

Jacob Hess and Hannah Thornock,

Parents of Clara Hess Bateman

Written by Dr. Harold C. Bateman

JACOB HESS

Son of John Wells and Emeline Bigler Hess

Born: January 6, 1848, Salt Lake City, Utah

Died: March 28, 1937, Paris, Idaho at age 89

Married: Hannah Thornock, February 15, 1868, Salt Lake City, Utah. He was 20 and Hannah was 14.

HANNAH THORNOCK

Daughter of John and Ann Bott Thornock

Born: 22 September 1853, Whitwick, Leicester, England

Died: 27 September 1933, Paris, Bear Lake, Idaho at age 80

Children: Elzada Emeline, Mary Ann, Perry Jacob, Clara May, Hannah Dora, Elizabeth, Addie Artencia, John Arthur, Delbert Lorenza, Milford Nolton, Raymond Aquilla.

Jacob Hess was the eldest child of John W. Hess and his mother, Emeline Bigler and he was my mother's father and thus my grandfather. Jacob was born 6 January 1848 in Salt Lake City, Utah while his father went to get his mother at Mt. Pisgah, Iowa and her family and bring them to Utah. John's father whose name was also Jacob Hess had died there 22 June 1846. He suffered a severe stroke which paralyzed one of his sides prior to leaving Nauvoo, Illinois. The stroke was undoubtedly caused by overwork and deep anxiety resulting from the brutal and unjust persecution of the vicious mobs who burned his house and robbed him of practically all of his earthly possessions. When the irate mob drove the Mormons out of Illinois, the stricken man occupied one of the two wagons they had in making the move to Mt. Pisgah, Iowa.

The second wagon carried their goods and nearly all the others had to walk every step of the way, rain or shine. Soon after, their arrival there, John and his wife, Emeline enlisted, he as a soldier and she as a laundress in the famous Mormon Battalion which was mustered into the United States Army during the War with Mexico. They moved west with the Army but found it imperative to leave his very ill father, his mother and their family at Mt. Pisgah. For a detailed account of this history, it is suggested that the Autobiography of John W. Hess be referred to which is included in the previous section of this history. Soon after leaving Mt. Pisgah, John learned of the death of his father. His mother and family remained there until her son came for her by wagon departing from Salt Lake City, Utah 9 September 1847 and brought them to Utah, arriving back, 27 July

1848 and was pleasantly surprised to find the first born to Emeline and him, little Jacob in her arms. Some members of the Emeline Bigler family who are descendants dispute that we are of a polygamous origin since John J. Hess married Emeline Bigler over three years prior to the birth of our grandfather, Jacob but it is rather academic to worry about this technicality at this late date.

Jacob grew up in Farmington, Utah where he secured his early education. He was baptized 28 May 1858. Poverty and the hardships of pioneer life left their scars on him. Since he was the eldest child, great responsibilities were placed upon him when quite young. He cut hay with a scythe and a cradle and when it was cured properly, it was loaded onto a hay rack and hauled to Salt Lake City where it was sold for cash. The money earned was used to purchase clothing for the family. Jacob suffered a terrible traumatic crisis when his beloved mother, Emeline passed away in child birth, 31 January 1862 and she lost the baby, too. She was only 47 years old when this tragedy occurred and Jacob was a mere lad of 14 years of age. She had suffered untold hardships during the trek from Nauvoo with the Mormon Battalion over rough roads from Mt. Pisgah to Council Bluffs, Santa Fe, New Mexico, [and] Pueblo, Colorado; and finally to Salt Lake City just four days after the Brigham Young contingency arrived, 28 July 1847. These severe trials plus the periodic childbirths evidently weakened this remarkable woman.

The ages of the young family she left behind ranged from Albert Carrington who was a baby, less than a year old to Jacob who was 14 years with all of her nine children spaced a year or two apart. We do not know who cared for all of them but we do know that Caroline workman who married John W. Hess, 25 April 1862 cared for Jacob from that time on until he was married. Jacob herded sheep on the Fremont Isles and while there he was visited by a rough looking character who was minus two ears with the words indelibly written on his forehead, "cropped for Robbing the Dead." He fed the man who afterwards lingered to get some rest, then departed but was not seen by Jacob again.

Hannah Thornocks' records are fragmented and incomplete but we do know that she was born in Whitwick, Leicestershire, England, 24 September 1853, a daughter of John Thornock and Ann Bot. Her father was born, 15 March at Laxfield, Suffolk, England while her mother was born 7 June 1820 at Whitwick, Leicestershire, England. Hannah was their sixth child and was their last child born in Old England. Their seventh one, Sarah Ann was born 8 April 1857 in Salt Lake City, Utah. This fact interpolated meant the family left England to migrate to Utah since they joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and later settled in Farmington, Dave County, Utah when Hannah was between five and six years of age. She and Jacob attended the school, ward and grew up there. It was here they met, courted fell in love and were married in an Endowment House, in Salt Lake City, Utah, 16 February 1868. They were blessed with their first child, 7 June 1869, a girl they named Elzada Emeline.

Jacob and Hannah lived in Farmington until he went with his uncle, Nicholas Barkdull and others to look for a new home in the spring of 1870 to Bear Lake County, Idaho where they took up land in Georgetown. Nicholas took his family with him and after building a log house, settled there.

Jacob also built a log cabin and then departed to bring his wife and daughter, from Farmington to Georgetown. They suffered poverty and privation to the extreme in their new primitive isolated home. In January 1872, they were

expecting a new baby but were afraid to allow the confinement to occur there since the snow was so deep and there were no roads and with only one other family living there. So after careful consideration, they decided to bundle the mother up and her baby on the small sled that he and his uncle Nick built and Jacob pulled them as far as Bennington where he briefly rested. George M. Bateman lucidly relates that they left early and wolves followed them part way to Bloomington. After several rest periods, Jacob was able to deliver the precious cargo to her parent's home, a distance of over twenty miles. Her folks had left Farmington and settled in this small Mormon village. Jacob stoutly maintained without the assistance of the Lord in answering his humble entreaties, he never could have made the trip successfully.

The new baby arrived under the watchful eyes of her mother who was a competent midwife, 28 February 1872, in Bloomington, Idaho. They named the new comer, Mary Ann.

They [Jacob and Hannah Hess] moved from Bloomington to occupy a nice comfortable home located on several acres of good irrigated land which they purchased situated about one mile south of Paris. Their new place had a large garden spot, a large orchard and a nice berry patch. The property was located on the west side of the main highway. Their neighbors on the East side of the road were Davy and Mary Jones. About a quarter of a mile South of the Jones residence lived the Painters. At a later date, my folks bought a fifteen acre parcel of good irrigated farm land, the next field south of the Painters. Some years later, Lumen Mecham's family bought the house and property just south of us. His wife was mother's older sister. Mark Sutton lived about one-third of a mile south of the Mechams. The writer was the only child of Alfred John and Clara to be born at this Field Home farm.

Jacob Hess bought a swampy pasture a short distance North and across the street East and just North of the Davy Jones home lot. He also secured the title to a large wild hay meadow, four or five miles East of Paris in the bottoms area which also furnished excellent pasturage for livestock. Father's wild hay ranch was located South and East of their property.

Jacob and Hannah found the Bear Lake County climate to be severe and coldly raw. Their meager circumstances and numerous hardships left their impact upon these hardy people as it did upon all people who faced the challenges and survived. I have often maintained that it developed in the population a Bear Lake Anxiety Neurosis or worse which has been passed on to their descendants. J. Golden Kimball recognized that this malady existed since he, his brother and his mother lived in the Pickleville area for several years. Luxuries were non-existent for many. Where choice objects of furniture, dishes, and other nice items were purchased, they were husbanded with an "eagle eye." They managed to accumulate some funds necessary to secure furnishings for an attractive parlor with carpets, tables, chairs, pictures and other desirable pieces which were carefully and immaculately kept but seldom used except on very special occasions This room was kept closed and an outsider seldom if ever got even a peek into it. If I recall correctly, mother and other families in those days possessed such arrangements which they, too supervised with a watchful eye to assure careful use of it.

Beulah Hess added further detail: *"Hannah's parlor was her pride and joy. It had a front door on the east with a glass window in the top panel where she had a pretty white*

curtain, handmade of filet crochet and with a hen and a rooster in the center, and fringe across the bottom edge. A window on the east and the south was covered with dark green blinds that were always pulled down for fear the sun would fade things inside. She had a black leather couch or settee as she called it. It had a raised head rest on one end, and this is where I was always told to sit as a child. It was so cold and slick that I hated it. Grandmother had so many pictures of her children and grandchildren on the east wall of that room, and so many trinkets on the shelves in the corner that I wanted to see and be told about, but "No," I might move things around or break something. Only special people or certain times like Sunday afternoons would my Grandmother go in that parlor, put the blinds up, sit her little rocking chair and enjoy the peace and quiet of that room.

Hannah loved trinkets, broaches and baubles, and Hazel, another granddaughter, Uncle Milford's daughter, remembers Grandmother's fancy little trinket box with all the fancy things in it.

Hannah played the Jew's Harp, a little instrument she held between her lips and strummed with her fingers. Oh, how I would have loved to have learned how to play that little instrument, but I was never allowed to even hold it fear I'd I'd break it...

I remember Grandmother always wearing a little front apron made out of a print flour sack. We used to buy flour in cotton sacks and which the smaller children would have panties made for them with even "Turkey Red" across their bottoms, and Grandmother had her little front aprons or dish towels made out of them. But I remember Grandmother Hannah always using one or the other corner of her little apron to wipe the dust or polish her furniture.

Grandfather herded sheep for people around the valley, and when he came home he had to remove all his dirty clothes out on the back porch, and then was ushered into the kitchen for a nice warm bath in the old round tub by the kitchen stove before he was allowed to even sit on Grandmother's nice clean chairs."

Harold Bateman's narrative continued: Hannah was a very fine lady who possessed a rigid code of moral conduct and strictly indoctrinated these ideals in all of her daughters. We the children of all of these strict mothers have felt the full impact of this indoctrination in our lives. Hannah loved the Church and neither she nor her daughters ever tolerated criticism of it or of the General Authorities. None of the daughters ever betrayed their moral upbringing since all were poured into [an] iron clad mold of moral responsibility. None of them ever tolerated moral permissiveness in their families and did like to see it in other families. All of the daughters poured their children into similar molds of rigidity which caused many of them to complain about its severity and impact in their lives after the order of John Calvin. Some even today complain of their psychiatric and psychological anxiety complexes and strains of their rugged upbringing. Some are very bitter toward their parents which lasted through out their lives and even after the passing of their parents. I think that some of the static is due to the children's lack of understanding and insight of the forces which may have impacted their parents into patterns of neurotic behavior by the terrible trials suffered *in* their upbringing, from the mobs, Anti-Mormon groups encountered almost everywhere in their cruel and harsh environment of the frontier living. So to thoughtlessly condemn the parents by the children without a full understanding of what may have embittered them and created certain idiosyncratic behavior can be myopic and cruelly unjust. A fuller knowledge of

the facts cushions the criticism of these hardy people.

We have noted that Hannah was an excellent Latter-day Saint who dearly loved the Lord, Gospel and the Church and its leaders and her family. She suffered much from situations which created great tensions and strong anxiety in her. For instance, she was born in England and was taken from her circle of friends and a feeling of security to be transplanted into a strange new environment of but little security in Salt Lake City and then in Farmington. There she met Jacob Hess and married him, poverty and all. She suffered a move to frigid Bear Lake Valley, first at Georgetown, then to Pegram, Bloomington, next to the home one mile South of Paris and finally to the small humble home in Paris. During these times, she gave birth to children with frightening frequency amidst periods of poverty in a very uninviting circumstances of harsh climate and with little prospect for adequate medical attention. The sufferings of the pioneers were so great and intense that only the good Lord knows why more of them did not wind up with chronic psychoses.

The sons of Jacob and Hannah did not seem to possess the inner spiritual strength of the daughters. Possibly, one can conclude they took after their father more than their mother. While Jacob was a good man, he lacked much of the stricter code of Hannah. While the sons were good citizens, some of them did not attend to their church duties in the manner that their sisters did. This writer spent many days working with Arthur and for him and feel that he had many intrinsic qualities which should have been developed. He possessed a very likeable personality and was usually agreeable and pleasant but he had a bad temper as it is supposed many of us do. Many of the sons had permissive habits which the sisters frowned upon. Delbert had fine possibilities but alcohol and tobacco shortened his life. Perry was not much better but he was very interested and loved his nieces and nephews. Then, too, he had a hand and part of his arm blown off by dynamite which left scars in his psyche. Aquilla had a nice family and lived in Seattle, Washington and had a nice plumbing business up to his passing. Milford had a nice family and is still farming in Filer at past eighty. All had families except Perry. Mother [Clara] was taken out of school to be a bread winner for the family in milking cows and doing many strenuous laborious tasks.

The grandparents carried their load and expected others to carry theirs and be strong in meeting the exigencies of life. Certainly these good people taught their children to be scrupulously honest and always paid their honest debts and never be free loaders. It may be that the extreme hardships endured by Jacob to expect too much of his boys, and possibly, he failed to shower enough love on them. I am not sure that his personal relations with his father were always the best but I have suspected that John U. being a leader with wide experience could have been too demanding of his eldest child, Jacob. I have often wondered why Jacob left Farmington so soon after his marriage to the rugged terrain of Bear Lake. Was it to put some distance between him and a demanding father? I do not have facts to support this thesis but if this relationship was not good, this might help to explain his lack of proper relationship with his boys.

I vaguely remember working for grandfather with my brothers when very young. We found him to be sincere, independent and a hard worker. He was a High Priest. He and Hannah both accepted the Gospel and the Church as true.

During their twilight years, they secured a large lot with a modest small framed

house on it. The place was located Northwest across the highway from the old Mutual Creamery. His lot was about one acre covered with Kentucky Blue Grass, bordered on the south side with bushes adjacent to happy clear stream of water paralleling the bushes running from West to East.

While living on this beautiful spot, he bought a Model T Ford car which afforded him with some stimulating experiences in learning to operate and drive it. He complained that the vehicle failed to respond to the "whoas" he used on his horses as he drove into the garage with the doors closed.

He also purchased a Pathe phonograph and a number of records. He was a great lover of music and spent many happy hours enjoying listening to his records. Beulah Hess, wife of Arthur added: " *He loved to go to the Old Folks and Relief Society parties. He loved music, programs, and dancing, and after Mother died in 1933, he always asked me to go to these parties with him as his partner, and I sure was proud to go. When they would have the Old Folks March, he would straighten up to his full height and taking me as his partner he would trip off, sometimes putting in a few jig steps, as though he was a boy of twenty years. He always said, "If I had a new pair of legs I'd be a new man."*

Jacob was a very honest, independent, and sincere Latter-day Saint. He was ward teacher for years and was a high priest for several years before he died. He loved his home, his children, his grandchildren and the church. His boys always turned to him for counsel and advice and they always profited by it."

Harold Bateman continued: Hannah, my grandmother found in her last years of life that she had contracted cancer of the liver. I vividly recall my last conversation with her and my wife, Charlotte was there. She sadly asked me I thought that she would recover from it and regain her health. I hopefully prayed that she would. I kissed her and Charlotte tried to cheer up and then we left and that was the last time we ever saw her. I did not have the courage to attend her final services. Father and Mother went to Paris for them. She passed away on 27 September 1933, and her services were held 30 September 1933 and she was laid to rest in the Paris, Bear Lake County Cemetery.

Jacob seemed lost without her and missed her greatly. He first tried living in his home where Aquilla and family moved but did not like the arrangements. He then lived with Arthur and Beulah Hess for a time. Beulah always seemed to love grandfather but this did not suit him. A room in the basement of the Paris Hotel was rented where he spent the next few years of his life. It is my understanding that he was found in his bed, 28 March 1937 deceased and his funeral services were held, 31 March 1937 and he was buried at the side of Hannah at the entrance of the Paris, Idaho Cemetery on the south side of the road Others buried in the small area include their daughter, Mary Ann Hess Mecham and her husband, Luman; Perry Jacob; John Arthur and his wife Beulah Allred and Delbert Lorenzo. Emeline Elzada was buried in Bloomington Cemetery at the side of her husband and Hannah Eudora was also buried there. My mother, Clara May Hess was buried in the Wellsville, Cache County Cemetery with my father. Elizabeth and Sarah Addie Artemcia are buried in the Afton, Star Valley, Wyoming Cemetery with their husbands; Raymond Aquilla was buried in a Seattle, Washington Cemetery and only Milford at this writing is alive of the family and is living on a farm in Filer, Idaho at the tender age of past

83 years old. [He died in 2003 at the age of 107].? (Excerpted from Dr. Harold C. Bateman, "A Brief History of the Alfred John - Clara May Hess Bateman", 1979, pp. 36-39; "History of Hannah Thornock Hess, My Grandmother" by Beulah LaPriel Hess Athay Eborn pp. 4-5.)

John Thornock and Ann Bott, Parents of Hannah Hess Grandparents of Clara May Hess Bateman

John Thornock and his wife, Ann Bott, became members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in May 1844 in Whitwick, England. John was born in Laxfield, England but moved to Whitwick where he met his bride, Ann, the daughter of William and Mary Bott.

To this couple was born nine children, six in England and three in Utah. While John worked as a corn dealer in Whitwick the following children blessed their home: John Bott, Mathew, William, Joseph, Mary Ann, and Hannah.

After joining the church they longed for the day they could come to Zion. They saved their meager earnings and on February 4, 1854 John and Ann sailed with their six young children from England on the ship *Golconda* for America. It took seven long, arduous, and heart-rending months on the ocean and crossing the Great Plains to arrive in Salt Lake City, Utah in September 1854. They crossed the plains in the Job Smith Company and on June 12, 1854 little 3 ½ year-old Mary Ann died.

This is the story as told by the grief stricken mother to her granddaughter, Elsie Thornock Milam. There was nothing to make a box in which to bury her little daughter, so Grandma took the clothes out of the only box she had and tied them up in bundles. Tenderly they placed their little daughter inside. The box was not long enough so she must be cross wise, from corner to corner, in order to make room. They left their darling sleeping there on the plains, and Grandma, leaving her heart there as she said, and with worn out shoes and bleeding feet, trudged on, with the help of the Lord. She pulled a handcart and drove the oxen as well. After a long, tiresome journey they arrived in Salt Lake City.

Only a few days after arriving their eight year old son, William, died in Salt Lake City, October 12, 1854. Sad and stunned but undaunted, the Thornock family placed their faith in the Lord and went forth in their labors of building a home, clearing the sagebrush, plowing the soil, planting crops, making irrigation ditches and working in the Church. John's occupation was general farming. His sons followed in his foot steps and all became good farmers.

Three children were born in Utah to these hardy pioneers: Sarah Ann, George Henry, and Hyrum James. They established their home in Zion and all except the eldest son, John Bott, remained in Farmington [Utah] until 1871.

John Bott was called to help pioneer the Bear Lake Valley in 1864. He took his young wife and infant son and established his home in Bloomington, Idaho in the spring of 1866. John and Ann Bott Thornock and their other children moved from Farmington to Bloomington[, Idaho] in 1871.

John Thornock died in Bloomington January 5, 1885 and was buried in the Bloomington, Idaho cemetery. The obituary in the *Deseret News Weekly* of January 28, 1885 concluded that in 1871 he “removed to Bloomington, Idaho where he remained till his death continuing faithful and true to the Gospel, energetic and active as a member in the Church.”

His granddaughter, Elsie Thornock Milam, (daughter of Joseph) at age 72 wrote about Ann Bott [Thornock] on September 8, 1965: “Grandmother Ann was a beautiful woman with blue eyes and auburn hair, 5 feet 2 inches tall. When I remember her, she was an old lady living with Uncle Hyrum my father’s brother. She always dressed in a long gathered skirt with a tight-fitting basque (over blouse) . . . In her skirt was a large concealed pocket – a pound of cheese material to make a dress, or it might be candy or cookies or a pretty ribbon for my hair. She would give us nice things and say, ‘now you mon’t (meaning won’t) tell Hyrum’ . . .

“She was a hard working woman and helped to plant the crops which were later eaten by grasshoppers. Their prayers were answered when the gulls came to devour the grasshoppers. Grandma was always willing to work hard to help provide for her family. She made tallow candles, soap from waste grease, carded wool and spun it into yarn, knit stockings and sweaters for her family and even made her husband a suit from cloth she had woven herself. She used clean straw for carpet padding and straw ticks for mattresses with feather beds on top which she had made from feathers of wild birds her husband shot.

“Grandma carefully paid her tithing from the eggs, vegetables, and other things which they produced. She was always full of fun and as witty as could be. When I was a child she told me many interesting things. She spoke an English brogue which is hard for me to write down. One time, I had some new shoes, which I showed her. She looked them over and said, ‘Guy! Wat a length.’ Another time I said, ‘I hope I will be as good looking as you when I grow up.’ She laughed and said, ‘You’ll sure have to alter a lot. Ha. Ha.’

“In her later years, when she was alone (her husband died in 1885) she lived in Bloomington, Idaho with her son Hyrum. His wife had also died and Grandma took care of his home and children (Burton, Seymour, Genevieve and David). One day when Genevieve was going to town she dressed herself all up and Grandma said to her, ‘Why Genevieve, you’re awearin’ your best go-to-meetin’ white embroidery petticoat. When I was a gull I never did so. Ha. Ha.!’

“She loved life and lived to a good old age. She was endowed and sealed to her husband and remained true and faithful to her covenants till the time of her death, June 6, 1911. She was buried in Bloomington, Idaho, where her husband had been buried 26 years before.” (John Thornock, John Bott Thornock and George Thomas Thornock by Clarence S. Thornock in History of Bear Lake Pioneers, p. 817-819.)

“The Origin of the Thornock Family” by Clarence S. Thornock

It was Christmas day 1841 in Whitwick, County of Leicester, England when the name Thornock was originated. You might say it was a Christmas gift from R. H. Creswell, the official minister in the parish Church of Whitwick. He performed the rites and ceremonies in the church marriage of John Thornock and Ann Bott and established the peculiar spelling T-H-O-R-N-O-C-K.

Don’t blame Mr. Creswell, he did the best he could. That’s the way he thought John pronounced it in his English brogue. Both John and Ann thought it looked “just right” on the beautiful marriage certificate, so John put his X mark to make it “legal.” John was employed as a “corn dealer” in and around Whitwick and he told Mr. Creswell that his father, also named John, was likewise a “corn dealer” in Laxfield in the County of Suffolk, England. Ann said her father was William Bott, a “farmer” in Whitwick and her older brother and sister agreed. They were the official “witnesses” at this simple ceremony. You see John and Ann had been married for a year and already had a baby son nearly two months old. So to please Ann and her family John agreed to have their marriage recognized in the Parish Church.

John explained he had many relatives in and around Laxfield and Brundish. These parishes are located about 80 miles northeast of the heart of London and only a dozen miles from the North Sea at Southwold. He had moved well across England, 2/3 the way to Liverpool, and set up his corn dealership in Whitwick about two years before. . .

Back in Laxfield and nearby Brundish our researchers found the family name was spelled T-H-O-R-N-D-I-K-E. But sometimes the name was misspelled in Laxfield as Thorndrick, Thorndrike, or Thorndicke. John is the fourth child in his family. Actually his given name was Jonathan as shown below.

Husband: Jonathan Thorndike (Thorndrick) (1772)

Wife: Mary Reeve (second wife) (1779)

Children:	When Born:	Where Born:
1. John Thorndrick	17 April 1803	Laxfield
2. Sarah Thorndrick	21 July 1895	Laxfield
3. Elizabeth Thorndike	6 December 1807	Laxfield
4. <u>Jonathan Thorndike</u>	15 March 1816	Laxfield

The next earlier generation is as follows:

Husband: Jonathan Thorndike (1750)

Wife: Susannah (Susan) Larter (1757)

Children:	When Born:	Where Born:
1. Jonathan Thorndike	21 June 1772	Brundish
2. Susan Thorndike	8 October 1775	Brundish

John's mother, Mary Reeve, was the third child in her family of twelve children all born in Laxfield as were her parents as shown below.

The Hess Family History

From *Zuricher Wappenbuch*—, 1860, der Stadt Zurich, Pennsylvania, State Library, Harrisburg. The Hesses initially settled in Pennsylvania.

The Hesses of old Zurich are a very noble family, who have changed their name several times. It was originally (Von Fergenu, Von Schmid, and finally Hess). Rudolph Count of Fergenu fled from Lethringen about 930 and built Schmiedegk near Zqingenber, the family distinguished themselves as German Knights. Several barons of Schmiedegk went with the Emperor to Mainz. In 1227 Baron Hans' castle was destroyed. He went to Reutlingen. Here the family was known as Von Schmid, and later the surname of Hess. In 1517 Hans Schmid, called "Hess," butcher became a burger of Zurich, Matthis, clem, Hans, and Lorens were given a new coat of arms, and a "kainetbrief," patent of nobility, by the Emperor Charles V at Regensburg, March 27, 1541. Three brothers, Hans, Georg, Johann, and Ulrich established, apparently for the purpose of trade, a residence in Lyons, and there, between

John Wells Hess and Emeline Bigler, Grandparents of Clara Hess Bateman

Concentration of purpose and persistently applied energy rarely fail of success in the accomplishment of any task, however great, and in tracing the career of John W. Hess, President of the Davis Stake, it is plainly seen that these things have been the secret of his rise to a position of prominence and respect, not only in the ordinary walks of life, but in the work of the Mormon Church as well.

John W. Hess was born in Franklin County, Pennsylvania, 24 August 1821, and was the son of Jacob and Elizabeth Foutz Hess. His father was born 21 May 1792, and his mother 4 June 1797, both in Franklin County, Pennsylvania. They were married in 1816, and of this marriage twelve children were born -- Catherine, Polly, Mary Ann, John W., Sarah, Ann, Christina, Harriett, Lydia Ann, David, Alma and Emma. In 1832 the family moved to Richland County, Ohio, where Mr. Hess located on a piece of heavy timber land, which he cleared and opened a small farm with bright prospects. In March 1834, Mr. Hess, his wife, three oldest daughters and our subject were baptized into the Mormon Church by Bishop David Evans, who later lived in Lehi, this state, and died some years ago. Their baptism was the signal for a number of petty persecutions on the part of their neighbors, and in the year 1836, May 1st, Mr. Hess moved with his family to Ray County, Missouri, where he rented a farm from John Arbuckle, living there until the Mormons were expelled from Caldwell County, when he went to Illinois and settled in Hancock county, again settling on a piece of timber land, which he cultivated as best he could, but the many privations and persecutions he had suffered began to tell, and his health failed.

In moving from place to place Mr. Hess had lost the most of his means and at this time was in destitute circumstances. Our subject, being the oldest of the children, much of the care and responsibilities in assisting his father fell upon him. He bought forty acres of land, which he began to improve, and in 1844 began the erection of a hewed log cabin. At this time the people were burning the possessions of the Mormons in Morley's settlement, which was near the Hess place, and finally the mob violence became so threatening that they did not dare remain on their place any longer, and our subject moved the family to Nauvoo, where they occupied a part of the home of Mrs. Hess' brother, Bishop Foutz. It had become necessary for them to leave the greater portion of their possessions at the farm when leaving, and upon our subject's return he found they had all been destroyed. In November, 1845, the father was stricken with paralysis and lost the use of one side, and was a helpless invalid from that time until his death.

Our subject had married Emeline Bigler, who was born in Harrison County, Virginia, on August 20, 1824. Word was sent to the members of the Church that they would leave Nauvoo in the following spring. After much difficulty Mr. Hess managed to get two wagons and two yokes of oxen, which he fitted up, putting a bed in one wagon, on which he placed his father. The family possessions had to be taken in the remaining wagon, and this necessitated the entire family, with the exception of the helpless father, walking the entire distance. On April 3, 1846, they started for Mount Pisgah. That night they crossed the Mississippi river and camped on the Iowa side of the river in a drenching rain. The advance companies of Mormons had planted corn and vegetables for the benefit of those who came later, and here our subject decided to remain for a time, as supplies were almost exhausted and the father was failing rapidly. In June, 1846, he built a temporary shelter of elm bark, in which house the mother and children remained for two years. It was learned at this time that Brigham Young was going to send a company to the Rocky Mountains to locate a settlement and our subject went to Council Bluffs with his team, after making his father and mother as comfortable as he could, and with his wife started for Utah, in the company of which Henry W. Miller was Captain.

When but a short distance from Council Bluffs they were overtaken by Captain Allen, accompanied by five dragoons of the United States army, who camped with them that night. Captain Allen was the bearer of a message from the Government, asking them to raise a company of five hundred volunteers to go to Mexico

in the service of the Government. After consultation, President Brigham Young advised the men to go, and in response to this call five hundred and forty-nine volunteered. They arrived in Council Bluffs about the 10th of July, and found that four companies had already enlisted. Our subject and his wife enlisted in Company E, under Captain Daniel C. Davis, the Government having made provision for four women to accompany each company of one hundred men as laundresses. He left his team and outfit with his brother-in-law, D. A. Miller, to be taken through to Utah. Each company was provided with two six-mule teams, and our subject drove one of these, and in this way was able to make the trip comparatively comfortable for his wife and the other women of his company. Just prior to the time they started for Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, Mr. Hess received word of the death of his father.

The company remained two weeks at Fort Leavenworth, and then started for Santa Fe, a distance of one thousand miles. They had no way of carrying water for their own use except in their canteens, and while on the desert were compelled to use buffalo chips for fuel. This march across the desert was a most fearful one, and many of the men had to be assisted to finish the latter part of the journey. General Carney was at this time fighting the Mexicans in Upper California, and feeling that he was about to be defeated, sent a messenger to Santa Fe, requesting that all able-bodied men be sent on a forced march to his relief. Mr. Hess had proved to be an excellent teamster, and Captain Davis requested that he be allowed to drive his private conveyance. Provision had been made to send the disabled men and the women back to the camp on the Missouri river. Mr. Hess did not wish to leave his wife alone with a lot of sick men and helpless women, and requested that she be allowed to accompany him or that he be sent back with the company to the old camp. Captain Davis was unwilling to accede to either request, and it was only after appealing to General Doniphan, commander of the post, that matters were adjusted satisfactorily, and Mr. Hess started back in company with his wife and others. The detachment reached Pueblo, where they built wood houses for the winter. They had had no pay for seven months, and Captain Brown, accompanied by ten men, of whom our subject was one, went to Santa Fe with the pay roll and got the pay for the men, returning to Pueblo on April 1st, and on April 15th took up the march for Fort Laramie, three hundred miles distant. They expected to learn something about the train they had left at Council Bluffs when they reached Fort Laramie, and while en route to that place met Amasa Lyman, who, with others, had come from the Mormon Camp. They attempted to overtake the pioneers, but came into Salt Lake City on July 28th, four days after the Mormon train arrived, and on their arrival were discharged from Government service. Mr. Hess looks back upon that experience as one of the most priceless in his life, and is proud of the fact that he was a member of the Mormon battalion. Upon arriving in Utah he found himself almost without means, but at once set about to provide a home for himself and his faithful wife. He got out logs for a house, and, in company with John Bevin, with whom he formed a partnership, put up a whip saw pit and began to turn out one hundred feet of lumber a day, for which they found a ready sale. In this manner he spent the winter of 1847. In the spring of 1848 he moved to Mill Creek, where he put in a small crop, which was eaten up by crickets. On September 9th of that year he started back for his mother and her children. His brother David was the oldest child left at home, and he was only ten years of age at the time of his father's death, but the little fellow had pluckily set to work to assist his mother in keeping the family together, and they had planted a crop of buckwheat and corn, and the older brother, on his return, found them in good health and fairly comfortable circumstances. He made arrangements to bring them to Utah in the following spring, and then went to Council Bluffs, where he engaged to work for Apostle Orson Hyde for twenty dollars a month. He had only worked one month when cold weather set in and work was suspended for the rest of the winter. On April 15, 1849, he started for Salt Lake City, and after an arduous journey arrived in Salt Lake on July 27th, 1849, only to find his land in Mill Creek taken up by another party.

Mr. Hess was married seven times. He married his second wife, Miss Emily Cord, on March 30, 1852. She was a native of Maine, and was born September 27, 1831. She was the mother of ten children. On the 16th day of November, 1856, he married Julia Peterson, who was born in Norway September 29, 1839, and became the mother of four children. In March, 1857, he was married to Mary Ann Steed, born in England November 27, 1837, and who bore him ten children. January 31, 1862, his first wife died. This was a very severe trial to Mr. Hess, as she had been the wife of his youth and was ever a faithful and loving helpmeet, passing through all the early trials and hardships of life with him. On the 25th of April of that year he

married Miss Caroline Workman, who was born in Tennessee March 28, 1846, and who became the mother of ten children. He married Miss Sarah L. Miller on May 30, 1868 She was born in Farmington, Davis county, Utah, June 24, 1850, and by her he had eight children. His second wife, Emily Cord, died August 4, 1872. On July 28, 1875, he married Francis Marian Bigler, born in Farmington, Utah, October 22, 1859, and by her had seven children. Mr. Hess is the father of sixty-six children, of whom thirty sons and thirty daughters are now living. He has two hundred and fifty grandchildren and fifty-five great grandchildren.

Upon arriving in Utah with his mother Mr. Hess went to Farmington, in Davis county, and has made that his home ever since. He has followed general farming, and has been very successful. He and his different families are faithful and consistent members of the Mormon Church, and Mr. Hess has been especially active in its work. He has passed through all the offices of the Priesthood, and is now a Patriarch. He was ordained a Bishop by President Young, and set aside to preside over the Farmington Ward in 1855. President Young called him to go on a mission among the Lamanites, located in Washakie, in Box Elder County, Utah, and he has been more or less active in working among and directing these people since that time. In September, 1882, he was called by President John Taylor and set apart as First Counselor to the President of Davis Stake of Zion. On March 17, 1885, the citizens of Farmington prepared a banquet at Social Hall in honor of Mr. Hess' long and useful career during his twenty-seven years as a Bishop, and as a token of their esteem and gratitude for his services presented him with a bust of President Brigham Young and a set of books containing the Church works. In September, 1887, he was called on a mission to the Washakie tribe of Indians, in company with Bishop Zundel.

He had gone on a mission to his old home in November, 1869, and while there had looked up the family genealogy, returning to Utah February 16, 1870. Shortly after his return William R. Smith, then President of the Davis Stake, died, and Mr. Hess was called to fill the vacancy temporarily. On March 4, 1894, he was set aside [by Apostle Franklin D. Richards] to preside as President of Davis Stake of Zion, which position he still holds. [On 8 February 1900, he was ordained a Patriarch by Apostle Francis M. Lyman.]

John W. said of his calling as stake president “. . . to accept the responsibility of presiding over the stake seemed a great responsibility, and so it has proved in every sense of the word. It has caused me to feel very humble and to live as near to the Lord as a man of my temperament could do, but through the help of the Lord I have done the best I could do, and as to how well I have succeeded, I will leave to the Lord and my charitable brethren and sisters to judge. I pray most earnestly that I may continue to be faithful and humble in the future in my labors among the people, that I may put my trust in the Lord and have His approval, then I will be content.”

Mr. Hess has not distinguished himself in Church work alone, but has been a prominent and active man in political affairs in Utah, and has ever been foremost in assisting to promote the welfare of the State, as well as the community in which he has lived. In 1858 he was elected to the Utah Legislature, and was reelected in 1862, serving four years. He was again elected to the Legislature in 1876, and was in command of the militia of Davis County for many years, up to the time Governor Harding issued a proclamation making it an offense to bear arms, when he was relieved from that responsible duty.

In social life President Hess is known as a most genial and kindly gentleman, arid to know him is to admire and respect him. He has through a long life been a man of high integrity, following the teachings of the Church of his choice with a conscience void of offense, and has won a high place in the esteem of all who know him. Left an orphan and the oldest child of the family, he early assumed the duties of manhood, and while rearing a large family himself, his first thought was ever for his mother and her children, to whom he has been a faithful and devoted son and brother. The success which has come to him has been through his own unaided efforts, and he has made a career to which his children and future posterity may well point with pride. [He died in Farmington, Utah 16 December 1903.] (“Biographical Record of Salt Lake City & Vicinity” *National Historical Record Chicago*, 1902, pp. 443-446).

Contributed by Charles Hess:

**MEMOIRS OF JOHN W. HESS & HIS
BROTHER DAVID HESS
THEY KNEW THE PROPHET**

In the autumn of 1838, Joseph the Prophet and others came to my father's house near the Richmond Landing and stayed there thirteen days. Father was the only Mormon in that part of the country. At that time Joseph was studying Greek and Latin. When he got tired of studying, he would go and play with the children in their games about the house, to give him exercise. Then he would go back to his studies. I was a boy then about fourteen years old.

He used to take me upon his knee and caress me as he would a little child. I relate this to show the kindness and simplicity of his nature. I never saw another man like Joseph. There was something heavenly & angelic in his looks that I never witnessed in the countenance of any other person. During his short stay I became very much attached to him, and learned to love him more dearly than any other person I ever met, my father and mother not excepted.

The next time I saw the Prophet was at Richmond Court House, in chains after the surrender of Far West. I used to walk six miles every day to see him during his stay in the Richmond Jail.

Although a boy of about fourteen years, I became convinced beyond doubt that he was a prophet of God, and that testimony has never left me. (*The Juvenile Instructor*, XXVI (15 MAY 1892) PAGES 302-303)

RECOLLECTION OF THE
PROPHET JOSEPH
BY L.L. GREENE RICHARDS

Elder John W. Hess, who was for a long time President of the Davis Stake of Zion, has given exceedingly interesting reminiscences of the Prophet Joseph. When Elder Hess was a boy, about twelve years of age, his father rented a house at Richmond Landing, or, as the place was also called, Pomeroy's Ferry. There the Saints landed who came by water from Kirtland to go to Far West. And there the Prophet Joseph, in company with his brothers Hyrum and William, and others, thirteen in all, stopped as they were returning from laying out the city of Far West. They stayed with the family of Father Hess for thirteen days.

The Prophet was studying Greek and Latin. He would study intently until he was very tired, then he would come out of his room and engage in a game, perhaps it would be "hide and seek," with the children, showing the child-like simplicity which characterized the life of that great man. And oh, how he was beloved by every member of that family!

Brother Hess says he has never seen any one else that he has loved as he loved the Prophet Joseph Smith. He can remember of Joseph's taking him on his lap at

different times, and of putting his own arms around the beloved Prophet's neck and being embraced by him; and that, being thus clasped to the noble, generous, mighty heart of the Prophet, gave him a heavenly sensation never to be described or forgotten.

Upon one occasion, the little boy heard some of the brethren talking of the strength they felt they possessed in resisting temptation, and he never forgot what the Prophet said to them; it was: "Brethren, if you get onto the Devil's ground, he will handle you! Keep away from him, the farther the better!" When the Prophet went away from the home he had found with Father Hess, you would have thought there had been a funeral in the family; the children all loved him so! This is as Elder Hess remembered those days and events. (Taken from the *Improvement Era*, Vol. V, p. 943. This event took place in 1838).

John W. Hess, president of the Davis Stake, is the son of Jacob Hess and Elizabeth Foutz, and was born Aug. 24, 1824, in Franklin County, Penn. In 1832 his father's family moved to Richland County, where he, together with his father, mother and elder sister, were baptized by Bishop David Evans, about 1834. His father then moved to Ray County, Mo., where the family passed through all the persecutions of those days, and was finally expelled from the State with the rest of the Saints. John W. Hess was ordained a Seventy in the city of Nauvoo in 1841 and became a member of the 22nd quorum. He assisted in building the Nauvoo Temple and received his endowments therein. He was an orderly sergeant in the Nauvoo Legion and was on guard just prior to the Prophet's martyrdom. In the spring of 1846 he left for the Rocky Mountains together with the other exiled Saints. July 16, 1846, he enlisted in the famous Mormon Battalion in company E, and marched toward Mexico in defense of his country's flag. He served till July 29, 1847, when he was mustered out in Salt Lake City. In March, 1855, he was called, ordained, and set apart to preside as Bishop of Farmington Ward by Pres. Brigham Young, in which office he faithfully served till 1882, when he was called by Pres. John Taylor to act as first counselor to Wm. R. Smith, President of the Davis State. March 4, 1894, he was set apart as President of the Davis Stake by Apostle Franklin D. Richards, which position he has filled ever since. Feb 8, 1900 he was ordained a Patriarch by Apostle Francis M. Lyman. Elder Hess commanded the Davis county military district as colonel from its organization till it was disbanded. Pres. Hess is the husband of seven wives and the father of 62 children, fifty of whom are living. He has at the present writing 250 grandchildren and 40 great-grandchildren. (*LATTER-DAY SAINT BIOGRAPHICAL ENCYCLOPEDIA* By Andrew Jenson Vol. 1, P. 463)

THE FAMILY RECORD AND JOURNAL OF JOHN W. HESS

JACOB HESS

(Father of John W. Hess)

My Father, Jacob Hess, was born in Franklin County, Pennsylvania, on the 21st day of May, A.D. 1792. In 1816 he married Elizabeth Foutz, my mother, who was born in the above State and County, June 4th, 1797. The names of their children are as follows:

Catherine Hess, born in Franklin Co., Pa. 10 Sept. 1817.

Polly Hess, born in Franklin Co., Pa. 27 June 1819.

Mary Ann Hess, born in Franklin Co., Pa. 11 Aug. 1821.
John W. Hess, born in Franklin Co., Pa. 24 Aug. 1824.
Sarah Hess, born in Franklin Co., Pa. 22 Feb. 1827.
Ann Elizabeth Hess, born in Franklin Co., Pa. 24 Mar. 1829.
Christina Hess, born in Franklin Co., Pa. 11 May 1831.
Harriet Hess, born in Richland Co., Ohio, 18 Aug. 1833.
Lydiann Hess, born in Richland Co., Ohio, 24 July, 1835.
David Hess, born in Ray County, Mo., 18 Feb. 1837.
Alma Hess, born in Ray County, Mo., 03 June 1839.
Emma Hess, born in Adams County, Ill., 17 May, 1841.

JOHN W. HESS

John W. Hess was born in Franklin County, Pennsylvania, on 24 August 1824. He was married in Nauvoo, Ill, 02 November 1845, to Emeline Bigler (first wife), and sealed by Brigham Young, 09 March, 1852. She was born in Harrison County, Virginia, 20 August, 1824, and died in Farmington, Davis County, Utah, 31 January 1862. The names of their children are as follows:

Jacob Hess, born 06 Jan. 1849.
John Henry Hess, born 07 May 1850.
Sarah Jane Hess, 15 Jan. 1852.
Hyrum Hess, born 20 Apr. 1853.
Elzada Hess, born 11 Aug. 1854.
Moroni Hess, born 30 Dec. 1855.
Jedediah Morgan Hess, born 08 July 1857.
Joseph Wells Hess, born 11 Oct. 1859.
Albert Hess, born 17 Mar. 1861.

He was married to Emily Card (second wife) in Salt Lake City, Utah, 30 March 1852, by Brigham Young. She was born in Maine, 27 Sept. 1831, and died in Farmington, Davis County, Utah, 04 Aug. 1872. The names of their children are as follows:

Rheuamah Hess, born in Farmington, Utah, 02 May 1853.
Emily Rebecca Hess, born in Farmington, Utah, 26 June 1854.
Harriet Sophrona Hess, born in Farmington, Utah, 11 Mar. 1857.
Elizabeth Jane Hess, born in Farmington, Utah, 26 Jan. 1859.
Mary Lovina Hess, born in Farmington, Utah, 10 Apr. 1861.
Joseph Lancaster Hess, born in Farmington, Utah. 16 Aug. 1864.
Joel Preble Hess, born in Farmington, Utah, 04 Feb. 1866.
Alma Riley Hess, born in Farmington, Utah, 16 Aug. 1868.
Dexter Waterman Hess, born in Farmington, Utah, 09 Feb. 1870.
Maud Hess, born in Farmington, Utah, 04 Aug. 1872.

John W. Hess married Julia Pederson (third wife) in Salt Lake City, Utah, 16 Nov. 1856, by Brigham Young. She was born in Norway, 29 Sept. 1837. The names of their children are as follows:

Heber Chase Hess, born in Farmington, Davis County, Utah, 12 Nov. 1859.
Arthur Hess, born in Farmington, Davis County, Utah, 22 May 1861.

John Fredrick Hess, born in Farmington, Davis County, Utah, 01 Jan. 1864.
Emeline Rosalia Hess, born in Farmington, Davis County, Utah, 22 July 1868.

John W. Hess married Mary Ann Steed (fourth wife) in Salt Lake City, Utah, 27 March 1857, by Brigham Young. She was born in Mahvern, England, 27 Nov. 1838. The names of their children are as follows:

James Henry Hess, born in Farmington, Davis Co., Utah, 06 Mar. 1858.
William Alma Hess, born in Farmington, Davis Co., Utah, 03 Sept. 1859.
George Albert Hess, born in Farmington, Davis Co., Utah, 20 July 1861.
Madeline Eudora Hess, born in Farmington, Davis Co., Utah 23 Aug. 1863, and died June, 1895.
Elisa Hess, born in Farmington, Davis Co., Utah, 04 July 1865, and died in 1934.
Wilford Hess, born in Farmington, Davis Co., Utah, 08 Mar. 1867.
Mary Elizabeth Hess, born in Farmington, Davis Co., Utah, 18 Jan. 1870.
Caroline Rebecca Hess, born in Farmington, Davis Co., Utah, 25 Mar. 1872 and died 25 May, 1932.
Orson Pratt Hess, born in Farmington, Davis Co., Utah, 25 Feb. 1874.
Lorenzo Snow Hess, born in Farmington, Davis Co., Utah, 29 June 1876 and died 02 Mar. 1905.

John W. Hess was married to Caroline Workman (fifth wife) in Salt Lake City, Utah, 25 April 1862, by D.H. Wells. She was born in Tennessee, 28 Mar. 1844. The names of their children are as follows:

Josephine Hess, born in Farmington, Davis County, Utah, 12 Aug. 1864.

David Cornelius Hess, born in Farmington, Davis County, Utah, 16 Aug. 1865.
John W. Hess Jr., born in Farmington, Davis County, Utah, 20 Sept. 1867.
Adaline Hess, born in Farmington, Davis County, Utah, 11 Dec. 1869.
Franklin Hess, born in Farmington, Davis County, Utah, 10 Mar. 1872.
Charles C. Hess, born in Farmington, Davis County, Utah, 07 Mar. 1874.
Lot Hess, born in Farmington, Davis County, Utah, 27 Jan. 1876.
Caroline Hess, born in Farmington, Davis County, Utah, 28 Mar. 1878.
Miner Lyman Hess, born in Farmington, Davis County, Utah, 05 Aug. 1880.
Mark Hess, born in Farmington, Davis County, Utah, 19 June 1884.

John W. Hess was married to Sarah L. Miller (sixth wife) in Salt Lake City, Utah, 30 May 1868, by Brigham Young. She was born in Farmington, Utah, 24 June 1850. The names of their children are as follows:

Sarah Jane Hess, born in Farmington, Davis Co. Utah, 30 Mar. 1869.
James T. Hess, born in Farmington, Davis Co. Utah, 25 Jan. 1871.
Alice Malinda Hess, born in Farmington, Davis Co. Utah, 16 Mar. 1873.
Josephine A. Hess, born in Farmington, Davis Co. Utah, 03 June 1875.
Helen Lovina Hess, born in Farmington, Davis Co. Utah, 23 Aug. 1879.
Horace Arnold Hess, born in Farmington, Davis Co. Utah, 19 Sept. 1880.
Milton Miller Hess, born in Farmington, Davis Co. Utah, 23 Dec. 1883.
Hannah Lenore Hess, born in Farmington, Davis Co. Utah, 26 July 1885.
Jess Eugene Hess, born in Farmington, Davis Co. Utah, 09 Aug. 1890.

John W. Hess was married to Frances Marion Bigler (seventh wife) in Salt Lake City, Utah, 28 July 1875, by Wilford Woodruff. She was born in Farmington, Utah, 22 Oct. 1859. The names of their children are as follows:

Claudia Hess, born in Farmington, Utah, 21 June 1878.
Clarissa Hess, born in Farmington, Utah, 13 Aug. 1880.
Harriet Hess, born in Farmington, Utah, 21 May 1882.
Edward Hess, born in Farmington, Utah, 08 Mar. 1883.
Joseph H. Hess, born in Farmington, Utah, 06 May 1886.
Amy Hess, born in Farmington, Utah, 22 Jan. 1885.
Andrew Hess, born in Farmington, Utah, 19 May 1887.
Florence Ireta Hess, born in Farmington, Utah, 14 Apr. 1892.
Lucy Hess, born in Farmington, Utah, 19 Jan. 1895.
Reuben Hess, born in Farmington, Utah, 27 Feb. 1897.
Carl Bigler Hess, born in Farmington, Utah, 27 Mar, 1899.

TOTAL 63 CHILDREN

In 1832 A.D. my father moved to Richland Co., Ohio, and located on a piece of heavy timber land, cleared a piece of ground and opened a small farm, and the prospects for a better living were quite flattering, considering the many difficulties consequent to a new country.

In March, 1834, my father, mother, three eldest sisters and myself, were baptized into The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints; previous to this we lived in peace with our neighbors, but soon after we were baptized our neighbors began to speak evil of us, and persecute us in various ways.

About May 1, 1836, my father and his family moved to the State of Missouri and settled in Ray County of that State, near Pomorroy's Ferry, or Richmond Landing on the Missouri River, where we lived on a farm which we rented from a John Arbuckle, until the expulsion of the Saints from Caldwell County, when with them we removed to the State of Illinois and settled in Hancock County of that State. Here my father again settled on a piece of wild land, and in our extreme poverty we began to open a farm, and after much privation and toil, we succeeded in getting a comfortable home.

The many years of labor and hardships that my father had passed through caused his health to fail, and I was the only boy in the family, therefore, the greater part of the labor devolved upon me.

In the meantime I had bought forty acres of land for myself and had made some improvement during the fall of 1844, and during the spring and summer of 1845 I was putting up a hewed log house, while the mobs were burning the Saints' possessions in Morley's Settlement, near Lima, in Hancock County. But I continued to labor with my might until the violence of the mob was so great that we did not feel safe in remaining on our farm longer; so we moved to the City of Nauvoo and occupied a part of the house belonging to Bishop Foutz, my mother's brother. We had left most of our supplies on the farm at Bear Creek, and before we had time to get them away, they were destroyed by the mob, and we were again left almost destitute.

In November, 1845, my father was stricken down with the shock of paralysis and lost the use of one side, which rendered him entirely helpless.

In the meantime I married Emeline Bigler, who was born in Harrison County, Virginia, 20 Aug. 1824. At this time the word went forth among the people that the Church would leave Nauvoo in the spring. One may well imagine the situation we were in, to start on such a journey, when we had been robbed of nearly all of our belongings, and my poor father lying helpless in bed, but it being the only alternative to get away from the fury of the mob, I began to gather up what I had and commenced to get together an outfit, and the best I could do was rig up two old wagons and two yoke of oxen, one of which was my own personal property. I arranged one of these wagons with a bed cord for my father to lie upon, as he could not sit up. It took one entire wagon for his convenience, and then it was poor enough. This left one wagon to be drawn by one yoke of oxen to carry the outfit for the entire family - eight in number - while everyone had to walk every step of the way, rain or shine. But notwithstanding all these difficulties, we fixed up the best we could and on the 3rd day of April, 1846, we started, crossed the Mississippi River, and camped on the Iowa side the first night, in a drenching rain.

April 4th. We started on the wearisome journey, but with our heavy loads and the incessant rains that continued to fall, our progress was very slow, the best we could do we could only travel from five to eight miles per day. As my father occupied one of the wagons, the rest of the family had no shelter only what they could get by crawling under the wagons, and much of the time we were obligated to cut brush to lay on the ground to keep our beds out of the water. Women and children walked through the mud and water and wet grass and waded many of the streams so that their clothes were never dry on them for weeks and months until we reached the place called Mt. Pisgah, in the western part of Iowa. Here advance companies of the Pioneers had planted corn and vegetables for the benefit of those who should come afterwards. We concluded to stop at this place for a time as our limited supplies were about exhausted and my father was so much worse that it was impossible to go any further, so we constructed a temporary shelter of bark which we peeled from the elm trees that grew in the vicinity, this was about the 15th of June, 1846.

Word had gone out that President Young would fit out a company to go to the Rocky Mountains that season to locate a settlement and put in grain the next season for the benefit of themselves and those that would come the following season.

Seeing that I could do nothing where I was, I concluded to take my own team and what I had, and go to Council Bluffs, 130 miles distance, where the Church Authorities were then stopping. So I made my father's family as comfortable as I could with the limited facilities I was in possession of, and taking my wife and my own team and little outfit, bade the rest of the family goodbye and started, traveling in Henry W. Miller's Company.

We were overtaken one evening about dark by Captain Allen, who was accompanied by a guard of five dragoons of the regular United States Army, all of whom camped with us for the night. The object of their visit soon became apparent by

questions asked by them: viz., that they were sent to see if the "Mormons" could and would respond to a call for five hundred men to help fight the battles for the United States against Mexico. This indeed was unexpected news, while the people of the State of Illinois had driven us out, and while we were scattered on the prairie of western Iowa with nothing, in many instances, but the canopy of heaven for a covering, to be called on under these circumstance for 500 of the strength of the camps of Israel, seemed cruel and unjust indeed, but such was the case, notwithstanding.

We arrived at Council Bluffs about the tenth day of July and found that four companies had been enlisted and organized. I was advised by George A. Smith and others to enlist, and after considering the matter, I concluded to do so, and was enlisted in Company "E", Captain Daniel C. Davis [commanding]. My wife, Emeline, also enlisted, as the Government had provided for four women to each company of 100 men to go as laundresses.

The Mormon Battalion

The need to assist the U. S. Army in the Mexican war was urgent [1846]. President James K. Polk instructed the Secretary of War, William L. March to authorize Col. (later General) Stephen W. Kearney, Commander of the Army of the West, to enlist a battalion of 500 Mormons for this purpose. Captain James Allen was ordered to proceed to the Mormon Camps in Iowa to recruit five companies of 75 to 100 men each.

The Mormons had many reasons to be reluctant to enlist: They had received no protection from persecution and mob action in Missouri and Illinois; their families were destitute and spread over a wide area; they had hundreds of miles of hostile Indian territory to cross; they worried how their families would suffer in the bitter plains winter; and of course, the Mormons had particularly close family ties and were concerned about protection for their families located on the western frontier.

However, President Brigham Young and the governing Council of the L.D.S. Church urged the men to enlist, telling them it was their patriotic duty to join. Five companies totaling over 500 men were mustered in at Council Bluffs, Iowa on July 16, 1846. There were 32 women, of which 20 were laundresses hired at private's pay that left with the Battalion. They made the longest march in military history consisting of 2,000 miles from Council Bluffs, Iowa to San Diego, California.

President Brigham Young told them: "Brethren, you will be blessed, if you will live for those blessings which you have been taught to live for. The Mormon Battalion will be held in honorable remembrance to the latest generation; and I will prophesy that the children of those who have been in the army, in defense of their country, will grow up and bless their fathers for what they did at that time. And men and nations will rise up and bless the men who went in that Battalion. These are my feelings in brief respecting the company of men known as the Mormon Battalion. When you consider the blessings that are laid upon you, will you not live for them? As the Lord lives, if you will but live up to your privileges, you will never be forgotten, without end, but you will be had in honorable remembrance, for ever and ever."

In addition to the 500 men, some of the officers chose to take their families and their possessions and their own wagons at no expense to the government, which the Army permitted. There were 15 or 16 families, including 50 or 55 children and dependents, who left Council Bluffs with the Battalion.

In 1954 the present organization called the U. S. Mormon Battalion, Inc. was formed to help fulfil Brigham Young's prophecy to those Mormon Battalion men. Also an Auxiliary to the USMB was formed for the women.

The Saga of the Mormon Battalion

The Longest Infantry March in History (excerpt)

The Mormon Battalion was formed in July 1846. Captain James Allen of the United States Army came to President Brigham Young seeking to enlist four or five companies of infantry to participate in the war with Mexico which began in May of 1846. The Mormon colonists were in desperate circumstances in temporary settlements they called Winter Quarters, Nebraska, Mount Pisgah, and Council Bluffs, Iowa. About five hundred volunteer were raised in a remarkably short period of time. The unit was commonly known as "the Mormon Battalion" because they were recruited from among the colonists of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (often called Mormons because of their belief in the divinity of the Book of Mormon), and because they formed a regular U.S. Army Battalion commanded by non-Mormon regular army officers. Forming the Battalion was a severe test of national loyalty for the harried pioneers, who had just been driven out of the United States and were camping in Indian Territory. They passed the test magnificently and formed the Battalion in only three weeks.

The overall mission of the Mormon Battalion was two-fold: 1. To reinforce the Army of the West (which departed Santa Fe in September 1846 under the command of General Stephen Kearney); and 2. To build a wagon road from Santa Fe to California. This was very early in the 1845-1848 War with Mexico and a supply route was considered vital for future military operations. The Battalion accomplished both parts of their mission admirably.

The nondescript-looking group marched out of Council Bluffs, Iowa on 20 July 1846, to the tune of "The Girl I left Behind Me" and began the first leg of the journey. That 200 mile march to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas was a sever ten-day trial period. The route was generally along the steaming lowlands of the Missouri River and they averaged about twenty miles per day. Few had any shelter because they left everything they could spare with their destitute families at Council Bluffs. Swarms of mosquitoes, both day and night, miles of mud, and violent nocturnal rainstorms greeted the 500 volunteers and 84 women and children. Twenty women were official laundresses (at the rate of &7.00 per month) and the remainder was families of officers and sergeants. Malaria became widespread and their beloved non-Mormon Commander, James Allen, died of malaria at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, where they arrived on 1 August 1846. At Fort Leavenworth they received infantry equipment and each man was paid a uniform allowance of \$42.00.

Instead of buying army uniforms, most of the man sent most of this money back to Council Bluffs and wore their rough frontier clothing.

The second segment of the journey began on 12 August, when the Battalion left Fort Leavenworth and was soon commanded by Lt. A.G. Smith. His overpowering desire was to get them to Santa Fe as rapidly as possible and he led them hard and fast those 900 miles down the Santa Fe Trail. The major problems were heat, the rapid pace, sickness and a malevolent doctor who administered calomel and arsenic for every disorder – with force if necessary. At the crossing of the Arkansas River, Lt. Smith detached a number of women and children and sent them up the river to Pueblo in what is now Colorado. The debilitated Battalion arrived at Santa Fe by 12 October 1846 – an average of about fifteen miles a day for sixty-one days.

Lt. Col. B. St. George Cooke took over at Santa Fe as the permanent commander of the Battalion. His candid assessment of the Battalion was: “Everything conspired to discourage the extra-ordinary undertaking of marching this battalion 1,100 miles, for the much greater part through an unknown wilderness without road or trail, and with a wagon train. It was enlisted too much by families, some were too old, some feeble, and some too young; it was embarrassed by many women; it was undisciplined; it was much worn by traveling on foot, and marching from Nauvoo, Illinois; their clothing was very scant; there was no money to pay them or clothing to issue; their mules were utterly broken down; . . . and mules were scarce .. those procured were very inferior, and were deteriorating every hour for lack of forage or grazing. I have brought road tools and have determined to take through my wagons; but the experiment is not a fair one, as the mules are nearly broken down at the outset.”

Colonel Cooke carefully screened the Battalion and sent all the women, five (some say four), all the children and almost all of the weakest and sickest men to Fort Pueblo. These men were to come on to California in the spring, if still needed. The Battalion left Santa Fe on 19 October 1846 on the third segment of its great march with about 350 men, four or five women, twenty-five wagons, and six cannons attempting to cross 1,100 trackless miles in country where no wagon train had ever rolled. There were high odds against a successful journey through enemy territory, short on ration from the outset, dealing with many different Indian tribes and led by guides who had also never traversed the route . . . (excerpted from a Mormon Battalion Visitors’ Center publication entitled “The Saga of the Mormon Battalion The Longest Infantry March in History”, San Diego, CA, pp. 1-2)

I left my team and wagon and little outfit with my brother-in-law, Daniel A. Miller, to be brought on the next year, as the Government had provided two six-mule-teams to each company. I was solicited to drive one team, and for the comfort and convenience of my wife I consented to do so, and many times I was thankful that I had done so, as these teams had to haul the camp equipment which consisted of tents, tent poles, camp kettles, etc., which filled the wagons up to the bows, and the women would have to crawl in as best they could and lie in that position until we stopped for camp. And as I had the management of the loading, I could make the situation a little more comfortable for my wife. For this and other reasons that I will not mention, I was glad that I was a

teamster.

About the 20th day of July, we took up our line of march for Fort Leavenworth. About this time I heard of my father's death, which took place on the 22nd day of June, 1846, at the place I had left him. Inasmuch as he could not recover, I was thankful to God that he had relieved him of his suffering, although, it was a dark hour for my poor mother to be left in such a desolate and sickly place without her natural protector, and with four small children and nothing to live on.

In due time we arrived in Fort Leavenworth, where we received our outfit of clothing, provisions, arms and ammunition. We remained here about two weeks, after which we started on our march to Santa Fe, a distance of one thousand miles, a very tedious march, to be performed on foot. We traveled much of the distance with very little water & grass, with dry buffalo chips for fuel. We passed over one desert eighty miles across; the only means of carrying water was in canteens holding two quarts each, one of which was carried by each man. A great many of the men gave out by the way and had to be helped out by others, the stronger carrying the water back to their comrades.

Finally we reached Santa Fe. During this time General Kearney was fighting the Mexicans in Upper California and was about to be over-powered by them, so he sent an express to Santa Fe to have the men of the Battalion inspected by the doctor and all able-bodied men fitted out and put on a forced march to go to his relief, and all the sick and disabled and all the women to be sent back.

Then came one of the greatest tests of my life. It happened in this way. I had been a teamster all the way and had proved that I could take good care of a team and was a careful driver, and as Captain Davis had his family with him, and his own private team, he wanted me to drive it for him, but [his] intentions were to send my wife back with the detachment of sick men. This I could not consent to and retain my manhood. I remonstrated with Captain Davis, but to no purpose. I could not make any impression on him. I told him I would gladly go and drive the team if he would let my wife go along, but he said there was no room in the wagon. Then I told him that I would not go and leave my wife! I would die first! This was a bold assertion for a Private to make to his Captain, but the emergency seemed to demand it. There were many others in the command who were in the same situation that I was, who had their wives with them and wanted to go back with them but had not the courage to make a fuss about it.

By this time I had done all that I could with the officers of the Battalion, but they either could not or would not do anything for me, so I resolved to go and see General Doniphan, the Commander of the Post. I asked John Steel to go with me, he being in the same situation as myself. We went to the Colonel's Quarters, found the Orderly at the door, asked permission to see the Colonel, and with our hats under our arms we entered the Colonel's Quarters and called his attention to our business. He informed us in a very stern manner that it was reported to

him that the men who had women there wanted to go on and let their women go back, and in accordance therewith, provisions had been drawn for the Battalion and for the Detachment, and there could be no change made. I told him that we had not been consulted in the matter; he told us to leave the Quarters, gruffly remarking that he had left his wife. I thought I would venture one more remark, which was, "Colonel! I suppose you left your wife with her friends, while we are required to leave ours in our enemy's country, in care of a lot of sick, demoralized men." This seemed to touch a sympathetic cord; he called very sharply, "Orderly! Orderly! Go up to the command and bring Adjutant George P. Dykes." I whispered to Steel, "The spell is broken; let's go."

In a short time Adjutant Dykes returned to the Command and climbed upon the top of the hind wheel of the wagon, & shouting at the top of his voice said, "All you men who have wives here can go back with them. I have seen men going about crying enough to melt the heart of a crocodile, so I went to the Colonel and had it arranged." I said, "you hypocritical liar; you will take the credit that belongs to others." This remark he did not hear, but, however, the object was accomplished, and in a short time the Battalion was on the move west, and the Detachment on the move east by north-east.

The Detachment was composed of all the men who had become disabled through the long march which they had performed on foot. Their outfit of teams was composed of given-out broken-down oxen that had been used in freighting supplies of the Government across the plains, and were not fit for any kind of efficient service, so they compared very well with the majority of the men. Our rations or provisions were very good in quality, but very short as to the quantity, the Post of Santa Fe being very short of provisions at that time. After we had gotten on the move, we found we had only three-fourths rations of flour, and everything else in proportion, such as beans, sugar, coffee, pork and rice, with the difficulties mentioned above, together with the fact that we were only allowed the time to reach Fort Bent that a lot of able bodied men would be allowed to make the same journey in. Our slow traveling soon put us on half-rations as eight miles per day was the best we could do. We had a lot of beef cattle, but they compared favorably with the rest of the outfit, so poor that many of them gave out by the way. Great economy had to be used by killing the poorest first; the reader can imagine that the quality of the beef was limited.

As usual, on the march I had charge of a team, but instead of a six-mule-team it was a team of four yoke of poor oxen, quite a contrast. Our progress was so slow that we were put on quarter-rations in order to make them hold out until we should reach Fort Bent. It seemed as if we had gone about as far as we could go, when one morning, after the guard had driven the oxen into camp, it was found that there were thirty head of stray oxen in the herd, all of them in good condition. Captain Brown gave orders to distribute them in the teams of the Detachment, and with this addition of strength to our teams, we got along fine. About noon, however, there came into our camp, two men on horseback inquiring for the stray oxen. Captain Brown told them that if they had any cattle in his company, they could take them out. They replied that each teamster only knew his

own team. After examining our teams they claimed and took but four of the thirty stray oxen. This still left us with thirteen yoke of fresh cattle, which we considered a divine interposition of the kind hand of God in our behalf, as it seemed about the only chance for deliverance from starvation.

In due time, we reached Fort Bent and exchanged our dilapidated outfit for a new one, with a full supply of rations for the winter, which seemed to put an end to all our troubles. We moved up the Arkansas River seventy-five miles to a place called Pueblo, where we put up houses for the winter. These houses were constructed of cottonwood logs split in halves and the pieces all joined together in the form of a stockade. Here we passed the winter drilling and hunting and having a good time generally.

It was then about seven months since we had received any pay, so Captain Brown concluded to go to Santa Fe with the payroll of the Detachment and draw our wages. He took a guard of ten men, of which I was one of them. We started about the last day of February, and had a high range of mountains to cross, called the Rattoon range. We encountered a great deal of snow, at times we had to tramp the snow for miles so our pack animals could walk over it, but in due time we arrived at Santa Fe. The money was drawn, and we started on our return trip, got back to our quarters at Pueblo about the first of April, and found spring weather. We began at once to prepare for our march.

About the 15th of April, 1847, we started due north for Fort Laramie, three hundred miles distant, on the California road, at which place we expected to find or hear of the Pioneer Company that was expected to fit out and go to find a location for the Saints. On our way we were met by Amasa Lyman and others who had come from the Pioneer's Camp. This was indeed a happy meeting, and to get news of our loved ones greatly relieved our anxieties, as we then learned that the Camp was ahead of us, led by President Brigham Young, and he led by revelation. So we pushed on with fresh courage and finally struck their trail about two weeks ahead of us. We followed their trail, but did not overtake them as we expected to. The pioneers reached Salt Lake Valley July 24th and the Detachment on the 28th of July, 1847. On that same day we were discharged from the service of the United States, and I became a free man once more. I feel that the year's service described above, is one of the noblest and grandest acts of my life, for the reason that Israel was on the altar of sacrifice, and the "Mormon Battalion", of which I was a member, went as the "Ram in the Thicket", and Israel was saved.

I was now in a country that was untried, and one thousand miles from where any supplies could be obtained. I had only the outfit of a discharged soldier, which consisted of a small tent, a sheet-iron camp kettle, a mess pan, two tin plates, two spoons, two knives and forks, a pair of blankets badly worn, two old quilts, ten pounds of flour, and my dear precious wife Emeline, who had been with me through all of the trials and hardships and had endured them all without a murmur. God bless her memory, had it not been for her noble spirit to comfort me, I think many times I should have almost despaired, because of the gloomy

outlook. I concluded a faint heart would not buy baby frock (altho we were not blessed with one at that time) and began to get out house logs to put up a shelter for the winter.

I went in partners with Jim Bevan and put up a whip saw-pit, and began to turn out lumber, and as there was none except what was sawed by hand, I found ready sale for mine as fast as I could make it, which was slow, one hundred feet being all we could turn out in a day. In this way I managed to recruit our indigent circumstances and was able to get a little bread-stuff, corn meal at twelve and one half cents a pound and flour at twenty-five cents a pound. We got along all right during the winter. In the spring we moved out on Mill Creek, and I began to put in what seed-grain I had, which was very limited; this, of course, cut off the bread supply. Then began our want for food. Through the winter we dug what we called "Thistle Roots", but by this time they began to leaf out, which spoiled the root. We then resorted to the tops, gathered and cooked in salt and water. This with some buttermilk, (which I begged of Jim Brinkerhoof and carried one and a half miles), was all we had to eat for two months.

During this time another very discouraging circumstance took place; the crickets made their appearance in countless numbers and attacked our grain crops. We fought them until we found that we were about to be over-powered, when very providentially, the seagulls came and completely devoured the crickets, so the balance of our crops matured, and our pending starvation was averted. On the 9th day of September, 1848, I started back to Council Bluffs after my mother and her children (whom I had left at Pisgah), as they had no means to come out with. I arrived at Council Bluffs on the 2nd day of November, rested a few days, and then continued my journey to Pisgah, one hundred and thirty miles distant, where I found my mother and her family all alive and well. It was a joyful meeting. I stopped with them a few days to arrange for the move in the spring then went back to the Bluffs to try to get work for the winter, as I was very short of means to accomplish so great an undertaking. I engaged to work for Apostle Orson Hyde for twenty dollars a month. I worked one month, and then the weather got so severe that out-door work stopped, then I was out of employment for the rest of the winter.

In the Spring I took all the means I had and bought with it a wagon and a yoke of oxen, hitched them up and went down to Pisgah to bring Mother's family as far as the "Bluffs, not knowing where the rest of the outfit would come from; but another interposition of kind Providence, when I got back I found the country swarming with emigrants on their way to the gold fields of California. On finding that I had come over the road, they hired me for a guide giving me Two Hundred Dollars in cash in advance. This was truly a blessing from the Lord that I had not thought of. I was now enabled to get the rest of my outfit. About the 15th day of April, 1849, we started, but a difficulty soon made its appearance that my emigrant friends had not thought of. They had horse teams with light loads, while I had an ox team with a heavy load, so that I could not travel as fast or as far in a day as they could. They would put me in the lead, and I would urge my team on and make as far as I could to try and give them

satisfaction. I kept this up until they saw that my oxen were beginning to fail and would soon give out, then they went on and left me. They served me a trick that the devil never did, but I felt quite relieved, as I could then travel to suit myself, which I did, taking time to hunt the best feed, and my team soon began to recruit.

On the 27th day of July, I again arrived in Salt Lake Valley, having accomplished one more magnanimous act by bringing my dear mother and her four children to the home of the Saints. I found my dear wife Emeline well, and with her first child in her arms, which had been born 06 January 1848, while I was away. This was indeed a happy meeting, because I had been absent for eleven months. While I was away, the land I had the year before was given to another party, so I went north to a place afterwards called Farmington and located there. In the meantime, Daniel A. Miller came out and brought my team and wagon with its contents, which I had left with him two years before when I went into the Battalion. With this and the outfit which I had brought with me, I felt quite well fixed to what I had been. As it was the council for the people to settle close together for mutual protection, I could only get twenty acres of land; but bought more afterwards, as opportunity would present itself. On the 30th day of March 1852, I married Emily Card (No. 2), who was born in the State of Maine, 27 Sept. 1831. She was the mother of ten children. In March, 1855 I was ordained a Bishop by President Brigham Young, and set apart to preside over the Farmington Ward, and presided over said ward twenty-seven successive years.

On the 16th day of November, 1856, I married Julia Pederson (No. 3), who was born in Norway, 29 Sept. 1837. She is the mother of four children.

In March, 1857, I married Mary Ann Steed (No. 4), who was born in England 27 Nov. 1837. She is the mother of ten children.

In 1858, I was elected to the Utah Legislature; was elected again in 1860 for two years, or two terms.

On the 31st day of January, 1862, my much beloved wife Emeline died of premature child birth. This was one of the greatest trials of my life, as she was the wife of my youth and had been through all of our poverty and trials of life which we had passed through. She died as she had lived, a faithful, wife, a devoted mother, and a true Latter-day Saint. She was the mother of ten children.

On the 25th day of April, 1862, I married Caroline Workman (No. 5), who was born in the State of Tennessee, 28 March 1846. She is the mother of ten children.

On the 30th day of May 1868, I married Sarah Lovina Miller (No. 6), who was born in Farmington, Utah, 24 June 1850. She is the mother of nine children.

On the 4th day of August, 1872, my beloved wife Emily Card died after giving birth to her tenth child. This was another great trial to me, and to have a lot of little children left without a mother. She died as she had lived, a kind mother, a dutiful wife, and a faithful Latter-day Saint.

On the 28th day of July, 1875, I married Frances Marion Bigler (No. 7), who was born in Farmington, Utah, 22 October 1859. She is the mother of eleven children. About this time (1875), President Young called me to a mission with some Lamanites located at Washakie, in the northern part of Box Elder County. I have been engaged more or less ever since in directing that people.

In 1876, I was re-elected to the Utah Legislature. I was a Colonel, commanding the Militia of Davis County for many years, but when Governor Harding issued his famous proclamation making it an offense to bear arms, I was relieved from that responsibility.

On June 17, 1877 at a Special Conference in Farmington, Utah to organize a Stake in Davis County, Brigham Young gave Bishop John W. Hess and the other men who were called to Bishops in that Stake this advice: "To the now acting Bishops, who will be ordained Bishops, as well as to brother Hess, who I believe is the only ordained Bishop in the country, I will say that you will now be required to look after your several Wards more assiduously than heretofore; see that Teachers are diligent in the performance of their duties, and that all difficulties that may arise among the brethren of the Ward be settled, if possible, by the Teachers; and also see that all who claim membership in this Church observe the moral law of our religion. We shall not expect to hear of people breaking the Sabbath, and a hundred other things all of which are inconsistent with our holy callings, and opposed to the accomplishment of the work that the Father has given us to do.

You are called upon now to make yourselves familiar with the revelations and commandments that have been given us of the Lord for our perfection, for our sanctification preparatory to our exaltation, and so live that our acts and conversations may conform to the same. We expect to see a radical change, a reformation, in the midst of this people, so that, when the proper authorities shall call upon you to do thus and so, every one may be found willing and ready to respond, placing himself, with all he commands, for the up building of the kingdom of God. This is in accordance with a revelation given to this Church before the law of Tithing was revealed; but in consequence of unbelief and imperfection on the part of the people it was not observed, and hence a law more adapted to their condition was given, namely, that of Tithing. You are called upon now to improve your ways, to seek with all earnestness for an increase of faith that you may live according to the higher laws, which is your privilege to do, and which is so necessary for our peace and comfort and for the good order of society and for the salvation of the Latter day Saints. We shall look for this change, and I do not think we shall be disappointed; if at all, I believe it will prove a happy disappointment to all Israel, because of the great reformation that will be effected among the Latter day Saints." (From the Journal of Discourses, Vol. 19, pages 43 and 44. Inserted By Charles P. Hess 09 Sept. 1998)

September, 1882, I was called by President John Taylor and set apart to be the First Councilor to the President of the Davis Stake of Zion, which had been previously organized.

On the 17th day of March, 1885, the people of Farmington prepared a feast for me at Social Hall to manifest their kindly feelings and a proper appreciation of the long and faithful labor that I had performed during the twenty-seven years of my Bishopric. In this feast nearly the entire ward participated. As a token of the good feeling of the people, I was presented with a bust of President Young and a set of books, the Church Works. The evening was spent in speaking, toasts, and dancing.

November 20, 1869. Today I started a mission to the place of my birth, Franklin County, Pennsylvania. Took the Union Pacific cars at Uintah, Weber County, Utah; started at 2 P.M. and traveled over much of the road at a rapid rate; much of it I had traveled twice before--once with pack mules and once with an ox team. The

present mode of travel compared with pack animals or ox teams, seemed a very great contrast--a very great improvement.

The railroad runs over much of the route that we traveled in coming to this country, and gave ample opportunity to reflect upon the hardships we endured in the slow progress we made, fifteen miles per day on an average being all that we could do, in many instances. In gliding so rapidly and easily over many places that I could remember that I had passed in the depths of poverty, with lean almost given out animals, when I looked on such places and in my mind made the contrast between the two circumstances, I could but exclaim, "Oh, the goodness of our God!" and shed many a tear of joy and gratitude to the Lord for his mercy to me.

I forgot to state that at the time I was called on this mission, there were two hundred other Elders called to different parts of the United States. We all traveled on the same train in four palace cars, had an enjoyable time crossing the plains, and in due time reached Omaha, on the Missouri River; there we separated, each one going on the route best suited to him.

I took the Northwestern Railway to Chicago. At Cedar Rapid, Iowa, I got off to visit my cousin, David H. Secrist, who lived near that place. I visited with him a few days then continued my journey to Chicago, where I took the Chicago, Fort Wayne and Pittsburgh Railroad, and the Pennsylvania Central to Harrisburg; there I switched off on the Cumberland Valley Railroad to Green Castle, in Franklin County, Penn. At that place I found a dear aunt, Mrs. Riley was a sister of my dear mother. The family had heard of my coming and met me with open arms, and made me very welcome. I felt very much at home here, indeed; I made it my home much of the time while I was in the country. Mrs. Riley was so much like my dear mother that I loved her as mother. She also had a lovely family. I preached the Gospel to them and made a favorable impression, but the prejudice at that time ran very high and our doctrine was very unpopular, and the time of my stay was short.

They put off obeying the Gospel, but nearly the entire family have since died, and while I was with them I got their names and ages, and a few years ago I did work for them in the Logan Temple.

My object in going east at that time was to preach the Gospel to the living if they wanted to hear it, and get genealogy of the dead. The former I succeeded in very poorly, as the living did not care to hear; the genealogy of the dead was very meager, as they had failed to keep a record, and the only way that I could get the names and ages of the dead was to go to the cemeteries and obtain them from the stones that marked their last resting places, as my people had been very particular in keeping the record on their head stones. I got all the names I could--perhaps fifty in all--and have done work for them in the Logan Temple. I found all my relatives on my Father's side of the house all well off, with a few exceptions. The old people came and settled in Franklin County, Penn. in an early day when it was new, possessed themselves of the country, and having good staying qualities, made themselves well-to-do. The old people--my father's brothers and sisters--with few exceptions are dead, and their children are in possession of the country, which is hard to excel. This is the situation I found them in, and all of them belonging to some kind of religion peculiar to their own notions, and being much prejudiced against "Mormonism" they did not care to listen to me.

February 15, 1870. Because of pressing business at home, I had spent about all the time that I could spare, and having secured all the genealogy that I could get at that time, I bade farewell to all of my dear friends, and on the 16th day of February, 1870, I left Green Castle on my return trip over the same road that I came; arrived in Harrisburg the same day, here I bought a ticket, which cost me \$70. I left Harrisburg at 4 o'clock for Pittsburgh. In due time I arrived in Chicago safely, and on quick time; here I took the Northwestern Railway for Cedar Rapids, stopped to see cousin David M. Secrist, visited with him; then went on the train to Omaha, where I arrived on the 22nd of February. I left Omaha, February 23rd, and on the 25th, I arrived in Ogden. I also reached my home the same day and found all well. I had been gone about three months, and felt well satisfied with my visit to the place I was born.

Sept 15, 1887. I left my place at Plymouth, Box Elder County, Utah, at 12 o'clock noon, went to Logan, and there joined Bishop Zundel and two Lamanites John and Jim Brown, and secured a part of our outfit consisting of one baggage wagon, two work horses, two riding horses, two horses and a buggy. I furnished horses and buggy, the Church furnished baggage wagon, Bishop Zundel furnished two horses to pull the wagon, and the Lamanites furnished riding horses. The object of this mission was to carry a lot of presents to Chief Washakie, who was camped on the east side of the Wind River Range of Mountains, now in the State of Wyoming. The presents consisted of five hundred pounds of dried fruit, one bale of blankets, shirts, underwear, and silk handkerchiefs in great numbers and varieties.

September 16. We left Logan City, traveled up Logan Canyon, found the country very rocky but the road good considering the country that it passes through; camped for the night, having had no accident through the day.

September 17th. Traveled up the Canyon, reached top of divide about noon; in Dean's Hill got a lot of pine hens and had our first feast of wild meat, which we enjoyed very much. Traveled down the east side of the mountains to Garden City, thence up the Bear Lake shore to Laketown; camped for the night with Bishop Nebeker. Bear Lake is the most beautiful sheet of water that I have ever seen--water as clear as crystal, and gravelly bottom at a great depth. We obtained a supply of oats for horse feed.

September 18th. We started this morning at 8 o'clock, crossed over a ridge and traveled down grade to Bear River; found it almost dry; traveled across the country to the mouth of Twin Creeks where we struck the Oregon Short Line Railway. There we camped for the night and had our first feast of Mountain Trout, John having secured a fine string of them.

September 19th. Started at 8 o'clock; traveled up Twin Creeks, also up the Oregon Short Line R.R., which comes down the Creeks, the wagon road crosses the Railroad nineteen times, very dangerous in places, just room enough for the wagon to pass when there is no train at that time; camped at the tunnel on the summit of the ridge. This tunnel is 800 feet through. Started at 2 o'clock, traveled over the ridge down to Ham's Fork, went up Ham's Fork for three miles, camped for the night. There we saw the first antelope, which were very wild and not come-at-able.

September 20th. Started at 8 o'clock; traveled over some very steep hills; struck the Lander Road which used to be one of the main roads that the gold seekers traveled to California by the way of Fort Hall. We struck up a very steep hill. almost perpendicular, hitched both saddle horses to the end of the wagon tongue and pulled the horns of the saddles; traveled down the hill to

Fontinell, near Green River, and camped there for the night.

September 21st. Started at 7:30, passed over some rough, hilly country on to Green River, then up Green River 13 miles to a beautiful stream called LaBarge; noon halt, started out at 1 o'clock, traveled 24 miles up the river, good roads, camped for the night on river bottom, good grass.

September 22nd. Broke camp at 8:30, crossed both Pineys, beautiful streams of water, wide bottoms, good meadow land by the thousands of acres; antelope in large herds but very wild; traveled over a ridge due north, struck Marsh Creek, caught some nice Mountain Trout, waited for baggage wagon to come up; wagon came up, then we found we had taken the wrong route and gone out of our way. Started at two o'clock, traveled over High Cobble Stone Ridge to the fork of Green River; this is the main fork of Green River, a large stream of beautiful clear water.

September 23rd. We have gotten out of our way; went for 10 miles down the river, struck the trail, traveled due east over Large Cobble Stone Ridge down on the east fork of Green River; this fork has a great amount of water in it at some seasons of the year, but low at present. Noon halt; at 2 o'clock started up the river; hereafter must travel without a road through heavy sage brush; made slow progress across the bottom to river, camped for the night.

September 24th. The mountains to the northeast begin to look very high and difficult to cross. At 8:30 broke camp and climbed over hills, washouts, and sage brush; difficult to travel; made slow progress; met some Indians who informed us that Chief Washakie had gone on a hunt; not likely to see him; camped for the night.

Sunday, September 25th. Camped about twenty-five miles from the foot of the mountains; are told the mountains are very difficult to cross over to Chief Washakie's camp; considering this, with the fact that we could not see him if we did cross, we concluded to send a Indian over and ask the chief men of the camp to send a delegation over to receive the presents. We were in camp waiting for them to return. The Indians in that vicinity, who were hunting, began to gather into our camp, and we held meetings with them, preaching the Gospel to them, and a number of them became converted and demanded Baptism.

September 27th. Still in camp waiting for the messenger to return; health good, appetite good, and conscious that we are in no immediate danger from our enemies that we had left so far in the rear in Utah, the Anti-Mormon raid (against the families living in plural marriages) being in full bust when we left.

September 28th. This morning our express men returned with Chief Washakie's son and three other of the principal men of the tribe. Dick Washakie, a son, is a noble looking man, about 6 feet 4 inches tall, well proportioned, speaks good English, about 25 years old, well dressed in the American Style, fine, gentlemanly appearance, and must sooner or later be a great leader among his people.

After greetings and breakfast were over, we all sat down, had prayer, John Indian being mouth, after which Bishop Zundel preached to the Lamanites that had gathered in—twenty in number; talked about one hour. John preached next. Jim Brown followed, after which I bore a powerful testimony and prophesied of the future of that people; much of the spirit of the Lord was enjoyed. After several meetings, the Lamanites all asked to be baptized, which was attended to with much pleasure. Bishop Zundel did the Baptizing and I did the confirming. After we had gotten through with the ordinance of Baptism, the presents were delivered, and after hearty handshaking we separated from our kind friends; the

Lamanites going east and we south-west on our return trip; traveled ten miles through sage and greasewood and camped for the night. Jim killed an antelope, which was very acceptable, as we had had very little meat on our trip so far.

September 29th. This morning we Baptized four more Indians - two men and two women. Broke camp at nine o'clock and traveled over to Green River; camped for noon, and traveled over a ridge to Piney's two fine streams of water; meadow and farm land in abundance; camped for the night.

September 30th. Broke camp at seven o'clock traveling up the largest Piney, much of the time in the middle of the stream; very rough canyon and very difficult pass over several high ranges; traveled until after dark down a steep mountain side, almost perpendicular; camped on the creek in a narrow gorge.

October 1st. Had now gotten through the range of mountains, sixty miles distant, and were at the head of Star Valley; traveled down the valley to the mouth of the Salt River, camped for the night.

October 2nd. Laying over to rest the horses; started at noon up Salt River, and camped for the night near the Summit.

October 3rd. Started at 7 o'clock; came out of the canyon and reached Montpelier, nooned at Amasa Wright's place, fed, got dinner, then traveled to Georgetown; stopped for the night with Nicholas Barkdall, my brother-in-law, were treated royally.

October 5th. Started at 7 o'clock; nooned at Soda Springs, started at 2 o'clock; camped for the night with Serl Hale; were treated to the best his house afforded.

October 6th. Started at 7 o'clock, came over the ridge, camped at Church Farm, fed got dinner, broke camp at 1 o'clock; traveled to Weston Creek, fed, lunched and then we separated, Bishop Zundel and the Lamanites crossing the range of hills into Malad Valley, and I going by way of Clarkston and reaching home at nine o'clock, found all well; had traveled sixty miles on this last day, and about seven hundred miles on the entire journey.

I thank and praise the Lord, who has had His kind and preserving care over us while fulfilling this mission of peace to one of the largest friendly tribes of Indians in this part of the country.

Ogden City, Utah, November 23, 1895. This morning, in company with Ezra T. Clark, John R. Barnes, and Ephraim P. Elleson, I left for Omaha, Nebraska, to attend the Trans-Mississippi Congress to be held at that place on the 25th of said month. We crossed the plains of a thousand miles without accident. I passed my first night in a Pullman palace sleeping car, and with all of its grandeur in appearance, I could not sleep; two men in one berth is one too many for comfort; the car being very warm. Arrived in Omaha about 8:30 and took the street car to the Millard Hotel. This Hotel was selected as the head-quarters of the members; charges \$3.00 per day. We had first-class fare and two good rooms for our accommodation; all of the accommodations there were on the modern plan, first-class style, with colored waiters, who were very polite.

November 26th. Held three sessions today. All the members were invited to a reception given by a gentleman whose name I have forgotten, we were royally treated to all kinds of drinkables, also candy and ice cream.

November 27th. Held one session. In the afternoon the members went in a body, by invitation, to visit the Omaha Smelter where they reduce silver and lead ore to bullion, from there it is shipped to Wales, and there refined; a great amount of

business is done there. The same afternoon we took the street car five miles to South Omaha to visit the stockyards and slaughter houses. A great amount of slaughtering and packing is done here. After looking through the mammoth establishment we went back to the Hotel.

November 28th. Thanksgiving Day. Crossed the bridge over the Missouri River, went to Council Bluffs, held meeting with a small branch of the Church presided over by Robert Huntington; had Thanksgiving dinner; had a good time after dinner and went back to Omaha; took a street car, went three miles up the River towards Florence (once Winter Quarters) then back to the Hotel; had supper, packed our grips, and got the lunch basket recruited. Union Depot.

November 29th. At 8:10 we took the train for Ogden, securing our berths in the Pullman sleeper, "Suzanna. Cold north wind blowing.

Green River, November 30th, 8:15. Green River was once a thriving rail-road town when the road was being built, but now it is dilapidated.

Echo. November 30th, 12:30. Had a pleasant trip, were favored with the company of President George Q. Cannon all the way across the plains, which we appreciated very much.

Ogden. November 30th 2:10. All in good health and spirits; changed cars for Farmington, reached home in safety; found all well, glad to see each other. This was a pleasure trip for me, in very deed. I had an opportunity to form the acquaintance of influential business men from different parts of the country; made acquaintances that will not be forgotten very soon.

January 15, 1894. Today William R. Smith, President of the Davis Stake of Zion, died after a severe, lingering sickness of six months, of cancer in the intestines. This was a severe shock to his family and to all the people of the stake, as he was a first-class man, a good president, a good father, and a friend to all good people; his faithful memory will live in the hearts of the people.

About this time I was called by the Presidency of the Church to take the Temporary Presidency of the Stake in President Smith's place, with Brother Hyrum Grant as my first counselor to assist me. Of course, we took hold and did the best we could, but because of the long illness of our latest President, all public Stake matters were much run down so we had to labor with our might to get matters straightened up.

March 4, 1894. Today at the Stake Conference in East Bountiful, I was set apart to preside as the President of the Davis Stake of Zion with Joseph Hyrum Grant as my first counselor; set apart by Apostle Franklin D. Richards and Heber J. Grant, Apostle Richards being mouth.

Brother F.D. Richards stated to the Conference that my name had been considered by the First Presidency and the Quorum of the Apostles, and it was decided unanimously that I was the man. It was put before the High Council and they were unanimously in favor; it was also put before the Conference, and I was unanimously sustained.

I had presided over the Farmington Ward as its Bishop for Twenty-seven successive years, and had labored as the First Counselor to President W.R. Smith from 1882 to 1894. I got along with this very well, or reasonably satisfactorily, but to accept the responsibility of presiding over the Stake seemed a great responsibility, and so it has proved in every sense of the word. It has caused me to feel very humble and to live near to the Lord as a man of my temperament could do, but through the help of the Lord I have done the best I could, and as to how well I have succeeded, I will leave the Lord and my

charitable brethren and sisters to judge. I pray most earnestly that I may continue to be faithful and humble in the future in my labors among the people, that I may put my trust in the Lord and have His approval, then I will be content. (EVENTS OF THE MONTH *IMPROVEMENT ERA* VOL. V: 313)

DEATH OF JOHN W. HESS. A noted pioneer, a member of the Mormon Battalion, and a man of unflinching integrity, was President John W. Hess, of Davis Stake, who died in Farmington, on the morning of the 16th [December 1903]. He was the son of Jacob and Elizabeth Foutz Hess, and was born in Franklin County, Pennsylvania, August 24, 1824. He was baptized into the Church with his father's family, in March 1834, in Richland County, Ohio, whither the family had removed in 1832. Then came removals with the Saints to Ray and Caldwell Counties, Missouri, and later to Illinois, and then again to Mt. Pisgah, Iowa. Elder Hess bearing the blunt of the trials, the burdens of the family, and caring for his partly paralyzed father, whose health failed owing to the severe hardship which he passed through. On July 10, 1846, he and his wife having arrived at Council Bluffs, on their westward journey, his father's family remaining at Mt. Pisgah, he enlisted in the Mormon Battalion, in Company E, Captain Daniel C. Davis, his wife Emeline Bigler whom he had married in Nauvoo, November 2, 1845, also enlisting as one of the four women to accompany each company as laundresses. After his return, in 1848, to Mt. Pisgah, he found his father had died June 22, 1846. In the spring of 1849, he arranged for the westward journey, taking him with his father's family, and arriving in Salt Lake Valley July 27, settling shortly thereafter in Farmington. In March 1865, he was ordained a bishop serving in this capacity for 27 years, until he was ordained, September 22, 1882, counselor to President W.R. Smith, upon whose death he was made President, January 15, 1894. This position he held until his death. He served three terms in the Territorial legislature, in 1858, 1860, 1876; was commander of the Davis County Militia for many years, and a delegate in 1895 to the Omaha Trans-Mississippi Congress. He filled a mission to the Lamanites and to Pennsylvania. On February 8, 1900, he was ordained a patriarch by Elder Francis M. Lyman, and remained an active worker in his calling to the day of his going to rest.

A MANIFESTATION THAT I BOTH SAW & HEARD

About September 15, 1900, during my late illness, on Sunday morning about 9 o'clock, while lying upon my bed, and my brethren of the Priesthood were out among the people performing their various duties, I was thinking over my helpless condition not being able to be with them in the performance of my own duties; I began to pour out my whole soul in prayer. My prayer finally resolved itself into a lamentation, asking the Lord what I had done or what I had not done that I should be so seriously afflicted, that I should be deprived of the privilege of going forth with the rest of my brethren and performing my duties. I was told that it was not for any great sin of commission or omission that I was thus afflicted, but it was because of my long and faithful labor and the many hardships that I had passed through during my long life that had weakened my faculties and brought me to my present condition. I was told that the Lord accepted of my labors and that my career on earth would, in the near future, be brought to a close.

About this time I saw, sitting on a box at the foot of my bed, a personage that

looked familiar to me, in the full bloom and vigor of life. I gazed upon it with great earnestness and finally came to the conclusion that it was my own visage in every form and feature except for age.

About this time I heard a voice saying, "this is the body of your spirit, you see that it is in the exact form of your temporal body." He repeated again with great earnestness, "this is the body of your spirit," and then remarked, "now, let this suffice for the present."

Now, I do declare in all soberness, and in the fear of God while writing, that the above statement is true, and shall be a testimony to all who read it

John W. Hess, Farmington, Davis County, Utah, 13 January 1902

STATEMENT OF DAVID HESS

MADE 29 AUGUST 1920

TO E.F. RICHARDS

David Hess, second son of Jacob and Elizabeth (Foutz) Hess, and brother to the late John W. Hess, late president of the Davis Stake, was born in Ray County, Missouri, February 18, 1837. He removed with his father's family to Kirtland, Ohio, locating in the vicinity of the Temple.

"I was a mere child," says Mr. Hess, "and do not remember the incidents but have been assured by my mother that the Prophet Joseph, and Patriarch Hyrum Smith, while waiting for a ferry boat to go down the Ohio River, spent several days at my father's house, and that the Prophet often held me in his arms. She also related that on a certain morning, at an early hour before breakfast, while Joseph and Hyrum were there, The Prophet, with his hands behind his back, was walking to and fro across the floor, when a knock came at the door and a stranger said, "I understand that the pretended prophet, "Joe" Smith, is here and I would like to see him," The Prophet turning to him quickly responded "I am the man." At these words the stranger hurriedly departed.

"In our journeyings we next located in Hancock County, Illinois, seven miles from Carthage jail, where the Prophet and Patriarch were shot, and twenty miles from the city of Nauvoo, where we still lived at the time of the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum. The news of their deaths reached my father's house at an early hour thereafter. Though only seven years of age, I well remember the lamentations of the Saints over their Seer and their Patriarch. I also have vivid recollections of the burning from time to time by the anti-Mormon mobs of the Saints' homes. On one occasion several of the mobocrats, who were mounted and well armed, stopped at my father's gate, and were, as we supposed, debating as to whether or not they should burn our house, but in a few minutes they passed on. It was not uncommon at this time to see the smoke from the burning homes and hay stacks of the Saints, which had been set fire to by mobs, and we were kept in constant fear lest our own property should be destroyed.

In the fall of 1845, we moved up to Nauvoo, occupying part of the house of my uncle, Jacob Foutz. We were preparing to immigrate with the main body of the Church, the following spring to the Rocky Mountains. The spring of '46 found us with father on sickbed, he having been stricken with paralysis the previous November - setting out for the Salt Lake Valley. Owing to father's weak condition, we were obliged to stop at Mount Pisgah, Union County, Iowa, where on June 22, 1846, he died and was buried a short distance from our shanty, there

being no laid out burying ground. Because of the scarcity of good lumber, we had to bury him in a coffin made from hewn timber. The next spring, however, we obtained some good lumber, made a better coffin; dug up the remains and buried them on Mount Pisgah Hill, where the Pioneer Monument, on which father's name is inscribed, now stands. At this time my brother John W. separated from us, going to Council Bluffs, Iowa, and leaving my mother alone with five small children, the eldest (myself) of which was only ten years of age. My brother-in-law, Stephen Johnson, on learning that father had died, and that we had lost one yoke of our oxen, sent one of his yokes by one, Peter Dopp, to mother. We never saw the oxen nor did we learn what became of them until fifty years after when we learned that Dopp kept the oxen. In the following spring I was bitten by a rattlesnake, and for over a month was confined to my bed, being finally healed through the ministering of the Mormon Elders.

Apostle Lorenzo Snow, early in the Spring of 1847, knowing we had been disabled by the loss of one yoke of oxen, promised that, if we would let him have our remaining oxen and wagon for the use of the Mormon pioneers, who were going to the Salt Lake Valley, he would see that we had a complete outfit with which to go to the Lake the following season. (During the Mormon Exodus from Nauvoo, Apostle Snow was appointed by President Young to preside over the Saints at Mt. Pisgah, Iowa). No part of this promise ever materialized which caused us two years delay in reaching the Valley, and untold suffering from hunger and privation.

My brother, John W., who had been a volunteer in the Mormon Battalion, a company of United States troops, made up principally of Mormons, organized for the purpose of serving in the War with Mexico, and to accompany General Stephen Kearney on his expedition to California, started, with others of the Battalion in the Spring of '47, from Pueblo, Colorado, for Salt Lake, where he was mustered out of service. He and his companions overtook a company of Saints under Apostle Amasa M. Lyman, and reached the Valley with them, just a few days after the arrival of the original 144 pioneers under Brigham Young, who arrived there July 24, 1847. In the fall of '48, after taking leave of his wife and baby, who had been with him throughout his service with the Battalion, brother John returned to us at Mount Pisgah, and after remaining for a week with us, he went to Kaneshville, Nebraska, where he spent the winter of '48 working to get means with which to take us to the Valley. He returned the following spring. At this time Providence interceded in our behalf. A company of gold seekers en route to California met Brother John, and for the sum of \$250.00 (which at that time seemed a fortune) employed him as their guide to the Rocky Mountains. About May 1, 1849, we began our long perilous journey across the Plains. Our outfit consisted of two yoke of oxen, one yoke of cows, a pioneer wagon and twenty head of sheep. Barefoot and half clad though I was, the burden of driving the sheep fell upon me, then in my twelfth year. Excepting the usual hardships characteristic of such an undertaking, our journey was marked by no particular incidents of a tragic or sensational nature. Arriving at the Salt Lake July 28, 1849, we camped at what is now McCune Grove and the next day proceeded on to Farmington, Davis County, Utah, where our family located. . . .

P.S. "I desire to acknowledge to my grandson Russell Leo Hess, and to my great-grand son, Leslie Eugene Smart, my grateful appreciation of their ably rendered assistance in preparing this record." David Hess (January 1st, 1921)

Tribute to John W. Hess by Wendell Hess

Like most of the descendants of John W. Hess, I take great pride in my heritage for a number of reasons, some of which I will enumerate: 1. He had to be a great man to live the life of domestic tranquility which he did, to love and care for seven wives to guide, teach and provide for 63 children; and to do so with such a high degree of success. Great men and women are common among his vast posterity. 2. He was frequently called on both church and political leaders to assist with matters requiring great wisdom judgment and interpersonal people skills. All I have learned of him tells me he was a man of deep convictions and with the courage and character to do what he saw as right. 3. He was a dedicated servant to God and his fellow men as attested by a life time of service to both. His role in formulating and initiating the Primary program is just one monument to his service. There are thousands of living monuments whose lives are better because of lives he touched. That kind of heritage is worth preserving and I believe that the efforts of all men and women who have worked to make John W. Hess come alive to those who didn't know him have been well worth it. I got to know him through the many stories and first hand experiences I heard and it is easy for me to say my great grandfather Hess. I am not looking forward to leaving this life real soon, but when I do I'm going to express to him my eternal gratitude for the many thing I am because of him.

A Short Sketch of the Life of Emeline Bigler Hess, wife of John W. Hess

To tell Emeline's story, we begin in the picturesque land of tulips and windmills. Her great-grandfather, Mark Bigler, came to America from the River Rhine, Holland. He was born about 1705 and died in Pipe Creek, Frederick, Maryland, when about 82 years of age. He had married a girl we know only as Catherine. She had been born about 1712 and lived in Frederick County, Maryland. [The family moved to Bucks County Pennsylvania about 1753 and then on to Harrison County Virginia in 1782.]

About 1752, Jacob was born to Mark and Catherine. Jacob became a farmer in Summerset County, Pennsylvania. He married Hannah Booker and they had ten children. Jacob died in September 1829, at the age of 76. Hannah lived until July 18, 1853. She was 93 at the time of death.

The sixth child of Jacob and Hannah was named for his father. Jacob Jr., was born June 9, 1793 at Harrison County, Virginia, where his family had lived most of their years. [They moved there in 1782] When Jacob grew to manhood, he married Elizabeth Harvey on May 24, 1814. Elisabeth had been born January 10, 1795 at Montgomery County, Maryland, to Basil Harvey and Polly Hall Harvey. Jacob and Elizabeth had five children: Henry William, Polly Hannah, Emeline [born August 20, 1824 in Shinston, Harrison County, Virginia (later West Virginia)], and Bathsheba. Little Bathsheba was buried when she was but 14 months old.

Jacob and Elizabeth were poor, humble, hard-working, honest and religious. They arose by candlelight and worked until late at night. They loomed the flax of their fields, made their own clothing, including shoes. The simple log home was furnished with plain furniture, fashioned by Jacob. Education was important to these parents, for the children went to school and were tutored by David Masters, a Methodist minister. The curriculum consisted of the usual three "R's" with a spelling bee "thrown in for fun." Whenever the weather would permit, it was barefoot time. On Sundays the girls would carry their hose and homemade shoes until they almost reached the little church. Jacob was a farmer, not a shoemaker.

The beautiful State of Virginia was rich in resources. Game was plentiful. The family lived on fat venison, wild turkey, honey, acorns, nuts, and pigs, which ran wild in the forest to be fattened. One of the highlights of the year was "sugaring." Families for miles around would gather and make camp. Large buckets were attached to the trees, the oozing sap collected and poured into huge kettles, to be boiled and processed into the delicious sugar. The children loved to sample the tempting sweet, and happily licked their sticky fingers.

Emeline was three years old when her mother contracted consumption. Elizabeth realized that she would soon have to leave her five little children; therefore, she made Jacob promise that he would soon remarry so her beloved children would have a mother to love and care for them. This brave and thoughtful little mother even picked her successor - Sally Cunningham [the family's hired girl], who was but 17.

Henry William, the eldest child, was 12 years at this time. Within a few years, Henry found the answer to his sad questions. He was converted to the Church [in 1834]. This was a great turning point in their lives. In the fall of 1838, when Emeline was 14 years old, the family moved to Farr West, Missouri, to join the Saints. More challenges were in store for Jacob - no sooner were they settled in Far West when with 15,000 other Saints, they were forced to flee from Missouri. Jacob, his new wife, Sally, and his four children arrived at Quincy, Illinois in the early spring of 1839. The father rented a farm near Payson, Illinois, to start over. Henry was now 24. To help the family, he went to work on a steamboat. However, this job was soon terminated because Henry answered the call of the Lord and went to preach the gospel.

The beautiful City of Nauvoo was now the headquarters of the Church, so Jacob and his family moved to Bier Creek [in 1843], 16 miles from Nauvoo. Once again dark clouds threatened Jacob's world - persecution forced him to move into Nauvoo for the safety of his loved ones.

Emeline loved the City of Nauvoo, especially after she met a tall, dark and handsome Dutchman, named John Wells Hess [while she was living in Bier Creek, Illinois]. [Note: Dutch from German Deutsch, which meant German. Hess is a German name and the early records were written in German.] Emeline had a genial disposition and a gentleness which attracted people to her. And perhaps there was a sense of fellowship because long ago, Emeline's great-grandfather, Mark Bigler, had called Holland his native land. This lovely, sweet girl was 24 [or 21] when she married 24 year old John. On a cool, crisp day, November 2, 1845, they exchanged vows. They were endowed on January 29, 1846.

The Saints were forced to leave Nauvoo and John and Emeline left April 3, 1846. John was the oldest at home in his family and felt a responsibility for his father, mother, and their four children. His father had suffered a stroke and was an invalid. But John was strong and resourceful. He managed to secure two old wagons and two yoke of oxen. The ailing father was made as comfortable as possible in one wagon and their possessions were packed in the other. Of course, only meager necessities could be taken and the family had to proceed on foot.

The first night, weary and drenched with rain, they camped on the Iowa side. Their progress was slow and tedious because they could only make from five to eight miles a day. Through rain and mud, sun and sleet, they trudged on. At night they cut willows and piled them into crude mattresses, then fell upon them, exhausted - to sleep in wet clothing, and arise the next sunrise to plod on again.

Two and a half months later, on June 15, 1846, they limped into Mount Pisgah. There they made a temporary shelter of bark. John was faced with a difficult decision. His father was too ill to travel any further. Food was running perilously low. John and Emeline decided to push on, promising to return for his family later. After John and Emeline left, his father's little remaining strength failed and he was buried at Mount Pisgah on June 22, 1846.

Emeline and John made their way west to Council Bluffs, Iowa. They stayed a short while, building shelters, securing food and planting crops to be harvested by those who would follow.

Another decision faced John and Emeline at Council Bluffs, because on July 1 word came that 500 men were to be enlisted into the United States Army and sent to fight Mexico. John loved his country, even though he and his people had been cruelly treated. He enlisted in the Mormon Battalion. But what of Emeline, who loved her husband devotedly? She learned that with every company, a woman was hired to go as a laundress. Emeline was quick to volunteer so that she and John might stay together. Emeline was strong and courageous - as well

she needed to be. The journey of the Mormon Battalion was long and full of many hardships. She was a great source of joy and strength to her husband. History tells us that the women endured the trek better than did some of the men.

So the Battalion marched out from Council Bluffs to Fort Leavenworth, a distance of 200 miles. This was accomplished in ten days. On August 13 they started for Santa Fe, Mexico, 720 miles away. The heat, dust and sun baked stretches took their toll. Many soldiers became ill and disabled. The Battalion was slowing down. When it finally reached Santa Fe, Colonel Phillip St. George Cook, the Commanding Officer, ordered the sick to return to Pueblo, Colorado. All women and children were to return also.

John Hess was very upset. He didn't want to go without Emeline. How could he bear to see his beautiful, young sweetheart march away with a company of sick, heat-deranged men, with none but woman and children to help protect her.

Again John made a decision. With courage and daring, he approached the Commander, General Doniphan, with a proposal. He secured permission for the husbands of all the women to return with their wives to Pueblo.

Even though the trek back was severe, John and Emeline were still together, for which they were happy and grateful. But the way was hard and long. Here was a company of women and children, tired and discouraged, traveling those many, many miles, saddled with the care of the sick and disabled men. Food was scarce, so half rations were doled out the first part of the journey, and these were cut to quarter rations the second portion of the torturous journey.

The winter was spent in Pueblo recuperating. In the spring of 1847, with renewed bodies and hopes, Emeline and John started on the trail to Fort Laramie. Joyfully they joined with a company of Saints and came on into the Salt Lake Valley, arriving July 28, 1847. [They were discharged the same day from the U.S. Army.] Thus ended two years of wandering over deserts, rivers and mountains, and through rain, snow, heat and cold. At last a place was found where they could live and build homes in peace. John and Emeline had the same experiences of all the early pioneers - struggles and failures, heartaches and discouragements, but they were dedicated disciples of our Father in heaven, and overcame all obstacles with strong courage and determination and thankfulness in their hearts that they had each other.

John made Emeline a home in Salt Lake, but after a short while they moved out to Mill Creek, where John cut timber to earn money. But John still had a pledge to fulfill and on September 9, 1847, he left Emeline with friends and family and

returned to Mount Pisgah. He was saddened by the news of his father, but brought his mother and his brothers and sisters back to Salt Lake Valley, arriving on July 27, 1848. His joy at seeing his beloved Emeline again was multiplied when he beheld his beautiful son, born on January 6, 1848. Little Jacob was named in honor of Emeline's father.

It's moving time again. Once more John gathered their possessions and with his wife and baby, his mother and her family, journeyed to Farmington. A home was established there. John performed a mission to the Indians and was a Bishop and Patriarch in that area.

Emeline was "beloved Emeline," the light and joy of John's life. She yet faced many other problems.

A second biography completes Emeline's life by stating ". . . they lived in Farmington for the remainder of their lives. Emeline and John had 10 children. She died of childbirth, with the 10th child on 31 January 1862 at the age of 38. Her nine living children were Jacob, John Henry, Sarah Jane, Hyrum Elzada, Moroni, Jedediah Morgan, Joseph Wells, and Albert Cornelius.

"The most [important] tribute to Emeline Bigler Hess is that expressed by her husband after her death. This is a quote from his autobiography, 'Emeline had been with me through all of the trial and hardships and had endured them all without a murmur. God bless her memory. Had it not been for her noble spirit to comfort me, I think that at many times I should have almost despaired because of the gloomy outlook. On the 31st of January, my most beloved wife Emeline died in premature childbirth. This is one of the trials of my life as she was the wife of my youth and had been with me through all of our poverty and trials. She lived and died a faithful and devoted wife, mother and true Latter-day Saint.'"

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On August 21, 1993, the Hess Family Organization was privileged to participate with the Mormon Battalion Auxiliary in placing a marker at the grave of Emeline Bigler Hess who as a young bride accompanied her husband John W. Hess as one of the 20 laundresses serving with the Mormon Battalion.

We had a gathering of more than 50 people from far and near at the grave of Emeline Bigler Hess. Three of her four surviving grandchildren were in attendance.

It was a beautiful day beginning with a color guard of modern day Mormon battalion officers in full military dress. Followed by a song "God Bless the USA" sung by Jill Lambson Richins. The invocation was given by D. Earl Hess.

The service was the direction of Colleen Lemmon conduction. The marker is bronze, raised relief, 8" in diameter, set in concrete. It has a silhouette of a woman encircled by the words "WIVES OF THE MEN OF THE MORMON BATTALION 1846-1848."

These women played a big role in the march from Council Bluffs to Santa Fe then on to Pueblo. They endured the many hardships endured by these people.

Mark Bigler, Great Grandfather of Emeline Bigler Hess

MARK BIGLER, THE IMMIGRANT 1705 - 1787 by Norman Burns, 1960 with editorial comment in italics by Franklin K. Brough, 1981

Mark Bigler, our earliest known ancestor in America, came from somewhere along the Rhine River, according to the family tradition. He had three sons: Mark, Jr., forefather of the Presbyterian Biglers of Virginia; Jacob, forefather of the Mormon Biglers of Utah; and Israel, ancestor of the Baptist Biglers of Western Pennsylvania and the Church of Brethren Biglers of Ohio and Indiana. It is interesting to contemplate Biglers scattered from coast to coast, paying homage to the immigrant Mark Bigler. The relationship of the Utah, Ohio and Virginia Biglers was not known until Norman Burns, a descendent of Israel Bigler, made these discoveries and published them in his book, *The Bigler Family*, 1960.

The origin of the Bigler name is in Switzerland. It is a common surname in the rural area surrounding Bern. After the Reformation, religious persecution was prevalent in Berne, since any departure from the official Reformed Church was regarded as heresy before God and virtual treason to the State of Berne. The Anabaptists, known in America as the Mennonites, were subjected to over two centuries of the most severe persecution. Anabaptists men and women were dunked in the River Aare in a scientific way to prolong their torture as long as possible until life became extinct. Others were sold to the Venetians to work as galley slaves on Venetian ships plying the Mediterranean. Great numbers had all their property confiscated and were expelled from Berne as destitute refugees. In the period between 1671 and 1711 several hundred Anabaptists left Berne for Alsace, among them being Grabers, Biglers, Mullers, Lehmanns - names frequently associated together in America.

Against this background, it seems likely that Mark Bigler's parents or grandparents fled Berne during the wave of religious persecution after 1671, They settled somewhere in the Palatinate, and that Mark was born probably in the Palatinate. (Vicinity of Frankfort, Germany.) .

Beginning about 1720, the "America fever" spread throughout the Palatinate and a growing number of members of the dissident sects in the German Swiss and German Rhine country moved down the Rhine Valley to Rotterdam, the great seaport at the mouth of the Rhine in Holland, from whence so many sailed for the promised land. This great wave of emigration went

mainly to Pennsylvania, for William Penn, who thrice visited the Palatinate, encouraged the migration of all those who sought freedom from religious persecution of the Old World in his Quaker land of Pennsylvania.

Mark Bigler arrived at Philadelphia, September 28, 1733 on the Brigantine Richard and Elizabeth. Master Christopher Clymer in command that sailed from Rotterdam. On ship documents was a list of Palatines (Rhinelanders) on board including Marcus Beegler, age 28. Another list of "Palatines imported in the Brign Richard and Elizabeth" and reported as having taken the oath of allegiance to the Province of Pennsylvania included Mark Bigler. No other Biglers were reported on this ship.

Family tradition has it that three Bigler brothers came together to Pennsylvania from the old country. Many Biglers arrived in Pennsylvania in the decades 1733-53 none reported as arriving before 1733, but of these I have been able to trace relationships only between the brothers Mark and Michael Bigler. This relationship was discovered only through the accidental finding of Michael's will of September 21, 1763 at Frederick, Maryland: where he mentions his brother Mark.

Michael Bigler arrived in Philadelphia, May 30, 1741 on the Snow Francis and Ann from Rotterdam. He and Mark appear to have been close associates all their lives, and his name has been carried on by some of Mark's children.

The question is asked sometimes whether William Bigler, Governor of Pennsylvania 1852-55, and his brother John Bigler, Governor of California 1852-56, were related to our family. I have not been able to discover any direct relationship.

Our meager knowledge of Mark Bigler in the New World comes from a few legal and church records. That he moved about considerably and that he prospered is evident from those fragmentary records. It is a pity that the early Brethren were so little inclined to write about their own lives. From the legal records alone they appear to have marched stiffly through the pages of history, clothed in an austere legal atmosphere, whereas in fact they must have been sturdy and vibrant personalities with interesting stories to tell if only the tale had been told.

The first record is that of a land warrant issued to Marcus Bigler by the Province of Pennsylvania, on October 18, 1738, for 200 acres in Lancaster County. This may have been in the Manor of Springetbury on the Little Conewage River, adjacent to the land of Leonard Leyst or Lease. However, neither the Lancaster Court House nor the York County records which I examined personally (York County having been carved from Lancaster County in 1749) indicates that Mark Bigler converted this warrant into a deed of actual ownership. The York County records do not show any land ownership in that county by Mark Bigler from their beginning in 1749.

Michael Bigler, Mark's brother had various land transactions in what is now York County.

There is some tradition that Mark was in Bucks Country, Pennsylvania, north of Philadelphia, for a time, and that some of his children were born there. Henry W. Bigler mentions it, and lists Bucks County as the birthplace of Jacob Bigler in temple ordinances performed in St George.

Mark Bigler moved from York County to nearby Frederick County, Maryland, presumably in 1743 the date of his first recorded acquisition of land in Frederick County. In his continuing historical search, Norman Burns in June 1981 discovered a deed for 200 acres known as Hull's

choice that was bought from the Governor of Maryland. The deed is found in the Provincial Court Record of Maryland.

The Court House records of Frederick County indicate that Mark Bigler acquired several tracts in Frederick County, Md., in 1743, 1750 and 1761. These tracts upon his death were passed to his son Mark II-who in turn transferred them (and possibly some land of his own) to his brother Israel in a deed of April 13, 1802. This latter deed described the various tracts, all contiguous and converted into one tract, that had been acquired by Mark I over the years, namely: "a tract called Mark's Delight originally on the first day of March 1743 granted Mark Biegler, A tract called Bigler's addition to Hulls Choice originally on the thirtieth day of October 1750 granted to the said Mark Biegler And a tract called the Resurvey on Hull's Choice originally on the 29th day of September 1761 granted the same Mark Biegler ... Containing two hundred and fifty nine and a half acres of land "for the sum of four hundred pounds current money. The deed was signed by Mark Bigler and Catherina Begeler.

Mark Bigler and Mary Catherine had ten children: 3 sons and 7 daughters. Mark 1734, Elizabeth B. 1735, a Daughter B. 1737, Salme B. 1739, Phebe B. 1741, Catherine B.1743, Hester B.1745, Israel B.1747, Julianna B.1750, Jacob B.1752, and Barbary b.1754.

Mark Bigler made his last will on March 19, 1787, when he was near his journey's end. Soon thereafter, on April 25, 1787, his son, Israel appeared in the Frederick County court testifying that this document was the true will of his deceased father.

Mark Bigler voiced his devout spirit in the words of his will. "I, most Humbly bequeath my Soul to God my Maker Beseeching his most Gracious Acceptance of it." He showed a tender solicitude for the welfare, of his "dearly beloved wife Catherine in the requests to his son to "keep two Cows for his Mother winter and summer as his own are kept" and to his tenant to harvest her share of the grain and to "Carry it up Stairs for her". His cherished "plantation ...containing two hundred and thirty five Acres (in) Pipe Crick hundred and Frederick County" was bequeathed,in accord with European tradition, to one son Mark. Named in the will were his other nine children, each of whom received specified sums of money namely, Israel, Jacob, Catharine, Elizabeth, Salme , Phebe, Julianna, Hester and Barbary, and two granddaughters.

Thus Yeoman Mark Bigler, wandering immigrant from the Rhineland, after more than four score of eventful years, blessed with sons and daughters and many fertile acres came to his last resting place in Frederick County, Md., in 1787. He had lived through stirring times when the American colonies struggled for and gained their independence. Now (1787) they were on the verge of formulating that great document, the Constitution, that made America the kind of country where the descendants of Mark Bigler, and of all others like him, could enjoy a heritage of freedom. Mark Bigler's descendants are now legion, of many different religious faiths, engaged in varied materials pursuits and living in many states from the eastern seaboard to the Pacific Ocean.

Hess is a German and Jewish regional name for someone from the state of Hesse. The place name is first recorded as Hassia and probably derives from the Chatti, a Germanic tribe mentioned by the Roman historian Tacitus in the 1st century AD., according to "A Dictionary of Surnames" by Patrick Hanks and Flavia Hodges, 1988, p. 253-54.

