

-ANDREW LEE ALLEN-
1791-1870

As told by Charles H. Allen

(Editor's note: Due to the lack of space, I have taken the liberty of condensing this history. Our purpose in presenting this chapter of the stories of Andrew Lee Allen, Clarinda Knapp Allen, their children and respective mates is to help strengthen family ties and faith in God. The love and sacrifice shown by these people help strengthen our testimonies of the truthfulness of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Esther P. Dial)

My Father, Andrew Lee Allen, was born in Limerick, York Co. Maine, 24 November 1791. He was the son of Elijah Allen, who was born in 1763 at Stratham, Rockingham Co., New Hampshire and his first wife, Mehitable Hall who was christened March 26th, 1769 at Rochester, Strafford Co., New Hampshire. His mother died 25 June 1800 in Corinth, Orange Co., Vermont and his father was remarried October 21st, 1809 to Hannah, widow of George Perry. His father died 19 October 1839 at Limerick, York Co., Maine.

After his mother's death father went to live with his maternal grandfather, Reverend Avery Hall. He stayed with them until he was 14 years old. Not being satisfied, he left home and never went back again. He worked at the blacksmith trade. He went on aboard a ship to help protect the American vessels during the war known as the war of 1812. After the war he went into Canada, but he got into trouble with the British by drinking a toast at a barn raising. The toast was, "he wished that the Eagle of America would triumph over the crown of Great Britain!" For this he got arrested by the British. Making his escape he went into the state of New York, Cattaraugus County where he obtained one hundred and sixty acres of land, and made himself a very nice home. He planned to settle down there for the rest of his life and soon owned a large grove of sugar maple trees and a prosperous farm.

On the 11th of December 1824, at age 33, he married Clarinda Knapp, daughter of Calvin and Deborah Hopkins Knapp. Clarinda was a refined, educated woman who was highly skilled in the arts of fine painting, sewing, tailoring, ladies' leghorned hat designing, and homemaking. Her gentle upbringing had a great influence on the lives of those about her. She was a woman of true faith and was a Bible scholar.

My parents, Andrew and Clarinda Allen, stayed in Burton, Cattaragus County New York until they had seven children; Elijah, Lydia, Saphronia, Charles, Andrew, James, and Sidney. They had not joined any religious society, but were honest and upright with all men, waiting for something to come along that would give them better satisfaction than the religions of the day.

In September 1833 there were two Latter-day Elders who came through that part of the country and held meetings. Father was not at home at the time and did not hear them preach, but my mother and several of their friends and neighbors did, and they were very impressed. When my Father came home Mother told him of the Elders and the gospel that they preached and he became very anxious to hear them. He learned that they would preach in a place eighty miles from there and he concluded that he would go to hear them. This he did, and he listened to the Gospel of Jesus Christ for the first time. He was much pleased, and being satisfied that it was true. He was baptized on the 3rd of September 1833 by Ezra Landing before he returned home. He received a testimony that never left him.

He went home and began to arrange his business according to the spirit of gathering. He sold his beautiful home for a low price and moved to Kirtland, Ohio. Here he met the Prophet Joseph Smith and the Saints and rejoiced with them. It was here that their daughter, Susan, was born 31 December, 1837.

My father bought considerable real estate and paid a good price for it, but the price of land soon went down and he did not receive anything for it. He left and started West for Missouri. Because of sickness and the want of means, he stopped on the Illinois river at Bardstown and stayed through the winter. My father cut cordwood all winter and my brother Elijah hauled it. In this way we were sustained. We then moved back East to Virginia, Cass County, Illinois, where we rented a farm from Mr. Levi Springer, who was a Methodist preacher. He treated us very kindly. There another son was born, 1 April, 1842. He was given the name of Levi, after the name of the good preacher. After farming there one year we moved about twenty-five miles farther East and rented from a man by the name of Alfred Dutch, who lived on the road that led to Springfield. Mr. Dutch was very kind to our people. While we were there, the Prophet Joseph was taken to Springfield to be tried on a false charge. The Prophet Joseph and his company stayed overnight on the 20th of December 1842 with Captain Dutch, as he was called, and were kindly entertained. The women played on the piano and sang their beautiful songs. Captain Dutch spoke comical recitations and sang his songs. Sister Eliza R. Snow was with the company and composed some beautiful verses of which I remember a few lines as follows:

*There is Captain Dutch we cannot pass without a word of praise,
Who is the king of comic songs, as well as comic ways.
And the fair lady of his house, the flower of Morgan Plain;
Who from the soft piano brings such soul-enchanting strains.
And now we are bound for home, my friends,
A band of brothers true,
To cheer the hearts of those we love, in beautiful Nauvoo.*

Chorus:

*We will have a jubilee, my friends,
We will have a jubilee,
With heart and voice we will all rejoice,
In that our Prophet is free.*

(This was composed on their way home to Nauvoo 7 Jan. 1843)

After living there one year, we moved back to Mr. Springer's again and lived there one year longer. Then we moved west again toward Nauvoo and stopped with Mr. Roberts, ten miles east of Carthage, where the Prophet and Patriarch were murdered. We became acquainted with Miner T. Deming who afterwards became the High Sheriff of Hancock Co. He was very friendly to our people.

While living there, another daughter was born on 8 June, 1844 and she was named Julia. This was all of my father's family—six boys and four girls.

Water became low in the streams while we were there which retarded the grist mill in grinding flour, so my brother, Elijah, and I were sent into Nauvoo to get our grist ground at the steam mill and it was there I saw the Prophet Joseph for the first and the last time. As we stayed in Nauvoo a few days we were looking around town and went near where the Prophet Joseph lived. He had a brick barn nearly finished and men were hauling hay into it. There was a gully or ravine washed out by the rain water running down by the side of the road next to the barn where the wagons had to cross with their loads of hay. The Prophet came along. I was standing nearby and heard what he said. He spoke to one of the boys and said, "I think this ditch or gully ought to be filled up so the wagons could cross better." In reply the brother said, "I think, Brother Joseph, that it would be better to put a culvert or bridge in there so when it rains, the water will run under the bridge and will not wash it out again." "Yes, yes." said the Prophet. "That is better; Even though you can outwit me I can throw you down." This made

an impression on my mind that I have never forgotten.

While we were there, a very heavy hail storm came one evening and broke out the glass of the windows on the side from which the storm came, and it was a sad sight the next morning to look at the beautiful buildings in Nauvoo and see nearly every pane of glass broken on the side from whence the storm came.

On the 22nd of September 1842, while we were living near Plymouth, Illinois, Elder Thomas Crockett came to our house and baptized and confirmed six of the children, viz; Lydia, Saphronia, Charles, Andrew, James and Sidney.

In the fall of the year we moved toward Nauvoo, and stopped on Camp Creek, fourteen miles north east of Nauvoo. Miner R. Deming had been elected sheriff and had moved up to Carthage, where he lived in the lower room of the stone jail. As we were moving up to Camp Creek, we passed through Carthage and were welcomed by Mr. Deming to stay overnight. We made several trips and stopped with him each time. My older brother, Elijah, and I were allowed to go through any part of the jail that was not occupied. We went into the room where the Prophet and Patriarch were when they were so cruelly shot and murdered outright without any cause. We looked at the blood-stained floor and the ball hole through the door. The ceiling was knocked off in many places. It made us feel very sorrowful.

We moved up to Camp Creek and rented a farm from Mr. Hibbert, where we farmed one year and raised a good crop of corn. We could not get anything for it there, by the hauling it to Nauvoo, fifteen miles away we could get ten cents a bushel for it. So we hauled corn nearly all winter into Nauvoo to sell. As I was the oldest boy at home, I started to haul corn to Nauvoo with two yoke of three year old steers. I hauled nearly all winter. My older brother, Elijah, had gone away from home to look for work. He started west and traveled a number of days, crossed the Mississippi River and traveled through the country for sometime and failed to get work. On his return he came to Nauvoo and called at President Brigham Young's home and asked for counsel. Brother Young told him that he could stop with him and go to work, which he did, and lived with him until the Church moved West. He drove a team for President Young through to Winter Quarters on the Missouri River where he enlisted in the Mormon Battalion and went through to California. He served one year in the Government service, and was discharged at Los Angeles on 16 July 1847.

When I was hauling corn to Nauvoo I stayed at President Young's where Elijah was living. I became well acquainted with the family and was much pleased and well entertained by the young ladies of the house. Vilate, who was Brigham's daughter, and Susan Divine, who played on the piano and sang their beautiful songs, made the time pass very pleasantly during the long winter evenings.

Mr. Miner R. Deming was acting in his office in Carthage as sheriff of Hancock County and he was standing up for the rights of the Latter-Day Saints. For this reason the people of the State were angry with him and his life was threatened by the mob. He was somewhat uneasy so he came to Nauvoo to President Young to get counsel as to what to do. One morning, after President Young had eaten his breakfast, he started to go up to the Temple, as was his custom. He met Mr. Deming at the gate. I was standing a short distance away and heard the conversation between them. He told President Young what he had come for and wanted to know what he had better do under the circumstances. President Young told him to go back and stand up for the right, which he did. They were holding court in Carthage and the excitement was running very high. There was one man who was void of principle and good behavior, who wanted to make a disturbance in court. He was intoxicated and came in the courtroom and commenced to abuse Sheriff Deming. When the sheriff commanded peace, the man would not listen, but took the sheriff by the throat and pushed him out of the house. Not being satisfied with that, he continued pushing him out of the yard. Mr. Deming then drew a pistol and shot the man dead on the spot. The law justified him in doing it, but Mr. Deming felt very much distressed over the matter and was worried a great deal. He soon took down with fever and sent for the doctor to attend him. It was said that they poisoned him, for he died soon after.

When the brethren were called to work on the new Temple at Nauvoo, my father took his turn. The Prophet Joseph required that those who wanted to have the privilege of receiving their endowment in the temple, must work one day in every ten building on it. My parents wanted very much to have that blessing in their lives.

On 27 January 1846 my father and mother went into Nauvoo and received their blessings in the Temple of the Lord. Later my father was ordained a High Priest 10 June 1847.

In the spring of 1846 we crossed the Mississippi River and started West with the Saints. It was very rainy and muddy which made it slow traveling. My Mother was feeble in health and my oldest sister, Lydia, was also afflicted with poor health (asthma) and they suffered a great deal, as they were

exposed to wet and cold with only one wagon and eleven in the family. As we had no tent some of us were obliged to sleep out on the ground in the open air in rain and storm.

We traveled on and stopped at Mt. Pisgah where we built a log house and put in some wheat and corn. As our supply of food was about gone we were obliged to go on and leave our improvements for others to enjoy. We traveled to Winter Quarters on the Missouri River and were obliged to go down into the state of Missouri and work for provisions. We traveled about seventy-five miles down the river and stopped with Mr. Cole in a small log house where we stayed through the winter. We worked harvesting corn and splitting rails. In the Spring of 1847 we moved down on the bottom to farm with Mr. Jacob H. Rose and we raised a large crop of corn. There was a Government Post about sixty miles up the river and had hoped to sell the corn at the post, but the post was on the west side of the river, it was not convenient to cross the river during the winter on account of the floating ice that was floating most of the time. I decided to put the corn into the crib near the river and keep hauling until some time in February when the ice would freeze over sufficiently to bear up wagons. When it was frozen over, my younger brother, Andrew, and I went up and hauled corn over for a day and a half. Then it turned warm and the ice began to break. As we were hauling with cattle we hitched them three or four chain-lengths from the wagon, so if the wagon broke through, the oxen and wagon both would not go down. About four o'clock in the afternoon, we had gotten about one third of the way across the river with a big load of corn, when the wagon broke through the ice, and the corn floated down the river to make good bait for the catfish. We got help and got the wagon out and went home. That was the last time we got across the river. We left the balance of the corn in the crib and got nothing for it.

In the spring of 1848 we moved up toward Kaneshville and stopped on Keg Creek, eighteen miles south of Kaneshville, where there was a small branch of the Church organized with Elder Libeus G. Coons presiding. We belonged to the Coonsville branch, where my father served as a counselor to President Coons. We stayed there four years and opened up and improved two farms. My oldest brother, Elijah, came home from California in the fall of 1849 while we were living on Keg Creek. The first summer it was thought best for me to go down into Missouri to work out and get some means to help the family out. I started out afoot and alone, and traveled about a hundred miles, then stopped at a little town called Aragon, and went to work in the harvest field. I worked all through the harvest binding wheat for seventy-five cents per day. I was there on the 4th of July. They had a very grand celebration. There was a very long table, set in the grove, which was well loaded with roast beef, turkey, and everything that was desirable to a hungry man. Everybody was welcome to eat. After the harvest I returned home

and worked on the farm with the boys.

The next summer I went again but not so far down into the state of Missouri. I worked for wheat and went back and got the ox team and hauled it home for bread and seed.

In the fall of the year before we started to Utah, brother Elijah thought each of us had better take a team and go down into Missouri and buy up two loads of apples as they were selling in Kaneshville for a good price. We started out and traveled down into Missouri some distance below St. Joseph and stopped at a Mrs. Thornton's who was a widow. She was well-off and had a large plantation and lots of negroes. We were treated very kindly and were invited into the house to eat our meals with the family. We bought fifty bushels of apples from her and loaded our two wagons and started home. We stopped at St. Joseph on our return and called on General Doniphan who was a son-in-law to Mrs. Thornton, and also was a merchant in St. Joseph. He treated us very kindly and made us some presents from the store. We returned home after a long and hard trip. Levi, now seven, wanted an apple so badly but was told we must sell them for money to go to Utah. He was happy to get one very small apple. (Levi remembered this very vividly when he was 86 years old.)

While working out fifty miles from home I met with a serious accident which nearly cost me my life. While cutting wood the ax glanced and nearly cut my foot off at the instep. Father and Mother came and took me home where I was on crutches six months. During this six months Saphronia married Jacob Rose. They moved to the junction of the Missouri and Platte Rivers and established two ferry boats in 1849. Many were traveling through to California for gold so they did pretty well. My oldest brother, Elijah, and the younger boys established a sawmill near father's farm and ran it one season before they sold it for \$1,000.00. They used the money to get ready to come to Utah.

In the spring of 1852 we sold out our farms and prepared for starting west with the Saints. We went in the first company of 100 wagons. John M. Higby was the captain. Father was an excellent hand with his teams and took very good care of them. He taught his sons to take good care of their animals and it was said by people in the company that the Allen team was the best in the company and got to Utah in the best condition. Father was an excellent rope maker. He knew how to use weeds and herbs to make bright colored dyes for his tassels and decorations for his harnesses for his oxen.

Our trip to Utah was a long and tiresome journey. We were about two months and a half on the road.

We arrived in Salt Lake City the 13th of August 1852. In traveling up the Platte River I came near losing my life. We camped for dinner one day by the river. Brother Clinton and I took a notion to swim across the river and see some immigrants that were camped on the other side. We swam with our clothes on and got over pretty well for the current was in our favor. After we had stayed a while and found out all we could, we started back but the current was against us. Our clothing and shoes filled with sand which made it very hard for us to swim. We strove hard against the current but we were carried down stream for a long way. There was a point of land that came out into the stream on the opposite side of the river and we were trying with all our strength we had and were about to give up as lost when we were going past the point, we let our feet down and found that we could touch the bottom. We made our way out and were very thankful that our lives had been spared.

We saw a good many buffalo on the road and the hunters killed several which was a great treat. We thought it was the sweetest meat we ever ate. When we got up to the Black Hills our teams began to fail. Their feet became tired and sore. When we got to Sweetwater some of our cattle got poisoned on the alkali and died on the way. When we got within 110 miles of Salt Lake City, we came to Fort Bridger. A mountaineer, Mr. Bridger had lived there about 20 years. He said that we could not raise a bushel of grain in that country on account of frost. He said there was a frost there every month of the year.

When they reached the Green River it was so high that it was necessary to raise their wagons six inches high in the bolster in order to keep their loads dry. The train of wagons was quite long and were obliged to make a circle up the river to keep on the ford or in shallow water. The loaded wagon went over very well. Each teamster was requested to wade through the river to drive his team, tying a rope to the ox on the near wheel (front right wheel) and holding on to it as they waded across. The last wagon got into the middle of the river in deep water. The current struck the wagon box and sent it rolling down the river. A woman in the wagon screamed for her life. The back wheels of the wagon came loose and send down the stream leaving the man with the team and front wheels standing in the river. Then men seeing the woman in the box rushed in and got her to safety and a Brother Patten on a horse went in and helped the man out. They made a cart of the box and front wheels and went their way very thankful.

We stopped a few days in Salt Lake City and then moved south to Provo and made our home there. I hired to David W. Rogers to run his saw mill during the fall and got lumber to build a house. I went to

Brother Edwin McGreen's school during the winter. Sidney, James, and Levi herded the cows of the community by the Provo River. Their lunch was one or two slices of dry bread which they would soak in the River and eat. Levi dreamed of the time he could raise lots of fruit trees. From that time forward wherever he lived he always managed to plant fruit trees for he had had such a little fruit when he was a growing boy.

The next fall there was a call for a company of men to go out east and build a fort. About forty men went from Bountiful and Farmington. Brother John Nebeker went first and commenced to build a fort. They went out east to Fort Bridger, 110 miles, then went about 12 miles southeast and located on what is called Black's Fort. Brother Bullock was called to take charge of the company from the south in which my brother, Andrew, and I were called to go. We started out late in the fall and crossed over the high range of mountains which were covered with snow, making it very hard to cross. We went on and joined Brother Nebeker's company. The fort was laid off about forty rods square and there were log houses built on two sides. The other two sides were closed in by cutting and hauling pine logs, sixteen feet long and about one foot in diameter. These were sharpened at the top. They set the butt end in the ground four feet, then put poles between to batten in between. This made a good substantial fort. At one side we put in a large gate and drove our stock inside every night to keep the Indians from driving them off.

There were a few wagons that went back to Salt Lake City during the winter to bring out seed grain. They returned early in the spring and we went to work putting in the spring crops. Elder Orson Hyde, one of the Apostles, came out to see us early in the winter and as he was in charge of the mission, he gave us some good advice and counsel. Before Brother Hyde came to see us, some of the boys had indulged in playing cards and dice and other games in the long evenings. He persuaded them out of the practice. He told them to shun the very appearance of evil, and I did not see another game played while I was there. We held our meetings two and three times a week. We bore our testimonies one to another and enjoyed ourselves very much during the winter.

Late in the spring my younger brother, James, came out to see us and stayed several weeks. I, with a few others, was released to go home soon after and a little later others were released to go home. Then finally they all went to work building walls around the city of Provo. The wall was to be four feet thick at the bottom and twelve feet high and two feet thick at the top. It was built by setting poles in the ground and fastening the tops together far enough apart to put boards inside to make the wall the right

thickness. The dirt was set and worked into a good mortar, and placed inside the boards and left there until the mortar got dry enough to be removed, and so on until we got it built to the top. It would dry as hard as adobe and made a good substantial wall. A man was required to make a rod of wall for every lot that he owned in the city. We built quite a number of rods of wall and took cattle and wagons in payment. This way we got us each a team and wagon.

I was ordained a teacher by Elias Blackburn, Bishop, in 1853, and labored with Brother Tedrow for some time.

As Charles C. Rich and Amasa Lyman had purchased a ranch in Lower California in San Bernardino and had given their notes for forty thousand dollars and were wanting help to pay for the ranch, and as there was quite a company going through to California, Brother Andrew, Brother James, and I concluded to go through with them. I will give some of the names of those who went through with the company: John Brush and family, James P. Hirons and family, Marion Haws and family, Brother McCarry and family, and Andrew J. Workman and family. There were others in the company.

We started out about the first of October 1855, down south through the south settlements, to St. George, on to Santa Clara where we began to have some trouble with the Indians. Brother Hirons fell behind a short distance from the company and the Indians stepped in front of him and asked him to give them something to eat and some other things as shirts and pants or they would not let him go on. He gave them some shirts and pants and satisfied them sufficiently that they let him go. After that he found it convenient to keep up with the company.

As we traveled down the Rio Virgin River about 40 miles it was very sandy and hard traveling and the weather was pretty warm. We traveled late in the evening and as we camped one night after driving rather late, we drove our cows up to milk them and found several of them had been shot with arrows for they were yet sticking in the cows and we pulled them out. The Indians had shot them from the roadside as we traveled in the night.

We left the Virgin River and traveled over the bench land about 25 miles to Muddy Creek where there were a great many Indians living and farming. They were not hostile, but they were very troublesome and annoyed us very much by stealing many small articles around our wagons, which made it necessary for us to keep a sharp lookout. After resting our cattle for one day, we started over a sixty

mile desert. The roads were somewhat sandy and very hard traveling. We were not prepared to take much water with us and we got very thirsty before we reached the Las Vegas Springs. There were quite a number of our brethren living there and making farms. We traveled on as best we could and were traveling late the second night, when about 12 miles from water one of the wagon tires came off the wheel of Brother John Brush's wagon and he was forced to stop there until morning. He unyoked his oxen and sent them on with the company to water. We left what water we had with him which was very little. In the morning he put the tire on the wheel and waited there quite late in the day for the boys to drive his oxen back to him which they had promised to do. He got out of water and became uneasy and started on foot to water. But when he had traveled about two miles, he met the boys with the oxen and water. They went back, yoked up the oxen and drove on to water. We stayed there a few days and some of the boys traded horses for cattle and then we started on our journey which was very hard traveling. There was one desert after another almost all the way to San Bernardino.

After we had traveled for a few days we came to the Resting Springs. There we found four fat mules which had been lost by a freight train some time before and the boys caught them and took them along with us. We had not seen any Indians for several days and we began to scatter out and travel on as best we could, the best teams getting on to water first. On one of these deserts a Brother Borin came near losing his life. I was well acquainted with Brother Borin. On a previous journey with a party from Provo, Brother Borin had stopped overnight while the rest of the party went on to Salt Springs. The next morning after traveling some distance on the desert, Brother Borin started on foot and alone leaving his wagon and driver to follow. He thought he would go on to the Salt Springs where there would be some of the company camped who had gone on the day before. He walked much faster than his wagon traveled and was soon out of sight of the wagons and was about five miles from the Springs. He looked toward the mountains on the right and saw one lone Indian coming toward him. He walked faster hoping to get to the Springs before the Indian should get to him. But the Indian walked faster when he saw the man hurrying on. Brother Borin had no weapon with him except an old pocket knife. The Indian soon took in the situation. He had a good bow and plenty of arrows, so he came in front of Brother Borin and told him to pull off his shirt and give it to him. When Brother Borin told him "no" and started on his way, the Indian stepped in front of him again and drew his bow and arrow. Brother Borin thought he had better begin to take off his shirt. He snatched hold of the bow instead. They had a scuffle for it, but the Indian was so strong that Brother Borin could not take it away from him. After they had scuffled for some time and neither prevailed, Brother Borin thought of his old pocket knife. If he could just get it out and cut the string on the bow, he would have a pretty good show for his life. He

managed to get it out and about got it opened when the Indian, thinking he was going to stab him, let loose of the bow and arrows and ran for dear life. That was the last he saw of the Indian. Brother Borin took the bow and arrows with him into camp and was thankful to get off so well.

We traveled on to Bitter Springs and passed the place where Thomas Williams and Jackman were shot by the Indians a short time after we had gone through. They were going through to San Bernardino for some goods with a mule-train freight, to take to Salt Lake City. They had two Indians traveling across the desert with them who herded their animals at night. The Indians had been very trusty and had been thought they were quite safe. When Williams and Jackman had laid off their pistols for the first time on the road, they got on their horses and rode some distance out on the desert to look for feed as it was scarce in that part of the country. They took the two Indians with them so they could tell them where to herd the animals on the best feed. After they were away from the road several miles the Indians, who were afoot, came close to them and began shooting arrows into them. The men had no fire-arms, and all they could do was to put spurs to their mules and go for their wagons. But they did not get out of reach of their arrows until they were both mortally wounded. Thomas Williams died soon after he had reached the wagons, and was buried there on the desert. Jackman lived about three weeks. He turned the train around and started it back to Salt Lake City while he took the best team and pushed on to California, where he could get help. He died a few days after he got in.

We traveled on from there in a scattered condition, the best teams getting through first. After we struck the Mojave River we traveled up that about forty miles then crossed over the Sierra Nevada Mountains, into San Bernardino, California. We went over into the timber, onto the "bottom" and camped near Gilbert Bickmore's. He was a relative to us by marriage. There was a company of men preparing to go out on a hunting trip. My brothers, Andrew and James, concluded to go along with them. They traded for some horses and went along. I stayed to keep camp. I had not been well for some time and was taken down sick with mountain fever a few days after they had gone. I was very sick and came near dying. I went to Gilbert Bickmore's home to be taken care of. I was somewhat neglected and the fever ran on for about twenty days. I became very weak and the folks had given up all hopes of my living. When my brothers came home, I was very low. They had been up in the mountains about fifty miles to hunt bear. They returned to Brother Bickmore's home and he told them I was not expected to live, and advised them not to go in or disturb me until morning but they could not wait. They came in and talked to me and I was glad to see them. They watched over me day and night until I was better. They went up to town and got Charles C. Rich to come and administer to me and the fever soon left me

and I commenced to get better until I was stout and healthy.

We fixed up our wagons and went to hauling lumber from the Jefferson Hunt sawmill in the mountains about twelve miles from San Bernardino into the town, for which we got fifteen dollars per thousand. We purchased sixty acres of land from Brother Rich off his own ranch and we gave our note for six hundred dollars which we paid along as we could. We made each of us a good home. After we had been there about two years there was some freight to be hauled through to Salt Lake City. I rigged up a six mule team, and my brother, Andrew, a four horse team and loaded for the trip to Salt Lake City. It was a very tiresome trip across the desert. We traveled day and night a good deal of the time. We stopped in Provo at my father's house and stayed all night. My younger sister, Julia, had died since I had left home, and my sister, Susan, had married John Gossling and had moved to Ogden to live. My brother, Elijah, had moved to Fort Herriman across the Jordan about twenty miles southwest from Salt Lake City. We unloaded our freight in the city and went to Fort Herriman to see him. Then we went to Ogden to see Susan and made them all a nice visit. My sister, Lydia, was living at home (being an invalid) and also my mother being weakly, we thought that it might be good for their health to go to California. It was in the spring of the year and we took them, along with my brothers, Sidney and Levi, and went back to San Bernardino. The water was very high crossing the Rio Virgin River which we had to cross about sixteen times. Some of the small mules had to swim about seven of the crossings. After a long and tiresome journey we got through to California all right.

My sister, Saphronia, had married Jacob H. Rose and had gone north through to Carson Valley in Nevada where there was a branch of the church organized with Orson Hyde presiding over it. I received a letter from my sister stating that her health was poor and that she would come down to San Bernardino if one of us would come after her. It was decided that I should go so I got ready and started up the coast on the water. I went to San Pedro, a seaport, and got on a steam vessel called "Senator," and started out on the sea for the first time. I was a little seasick but was able to eat my regular meals. We were out of sight of land for about a half day. After sailing about three days and nights we arrived at San Francisco and entered the Golden Gate which was about one half mile wide. We sailed into the beautiful bay which was about twelve miles across. I stayed all night in San Francisco and in the morning I got on a small steamboat called "Antelope," started across the bay and entered the mouth of the Sacramento River. We went up the river one hundred and fifty miles to Sacramento City. As we were running up the river we collided with a small fishing boat. There were three men in it. The moon was shining brightly that night and as I was standing on the front of the

boat, I saw the boat with the three men in it and heard them say, "Hold on, hold on." But our boat could not stop quickly enough and struck the little boat and capsized it. The men were heard below calling for help. A small boat was lowered from the steamer and sent back after the men. It reached them and got them aboard. They were taken to Sacramento.

I had breakfast and took the train to Folsom which is about twenty-five miles from Sacramento City. It was the only railroad in California at the time. I then took the stage and went to Hangtown, and from there we crossed over 100 miles of Sierra Nevada Mountain range and reached Carson City, Nevada. The mountains were covered with large pine timber which made the road very rough. The road was nearly all dugways up one mountain and down the other all the way over the range. I went to Carson City and on to the Carson River Chinatown where my sister and brother-in-law were living. There were a great many immigrants who came across the plains and around the north route to Carson Valley.

There was a great deal of excitement about the gold mines about that time. I stayed there through the winter. The snow fell heavy on the mountains (it was said to be 15 to 20 feet deep.) It stopped all travel for about six weeks, in which time flour came to the price of \$75 per hundred and other things in proportion. There were quite a number of rich goldbeds struck during the winter. The Comstock bed was struck that winter while I was there. It was supposed to be the richest mine struck in that part of the country. Also the Virginia bed was struck. My brother-in-law had taken the water out of the Carson River onto a large gold flat where a man could wash out about five dollars a day. He had a Chinaman working on it on shares. Brother Orson Hyde had built a sawmill in the upper part of the valley and had gone to Utah and left it in care of Mr. Rose. Lumber was bringing in a good price in the mines and I hauled lumber out to the mines and got sufficient money to take myself, my sister and her little daughter, Jane, back to San Bernardino. We started late in the spring on account of there being so much snow in the mountains. We went on horseback the first part of the way and then to Sacramento, then down the river to San Francisco, stayed overnight there, took the steam vessel to Lower California. We landed at San Pedro, took the stage to Los Angeles where we stayed all night and caught the stage in the morning. We traveled fifty miles that day and arrived home in the evening.

We were glad to get home and our folks were glad to see us. My mother and sister, Lydia, had improved in health. Brother Andrew had put up a wagon shop and was at work making and repairing wagons. Brother James was doing the iron work. Brother Sidney had gone back to Utah, and James

had married Mary Mathews. We worked on until the fall of 1862. My mother had a desire to go back to Utah to see her children. She began to feel that her days were numbered so we fixed up two wagons and one carriage for the trip. My mother, Lydia, Andrew, Levi, and I started back to Utah. James stayed and took care of the real estate and what was left behind. With a few other teams and wagons, we started on the long and tiresome road once more. We made the trip of about 1000 miles of bad road in about 30 days. We stopped at Fort Herriman and made a week's visit with Brother Elijah. Then we went to Cache Valley to visit Sidney who had married Lucretia Winn, and Susan who had married John Gossling. We established a home on twenty acres of land east of Richmond. It was a sad winter as our only cow died, there was no local work, and Mother's and Lydia's health was poor. We older boys went away from home to work and freight, and Levi was left to care for Mother and Lydia. They made comfortable the three room log house, planted fruit trees, and Levi and Lydia cared for Mother until she died 7 Dec. 1862 in Richmond. Lydia and Levi continued to live in the home in Richmond until Lydia died 15 Oct. 1870. Levi meanwhile had filed on 160 acres but gave it up when Lydia died.

(Andrew Lee Allen married second Martha Christina Johansen 30 May 1863. She was a widow with children. They separated and he married third Ann Hughes 16 Nov. 1867. She was a Welsh convert to the Church of Jesus Christ and was a good loyal wife.)

In the spring of 1863 there was a call for one hundred wagons to go down to the Missouri River to bring some immigrants to Utah who had come from Europe and other parts of the country. They were stationed in Florence on the Missouri River where we were supposed to meet them. Four yoke of oxen were required for each wagon and I was called to go as night guard. I was required to be on duty half of every night and help to bring in the cattle every morning. We started from Richmond, Cache Valley on 14 April. The roads were pretty bad over the mountains as the snow had not melted. There were other companies called from other parts of Utah, five in all, who went down that season to the Missouri River after pilgrims. One hundred wagons in each company of four yoke of oxen on each wagon made a great deal of travel on the road that summer. We were about three months going down to the Missouri River and were obliged to stay there for some time waiting for the steamboat to bring the immigrants up the river. When they came we loaded up and started back. It was a hard and tiresome journey. We were glad to get back to Utah again. We were gone about eight months from home. Andrew had been out north for the summer with freight and had returned home. We concluded to go back to California that winter, sell our real estate and come back to Cache valley to make our home.

We started with a wagon and two spans of animal. The snow was on the ground and the wagon wheels squeaked in the snow as we traveled along. The days and nights were very cold. When we got into southern Utah we came in company with some other wagons that were going through to California which was good luck for us as two or three wagons were too small a group to be safe.

We got into California all right and sold off our property as best we could though the price of land was very cheap. We took the most of the value of our property in horn-stock as they were a low price there but were a good price in Utah. We gathered up about 100 head of cattle and rigged up our teams and wagons for the trip. James sold out and took his family and our sister, Saphronia, and came with us. (Saphronia had married Abraham Foster, for her first marriage was unsuccessful.) We all started for Utah in company with a few other wagons. Driving the herd of stock made it very slow traveling. We traveled on as best we could and when we got out into the Indian country we hired the Indians to herd the stock at night. When we got to Resting Springs, we left the Indians to take the cattle out as usual. When they drove them into camp in the morning they received their pay for herding and started off up the wash. Andrew, having charge of the herd, looked around and saw that four head of work oxen were gone. He sent one of the men after the Indians and he brought them back. As the Indians outnumbered us about three to one, they became very angry and strung up their bows and got their arrows ready to fight us. We were all armed and Andrew went out and talked to them and told them that it would be all right as soon as the Indians had brought in the four head of missing cattle. They finally cooled down and one started off after the cattle on foot with Mr. Cheney, the herder, on horseback with pistol in hand after him. The Indian took a straight line after the cattle about three miles away in a little valley where they had left them. They returned with the animals and the prisoners were given up.

We traveled on, not knowing when they would fall on us and take our scalps for they were very treacherous and would take advantage of us when they could. We finally got to Fort Herriman and made Elijah a visit. They we went on to Cache Valley and made our home there. We bought some land and went to farming, got us some city lots and built some houses. I was married to Elizabeth Adelaide Hoopes and lived in Richmond City until we had five children, all boys. Then we went three miles north of Richmond and took up 160 acres of land. I went on to work and made a good home.

I had been to Salt Lake City and received my endowments and blessings in the house of the Lord. I was ordained an Elder and called to act as a teacher in the Richmond Ward for some time. After we moved

out on the farm where there were about fifteen families, we were set off in a district called Coveville and I was called to preside for five years over that branch of the Church. I worked hard in the summer to make and secure my crops and worked in the canyon during the winter exposed to the weather. I began to feel the worse for it as I began to be troubled with rheumatism and thought it would be better for my health if I would go to a warmer climate. I concluded I would go to Arizona as there had been a great many called to go south to strengthen the settlements. They wanted more to go so I sold my home to Andrew and Levi in the fall of 1882, and on the 3rd of October we started south with two wagons, one carriage, and twelve head of horses.

We stopped in St. George and worked two days in the temple and did what we could before we started on and crossed the Colorado River. We arrived at Mesa 13 Nov. 1882. We camped with Brother Hakes a few days. Then we bought a house and lot from Ed Thomas and moved in. We went to work hauling hay for Brother Standage on shares and got enough hay to do us through the winter.

Shortly afterwards I bought a claim on a hundred and sixty acres of land from John M. Lewis which belonged to Henry J. Horne, who had gone to San Pedro. The land had a house on it into which we moved. We went to work on the Mesa canal and I was soon elected one of the directors of the Mesa Canal Company. I served several years in that capacity. I also acted as president of the board for some time. I filled the office of school trustee for several years. I was ordained a High Priest 10 Dec. 1882, by C. I. Robson and was set apart as a High Councilman of the Maricopa Stake of Zion and was chosen as first counselor to Jesse P. Steele in the High Priest Quorum. I was called to labor as an Indian Missionary by A. F. Macdonald, Stake President. I labored in that capacity for a number of years. When Jesse P. Steele left the stake of Zion I was called to preside over the High Priest Quorum and was set apart for that office by Erastus Snow, one of the Twelve Apostles on 19 Dec. 1885. I traveled with President Macdonald up and down Salt River and Gila River preaching and talking to the Lamanites and assisted in baptizing and confirming many into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I also blessed many children. I also went with C. I. Robson and H. C. Rogers three trips south from one hundred to two hundred miles and caused many to rejoice in the principles of the Gospel.

On the 19 Nov. 1889 I met with a great loss. I was called to part with my dear beloved wife, Elizabeth Adelaide Hoopes Allen. She was a good wife and a kind and fond mother. This loss caused me much grief and sorrow and I felt it greatly. She died as she had lived—a good Latter-day Saint, full of faith

and hope of a glorious resurrection.

In the summer of 1890 I went to Logan, Cache County, Utah and worked in the Temple for some time for the dead. There I became acquainted with Annie Eliza Jones and was married to her in the Logan Temple 30 October 1890. We then returned home to Mesa City, Maricopa County, Arizona. My wife had a sister living over on the Gila River in the St. Joseph Stake of Zion and we went over there and made her a visit. We were gone about three weeks. I labored among the Lamanites a great deal and had much pleasure in my labors.

I desire with the help of the Lord that I will be able to hold out faithful to the end.

Signed,

Charles H. Allen

28 Feb. 1896