January 29. We rose early next morning and were soon on our way to the railway station, but as we passed the Post Office I remarked to Brother Geary that there might be a letter for us. He put down his bundle and went into the Post Office to see and there was a letter from Brother Samuel Richards informing Brother Geary of Brother John Hall's arrival and also counseling him to go to Liverpool. So we left Glasgow for Liverpool about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. We had a very rough night. The wind was blowing right ahead. We were up all night.

January 30. It was tremendous rough today and we were both very sick untilwe arrived at Brother John Hall came and met us and took us to a lodging house. We were very tired and went to bed.

January 31st. Brother Hall went to the Office and brought back some stars.

February 1st, 1853 Brother John Hall went to London and Brother Geary went to the office.

February 2nd. Brother Geary went and got the tickets.

February 3rd. Brother Geary went to the ship and secured his berth.

February 4th. Brother Piercy and Brother Geary took the bundles to the ship and in the afternoon Brother Geary came in a cab and we went to the ship. After we had passed the Doctor, Brother Geary, Piercy and Hyde went on shore to buy provisions for the journey. They came on board late in the evening with bedding etc. and they intended going on shore in the morning to buy the rest, so we all went to bed. However, we had not been in bed long when Brother Piercy said he would have a joke with Brother Hyde making him believe it was morning. Well, he got out of bed and dressed himself then Brother Piercy and Brother Geary jumped into bed again and we had a good laugh at him.

February 5th. All hands were called on the quarter deck to count them and tug towed us out of the dock.

* * * * * * * * *

I failed to keep a journal on the sea, but anyway we had a pleasant voyage of six weeks endurance and enjoyed it very well having a few days of sea sickness. We were 3 days and nights clearing the Irish Channel. Then we rolled over the swells of the Atlantic. I thanked God I had escaped from that land of oppression, although I could not but feel that I had left my native country, my home, and all that was near and dear to me. Yet, I felt a calmness of mind and looked forward to the end of my journey as something that would create my happiness. The company of Saints that came in the same ship (Jersey) enjoyed good health, and to all human appearances were happy and jovial under the circumstances. The President George Halliday behaved well to them, endeavoring at all times to make them as comfortable as possible. We had a fine voyage. Every Sunday the sea was calm and we had studding-sails set and we had one death and 2 births. We arrived in Belees (America) at daylight on the morning of the _____ instant.

There was a number of ships lying here and amonst them we discovered the "Golconda" with topmasts gone. The Pilot anchored us very close to her so that we learned by the aid of the Spy Glass and Blackboard that they had been here 10 days unable to cross the bar. At dusk a Steamer took us in tow in company with 2 others and in an hour we were gliding up the Mississippi River, the color of which is dark stone color. After two days and nights pulling and grunting we arrived at New Orleans--March 21,1853--and set our feet once more on Terra Firma here. While strolling about, I came in contact with a nigger establishment. It quite amused me to see the niggers strutting about looking as big as life. They were in separate houses, the males in one, and the females in the other.

Today the Saints were busily employed getting their luggage on board the "John Simonds" Steamboat, and left New Orleans at dusk on our way up the Mississippi. The next day presented to our view such a scene as I have never witnessed, to see the Steamers going up and down the River, the Niggers at work in the Plantations, the thick long woods as we passed, with now and then a large piece of Farming land with a bustling little town. It was truly beautiful. We were 6 days coming up the River, during which time John was our President, and we had a good time. We arrived at St. Louis on the morning of the _____, met my sister Sophia who I was very glad to see, she having come in the same ship that we intended coming in. I stayed in the city of St. Louis about six weeks, during which time I worked at painting, receiving one dollar per day wages.

The time for us to leave being close at hand Geary started up the River to get cattle and wagon. In a few days I received a letter from him wishing me to come to Keokuk. Consequently, I started by the next boat and arrived at Keokuk late in the evening of the next day, found Geary who delivered into my hands 2 yoke of cattle which I found to be troublesome.

* * * * * * * * * *

Grandmother Jane with her husband, Francis Jorden Sr., and her two children Frank Jr. and Annie left Liverpool, England, February 23, 1853 (18 days after Uncle Richard and John Geary had left) and sailed for New Orleans where they landed after a voyage of eight weeks. From there they sailed up the Mississippi River.

As Uncle Richard states, in his journal, that he stayed in St. Louis and worked for 6 weeks and Uncle John Geary and Aunt Sophia were there most of that time, that would have given Grandmother Jane and her family time to overtake them at St. Louis.

Note: There is a story that has been told in our family that is older than I am. We children were raised on the story that Grandmother Jane delivered Echo Geary, a daughter of Aunt Sophia and Uncle John, while they were coming down Echo Canyon on the way to Utah. When I found the date of Echo's birth and read Uncle Richard's journal, I found that this couldn't possibly have happened. Echo was born November 26, 1855 in Echo Canyon. Grandmother arrived in Salt Lake City October 18, 1853, and was living in Cedar City when Echo was born.

The child Grandmother delivered, I feel certain, must have been Aunt Sophia's oldest child. Sophia "Sophy" for short.

****

Uncle Richard's Journal continues as follows:

There was about 1200 of the Saints camped here in their wagons and tents and on arrival of Geary and my sister, we joined with them. We stayed here a fortnight during which time they organized 3 companies but Geary not being ready we organized in the last company

****

While the family was camped here at Keokuk Camping Grounds, Iowa, Aunt Sophia's first child, Sophia "Sophy" was born June 10, 1853. I am sure this is the child Grandmother delivered.

While they were here Aunt Sophia took sick. President Brigham Young came to Grandmother and told her she must deliver her sister's child. He brought Dr. Willard Richards (the grandfather of Drs. Gil and Ralph Richards of Salt Lake City). In those days it was considered improper for a man to deliver a baby and care for a woman in confinement. That was the work of a mid-wife. Grandmother told them she couldn't handle the case because she had never done such a thing in her life and didn't know what to do. President Young told her they would bless her and she would get along all right. So she sat down on a wagon tongue and he and Dr. Richards placed their hands on her head and blessed her and set her apart as a nurse and mid-wife to work among the saints. She took care of Aunt Sophia and she got along all right.

Grandmother nursed from this time until she died 45 years later. She was very successful in her work. In all her years of practice she lost just one case and that was her own daughter, Linna. The only education she ever had in a medical line was the knowledge she gained from her experience and from Dr. Gunn's Medical Book. He was considered an authority in that day. When she reached Salt Lake City she wrote to her Mother back in Yarmouth and had her send her a copy of this doctor's book. She studied the book thoroughly. My Mother attributes much of Grandmother's success to the fact that she was extremely clean. A Mrs. Jones, at Gunlock, showed her how to handle a case of placenta previa. She became very skillful at this.

****

Uncle Richard's journal continues as follows:

John Brown Captain, after considerable trouble yoking up the cattle, owing principally to our want of experience in that line. We succeeded however in making the start. We traveled over a considerable extent of country chiefly prairie land, distance about 500 miles which took us about a fortnight to travel and during which time I had some little experience in driving team, watching cattle and camping out in tents.

We arrived at Council Bluffs on the Missouri River on the 17th of July, 1853, camped just below the city and drove the cattle 2 miles off to feed.

****

It was at Council Bluffs that Uncle John Geary decided to remain for some time because Aunt Sophia was ill. Frank Jorden Sr., tried to get Grandmother to stay also but she wouldn't. So Uncle Richard helped to get Grandmother and her family transferred to another wagon. Both the Geary and Jorden families had been well off when they joined the church. Uncle John and Aunt Sophia had lost most of theirs before they left England. Uncle John brought with him a family Bible that was over 300 years old. It had been given to him by his father who told him to never sell it unless "his children were crying for bread." It would now be over 400 years old. He also brought a "Seal" in a gold frame that both he and his father had used in their business for letters and documents.

NOTE: August 1970 Reita Page, a duaghter of Robert Page, had these in her possession. She lives in Monticello, Utah. Uncle John also brought his silver watch which still goes. Aunt Sophia brought a baby hood made of cream colored albatross trimmed with silk soutache braid and white eiderdown. But Grandmother and her family brought lovely clothing, jewels, fine chinaware, and down bedding with them. When they got ready to cross the Plains they were forced to leave much of it behind because they lacked room to haul it, and needed the money, they could get from selling, more than they needed the lovely things. The few nice things, that Grandmother did bring, she was forced to sell later to get money to care fore her family. So Grandmother and her family started for Salt Lake, a distance of about 1000 miles, with covered wagon and ox team.

Her son Frank said, "I shall leave it to my readers to imagine the weariness, toil, and dangers of the journey, simply stating that we finally arrived in Salt Lake City, October 1853." One record I have says October 18, 1853.

A man by the name of Stewart came into the camp looking for men, so Uncle Richard "engaged himself" to drive for his board. He did this in preference to staying another year.

Geary sold his cattle and wagon and moved into the City, Council Bluffs. Uncle Richard then went to the Stewart Company about 1 and one-half miles down the river. The following day he hunted up the cattle and drove them through the city where Geary ran after him and bid him farewell.

****

Lucy Fryer Vance, granddaughter of Uncle Richard, says of him:

"It is interesting to note in reading Richard's diary how very observing he was. He was cognizant of the people and their characteristics, he studied the animals, recognized the picturesquences of the country through which they passed. He described the "gold diggers" going to California. His power of expression was far beyond his years.

It takes only a few short pages to describe the trip of the poineers who crossed the plains, but we cannot by any stretch of the imagination, begin to comprehend or understand the tibulations through which they went. Reading through Richard's diary we follow the trek in such phrases as "Made a bridge across Wood Creek," "Ferryed over the Elk Horn," "Very Muddy," "Sandy roads for six miles," "Cattle unmanageable–couldn't start until noon," "Two bad accidents today," "crossed over Prairie Creek which had very steep banks," "No wood," "Stinking water," "Scarcely averaging seven miles perday," "Roads very bad," etc. Here is an interesting notation:

August 7th. This morning while herding the Cattle, I discovered a few Indians coming up the road; they were all armed with spears, bows and arrows and guns and they came thicker and faster until the Captain being alarmed set men out to help us drive in the cattle to the corral. By the time we came to camp the Indians had gathered to the amount of 5 or 600 and demanded we pay for traveling through their land. Our Captain consulting on the matter gave them flour, coffee, sugar and all that we could spare. But they were very dissatisfied with it and upon finding they could not get any more began jumping from their horses, loading their guns, yelling and said they would fight us. Consequently they moved out and we passed on but they tormented us along the road running among the teams pricking us with their arrows and doing all the mischief they could until the Chief called them away leaving us traveling peaceable on until dark, when we camped.

Another notation after leaving Fort Laramie:

We crossed the Platte 15 miles below Fort Laramie, the Sioux were very peaceable and friendly. Just before we crossed 5 of our teamsters left the train on account of the Captain acting so mean to us and threating 2 men who were sick with fever and ague, if they did not get out of their beds and work he would make them pay when they got to the Valley for boarding and hauling them.

Quote from Lucy Fryer Vance:

"From this point, the picture we get is one of 'broken wagons,' 'dying cattle' and 'almost exhausted provisions." They crossed the Bear River completely out of provisons and had to stop and kill a small steer and a sheep. Then they met a wagon with provisions from the valley and at the top of Big Mountain they met a man with flour.

What a thrill of joy it must have been to that courageous band as they proceeded over Little Mountain through Emmigration Canyon to get their first glimpse of the great Salt Lake Valley. It was a vast wilderness, but "this was the place" and at last they were at the end of their destination and could call it home–for a time at least.

Being unable to reach the City that day, they camped a little beyond Canyon Creek. The Captain went back to Brigham's Mill and bought flour for supper. The next day they proceeded on to Big Cottonwood, unloaded the wagons, stayed there a few days and then went on to Great Salt Lake City. The first night of truly peaceful rest that Richard had enjoyed for a long time was spent in the house of Samuel Burgess. (Who later moved to Pine Valley and is buried there.)

The next morning as the sun rose in the East, Richard Fryer, an honest convert, having gladly received the message of salvation and with the spirit of gathering in his heart and a song in his soul, could look over the yet untamed valley and say: "I am tired, but I have come to Zion." The exact date of the arrival in the valley was not given in the diary, but it was probably the last of August or the first part of September, 1853. (Uncle Frank Jorden says it was October, 1853.)

The first move Richard made the next morning was to locate his sister, Jane. He found her and her family at Mr. Staples in the 16th Ward. Then he looked for work. The first offer of a job was to dig potatoes for Mr. Staples who offered him every 7th bushel as pay. He earned 15 bushels of potatoes in this manner. He also plastered for Brother Staples and after proving

himself an able tradesman was accepted in the building trade. The first house he helped to build was for Mr. John Thorpe which was finished a little before Christmas.

According to Eva Higbee's records, Grandmother Jane lost a child, Ida Edith Jorden, November 14, 1953. This would have occurred shortly after they arrived in Salt Lake. This is the only place I have ever found a record of this child.

The winter proved so severe this year, that the water would freeze upon the hearth and anything left at night in the cupboard would be frozen solid before morning. To keep warm, an enormous amount of wood was necessary which made wood-chopping an unceasing labor. It was while chopping wood that Richard cut his foot so badly that he was totally disabled for about six weeks.

In February, 1854, he went to board with Mr. Staples. On the 16th, he was ordained a Priest and on March 26th, was ordained an Elder."

* * * * * * * * * *

In the story written by Grandmother Jane's son, Frank Jorden Jr., he says:

"My Father found employment with Mormon leaders, viz, Lorenzo Snow, one of the Twelve Apostles, D. H. Wells, Superintendent of Public Works, and also Brigham Young, from whom he found it very difficult to collect his pay."

My Mother, Effie May Harrison Snow, told me Frank Jorden Sr. was a cabinet maker. He helped carve the beautiful woodwork in the Guardo House. This house was built for Amelia Fulsom Young whom gossipers said was Brigham's favorite wife. It was known as "Amelia's Palace." A number of years ago, when this building was torn down, this woodwork was removed and put in one of the rooms of the Beehive House.

Uncle Richard Fryer says in his diary, "That in May of that year (1854) a great sorrow came to the family because his brother-in-law, Jorden, denied Mormonism and left his sister and went to California. So he, Richard, left Mr. Staple's home and moved back with his sister to take care of her."

My Mother, Effie May, told me that Grandmother Jane Harrison's children all thought the reason Frank Jorden Sr. left her and went to California was because he couldn't stand the poverty they were forced to live under after the luxury they had lived in England.

At this period in history many were going to California because of the Gold Rush. Some were going to the gold fields while others were going to set up their business or practice their trade or profession in this area that was fast becoming populated. Brigham Young was opposed to the Mormons going there. Frank Jorden decided to go and tried to get Grandmother to go with him. She felt that she had paid a high enough price, as it was, to get to the Saints in Utah and didn't want to go. He begged and begged but she refused. Finally he started without her. He went several miles outside of the city with a company who was going to California. They made a camp outside of the city to be ready for an early start the next morning.

He couldn't forget her and came back in the middle of the night to see if he could induce

her to go because he hated so much to leave her. Aunt Annie Jorden, Grandmother's little eight year old daughter, said she could remember how her Mother cried and said, "Oh Frank, why did you come back for us to have to go through all of this again? It was so hard to part before."

When he finally found he couldn't persuade her to go he bade her goodby and went without her, leaving her with two small children and she was pregnant besides. It is possible he didn't know she was pregnant for the following reason. My Aunt told me at that period in history, when a woman became pregnant, she never told anyone not even her husband until she started to show. With the type of clothing they wore then it would have been possible to go quite a while before anyone could have guessed.

Frank Jorden Jr. says, "What little faith Father had (if he ever had any) had waned, and now it was all gone. He determined the following spring to go to California; but Mother refused to go with him and he went alone, hoping she would follow in time, or if not he would return after two or three years.

Thus Mother was left almost a widow, with two small children almost orphans. I soon found a place upon a farm where I worked to help my Mother, being not yet ten years of age. I soon experienced the bitterness of having no father to protect me. My Father and Mother corresponded, but I was left in unblissful ignorance of his whereabouts."

Uncle Richard's diary now says, "In August, Jane presented us with a fine baby which took sick about a fortnight after its birth and in the early part of Ocotber it died. (I wonder if this is the child Ida Edith Jorden that Eva Higbee's record shows) Annie was taken very sick. The latter part of the month Jane and the children were rebaptized. In November, Jane received a letter from Jorden wishing her to come to Sacramento, California."

****

I shall now insert a brief sketch of the life of Richard Harrison before he became acquainted with Grandmother, and give a more detailed sketch later on in my story.

RICHARD HARRISON

Richard Harrison was born March 8, 1808, in Springmire near the town of Dudly, Worstershire, England. He was the son of William and Elizabeth Baker Harrison. He worked his way up in the iron business and was an iron moulder by trade. In the spring of 1836, he moved to Liverpool, England, where he married Mary Ann Whittaker September 10, 1836. Here he became Superintendent of the largest iron foundry in the world and was holding this position when he was converted to the Mormon Church. He and Mary Ann were baptized April 2, 1840 by Elder John Taylor. While living in England they had a daughter, Zaporah, who died when she was a baby.

They decided to move to America so left Liverpool September 18, 1842, on the ship "Sidney." They were eight weeks on the ocean and arrived at New Orleans November 27, 1842. There they chartered the largest steamship "Alexander Scott" on the Mississippi River. They sailed for St. Louis, but as the river was frozen over, they were forced to stop and spend the winter at the little town of Alton, Illinois. When the ice broke up they sailed for Nauvoo on the ship "Maid of Iowa."

Here they went through the temple and Richard built a good home and planted an orchard. It was while they were living here that the mob drove the Mormons out. The mob drove them out and set fire to their house. They moved to Burlington, Iowa where Grandfather worked at his trade as an iron moulder and made himself an outfit to take them to Salt Lake City. Upon arriving at Council Bluffs they were placed in the company of Ezra Taft Benson to make the trip across the plains. They arrived in Salt Lake City, October 26, 1849.

Here they lived in the Fourth Ward and Grandfather acquired some property and built a home.

In March, 1849, President Young sent an exploring party to Southern Utah, under the direction of Parley P. Pratt. They were to locate colony sites, look for iron, and a place to establish a settlement on the Old Spanish Trail. Upon their return, they reported to President Young that the country around the Red and Coal Creeks looked favorable for iron.

At October conference 1850, President Young called for volunteers to come south and establish a settlement for the purpose of erecting an iron foundry. From a group of English, Scotch, and Welsh miners and iron manufacturers, he selected 100 men and their families. Grandfather was made superintendent of the iron company after their arrival.

January, 1851, they arrived at Red Creek and started the town of Parowan, the first town in Utah south of Provo. They decided it would be closer to the iron deposits if they moved to Coal Creek. So they moved there in November, 1851, and built the town of Cedar City. A county was formed here and named Iron county. Grandfather was appointed as the Iron County delegate and came to Salt Lake City for a session of the Territorial Legislature which was to be held in the early part of 1855.

While he was there, Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball came to him and told him they had a young woman there, whose husband had gone to California which was contrary to the advise of Brigham Young, and they wanted him to marry her and take her back to Southern Utah where she could serve as a nurse and a mid-wife for the Saints there. Richard and Grand-

mother Jane were invited to a New Year's Day social in order to make them acquainted with each other.

Uncle Richard Fryer's diary says, "New Year's Day was very cold and windy, but the inhabitants of the City enjoyed themselves at parties and dancing. It was during one of these socials that Jane became acquainted with Mr. Harrison, a delegate from Iron County. Although Jane's husband had been trying to get her to join him in California, she broke her marriage with him and married Mr. Harrison in April. (This is an error. She married him February 25, 1855) President Young married them in his home. The witnesses were Aunt Mary Ann (Grandfather's wife), her sister Sophia Taylor, Sister Stevenson, and Hyrum Clawson Clark. After April Conference, Jane and her husband made their home in Iron County."

Richard Harrison had brought his wife, Mary Ann; to Salt Lake City with him. While there, he says, "Mary Ann gave birth to a baby girl February 3, 1855, on Saturday morning at a quarter past four o'clock in the morning at the home of Joseph Cain. (Joseph Cain was the husband of Mary Ann's sister Lizzie) in Great Salt Lake City, Utah Territory. They named her Sophia Elizabeth Harrison."

Richard remained in the north until after April Conference. While there he spent part of his time in Salt Lake City and part in Farmington, Utah, a village a few miles north of Salt Lake. While in Farmington, he wrote the following letters to Grandmother Jane--one before their marriage and one after

Farmington, Utah
February 12, 1855

My Very Dear Jane

Yours came to hand early this morning and was received with the warmest feeling of my heart. I fully expected it last evening but was very much disappointed. I felt quite uneasy through the night for as soon as I fell to sleep I dreamed all my teeth were broken off and my mouth was cramed full of broken teeth. I commenced to spit them out and I awoke. I felt very uneasy until morning when I received your letter. It caused my heart to rejoice and my soul was glad within me. For I found by reading your letter that my prayers had been answered to the very letter and truly I can sympathize with you in your joy and gratitude to God for extending his hand toward you.

My dear Jane you must have misunderstood me about writing as I did not expect to write 'till the Tuesday mail. I was very glad of the chance to send to you by Brother Cowley. I did not know of his coming I felt you were anxious to hear from me. I have felt some better since I arrived here. I have a better appetite these last few days. I feel first rate in spirits and so realize that the hand of the Lord is over me for good for my desire is to do his will and to carry out his righteous purposes upon the earth. This is what I believe to live for and if necessary die for the same. Be of good cheer my dear Jane for you will realize happier days than ever you did in your life although you may meet with many privations and trials of various kinds before the crown is won. Yet be of good cheer you will find a friend that is willing to bear the burden for you and bless you all the day long.

I was glad to hear that Mrs. Harrison and the baby are well for I thought my dream applied to them and that they were sick. I am in hopes Mrs. Harrison will be stout enough to go out

on Sunday as I feel like I would like to have you sealed to me when I come to the City. My dear the feelings of my heart toward you cannot be expressed. My language fails me. I can't give utterance to my feelings. Please excuse my bad scribbling as the pen is poor and the light is bad and the inmates waiting to go to bed. So I wish you a very good night and my prayer is that your guardian angel may preserve you and the Son of Peace be with you continually. I remain yours.

Most Affectionately,
Richard Harrison

Please give my love to Mrs. Harrison and my daughter, and keep my daughter for me and I will pay you in the same kind when I see you.
(Mrs. Harrison is his first wife, Mary Ann.)

Farmington, Utah
March 27, 1855

Dear Jane,

In haste I say I am well and hope this will find you and the children well. I would have sent sooner if I had the chance. I succeeded in getting a little butter for you. It is all they could spare at this time which is three pounds and a quarter. I have made arrangements for all the butter for the journey home. Expect ot be with you in about a week from today. I have been informed that Brother Day has left Brother Young. If you haven't settled with him you had better look sharpley after him as I think very little of his honor. I have not time to say much this morning. Please give my respects to your Brother Richard, children and Sister Stevenson and Grandmother.

I do not forget you in my prayers and they are that the Lord will bless you continually with his Holy Spirit to comfort you under all the changes of this life for they will be many. My love to you. I must close next time. Accept my warmest feeling of love to you and I remain yours.

Most Affectionately,
Richard Harrison

Grandmother Jane's son Frank Jorden Jr. says of this marriage, "About one year after my Father left, my Mother was persuaded to marry a man as his second wife, with whom we went south from the city about three hundred miles to a place known as Cedar City. Here in the spring of 1855 you might have found us just entering upon the life of Polygamy. Oh, that I could wipe that out from my memory the bitterness to which this introduced us."

I asked William R. Palmer, President of the Parowan Stake, how Brigham Young could marry Grandmother to Grandfather Harrison when she wasn't divorced from Frank Jorden. He told me that in the early days that people didn't have to have a marriage license to get married. All marriage ceremonies were performed by a religious leader of some church. As they were married by a religious leader, they were also divorced by one. At one period in the early days of the church, after the Saints came to Utah, President Young issued a decree saying that all women in the church, prior to a set date, who wished to be divorced, were released by his order. I assume he divorced Grandmother by his order.

At any rate Brigham married them. Grandmother took her children and moved to Cedar City with Grandfather and his wife Mary Ann and their new baby. Mary Ann also had a son,

Heber, who had been born June 24, 1846, while they were still living at Nauvoo.

At this period in church history, most of its members accepted President Young's every word and order as if it had come straight from God wrapped in aluminum foil or cellophane. Most of those who didn't were cut off the church.

After her marriage to Richard Harrison, she received the following letter written after Brigham Young had married her to Grandfather Harrison.

(This letter is crumpled and tear stained)

Jackson, Amadore County, Calif.
April 29, 1855

Dearest Jane,

Not receiving an answer to my last letter I am afraid it was burnt up as there was a fire in Jackson about the time the Salt Lake mail arrived, by which the Post Office and contents with several other houses were burnt. I was not in town at the time. I was away for two or three weeks and when I went there this was the news I received the Salt Lake mail had arrived and the letters were burnt. I hope this will find you all in good health as I am thankful to say it leaves me at present. I have had but one return of the ague since I wrote last when I told you I expected to go to work for 4 dollars a day but was disappointed but I have done a little work, enough to keep board paid up and pay a hundred dollars that I was in debt and I have a little in my pocket, and am longing for the time to come when I shall be able to leave here for the valley. I am sorry that I ever left it, and I look forward for the time when I shall again assemble with the Saints in the vallies of the mountains and be happy with you and the dear children. Keep them for me and do not forget the little stranger. I expect by the time I receive an answer to this I shall be able to leave very comfortably but I shall wait until I receive a letter from you hoping it may make a quick trip as it seems so long since I heard from you. Tell me how they are getting along with the Temple and how many London Saints have arrived that you know and whether Geary has come on or whether you have heard from him or not. Dear Jane I feel that you must excuse my writing a short letter this time as I do not feel to have so much to say as I probably should had I received an answer to my last. But Dick said he would like to know how I feel toward Mormonism. You can tell him I feel better toward it than I ever did and long to be in the company of the Saints where I can be instructed in the ways of light and truth. There is one more thing I would like you to tell me. That is how the new Governor is liked. I must now close with my kindest love to you and children, Dick and all enquiring friends from your

Affectionate Husband F. Jorden

Whether Grandfather Harrison ever knew that she heard from Frank Jorden I do not know but it is more than likely that he did. The information I am now going to record is taken from Uncle Richard's journal and letters that he and Aunt Sophia Geary wrote to Grandmother at Cedar City. One must first remember that the letters, Frank Jorden wrote to Grandmother, would have been addressed to Salt Lake because he wouldn't have known, for some time, that she wasn't still living there. These letters would lead one to believe that Grandfather Harrison was trying to keep Grandmother and Frank Jorden from hearing from each other. Travel was slow in those days so of course it took a long time for mail to reach its destination. At that time all mail, sent to Utah, was sent to Salt Lake and then from there to the surrounding area.

Uncle Richard's journal says: April 30, 1855 I wrote to Mother, Geary and Jane.

As has already been stated Aunt Sophia and Uncle John Geary with their new baby "Sophy" remained in Council Bluffs when Uncle Richard and Grandmother with her family came to Salt Lake in the summer and fall of 1853. While living there they had a son, Thomas Fryer Geary, born August 25, 1854, who died January, 1856. While they were still living in Council Bluffs, Grandmother with her family came to Salt Lake and spent the winter; Frank Jorden left her and went to California the spring of 1854; and she married Richard Harrison and moved to Cedar City the winter and spring of 1855. Late that summer and fall, Aunt Sophia with her small daughter Sophy started for Salt Lake with a company of Saints. Uncle John Geary, her husband, was asked to remain and help organize and outfit companies of Saints coming to Utah. As they were traveling through Echo Canyon, Aunt Sophia gave birth to a baby girl that she named Echo Workman Geary. The baby was born November 26, 1855.

Uncle Richard's journal reads:

March 11, 1856. I received a letter written from Geary December 15, 1855
March 17, 1856. I spent the afternoon writing to Geary and Jorden
March 27, 1856. I posted a letter to Mother.

The next spring Grandmother received the following letter from Aunt Sophia Geary. It is dated about one year from the day Frank Jorden had written to Grandmother.

Salt Lake City, April 22, 1856

Dear Sister,

I received your note yesterday for which I am thankful for I assure you I began to think that something was the matter in that country. But howsoever I am glad to hear that you are doing well and that you have a good Husband. I expected you up here at conference to get your endowments, but suppose you are pretty busy putting in your grain so that by another harvest you will keep your stomach from growing to your back. I assure you that it has been hard times up here. I have been living with Brother Staples since they began to station us at the Public and ever since November they would not let us have any provisions at all so from that time to this we have had to catch a little where we could get it which was very little indeed. I have been digging roots which is our provision store. Many times this winter I have rose from my bed not knowing when I could have any breakfast or not. The Bishop can not give us any because he is in the same fix. Well thank God we have got along and are still alive yet and hope to live, yet it is astonishing when I think how it is that our wants have been supplied but nevertheless and I feel first rate about it if it strengthens my faith in Mormonism. Let hard times come I think I can stand it as well as the rest. But we'll turn over a new leaf. You say that you did not receive any letters. Yesterday I read a letter from Jorden wrote to Levi Coombs and he stated that he had sent two letters to you, and received no answer and by the tenor of his writing I have reason to suppose that he did not receive my letters. But I shall send him again. (There certainly were two letters for you in the Post Office last fall but someone took them out.) I intended to write to Geary and Mother as I have not heard from home. But Brother Geary's cousin came in last fall. His name is Thomas Hall he said they were doing well and were coming on this season if possible. You rather hint that you do not get along as well as could be expected. Well I don't know anyone that has two women that agree all the time and are at peace. We are not any of us perfect but I would like you to tell me just as matters and things are if there is anything wrong. It is hard for me to get tea or sugar at the best of times, however, I'll send you some as soon as I can get it. I'll send poor Frank five pencils and hope that he won't be afraid to use them, as he will need all he can learn by and by. I'll send Annie some shoes as soon as possible.

Your affectionate sister, Sophia

The following is a letter Uncle Richard wrote to her December 24th.

December 24, 1856

My Dear Sister,

I suppose you are about the same as me have not the spirit of writing. I have put it off until now, and not hearing from you. I thought I would write you a few lines as no doubt you would be as glad to hear from me as I should to hear from you. I have been doing pretty well and have good health. I have not heard from home, from Geary, or Jorden since you left, but I have found out the reason why Geary has not sent, while I was North one of Geary's cousins came to Sophia's inquiring for me. He said that Geary had sent 2 letters, but had not received an answer, he farther said that they intended coming on next season if they could, he also left a direction for me, but by some accident it was thrown into the fire, since I have come home I have not been able to find him on account of his not leaving his direction and name. I suppose you have not heard from Jorden. While I was North I asked Brother Staples to call at the Post Office and get letters for me. But he said there were none for me, but said there was 2 directed to Jorden which someone had taken out. I don't know who it could be except Brother Harrison. If it is so and if you have heard from Geary I wish you would send me their directions. We have been up to Kays Creek building a log meeting house which will take us best part of next summer to accomplish. I have been at Brother Staples some time and expect to remain through the winter. They wish to be remembered to you. I received the Diamond. They are giving the Wards their Endowments and I guess you will be up soon to receive yours. Brother Staples folks have had theirs. Remember me to Brother Harrison and family and except my best wishes for your success and believe me as ever.

Your affectionate Brother
R. Fryer

A Merry Christmas to all.

Any information that passed between Frank Jorden and Grandmother, from this time on, was evidently relayed through Uncle Richard and Aunt Sophia. They evidently continued to keep in contact with him because as late as 1866 Grandmother's son, Frank Jorden Jr., says:

"After I was cut loose from the Church, I began a search for my long lost father, I wrote to my Mother's relatives to learn if they knew whether he was living or dead. In time I learned he was living in New Haven and was married. My Father was overjoyed to learn of my whereabouts, and at once urged me to come to Connecticut. After I reached the mines in safety I began making my plans to go to Connecticut. On September 2, 1866, I started for Connecticut by way of California, a distance of over 6,000 miles." He says after his father left for California his parents corresponded but he was left in unblissful ignorance of his whereabouts. (I'll relate more of Frank Jorden Jr. later on in my story.)

It would have been easy for Granfather to get and destroy any letters that Grandmother and Frank Jorden wrote to each other. He likely went to the Post Office for the mail while they lived in Cedar City. After they moved to Pinto he was the Post Master. My Mother told me that during the time he was Post Master that he never permitted anyone to enter the Post Office

but himself.

According to the dates recorded by Uncle Richard, Frank Jorden was still in California as late as December, 1856, a little over a year after he wrote the letter telling Grandmother he was coming back to Utah. At just what date he left California we do not know, but we do know, that after he learned that Grandmother was married to Grandfather Harrison, he left the church, moved to Connecticut, married Anna Eliza Carter, and had six children by her.

After Grandmother Jane married Grandfather Harrison and moved to Cedar City, Uncle Richard says in his journal: On July 4th, of this year there was a great celebration in which the Nauvoo Legion took part and the government authorities paraded the principal streets. At 2 O'clock in the afternoon the crowds met at the Bowery at the North end of the tabernacle. Speeches were delivered by Judge Kinney, Dochur Hart, Governor Young, and others.

During this summer and into the fall, Richard worked very hard. He writes in his diary about finishing the "Big House" for Brigham Young, helping to build a home for J. M. Grant, working on a meeting house at Kays Creek etc.

Due to drought and grasshoppers, the harvest this year was very sparse and they were put on rations at the tithing office "_____ lb. of flour and take your chance for other things."

The journal continues:

August 3, 1856 I received a letter from Geary.
August 5, 1856 (Sunday) I received a letter from Jane.
November 6, 1856 Received another note from Geary saying they were short on provisions.
November 9, 1856 I met a church company who arrived in Salt Lake. They said Geary was in the next company.
November 10, 1856 I wrote to Jane.

During January 1856 it was so cold that cattle were dying very fast in the North. During February and March provisions became such that it was necessary to dig through the frozen ground "on the bottoms" to dig roots for food.

Lucy Fryer Vance says: "With all the tribulations that Richard went through, his diary gives no hint of discouragement nor does it give a faint glimmer of complaint. During the years following his arrival in the valley we find him constantly hauling and cutting wood besides making a livlihood cleaning school houses, building homes, painting, working on canals, building rock walls, and "hiring out" for farm work no matter how menial the labor. It is interesting to read about the time he was "hired out" to Dr. Garland H. Hurt, Indian Agent, to drive cattle to Hurt's farm in Sapnish Fork. The account reads as follows:

April 12, 1856 Drove cattle to Willow Creek. Wagons did not come to camp. Made a fire and roasted some beef we had and eat it. Drove on to the Hot Springs. Slept at the house at the point of the mountain.
April 13, Hunted up the cattle and put them in the corral. Went to the house and eat breakfast -- counted the cattle -- 2 missing -- hunt them up -- at 2 o'clock it began to storm -- let the cattle loose and they went back on the road.

April 14 Went 2 miles back, met the wagons, hunted up the cattle and traveled on round the point of the mountain into the Utah Valley. Passed Lehi City and camped this side of American Fork Settlement.

April 15 Drove through the settlement. Passed through Battle Creek Settlement. Crossed over the Provo Bench and camped on Provo River.

April 16 Passed through Provo City, Springville, and Spanish Fork and got to the farm about sunset. There was about 100 men at work intending to fence in and cultivate 1000 acres, which the Indian Agent had named the"Indian Reserve."

April 17 Received my pay and started home on foot with 2 others. The Bishop of Springville wanted $10.00 per cwt for flour.

April 18 Went on to Lehi City where I stayed the remainder of the day trying to buy provisions but could not at any price.

April 19 Passed around the mountain into G.S.L. Valley and arrived in Great Salt Lake City at 9 o'clock at night.

Although Richard's home was in Farmington during a great deal of time, he commuted to and from Salt Lake constantly attending to meetings and conferences and also labored a great deal in Salt Lake. The gospel sustained him and he loved the old Bowery and loved to listen to the counsel of the general authorities of the Church.

Richard's diary continues:

1856 Brother Jedeiah Grant with 4 missionaries came to Kays Ward where they preached 4 days and baptized the inhabitants. They called a meeting in the evening. Brother Grant called a vote of the meeting to know if they wished to repent of their sins and be baptized, and it was carried unanimously. Preaching by Brother Grant, Hunt, Young and others and they chastized us. We were all baptized.

Jan. 18, 1857 Attended a Welch concert in the store house. There was 15th Ward dancing in the evening.

Jan. 19 Attended the Bishop's meeting in the Tabernacle. A great deal of instructions were given to the people and bishops in regards to our future movements as a people. Presented a charter for establishing a bank. The spirit of it was accepted. Brother Pratt, Benson, and Kay and others arrived from England through California. Benson spoke at length upon the feelings of the world to this people, and U.S. was sending troops round California to come in the spring.

Note: (Lieut. Joseph C. Ives was sent by the U.S. Government in 1857-58 to explore the Colorado River and see if it were possible to ship supplies up the river for the army under Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston during the Utah War.)

"The names of officers of the standing army was read and accepted. Many songs were sung and we had a first rate meeting.

Feb. 25 Colonel Thomas L. Kane arrived from Washington City, (likely means Washington D.C.) under the name of Docker Osbourne. Came by California in 51 days, his object, to lay our case before the Government in a different way.

March 12, 13, Working tithing.

March 23, 24, 25 Working tithing on the temple. They were packing up the organ.

July 24, 1857 Was a beautiful day and according to arrangements made the previous year, President Brigham Young, his counselors and a large group of Saints had gathered at Silver Lake, at the headwaters of Big Cottonwood Creek (Brighton) to celebrate the 10th anniversary

of the arrival of the pioneers in Salt Lake Valley. All day long on the 23rd, a continuous line of wagons, carriages, people on horseback and mule back had wended their way up the canyon, until by nightfall, there were, by actual count, two thousand five hundred and eighty-seven persons four hundred sixty-four wagons, and carriages, one thousand twenty-eight horses and three hundred thirty-two oxen and cows on the camp ground. Captain Ballo's band the Nauvoo Brass Band, the Springville Brass Band, the Ogden City Brass Band, and the Great Salt Lake City and Ogden City Martial bands were on hand to gladden the festivities. There were also many infantry displays. What a celebration it was. Three spacious boweries, with floor planks, had been provided by the Big Cottonwood Lumber Company, and a large number passed the evening in joyous dance.

The 25th was spent in joyous festivities beginning with three rounds fired from a brass howitzer, for the First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, and our rights and Independence. At fifteen minutes past 10:00 a.m. three rounds were fired for the "Hope of Israel". The stars and stripes were unfurled on two of the highest peaks in sight of the camp, and on top of two of the tallest trees.

It was at this celebration that a runner came into camp and gave the message to President Young that Johnston's Army was approaching. Not wanting to dampen the hearts of the people while these festivities were in process, the President did not give out the news at this time. It was on July 26th -- Sunday -- that Brigham Young addressed the Saints and broke the news to them."

Uncle Richard had been training with the standing army and was now called as a soldier among the troops who were stationed in Echo Canyon to defend the Valley. The little he wrote of his experience during this time seems to have been written in November. The weather was cold and they lived in wikups that they made themselves. A notation written November 15, reads as follows:

Nov. 15 Attended roll call at sunrise. A company was detached to make a breastwork. I was sent for Col's mule. There is at present 1000 troops in camp. Roll call at dark.
Nov. 16 Roll-daybreak. Wrote home. At noon went to work at the breastwork. C. Wheelock passed with an express to the City. Said Col. Johnston was making five miles a day towards Bridges. An order came to our Col. to march 4 miles up Echo.
Nov. 17 Went to Echo. Camped on the batteries. 1600 troops stationed here.

****

After Grandfather Richard Harrison moved from Parowan to Cedar City, he built a house, planted an orchard, and cleared land for a farm and garden. He was superintendent of the iron foundry there until the Deseret Iron Company was formed in November 1852. For a time he worked for this company. Later he became superintendent of the moulding department out to Old Iron Town, about 25 miles west of Cedar City, where he worked for the Great Western Iron and Steel Company. It was a Mormon Company.

After Grandmother married Grandfather Harrison and moved to Cedar City, she had a son, Richard Fryer Harrison, born April 19, 1856 who died January 9, 1857.

Uncle John Geary arrived in Salt Lake December 15, 1856 and wrote the following letter to Grandmother in January.

Great Salt Lake City
January 3, 1857

John Thomas Geary

My Dear Sister,

Sophy wishes me to embrace the chance of just sending you a line by the present mail, and I-am just now moving to a fresh residence. I have this morning obtained a situation as school teacher in the 14th Ward under Bishop Oghlan and Brother Joseph Horn and Samuel Richards. It must be but a line as it were. We both would much like to see you at once. But circumstances prevent this for the present. The counsel being to remain in the city if practical for the winter. We came into this place on the 15th and the only employment I have had since arriving is wood sawing which I began to think would be my sole occupation 'till spring. But it is otherwise and I am better off than I expected. We are well and fully alive so trust in the justice of the Kingdom of God which may He grant to be the lot of all the honest in heart. I would say many things but must refrain until another opportunity as Mr. Harrison is waiting while I scribble this as to enclose it in his letter. I hope you will be able to read this scrawl. Sophy joins with me in kindest love to all.

Affectionately yours in the Gospel,
John Thomas Geary

P.S. I must say we have two little responsibilties living. Sophy and another little girl born back at the mouth of Echo Canyon therefore we named her Echo then added the name Workman after our Captain. I think you are aware our little boy, Thomas Fryer, died last January.

Later that month Grandmother received the following letter from Sophia Geary.

Great Salt Lake City
January 19, 1857

My Dear Sister,

After a long pull and a strong pull and a pull all together, we have managed to fight our way through rivers, roads, creeks, over hills, and dales and snow, and every thing else which is good and bad. Anyhow I am thankful we are here and enjoy good health. Since our separation in the states we have passed through some funny things. John has gone and worked at anything he could get to do. He is a first rate good Boy, I mean at sticking to things. At present he is teaching school in the 14th Ward for the winter and in the spring. I hope we shall wend our way into the country. John is very desirous to be a farmer. He will milk the cows as that is something I am not able to perform yet. I can sew and knit my stockings, work bread, make candles and soap. But I have to learn much before I can be a good farmer's wife. But take your time wife Sophia and by and by I will show you what I can do. I am glad to hear that you are so comfortably provided for. I wish you every comfort of this life and every honor that you can attain in that which is to come and all those with whom you are becoming united. It is now a time of Reformation in the Valley and I feel like asking your forgivness of all wrong. I wish that I could see you so that we might have a good chat together for I am afraid I shall not be able even to fill this piece of paper. Echo is at my knee and feels like crying all the time and Sophia is walking around the room says she can't wait. I must quit writing and give her cornbread. Dick can wait for his supper.

Dick is still at Staples. I want to get him away from there as soon as I can. I do not think he is doing himself much good there. He tells us he has not paid any tithing since he has been in the valley. The amount he now owes to the office is $10 and he now intends to work it off by working at the Public Works. John and he have been to the canyon for wood. The weather is severely cold. Mary Latrail and Ida Beading are here. I think if Brother Harrison had seen her he would have fallen in love with her right away. I mean Mary. She appears to be more and more interesting than ever. She is very often at T. D. Brown's. I think she will get employment at Sister Smiths as she is so very busy. But as to Ida I can't say anything about her. Edward Southerland is keeping a Bachelor's Hall for the last year. He is working at his business in the 14th Ward.

Today is Monday and your dearly Beloved tells me he is going home. I have to hurry with this scrawl and will promise to give you all the news you may wish to know when we meet which I hope will not be long for you must try to get up here. I want to see you and the children very much. I wanted very much to send you some small present but cannot do so now. Nearly all our clothing is back at Devil's Gate. I must now wish you goodby with the hope of meeting soon. John says you are a real Brick a down right good trump. With our united kind love and wishing you good health and plenty of Babies.

I remain your affectionate sister

Sophia Geary

P.S. John says he is quite ashamed of this writing.

The following December, Uncle John and Aunt Sophia had another baby girl Leah Fryer Geary born December 13, 1857, and Grandmother had a pair of twins, Brigham William and Ada Jane, born January 20, 1858.

The following March Grandfather and Grandmother received more letters from Uncle John and Aunt Sophia.

Great Salt Lake City
March 31, 1858
6th Ward

Dear Brother Harrison

We are all in commotion here. I start tonight by moonlight for Echo Canyon. A considerable number is called out. A call of 11 men was made on this Ward in the middle of last night and and additional 9 early this morning. The precise object of the expedition is not fully known but I feel satisfied it is all right. The women and children are being moved South as quickly as possible the old men go along with them. We have no team but I expect Sophy and the children will be cleared out in some way during my absence - though they may not be able to get far away - they will however get as near Iron County as they can and when I join them we shall go through unless counselled to the contrary. Many I hear contemplate settling in your neighborhood. If you could manage to secure for me 2 to 5 acres of land you would much oblige me as I expect to be with you in time to put in seed. My time for starting is just at hand so please excuse more at present. Our united kind love to Jane and the little responsibilities yourself and all yours and belive me in haste

Faithfully yours,
John Ghomas Geary

Richard Harrison

****

My Dear Jane,

It would seem that the time is not far distant when we shall have the pleasure of seeing each other. I hope it may be so with all my heart. Dick is going with John and when he returns he will make his way for Iron County. With kind love to all

Believe Me Yours as ever
Sophy

This was when the troops were being called out because of the coming of Johnston's Army, and the women and children were being moved south.

The Mormon troops were sent out with orders to annoy Johnston's army in every way possible, but not to take any lives. They stampeded the cattle, set fire to the supply trains that had been sent ahead of the army, burned the grass all over the country side, blocked the roads by felling trees across them, destroyed river fords, burned Forts Bridger and Supply. Mother Nature came forth and lent a helping hand by sending a sleet that poured down for a night and a day. In consequence the trains were unable to move at all. That night 500 head of animals perished from hunger and cold. Ten days later the strongest teams and their drivers reached Ft. Bridger, where Johnston had intended to make a camp, and found nothing but a heap of ashes. The snow was deep and the weather ranged as cold as 40 degrees below zero. Thus General Johnston was forced to give up his plans of going into Salt Lake that winter. He was obliged to make winter quarters with his troops on Black's Fork near the burned remains of Ft. Bridger, naming the place Camp Scott.

The failure of the army to reach Utah in 1857 gave time during the coming winter to clear away the misunderstanding which existed between the Mormons and the federal government. Colonel Thomas L. Kane, a good friend of the Mormons, did much to help. When Governor Cummings, the new governor being sent to Utah with the army, learned the true state of affairs he sent word to Washington and told of the false charges that had been brought against the Mormons by W. W. Drummond a federal appointee. General Johnston was permitted to locate his troops south-west of Salt Lake in Utah Valley where he set up a camp and named it Camp Floyd. The troops were stationed there until the outbreak of the Civil War. General Johnston returned to his native state and served as a Confederate general. He was killed in the Battle of Shiloh.

How soon Uncle John and Aunt Sophia Geary moved to Southern Utah after the problem with the federal government was cleared up I do not know. I don't know if they ever owned a home in Cedar City, or if Grandfather Harrison was able to get a few acres of land for them as Uncle John had asked him to do. Eva Page Higbee's record says that their next child, Eliza Jane, was born in Cedar City, April 6, 1859. Eliza's daughter, Leah Ellison, says she was born in Toquerville on that date. If they did live in Cedar City, it wouldn't have been for very long as their next and last child, Annie, was born in Toquerville, February 29, 1864.

At that period in church history groups of people were often called to help settle certain sections of the country. Uncle John and Aunt Sophia may have been called to settle in Toquerville.

Lucy Fryer Vance says of her Grandfather Richard Fryer and his wife Theresa Revel (of which little is known) that they were married April 7, 1861 in Johnson's Settlement, Rush

HUSBAND
Frank Jorden Sr.

WIFE
Jane Fryer Jorden

CHILDREN
Frank Jorden Jr. Annie Jorden Richey Hodges

A street in YARMOUTH

ISLE OF WIGHT

Albert fryer
Named for the Prince
by Queen Victoria

HUSBAND
John Thomas Geary

WIFE
Sophia Fryer Geary

HUSBAND
Richard Fryer

WIFE
Theresa Ann Revel Fryer

Valley, Tooele County, Utah. It is now called Clover and is a few miles south of Tooele, almost straight south of the south end of the Great Salt Lake. At about the time Richard Fryer lived there, the state had made a new county which they called "Shimbip" which is the Indian word for "rushes." The state also changed the name of Johnson's Settlement to Shambip but no one liked the change so they didn't use it. After a few years the county of Shambip was eliminated and the area was given back to Tooele County. Johnson's Settlement was named for Luke S. Johnson who was one of the first settlers there. He was one of the first apostles in the church but was excommunicated for apostacy in 1838 along with his brother Lyman E. Luke S. came back, however, and was with the Saints in Winter Quarters in 1850.

Richard Fryer was intimately acquainted with Brigham Young. He honored him as a prophet of God and as a great leader of the Saints, so when he was called to help colonize and build up the Dixie country he accepted the call and moved to Toquerville, Utah. The move to Toquerville was probably made in 1863, as their first child, Eliza Ann, was born in Johnson's Settlement January 23, 1862 and their second child, Annie, was born in Toquerville February 6, 1864."

Before moving to Southern Utah Uncle Richard received the following letters from the family back in Yarmouth, and sent them on to Grandmother Jane Harrison.

Yarmouth, Isle of Wight
May 12, 1862

Dear Brother and Sister,

We were glad to receive those papers you sent us although we did not like them yet it was a token that you were in the land of the living. Dear Brother I sent you a letter last autumn but I have received no answer. Perhaps you did not get it. Mother and Father desire to be remembered to you both with their kind love and wishes that you both strive to enter in at the straight gate that leadeth unto life everlasting. Father has not left his bed this four months. I have not heard a murmur from his lips since he has been there as regards his illness. I do wish dear Brother that you were here to see his last. I know he would leave this world far happier and if not I know he would be greatly relieved by hearing that your faith was the same now as it was when you left Yarmouth. I mean to say dear Brother that he would be glad to hear that you had given up the Mormon Faith and turned to the religion that you were brought up in. Richard you cannot get to the home of Bliss and Joy while you believe in the doctrine of Joseph Smith. There is only one door that you can enter in at and that door is Jesus Christ. Oh strive to enter in by the door both of you, my Dear Brother. I hope that time will soon come when all the world shall manly overcome Satan and all of them triumphantly enter into the glorious kingdom which their Saviour Christ is preparing for them in the kingdom that shall never end and where the joy of the angels cease not day nor night. But always sing in one triumphant song the Glories of Jesus.

Mother stays upstairs now almost all of the day with Father. Her leg is better than it was. It was very bad a little while ago. Annie is getting along pretty well. She is still at the school. She sends her love to you both wishing you many happy returns of your birthday. William's wife was confined last Good Friday with a son. She is getting along pretty well excepting she has a cold in her leg which confines her to her bed. William is away from home in a yacht

called the "Florence." The Duke of Leeds is the owner. William is the Mate of her. George and Leah are getting on pretty well. Their children likewise. Aunt Griffin is quite well, likewise Uncle and Aunt Cove. Uncle William is still living. He is pretty well. Old M. Maud is still alive. He gets out a little but is very much altered. Edward Woolgar is married and hs two or more children. He is in a Yact here. Robert Butler has a very nice school in which he is Master. He has a two class man. Archibald Bannister and William Day are in the Training College at Battersea. Bannister has obtained a first class scholarship. He has a Queens Scholar likewise; he is first on the list in the college. Day has not been there long enough to pass yet. Our dear school-master died last month. He was greatly beloved by all who knew him. He has left a wife but no children. Your old Friend William McWhite is still alive. He very often inquires for you. He is married and has several children. Doctor Clark has left here and we have a new doctor by the name of Dr. Meeres. I think I have told you of most of your aquaintanes. I must tell you now of Yarmouth, and its neighborhood.

In Yarmouth we have a new Coastguard House, and cottage besides a large house for the Lieutenant. We have a new Key I mean to say that it is much enlarged. A Bridge from Yarmouth to Freshwater. Those houses where Grandfather used to live are taken down and new ones put up. A new house also where Taylor Taber lived and that land on the top of our hill where Old Wiliam Law used to live is filled up with nice houses from number 16 to number 72 and one villa at a much high price. We have a new Gas House, Steam Mills, New Schools, New Malt House built against Mr. Tenkins, a new a very fine Rectory near Lady Burrards for our minister. Those gardens behind Old Blacksmith Harness are entirely filled up with new cottages by the name of Alma Mace. There are a great many cottages built going down toward the Mill. At Freshwater there are a great many fine cottages built and many fine Gentlemen Residences also a school in preparation for Young Gentlemen, a fine Coastguard Station at Freshwater Gate, a large chapel at School Green, a new school at Freshwater Gate, and on the Neederbine. Likewise a beautiful lighthouse on the Needles Rock that cost 60,000 pounds also preparations for a coast guard station at Brook and alterations in the country around us.

But Dear Brother we must leave the things of earth and look towards our Heavenly Home. I hope that if it is not God's will that we should meet on earth I hope that we may meet in heaven which will be far better but I long to see you here on earth if it were but for once. But no our will must not be as we wish but as God wishes. I draw the picture of Joseph Smith in this way. It is as a thick veil that shuts out the love of our Redeemer and under this veil the works of Satan are carried on to its greatest extent. Dear Brother will you throw the white robe of righteousness and the crown of glory away fro the filthy garment of Satan? I hopw and trust not. Look upward to the rest above and cast off the yoke, the bitter burden of the Mormon Faith and cast yourself your all into the arms of Jesus who is always ready to love those sheep who have strayed from the fold. My kindest love to Theresa, yourself and Jane, Sophia and all if you see them. And believe me to be your truly and affectionate brother

Albert Fryer

The following is a part of a letter written by Great-grandmother Eliza Fryer to Grandmother Jane Fryer Jorden Harrison about 1862.

"I am still with Albert and Leah and my sister Ann lives in the same house with us, but by herself. We have a great many new houses, a Bridge to Freshwater, a gas, clam Boats, and

large New Forts. Harvey Long lives at Hurst Telegraph and Old Joe lives at the Old Red House. But is very poor. Yarmouth is very much altered. Old Mr. Clark is dead, and they have left Yarmouth. George Bean is dead and Emma B and a good many more. Leah has three children, George three, William two, Ellen Chorolen is a good steady girl. She has been living in Camdon Town these two years. She is living with Clogima. Your Aunt Cove is still living at Hill Top Beaulin. Mary has 4 children and not a very good husband. Captain of a Yacht _____William is in London not married yet. Mrs. Chevalier much the same as ever. Has two sons. One is a Book Binder, the other a Compositor.

I will send you a paper and should be glad to hear from you. I have you always before me all of you. Poor Dick I fear he has not good health. Albert has not very good health. But he fights on. Some times cuts Headstones which he does well. He is a very steady laborer and quiet and very kind to me and so is William. And they are all very good to me. I hope you are finding sufficient for the day so that you may not want. My Love, Deep Love Dwell on your hearts. May God bless you and be with you forever hence. My blessings for your welfare in Life, and your Eternal Happiness in Heaven with all our united Love

Your affectionate Mother
Eliza Fryer

The following is evidently a part of a letter written to Uncle Richard Fryer from some of the family in Yarmouth and he has sent it on to Grandmother Jane Harrison.

"house our likeness is not very clear. It is just like us. Another time we will send you all one. Grandmother sends her kind love to you all and hopes you will live happy together. You will be sure and write us a good long letter and let us know whether you receive this and tell us all the news you can and what you work at. I must now say goodbye with our kind love to Tresa, yourself and all the rest, wishing you a happy New Year.

From your sister and brother Emmanuel and Leah Fryer.

On the other side of this sheet of paper is the following letter:

My Dear Uncle and Aunt,

I hope that you will come and see us as I have never seen you. Will you please tell my cousins that I should like to hear from them and tell Aunt Sophia to write to me to. I remain your

Loving neice Sophia Fryer

****

I am going to insert here a brief sketch of the towns in southwestern Utah. After Parowan and Cedar City were settled in 1851, John D. Lee, one of the settlers in Parowan, came a few miles south in the spring of 1852 and started Ft. Harmony the first town in Washington County. He was joined by 15 more families from Parowan. They had such good success converting the Indians that Lee suggested to Brigham Young that he send a group of settlers south to start an Indian Mission. So in May of 1854 President Young sent 29 men, under the leadership of Rufus C. Allen to set up an Indian Mission. These missionaries started the following towns: Santa Clara, December, 1854; Pine Valley, the summer of 1855; Pinto, the fall of 1856; Gunlock, 1857. (Robert Richey, one of the Indian Missionaries, went through the hills about 12

miles north of Harmony, took up land, built a home and started what was known as Little Pinto. Later it was known as Page's Ranch. It is about 3 miles east of Pinto, and four miles south of Old Iron Town. Later on he married Grandmother Jane's daughter Annie Jorden.)

In the meantime a group of Southern converts were sent down in May of 1856 to start the town of Washington for the purpose of raising cotton.

In 1857, a party of explorers crossed the rim of the Great Basin and found a warm semi-tropical climate with the verdure advanced. Isaac C. Haight of Cedar City and President of the Parowan Stake was in the group. So the following spring 1858, President Haight called Josua Thomas Willis of Ft. Harmony to go south and start the town of Toquerville. He was accompanied by Wesley Willis, Josiah Reeves, John M. Higbee, Samuel Pollock and a Mr. Brown and their families.

Because of the hardships people had to face in the settlement of this hot, desolate Dixie Country some of the first people called here wouldn't stay. When the people were called in 1861 to settle St. George, there were only 79 families in all the towns of Washington County. So over the years more people were called to help settle the country and help the ones here protect themselves from the Indians. Uncle John Geary and Uncle Richard Fryer with their families were likely among these groups.

Which family left Cedar City first, Grandmother Jane or Aunt Sophia Geary, I don't know. Grandmother's last child born in Cedar City was Aunt Linna Fryer Harrison born December 19, 1860. Her next child, Moses Whittaker Harrison, was born in Pinto, October 15, 1862. Although Grandfather Harrison worked at Old Iron Town there is nothing on our records to show if he ever moved his family there. It is likely he didn't. Grandmother's son, Frank Jorden, Jr., says, "I found it difficult to please Mr. Harrison, work as faithful as I would, caring for the farm during his long absences I was sure to be found fault with." It is possible that Grandfather worked at Old Iron Town and left Uncle Frank to care for the farm, and perhaps came home on weekends.

Grandfather Harrison worked for the Great Western Iron and Steel Company at Old Iron Town until they closed down. With the coming of the railroad in 1869, all the iron industries in the Territory closed down because it was cheaper to ship iron from the East than mine and smelt it here. After the plant closed down Grandfather attempted to make a living by farming (an occupation he was poorly suited for as he had spent his life up to then in the iron industry) and as has been stated he was Post Master in Pinto.

Here in Pinto Grandfather built a four roomed log house with a dirt roof. Grandmother had two of the rooms and Aunt Mary Ann, Grandfather's first wife, had the other two. The two apartments were divided by a hall that ran into a cellar where supplies were kept for both families.

Here Grandmother lived and cared for her family. She worked at nursing in Pinto and the surrounding settlements and ranches and delivered many of the babies. She delivered a baby and cared for it and the mother for two weeks for $3.00. She cut up the few nice clothes and sold the jewelry, she had brought from London, to help clothe and care for her family. She wove carpet to sell and braided straw for Aunt Mary Ann to make into hats. Aunt Mary Ann had learned the millner's trade in England.

January 29, 1865, Grandmother gave birth to another daughter that they named Elizabeth. That same year Uncle Richard had a son in Toquerville, October 28, 1865, that they named Richard Albert. But he died when just a baby.

After Grandmother married Grandfather Harrison, I can easily believe that she and her family lived through some very unhappy and trying years. Not only had she been asked to give up her first husband (with whom she was likely still in love) but she found herself now married to a person who was very difficult to live with.

He was the sort of man who was master of his household. He was fussy, particular, and precise. Everything around him had to be just so. His garden rows were as straight as an arrow. His pea and bean vines were staked up so they resembled soldiers standing in line waiting for orders from a commanding officer. I doubt if a weed would have dared poke its head up in his garden or a bird light in the corn patch. When he finished working his garden, he took his garden tools to the well where he washed, dried, and hung them up in a neat row in a shed. As stated before, no one except himself was ever permitted in the Post Office. There was just one RIGHT way to do everything -- and that was HIS way. (I'm afraid I'll have to admit he has some descendants with some of these same characteristics.)

He expected and generally got prompt obedience from those around him. He was strict, firm, determined, irritable, and domineering to the point of cruelty.

When Grandmother's daughter, Aunt Annie Jorden, was about 16, she fell in love with James or John Haslam and wanted to marry him. (I am not sure but I was under the impression that he was a Non-Mormon.) Some of the family say her parents told her she couldn't marry him that she had to either marry Grandfather Harrison or Robert Richey. I understood that it was the church authorities who were responsible for planning this marriage and Grandfather insisted that she obey them so she wouldn't marry a non-Mormon.

Her brother, Uncle Frank Jorden, Jr. says quote: "My only sister when she was seventeen years of age was induced to marry a man sixty years of age, who already had two wives. Because I would not give my consent to such a marriage, he threatened my life, saying if he could find me out away from home alone I would never get back alive."

Aunt Annie chose to marry Robert Richey in preference to marrying Grandfather Harrison. Some of the family say that after they left for Salt Lake to be married in the Endowment House, Grandmother told James Haslam that if he could catch them he had her permission to marry Annie. He rode on horseback trying to catch them (they must have been gone for a day or two) until his horse dropped dead from exhaustion, so he never caught up with them. One record says Robert Richey was 40 years old when he married Aunt Annie.

After marrying Robert Richey, Aunt Annie lived at "Little Pinto" or what was later called Page's Ranch. Robert Richey was one of the Indian Missionaries sent to southern Utah in 1854. He cleared the land at "Little Pinto," began to farm, and spent the rest of his life here. This ranch was between Pinto and Old Iron Town and was one of the best farms in this area. Here Aunt Annie had three children by Robert. As he was so much older than she, he died many years before she did.

After Robert's death, she met and married John Hodges. She met him while she was working at Old Iron Town. They had two children in Pinto. They later moved to Monroe where they had four more children and spent the rest of their lives.

Grandmother's son, Frank Jorden Jr., was unhappy after Grandmother married Grandfather Harrison. In his story he says:

"I have already stated that my Mother married in polygamy, and hence I was under a would be step-father, though I always felt a sort of rebellion against that sort of a fatherhood; still I had no choice, it remained for me to obey, not to question what others did. Through eight or more years I found it very difficult to please Mr. Harrison, work as faithful as I would, caring for the farm during his long absences I was sure to be found fault with, and as I grew older it was harder to bear, but I do not pretend but there were times when I merited reproof."

In 1863, Frank decided he would like to leave home and support himself. To this Grandfather agreed. They talked the matter over but by the time they separated Uncle Frank says, "neither one of us feeling very good natured toward the other."

He was just a little past nineteen at the time. He left home, got work, and lived with a Mr. Day. Ill feelings increased between him and Grandfather. Finally the church authorities decided to intervene. As a result Frank was cut off from the church.

The Mountain Meadow Massacre had taken place some time before this, and Grandfather Harrison and others who lived in this area, had been involved in it. As Uncle Frank knew a lot about the massacre, the people feared he would tell what he knew and they threatened him if he did. Grandmother became worried about this and came to him. He says this of her visit:

"One day my Mother came to me and said, "I don't know what they will do, they are terribly excited. Oh, it is a hard thing for a Mother to say, but Frank, for God's sake, leave."

When my sister, Linna, was on a mission in the Eastern states in 1930, she visited Uncle Frank Jorden Jr. and he told her that Grandmother came to him in the night and told him to go. She got Uncle Heber Harrison, Aunt Mary Ann's son, to get a horse for him to leave on.

One of his friends came and warned him that they were plotting to kill him so he left. Four other fellows joined him and they went to Pahranagate Valley, a mining camp in Nevada. He returned to Pinto twice, once under a guard of soldiers and second under guard of miners. This he did to settle up his business and secure what he could of his property. The distance to the mining camp was 125 miles. Here he remained until fall.

After he was cut loose from the church, he began to search for his long lost father. He wrote to Uncle Richard and Aunt Sophia to see if they knew if his father was still alive and if so where he was. He learned that he was still alive and that he was living in New Haven, Connecticut and was married. He wrote to his father, who was overjoyed to learn of his whereabouts. He urged him to come to Connecticut. So now he began to make plans to go to his father.

August 8, he wrote the following letter to Grandmother from Pahranagate Valley.

Pahranagate Valley, Nevada
Hiko City
August 8, 1866

Dearest Mother,

I received your note by Mr. Hatfield you said you was well but I thought you must be hard at work or low in spirits for your note was very short. I myself write short letters. You say you have paid Heber how does the mare suit him and you say you are going to pay the taxes. Let the taxes alone you need the money worse than them. Let them build the house that want it. Have you got the yearlings? I am going to write to Richard Fryer and give him a description of his yearlings. I will give it to you a red heafer brand on the right hip, and a straight cut I under the ear. Is Sophia there now if so give her my love. Things still keep moving here people come in from every way. Does the Saints enjoy their religion any better since I left. I do enjoy mine. They blamed me for reporting them to the vedette it is a mistake. I have been told who it was. It was a man by the name of Dan Cook. He is well known. I would like you to send me yours and Annie's likeness. I close short. Goodby.

I remain your affectionate son
Frank F. Jorden

Note: Heber is Heber Harrison his step-brother.

On September 2, 1866, he started for Connecticut by way of California a distance of over 6,000 miles. It was over 500 miles of desert, that he traveled on horseback. He says quote:

"After going about 100 miles we (a party of six) were obliged to pass through a Mormon settlement, where I met one of the Danites and he knew me, and I confess that I feared my fate would be much like that of many before me. But while in camp at that place, an Indian came to me and said that the Mormons wanted him and his band to follow me out and kill me, but he assured me that they wouldn't do it."

He finally reached New Haven in safety after a journey of two months. He says he was poor in purse and body but was happy to reach his father's house where there was bread and to spare. Here he was welcomed by his father and step-mother who were very good to him and he says "here were days of rest and peace."

I can truly say that I have a stepmother whom I love, but my heart still clings to my own Mother and I sigh to think that we were so rudely torn apart. Whatever faith she adopts she is still my Mother, for whom I long and pray."

After joining his father, he went to school and trained to become a Methodist Minister. In 1888, he moved to Torrington, Connecticut, and became the minister of the First Congregational Church there. He served the church here for two years. After that he operated the Torrington Creamery. Later he sold it to the Weigold family, which was then headed by George Weigold who married Uncle Frank's daughter Anna.

After going to Connecticut, he married Lucy Baldwin and they had the following children: Albert, Grace, Addie, Martha, Walter, and Anna.

Over the years, he wrote many letters to Grandmother and tried to get her to leave the Mormon Church. In one of his letters he tells her he is sending her a shawl. In another he says his Father and step-mother send their love to her.

At the end of this history I shall place a copy of the letters he wrote to Grandmother.

After Grandmother told Uncle Frank to leave Pinto and bade him goodbye, she never saw him again, however, she must have been comforted by his letters and the knowledge that he was safe with his own father.

****

She received the following letter from Aunt Sophia Geary written at Toquerville. As the letter has no date on it, I don't know when it was written. But the contents will make it evident that it was written before the next sorrow and tradgedy befell the family.

Toquerville

Dear Jane,

After waiting at Cedar City a week I at last got a chance to get home by the mail. I found them all well and very glad to see their Mother once more. I have got a good cotton Warp and will color it and send it to Cedar as soon as I can. I shall not be able to get the other warps for the other folks. Please tell them the needle work will get done as soon as I can and send to you. I found 2 letters waiting for me from John. He is well and doing well but did not say that he was in Bapet Store. He did not send any calico but a Linsey wrap for each of the children but none for me but this is all right. Please send Dick's pants as soon as you can as Dick's Latter End begins to look Bare. All the settlers in Dixie are to remain as they were. Only a very strong guard to be kept. But it is supposed that there will be settlers from other parts of the world. I forgot the neck tie you gave me for Dick.

Our kind love to all Every Body

Your affectionate
Sister Sophia

The next part of my story is composed of stories that have been told by family members over the years. I don't know how nearly correct I may have it or how near it agrees with what others think.

Aunt Sophia Geary was noted for her beauty. Some people said she was the best looking woman they ever saw. The following story is told of the day she ans Uncle John Geary arrived in Toquerville. It was quite the custom, of that day, for the church authorities to come out and greet new settlers when they arrived in town. Uncle John and Aunt Sophia's company arrived just as church was letting out on a Sunday afternoon.

Joshua Thomas Willis was bishop of the Toquerville Ward. It is reported that when he looked up and saw Aunt Sophia sitting on the wagon seat beside Uncle John he said, "My God, that is the most beautiful woman I ever saw in my life. I'm going to have her if I have to go to hell to get her."

He evidently set out to do just that. Exactly what he did I don't know but the family blame him for breaking up the marriage.

At what date Uncle John and Aunt Sophia arrived in Toquerville, I don't know, but as has been previously stated their last child, Annie, was born there February 29, 1864. By November 20, 1866, they were separated as can be seen by the following letter.

Toquerville, November 20, 1866

Dear Jane,

I received your letter and was glad to learn you were all well. Make the best of the clothes. If you could have got me 3 lbs. of gray I would be very much pleased but if you cannot get them I will try and do the best I can. When I send the work and can get the pay try and turn it into cheese so that I can send it up to the city. I got the cheese 11 lbs. and the small one for Sophia. She says she will send and thank, Sophia herself. Please send my cloth as soon as you can. I need it so badly. I would have like the gray roos made into jen s for a pair of pants but if you cannot get them it will be all right. Do you think I can get some butter and cheese by Christmas. If I could I would like it very much. We are all very busy putting up poles that is to say the men folks are. When that is completed they say Brigham Young will be down south in Dixie for the winter.

I shall be after taking a journey on the wires some day. So if you lose me you will know I am going a visiting. I have been sick with a bad cold and the children are not very well and I have to go out so much to do needle work. What a Horrible thing it is to be a POOR WIDOW.

Our kind love to all
Your affectionate
Sister Sophia

Note: Sophia who gets the small cheese is the daughter of Sophia who wrote this letter, and the Sophia she is going to thank for the cheese is likely Grandfather Harrison's daughter by his wife Mary Ann.

Eva Page Higbee, Aunt Sophia's granddaughter, told me another thing that may have caused trouble between Aunt Sophia and Uncle John was that when they were married, in London, the minister who married them told Uncle John that if their first child was a boy he would know it was his. But if their first child was a girl he would know it wasn't his child. The first child was a girl and Eva says he was always "Twitting" her about it. I don't know if he critized her or in modern language "kidded" her about it. At any rate people, in that day, were more superstitious and likely to believe a thing like that than they are today.

At any rate they separated and Uncle John went to Salt Lake. Aunt Sophia married Bp. Willis I don't know the exact date. Uncle John died January 5, 1867 and was buried in Salt Lake. His grandchildren have given me two accounts of his death. The children of his daughter Eliza Geary Keele say that he and some of his friends went rabbit hunting and he was shot. They found him dead with his gun lying beside him. At the time, they didn't know if it was an accident or if he had committed suicide. Another grandaughter Eva Page Higbee says they found him in the back yard with a bullet in his neck. Later they decided it was an accident.

Whether Bishop Willis went to hell for Aunt Sophia, I don't know but according to her Geary children SHE went THROUGH HELL after she married him. They say he did little to

help her support her children. To support her family she sewed, wove cloth and made gloves. The children, who were old enough, got work where they could to help out.

After Uncle John's death in January, Grandmother received the following letter from Aunt Sophia written in May.

Toquerville
May 7th, 1867

Dear Jane,

When Brother Willis returned from St. George he said Brother Harrison was coming here so I looked and waited but lo no Brother Harrison and now unless you come very soon I would like you to put off your visit until I come back from Salt Lake City, or I would rather see you when our peaches and grapes and all our fruit is ripe. Please send and tell me what you think of my choice (my young man) I rather think you will feel to say Why you can suit yourself. Well I think I have done the best from the many hearts and hands offered. Brother Willis is the one I have chosen. Now is the time to speak or forever hold your tongue. I'll quit.

Before going to the city I will send the work. My health of late has been very poor. I have done but very little. Sophia and the other children send their love to all your children. They say bring them with you when you come. Give my love to Mary Ann and tell her I will call and see her sisters. I passed by her brother in the city but he did not know me and I did not try to get in his way but I believe he would have treated me well if I had made myself known to him.

I suppose Heber has got married before this. Still I do not know where the young woman lives - I think in Pinto. Tell him to come here. There are quire a lot of fine looking girls and good girls in Toquerville. Today I have sent a letter to Frank. Rememberme to Brother Harrison. My kind love to all.

Your sister Sophia

That fall Grandmother had her last child my Mother, Effie May Harrison, born Ocotber 3, 1867, at Pinto.

I shall now insert another letter Grandmother received from Aunt Sophia. It is not dated.

Dear Jane,

I have at last sent you the gloves. Charge 50 cents. I would like the money if I can get it. I cannot buy my beading without money. I will send you the other gloves the next time. Get what money you can and the rest in store goods. I suppose it is no good to ask for cheese or butter. I could do with a few pounds of _____ Our fruit is about gone and I am glad of it. There is so much work with it.

I am kept busy making gloves for Duffines. It pays me very well but I do not get any money. I have to take my pay in such things as he brings in from Pioche. I think Heber ought to get himself a fine pair of gloves. Could I sell some ladies fine gloves among some of your friends. If you could sell some for me I should pay my agent for her trouble. But do not say anything to Duffins about it. Thanks for the cloth Dick brought me. All our love to you

From your sister, Sophia Willis

Echo is at home.

Note: Aunt Sophia made fine buckskin and silk gloves and sold them. Duffins were people who lived in Toquerville. Pioche was a mining town where the Mormons did a lot of trading.

May 22, 1868, Aunt Sophia gave birth to her first Willis child and named him William Richard Willis.

The following June Grandmother received the last letter I have that Aunt Sophia wrote to her. I reads as follows:

Toquerville, Utah
June 7, 1869

Dear Jane,

I thought I would send you a few lines to let you know that we are not dead yet. I have just come in from the garden with a big mess of peas. I wish I could send you a sack full I would. We have plenty but some of the gardens are bare as if it were winter. The grasshoppers have eaten up everything. I got a letter from Dick. They will not be back for 2 months. He intends to stay and work if he can. I have his two children staying with me.

Sophie has come home again. Mr. Birch is played out. He is done up. Brown can't afford to keep a girl any longer. So you may expect Sophia over there the first chance she can get. I think in two weeks. I wish I could get my pan. I went in such a hurry to St. George or I could have taken some rags and the honey but I had no time to think. Tell me if there is any chance of selling any more work and what the chance of getting wool.

If the grasshoppers will keepaway I think we will have some grapes and other fruit. But at present things look very strange. Bread seems all gone. All our people are planting cane seed and corn and cotton. But whether we will get a crop is yet to be seen. Our kind love to all the folks at home.

From your affectionate
sister Sophia Willis

Aunt Sophia's second Willis child, Laura Adina Willis, was born about 1870. I don't have the exact date.

April 27, 1872, Uncle Richard's wife gave birth to a son, George Maroni Fryer, at Toquerville.

Not long before Aunt Sophia's last Willis child was born, her oldest child, Sofy, went out in Long Valley to work. She got a chance to ride out with one of the neighbors who was going there. She says when she got ready to tell her Mother goodbye, her Mother leaned her head over on the sewing machine, where she was working, and began to cry and said,

"I'm sure I'll never see you again."

Shortly after that she died in childbirth, May 27, 1872, and the child died with her, and they were buried in the same casket.

Three weeks later Aunt Sofy met one of her Toquerville friends who told her of her Mother's death and burial. Mr. Willis hadn't even let her know. Is it any wonder that the Geary children hated him?

After Aunt Sophia's death, Uncle Richard must have taken care of her children for sometime. Grandmother had a sister Eliza who with her husband, had moved to America in 1840 and settled in Vermont. The fall after Aunt Sophia's death, Aunt Eliza wrote the following letter to Grandmother:

St. Albans, Vermont
Oct. 8, 1872

My Dear Sister,

I now seat myself to write you a few lines hoping to find you in good health as this leaves me and my family at present. I received a letter from my brother telling me your address also telling me of your sickness. I feel anxious to hear from you also the particulars of my sister's death. Tell me why my brother has the care of her children. Where is her husband and is her oldest girl married. It was sad to hear of her death so soon after Mothers and so many deaths at home. I wrote to Leah after Mother's death and have received no answer yet. I received one from Albert with his likeness telling me they were all well and wishing me and my family to prepare for the change we must meet with in the next world. I feel very sad at times to think how we are separated far from each other. I would give anything in this world if I could only be living near you or my brother. I live in hopes that when our railroad connects them that we will meet. I am sorry to hear that you have such a large family to care for it puts me in mind of home when Mother had us all to look after. Leah sent me Mother's photograph. I value it very highly, likewise a letter from my brother James with his. I often go and look at his kind old face and wish I could be with him.

I am going to write to Albert and encourage him to emigrate as I think he would do better in this country than at home. In regards of my own family I have only two boys one ten and the the other seven, and I send their pictures to you. My oldest is Ned named after my poor brother Ned and Charles the youngest. When I get an answer to this I will send my likeness and Husband's. Send your own in return to me if you can. I often ponder and thought of the days we passed together at home and me in a land of strangers but the Lord has been a faithful friend to me and has never forsaken me. Give my love to your Husband and children and except the same for yourself.

Your loving sister,
Eliza Forward

How many years has passed since you and I parted. Mother, before she died, wrote to me and told me of all the old neighbors at home also of the death of Robert Dore. It was a very sad thing to me to hear of his untimely death but never can he be forgotten by me. Although being among strangers I have never forgotten my dear old friends at home. Goodby God Bless You.

Golda Page Smith tells me that Aunt Sophia's girls got jobs where they could to help themselves. As Annie was only 8 years old a Brother and Sister Warren took her in, but were so cruel to here that the neighbors, a Brother and Sister Dodge, too her and raised her.

November 20, 1873, Uncle Frank Jorden Jr. wrote to his sister, Aunt Annie Hodges, and told her that when he heard Aunt Eliza Forward was in Vermont he wrote a letter to her which surprised her very much. She said that she didn't know she had a nephew near by. When she answered his letter she told him that she came to America in 1840, and had suffered from cold and hard times for her husband had no trade. He said at the time she wrote they were getting ready to go back to England because her husband's father had died and left him some property and he must go and see to it, and they had sent them money to pay their way back to England. That was in September he supposed they were already back in England.

May 1874, Uncle Richard wrote the following letter to Grandmother.

Toquerville, Kane Co. Utah
May 10, 1974

Dear Sister,

I thought I would sit down and write a few lines to you that you may know that we are alive yet and, like other people, looking for a bright future. This reminds me of the old saying, "There's a good time coming boys, wait a little longer." I have been bothered some with the rheumatism for the last fortnight but I am getting better of it now and busy fixing up around home. We have the prospects of an abundance of fruit this season. I understand from Brother Forsyth that you intend going to Conference and coming this way home. I hope you will do so, if you possibly can, sell my vinegar at any price you can and bring me in some flour with you, for it would be an accommodation in paying out for building. I am run to the last notch. But I intend to stick to it until I get a roof on my house. We are having quite a late spring here and very changeable weather for Dixie. But everything is prosperous never the less. Our kind love to all

From your curious brother,
Richard Fryer

Note: Brother Forsyth is Neil Forsyth who married Sophia Harrison a daughter of Richard Harrison and his first wife Mary Ann Whittaker.

The following October 15, 1874, Uncle Richard's last and youngest child, Moses Fryer, was born in Toquerville.

Uncle Richard's granddaughter, Lucy Fryer Vance, says the following of him after they came to Toquerville. quote.____

"The years to follow were more years of hardship. Children were born and death brought sorrow. The little wilderness to which they had been assigned gave little hope for adequate sustenance and "the blossoming as a rose." To feed and clothe his family was a constant battle with the elements and with hard work. Their daughter Annie used to relate how she and her mother hauled water in buckets from the ditch a block East while her father mixed mortar and laid the rocks in place to build their two story home.

According to the "old timers" from Toquerville who knew Richard, his special mission must have been to promote and build up the cultural beauty of God's Vineyard in this area. He was an artist, sculpture, and musician. He played for dances, led the choirs, painted the curtains and scenes for the local "plays" and gave music lessons. He was a violinist in his own

right -- a man of culture and refinement. (My Mother told me the same thing about Uncle Richard)

Sister Cedelia Bagley Willis, who knew him well, related to me (about the year 1937) things about my grandfather which made me proud. One statement well remembered was: "Your grandfather was such a kind and good man -- he gave me music lessons when I was thriteen years of age." End of quote.

The Fryer and Geary families had a better education than the average person at that period in history. Uncle John Geary's would be classed superior even today. They felt that the town of Toquerville thought that they considered themselves better than the rest of the community and resented it.

The following are stories told to me by the family and neighbors. One night Uncle Richard was coming down the street after dark, and two young "Upstarts", wearing masks, jumped out from behind a tree and beat him over the head with a pistol until he was unconscious. Then they dragged him down to Aunt Sophia Geary's house, opened the door, threw him in on her floor, and ran.

Another day some fellows (likely first cousins or brothers of the above mentioned "Upstarts" if not the same ones) caught him, tied his feet to a single tree that was fastened to a harnessed work horse, and raced through the streets of Toquerville dragging him behind them. Whether these cruel incidents might have injured him and been the cause of a mental breakdown I do not know.

In addition to these my Mother told me that Uncle Richard became upset and worried because he thought his wife was carrying on a love affair with their next door neighbor Thomas Batty. He finally ordered her to leave his house and take her infant son which she did. After that she lived most of the time with the Thomas Batty family.

He began to have temporary spells of insanity and had had them for a year or two when the following undreamed of tragedy took place.

THE DESERET NEWS
DETAILS OF THE FRYER TRAGEDY
TOQUERVILLE, KANE CO. March 16th, 1875

EDITOR DESERET NEWS:

We would respectfully request the use of a portion of your valuable paper to chronicle the following horrid tragedy, that has been enacted in our midst this day, and that has cast a most melancholy gloom over us all.

Richard Fryer has been at times for a year or two, laboring under fits of temporary insanity, but of late has acted in so rational a manner as not to be considered dangerous, and but yesterday did a faithful day's work at plastering. He sometime ago ordered his wife, Teresa Fryer, to leave his house and take her infant son, which she did, and has since lived most of the time with Thomas Batty and family, whose residence is but a short distance from her former home.

Fryer went this morning, about 7 o'clock, and knocked at the door of Thomas Batty's house, and upon being asked, went in, and asked if his wife was there. Being answered in the

affirmative, he asked her if she had not brought disgrace and shame enough upon him? Fryer then drew a loaded revolver and fired a shot at Thomas Batty, the ball entering below the left eye and coming out at the back of the head. Batty then fell into the arms and upon the shoulder of Henry Willis, who was present, when Fryer fired a second shot, the ball entering the back part of the head and coming out through the right eye. Fryer then turned and fired at his wife, who was yet in bed, the ball entering below the left ear and lodging in the head, near the right eye, which shot produced instant death. Fryer then shot his infant son, who was in bed with its deceased mother, the ball entering the child's forehead and coming out the back of the head.

Dr. Higgins, of St. George, who is now attending Thomas Batty and the child, does not expect the former to survive until morning, as he is sinking fast. There is a possibility of the child recovering, but with a very faint hope.

After completing the tragedy, Fryer went to his home, a portion of which has been lately built of rock, unfinished, being without doors and windows. After getting into the house, he reloaded his revolver with cartridges, a number of which were found upon him by the Sheriff. The sheriff of Kan County, as soon as he was notified of the facts, went as near the house of Fryer as was deemed safe and called from the bystanders a posse, instructing them to arm themselves, which they did. The sheriff and posse then approached the house as near as was wisdom, when the sheriff called and asked Fryer if he would surrender. The first time he answered, "I will not, if you want me, come and take me." The second time his answer was, "I will not; I have had enough of you and Bishop Bringhurst."

The position occupied by Fryer preclude the possibility of taking him without a farther sacrifice of life. After viewing the position and believing that unless immediate action was taken more innocent blood would be shed, the sheriff ordered his posse to fire, which they did, killing Fryer instantly. Besides a revolver, Fryer was armed with a sharp butcher knife and a heavy loaded whip.

The coroner of Kane Co. being notified of the aforementioned facts, repaired at once to the places occupied by the dead bodies, and held inquests upon the same, copies of which are herewith enclosed.

Respectfully,
William W. Hammond

INQUEST ON THE BODY OF TERESA FRYER

Territory of Utah, County of Kane,
Precinct of Toquerville

An inquisition held in Toquerville, Precinct, Kane County, Utah Territory, on the 16th day of March, A.D. 1875, before James Jepson, coroner of said county upon the body of Teresa Fryer, there lying dead, by the jurors whose names are hereto subscribed. The said jurors upon their oaths do say that the deceased came to her death by a pistol shot wound in her head, the same pistol shot being first by the hand of her husband, Richard Fryer (since deceased), the same being done in the residence of Thomas Batty (of Toquerville), at or about 7 o'clock this a.m.

In testimony whereof the said jurors have hereunto set their hands the day and year aforesaid.

John Parker)
LeRoy W. Bebee,) Jurors
John O. Naile,)
Attest._____ James Jepson)

****

Edwin Slack told me that J. Thomas Willis, son of Bishop Willis told him that he was the one who shot Richard Fryer and was still bragging about it when he lay on his death bed.

Quote from Lucy Fryer Vance:

"Thus ended the life of a noble pioneer, together with the faithful ones whose lives he had taken. How the heavens must have wept over Toquerville that day. Consolation came only in the knowledge that they had "fought a good fight, finished the work and kept the faith." End of quote.

My Mother said she was just a child at this time but she remembered when Grandmother received the word, and went to Toquerville. When she returned, she brought Uncle Richard's journal back with her. When Grandmother died the journal was brought to our house and Mother kept it in a drawer that the most courageous child in the family wasn't brave enough to open. When we grew older, she let us look at it and some of us read it. Later she gave it to Uncle Richard's daughter, Annie Fryer Clawson. It was from this journal that I obtained much of my story.

At his death Uncle Richard left three children: Eliza age 13, Annie 11, and 3 year old George. A Brother and Sister Lang raised George and took him to Mesa, Arizona. I don't know who cared for the girls but they must have stayed in Toquerville because Eliza married David Baxter the next year, and they lived in the rock house Uncle Richard had built. She was fourteen and David was 53. Annie likely lived with them. She married Charles Clawson and they moved to Colorado. But at what date I do not know. Later Eliza and David sold the house to the Presbyterian Church and they used it for a school house. They moved to Silver Reef a mining town close by. From there they moved to St. George. David was "leaded" from working in the mines and was not well. He died at his Mother's home in Spanish Fork 1891 and was buried in Goshen.

****

Of the little family group who had left England a quarter of a century before, Grandmother Jane had seen sorrow and tragedy come to all of them, and now they were all gone but her and her two children.

Grandmother lived in Pinto in the four roomed log house that Grandfather had built for her and Aunt Mary Ann until the fall of 1881. Here her last three children were born, and two of her children, Brigham and Linna, were married while there.

Thales Haskell, one of the Indian Missionaries, lived in Pinto for a while. Here he built a log house that had one big room with a fireplace in it, and there was a long lean-to, with four rooms in it, across the back. His daughter Maria married Grandmother's sonBrigham September 4, 1878.

Later Thales was called to help colonize Arizona. When he left, Uncle Brigham and Aunt Maria bought his house and lived there until they were called on a mission to the San Juan country in Southeastern Utah, to help colonize at Bluff City. It had recently been started by colonists who made their way to that place by the now famous Hole-in-the-Rock trail. They left Pinto in the fall of 1881. After laboring at Bluff for a year, there mission call was changed. They were asked to finish out their five year call by moving to the San Louis Valley in Colorado. I don't think Grandmother ever saw them again. Transportation in that section was extremely difficult for many years.

When Uncle Brigham and Aunt Maria left Pinto, Grandfather Harrison bought their house for Grandmother and her family. He and Aunt Mary Ann remained in the other house. The following spring, March 4, 1882, he died.

A flood came to Pinto and washed Aunt Mary Ann's house away. A brick room was built on to Grandmother's house for her. There she lived until she died, and Grandmother and her children took care of her, although her own children lived within a block of her. She died September 4, 1898. Grandmother and her family liked her very much.

December 18, 1879, Grandmother's daughter Linna, married Oscar Wood, who already had another wife but no children. When Aunt Linna's second child was born, she died February 28, 1888. This must have been an awful blow for Grandmother. In all her years of practice as a nurse and mid-wife this was the only case she ever lost.

After Aunt Linna's death her husband built a pretty little hexagon house with round windows in it, over her grave out on the hillside. When we were children and used to go to Pinto to visit Mother's people, this little house and Ben Knell's beautiful big mansion were the two landmarks we children always looked for first as we came out of the canyon, rounded the curve near Tullis's field, and the town of Pinto first loomed into sight.

Her daughter, Ada, married Neil Forsyth who was already married to her half-sister, Sophia Harrison. He had married her December 30, 1872. I think he married Ada the fore part of 1890.

In 1882, Congress passed the Edmunds Law which forbade plural marriages. Anyone caught breaking the law was to be fined and imprisoned and they were not allowed to vote or hold a public office. As a result the polygamists had to be on the lookout for federal officers who were constantly searching for them. This caused so much trouble for the Mormons that in October of 1890 the L.D.S. Church itself finally passed a law known as the "Manifesto" which forbade its members to practice polygamy. However, they were told to care for their wives that they had married before this date. During this period, that the federal officers were trying to catch the men who had more than one wife, many of the wives were moved to another state, especially if they were going to have a baby.

Aunt Ada moved out to Panaca, Nevada, before her first child, Effie Jane, was born there December 1, 1890. My Mother went out and helped her during this time. Later she had a pair of twin boys born there. The one she named Roy lived, but the other died. Just how long she remained in Panaca, I don't know.

Later she had a place of her own which was a little one-roomed lumber shack. There was a shed near the back door, with hop vines serving for sides, where she kept her cook stove in the summer. She supported herself and children by weaving carpet up to Grandmother's house on her loom. Her husband lived with his first wife in a large two story brick house about a block up the street. This lumber shack and brick house were the talk of the country side. I remember my Father coming into our house laughing one day just after he had returned from St. George. He told Mother that he had met a woman down there who wanted to know if he thought she could get Aunt Ada to weave a carpet for her. Father said she had a little boy with her who said, "Is the woman who weaves carpet the one who lives in that organ box up to Pinto?" About 1914, Aunt Ada was moved to New Castle where she lived in a small cement block house for the rest of her life.

Grandmother's son, Moses, married Louis Ashby, December 30, 1890. They with their children lived with Grandmother until she died in 1898. They had three children while living in Pinto. July, 1899, he sold Grandmother's place and moved to Lund, Nevada.

Grandmother's daughter Elizabeth married Rodney C. Badger. He was already married to President John Taylor's daughter "Tan" (a neice of Grandfather Harrison's wife Mary Ann) and Louisa Noble. What date she married him none of the family ever knew. It was after the "Manifesto" was passed which made it illegal in both the Territory and the Church. She was working in Johnson's store in Kanab when my Mother was married in May of 1893, because she bought the cloth for Mother's wedding dress there. So it was sometime after that. She went to Salt Lake and worked in a store there and I think likely lived with some of Aunt Mary Ann's sisters. She had several living there. That is likely how she became acquainted with Rodney Badger. The first years of her married life I think were anything but happy. Every little while she came back home evidently because of family troubles in Salt Lake. After Grandmother died she came to Pine Valley and lived with Mother for a while. After Uncle Rodney's wife, Tan, died and his children were married I suppose she finally lived in peace.

My Mother, Effie May, Grandmother's last and youngest daughter, was married May 2, 1893, in the St. George Temple. I'll bet she thought she had died and gone to heaven when she woke up in Pine Valley and found herself married to Frank Snow who was the pure essence of kindness. His children idolized him. Mother said he was a "Prince" and when she leanded on the kitchen table, looked out the window, and saw him going to the barn she could easily have kissed the dirt under his feet.

This must have been a great consolation to Grandmother to see at least one of her five daughters married to the man she loved and one she wouldn't have traded for any other man in the world. He was extremely good to Grandmother and she admired and respected him.

Grandmother lived in Pinto for the rest of her life. She cared for the sick until she died. She was well educated for that day. She was cultured and refined. (Annie Katherine Jarvis Milne, who came to America on the same ship with Grandmother and lived in St. George, said of her, "She had the most beautiful flow of language I ever heard.") She loved books and spent most of her spare time reading. She was a great lover of the works of Charles Dickens and read his books over and over. We still have her copy of "Our Mutual Friend" that she brought from England. My Mother told me she was the saddest person she ever knew and one of the kindest.

One day, after a rain storm, the family had placed some boards along a path just outside the kitchen door so people wouldn't track mud into the house. One of the boards was warped. Grandmother came out of the house and stepped on this board just as her daughter, Ada, came around the house and stepped on the other end of it. This caused Grandmother to lose her footing and she fell and struck her head a severe blow on the door frame of an outside cellar door. It caused concussion of the brain and she died two weeks later, March 18, 1898, without ever regaining consciousness. She was buried in the old Pinto Cemetary not far from Aunt Linna's grave.

Only Grandmother herself will ever know what she went through. I do hope God had reserved a nice peaceful nook for her up in heaven where she found Frank Jorden, with outstretched arms, waiting for her under an apple tree in full bloom.

****

Grandmother evidently kept her troubles to herself and said nothing about it to her children. All of her Harrison children had gone through life thinking that Uncle Frank Jorden went to California because he couldn't stand the poverty they lived in and she never heard from him again. My Mother was the only one of her Harrison children who ever learned the truth. When I unearthed the story the other children were all dead. I shall now relate how I found it out.

Uncle Frank Jorden Sr. was a cabinet maker. He made a rosewood work box, with a pearl on top, for Grandmother. It had a till in the top for needles, thread, scissors, etc. and there was a compartment under the till. It locked with a key. Grandmother kept this box on top of a cabinet in her living room. She kept it locked so the children wouldn't get into it and lose the thread, needles, pins, etc. that were so scarce and hard to get in that day. At least that is the explanation she gave. When she died, her daughter, Aunt Annie Hodges who lived in Monroe, was too far away to come to the funeral. So when the other children divided up her things they sent the workbox to Aunt Annie because her Father had made it. In the bottom of the box they found a pile of old letters that had been writen to Grandmother by her husbands, children, Mother, brothers, and sisters. These were placed in a box and brought to my Mother's home in Pine Valley. There they were kept in her bedroom closet for over 40 years. Mother was so busy raising children and keeping house that she never even bothered to look at them. When my sisters and I grew older we read some of them, but we were so young and knew so little about the family that we didn't know what we were reading.

I have always loved history and have spent a lot of time reading it. In the early 1940's, I became interested in family history and began to read and write it, and have spent most of my spare time doing just that ever since.

One early spring morning on a cloudy chilly day, Mother and I were the only ones at home. We had a fire in the kitchen range and Mother was sitting in her favorite little rawhide bottomed chair knitting. I, in my housecoat, was parked at the end of the kitchen table sorting through old family records. Suddenly I happened to think of this box of old letters, of Grandmother's, stored away in Mother's closet. I got the box and dumped the contents on the table. The first thing that fell out was a piece of paper with a list of births, marriages, and deaths of family members. I handed it to Mother and asked her who wrote it. She looked at it and said it was Grandmother's writing. I happened to glance down and noticed that on the paper it said she had married Grandfather Richard Harrison February 25, 1855. The next thing I happened to

pick up was the letter Uncle Frank Jorden Sr. had written to her from California, telling her he was coming back. It was crumpled and tear stained. I looked at the letter and saw that it was dated April 29, 1855. I turned to Mother and asked her how on earth Uncle Frank was writing to Grandmother telling her he was coming back when she was already married to Grandfather Harrison.

I have never seen anyone more startled in my life. Mother dropped her knitting and said, "What?"

At that point I had a "brain storm." I took all the letters and filed them according to the dates they were written, then read them in that order and explained to Mother what I had read. Just twice in my Mother's life I have seen her cry. Once when my Father, whom she idolized, died at the age of 48 and left her with 7 children under 17 years of age. The next time was when I unearthed this story.

She turned to me and said, "So that's what was the matter with my Mother. I have never seen a sadder person in my life. When she had any spare time she generally went off by herself and read. Father was so cruel and domineering that many times, after he would scold me, I have gone out back of the house and cried and wished Frank Jorden were my Father. If I knew how I could do it, I would go now and have my Mother and her children sealed to Frank Jorden."

****

Later William R. Palmer, President of the Parowan Stake, said to me, "I don't think your Mother needs to worry about that. I think the Lord will take care of those things when the time comes."

****

RICHARD HARRISON'S CHILDREN
Back: Effie May, Ada Jane, Moses, Linna
Front: Brigham, Sophia, Elizabeth, Heber

JANE'S HARRISON CHILDREN
Back: Effie May, Elizabeth
Front: Grandmother (Jane) Moses, Ada
Aunt Mary Ann (Richard's lst wife)

GRANDMOTHER JANE'S HOUSE IN PINTO

GRANDMOTHER JANE'S CHILDREN
BRIGHAM & ELIZABETH

RICHARD FRYER'S HOUSE
IN TOQUERVILLE

RICHARD & MARY ANN HARRISON

THE IRON MISSION

and

RICHARD HARRISON

THE IRON MISSION
&
RICHARD HARRISON

Richard Harrison, my Grandfather, was born in the village of Springmire near Dudly Worstershire, England March 8, 1808. He was the son of William Harrison and Elizabeth Baker. He said that his mother gave birth to four sons and two daughters in the following order Richard, Thomas, Moses, John, Ann and Mary.

The following was taken from a brief sketch he wrote of his life before coming to America:

"My Father and Mother did not belong to any society of Religious sect, but believed and taught their children good morals and strict honesty and industry. They believed by carrying out those principles that when they departed this life they would find as good a Heaven as any of the religious sects for they all believe different. My Father was a collier by trade a sober and industrious man of very steady habits.

At the age of about 14 years I apprenticed to an Iron Foundry of large works near Dudly. It belonged to a Mr. Salisbury Esquire and Sons. I stayed there for 4 to 5 years. From there I moved to another Large Iron Works about a mile or more away. It belonged to Mr. Graybrook and company. I worked there between 2 and 3 years. From there I moved to Talem Foundry and stayed there a while and then went into South Wales. I traveled through England and Wales until 1836 learning all I could in the different shops to finish my education in the iron business. Early in the year of 1836 I was sent for by a friend to come to Liverpool. I wound up my business as soon as possible and went to Liverpool. In March I went to work as a journeyman in the firm of J.P. Mather Dixon and Co. on William Street. My wages were steadily raised until I was the highest paid man in the shops.

On the 10th. of September in the same year I married Mary Ann Whitaker the daughter of Thomas Whitaker and Sophia Turner of Blakedown near Kiderminster Worstershire, England and commenced in the world for myself. (Mary Ann was born August 10, 1811.)

Previous to my getting married, for some time I was very seriously confused in my mind in relation to my souls salvation. I visited quite a number of religious sects of the day but could not settle down with any of them as they all differed in their religious creeds and all confessed to be on the way to Heaven. This I could not believe and believe the Bible at the same time. I stood neutral for some time. I often prayed to the Lord to show me the right way if there was any on the earth. I told the Lord, in my simple way, when I started for Liverpool, if he would prosper me on my journey I would serve Him if he would show me how to do it. I believe the Lord heard my simple prayer which was offered up in sincerity of heart, and with a determination to do what I said. It appeared that the Devil knew my determination and tried to upset my way as I was a stranger in Liverpool. Most of the men, in the shop, were very much given to drink and did not feel sociable toward me as I did not want to drink with them. They tried to prejudice the manager against me but could not do it. The proprietor of the works noticed me very much and my work and was much pleased with it, and rewarded me by giving me more wages than any man in the shop. During this time I saw the hand of the Lord over me for my good and I felt to thank him for it."

While living in Liverpool he became Supt. of the largest iron foundry in the world, and was holding this position when he was converted to the Mormon Church. He and Mary Ann were

baptized April 25, 1840 in Liverpool, England by Elder John Taylor who was married to Mary Ann's sister. May 12, 1840 Elder Taylor ordained him a priest and March 31, 1841 he was ordained an Elder by John Taylor and Brigham Young.

While living in Liverpool he and Mary Ann had a daughter Zipporiah Ann, born April 20, 1841 about 10 minutes before 8 o'clock in the evening. She died August 9, 1841.

After joining the Mormon Church they decided to move to America. They left Liverpool September 17, 1842 on the ship Sidney. Levi Richards was president of the company with D. G. Watts, John Greathouse, and Richard Harrison for his councelors. They were eight weeks on the ocean and arrived in New Orleans November 27, 1842. There they chartered the Alexander Scott, the largest steamship on the Mississippi River. They sailed for St. Louis but the river was so frozen over they were forced to stop and spend the winter in the little town of Alton, Illinois. When the river broke up in the Spring they went to Nauvoo on the boat "Maid of Iowa." They landed in Nauvoo April 13, 1843. Here they were introduced to Joseph Smith who made them welcome.

While living in Nauvoo they went through the Temple and received their endowments. Here Grandfather Richard built a good house and planted an orchard. They had the following children while living in Nauvoo: Lavina born September 18, 1843 and John Heber June 24, 1846. Lavina died June 5, 1845. When Heber was 10 days old the mob came to their home and told them they would give them just so many minutes to get out of town. They hurried and gathered together what few things they could and filled two valises. Aunt Mary Ann had just completed a quilt. She took it out of the frames, wrapped it around the baby, and fled. Grandfather with a valise in each hand followed her. After walking a few blocks down the street they looked back and saw their house in flames.

They went from Nauvoo to Burlington, Iowa. Here Grandfather worked at his trade as an iron moulder and made an outfit to take them to the Salt Lake Valley. They started for Salt Lake June 1849. They arrived in Council Bluffs July 4th. Where they were placed in the Company of Ezra Taft Benson to make the trip across the plains, they arrived in Salt Lake October 28, 1849. There they lived in the 14th Ward until 1850. Here Grandfather built a house and acquired some property. July 10, 1850 their daughter Mary Ann was born.

In 1849 President Brigham Young sent out an exploring party, under the leadership of Parley P. Pratt, to explore the southern part of the Great Basin and beyond. He had several things in mind one was to locate iron, another look for colony sites, and third choose a site for a settlement on the Old Spanish Trail. This party was known as the Southern Exploring Company. Leaving Salt Lake in November they passed through Ft. Utah (Provo) continued south to Salt Creek, San Pete and Sevier Valleys then turned west and crossed the mountains coming out into Little Salt Lake Valley at the present site of Parowan. They traveled south over the Rim of the Great Basin until they reached the junction of the Santa Clara Creek and the Rio Virgin River. They turned north and followed up the creek and over to the Mountain Meadows, by way of the Old Spanish Trail, to Parowan. They continued on to Salt Lake and arrived January 1850. Upon their return they reported to President Young that the country looked favorable to iron around Red and Coal Creeks

At October conference, that fall, President Young called for volunteers to come south and establish a settlement for the making of iron. One hundred men, some with families and some

without, were selected to come. Grandfather Richard was one of this company. He sold his property and prepared to move his family south. At the time, he owned what is now the Walker Block on Main Street in Salt Lake City. He sold it for the whole sum of an ox team, wagon, and an arm chair. In choosing this group president Young selected men who had had experience in the coal and iron mines and founderies of Scotland, England, and Wales. Because of Grandfather's experience as an iron moulder, he was chosen as a member of the party. He was 43 years old at the time.

Under the leadership of George Albert Smith, the party started out December 7, 1850. They were all instructed to meet at Provo where George A. called a meeting and explained to each man his duties on the coming mission. One man, who had been down with Pratt's party the year before, was chosen as guide. The company was organized in groups of tens and fifties with a captain over each.

When they first started out the weather was fine. They traveled from six to twelve miles a day. When they were camped at Hobble Creek the wolves came and killed one of their horses. By the time they had reached the Spanish Fork, high winds had risen and it began to snow. They went on to Pe-Teet-neet where they found captain Pace and his men building a fort for protection against the Indians. These were the last white men they saw on the entire trip. For better protection, George Albert decided to organize the men into a military company and drill them. They traveled on and made camps on Summit and Willow Creeks in the Juab Valley and then on Salt Creek. Part of the time the weather was cold and clear so they found plenty of firewood and feed for their animals.

By the time they reached Salt Creek the roads were muddy and slick and there was about six inches of snow. Here they had to stop and build a bridge. More snow was coming down all the time on the surrounding mountains. When they reached the Sevier River the weather was clear but very cold and frosty. They spent Christmas day crossing the river. It was intensely cold with the thermometer registering 12 below zero. There they found poor feed for their animals.

The day after Christmas they discovered some of their animals were missing. Henry Lunt found a trail made by the cattle and two Indians leading off toward the mountains. George A. ordered Captain Fulmer and twenty men to go in pursuit and take the Indians as prisoners. That evening about six o'clock the men returned with a man and a boy about 12 years old. Two of the oxen, belonging to George A., were badly wounded. They were filled with arrows. The Indians were put under guard. The next day they found that one of the oxen had died of its wounds. George A. was very angry and reprimanded the Indians severly. (Thomas S. Wheeler served as interpreter) Smith told them that if they took any more of the cattle that they would destroy the whole tribe. He told the older Indian he would have to give him the boy to pay for the dead oxen. The Indian readily consented and the boy was turned over to William Empey to raise and the older man was set free.

The company now resumed their journey. They crossed a mountain so steep that they had to hold on to their wagons so that they wouldn't tip over. They descended into a beautiful valley and camped. Here they found ten inches of snow but no water and were forced to melt snow for themselves and animals. They next entered a deep canyon where the snow was from 12 to 24 inches deep. The road was so dangerous that they were forced to double their teams to get through. One man broke a wheel so part of the company stopped to help

him and the rest went on. They next went to Cedar Springs where the weather was warmer and there was plenty of cedar wood and water. They passed into a pleasant country and crossed Exploreres Creek where they found good water, grass and cottonwoods along the creek bank. They crossed a sage brush plain and camped on Meadow Creek. Here they found good water but no wood and were forced to burn willows. There was an abundance of chalck in this vicinity. New Years Day they stopped and celebrated with a dance.

Their next camp was on Corn Creek where they found a village of wigwams and two acres of corn, wheat, and beans planted. The feed was poor and they found no wood so they were forced to go up the creek six miles where they found plenty of oak and maple. They also found some iron ore there. After leaving this place the weather became so foggy and the clouds so heavy and low that they lost their way and the guide admitted that he didn't know where they were. They came to a high range of mountains and the weather was bitterly cold. The company stopped while Captain Baker went in search of a better road so they wouldn't have to climb the mountain. He soon returned and reported finding a pass where they could cross into a beautiful valley. One party of fifty, in the company, had gone on ahead the day before and failing to find the pass had been forced to cross the mountain. They had been forced to tie ropes to the backs of their wagons and have the men hold on to them to keep them from tipping over. They named the pass Baker's Pass and the valley they passed into Dog Valley.

They had good traveling now and camped on Ore Creek where there was plenty of grass and cedar wood but no water. The snow now began to get deeper until they were traveling through 15 inches of it. The sun came out bright and the glare on the wide expanse of snow became so blinding to both men and animals that they could hardly stand it. This was where Cove Fort now stands.

January 5th. They decided to take the day off and hold church. They organized a choir to cheer the weary travelers on the way. It was under the leadership of Robert Wiley and became known as the Iron County Choir. Grandfather was a member of this group. They resumed their journey and next camped on Pine Creek where there was an abundance of grass and cedar wood. While here the wolves killed an oxen. They now passed over rough mountain roads, deep ravines, and steep hills that were dangerous. There was no water but plenty of wood and grass. They again encountered snow that was 12 inches on the level and three feet in drifts. The rough roads and snow had made the feet of the cattle so sore that the men stopped and took the hide of the oxen, that the wolves had killed, and made moccasins for the animals so they could continue their journey.

They crossed Beaver Mountain and river and camped in eight inches of snow. The weather was cold with the thermometer 7 below zero. Here they had to double the teams and cut timber out of the road so they could descend the mountain. It was so steep and the trees were so close together that many of the wagons had their bows and covers torn off in the descent. After passing through a gap in a second range of mountains they could see, the Little Salt Lake Valley, the place they were going to. The men and cattle were exhausted after this hard climb over the mountain.

When they entered the Little Salt Lake Valley George A. had them stop and fire a cannon and some small arms and give three cheers for Iron County. Part of the company, who had gone on the day before, were camped at Buckhorn Springs. Hearing the shots, they supposed it was an Indian attack and hurriedly sent two men back to learn the trouble. They also sent a

messenger on to Red Creek, where Baker and some of the company had already arrived, to warn them. They put up a strong guard. They didn't learn until the next day that it was a celebration and not Indians.

The last of the company moved on to Buckhorn Springs where they shod their oxen and killed rabbits. The weather was fine and they went on to Red Creek. The whole company moved on to Center Creek and made a camp at the mouth of the canyon. This was January 13, 1851.

Here they built the first Mormon settlement in Southern Utah and named it Parowan. There was a fine rapid stream, red rich sandy soil, and good grass. Parties were soon formed and sent out to explore the surrounding courntry. One group came back and reported finding fine saw timber of white pine up the canyon. They set to work building a bridge so they could haul timber across the creek.

January 16th. Jefferson Hunt and party arrived at the camp on their way to Salt Lake from California where President Young had sent them to explore a route to the sea. The saints had a big dinner and program in their honor, then held a dance in the evening. When Hunt and his party went on the people sent letters, by them, to their friends and relatives in the north. As they found bitter winds came out of the canyon to where they were camped they decided to move across the creek. They moved near a liberty pole that Pratt and his men ahd placed there the year before. Sunday 19th. They held church and decided to build a Meeting House, a fort, and a road up Center Creek Canyon. The following day ten men were sent out to cut timber for the Meeting House while ten were left to guard the camp. Two days before, Old Pete-et-neet and his band of Indians had come and made a camp near by. Eighty men were sent out to build a road up the canyon. By the 27th.of the month they had 25 teams hauling logs down the canyon for the Meeting House while others worked on the foundation hauling and laying rock. On the last day of January the men were permitted to go and haul logs for their own homes. The weather turned warm and they had an early spring. They went quickly to work building homes and clearing land for their farms. Bishop Tarlton Lewis says that while building the town, he discovered the ruins of an ancient city. In his diggings he found human bones and hair.

Parley P. Pratt says when he arrived April 10, 1851, on his way to the Pacific coast, that he and his company found the following quote: "We all arrived on Red Creek in the Little Salt Lake. Here the camp found water and grass to refresh themselves after so wearisome a journey. The same evening I arrived in the fort accompanied by the citizens out to meet us. I found the inhabitants all well, and the settlement in a truly flourishing condition. Hundred of acres of grain had been sown, gardens planted etc., and the farming land enclosed; together with a most substantial sawmill, and many houses of wood and sun dried brick, built and in progress. Building material of the finest quality, viz fir and cedar together with good building stone and brick, were scattered in profusion in every direction. Mechanics' shops were in operation, such as joiners, carpenters, millrights, coopers, blacksmiths, shoemakers, etc., All of this was the work of two or three months in winter and early spring, not to mention a large enclosure of picket in the center of the fort, a council house of hewn logs, and a bastion of the same material. The number of men composing the settlement and performing all of this work, did not exceed 120 men all told, including old men and boys, and Indian servants, just being tamed and initiated into the first rudiments of industry."

From the foregoing account it is easy to see that the people had not been idle. Friday May 16, 1851 the city council met to appoint the city officers. Grandfather was chosen as one of the aldermen. As well as building their church and homes and fencing and caring for their crops, that first summer, they also went out in search of iron and coal. May 1851 they discovered coal ten miles south of Parowan. That summer William Adams and Joseph G. Handy made two grinding stones. They were the first two articles manufactured in Iron County. Iron deposits were located.

As the iron and coal deposits were nearer Coal Creek, now known as Cedar City, they decided to build a twon there. Grandfather had just completed a good adobe house and cleared and planted land. The following November he and otheres were called by George A. to move to Coal Creek, build another town and assist in making iron. Eleven families with 35 men in the party were selected to go on this mission. The first winter they lived in their wagon boxes, formed in the shape of a fort for protection against the Indians. They suffered from cold due to the lack of enough warm clothing. January 30, 1852 a dry-goods pedler ventured this far south and they were able to buy clothing from him.

The men were divided into two groups. Seventeen were to work on the iron works and sixteen were to clear the land, plant the crops and build the homes. The following spring President Young came down and organized an iron company.

The following is found in records kept by Iron County: "May 11, 1852 President Young called a meeting at the home of Brother Ross in Cedar Fort for the purpose of organizing the brothers into a company for the manufacture of iron. Richard Harrison was chosen, by vote of the brethern as superintendent of the Iron works and Henry Lunt as clerk."

September 29, 1852, just 20 months after their arrival in Parowna, they were ready for the trial run on the iron foundry. The furnace was loaded and the entire town men, women, and children crowded around to see what would happen. Would it succeed or would it be a failure, and would they be asked to spend another hard year of labor? The entire town went to the furnace to spend the night. They held a program while they watched the torch applied, the blast furnace turned on, and waited to see what the result would be. The children were put to sleep on quilts spread on the ground while the anxious parents watched and waited. Just at day break September 30, Grandfather said, "It ought to be ready now Brother Adams, get your pole and try it." The entire crowd pushed forward in mass to read their fate. Robert Adams tapped the furnace and a stream of moulton iron came pouring out. People began to shout, cheer and dance with joy. They cried, "Hosannah to God and the Lamb." Within the hour, a committee was selected to carry the word to President Young in Salt Lake. The committee consisted of Thomas Bladen, Richard Harrison, Thomas Cartwright, George Wood, and P. K. Smith. Before night-fall they were on their way. This, without doubt, was the most dramatic event that ever took place in Cedar City.

By the end of the year the mill was idle because they lacked capital and enough hands to run it. President Young sent word to them to get iron into Salt Lake as soon as possible because the saints were greatly in need of it. The men sent word back that they couldn't until they had more capital to make a better furnace and more hands to run it. President Young came down and told them to clear as much land as they had already cleared ready for another group of men whom he would send down to farm. So the men went to work and cleared more land. President Young told them that he would rent it out to them on shares. This only increased their work instead of lessening it. The following methods were used to furnish them with more capital: President Young told them to go out and collect Iron County's

delinquent taxes and they could have the money. At that time Iron County's entire tax levy was $198 and half of that went to the Territorial Government. They were to have the delinquent part of the remainder. He also told them they could have the money collected from selling subscriptions to the Deseret News, copies of the Book of Mormon, Pearl of Great Price, and Brigham Young's Discourses. They could also have the money they could collect from the immigrants there who hadn't paid the church back for paying their way to Utah. These people had come down here into a wild unsettled country, faced Indians, cold, hunger and done a superhuman job to get things going. They had used up all the money they had to do this work and so it stands to reason they couldn't pay taxes, immigration fees, and buy books. The men were greatly offended and hurt after doing, what seemed to them, nothing short of a miracle.

After some time the men were able to raise some money themselves and the mill was started up again. They began to send iron into Salt Lake. President Young sent word back that they were making good cast iron but their iron needed to be more malable. These men, who had spent their lives in the iron industry, told him that they knew there was something wrong but they were unable to locate the trouble but they thought that it was too much sulphur in the coal. They had no way of making tests and learning the cause of the trouble at that time. Long years after when Columbia Steel came to this area and began to work they tested the coal and learned that the guess of too much sulphur was the cause of the problem. That is why they set up their plant at Provo, shipped the iron from this area, and the coal from Carbon County.

In the fall, Uncle Erastus Snow and Franklin D. Richards arrived from England where they had organized an iron company. President Young insisted that a new company be organized under this one formed in England, and put under a new head. So the Deseret Iron Co. was formed with Uncle Erastus as President and F. D. Richards as Sect. They had hopes of now getting better results. As Uncle Erastus had been born and raised on a farm in Vermont his knowledge of iron was probably limited to a stove lid and flat iron, and at that was a good match for that possessed by President Young and Mr. Richards. Under this new organization the same men in the original company were to continue on with the work only under a new head. They were to sell the plant, mines, roads, etc. to the new company then each was supposed to buy shares of stock back in the new company. So the Old Iron Co. sold out to the Deseret Iron Company for $2,865 64. The following is what the new company got for that amount. The entire furnace and all connected with it, the iron and coal mines and the 19 miles of road that they had constructed. Under the new setup the men were to work for wages and own so many shares of stock. NOTE: During the entire time not one single church official or the church itself had bought or ever did buy one single share in the company. The only church officials to ever own stock were Uncle Erastus and F. D. Richards and their shares were given to them as a reward for selling stock in the Deseret Iron Co. to people in England. The shareholders in England never did get anything out of it except a hole in their bank accounts.

Uncle Erastus knew little or nothing about the iron industry so placed some of the men of the first company over the different departments. Grandfather was made Superintendent of the moulding department. March 17, 1853 he says in his journal, "I ran about 400 lbs. of castings today and cast a pair of andirons or firedogs. They were the first castings made in Iron County in the Territory of Utah from the native iron ore made in Cedar City. A number of people came to see the sight. They gave three cheers for Iron County and the heavens were made to ring with 'Hosannah to God and the Lamb forever, and ever."

Under the new company $1400 was raised and sent from England. Uncle Erastus brought it down from Salt Lake and explained to the men that he wanted it spent wisely so he was going to place it in the hands of a trustworthy man. So he gave it to the Stake President Calvin Smith of Parowan As he had had no experience with iron he gave it to a man by the name of James James (known as double James) and told him to go and investigate the iron works and see how he thought the money should be spent. So Double James went to the directors of the company who told him they thought the main problem was the need of a higher smoke stack. He in turn went to Mr. Smith and told him that it made no difference whether the smoke stack was horizontal or vertical just so it was long enough, and the former was the cheaper of the two. So the money was spent to build a sort of a brick-lined tunnel that joined the smoke stack. It was a perfect failure and was just as likely to draw down as up.

When president Young and Uncle Erastus learned how the money had been spent they came down and chastized the directors instead of the trustworthy Mr. Smith. Uncle Erastus told them the thing they needed wasn't more capital but more faith. He informed them that they had been sent down to produce iron and not sit in the shade of a tree. He held a meeting of the directors. In the meeting Grandfather Harrison told him he would like to remain in the company and was still willing to do all he could but he would be unable to pay for the $600 in stock he had subscribed for and asked to be released. Uncle Erastus said, (quote from the minutes of the meeting), "I make the motion that because of his past efforts and good work that we let Brother Harrison remain in the company, but I still think he could have done better if he had tried." George A. Smith and others gave up their shares because they couldn't pay for them.

The men were greatly offended and hurt after doing, what seemed to them, nothing short of a miracle then to be chastized for lack of faith and scolded for sitting in the shade of a tree.

It must first be remembered that they had come to a wild unsettled land over which roved savage Indians. There wasn't a single settlement in this end of the state. The closest settlements were around Provo. The only connecting link with the rest of the territory was a rough rugged road over which everything they used, until after the first harvest, had to be hauled by wagon and ox team or horses. From the time they arrived on January 13, 1851 to September 1852 they had accompolished the following: They had helped settle and build the town of Parowan before coming to Cedar City; they had built seven miles of road to the coal mines, twelve miles to the iron mines; cleared, fenced, plowed, and planted 1000 acres of land. They built canals from the canyon to the fields. The first summer two floods came down the creek and washed their dams and bridges out so the men at the iron works had to stop and help the men in the fields replace them. They had also built a furnace, coke oven, smith shop, blowing operators, a mill race, burned 1000 pounds of charcoal, and mined and hauled iron ore and coal ready for the trial run; and had erected their homes.

Uncle Erastus looked their farms over and told them they were the poorest bunch of farmers he had ever seen, and he would send another group of men down to take over the farms while they ran the iron works. The men flared up and refused to turn the land over to someone else after they had put so much hard labor on to it.

Finally things went from bad to worse. The church kept demanding more iron and blaming the men at the plant for not producing it. These men, who had spent their lives in the iron works of England, Scotland, and Wales, could see that the job could not be done without more capital. They felt that they had come down here into a wild unsettled land hundred of miles away from any source of supply and carved a town out of the wilderness. They had worked, starved, and frozen; fought Indians, floods and weather and given up all they had and received nothing but criticism in return. Their struggle was one of the most bitter and difficult of any people who settled in the state. Finally the men blew up. Many of them apostatized and went to California, some moved north into Cash Valley and Idaho, and some remained and went into other kinds of business.

Grandfather Harrison continued with the Deseret Iron Company until 1859. "A letter written to him by George Albert Smith on March 1, 1859 says that he had just received a letter from Grandfather written December 1858 asking for permission to move to Beaver Valley. George A. says he laid the matter before President Young, who said it was all right with him for him to move to Beaver or any other settlement where he desired."

With the coming of Jonston's army and the railroad the church in time decided to close the plant down because they could get iron cheaper from the east than they could make it themselves. When the plant closed down, the Deseret Iron Company still owed many of the men for past labor. Many articles were still left at the plant as chains, iron parts, of wagons, tools, kitchen utensils, and irons etc. In the meantime St. George was settled. So president Young had Uncle Erastus come and gather up all these things, left at the plant, and take them to the saints in St George. Yet the company owed many of these men wages that were never paid. The men resented this and figured they were entitled to the things left at the plant. During these pioneer years Cedar City, under the direction of talented M. J. MacFarlane had one of the best trained choirs in the state. Brother MacFarlane was called to St. George where the church was erecting a temple and President Young was building a winter home. As a result, of all of this, an enmity grew up between the two towns that has never died out to this day.

In the meantime Grandfather had been elected as a Representative to the State Legislature from Iron County. In 1854 he took his wife Mary Ann and went to Salt Lake to attend a session of the legislature. While there Brigham Young made him acquainted with Grandmother Jane Fryer Jorden and told him to marry her and take her back to Iron County where she could serve the people as a nurse and mid-wife. February 25, 1855 President Young married them in his home. The witnesses were Aunt Mary Ann, her sister Sophia Taylor, Sister Stevenson, and Hyrum Clawson Clark.

After returning to Cedar City he and Grandmother had four children born there. They were Richard Fryer, who died when he was about nine months old, Brigham William and Ada Jane (twins), and Linna Fryer.

While Grandfather lived in Cedar City, the Cedar Stake was organized May 20, 1855. He was chosen a member of the High Council which was one of the first ever organized in the West. He was also a Seventy. April 4, 1857 a city government was formed and he was chosen as one of the aldermen. He was also an alderman while living in Parowan.

While living in Cedar City he built a house, planted an orchard, and had a farm and garden. In August 1856 the Indians raided the town, and Grandfather lost about $1040 worth of livestock.

****

When John C. Fremont made his fifth and final western exploring expedition into the West he arrived in Parowan February 8, 1854 after an incredible and nearly tragic hardship crosing the snowbound mountains of southern Utah. In his party was a Jewish artist and daguerretypist Solom Nunes Carvalho. Because of illness Carvalho left the expedition at Parowan and proceeded north to Salt Lake to recuperate. From here, early in May, he traveled with Brigham Young's entourage south through the territory, keeping a journal as he went. He continued to California and eventually returned to his home in the east.

While on this trip with Brigham Young he writes in his journal quote: "The morning after my arrival at Cedar City, I arose very early, and taking my sketch-book along, I sauntered around the city; in the course of my peregrinations, I saw a man walking up and down before an adobe shanty, apparently much distressed; I approached him, and inquired the cause of his dejection; he told me that his only daughter, aged six years, had died suddenly in the night; he pointed to the door, and I entered the dwelling.

Laid out upon a straw mattress, scrupulously clean, was one of the most angelic children I ever saw. On its face was a placid smile, and it looked more like the gentle repose of healthful sleep than the everlasting slumber of death. Beautiful curls clustered around a brow of snowy whiteness. It was easy to perceive that it was a child lately from England, from its peculiar conformation. I entered very softly, and did not disturb the afflicted mother, who reclined on the bed, face buried in the pillow, sobbing as if her heart would break.

Without a second's reflection I commenced making a sketch of the inanimate being before me, and in the course of a half-an-hour I had procured an excellent likeness.

A slight movement in the room caused the mother to look around her. She perceived me, and I apologized for my intrusion; and telling her that I was one of the Governor's party who arrived last night, I tore the leaf out of my book and presented it to her, and it is impossible to describe the delight and joy she expressed at its possession. She said I was an angel sent from heaven to comfort her. She had no likeness of her child.

I bid her place her trust in Him "who giveth and taketh away," and left her indulging in the excitement of joy and sorrow. I went out unpreceived by the bereaved father, who was still walking up and down, buried in grief. I continued my walk, contemplating the strange combination of events, which gave this poor woman a slight ray of peace for her sorrowing heart.

When I was about starting next day, I discovered in the wagon a basket filled with eggs, butter, and several loaves of bread, and a note to my address containing these words -- "From a grateful heart."

The above was taken from the book "Among the Mormons" Historic Accounts of Contemporary Observers. Edited by William Mulder and A. Russell Mortensen.

Publisher Alfred A. Knopf
Pages 269-272

I have read this article a number of times in different publications and they all state that this took place in Parowan shortly after Fremont's party entered the town. I was sure they were all wrong for the following reason:

The dead child was Mary Ann Harrison daughter of Grandfather Richard and Aunt Mary Ann Whittaker. Grandfather says in his diary quote:

"Mary Ann Harrison was born July 10th. 1850 about 18 minutes past 5 o'clock in the morning in the 14th. Ward Salt Lake City, Utah. She departed this life on Friday about 5 minutes past three in the morning May 19th. 1854 in Cedar City Iron County Utah Territory.

The picture, Carvalho drew of Mary Ann Harrison, is now in the "Old Church" in Parowan which has been turned into a museum for pioneer relics.

Grandfather evidently decided not to move to Beaver Valley. In 1860 he moved his families from Cedar City to Pinto a town about 3 miles west of Richey's Ranch. Two or three miles north of Richey's Ranch, four miles southwest of Iron Mountain, and twenty-two miles west of Cedar City "The Great Western Iron Company" established Old Iron Twon and set up an iron plant. This plant included a blast furnace (with a capacity of two tons of pig iron per day), machine shop, engine house, pattern shop, foundry, store, schoolhouse, and residences. Grandfather secured employment at this plant and was made Superintendent of the moulding department. He probably lived in Iron Town during the week and went to Pinto on the week ends. Grandmother's son, Frank Jorden, says he did the farm work in Pinto because Grandfather was away from home a good deal of the time. He worked for the Great Western Iron Company until it closed down about 1869.

After that the made his living in Pinto by farming and running the post office. After moving to Pinto he and Grandmother had three more children Moses Whittaker, Elizabeth, and Effie May (my Mother). Here he remained until his death March 4, 1882.

He was very particular and fussy. Everything he touched had to be done just so. When he finished working in his garden, he took his tools washed, dried, and hung them up. His garden rows had to be very orderly and free from weeds. No one, except himself, was every permitted to enter the post office. He took perfect care of it. He was appointed and elected to a number of public offices likely because he was so precise and particular about his work. He was the sort of a man who was master of his household. He was strict and firm, and expected and got prompt obedience from his family. He was the type of a person who was admired by his fellow men because of his efficiency and thoroughness, but likely lacked their love because he was so strict and domineering.

The story of the Iron Mission, in Cedar City, was given to me by William R. Palmer president of the Parowan Stake. He personally knew and talked to many of the men who settled Parowan and Cedar City. He had in his possession the diary of Henry Lunt, Sect. of the Iron Company, also many of the original records kept by the company. He let me read and copy much of the above information.

The part about the Great Western Iron Company I obtained from Leonard J. Arrington's works.

None of us will ever know just how Grandmother felt about President Young telling her and Grandfather, who were perfect strangers, to marry each other and he performing the ceremony when they had known each other barley six weeks. Did she have a feeling of relief as if help had come to her after Frank Jorden had left her alone with two small children to care for on a desolate and rugged frontier? Was she heart broken when she received Frank Jorden's letter a few short weeks after her marriage to Grandfather, telling her he was coming back to her? We will never know. After all Frank Jorden hadn't deserted her. They kept in contact with each other during his absence. His son, Frank, says he intended to come back to her after two or three years if he couldn't induce her to come to him in California.

The readers of my story will have to draw their own conclusion. I ended the story as I did for the following reasons:

First because of what my Mother said and how she felt about it when she learned what really happened. Second every one I talked to, who knew Grandfather, described him to me as I have pictured him in the story. Third if Grandmother didn't still care about Frank Jorden why had she kept that crumpled tear-stained letter during all those years?

Grandfather may have had his side of the story. Perhaps he wasn't any more thrilled about being told to marry a stranger than she was. After joining the church he had had things happen to him that could have made anyone irritable and cranky. He, who had had training and experience in the iron business until he had become the superintendent of the largest iron foundry in the world, really should have known what he was trying to do when he was placed in charge of the Iron Works at Cedar City. Yet he, and the men with him, received nothing but criticism from the church leaders over them. He likely knew more about the business than all his critics put together, yet when the plant failed he and those with him received the blame. He was involved in the Mountain Meadow Massacre. To have carried that on one's conscience would have been enough to drive one insane. Yet I feel that the one who ordered the men to go there was the guilty one. After all the iron works, in this area, closed he found himself trying to earn a living on a small farm - a job he was poorly prepared for. But in spite of all this that is no excuse for being unkind and domineering with those around one.

Often one is happier living with a kind an gentle person who isn't so brilliant and precise.

LETTERS FROM

REVEREND FRANK F. JORDEN JR.

TO HIS MOTHER

JANE FRYER JORDEN HARRISON

WRITTEN

AFTER HE LEFT PINTO, UTAH FOR CONNECTICUT

New Haven, Feb. 5, 1867

My Dear Mother,

I received your kind letter this morning, and I was happy to hear from you, for it is now nine months since I saw you, but as I am happy and Father and wife, who is very kind to me, are well, we all hope this will find you well the same. I am sorry to hear that your health is bad, I hope and trust you are well now, you say my likeness is a comfort to you, Have you received the letter I wrote to Annie? Enclosed to you, in which I sent mine and my Father's likeness, I hope you have. Did Heber get hurt with the Indians? I hope not. Tell Mrs. Hulse I thought she could take a joke, and I giver her one, I did not hear that George Day had met with such a catastrophe. Did you hear the particulars? Who was the Express Carrier? What was the trouble? When did it happen? and where? The last letter I got from him was dated December 22, 1866. I have wrote one letter to Uncle Richard but have not heard from him. I shall write to Uncle Albert soon and see how they are getting along. I have had one letter from cousin Alice M. Kitcher but she has not seen any of them for some time. O Mother I am so glad that I have been permitted to come here, not only to seek my Earthly Father but to find my Heavenly Father dear to my soul. O what a Glorious peace it is, to know my sins are forgiven, to know that Him who died for sinners died for me. When I first came here I was very much attached to the world, but I did not remain so long. I felt a great weight of sin upon me. I prayed to the Lord to forgive me my sins, he heard my prayers and gave peace to my soul, my heart is full and running over. I went to the Methodist Episcopal Church, time after time, seeking peace in Jesus. I went to see a minister and had a talk with him. The first Sunday in January I joined the M.E. Church, and I must say the past month has been the happiest of my life, we have meetings very often, and it is my delight to attend them when I can, Last night I was at a union prayer meeting. O what a glorious time we had. Oh how much better it is for young (or old) people to be there than running to the theatres, or gamboling saloons, or numerous other places of amusement. We are going to have another union prayer meeting soon in another church. Now to my young friends, who have sent their kind regards, to me, allow me to say a word of advise, seek earnestly your God and let all earthly things take care of themselves, for God has said seek ye first the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness and all other things shall be added thereto, for what shall it profit a man if he gains the whole world and then loses his own soul.

Give my kind regards to all inquiring friends. I shall ever be happy to have a few lines from them. O Mother I feel like praising God when I think how merciful he is to us all. I ever pray for you, that you may ever do the will of your maker. May God help you now and forever and when we have finished our probation here on Earth may we meet in an unbroken circle around our Father.

Page missing

Note: Mrs. Hulse was a woman he lived with after he left home but while he was still living in Pinto. Annie is his own sister

****

New Haven
July 19, 1868

Dear Mother,

It is five weeks yesterday since I received your last letter in which you said that Mary Ann had received a letter from her sister who said that the box I sent to you was there all safe. You say you have received my letter of April 26, 1868 and you said you would write to me the next mail by which I expected to hear that you had received the box but I have not received it, nor any in answer to the one dated May 27 and I began to think something was the matter. It is four weeks today since I wrote my last to you which I trust you have received by this time Mother I hope you will please write and tell me all about it. I am very anxious. Mother if I am a long way off I often think about you and wish the distance was not so great. I hope you will pardon my uneasiness as you must know my feelings some I can say again that I am getting along first rate with my trade. The past two or three weeks has been very warm weather here in New York since last Sunday by accounts there has been 740 Sun Strokes of which 50 percent died. There has been some here. I am pretty well. It has not me yet only to sweat me I have been sun struck once when I was in the mines. The heat is driving a great many dogs mad. Horses have been found dead in their beds. Father's little girl has been sick but she is doing well now She had the scarlet rash. I hope this will find you all well. I have not heard weather any of you received any of the papers I sent or not. Have you any telegraph lines through Pinto Do you hear much about the Pacific Railroad. I see in the paper the other day the account that Heber Kimball had died is it so or not.

Give my love to Annie and all the folks. Give my kind regards to inquiring friends, and by the way how is Father Edwards is he still there. If he is give him my respects and tell him that I would be happy to hear from him. Accept my love yourself and remember your affectionate son

Frank F. Jorden
134 East St.
New Haven, Conn.

P. S. Please write soon and tell me the news and ablige
F.F. Jorden

Shore Line Repair Shop. New Haven.

Note: Mary Ann is Richard Harrison's first wife. Lizzie Cain is Mary Ann's sister.

******

New Haven, Sept. 20, 1868

Dear Mother,

I received your kind letter of August 13 on the 12 inst. but you must pardon me for not writing sooner. I am glad to hear from you but sorry to hear that you had not received the box yet. But I have had a letter from Uncle Albert and he sends me his and his Mother's

pictures and he said that he had sent you your Mother's picture through Uncle Richard. I hope you have received it. He says your mother has kept her bed for the last five months and he thinks she will not get up again. He says all my Uncles and Aunts he believes are well. Aunt Eugenie, Uncle William's wife, has taken the children to Switzerland for the summer to see their Grandmother. They will be back in October. I have not received the paper you spoke about. It is near the Presidential Election now. I have joined the Boys in Blue which is a Grant Club. We'll put U. S. Grant in the Presidential Chair as we go marching round.

Father has sold his place and is going to move into the country next week. I shall go and help him get settled about a week I guess and then I shall go back and go on with my trade. I shall have to get a boarding place. I expect to pay $5.00 per week in getting my washing done at home it is only 6½ miles out of the city. There is a stage going every day so I can go when I want to . Father is not going to framing for a living all together. He has a shop where he will make carriages, shafts, and poles. He has 29 acres of land. 12 acres of it woodland, two cows, one horse and cart, two wagons and a carriage and geese. The weather is a little cooler now. I think we shall have a hard winter. If you have not seen Annie's last letter from me August 30, 1868 ask her to let you see it. There is something in it about a Railroad smash up. I have answered Uncle Albert's letter, but guess Heber will think I am never going to answer his. But tell him not to think hard of me for not writing. I have so little time now. Give him my kind regards to all the Boys and Girls too, and tell them I am Frank yet. Give my love to Annie and Uncle Richard and Aunt Sophia and remember me to Mary Ann and Lizzie Cain. 'Till I give you farther notice address my letters as below and I remain your affectionate Son

Frank F. Jorden

P.S. I forgot to tell you that I was well and all the folks and we all hope this will find you the same. Accept my love your son as ever

F. F. Jorden
Shoreline Railway
Repair Shop
New Haven, Conn.

****

Ansomia, December 16, 1868

Dear Mother,

I received your kind letter of March 13th. yesterday it had been in New Haven since the day after I left here. I am now with my Father. I came here the 4th. I found that I could not meet my expenses there are some things not so pleasant here as in the city but I think after I get acquainted I shall like it better. I was glad to hear that you were well. I hope this will find you so as it leaves us all well. I was also glad to hear that you had received the box all safe and so were we all. I hope that the color and fastener of the shawl pleased you. Did the water get into the box to hurt anything? I think it is about time for you to get them worn. I sent them the 25th. of April. I was sorry to hear the news about Kate Eldridge's death, poor girl. I think she was a good girl but she has escaped a world of trouble and I hope gone to that better land above. I hope I shall meet her there. I think her Mother must take it hard. Mother I hope you and I and all of us will give ourselves to the Lord Jesus Christ wholly and trust his grace for he has said his grace shall be up first for us. I know I follow him like Peter at

too great a distance. We are poor weak creatures but Jesus has said if we believe in him we shall be saved O I do pray God to give us broken and contrite hearts and renew within us a right spirit. O Mother I hope you will look to Jesus as the only one that can save a person and help in every time of need. Mother when I first came here I was so opposed to religion that I called it a humbug but praise the Lord I think different now. I cannot get enough. I want more of the religion of Jesus Christ in my heart. What hath God wrought? Why he hath put a new song in my mouth even praise to God. I wish I could bring out my thoughts a little there is what is called the Young Mens Christian Association composed of all denominations of Christians. What glorious meetings they do have. But I cannot attend them very well now but Jesus is not confined to places or persons. He is just as able to bless us at one place as another.

A page of this letter is likely missing.

****

Anaonia, March 25, 1869

Dear Mother,

I received your kind letter of March 1st. On the 24th. I was glad to get such a nice long letter from you Mother it does me good to get good long letters from anybody but especially from you. You say that you are thinking of me most of the time. I am glad to know that you remember me but do not give yourself any uneasyness about me for I can say that I keep good company not that I feel myself above anybody but I can keep such company as nobody can be ashamed of. And as for my being in want on account of what I spent for you, I am not and I think very likely that you have an idea that it cost more than it did, and then I have another Mother here (That is she calls me her boy) (It is not my Father's wife) She would not let me suffer from want she lives here with us. She is always anxious for me to get letters from you she wants to know how you get along. Mother you seem to have a great deal of faith in the Mormon faith but I cannot reconsile it, but the main thing after all is to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ.

When we get to Heaven there will be no sects there but all will be in Christ but praise the Lord if we live near to him we can have a to go to Heaven in. Last night we had a good prayer meeting. I do love to go to them and raise my heart in prayer and praise to His Holy Name. Why how can we help but love him when he has done so much for us. Mother I wish I could sit down and talk with you about this blessed religion instead of writing. But if I can't do one I must do the other, as you say our time is short so let it be spent in the service of the Lord.

I hope you have received the paper I sent you (the Messenger) I received one paper from you the other day. I will send you some paper soon but do not think of sending stamps for it. I sent you my picture, but I do not know about sending any to Uncle and Aunt for they never write to me. I have written to both of them. Give my love a good sher for Annie and all inquiring friends or accept a good share for yourself and I remain your affectionate Son

F. F. Jorden
Ansonia, Conn.

P. S. George Day has a girl. I received a letter from him Saturday. I am well and hope this finds you the same.

Note: Annie is his own sister

****

Ansonia June 15, 1869

Dear Mother,

I received your kind letter of May 17 on 12 inst. It must have been delayed somewhere for we ought to get a letter now in a little more than a week. But I am glad to get it now. You will see by the date above that I have entered upon my 26th. year and I do not know that I ever entered upon one with better prospects than now. Still I have days when I feel cast down but I try to trust in Jesus who has said that he will never leave nor forsake us. Praise the Lord the more I feel of his love in my heart the more I want. Mother I thank God tonight that he owns and blesses me, and my daily prayer to God is that you and Annie may see the true light. O Mother how I wish I could see you. I should have a great deal to talk about that I do not at all times feel like putting in a letter. It is now over three years since I saw you. O how I should love to see you and talk about what Jesus has done for you and me and is still able and willing if we only come to him in Faith and then I could tell you more about friends, O Mother. You say that you work hard and sometimes live hard. O I wish I could do more for you to help you but we are so far apaprt but I hope it will not always be so with you. I am still with my Father though I have tryed to get work in the city but have not yet. I would rather work at my trade than anything else. Father is trying to farm it a little this summer but things do not look very encouraging now. It is very rainy here this season. Since they have got the Railroad through I could come to you in a few days if I had the money to spend instead of two months as it took me to comehere. But I am not sure if it would be safe for me to come if I could. You wanted to know who the other Mother is. She is a childless widow. She lost a daughter 19 years of age nearly 20 years ago. When I came she claimed me for her boy. She lives in the house with us. She is 60 years old. She sends her respects to you. You say that Sophia is pouty because I did not send her my picture. I have sent her 2 but did not send her one of the last and I suppose that is what she wants but she has never sent me hers nor does she even write to me nor Uncle Richard either. Tell them that I would like to have a letter from them with their pictures. I have none of them yet.

And now just a word about something else. If I were so I could talk with you I would say more. Last winter I made the acquaintance of a farmer's daughter and formed quite a strong attachment to her and to speak more plainly we are engaged to be married on some future time. At present not possible. She is in her 20th. year. She is a plain and steady girl, but I am sorry to say her father is opposed to my coming to see her still he does not forbid me. He has not spoken to me since last February. It would be more pleasant if he were more favorable to be sure. But this is my first attachment of the kind and I do not propose to stay away for him. I cannot say more about it. I hope this will find you all well as it leaves us. Accept the well wishes of all the folks and give my love to all inquiring friends, and accept some for yourself. I remain you affectionate son

F. F. Jorden

****

Wesleyan Academy Boarding House
Wilbraham, Mass.
Wednesday Oct. 29, 1869

My Dear Mother,

It is some time since I heard from you. Perhaps you will think I am a long time letting you know about the sewing machine and knitter. To tell you the truth I ought to have told you before now. The knitter will cost about $70.00 that is to get one that they will warrent. I can get one for $25.00 but it is not thought to be worth much. I can get a good one that you can have it fixed for a tredle or hand for $45.00. It will cost about $10.00 to get them to Salt Lake. I can get a sewing machine for $12.00 but would not advise you to for it would not justify you to spend your money in that way. I wish I was able to buy them for you but I am not. I suppose before this time you have found out by Annie that I am going to school now. I want to go here for two or three years and then go to another one for about three more but I have got to raise means as I go along. I have enough for one year only. You will think this is a strange movement but I will tell you about it sometime. We have about four weeks more this term then I go home for two weeks. I look forward to it anxiously. I need not tell you why I would like to go home. I think you know well enough how any one feels who is in (love). I am only studying common English now but I expect to study Language and science before I finish. We have a beautiful light from my window which you will see marked. (The letter is written on school stationery showing the Boarding House where he lives) There are about 300 or more students here young men and ladies too. I do not know that I have any more to say about it now so I will bring my letter to a close for I have some lessons to study. I have no time to lose and you will please pardon haste on that account. I hope this will find you well as it leaves me at present.

Further considerations. O Mother can you be satisfied to believe such a doctrine as that taught by Brigham Young. My prayer is daily that you may see your error and turn to Christ. Give my love to all inquiring friends and Annie and accept the same for yourself Your affectionate son.

Frank F. Jorden

****

Wilbraham, Mass.
Dec. 21, 1869

My Dear Mother,

I received your letter today dated Dec. 3rd. It is a long time since I heard from you. O Mother I hope you won't think that I do not wish to hear from you. Mother it is a long time since I had a good long talk with you. But I should like very much to have one with you. I would be sure to tell you things that I do not write about. I sometimes think that I sahll never see you again. Oh how I wish you were where I could come and see you at times. I think of you every day and always remember you in my prayers. Mother can you be satisfied to trust in the doctrine put forth in the Mormon faith? How can you?

You say that you can't figure out about my coming here to school. If I were to tell you for what purpose I am here you would be more surprised. As you didn't ask me I guess I will not tell you this time. You told me to give your love to that young lady and you would like her picture. I'll send you the one she gave me last winter. I have another but it is not as good. My carrying it around in my pocket book will account for it not being very clean. If by the appearance, given in the picture, you are willing to have her as a daughter speak of her as such when you srite, will you? I do not want to give you anything to worry about, but I do want to tell you something that took place when I was home on vacation for two weeks. She lives about a half a mile from Father's house. The day before I left to come up here to school again her brother came down and asked me to go up to the house that the folks wanted to see me. I went and had been there about an hour or more when her father came into the parlor and put me out of doors. The snow was deep but she put on her things and went home with me. He says he cannot bear the sight of me. Her mother thinks of me as a son and calls me such. They all like me but him.

I hope this find you well as it leaves me. Give my love to all and accept the same yourself. I remain you affectionate son

F. F. Jorden

****

Wilbraham, Mass.
April 2, 1870

My Dear Mother.

I returned to school day before yesterday and found a letter in the office from you. I did not come when the school began, but a week after. I had to go home last term a week before the close of school on account of sickness but am getting along pretty well now. I hope I shall be able to pursue my studies. I had intended to tell you my object at school this time and you have asked for it. So I will do so now. Though you may be somewhat surprised. I am trying to obtain an education in order that I may enter the ministry. I have felt it ias a call from God. Long did I strive to do otherwise. But I could not withstand God. If God has a work for me to do I have given myself to him for him to do with me as seemeth good in his sight. It was a great undertaking for one so illiterate as I am. But I am willing to trust in God for help. For without him I can do nothing. Though I have been out to preach but twice I felt God was with me and I am encouraged to go forward. Mother acting according to the honest convictions of my soul I am studying with the view of becoming a Methodist preacher and by God's help I expect to become such. Though my means are small I expect the Lord will provide. While I was at home during vacation I received a present of $50.00 and once before $25.00 and that helps me very much.

You say that you do believe in Brigham and "pray that you ever may." and ask " Is this going to make my boy hate his Mother?" No; My Mother I value this immortal soul too much for that. I love you with all my heart but while you pray that your faith might continue in Mormonism. I shall pray that it may break down and that your eyes may be opened to see Christ as your Saviour Crucified for your transgression. As for Brigham Young he is nothing to me, but it makes my heart almost break to think how he has duped so many and

is leading them in the wrong direction. He is an anti-christ of the Bible. Jesus has said if any man shall say lo here or lo there is Christ follow not after them. O Mother I hope you will not be so willing to be lead by man but stop and consider thy ways. You say that we may have trouble here but the Lord's will (Amen) but let us give ourselves wholly into the Lord and he will help us bear the trials. I have met some very hard trials but I bless God that he has assisted me to bear them. Do not think that I do not love you Mother for I do. O I wish I could talk with you but if I cannot I can pray for you.

I am sorry to hear of your sickness but am glad that you are better. I hope we shall be permitted to meet again on earth and sometimes I think I shall and then I think not, but the Lord only knows. But when the Master shall come he shall find us with the wedding gaments on and our lamps trimmed and burning and it will be well with us.

I hope that this will find you well though I can't say that I am but I am getting better. If it is the Lord's will I shall remain here until the first of July when we have 8 weeks vacation again. Then I shall go home but expect to come again next fall term if the Lord will. Give my love to all and accept the same for yourself. I remain your affectionate son

F. F. Jorden
Wilbraham, Mass.

P. O. Box 69

****

Gaylordville, Conn.
July 27, 1871

My Dear Mother,

I have thought much of you lately. It does seem so long since I heard from you. I have wondered how it was that my Mother could abstain from writing to her son whom I know she loved much. I also know that she was and is loved in return. Oh my dear Mother do please write and talk with me again. What have I done Mother to cause you to disown me? I know not unless it is becaue I am preaching the Gospel of Christ. But my Mother professes to love Christ. Why should it grieve her to have her son become a preacher? Is it because he is a Methodist? I would that you were all Methodists not in name but in heart. Do not understand me to infer that I think the Methodists are right and everyone else wrong. No, No. I do not. I love all that love Christ and would that all did love him. I do not care for the name of the Denomination if they have Christ in their hearts and the hope of Glory.

I have written several letters to you without receiving any reply and feel sometimes as if I had no Mother. You will see by the address that I have changed my residence again. I moved here in the spring. I may not stay here longer than next spring. I cannot tell anything about it. I feel as though I must come and see my Mother and tell her of the love of Christ sometime. But God alone knows whether I shall ever come or not. I do believe my Mother would be glad to see me. I should have to have her see my dear wife. We are getting along very nicely together. I know you would love her if you were to see her.

I went to the national camp meeting held at Round Lake from the 4th. of July to the 14th.. It was a little more than a hundred miles from here in New York state. The same men were there that went to California and Salt Lake City. I assure you I had a good time waiting before

the Lord. God wonderfully poured out his spirit and power. Hundreds were converted and the people of God established in their faith being filled with the Holy Ghost. It was a Pentecost indeed to my soul. God was very precious. My wife did not go but I wished she had. But God is not confined to time or place. I have a larger charge than I had last year but my people are very much scattered and I find it hard work to do all the walking that I have to though I do ride some times. I am thinking of buying a horse for I really need one. I have three places where I preach twice every Sunday. I have had two funeral sermons to preach besides in the last week. One of them was for a young man 12 days younger than myself. He leaves a wife and child. Oh I thought God in his infinite mercy had spared me for some wise purpose. The other was an old man 58. Then I thought my Mother may die before I see her again. Oh Mother it is my prayer that God may help you to see the ground you occupy and that you and I may be ready when the Master shall call. I have written a few verses of poetry and it is the language of my heart. May God bless it to your good.

Page missing.

****

Gaylordsville, Conn.
Oct. 4, 1971

My Dear Mother,

I received your letter in due time, and I assure you I was glad to hear from my Mother once more. You said I had not told you how I was living, in want or not. We are housekeeping. We have five rooms, and are situated over a country store where they sell dry goods and groceries so we have only to go down stairs to buy whatever we want about the house. To be sure some articles we have to send to other places for, but Father lives about seven miles from New Haven and my wife's Mother lives only about a half mile from Father. So when we want something we cannot get here we send to them. They get a letter the next day after we mail it. Then they send what we want by Express which costs 30c that is we have never had anything cost more. We are living very comfortable. We are not in want still our means are small. I have only $300 salary for my services, but the people bring in a good many things and help us along. It is their custom to make their Minister a donation. (Last year my salary was $300 but before I came away the people gave me a donation of $60) The people, in this place, last year gave their Minister by donation $134.00. So I think we shall come out all right. However, my trust is in God. I didn't begin to preach to get an easy living, but because I felt it was my duty.

I am aware that much depends upon how the people like their Minister whether they give much or little donation. But neither did I think of preaching to please persons. No. I preach as I understand the Bible, and I preach in plain terms. You know my education will not lead me to make flowery sermons. But by the help of God I endeavor to preach the Gospel. I do not expect to please everybody. My Savior did not do that. Some do not like me (so I am told) because I preach plain. I never expect to preach any other way God being my helper. We are situated about 40 miles from the ocean. If there are any other things about our situation that you would like to know please write what they are and I will tell you.

I received a letter from Uncle Albert a few days ago in which he tells me of his Mother's death which I think perhaps you know of it before now. Oh Mother shall I ever see you again? I hope I shall and my wife too. We should both like to see you all very much. You did not say if you had received our pictures which were taken since we were married. I sent them to you last spring. If you have not received them tell me and I will send you some. Tomorrow night I have received an invitation to go and marry a couple about 2 miles from here, and I expect to go. I am thankful to say that we are pretty well and hope this will find you the same.

I should like to know how Heber is doing now, and the rest of the folks. Give my love to Annie and accept the same for yourself. Give my kind regards to all. I hope to see you some day. Write as soon as you get this and tell all the news. Your affectionate Son

F.F. Jorden

I read a telegram a day or two ago stating that Brigham Young was to be arrested. Is this true or not? Your Loving son

F.F. Jorden
Gaylordsville, Conn.

Note: Uncle Albert is his Mother's brother.
Heber is Heber Harrison a son of his Step-father, Richard Harrison and Richard's other wife Mary Ann.
Annie is his own sister.

****

West Redding, Conn.
Dec. 9, 1872

My Dear Mother,

I feel as though the long silence must be broken. I have waited a long time to hear from my Mother. I have waited too long. I ought to have written before. I will not say I have been too busy to excuse myself (that wouldn't be true) I think I never ought to be so busy as to neglect my Mother. I have been thinking Mother will write soon sure and then I will write to her, but I can wait no longer. In my mind and in my dreams I have entered your home many times, walked through you streets, and noticed the changes since I left there. Sometimes it seems but a few steps over to you and then at other times it seems too far at least to walk. But Mother I do not forget you. No, No I think of you more than once everyday. I never go to bed without asking God to bless my Dear Mother and all that are dear to her. I never begin a new day without asking God to bless my Dear Mother. No, No Mother your boy (though he is a man grown) does not forget you. I am as anxious about your welfare as I ever was. I cannot do much for you I know but I would like to be able to do much for you.

I often look at my darling babe and say, "I do wish Mother could see you." She is a bright spot in our house. She is 11 months old today. She creeps about the house and has had 4 teeth these two months, and we think much of her. We are getting along happy together. We have not

much of this world's goods but we have the Blessed Jesus as our friend and comforter, and he has prepared mansions for us in that city whose streets are gold. With all this in the future he gives us here a hundred fold now in this life and the world to come. Life everlasting Glory be to God. While I have a wife that I love dearly and a babe that is near to my heart I still think of my Mother and love her as in time past.

I hope the Lord is with you more and more. I think sometimes Mother that I am a grief to you in being so far from you. I could wish that I was nearer to you and hope the Lord will yet open up the way for me to come and see you at least. I will say that my health is pretty good now. I am still working for God. By his help I preach his Gospel every Sabbath from the pulpit and endeavor to live it every day. The Lord watches us all and gathers us to himself in Glory is the prayer of your boy. I received a letter from Ada and will answer it as soon as I can. Give my love to Annie and all the children and all that inquire for me and accept a good share for yourself and remember me as your loving son.

F.F. Jorden
West Redding, Conn.

Note: Annie is his own sister. Ada is Ada Harrison his half-sister.

****

Roxbury, Conn.
June 2, 1873

My Dear Mother,

I suppose you think it is about time for you to hear from me again. I think so myself. You will see by the address that I have moved again. I am about 22 miles from where I was last year, and about 25 or 30 from Father. We moved here the early part of May. The people are all strangers to me except that there is a Methodist Society here as well as a Congregational and Episcopal and we are all members of the Great Church of Christ and being adopted into his family we are one in Christ Jesus. This is a little larger place than I have preached in before that is as a Pastor of a church. (I have preached in larger places as an exchange with other Ministers, and have exhorted before a congregation of near two thousand. But that is only occasionally. I feel therefore a greater degree of responsibility in assuming the Pastorate of this place than I have heretofore. I feel quite at home however in my new field and the people seem to be satisfied with my preaching thus far if I may judge from what I see and hear. I hope the Lord will make bare his arm to save sinners for there are many who do not pretend to be followers of Christ.

My health and that of my family is pretty good. Grace is now almost 17 months old and runs all about in doors and out and begins to talk considerable. I wish you could see her. We have a son also that will be six weeks old tomorrow and he is growing. Lucy is also getting along nicely as you will suppose by her moving here herself two weeks ago in the cars. I suppose you will know that yesterday I was 29 years of age. Does not seem possible that I am so near 30. How I would like to have you look in upon us, and more I would regard it as a pleasure if my mother could come and spend her days with me but this I feel cannot be.

I think on that account I should enjoy a letter from her. If she is situated that she cannot write I will try and be content. If she will send a few words by others when they write. I wish I felt able to come and see you myself. I should be rejoiced to do it. I hope and trust dear Mother that you still remember me as your affectionate son. Give my love to all that love me (enough to inquire for me) and keep a large share for yourself. Your Affectionate son

F.F. Jorden

A few words to Ada (his half-sister)

Dear Sister,

I am glad that you took pains to write to me and it is not that I did not appreciate it that I have not answered it sooner. I have no pictures of any of us now that I would like to send, but I will send you some when I can get some taken. Did Mother receive the large picture I sent her of Lucy and myself? It does not seem as if you and Brig could be so old but the time passes quick. I hope you will all be good children. If you are getting big you can help Mother the more. I want you to kiss Mother. Annie and the children for me and give my love to all of them. Remember me kindly to all that inquire for me. Keep a good share of love yourself. Write to me and tell me about Mother. You know your Mother is my Mother too and I love her as much as ever. I am your affectionate brother

Frank.

****

Roxbury, Conn.
Nov. 20, 1873

My Dear Sister,

Yours of the 4th was received yesterday and I was very glad to hear from you my only sister. I was not looking for a letter now. I was looking in my letter book the other day and I thought I owed you one but I must have neglected to make an account of the one I sent you with Grace's picture. I remembered that I received one from you a day or two after.

But I confess that it with peculiar emotions (while here alone in my studio) that I take my pen to write to you. Your likeness and those of your dear children bring before my mind (so fresh) the things of the past that while I say I am glad to hear from you there is a sadness creeping over me. While I think of the past there are scenes that I would like to throw a veil over. You have not only alluded to the past, but desire me to express my feelings about the same. Oh Annie I cannot. I love you and have never ceased to love you. At the time, your actions very much displeased me, and I am sorry now that it should be so. My feelings have a softer nature than they had then, and I do not wish to use any words but those that breathe love. Then let by gones by by gones. If you have it in your heart to forgive me for the hard words I used and for the very unkind way that I treated you, I shall be very glad. I should not have done it, even if you did displease me, so forgive me.

Tell your dear children that it makes my eyes wet to look at their pictures and my heart heavy when I look at their Mother. May the Lord grant us the privilege of seeing each other again. I think your children look like their Mother. The older one looks quiet but the other one looks full of life, fun and mischief.

You say Mother asked you for my address. Did she not receive a letter from me dated June 2nd? I sent her one but do not remember if I sent her a picture of Grace (like the one you got) with it or not. If I didn't I'll send her one. I wrote to Ada at the same time. I have never heard if they received them or not. Please let me know.

I would so like to hear from Mother. I hope she will not forget or disown me. I have not had a letter from her in over two years. I know that I ought to have written to her more than I have in that time. I wrote her on March 26, 1872, Dec. 9, 1872 and I don't as much as know if she ever received them. Oh if I had the wings of a dove or the means at my command I should see you all soon. But do not think for a moment that I am sorry that I came East. I am glad that I came but sorry that I can't see those that are dear to me. I hope I can come and make you a visit some time.

Anna is Mother's health very poor? How does she live now, by herself or do they all live together? Tell her I would so much love to see her and talk to her. I remember how much I used to enjoy talking to her when we were alone together. Tell her I heard Aunt Eliza was in Vermont, so I wrote her a letter which surprised her very much for she didn't know she had a nephew near by. In answer to my letter she said that she came to America in 1840 that they had suffered some from the cold and hard times for her husband had no trade. At the time she wrote they were getting ready to go back to England because her husband's father had died and left him some property and he must go and see to it, and that they had sent them some money to pay their way back to England. That was in September so I suppose they are back to England by now.

You may also tell Mother I shall be glad to receive her picture as well as one of Pinto and hope it will be very soon. You say you suppose that I knew Sophia was married to Kneal Forsyth. How should I know when I don't receive any letters. You are the only one who writes me from thos parts. I did not know it and it does not seem possible. It does not seem so long ago since I saw her for the first time being rocked in a rocking chair at Mrs. Cain's in Salt Lake City but I see that is 18 years ago. Time waits for none of us. Tell her for me that I hope she will have a happy life. Tell Kneal he must be a steady man now for he used to sow wild oats when he was a boy. Tell him if I could see him I would shake his hand. Only think he has taken a wife and did not tell me. (How about the flood?)

How is Father Edwards? He was going to visit me but never has. Goodbye love to all that love me. But for Mother, yourself and the children much love. Your affectionate brother.

Frank F. Jorden

Roxbury, Sitchfield Co. Conn.

we are all well.

Note: This letter is from Frank F. Jorden to his sister Annie Jorden Richey Hodges.
Grace is Frank's daughter.
Aunt Eliza is his Mother's sister.
The thing his is asking forgivness for is he objected to her marriage. (I think)
Sophia (who married Kneal Forsyth) was Sophia Harrison a step-sister of Frank Jorden's.

****

Roxbury, Conn.
Jan. 18, 1875

My Dear Mother,

It is a long time since we had a good talk, but I have often longed for the privilege to converse with you, but I cannot tell if that is for me or not. One thing Mother I have and that is I can think of you and I do every day, and my heart goes out to God in your behalf. Oh how thankful we ought to be to God that He has given us a memory. While we may be by necessity at a distance from each other, we can come very close together by the aid of memory, so that we see the party we think of, and so it is dear Mother that I often think of you. I often think of sitting with you in your room and enjoying your company. I remember the words of encouragement you gave me as we stopped one time on our way to Cedar City under the trees where we made a little fire and warmed you some tea, how I felt more like being a man than I ever had before.

True it is that memory often bring up things that do not afford any comfort, and yet for this I would not be without it for I can learn many lessons in this way. So I doubt not Mother that you can remember many little acts of mine that grieved you. But I hope also that I left you tokens of love and respect. I am often led to say that "The Lord moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform." I know not why we might not have lived near each other in the life. But I can trust in our Father, who is too good to be unkind, and too wise to make mistakes." I should like to see you very much, but if our Heavenly Father sees that His Glory is greater, or that it is his will for us to be apart, I can say "Thy will and not mine be done." While I love dear friends on earth and my dear Mother comes very close to me yet I can say that I love God more, and my Saviour who did so much for me. "Were the whole realm of nature mine, that were a present far too small; Save so amazing so divine, Demands my life, my soul, my all."

Yes Mother I often think of you when my little girl is at play. How Mother would like to see her boy now a man with a wife and three children around him. I do wish you could see us all especially the little ones. Grace is now just past three years old. Albert is nearly two and the baby is six months. Compare him with the little boy who, after his Father was gone to California , mounted the horse behind Mr. _____ to go to the farm on the banks of Jordan. With the boy riding colts and driving cattle or the Shepherd boy in the lower precincts of Pinto.

Please write to me Dear Mother and tell how you are getting along. Remember me to all the inquiring friends. Give my love to Annie and her children and reserve a large share for yourself I am your affectionate son

F.F. Jorden
Roxbury, Conn.

****

Guilford, Conn.
Sept. 21, 1877

Dear Mother,

It has been a long time since I heard from you and I must confess that in consequence of that fact I have allowed too long a time to lapse since I have written to my Dear Mother. I often feel very lonesome when I think of my Mother so far away. The distance seems greatly increased when I reflect that I have not heard from my Mother but once in seven years. Had somebody told me years ago that she would forget me or even seem to I would have said they were wild but such is life full of changes. But Mother I will not reproach you rather let it pass though it is a great affliction to me.

I think perhaps that by this time that your faith may be so strong in a system which is being more and more exposed as that of an imposition upon weak minded people by a set of men without principle, honesty, or conscience. But enough of this sort. It is not the purpose of a letter to turn into a lecture. I hope you will pardon the breach of this law in the above, I suppose there is some degree of Excitement over Brigham's death. I confess I little thought of John Taylor filling Brigham's place, but perhaps it is only for the present.

I hope you are well and comfortably situated. I think likely there are many changes since I left there now over 11 years ago. Those children that I left you with I suppose are among what are called the young people now. I would like to look in and see how you all are. I frequently dream that I am there, but there is always something unnatural about it. The world has undergone great changes morally since I saw you, and I am not without change. I doubt very much if you would know me now if you were to see me. I have changed physically, morally, mentally, politically, and religiously.

And now my Dear Mother in closing this short letter, perhaps uninteresting to you, but nevertheless a letter from your son. Let me ask you to write to me. It would be such a joy and a comfort to see something that my Mother had touched and still better to see something she says to her boy. Oh Mother, if you love me please write to me. I would rather you would write me a scolding letter than none at all. If you were here I could show you four grandchildren all of which I think you would love at once. I will now wish you goodnight hoping this will find you all well. Please remember me kindly to inquiring friends and give my love to Annie and retain a good portion for yourself and remember me as your affectionate boy

Frank

Address me F. F. Jorden
Guliford, Conn.
New Haven Co.

****

Story Creek, Conn.
Nov. 30, 1880

My Dear Mother,

It is indeed a long time since I have written to you and much longer since I have received anything from you and still longer since I have seen you or heard you speak. To see you

now would seem more like a dream than a reality. And oh my dear Mother though you're not writing to me at all in the last ten years, makes it appear as though you had ceased to care for me, yet down in my heart I still feel that my own precious Mother loves me, and if it be otherwise, I know that she is my Mother still. And though I am a great way off from you, I think of you every day and my prayer goes up to God that you may yet see the true light from heaven, and be saved from the errors into which false prophets have ensnared you, and that your son's love may be enlarged by the knowledge that we are happy in a common salvation. Oh my Mother I feel that Jesus is a precious Saviour. I feel sure that by this time it has been proved to you that Mormonism is an imposition, a fraud, yea a blasphemy. You are yourself a witness that it is not true. In your Patriarchal blessing it was prophesied that you should have joy, that, has been the farthest possible from the truth, and it is impossible that it should ever be otherwise. Then while the Bible in the very words of Jesus says, "No man cometh unto the Father but by Me." But a false prophet raised up to say in fact if not on words, that Jesus did not know everything. That there are sins that require more than the blood of Christ to cleanse or pardon. I cannot tell how much I wish that I could see you and have a long (yea many) talks with you. It is a great mystery to many how it is that I who was brought up and educated in Mormonism, should finally leave them. I tell them as I now tell you, that it was because I studied Mormonism as a (good) Mormon should to know all I could about it. I found that its eternal evidence was very decidedly against it. The more I learned of it the louder it spoke to me, that it was not of God, but it was man's inventions. I was almost an infidel, for I knew no religion but Mormonism and my heart revolted against that. Oh, my dear Mother I intreat yea let me plead with you, to look into God's word for yourself and discard entirely that book called Mormon. It is not divine but was written by a man who lived not far from here. It was written as a story or a novel. I believe you are sincere, but please go to God for help to know His will and the way of Redemption and He will hear and answer.

It is now nearly 15 years since I left the pretty little valley of Pinto. We have no such places here. There are no mountains such as we call mountains and the hills are very different. What they call a valley here I call a hollow. No such pretty valleys as are found out there in the mountains but we have many other things to take their place. But I think that so long must have made very much of change there. The colored hills must be the same, but the settlement and communication with other places must be better than then. I must confess that I sometimes have a longing to be there again. I find myself wishing for a good horse back ride that was so common to me when I lived out there. There are plenty of horses here but I like the kind you have there very much better for riding. They do not ride that way very much here. The riding here is nearly all by carriage or cars. I think the people I knew must be growing older, some are probably dead. The children are married but that is the case every where. Nothing is unchangeable in this world but God's word. I often think of you dear Mother as prematurely old, made so by a long time of trouble. How I wish that you were near me so that I might lessen your sorrows a little, and help you sustain your burdens. I often go to the bedside of the sick mother, and see her children taking care of her. Then my heart aches. I envy them and think I can never do that for my dear Mother. She may sicken and die before I can know anything about it, and while I am writing this she may be suffering. It sometimes seems as though I could not have it so, but then how "vain is the help of man."

But then I am changing also. You may think of me as the slender boy who at best never weighed more than 122 lbs. I now feel myself uncomfortably large (pussy) and I weigh over 160 lbs. and an occasional gray hair especially in my beard - puts in an appearance.

Then I was but a boy not knowing that I should ever have a wife. Now I have a wife (and a good one) and five children - 3 girls and 2 boys.

Perhaps your papers have informed you of the minister the Rev. C. W. Hill who recently went out to Park City, not far from Salt Lake City. He went from this town, he used to preach here before I came here. He and I were ordained to Gospel Ministry at the same time and place on the 21st. of last July. I hope some of you may see him sometime. He is a missionary. May the Good Lord make him very useful.

I think now I must close this long letter or I shall make you sick. I frequently dream of going to see you but my visits are always too short. You may think of me as visiting you now in this. Remember me now to all inquiring. Give my love to Annie and the rest of the children, and all who wish it, but reserve a good share for yourself from your loving son

F. F. Jorden
Story Creek Conn.

****

Monroe, Utah
Aug. 5, 1884

Dear Mother,

It is with pleasure I take my pen to write a few lines to you. It seems an age since I hard from you. I think sometimes I will wait and see how long you will be before you write, and then I think well I will try again and see if you will write to me. I believe I have had one letter or two from you in three years. I know it is not over two now. Mother if you have not entirely forgotten me I would like to hear from you. I mean I would like you to write to me if you feel like it. Dear Mother I do not know what to write about for you never write and so I have nothing to answer. Mother I would like to see you very much whether you would me or not for it seems as though I am alone in the world except my own family. Of course it is a help to have them around me and I know it is. Dear Mother it does seem so hard to have a Mother and cannot even have a letter from her or a word even. Oh Mother it does seem hard.

Well Mother it is awful hot here. It does seem as though I can hardly stand heat. It is up to 120 degrees in the shade now and I am so fleashy it seems as though I will melt. I was weighed the other day and I was surprised to think I weighed 124 pounds. Tiby weighs 84 pounds and she is half a head taller than me. Well enough of that stuff. Well Mother I wrote to Ada a while ago but I have not had any answer yet. Since that Anna sent her a small present. But we have not heard whether she received it or not yet but we would like to hear whether she has received it safe or not. I was afraid they would not go safe but we hope they went all right. Mother if you have one of Dear Sister Linna's likenesses to spare I wish you would send me one. Mother kiss her two little ones for me and tell them Aunt Annie wishes she could see them and all the rest of the folks very much. Well I must close hoping this will find you all well as it leaves us all at present. Love to all from all

Your daughter,

Annie

Note: The above letter is to Grandmother Jane Fryer Jorden Harrison from her daughter Annie Jorden Richey Hodges. Ada is Annie's half-sister Ada Harrison. Linna is another half-sister Linna Harrison Wood, who married Oscar Wood andhad two children by him. She died in childbirth when her daughter Maggie was born. She was the only patient Grandmother lost during her years as a nurse and mid-wife. Tiby and Anna are Annie's daughters.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Among the Mormons, Ed. by William Mulder and A. Russell Mortensen

Diary of Richard Harrison

Family Records of: Annie Jorden Richey Hodges
Effie May Harrison Snow
Elizabeth Harrison Badger
Eva Geary Page Higbee
Golda Page Smith
Jane Fryer Jorden Harrison
Lucile Forsyth Snow

Journal of Richard Fryer

Journal of Henry Lunt -- Secretary of Iron Mission

Letters of Jane Fryer Jorden Harrison

Life Sketch of John Thomas Geary by Sherelene Jensen Clove (step-daughter of Geary Page)

Life Sketch of Richard Fryer by Lucy Fryer Vance

Story of the Iron Works by President William R. Palmer

Thales Hastings Haskell. Pioneer-Scot-Explorere-Indian Missionary Assembled by Albert E. Smith - Grandson

True Story by Reverend Frank F. Jorden

Utah and Her Western Setting by Milton R. Hunter

World Book Encyclopedia Vol. 9