

DESCENDENTS OF ABRAM GOLDEN CONOVER AND HIS WIFE ANN OWEN

Abram Golden was the second son of Peter Wilson Conover and his first wife Evelyn B. Golden, Born May 8, 1830 and died Sept. 27, 1890. Ann Owen was the oldest child of Seele Owen and his first wife Lydia Earle, born Jan. 8, 1839 and died Nov. 26, 1895. Their marriage took place Feb. 26, 1857.

I. ABRAM GOLDEN CONOVER, July 24, 1858, and ELIZABETH LOVELESS, March 7, 1861, were married December 4, 1879.

A. Ann Conover, August 30, 1880 and John Funk, April 16, 1880, were married March 7, 1901.

1. Bruce Funk, March 20, 1905, and Reva Henrie, were married in 1928

a. Doris Funk, 1930

b. Dean Funk, 1932

2. Rex Funk, February 13, 1912, and Catherine Skidmore, married in 1932.

a. Sandra Funk, 1932

b. Louise Funk, 1934

3. Clyde Funk, July 21, 1915.

4. Tess Funk, August 6, 1917, and Guy Davis, married in 1933.

5. Jack Funk, December 3, 1919.

6. Genevieve Funk, March 19, 1922.

B. Alta Conover, 1882 and Mark Tuttle, married about 1902.

1. Hugh Tuttle, 1904, and Laurel Poulsen, Married in _____.

2. a. Jennie Tuttle, 1924.

b. Hugh Mark Tuttle, 1927.

2. Howard Tuttle, 1906, and Emily Nelson, married in _____.

3. Ward Tuttle, 1908, and Ardita Best, married in _____.

4. Irene Tuttle, 1915.

C. Seele Golden Conover, August 6, 1883, and Ethel Jensen, November 6, 1883, married May 13, 1902.

1. Kenneth Eldon Conover, November 15, 1902, and Stella Conover, July 12, 1907, married in July 12, 1926.

a. Thomas Conover, May 27, 1933.

*anne
Clyde
Rita
alta
Jesse
Leslie
Reid
Chell
Wilburn*

Conover

Book: "Cyclopedia of New Jersey, (Biography) pub. 1933 by N.Y. American Historical Society.

Volume 3, pp. 88-89. (Library Number
(For Generation 10) 88-89 (Gen. R
(For gen. 9, p. 89, Vol. 3. (M 533 a
(for gen. 8. " " ") 974.9

" CONOVER , A variation of the old Dutch name which appears in earliest records as COWENHOVEN, COURVENHOVEN, KOURVENHOVEN and van COUWENHOVEN . The form Kouwenhoven is retained by the branch of family living in Long Island.

New Jersey line use Conover.

ARMS:

Argent, a cross azure, on a canton three leopards heads erased, gules - Crest a leopard's head of the shield between two wings addorsed, the dexter Argent, the sinister azure.

MOTTO : Sequit ur Victoria fortes (Victory follows the brave.)

"Wolfert Gerretsen Van Couwenhoven came from Amersfoort, Province of Utrecht, Netherlands, to Rensselaerswyck, New York in 1630 where he was Suprentendant of Farms --- Then he removed to Manhattan Island. June 1637 purchased land from the Indians in Flatland and Flatbush.

He came in the ship "Eendracht", landed March 21-1630 (Eendracht)

~~16/144/1674/14/~~ "His birthplace -Amersfoort "

Note: Since there are five lines for this record it must be condensed.

From Book : "Genealogical & Memorial History of New Jersey" (pub. 1910) by Francis Baisley Lee.

Library #)
Gen. R) Volume 3, pages 1211-1212 ; (Vol. 4, p. 1635.)
974.9)
L 477) For Generation 7-8-9-10, pages 1211-1212

not copied here but put on the paper directly

For Generation 6. The will of Dominicus Covenhoven (named for his mother's is not listed in the index of (brother, Dominicus) names but appears on page one eleven,;

"New Jersey Archives, Series 1, Volume 34, page 111 (under Wills.)

Here you find the will of Dominicus Covenhoven , of WINDSOR TOWNSHIP, Middlesex county, New Jersey was made & dated April 18-1778 and was

"proved" July 23-1778. (So he died between those dates) yr. 1778/78.
children: 1. John, 2. Levi, William, 3. Garrett, 4. Levi, 5. Peter
The abstract as shown, names wife MARY
Execs: wife Mary, sons, John & William. Inventory July 18-1778
600;13: 3 (money value) Complete copy of wills: Liber 20, p. 184.
Witnesses to will: Moses Groom, Elisha Cook, David Slaback.

CONOVER GENEALOGY *and sketch of
mark Tuttle*

1. Wolfert Gerretse Van Couwenhoven was a native of Amersfoort, Province of Utrecht, Holland. The exact date of his birth is not known probably around 1588 as the first information which genealogists have been able to learn of him is that he landed in what was known as New Amsterdam America, in the year 1630. He was somewhere near forty years of age at that time.

It is not known who his ancestors were although his father's name was most probably Gerret Van Couwenhoven, as it was customary in that day for children to receive the first name of their father as their second given name. It has been said that the name Couwenhoven in the Dutch language is a derivation of the two words "cattle killer", which accordingly leads one to the conclusion that the ancestor who first assumed the name was doubtlessly a butcher by occupation.

Wolfert brought with him to America his wife, Neeltje, and his three sons, Jacob, Gerret, and Pieter. It is not known what his wife's name was or who her ancestors were.

At the time Wolfert landed at New Amsterdam (the name of which was later changed to New York) the colony was sixteen years old, having been established by the Dutch in 1614, which was six years prior to the time the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. Wolfert was a farmer by occupation and after having first gone up the Hudson River to Albany where he lived for six years, he moved to a new farming district at what was then called Flatlands on Long Island where he homesteaded a large track of land. The land which consisted of his farm is now part of the city of Brooklyn New York.

(2) Gerret Wolfertse Van Couwenhoven, the second son of Wolfert, was in his late teens when he emigrated to America with his father in 1630. Like his father he was born in Amersfoort, Holland, about the year of 1612. Gerret married Miss Altje Cool, a daughter of Cornelius Cool, another Dutch emigrant to America. Gerret had four children of which William was the oldest. The exact date of Gerret's death is not known but it was probably somewhere near his 30th year as his widow married Mr. Albert Albertszen on August 27, 1645.

(3) William Gerretse Van Couwenhoven was born in 1636 at Flatlands, Long Island and was married twice. The name of his first wife was Altje Brinkerhoff Mathews, widow of Cornelius Mathews. She was born in Holland either in 1634 or 1638, and died June 3 1663. The first wife died two years after their marriage leaving one child. The second wife of William was Miss Jannetje Montfoort whom he married on February 12, 1665, and who was a daughter of Peter Montfoort and Sarah De Planceken. Janetje was born at Wallbout, Long Island, now a part of Brooklyn New York.

The family resided at Brooklyn, Long Island, of which place William was magistrate in the years 1661 to 1664. He was also a Deacon in the Brooklyn Reformed Dutch Church. He signed his name as William G. Couwenhoven.

He had twelve children, most of whom upon reaching adult age moved over to Monmouth County, New Jersey. The ninth child was named John. William lived to a very old age, being 92 at the time of his death.

(4) John Couwenhoven was born April 9th, 1681, at Flatlands, Long Island. In 1704 he married Jacoba Van Derveer, the daughter of Cornelius Van Derveer and his wife, Tyntje Gillis De Mandeville, who emigrated from Holland in 1659.

Along with his other brothers, John and his family removed to New Jersey in 1705 settling at Freehold in Middlesex County. John and his wife had eight children all of whom were born near Freehold, New Jersey. The youngest of the eight children was Domenicus. All of his children settled first at Penn's Neck New Jersey and then most of them moved to Kentucky and from there some went to Illinois.

(5) Domenicus, the youngest of John Gouwenhoven's children, was born at Freehold New Jersey in 1730. He married Mary Updike whose parents are not known. Domenicus, with his four oldest sons, John, William, Levi, and Gerrettsen, served through the Revolutionary War being the Middlesex Company of the New Jersey troupes.

As was the custom in that day, the colonists fought during the summer and then retired to their farms to spend the winter. While on his winter leave of absence, Domenicus was struck and killed by lightning while plowing his field in the early spring of 1777.

(6) Peter Gownover, the youngest son of Domenicus, was born February 9, 1769 and was eight years of age at the time of his father's death. In January of 1787, Peter married Hannah Coombs, who was the daughter of Judge Jonathan and Martha Coombs. Peter and Hannah Gownover were the parents of nine children, the eighth of which was Peter Wilson Gownover.

Peter Gownover and his family moved to Kentucky in 1793 the same year as Daniel Boone entered that state. They settled in Woodruff County near the town of Versailles where Peter Wilson was born.

Being of the opinion that the land was richer and the pastures greener farther West, Peter and his family moved to Indiana in 1819, where they stayed only three years. They then moved to Morgan County Illinois in 1822, and homesteaded a large farm at Jersey Prairie. Peter died at his home in Morgan County, Illinois, May 17, 1835.

(7) Peter Wilson Gownover, the eighth child of his father's family was born on September 19, 1807, in Woodruff County, Kentucky. After moving with his parents to Morgan County, Illinois, he continued working on his father's farm until he married Eveline B. Golden, who was the daughter of Sarah Houghton and Abram Golden. Eveline Golden was born in 1809 and was married to Peter W. Gownover in 1828.

Peter Wilson Gownover moved from the vicinity where his parents lived to a large farm which he homesteaded only a few miles south of the present city of Nauvoo, Illinois. His farm was located near the Mississippi River at what was then called Golden's Point. Some nine years later the Mormons were driven from Missouri and established themselves a few miles north of Peter Wilson Gownover's farm where they built the city of Nauvoo. He was converted to the Church and was baptized on May 27, 1840, his wife being baptized the same day. Prior to this time he and his family had been identified with the Campeelite Church.

Peter Wilson and his family passed through the troublesome times which befell the Mormons at this period of their history. He worked for nearly three years in the construction of the Nauvoo Temple and was an officer in the Nauvoo Legion being in the command of the Second Battalion. He was also a member of the Prophet Joseph Smith's personal body guard. When the rest of the Mormons

left Nauvoo. Peter Wilson also accompanied them with his family. In the midst of the trouble and hardship existing at Winter Quarters where the Mormon people had temporarily camped on their way to the west, Peter Wilson's wife contracted malaria fever and died November 10, 1847, leaving ten children, the youngest being only 18 months old. In 1848 Peter Wilson emigrated to Utah with his family. Abram Golden Conover was the second son of Peter Wilson and Evelyn Ann Owen, ~~oldest child of Seele Owen and his first wife Lydia Earle, born January 8, 1839 and died November 26, 1895.~~ Their marriage took place Feb. 26, 1857, and they were the parents of nine children, the youngest being Abram Golden, my grandfather who was born July 24, 1858, and named after his father. He was married to Elizabeth Loveless and their wedding day was December 4, 1879. They were the parents of nine children namely: Ann Conover, Alta, Clyde, Rita, Jess, Wilburn, Seele, Chall and Read.

Alta Conover born in 1882 and married Mark Tuttle, 1902, and had four children, Hugh, Howard, Ward and Irene.

The following is a brief sketch of Mark Tuttle, who died June 10, 1949, of a heart ailment.

He was the son of Ezariah and Mary Wilkins Tuttle, and born Jan. 14, 1880 in Manti, Sanpete county, and his father was a well-known sheriff in Emery County, who was responsible in rounding up the famous outlaw Joe Walker. He was employed in the mercantile business in Emery county, and later became county clerk of Emery County. He was traveling state auditor in Utah for many years and in 1922 was elected state auditor. In 1923 Mark Tuttle founded the Utah State Association of County Officials and was the first president. It might be added here there is now a "Mark Tuttle Award" to be given annually to the most outstanding county official who has distinguished himself in public service, and is chosen by ballot, and presented at the annual banquet of the County Officials. A memorial to his love for public work and great integrity. He was branch Manager of the Associated General Contractors for 20 years and national president of the Managers' Association of the A.G.C. before his retirement in 1946. He was also active in the Republican party circles, being Republican chairman of precinct 1-A in Salt Lake City and treasurer of the Republican assembly in Los Angeles. He was active in the Salt Lake City Chamber of Commerce and chairman of the highways committee many years. He held membership in Salt Lake Rotary club. He married Alta Conover in 1901.

FOUNDER (Conover) Wolphert Gerretse Van Couwenhoven (Conover) was born in 1580 in Holland. He was sent by the West India Co. to New Amsterdam (New York) in 1625. It is thought by many historians that this area was settled six years prior to Plymouth Mass. in 1620 and dates back to 1614. He bought his land directly from the Indians and was located at old Bowery Road, later known as Division St. New York. Later he established the first white settlement of Long Island. He was elected the Great Burgher of New Amsterdam, Superintendent of Farms and Overseer of the Poor.

PATRIOT: Dominicus Cownover, who with his three sons fought all through the Revolutionary war. Through the grandmother's line it leads directly to Col. Joab Houghton, who was the first volunteer from the State of New Jersey in the revolutionary war and the citizens of Hopewell New Jersey erected a monument to him. Upon a Sabbath morning news came to a little Baptist church of the Battle of Lexington, fought Apr. 19th, and reaching Hopewell during divine services. Col. Houghton mounted a great block stone in front of the meeting house and told them the news from Boston and how the red coats were shooting down their brothers. He was the center and inspiration of a band of patriots who rallied around him, he made the first appeal in the state for volunteers to defend their country's honor and to fight British tyranny. In closing he said "Men of New Jersey, the red coats are murdering our brethren of New England. "Who Follows Me To Boston? Every man said "I". The stone remains in it's original condition and serves as a capstone to the Patriots monument. The inscription on the monument relates the foregoing and also. "The stone relic is all that remains of the impressive scene which it was the silent witness and we have honored it with a conspicuous position besides the monument of our most illustrious hero. Future generations will be reminded of a patriot whose memory a grateful nation delights to honor. Patrick Henry fired the southern hearts in his declaration "Give me Libery or death" at the same time James Otis stirred New England and the fame of these two men is wide and broad as the nation- "Who will not say the words of Houghton "Who Will Follow Me To Boston" does not entitle this patriot to rank with Henry and Otis upon the plank of patriotism upon which they stand.

An Outline of Grandparents following the revolution and their part in western history.

Peter Wilson homesteaded a farm only a few miles south of the present city of Nauvoo, Illinois. Some nine years later the Mormons were driven from Missouri and established and built the city of Nauvoo. He was converted to the church in 1840. He was chosen to be the personal body guard to Prophet Joseph Smith and helped to construct the Nauvoo temple and passed through the troublesome times which befell the Mormons. He was an officer in the Nauvoo Legion, being in command of the 2nd Battalion. When the Mormons left Nauvoo for Winter Quarters, his wife Eveline died at 31 of typhoid fever, leaving him with ten children, the youngest being only 18 months old. Peter was a Colonel in the Mormon Battalion. It was under his command that the bloodiest war in Utah's history was won against the Indians. It was the Walkara war. Chief Walkara was the fierce chief of the Utes and his name and deeds struck terror into the hearts of white men and Indians alike. This account is related in the book "Walkara Hawk of the Mountains.

Abram Golden Conover Sr. was the second son of Peter Wilson Conover and he crossed the plains with his father when he was 17 years old in 1847. The first two companies organized to cross the plains to Utah were Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball. Brigham started one day and Heber the following. He was in Heber C. Kimball's company and started with three yoke of oxen and one yoke of cows. A diary was kept which related the trouble with the Indians and extreme hardship. Abram Conover was an Indian interpreter for a great many years and could speak two or three different languages. He was first councilor to the president of the church until he died.

Abram Conover Jr. was sent to Emery County by the church to settle this remote area and he was the pioneer resident there. He burned the brick for the first house built in the district and instrumental in building numerous roads in the county. He served as constable of Ferron, (the same time my Grandfather Tuttle was Sheriff of Emery County.

PETER WILSON COWNOVER

Peter Wilson Cownover, was the 8th child of Peter and Hannah (Coombs) Cownover, daughter of Judge Jonathan and Martha Coombs. Peter Wilson was born on Sept. 19, 1807 in Woodruff Co. Kentucky.

After moving with his parents to Morgan County, Illinois, he continued working on his father's farm until he married Eveline B. Golden, daughter of Abram Golden and Sarah Houghton. Eveline, was born in 1809 and was married to Peter W. in 1828.

Peter Wilson moved from the vicinity where his parents lived to a large farm which he homesteaded only a few miles south of the present city of Nauvoo, Illinois. His farm was located near the Mississippi River at what was then called Golden's Point. Some nine years later the Mormons were driven from Missouri and established themselves a few miles north of Peter Wilson Cownover's farm, where they built the city of Nauvoo. He was converted to the church and was baptized on May 27, 1840. Prior to this time he and his family had been identified with Campelite Church. He passed thru the troublesome times which befell the Mormons at this period of their history. He worked for nearly three years in the construction of the Nauvoo Temple and was an officer in the Nauvoo Legion being in the command of the Second Battalion. He was also Prophet Joseph Smith's personal body guard. When the rest of the Mormons left Nauvoo, Peter W. also accompanied them with his family. In the midst of the trouble and hardship existing at Winter Quarters where the Mormon people had camped on their way to the west, Peter Wilson's wife contracted typhoid fever and died Nov. 10, leaving 10 children, the youngest 18 months old. In 1848 Peter Wilson emigrated to Utah with his children. Peter was an officer in the Mormon Battalion, he was a Colonel. His name is on the monument to these men in Salt Lake City.

It was under his command that the bloodiest war in Utah's history was won against the Indians. It was the Walkara war. Chief Walkara was the fierce chief of the Utes. His name and deeds struck terror into the hearts of white men and Indians alike (Reference in the book Walkara Hawk of the Mountains)

Peter W. died Sept. 20, 1892 and the following were the children of Peter W. and Eveline Golden Cownover: Abram Golden, Aaron, Houghton, Charles, Sarah, John, Jeannette, Catherine, Alpheus, Zeralda, Eveline.

ABRAM G. CONOVER Jr.

Abram G. Conover Jr. son of Abram G. and Ann (Owens) born on July 24th 1858. He was a pioneer resident of Emery County, going there in 1881.

He was county road supervisor for a number of years and instrumental in building numerous roads in the county. He burned the brick for the first house built in the district. He was active in the cattle industry for many years.

He served as constable and was president of the Ferron Irrigation company for six years. He was married to Elizabeth, daughter of James and Matilda Loveless. Their children were Anne, Alta, Clyda, Seel, Chalmer, Wilburn, Jess, Rita and Reid.

More information can be obtained in the History of San Pete and Emery County Utah, Chapter on Prominent Citizens of Ferron.

ABRAM G. CONOVER SR.

Abram Golden Conover Sr. was the second son of Peter Wilson Conover, he crossed the plains with his father when he was 17 years old in 1847. The first two companies organized to cross the plains were Brigham Young and Heber Kimball, Brigham started one day and Heber the following. They were in Heber's company and started with three yoke of oxen and one yoke of cows.

In the early part of his life, he was engaged in war with the Indians. He was an Indian interpreter for a great many years and could speak two or three different languages.

He was active in the church and was first councilor to the president until he died, Sept. 27, 1890.

He was married to Ann Owen, the daughter of Seely and Lydia Ann Owen and their wedding day was Feb. 26, 1857. Their children were Abram G. Jr., Lydia, Alta, Seeley, Wilbur, Don, Lois, Alpheus and Hugh.

Col. Joab Houghton was the first volunteer from the state of New Jersey to enter the revolutionary war. On Sunday, April 23, 1775, news of the battle of Lexington reached Hopewell while the people were worshipping in the First Baptist Church. Col. Houghton mounted the great block stone in front of the meeting house, used by ladies mounting their horses and called all the people to assemble. He told them the news from Boston, how the red coats were shooting down their brothers and made this exclamation " Who will Follow Me to Boston." and every man answered I.

On July 4 1886, a monument to Col Houghton was erected by the citizens of Hopewell with the inscription on the slab the same as quoted above.

At the dedication ceremony Jacob Weart closed the ceremony with the following.

"It is regretable the people know so little of Col. Houghton. Patrick Henry fired the southern hearts in his declaration "Give me liberty or death", at the same time James Otis in Massachusetts stirred New England in his resistance to the aggression of the British Parliament in taxing the colonies and the fame of these two men is as wide and broad as the nation. Who will say the words of Houghton " Who Will Follow Me to Boston" does not entitle this patriot to rank with Henry and Otis upon the plank of patriotism upon which they stand.

Ancestor to
Irene Tuttle Bunnell
Calif. Soc. # 1392

State of New Jersey in the War of the Revolution. We have assembled here to-day to celebrate this event to erect and preserve the stone upon which the feet of Col. Houghton stood to tell the generations of his valor, patriotism and virtue, and forever after, and as long as this republic stands and men love liberty to see that his sacred memory shall not perish from the face of the earth. "It is regrettable ~~as~~ the people know so little of Col. Houghton. Patrick Henry fired the Southern heart in his declaration "Give me liberty or death", at the same time James Otis in Massachusetts stirred New England in his resistance to the aggression of the British Parliament in taxing the colonies and the fame of these two men is as wide and broad as the nation. Who will say the words of Houghton "Who Will Follow Me to Boston" does not entitle this patriot to rank with Henry and Otis upon the plank of patriotism upon which they stand."

The following is a brief biography and genealogical sketch of Abram G. Conover (Conover) and his ancestry, dating back on his mother's side to Colonel Joab Houghton, prominent in the history of the United States Government under General George Washington.

Colonel Joab Houghton assisted in establishing American Independence while acting in the capacity of Captain, Colonel, being commissioned a Captain in the first regiment, Hunterdon County, New Jersey Militia; Captain, Col. Phillip Johnston's Battalion, Brigadier General Nathaniel Heard's Brigade New Jersey State Troops, July 1776, where he served for five months. He was attached to Major Gen. Nathaniel Green's division in the Continental Army. He was at the Battle of Long Island, New York Aug. 27, 1776, and White Plains, New York, Oct. 28, 1776. He was commissioned Colonel, First Regiment Hunterdon County New Jersey Militia, Mar. 15, 1777. It was under his supervision that the first company for the war was made up, after news of the Battle of Lexington reached them. He was the first volunteer from the State of New Jersey. He was with Washington's Army at Long Island, across the short hills of New Jersey and the Delaware.

The above information was received direct from the Adjutant General of Trenton, New Jersey, as recorded in the War Department at Washington D.C., and from a book entitled "Pioneers of Old Hopewell", written by Ralph Ege, pp22,23,26, also from page 359 in Jerseyman in Revolutionary War, H.S. Stryker, Adjutant General.

The Houghton family is of English descendant and goes back to 1066 where Herverus Houghton was with William the Conqueror in the Battle of Hastings. Sir Adam De Houghton, Knighted in 1266 was named in the charter of Henry Duke of Lancaster. The Houghton family lived in a castle at Lancashire England. Their coat of arms was granted by King James under the privy seal to Sir Roger as an augmentation to his coat of armour. The coat of arms is a bear sable, 3 bars argent on a canton, rose of England, thistle of Scotland stalks and leaves invert. All the Houghton originate from either Ralph or John who came to America on the ship Alugal in 1635. Our branch is John, whose wife's name was Beatrix, they had three children John Jacob and Mary. John and Ralph were brothers. Reference book entitled "Family of Ralph and John Houghton.

Colonel Houghton's son Aaron, to whom the line comes down, was born in 1749. He married Elizabeth Sexton, 1780. Sarah Houghton, daughter of Aaron and Elizabeth Houghton was born in 1790. She married Abram Golden in 1806 and died in 1876.

Eveline Golden, daughter of Sarah Houghton and Abram Golden was born in 1809. She married Peter Wilson Conover, Jan 6, 1828. She died at Winter Quarter Iowa, Nov. 10, 1847.

It is just 100 years since the great patriarch was laid to rest in the old church yard of the first Baptist Church. This great hero and the service which he rendered his country were remembered by a few only who made his life a study. The very grave in which he lies buried would have been unmarked and unknown were it not for the fact that some years ago Sam. H. Stout, perhaps the only living person who knew the exact spot pointed it out to our townsman, Joseph Moore Phillips, and we are indebted to Mr. Phillips for the knowledge and location of the famous stone on which Col. Houghton made his memorable address on receiving the news of the battle of Lexington.

On July 4, 1886, Mr. Phillips succeeded in raising enough money by subscription to erect a tombstone to Houghton's memory. The inscription is as follows: "Erected by the citizens of Hopewell, July 4, 1886, in memory of Col. Joab Houghton, a true patriot in the Revolutionary War, after which he was a member of the State Legislature from Hunterdon County, also a member of the First Baptist Church and died at an advance age in 1796."

Much honor is due to Joseph M. Phillips Esq. for the steps he has taken to perpetuate the memory of Col. Houghton. He conceived the idea of bringing to light the historic stone on which Houghton made his speech and honoring with a conspicuous place. This stone was used for many years as a stone for mounting horses in front of the old church. "It is a remarkable stone as Mr. Ege said in his address because from it the first call for volunteers was made in the State of New Jersey. It remains in its original condition and serves as a capstone to the patriots monument. "The inscription on the slab placed on the front side of the monument is as follows:

"Sunday, April 23, 1775, news of the battle of Lexington reached Hopewell while the people were worshipping in the First Baptist Church. At the close Joab Houghton standing on this block inspired the men with love of liberty and a desire for independence. In closing he said: "Men of New Jersey, the red coats are murdering our brethren of New England! Who follows me to Boston? Every man answered "I". The old hero Joab Houghton, stood that Sabbath morning in the center and inspiration of the band of patriots who rallied around him, awaiting to hear the startling news of the outbreak of hostilities between the colonists and their proud and haughty oppressors. Col. Houghton made the first appeal in the state for volunteers to defend their country's honor and to throw off the galling yoke of British tyranny. The relic before us is all that remains to remind us of the impressive scene of which it was the silent witness, and this we have honored with a conspicuous position besides the monument of our most illustrious hero. Future generations will regard this stone as the venerable memorial of one of old Hopewells most noted events, and so long as it shall endure to be an "object lesson" and a constant reminder of a notable patriot whose memory a grateful nation delights to honor".

Part of the address of Mr. Jacob Weart read as follows: in the closing days of the month of April 1775, and upon a Sabbath morning news that the battle of Lexington had been fought the 19th of April, reaching Hopewell during devine services. Col. Houghton mounted the great block stone in front of the meeting house, used by ladies mounting their horses and called all the people to assemble. He told them the news from Boston, how the red coats were shooting down their brothers, and made this exclamation "Who Will Follow Me To Boston". Col. Houghton served all thru the Revolutionary War and was the first volunteer soldier from the

HUSBAND

Abram Golden Conover

Birth April 1830 (May 18, 1830)
 Place Goldens Point, Hancock Co. Illinois
 Chr. _____
 Married 26 Feb. 1857
 Place Endowment House Salt Lake City, Utah
 Death 27 Sept. 1890
 Burial Provo, Utah
 Father Peter Wilson Conover
 Mother* Eveline B. Golden
 Other Wives (if any) _____



WIFE Ann Owen

Birth Jan. 8, 1839
 Place Skiler Co. Illinois
 Chr. _____
 Death 26 Nov. 1895
 Burial Provo, Utah
 Father Seeley Owen
 Mother Lydia Ann Owen
 Other Hus. (if any) _____
 Where was information obtained? Family Records

*List complete maiden name for all females.



1st Child Abram Golden Conover
 Birth 24 July 1858
 Place Provo, Utah
 Married to Elizabeth Juliette Loveless
 Married 4 Dec. 1879
 Place Provo, Utah Died 10 Oct. 1940



6th Child Don Wilson Conover
 Birth 30 Oct. 1872
 Place Provo, Utah
 Married to Hattie Ann Harrison
 Married 25 June 1902
 Place S.L. Temple Died 3 Jan. 1942



2nd Child Lydia Ann Conover
 Birth 20 Nov. 1859
 Place Provo, Utah
 Married to James C. Leetham
 Married 16 Jan. 1884
 Place Provo, Utah Died 14 Sept. 1949



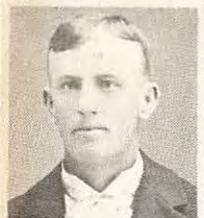
7th Child Lois Orenia Conover
 Birth 23 Mar. 1874
 Place Provo, Utah
 Married to James Sorenson
 Married 24 Feb. 1897
 Place _____ Died 26 Nov. 1897



3rd Child Alta Eveline Conover
 Birth 16 Jan. 1862
 Place Provo, Utah
 Married to John Nelson Strong
 Married 1 Dec. 1886
 Place Provo, Utah Died 31 Dec. 1933



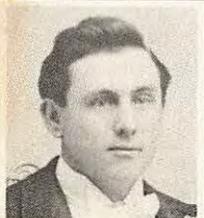
8th Child Alpheus Conover
 Birth 13 Oct. 1876
 Place Provo, Utah
 Married to _____
 Married _____
 Place _____ Died 11 Dec. 1888



4th Child Seeley Francis Conover
 Birth 23 Oct. 1864
 Place Provo, Utah
 Married to Ida Smith
 Married 29 Sept. 1898
 Place Provo, Utah Died 4 Nov. 1907



9th Child Hugh Conover
 Birth 26 Feb. 1879
 Place Provo, Utah
 Married to _____
 Married _____
 Place _____ Died 6 Mar. 1902



5th Child Wilbur Wallace Conover
 Birth 31 Oct. 1867
 Place Provo, Utah
 Married to Frances Harrison
 Married Nov. 1897
 Place _____ Died 19 Sept. 1948

Place Picture of Child in Left Blank

Place Picture of Wife or Husband in Right Blank

Or Wedding Picture To Cover Both Blanks

10th Child _____
 Birth _____
 Place _____
 Married to _____
 Married _____
 Place _____

Van Kouwenhoven-CONOVER FAMILY HISTORY

This account of our earliest ancestors is from the New York Gen. & Bio. Record by Lincoln C. Cocheu Vol 70 and 71.

Many persons are under the impression that a family to be worth while must have descended from royalty. After reading histories of the old royal families and following the newspaper accounts of the present possessors of titles, we are glad to report that we have yet to find any royal taint in the Kouwenhoven blood. "Early Dutch Settlers of Monmouth County, N.J. by Beekman says.....I do not know of any of this name who have been convicted of any famous crime. Their family history is remarkable free from all dishonorable stains. To us that is much more to be desired.

1. Wolfert Gerritsz Van Kouwenhoven, the founder of the American family, was at times called "Van Amersfoort" and sometimes "Van Kouwenhoven" although usually only by his patronymic "Gerritsz." It is certain that he came from an estate named Kouwenhoven in the neighborhood of the city of Amersfoort in the Netherlands. The late G. Beernink, a genealogist of Nykerk, Neth, Publ. in 1912 in Vol. 12 of the Werken of the Society Gelre, certain references to the settlement of the colony of Rensselaerswyck in which he said: "Wolfert Gerritsen, a man in his fifties, had already been at the Manhattans and was to be head-farmer. From an estate last occupied by him under the jurisdiction of Hoogland, near Amersfoort, his descendants, adopted the name "Van Couwenhoven, although his family name was Suype, Sube, Zuben, Supen, which appears even before 1400 in the Veluwe (Province of Gelderland). Although of equally good ancestry as van Rensselaer and van Slichtenhorst, fortune had temporarily turned its back on him....His father, Gerrit Wolferts Suype, having married Styne Roberts, was, as a prominent citizen, buried in the chancel of the church at Nykerk, on December 12, 1604. His son, Pieter Wulpherts, who like another son, Jacob Wulpherts, afterwards lived in America, declared his intention to marry at Amersfoort in 1639. Mr. Beernink gave no references for this information.

Although Wolfert Gerritsz was long believed to have first come to this country in 1630, it is certain that he was here earlier. The publication in 1924 of the so-called Van Rappard Documents under the title New Neth. Documents showed that "Wolffaert Gerritsz unquestionably Van Kouwenhoven was one of the five "head-farmers" first sent out by the Dutch West India Company. This was the Fongersz-Hulft expedition which sailed shortly after April 22, 1625, The Verhulst's expedition carried the head farmers and arrived earlier in 1624. It is known that the first farms on Manhattan Island were occupied in 1624 by leases which ran

six years and since Wolfert Gerritsz occupied one of these farms, it would seem reasonable that he arrived in 1624. The special instructions from the West India Company of April 22, 1625 stated that the 5 head-farmers were leaving at that time and Wolfert Gerritsz was certainly one of that group. Therefore his arrival is given as 1625 and he remained probably until late in 1629. The farm he occupied during these years was the original Bouwerie No. 3 (VanW.,5)

The second phase in the activities of Wolfert Gerritsz came with his entrance into the employ of Kiliaen Van Rensselaer, first Patroon of the Colony of Rensselaerswyck. Wolfert Gerritsz was in the Netherlands in 1630, following the close of his tenancy of a farm on Manhattan Island. He was not only familiar with conditions in New Neth. but he was an experienced farmer. Van Rensselaer engaged him and sent him out with his first settlers, the party sailing on the ship de Eendracht, which cleared the Texel on March 21, 1630, and arrived at New Amsterdam on May 24th of that year.

The contract between the patroon and Wolfert Gerritsz was dated at Amsterdam on January 16, 1630. It was to last for four years, but Van Rensselaer could cancel it after one or two years. Wolfert Gerritsz was to give his time to Van Rensselaer from April to November when the winter planting would be finished.

Van Kouwenhoven on his return to New Neth. in 1630 took up his home on Manhattan Island, and set about his business there and at Rensselaerswyck.

During all this time 1630-1632 when Wolfert Gerritsz was a manager for Van Rensselaer at both Rensselaerswyck and On Manhattan Island, he had another contract in force. A lease for Bouwerie No. 6 on Manhattan Island. He took full charge of it in July 1632 and held the place until July 1638. He was the first settler on Long Island. He bought his property from the Indians and it is recorded on an Indian deed. The tract was 3600 acres. First called New Amersfort then Flatlands.

L.P. de Boer says: In the marriage record of the Dutch Reformed Church at Amersfoort, which begins with the year 1583, appears the following entry: Banns registered, 9 January 1605 Wolfer Gerrit's son and Neltgen Jan's daughter, both from Amersfoort, married 17 January.

As for the death of Wolfert Gerritsz Van Kouwenhoven, it must have occurred between March 2, 1662, when an action was recovered against him, and 24 June 1662 when his heirs were sued for non-performance. The estate was still unsettled as late as May 27, 1664.

Wolfert Gerritsz Van Kouwenhoven had only one wife so far as known and that all his children were born of that one marriage is certain from the suit brought by the son Peter in 1658. Gerret, Jacob and Pieter were his sons.

[a more complete text from N.Y. BIO & GEN. is in Conover Gen.Book]

CONOVER FAMILY HISTORY

The following is from Vol. 70 by Lincoln C. Cocheu N.Y. BIO & GEN.

Gerret Wolphertse Van Kouwenhoven. Beyond the fact that he arrived in New Amsterdam with his father in 1630 there seem to be very few records of his life as it related to the other colonists. Most authorities list him as the eldest of the sons and state that he made his mark to documents. He resided at New Amersfoort, Long Island, N.Y. (Some of his descendants still reside as of 1939) and without doubt spent his life tilling the soil and seems to have taken very little part in any public movements.

Stiles, Hist. of the City Of Brooklyn, I:45 states that he and others in 1647 established themselves on either side of the road that led from Flatbush to "The Bowery". The village thus formed was located on the present Fulton Street, in the vicinity of the junction of Hoyt and Smith Streets with S.E. at present Bourough Hall, and was called Breuckelen after the ancient village in Holland.

His descendants spread over the present counties of Kings and Queens, and to Monmouth co., N.J. Those who moved to New Jersey soon adopted Conover as their patronymic.

Gerret Wolphertse Van Kouwenhoven, son of Wolfert Gerretsz Van Kouwenhoven and Neeltje Jans was born Amersfoort, Holland about 1610 and came to America in 1630 with his father. Resided in Flatlands, L.I. where he was magistrate in 1644. Died in Flatlands, L.I. about 1645. Married in Flatlands about 1635 Aeltje Cornelis Cool, daughter of Cornelis Lambertse Cool of Gowanus. She died Prior to 1683. Issue 1st American born generation. 1. Willem Gerretse, b. 1636, m. 1660 Altje Brinckerhoff (2) Feb 12, 1665 Jannetje Monfort*. 2. Jan Gerretse, 1639 3. Neeltje, chr 20 Sep 1641, 4. Marretje, chr 10 April 1644.

Willem Gerretse Van Kouwenhoven son of Gerret Wolphertse Van Kouwenhoven was my 6 great grandfather. Born 1636 and died 1728. Spent his early life as a magistrate in Brooklyn, 1661, 1662 and 1664. Deacon of the Dutch Reformed Church in 1663. In 1667 he moved to Flatlands. He sold his farm in Flatlands to his son Willem and is said to have spent his last years in Monmouth Co., N. Jr. Living 1727 at Marlborough, Monmouth, N.Jr. according to church records. Seven children of his were members of the Dutch Reformed Church Congregation there. The children of his second wife Jannetje Monfort were: Altie, Neeltje, Pieter, Cornelis, Sara, Albert, Jacob, Jan* born April 9, 1681 m. Jacoba Vanderveer*, Annetje, Willem, and Jacomina.

Jan (John Willemse) Van Kouwenhoven son of Willem was born April 9, 1681 and Bapt. April 11, 1681 in Flatbush. His will dated November 23, 1756 probated December 29,

1756. Names his seven sons but does not mention wife or daughter. He married 1704 Jacoba Vanderveer daughter of Cornelius Janse Vanderveer and Trintje de Mandeville. Their children were William, Trinke, Cornelius, Peter, Jan, unnamed, Gerret, Jacob and Dominicus*, of Windsor, b. about 1730 and Married Mary Updike.

Before continuing with Dominicus son of John some more information from other sources will be mentioned.

[Monmouth County Vol. 3 Biographical Page 79]

Part of the battle of Monmouth was fought on the farm of a Couvenhoven and it is likely that every member of the family took some part in that historic battle. The name was Kouwenhoven. The first immigrant Wolfert G. was a son of Gerret from Couvenhoven, the Dutch "se" added to a name signifying "son of" and "van" meaning "from" thus Wolfert Gerretse Van Couvenhoven. Couvenhoven passed through different forms in this country, but finally became the less combersome Conover, although the name is yet found in this country in its original form.

Wolfert Gerretse Van Couvenhoven, the American ancestor of this family, came from Amersfoort, in the province of Utrecht, Holland, in 1630, and was with the party of colonists who sailed up the Hudson to Rensselaerwyck (near Albany) where he was employed by the Dutch patroon as a farm superintendent. Later he returned to New Amsterdam, where he was a farmer, and in 1657 was enrolled among the burghers of New Amsterdam. He was a man of substance, and his sons, Gerret, Jacob, and Peter were also men of property. Flatlands, on L.I., became the family home, and there the family was an important one.

[From special collections section in library from these sources Texandria VIII p. 207-211, Heraldike Bibliotheek, 1876 p. 242, De Navorscher, XXI, p. 359, XXIII p. 80. Henr. V. Berkum's Beschrijving van Schoonhoven p. 565, 566, 568 569-70, 571-4, Description of Schoonhoven, pub. 1762, J. J. Dodt's Archief voot kerkelijke en]

The original seat of the Van Kouwenhoven family was the castle of Couwenhoven or Coudehove, situated on the banks of a little stream called the Dommel, near the village of Tongerle in Brabant. Tongerle was once the capital of the Old Germanic tribe of the Tongeren, the sons of Tonger or Donar, the god of Thunder. Be Caesar in his work "de Ballo Gallico" they are called the "Tungri". The family which possessed the castle of Coudehove or "Cold Court" and derived its family name therefrom, possessed also from the earliest feudal times the village of Tongerle with its jurisdiction.

When, in the latter half of the Fifteenth Century the Duke of Brabant of the Burgand House became Lord of all the Netherlands, many of the van Couwenhovens, like other Brabanders, began to spread over the Northern Netherlands, forming new branches of the family there while the older branch continued itself in Brabant.

1. The first Van Couwenhoven we find in the Province of Utrecht was Jan, who in 1472 belonged to the Court of the Bishop of Utrecht. A nephew of this first Van Couwenhoven, another Jan, married in Brabant, Maria van Amerongen daughter of Jacob van Amerongen of Utrecht who was a councilar at Mechelen (Malines) in Brabant. Through the Vicissitudes of war Jan found himself at Schoonhoven just outside the Bishopric of Utrecht and with which the Bishops were often in trouble. When the city was finally subdued by the princes of the House of Burgand, a new Government was established there.

Among the early magistrates we find the names of Willem Van Couwenhoven and Jan Van Couwenhoven, brothers. As there were no other van Couwenhovens in Utrecht at that time, they are believed to have been the sons of Jan Van Couwenhoven (no.1)

2. Willem Van Couwenhoven was a Schepen in Schoonhoven in 1504, 1507, 1513, 1515, 1517, and Burgomaster in 1511.

3. Jan Willemsen Van Couwenhoven was a schepen in Schoonhoven in 1522 and again in 1525.

4. Gerrit Janze Van Couwenhoven was Schepen in 1541-61. He was elected Burgomaster or Mayor of the City on St. Martin's Eve in the year 1553, when he was 38 years old, and reelected subsequently in 1563, 1565, 1567, 1578, 1569, 1571, 1572. When the city joined the cause of liberty against the tyranny of Spain, Burgomaster Van Couwenhoven took a decided stand on the national side, and with the whole city declared himself in favour of the Protestant Christian Religion and of the political independence of the Neth. His seal, in which the family coat-of-arms of the Utrecht branch appears, is still extant on a document remaining in the city Archives at Haerlem in Holland. Sometimes he is called Jr. or Jonkheer Gerrit Van Couwenhoven, which signifies that he belonged to the "adel" or land'possessing gentry, the possession of land being in the Neth. the criterion of nobility. Gerrit Van Couwenhoven's name is last mentioned in the year 1578, as Elector of Magistrates of the City of Schoonhoven, which honourable position he had held since 1575.

As the earliest existing volumes of baptisms at Schoonhoven begins with the year 1617, the names of the children cannot be found there. In the neighboring city of Amersfoort, however, in 1578 Gerrit Van Couwenhoven appears. His son Wolfert Gerretse Van Couwenhoven, must have been born about that time, but the parish register does not show baptisma until a year later in 1579. In the marriage records of the Dutch Reformed Church at Amersfoort, which begin in 1583 appears the following entry:

Ondertrout, den 9 Januarij 1605

Wolfer Gerritssz ende Neltgen Jansdochter beyde van Amersfoort
getrout den 17 Januarij.

Translation:

Banns registered 9 January 1605

Wolfer(t) Gerrit's son and Neltgen (Neeltje) Jan's daughter both
from Amersfoort. Married 17 January.

Wolfert Gerretse Van Couwenhoven had a sheep farm, called Couwenhoven after the original seat of the family. This farm was situated a few miles west of the City of Amersfoort in the Province of Utrecht in the Netherlands. Since olden times that neighborhood has been famous for its successful breeding of sheep. On the next page as extract from a letter now in the Royal Library at the Hague, from Patroon Kiliaen van Rensselaer to Van Couwenhoven show how Wolfert Gerretse continued his sheep-raising in America on the Patroon's farm.

[Extract was missing but it is stated it is in Dutch wills]

If Wolfert Gerretse was born about 1580 as seems probable, his father, Gerrit the occupant of "Couwenhoven" about 1600, must have been born about 1550. This cannot be proven on account of lack of original available records.

Whether the surname was always Couwenhoven or it was Suype as in the N.Y. BIO & GEN. will probably never be proven for a certainty.

A drawing of the farm and number of animals on his farm in Amersfoort was found in the special collections. From an old letter it states that Wolfert G. may have had a brother named Willem Gerretse.

A microfilm copy told me that three different coats of arms of the Couwenhoven family are of Holland origin. The first bears the name of Hendrick Van Couwenhoven on the outer circle. The second with "Couwenhoven" underneath is from Amsterdam and is certified by Charles Mueller, U.S. Consul at that place in 1874, to be "a true copy of the original as contained in Riedstrap's Amorial General of the Neth." The third was sent to Rev. Garret C. Schenck, N.J. from the Neth by Col. Van der Dussen. Possibly Wolfert G. was of noble birth, but if so, he had little of this world's goods when he took the position of Supt. of the patroon's farms. Bergen.

Dominicus Couwenhoven was born at Freehold, New Jersey in 1730. He married Mary Updike born about 1729 at Penns Neck, Atlantic, N.J. Her father was William Updike born 1704 at Dutch Neck, Mercer, New Jersey. Mother unknown. Domenicus, with his four oldest sons, John, William Gerret, and Levi, served through the Rev. War being in the Middlesex Company of the New Jersey troupes. As was the custom in that day the colonists fought during the summer and then retired to their farms to spend the winter. While on his winter leave of absence, Dominicus was struck and killed by lightening while plowing his field in the early spring of 1777. His children were as follows: John, William, Gerret, Levi and Peter Couwenhoven born 9 Feb 1769 in New Jersey. He married Hannah Coombs on 9 January 1787.

Peter Couwenhoven son of Dominicus was eight years of age at the time of his father's death. In January of 1787, Peter married Hannah Combs, who was the daughter of Judge Jonathan Combs and Martha Davidson. Peter and Hannah were the parents of nine children, the 8th of which was Peter Wilson Cownover. Peter and his family moved to Kentucky in 1793 the same year as Daniel Boone entered that

state. They settled in Woodruff County near the town of Versailles. Being of opinion that the land was richer and the pastures greener farther West, Peter and his family moved to Indiana in 1819, where they stayed only three years. They then moved to Princeton, Morgan, Illinois in 1822 and homesteaded a large farm at Jersey Prairie. Peter died there on May 17, 1835.

Peter Wilson Conover was the 8th child of Peter Conover. The following is from the diary of Peter Wilson Conover. He starts out with an account of his father and grandfather.

My grandfather Dominicus Conover served with his sons John, William, Levi and Garret in the Revolutionary War. He returned home in the spring of 1777 on April 12, he went to the field to do some plowing, when a heavy thunder storm came up, driving him under a walnut tree to escape the fury of the storm, he was killed by lightning. A bolt of lightning struck the tree, killing him and his horse. His youngest son Peter was twelve years old at the time of his father's death. He lived in Middlesex Co., New Jersey and married Hannah Combs, daughter of Jonathan and Martha Combs. She was the youngest of five daughters, namely Elizabeth, Amy, Rebecca and Mrs. Enos Baldwin. They resided in New Jersey until after the birth of two children, Catherine and Elizabeth. They removed to Kentucky the same year Daniel Boone did. They settled in Lafayette - afterwards changed to Woodford. Their first son William born July 4, 1794. Jonathan was born 1797 and Levi was born October 29, 1799. Mary Ann was born December 5, 1801. Martha was born March 8, 1803. Peter Wilson was born September 19, 1807. Dominicus John Garret was born December 13, 1812.

I, Peter Wilson was born September 19, 1807, in Woodford County, Kentucky, one mile from Versailles. No incident occurred worth mentioning until my sister Martha died; she swallowed three pins and choked to death, when I was 3 Years Old. At the age of four I started to school and continued till I was 8 years old. The fall I was ten, my brother Jonathan married Martha Bergen and moved to his home in Adair County. I went with him 100 miles, to help drive his stock; there I saw my uncles Levi and Garretson who had moved into Kentucky after my father died. I stayed with them 3 months and arrived home on Christmas day. I worked on the farm until I was 13 years old, when my father concluded to move to Indiana on account of slavery. There they put in a crop of corn and my father and Levi went to Illinois. They left my brother-in-law Jonathan Bergen, (my sister Mary Ann's husband to tend to it.) When they came back they took the horses and we went back to Kentucky. That fall Jonathan Bergen and I went back after the wagon and implements. The summer of 1822, my father sold out and on the 22nd of April, we started from Woodford Co. to Illinois a distance of five hundred miles. It rained on us most of the time; it fell to my lot to drive the pigs and sheep. For ten miles we had to travel in water on account of the rains of the Wabash. Part of the time I

had to swim. We settled down amongst a lot of Indians in Morgan Co., Jersey prairie. There we took up three hundred sixth acres of land. We lived on the farm until 1827, when I was married to Eveline Golden, daughter of Abraham and Sarah Houghton Golden. Joining my father I had a farm of my own, but I lived with my father until I built a log house on my farm.

My first child, Aaron Houghton was born Sept. 26, 1828. When we first settled down in Illinois one morning I took my gun and went out to kill a deer walking along in a narrow trail, an old Indian jumped from behind a tree to scare me. I leveled my gun on him and he begged me not to shoot. He then insisted on me going back to the house with him to buy some ammunition of my father. In 1846, I met him in Iowa. I had quite forgotten him but he remembered me and reminded me of the circumstance. My second child Abraham Golden was born April 1830. Charles William was born July 1832; a month later the Black Hawk war broke out. In 1829, I was elected Captain of the Illinois Militia of light infantry. The Governor called for volunteers and I was appointed aide to General Whitesides. During the days we were on the march and in 10 days we came to the rapids on the Mississippi. There we struck his trail and found him in six months; in the north of Wisconsin we headed him and turned him towards the Mississippi down the bad _____ and headed him in the Otomorae swamp, there we had a fight at the mouth of the river; we surrounded them about sunrise in the morning and fought him until about sundown before he surrendered, killing one thousand five hundred. We captured him and took him to Springfield, Illinois. Then sent him on to Washington. We then disbanded and went home. My eldest daughter Sarah Elizabeth was born June 1834. On September 4, 1836, John was born. When he was four months old, I moved from Morgan County to the center of the rapids on the Mississippi River. It was a very severe trip as the snow was up to my knees and no track broken. I came very near freezing the day we crossed the grand prairie in a blinding snow storm. I had to walk eighteen miles driving the cows, pigs and sheep, breaking through the snow every few feet. I brought 160 acres of land and made me a farm. Jeannette was born March 6, 1838. The spring of 1839, the day the Twelve started on their first mission to England, I heard my first Mormon sermon, by Elder Enos H. Gurly. Immediately after hearing it I received a testimony for myself of the truthfulness of Mormonism. In the spring of 1838, I first saw the Prophet Joseph Smith, the day of the convention to appoint Delegates to go to Congress to try to get redress for the wrongs in Missouri. I was baptized into the church of Latter-Day Saints on the 27th of May 1840. I had been a Campellite member, previous to this. My wife Eveline was baptized the same time.

Catherine Ann was born in Nauvoo November 1840. Right after joining the church I went to work on the Nauvoo Temple. The Prophet called me to get some men to go with me, to get some rock for the circle windows in the basement story of the Temple, called for valunteers at a meeting held in my house. I soon had all the men I wanted. We worked all the week and got all the rock that was needed. I then worked on the Temple until Joseph called on me to go up to Black River to get lumber for the Temple 600 miles above Nauvoo. I started the 22nd day of September. Up the river I remained just nine months and came down the river in 12 days in a small boat. Alpheus Alonzo was born just ten days before I reached home on the 10th of June 1842.

The winter of 1843, I worked on the Temple again. In 1843 they took the Prophet Joseph prisoner; he called for help and I and 19 others were appointed to go to Rock River; we met his enemies just after four o'clock. The round trip was 600 miles. During the trip I went 5 days and nights without sleep. I was sent ahead to my cousins Mike Craners to have them get supper for 300 men. I assisted them by killing pigs, turkeys and chickens; by the time the company came up we had supper ready. On that trip I was appointed life guard to Joseph the Prophet in the place of another man who backed out and would not go. After supper Bill Cutler and I were standing outdoors washing, and talking to cousin Mike, when Joseph came out and asked him if he had a spare bed. He answered, "Yes, two or three of them." Joseph said, "I want you to put these two boys in the best bed you have." We soon after retired. Miles from Nauvoo, Emma, Joseph's wife, came out to meet us on horseback, bringing his black horse fully caparisoned, and Joseph's uniform. He mounted his horse and we came on to Nauvoo, I held command of the second battalion of the second cohort of the Nauvoo Legion at that time. We came to Nauvoo and Joseph was tried by the Municipal Court and cleared.

I had command of the guard for 6 miles up and down the river; I had to relieve the guards every 12 hours. This was kept up for five months. The legion was disbanded in September and I think was called together the next March. Then through the neglect of other officers the command of the Legion fell upon me. My family still lived on the farm but I was almost all the time on duty in the saddle. In 1844 Zerelda Louis was born. When Joseph gave himself up to go to Carthage I wanted to take my command and go with him to protect him, but he said no, he did not wish me to go. After Joseph was murdered we went to work in the Temple that we might have our washings and annointings before we had to leave our home, as we

were told we would have to leave in 1845. The mob commenced burning out the Saints at Green Plains 25 miles below Nauvoo. I was called on to raise a company to go and move the saints up to Nauvoo. I raised a company of 90 wagons, two men to a wagon and started down. We arrived there at 11 o'clock at night and it was raining pitchforks. It was a fearful time. Women and children wading around in the mud and snow and wet through with no place to go. I continued helping to move them until the sheriff called out a posse to go and make them stop the burning. We went down and found the mob burning a house and dancing a war dance. They did dance but it was upon their horses. We chased them for about 6 miles but the most of them got away into Missouri. After that I went to hauling for the burned-out brethren. One trip as I was returning with a load, Sheriff Blackstone was chased by a mob as he came close to where I saw a man come riding ahead of the mob. O.P. Rockwell asked the sheriff if he should shoot. The sheriff said, "Yes." Rockwell fired and the man jumped about four feet in the air than rolled away from his horse dead snough. This man proved to be the Man, World by name, the man that tried to cut Joseph's head off after he was murdered. Soon after this I was called upon to help get out timber to make wagons for the saints to cross the plains in. Myself and three others went to work and soon had enough ready, to make 200 wagons. After we got the timber for the wagons, Brother Brigham called on me to go to Quincy and get 400 lbs. of iron for the wagons. I was gone four days on that trip. We had to make kilns to season the lumber on. I had a wagon for my own use all ready for the cover when Brother Brigham came along and asked whose wagon it was. Someone told him it was mine. He came to me and told me that they had enough wagons lacking one, to take the first company out. Well, said I, if you need that wagon, take it and welcome. That left me without one, but I soon had another one ready.

In January, we were called to go through the Temple and have our washings and annointings. My wife Eveline and I went through about the middle of February 1846. I received a letter about this time from the leader of the mob, telling me if I were not out of there before three days he would burn my house down over my head. I wrote for him to come right along but to make his will before he come, for as sure as my gun would fire, I would kill him, but he did not come. I waited for him to come three weeks, then moved into Nauvoo; there I stayed until the 22nd of May.

May 6, 1846 Eveline was born. May 22, I crossed the river and joined the camp 6 miles from the river in an Oak Grove. We then waited a few days for the rest of the company to come up. On the 24th of May we organized a company and I was put in Captain of the Guard. We broke camp on the 25th and went 8 miles and camped for the night. I stationed a guard and relieved it at midnight. Next morning hitched up early and traveled 25 miles, camped at Soap Creek and placed guard as usual. Next camped two days at the head of Chariton river. Sister Zin's son Chariton, was born there. Passed Garden Grove on the left that day. Two days after arrived at Pisgah and traveled four miles farther that day and camped on the Platte River. We stayed at this one month then received a letter from Brigham to take our horses and go down into Missouri and trade for cattle and provisions enough to come right on over the mountains with. Next day after we had left, Brigham and Heber came to our camp for volunteers to go into the Mexican War, but all of us able-bodied men had gone into Missouri. We received a letter while there to hurry back. We broke camp the next day after getting back and hurried on to Council Bluff. When we got there Brigham and Heber had crossed the river, but left word with the ferryman to ferry us over as soon as we got there, but when they heard we had arrived they came right over to see us. They went back that night, leaving word for us to come over in the morning. As soon as we could we crossed the river and drove out to their camp which was about two miles out on the prairie, stayed there all that day and organized a company to look up Winter Quarters.

I, with the rest, started the next morning and found a place we called Cutlers Park, stayed there and cut logs and put up houses one month. Then Brigham and Heber organized a company to get up hay. I took a company of fifteen men and cut three hundred tons right where the town of Florence now stands. On Saturday night, we went up and told Brigham and Heber what we had done. The next morning they got into their buggy and rode down to see the place and our work. They decided as soon as they saw the place to pull up stakes at Cutlers Park and move right down there. We all moved down and camped on Main Street. Then we all went to work getting poles and fencing our hay and making corrals and sheds for our stock.

Cornelius E. Lot agreed to take our sheep and take care of them and bring them to the mountains for one half of them. Brigham and Heber had about 200 head and I had about 90 head. There came a big snowstorm after he took them and snow fell about two feet deep. The big white wolves came down and killed 100 in one night and kept on killing until the old man came and begged us to come and get what was left. Out of 90 head I got 17 head back. I soon got rid of them and have never owned a sheep since.

T. Cutler and I went to work and put up a hewed log house for Heber. It was 32 feet long and 16 feet wide with a shed kitchen on the back. The next night after we had finished the house, there came up a heavy storm. My tent caught fire and burnt up everything I had in it, leaving six of my little children without a thing to put on their backs. Heber paid me 25 dollars the next morning and I went and got clothes to clothe my children. I then borrowed 75 dollars in money of Father Lamson and took my big wagon and two yoke of cattle and went into Missouri to Meeks'

mill on Rock Creek. There I engaged 600 bushels of corn meal at 15 cents per bushel to be paid for when taken away. Many a poor saint came to me for a meal and thank the Lord I never turned one away hungry pay or no pay.

Once while hauling meal (Alex Williams was hauling at the same time and it was a very cold wether) I found that Alec had become numb from cold while driving his team. I took him out of his wagon, left the team, took his arm over my shoulder and started for the nearest house two miles away. Before we got there I had to put him on my back. When we got there I bellowed, "Open the doors" for I had a dead man on my back. We worked with him nearly all night and saved his life. It was Joseph Allen's house. We went over to Keg Creek on the north side of the Missouri bottom and stayed there two days before Alex was able to start for home. Then we started and crossed the Missouri River on the ice. My 120 bushel of meal only lasted one day before it was all gone. Hundreds of poor people had not a morsel to eat when I got there. I kept on hauling all that winter. The next Spring I was better fixed than before I was burnt out.

That Spring I, with my boys, Abraham* and Charles broke up ten acres of land and put it into corn but it did not amount to much. Old Father Cutler and his eldest son went down onto Missouri and took a contract to put up a house 80 feet long and 50 feet wide. The house was for a man by the name of James Estel. The bargain was to take the rock out of the ground burn the lime and in fact do everything from bottom to top. It was to be a rock house. When we got the walls up there was only one of the eighteen men that went down that was able to work. I sent for my son Abraham* to come after me. He came with the team. I was sick with the typhoid fever, was not able to go home with him for one week. For eight days I was not able to take anything but tea. When I started home Mr. Estel made me a present of forty dollars worth of provisions and would not take a cent for them.

When I got I found my family all sick with chills and fever, not hardly one, able to wait on another and myself just able to walk. My wife never got any better. She died on the 10th of November 1847. I was just able to follow her to the grave and that was all. There I was left with ten little children, the youngest only two years old. What to do, I did not know.

One day as I was sitting beside the house, thinking of my hapless condition and of my departed wife, such a wife, never would I find another such a mother for my poor children, Brother Brigham and Heber rode up to see me. After shaking hands and inquiring after the welfare of my children, they told me they had a widow lady for me to take to the valley with me to take care of my children. I did not like the idea but they insisted as they knew I needed someone to take care of the children. At last I consented to take her across the plains. Her name was Pricilla Pearson. She afterwards married Samuel Thompson and settled in Spanish Fork. She was very good to my children and they all thought a great deal of Zilla as we called her.

Zilla and one Jane McCarl made my children clothes to cross the plains in. I started with 3 yoke of oxen and one yoke of cows. We came out six miles south of Winter Quarters and organized two companies under Brigham and Heber. They organized them into tens and fifties. Brigham started one day, and Heber on the following day. I was in Heber's company. The second day we came to the Elk Horn River. It being high, we had to build a raft to ferry our wagons across the river. While we were getting them over, the indians came and stole our cattle. Heber's boys and mine were herding them. We had to swin the cattle across the river so they were on the opposite side from the wagons. Heber came and asked me to get some men and go after the cattle. I raised some men and went right after them, and had a fight with them. Four of the men went down within half a mile of three hundred lodges. Thomas Ricks was shot and fell from his horse. I took ten men and went after Tom. We put him on a buffalo robe and started for camp. There were about three hundred warriors upon a bluff and they started after us, yelling like demons. We stopped and laid Tom down. By the way, after Ricks was shot, a man ran and told his father that Tom was shot, but did not tell him that a man had been sent after him. His father took a light spring wagon and a man by the name of Whittel, also a boy by the name of George Boyd. They drove down to where Ricks was shot. The Indians took them prisoners, held a council of war over them and decided that they be shot, as there had been ten or fifteen indians killed. They appointed the indians to shoot them, but when they tried to raise their guns, they could not. They told their chief they could not raise them. The chief then told the men to get in the wagon and go home. They left Tom's trunk and a valuable two year old colt with the indians.

After laying Tom down I yelled at the chief that we did not want to fight but had come after one of our men that the indians had shot and that he had got him and was going to take him home and that if they did not stop and let us alone that we would kill some of their men. If they would let us alone we would not hurt them. They stopped and seemed to hold a council. While they were parleying we took Tom and started off with all speed. We went about a mile when they came on agin at full speed, but we had got close to the timber, each man hiding behind a tree. When

they saw us they stopped and we talked with them again. We told them that if they did not let us alone, we would surely hurt them and they believed it for they turned and went back. I then sent two men to hunt a ford then we took Tom and carried him to the river. We held him up at arms length over our heads, so that he would not get wet. I held the end of the buffalo robe in one hand, my gun in the other, my ammunition of my head. The water was up to my chin. Egan was shot in the wrist at that time.

After reaching camp and dressing Tom's wounds, we broke camp and started on, traveled eight miles in the two hours and camped when sun was about an hour high. I placed fifty men on guard for the night. We had two alarms during the night and two shots were fired at sulking savages. It caused quite an excitement but after we fired they fled.

[An incident that happened at Golden's Point written by Jeannette Conover Whipple] is below:

The boys were playing ball about half way between our house and the school house. A mad dog came running by them and jumped on another dog. As they were fighting, Houghton ran up and grabbed the mad dog by the hind leg and was beating its head on the ground when it bit him in the thigh. He killed the dog and that broke up the game. The boys all went down to the Mississippi River to swim and were in the water quite awhile. When they came in to supper some of the boys told about the dog biting Hought. Mother was badly frightened and sent for the Elders and had him administered to. Father felt satisfied to let it go at that but mother was not satisfied. She wanted to know what Brother Joseph would say about it and insisted that Father should go to Nauvoo and see him. He hitched up his horse to a light wagon and drove to Nauvoo. He arrived about half past nine and found Brother Joseph engaged in a game of checkers and as he didn't want to interrupt the game he waited until they were through, then Joseph turned and asked Father what he came for. Father told him and he turned to a man saying, "Doctor, go with Brother Conover and cut the place out." The Dr. went home and got his instruments and they drove home arriving about twelve o'clock. They found the boy asleep; the Dr. said, "Never mind, it will do just as well in the morning." They went to bed and all slept but Mother.

After breakfast the Dr. sent Hought upon a table and began to cut. He was very long doing it, but finally got through. Hought who had never groaned, got off the table and walked into the kitchen and said, "I would like to hit him once just for fun." Mother was not satisfied, and as another young man who was bitten about the same time had used a mad stone, they wanted Houghton to go and try it. He went and tried it and it stuck and filled with poison fifteen times. They never had any symptoms of Hydrophobia although several dogs, sheep and one ewe which were bitten by the same dog went mad and had to be killed.

Peter Wilsons' account continued

My son, Houghton met me at Canyon Creek. He had arrived the year before. Wehn we reached the Valley, I went out to Mill Creek where my son, Hought, had a shanty built. My sons, Charles and John, went with Hought to drive their teams to Salt Lake. The next day I went into Salt Lake, got them and took them out with me. Each of them had driven a team for Heber C. Kimball all the way from Winter Quarters.

I took my team and went out to South Dry Creek to get logs to build two houses. One for myself and my son Hought who had married Lucinda Wilson daughter of Miles Wilson. Hought was married January 1, 1848.

The woman that came across the plains with us left two weeks after we got to Mill Creek and went to Salt Lake to live with Levi Stewart. Later she married Samuel Thompson of Spanish Fork. We stayed at Mill Creek until 1849 when I was called to go and help settle Provo.

The boys and I came up in March and built a house, then I went back and got all my family except my little daughter, Jeannette who had fallen on a kettle and hurt her leg causing a fever sore. She had been bedfast two weeks at Edward Dusetts in Salt Lake. I took her to Squire Wells and left her at Louisa Well's place. I had no one to keep house for me except my daughter Sarah, fourteen years of age. But she was a good girl, did the very best she could for her father, brothers and sisters.

I had only about two and one-half bushels of wheat, but I sowed that and raised one hundred and forty seven bushels. I had not had a morsel of bread in my house since the first of April until my crop was raised and thrashed. It was the first grain out in Utah County.

I cut it on the sixteenth of July. About an hour after, it rained as hard for an hour as I ever saw rain. It then cleared up and the sun came out as bright as if it had not rained. I had to let it lay four days before it was dry enough to thresh. I threshed it on the twentieth with a flail, cleaning it with the wind. Then my sons Abram* and Charles took it to Neff's mill on Millcreek, forty miles away. It took them two days. When they got home my family had a feast of bread, and it was a feast. We had not tasted bread for about five months.

On the first of June, I went after Jeannette and brought her home to Provo. The river was very high and we had to ferry it. Not two minutes after I left the boat, it sank.

Immediately after getting my wheat off the ground, a heavy rain came causing the wheat to sprout from stubble. It grew until it was taller than the first crop. It ripened and was a good heavy crop. Making two crops in one season, from one planting. It was the first crop raised in Utah Valley.

In July was organized a Military Company. Jefferson Hunt, was elected Captain and I was first Lieutenant.

In the fall of 1849, Captain Hunt was called to pilot a company of emigrants to San Bernardino on the Southern Route. I was then chosen Captain and remained commander of the company until after the Indian War in 1850.

In the summer of 1849, P. P. Pratt and others took a company and went down south exploring the country as far down as the Colorado River. They started back in November. The snow was up to their saddle girths. When they got to Buttermilk Fort, they were snow bound. They left their wagons and cattle and twenty-five men, and the rest came on. Before they got to Provo their horses gave out; their provisions were gone and they were starving. Parley took the best animal and came for relief. Soon we had two bushels of sacks of biscuits and other food. Two of us started back for the perishing men and met them at what we now call Payson, (Peeteeneet.) Nearly all of them were starving and perishing with the cold.

In the winter of 1849, the indians became very troublesome. They would not let us go after our stock, or after wood without shooting at us. We put up with it until February, trying to keep peace with them, but all in vain. They called us old women and cowards, and that we were afraid to fight them. The Bishop appointed Miles Weaver and myself to go and see President Young to see what was best to do. We rode the fifty miles in four hours and laid the case before Brigham. He ordered out fifth men, to come back with us. One hundred and fifty (150).

The night we were in the City, the indians came down and stole four head of Captain Hurts' cows out of his corral, near the fort and killed them. The one-hundred and fifty men got into Provo the next night, so the indians did not know that reinforcements had arrived. The next day we started after them. A little after sunrise, I with my company crossed the river, right by the fort and up on the west side of the river, and came above their camp with sixty men.

Alex. Williams, Lieutenant, took thirty men and went up on the east side of the river. When we got to their camp, I ordered the Company to face to the right and march right down to the river.

They were camped on the east side of the river. When we got to the river we saw that their horses were all between the camp and the river. I called for some of the men to go with me to get their horses. The Indians began to shoot at us. One old indian climbed up a tree to where we were, but he forgot how to climb and fell down head first. Jumping up and knowing that I was Captain, he tried hard to shoot me. He fired six shots at me. One ball came so near me that it blistered my cheek. But through the protection of a kind Providence I did not receive a scratch.

We fought until sundown. The wounded and dead we sent down to the fort. Colonel Grant ordered us to go to the Fort to get our supper, as we had, had nothing to eat since morning.

When we started down, the indians followed us shooting at us all the way. There were eight wounded that day.

Old Ankatowats and family were on the west side of the river, even with the Fort. They said they would not fight the Mormons, so we thought we had better bring them into the fort so they could not telegraph movements to the other indians. The next morning I took ten men and went over before sunrise and brought them into the Fort. Then the whole company started out after the rest of them. They were camped on the east side of the River. We went over the same ground we had went over the day before. The snow was three feet deep on the level all over the country.

We had a lot of sleds made of two inch planks. We fastened them together and made breastworks of them, fastening blankets on the side next to us. We pushed it ahead of us and when the indians would shoot, the balls would go through the two inch planks and strike the blankets and fall to the ground. The indians did not understand this kind of work and soon began to get scared, and tried to run away. A few of the men stayed and fought until night. When we started down for our supper again. They followed us, yelling like demons. When about half way to the fort we turned and gave them a volley, and they scampered back in a hurry.

The second day of the fight, Black Hawk (only a boy then), shot at me twice, with a bow and arrow. One struck my buckle and cut half way through. The other one struck my scabbard; but my time had not come. I don't think I was born to be killed by an indian.

The next morning after the two days fight with the indians we found that they had broken camp and left for the mountains. We went to see what they had left and found that they had left their dead and wounded lying on the snow in every direction. Our company divided, some going on way, some another. They found small squads all

around. Took a few prisoners. Most of them were asleep when found. The Company from Salt Lake then went home.

In June 1850, I received an order to take some men and reconnoitre the country and see what the indians were doing. I took twenty-five men and went out to Salt Creek, then up the canyon to Rock Springs and camped. Some of the men went and got some salt. The next morning we started down and came home.

Nothing of importance occurred until 1852, when Walker, the war chief of all the Ute Nation, came down to Provo, with a very large force, with the full intention of massacring all the Mormons and clearing them out of the Country.

Old Soweette, another Chief, but a friend of the Mormons, came right after Walker did, with a large force of friendly indians. He came and told me what Walker was going to do, and told me Walker should not come into the fort as long as he (Soweette) lived, for he and his men were going to fight for us. He came in the night. I immediately waked every man in the fort that had a gun and had every man arm himself and stand guard, so to defend ourselves if they made an attack. Soweette, would not allow them to fight. At last they all went away together. I never saw Walker again. We stood guard night and day until they went away.

In the spring of 1853, I was appointed Colonel. Then came the Walker War. Arrapene and several other chiefs came down to Provo to fish and were very friendly. In going back to Payson, where the rest of the band were camped, they had a row with Jim Ivie, at Porter's, between Provo and Springville, over trading a gun. Ivie knocked the indian down and that was the first start of the Walker War.

They went back to Payson that night and killed one of the guard, by the name of Keel. An express was sent immediately to Provo for help, they said the indians were murdering all Payson.

I was at breakfast but jumped on my horse and went up town, called out all the Captains, told them to order out so many men for duty as soon as possible at Spanish Fork, and at 11 o'clock I was in Payson, with one-hundred and fifty men ready for duty. When I got there the indians had all left and gone to the mountains.

I called the Brethern together and held council. They wanted us to stay there that night as they feared an outbreak. We stayed until 4 o'clock. By that time we thought we had better hurry on to Manti, as that place was out of the way, and we feared the indians might make a break there. We went to Salt Creek that night. We met George A. Smith at that point. He said we had better wait until morning and have supper there. The next morning we started before sunrise and got to Manti by 4 o'clock.

I set out pickets that night to guard the place. My company met the Manti company under Higgins, and held a council to see what had better be done. I made the proposition to Higgins to take whole command of all of the men or let me. But he said, no, we would command our own men. That night the indians made a raid on all four sides of the town at once. The guard soon repulsed them and they soon left. They went up in the canyon and stole two yoke of cattle in the mouth of it. In the morning I started twenty-five men to try and get the cattle, and to try and find where the indians had gone. Sent another company to Twelve Mile Creek to see if any of the indians had gone that way and tried to find their trail.

Jabez Knowlton found them in the canyon. Some ten of them had killed the cattle and were dressing it. They fought and killed that squad of indians. They saw Walker and his band coming over the hills and they rushed back to camp.

We held another council and decided that I with my men would follow the indians, and Higgins with his men would stay and guard the camp.

The next morning a courier came from the Governor with word to come right home. We came to Willow Creek that night. The indians followed to try and stampede our horses. They came very near getting them. They came on three sides of the horses. Their watchword was a howl like a wolf. I understood their signal the first howl they made. I knew it was no wolf so put my men on their guard in a minute. The next day we went home. Had no more trouble with them until late in the fall.

In 1854, I received orders from the Governon to reconnoitre the country and see if there were any hostile indians around. Soon after, Steve Markham came to see what to do with a small band of indians out to Goshen, who were very troublesome. I asked if he wanted help; and he said no, they had men enough, but what they should do. I ordered him to take his men and rout them, and if they would not quit stealing, to use them up. Which they did.

The fall of 1854, I was elected Brigadier General. I then had command of the whole County.

Had no more difficulties with the indians until 1856. Tom Marshall, a U.S. Marshal, came with a writ to take Tintic for murder and stealing. He ordered me to raise men to help him. I jumped on my horse and went to see the Governor, to know what to do. I got there at 1 o'clock at night. President Young made me lay down

and take a nap. His orders were not to fight. If they could not take him peaceably, to let him go. He told me to go and get a posse of men and go and get the cattle Tintic's Band had stolen, if possible. I started right on, crossing the lake on the ice. It was February and very cold. I took eighty men and went over the Tintic Mountain. It took us all day. We found a good many cattle dead on the trail, for when one mired down in the snow, they killed it.

My horse slipped off the trail in one place, and down he went, but I stuck to him and he brought me out all right. At daylight, we passed through where Eureka now stands and camped about one and a half miles down in the valley, but not to sleep. To sleep would have been death, it was so cold. I walked from one fire to another all night. Some of the men got so cold that they burnt out the fronts of their boots while their heels were freezing.

The next morning we had no trouble getting breakfast, as we had nothing to cook. Some few of the boys had a biscuit, but ate it as we went along. We followed down to where Jericho, now stands, twelve miles below Eureka. There the indians took to the right, into the cedars in the hills. About noon we came upon their camp where they had about a dozen kettles of meat boiling, almost done. The boys soon put themselves outside of the most of it. We then followed the indians, who had left upon seeing us, over the hills into the valley. Tintic had now divided the cattle, part to the right and part to the left. We took the left hand trail with the whole Company. In about an hour we espied them. I ordered a charge. We followed on with a rush until we overtook the cattle south of Cherry Creek, at a big sand ridge. But no drivers could we find, they had all skipped out, one at a time.

The sun was an hour high when we overtook the cattle. They were nearly given out, some of them had their tongues hanging out. Some were given clear out. I did not know where there was any water, so we took them and started for the Sevier River. We got there about nine o'clock at night. Just after we got to the river, one of the boys shot an ox. It must have weighed four hundred pounds. We made a fire in the greasewood, cut the meat in pieces, threw it on the fire, and as soon as it was warmed through, ate it. No salt or pepper was needed to make it a delicious morsel. Some of the boys ate so much that they did not want any more for a week or less.

We broke camp the next morning at daylight. We found we were eight or ten miles below the mouth of the Sevier Canyon, where it empties into the Desert. (Emery County). We concluded to move up to the mouth, so we left ten men to guard the cattle, and took the rest and went back to where we discovered a horses-tail, the day we routed them out of the cedars. We went back and where we left the trail, looked up the side of the mountain and espied about twenty head of horses. We stopped, held a council and decided to go after them. I ordered By Pace to take his company and go to the left side of the ridge, while I went to the right with my men. Al Huntingdon, and an indian belonging to John Berry, of Spanish Fork, laid down on the side of their horses and ran right around the horses, and drove them down to us. We got all of them we wanted and started to camp. The boys had killed another beef, so we took beef again.

The next morning we started up the river and got to the mouth of Chicken Creek. There we turned north to Dog Valley and camped there and killed another beef. Next day we came to Nephi, had supper and breakfast and fed the cattle and horses hay in the tithing yard. We then came on to Provo as fast as we could. I issued an order for the people that owned the horses and cattle to come and prove them and take them away.

This the Tintic War was my last indian raid. We then put in our crops.

That spring along in June, Brigham got a telegram to the effect that Colonel Barney, was coming out to handle all the Mormons. Brigham sent me an order to take a company of men to meet the Army. After I had gotten my Company organized, he concluded that we did not have ammunition enough, so he ordered me to take ten men and go and get the Carson Valley Missionaries to come in, and he would send my orders and a guide to Rush Valley to meet me. Other men were with him, and I had ten men with me.

We did not travel on the northern route as the indians were so bad there, (the Snakes.) In Fish Valley, I met the guide, he was O.B. Huntingdon. The Governor sent my orders with the guide.

We left Provo on the 17 August 1857. We arrived at Johnson's Fort on the 19th; on the west side of the Rush Valley. There we waited for the men from Salt Lake. They got there between sundown and dark the same day, bringing the orders spoken of. Then I knew what was expected of us. We were to leave the Humbolt to the north, and push on to the south of the Carson Sink. We never saw an indian until after we arrived at Carson Valley. We traveled forty miles that day, across the desert west of Salt Lake. We had no water until we got half way across, when we left the road and went up two and one-half miles on the Eranite Rock. That night we camped at what is known as Redding Springs.

We passed over the mountain the next day, the 21st, and got to Deep Creek at noon. We camped by the bridge, let our horses eat, and we got our dinner. We then pushed on as fast as we could. Traveling twenty-five miles and camped at Antelope Springs, where we had good feed for our animals. Next morning we went over the hills and through the pass to the head of Steptoe Valley. Camped at the Springs at the head of the creek and had good feed and good water.

Next day, the 23rd, we traveled down Steptoe Valley, till the road left it and took to the cedars to the left, and went in a northern direction till we got to the south end of Ruby Valley. We traveled about forty miles that day and camped at a spring at the

south end of the Valley. On the 24th, we traveled north for four or five miles, then turned to the north-west and took our course through a big canyon known as Railroad Canyon. Passing over between the Ruby and Humbolt Mountains, we came down to the south fork of the Humbolt river, where we camped that night.

On the 25th, we took nearly a west course and traveled up the stream until we struck Hastings road. About ten o'clock we nooned at a springs, at the head of a creek. After noon we traveled about a half mile when the road became so steep we had to dismount and lead our horses until we got to the top of the mountain. It was so steep on the other side that when Hastings crossed, he had to take his wagons to pieces and let them down with ropes, a piece at a time. They cut poles and slid their boxes down on them. We led our horses down, but had to be very careful of our footing. It was called Breakdown Pass. When we were at the top, we could look back over most all the road we had come over. We looked down into what is not called Wines Ranch Valley, and saw a large spring which we headed for.

When we got to the foot of the hill, we found the poles Hastings had slid his wagon boxes down. We camped at the spring for the night, and started again the next morning, the 26th, at about eight o'clock and traveled until we came to Sardine Springs, about four o'clock, on top of the divide between Wines Valley and the Great Western Desert. Here we cooked our last pancakes for the want of water. Our guide said we would find water in ten or twelve miles at the farthest. So we did not fill our canteen, except one man, who filled his. When we got to where we expected to find water, we found there had been quire a large stream and it had washed a place about twenty feet wide, but it was dry. The guide said come on we will find water sure about twenty miles farther on. By this time it was night. We went down the wash a little ways but found no water. We then went on the twenty miles and got there at 11 o'clock but still there was no water. That stream had run clear across the desert but not it was dry. I told the company that if we would go to the top of the wash that we would find water, I thought. So we started up the creek bed; men and horses nearly given out as we had ridden twenty-four hours without food or rest. We traveled to the head but found no water. We then retraced out steps back to where we had struck the creek bed. The guide said we would find water some time that day, but he couldn't say just when.

Then we took our course by the stars as we had done all night. We traveled about halt a mile, when we struck a patch of sand grass. I told the boys I thought we had better stop and let the horses eat, as they seemed very hungry, and wait until daylight, as it was only about an hour till daylight, then we could see our course better. We turned the horses out on the grass and all laid down to rest, a little while. As soon as we could see, we gathered up our horses and saddled them and made ready and started on.

The guide reported another creek some twenty five or thirty miles, but could not say exactly. We rode on until about 10 o'clock. Wheeler's mare gave out; a four year old ant the finest, fastest animal we had on the road. We had to leave her right on the desert. About four o'clock Davd C. Fields pack animal gave out. We went on till we began to think we would never see water again. After leaving the wash we rode about an hour, we came to another bunch of sand grass. I ordered a halt so that the horses might rest and eat a little. But we had nothing to eat, nor had anything to eat since leaving Sardine Springs. I had about sixteen pounds of flour in my pack, but we could not eat dry flour. We laid down, and laid around till the morning of the 26th. Started as soon as we could see to gather our horses. We found Canfields big mare we had left the day before had come up to us with other horses. But when the sun came up she wilted and we had to leave her again.

We kept on our course, following our trail, the one the guide had taken years before. Then there was plenty of water. We traveled on, men and horses almost perishing with hunger and thirst. I was worrying along with my pack animal. She had given out, but I was trying to get her along, so I would not have to leave her to die. George Bean stayed with me to help get her along. The rest of the company were about two miles ahead, Bean's tongue as well as mine, were swollen so badly we could scarcely keep them in our mouths. By this time the rest had got to where they expected to find water, but like the rest of the places it was dry. Oh! what a sight for perishing men. This was about 4 o'clock. By this time the guide had given up. He could not see, hear or make a loud sound. There he gave up to die. He told one of the boys, what to do with everything and what to tell his wife and friends at home.

Steve Moore and Joe Dusly said they believed he was lost, and they were going to find water. They left him at the wash and said if they found water they would make a smoke to let us know they had found water. They did find some and thereby saved the lives of the company.

When Bean and I saw Moore and Dudley start for the mountain we looked in the direction they were going and saw green willows. As we started up the canyon, my pack animal pulled me off my horse. I told Bean to hurry on and I would come as fast as I could. I got on my horse and pulled her along about one hundred yards when she pulled me off again. Then I left her and hurried on towards that blessed haven. Joe Dudley met me there with half a gallon of water. O! what a draught. It seemed like I had never in my whole life tasted anything half so good. I rode my horse right into the water and commenced drinking, then began throwing water on myself and horse. That helped to quench our thirst. Then I turned my horse loose and turned my attention to the others as they came up. When they began to drink, I would throw water on them. Dave Canfield came up and began drinking, I was going to throw some on him, when he turned and said if you throw water on me I will shoot you. I laughed at him, and said, Why Dave you will kill yourself. "It is none of your business if I do," he said. He drank until he could drink no more, then turned and

crawled around on the ground, of the pain he was in. I called one of the boys to come and help me drag him to the hill. We each took a leg and started up the bank, then the water commenced running out of his mouth like water running out of a hole in a barrel. Then he called for more water and I went and got him a quart, which he drank. I said, you have nearly killed yourself once now. His animal stood where he had left it. So I told one of the boys to get his blanket off the horse and spread it out and lay him on it. We laid him in the shade of a cedar, where he laid like a log until night. After that he was all right.

The boys had all come up with the guide. Steve Moore had taken four canteens of water on his shoulder and ran like a deer, jumping sagebrush and everything in his way. He ran six miles to give some of the perishing boys a drink. We all began to feel kinda hungry. I told the boys we would have to have some mear, and to go and butcher my pack animal, as we could not get her on to the water. One of them went down and shot her and dressed her, and while they were doing that, I took a little brass kettle and made some mush, just thick enough to drink out of tin cups. By this time the boys began to come with the meat, and began throwing pieces on the fire and roasting it. As soon as it was cooked we bean eating it. When we had eaten enough, we jerked the rest to take along with us. While we were jerking the meat, the guide cleaned the entrails to carry water in. We started on, about four o'clock in the afternoon; traveled all that day and the next day, the 30th, we came to the sink of Wlker's River. There we found a spring of poisoned water. I cautioned the boys about drinking it, as it looked too pretty clear, I thought, to be good. One of the boys thought he must try it anyway. He got off his horse and laid down and tasted it, and his horse did the same. He had not gone any distance before it went through him like Croton Oil, and his horse the same.... We traveled on till about 11 o'clock at night, when we reached the south side of the sink of carson river. I had taken some men and rode on ahead and found a band of Indians. Wheeler had been ehrrer for years before and was acquainted with some of them, and could talk their language. We rode right into the camp of about fifty lodges. They were drying fish. I asked the chief, through Wheeler, how far it was to Rag Town. He said if we went up the river, it would take all day, but that he could take us there in two hours. I told him if he would take us there we would pay him in tobacco and ammunition. So he agreed to pilot up to Rag Town, where we could get provisions.

We got there at 2 o'clock. Traveled forty miles that day. Just as we got there they were sitting down to dinner. He invited us to eat and thankfully accepted the invitation. While eating I told them what I wanted. That I had a company of men on the road, and that they were starving and I wanted something for them to eat.

I got fifty pounds of flour, twenty five pounds of bacon, Sugar \$1.00, Coffee \$1.00, Tabacco \$10.00. We then packed our horses and started back to meet the Company. We met them about five miles back and there we camped for the night; on the river bottom where there was plenty of good feed for our horses. We turned the horses out and the boys began to cook. The first thing was to begin to fry meat.

August 31st, we started on and got to Congor's house about 9 o'clock. There we met a man from Washoe Valléy, where we intended going. This man informed us that the President of that place was calculating to go with the company to Salt Lake to Conference. I then called the Company together and told them what I had heard, and told them we must get there before they started as my business was with the President. It looked like an impossibility as our horses were jaded and we had traveled so far without water, and it was eighty miles away.

We got food again at Conger's and about fifty pounds more of flour and some coffee and other stuff. We traveled until about 11 o'clock, then stopped for dinner. I ate dinner with them, then called on the guide and Samuel Dalton who both had good mules, to accompany me. We traveled all that day up Carson River and came to a Saloon kept by a man called Dutch John. There we got some crackers and cheese and ate supper about dark. After supper we mounted our horses, left the road and started over the mountain, through sage brush etc. following an indian trail. We traveled until about midnight, then lost the trail, so we dismounted and laid down and slept till about daybreak, September 1st. I got up and found the trail, then went back and woke the others up. We saddled up as quickly as we could, then started on over the mountains. We traveled about a mile and reached the top. When we got there we could see Washoe Valley Settlement. As soon as we got to the top of the mountain my horse squalled as loud as he could, acting like he knew there were people there. Under the edge of the hill was a log cabin. When the horse whinnied, the inmates came out. We rode up and inquired how far it was to Washoe Valley. They told us it was six miles and showed us what part of the Settlement the President lived in.

We then started on, the horses acted like they had new life. We reached there about 6 o'clock, just as the President was sitting down to breakfast. We called him out and he invited us in. I gave him my message. In the express, it asked for all the ammunition we could find and for me to take the money and go to California.

The President furnished \$5,000, that he had got for tithing and which he was going to take to Salt Lake with him. We went in and ate our breakfast, then we walked out into the town and called the people together. The President sent out four or five boys to tell the people to come to a meeting at nine o'clock. At the appointed time I met the people at the school house, read the message to them, and told them what was wanted, and to rally back to Salt Lake. The Express told them that there was difficulty between the Government and the Mormons, and for them to break camp as quickly as possible and hurry

back to Salt Lake.]

After meeting was dismissed, the President unloaded his buggy, took our horses and turned them into his wheat stubble. He then hitched his mules to the wagon and we started for Eagle Valley, twenty five miles from Washoe. When we got to Eagle Valley, we called the people together and held a meeting at two o'clock. We read the Express to them and told them the message of returning to Salt Lake; to furnish all the guns and ammunition they could, also anything they could furnish to buy powder with. This was not a very large branch, but they furnished \$2,000 to buy ammunition with. We were treated very kindly, and after meeting, ate dinner with them. The brethren were very glad to have the change to return.

We then hitched up our team and started for Genoa City, in Carson Valley, twenty five miles farther on. We arrived there before dark; called another meeting, which kept up till 10 o'clock. Adjourning the next morning. That night we raised \$5,000 more. the next morning at 10 o'clock, we called the people together again, and made arrangements to send after the ammunition. We made arrangements and started with Bob Walker to San Francisco with \$1260 in gold to buy the ammunition. With orders to deliver it to Stockton by steamboat. The people agreed to meet them there with teams to bring it away,

I waited four days to get teams. The people concluded that if they had to move to the Valley, they would have no more teams than they needed themselves. We held a council to know what to do.

Bob Walker was a clerk to a merchant in Genoa and was going to San Francisco to pay for some goods he had got and to get some more. That was the reason I sent the money with him to buy ammunition with, as he was well known there. At the council I decided to go with O.B. Huntingdon after the ammunition if they would furnish the horses, saddles, blankets, etc., and they agreed to that. The next morning we got the horses and started on over the mountains. It was the sixth of September.

Two young men volunteered to go with us as there were reports of robbers on the road. We rode all day and that night we stopped on the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and built a fire to get warm. We staid there and rested until daylight. When daylight came, we mounted our horses and rode until about 9 o'clock, when we came to a house and got breakfast and fed our horses. Paid \$2.99 for a bushel of oats, also \$2.00 for our breakfast. Then we mounted our horses and went on. About 2 o'clock we came to the Big Trees, where we got our dinner and fed our horses, and rode eighteen miles to a place called Angel's Camp. Supper was very near ready, when we got there. It was about six o'clock. We put up our horses and called for supper. I gave the tavern keeper a letter of introduction from Nickerson. He received us very kindly and treated us very well, that night. Next morning I got up very early and made a good many inquiries about Walker. I told the tavern keeper that I was anxious to hear about Walker and would give most anything to hear from him. He told me he would tell me for \$2.50 in about an hour. He went right in and telegraphed to him and asked him if he had got what he went after. And the answer came back in about ten minutes, that he had got all he went for and had it already to be shipped on the steamboat.

On the fourth day I got up very early in the morning and went over to the tavern. The news boy came and threw the daily paper in on the stand. I picked it up and read it. The first thing I saw was that Barney had started with, I am not sure whether the number is 15,000 or 1,500, to handle all the Mormons. And that on the 22nd of July, the Mormons and Barney had had a fight, and that the Mormons had killed six-hundred of his men; and that he had gone back for reinforcements. That the Mormons had sent for two thousand dollars worth of ammunition and as many pistols and guns, and that the Mormons with the ammunition must be stopped at some point; and the Governor had issued orders to stop them at Angel's Point. This then was the place where they must be stopped. I read this in the Sacramento Bee. I laughed, for the ammunition had not even got there yet. Just then, Travers, the Tavern keeper said, "whats up now." I told him I was laughing at this damned lie in the paper. Said he, how do you know that it is a lie? I said, because I started out on the 17th, and the Mormons were all at home, minding their own business. Right there I gave him a Masonic sign and he returned it.

Said I, John two heads are better than one. He called me into a back room and asked me what was up. We sat down on a sofa and I told him the whole truth and what we had come for, and all about it. Well, said he, You have paid for it and you shall have it, and it is a shame that you should have such a time after buying anything from the Government, to have it taken away by the Government. He said that I should have what I bought if he had influence enough to get it for me. I had my teams already hired and in the yars, ready to load the ammunition as soon as it should arrive.

Walker had bought 12,000 pounds of other goods with the ammunition.

Next morning Travers handed me the key to his warehouse, to where the goods were consigned to. Our horses were stabled close by where the warehouse was. We had a tent and slept in it to guard them. When we went in to breakfast, the same paper came up again, with the statement doubled. The miners that boarded at the Tavern were determined to take the ammunition away from me as soon as it arrived.

It arrived on the 15th, in the night, in a big rain storm. We were laying at the warehouse watching for it. I opened the gate myself for the wagons to come in. As soon as the wagons stopped, I slid under and loosened the trail wagon, and we ran it into the warehouse, and locked it up. Then came out and took the hind endgate out of the big wagon where the twelve thousand pounds of goods were. Just as I got that done about fifty men came pouring in, with a big Missourian at their head. I said to them gentlemen, I am very glad you have come, for I want help to unload so that I can get away from here as soon as

possible. The Captain said; that was what they had come for was the ammunition and that they were going to have it. The first thing that presented itself in the hay wagon was a big barrel of whiskey. The captain took hold and helped me set it on the scales to weigh. When it was weighed we set it on a platform and took a big auger down from overhead and bored a hole and drew a bucket full. We called on all hands to come and have a drink. They came to get it. Then the Captain and I got into the wagon and began handing out the goods. Walker weighed and loaded it into the other wagon, with others helping him.

The Captain did not know anything about carrying powder in boxes, so we handed out the cases of canister, the same as the other goods, and kept on until we had it all unloaded and loaded into the other wagons. It was now about 11 o'clock at night. The Captain was very much disappointed at not finding a keg of powder in the wagon and got very mad over it and swore that if he had the man that printed that newspaper he would hang him in a minute, for there was not a pound of ammunition, nor a gun, nor a pistol.

Then they began to go by twos and threes, until there was not one of them left with us. After they had all left us, we sat down and rested; as we were very tired and worn, as it was very warm weather. After all was still, we rolled out the trail wagon. I had reserved two small wagons to haul the ammunition in. We weighed it and loaded into these two wagons. Then as the moon had just risen, the boys hitched up their teams and started right out. C.B. Huntington, Walker and myself staid until the morning of the 10th, to settle up with the Tavern keeper and get our breakfast. After breakfast, the big Captain came to me and wanted to know what I was going to do with the guns and ammunition I had bought. I told him what I had bought was mine and it was none of his business what I done with them. Well, said he, I will see you before you get to Carson. Well, said I, if you follow me, I will kill you and bury you without a sheet. We started out and I never saw the Captain again, but some of the miners did follow us, but they made us no trouble.

We did not overtake the teams until about noon that day. They were traveling along when we overtook them. We went about four miles farther and found some grass and camped. We placed a guard around the horses and in one camp, C.B. Huntington and myself went back about fifty yards and slept by the side of the road under a big tree. Got up the next morning the 17th, and started on. That night we camped on the river. On the 18th, we had to double our teams for seven miles, right up a mountain. It took us nearly all day to get up. Then we traveled about four miles and camped near the same house we camped by when we came over. The next night the 19th, we camped at a lake about eighteen miles from Cenoa. The 20th, we got to Cenoa about 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

The camp had moved out about four miles on the road, we went on and overtook them that night. I went to the President to know about getting wagons to haul the ammunition in the rest of the way. He said they had no spare wagon. Everyone was loaded to the bows. I finally went to a teamster by the name of Luke Murphy and told him I wanted to ask a favor of him. He said, very well, anything you want Captain, you can have. I told him I wanted his wagon to haul the ammunition in. He said, yes willingly, but how can I get home. Oh! said I make a bargain here with Hart to take you home. All right; said he, and that was settled.

There was a company of about twenty families that came on with us. They had paid no tithing, but were well able to pay theirs. So I went to Zach Cheeny, he being the head of the Company, and told him I had been to California and got ammunition and now I had no team to haul it home with. That I had bought a wagon and team and wanted \$500.00 to pay for them. He went with me and looked at them and was well pleased with them. He went with me and looked at them and was well pleased with them. Then he handed me the money to pay for them. While we were talking, Joseph Murdock came up and said he wanted to buy the little wagon for his family, to ride in. I sold it to him for \$50.00. Then I went back three miles to Cenoa and bought a new wagon of Warren Smith and paid him \$200.00 for it. I took the mules I had bought and went right up and got the wagon. Then my load was almost too heavy for the mules, so I called for another team. Joseph Murdock furnished a mule and horse. The 21st, day of September we started home. Evert Creer drove the team into Salt Lake.

We formed our company into companies of fifty. We had five companies. There was from one to three men to every team. We started down the Carson River, traveled thirty miles, then camped on the river that night. That night the President called the company together, to choose a Captain of the guard. They unanimously voted for me to be Captain of the Guard. I then placed guard for the night. At 12 o'clock, relieved guard. On the 22nd, we traveled, thirty miles and camped on the river bottoms. The 23rd, we reached Rag Town, where we left the Carson River to cross the Desert.

We all had to take all the water we could carry, as there was no water on the Desert. We started on the Desert about 4 o'clock in the afternoon and traveled all night. At 12 o'clock on the 24th, we came to the sink of the Humbolt. We had about three hundred head of horses and mules besides all the rest. We turned them all down on the sink to get water. They began in a hurry to get something to eat.

Before we got supper ready, the men that had been sent to take our ammunition away from us, came to camp. They tried to stampede our horses, but we were on our guard. I told the guard to hollar every hour or half-hour. This they did lustily. They could have been heard half over the world it seemed to me.

When I went to relieve the guard at midnight, three of the men came and wanted to get their horses, as they would rather travel in the night. I told them they could not

get their horses, for if they tried to catch them, it would stampede all the horses, that was what they wanted to do. John Murdock said, the first man that swung a lasso in that band of horses was a dead man, and he meant it too. I told the men to come back to camp and stay till morning, then we would get them all right. I put them under guard until morning, then I went to Nickerson and told him I wanted some liquor to treat the men with. I got a quart and held it up and called the six men to come up and we would settle the scrap about the horses.

They left their breakfast and came up to get their bitters. I handed the bottle to the Captain, and told them to drink heartily as there was plenty. The six men emptied the quart bottle, then they asked me if I would sell them some. I said yes, I would sell them all they could find dishes for. The Captain sent for all the canteens and flasks they had. They each had a canteen and there were five flasks among them. The first think they handed me was a pint flask. I filled it and they emptied that. I kept on until I had filled all they had. I then asked them if they would sell me some of their guns, as they were going back, as they had told us they would never follow a Mormon again. They said yes, they would sell them. We bought all but one pair of revolvers, that one young man said were his fathers. They acknowledge that they had orders from the Missouri Captain to stampede our horses and run them back, but they were sick of their trip. They then took their horses and left us, and we thought we had got rid of them.

That day we traveled up the Humbolt until we came to good water. That night we camped on the Humbolt River and kept our stock in a bend of the river and kept guard over them. On the 25th, we started early, camped on the Humbolt River again. The 26th we traveled up the river, 27th still up the river. On the 28th, I had a talk with the Captain of the Company, Chester L. and the President and I told them that I had ought to send an express to the Governor to let him know how we were getting along. He opposed the idea. I asked him for grub to come in with and he said he had none to spare. I told him, well, I would come in and kill my grub on the way. He ordered the Company to go on. Five of us staid back and fixed our packs, and got ready to come in on an express to the Governor.

We started about noon, came over the mountains into Ruby Valley, camped at the foot of the hill at a little creek. Here we found lots of good feed for the horses. The 29th we started in a south-west direction until we came to Antelope Springs, traveling forty miles that day, the 30th we came to the head of Steptoes Valley. Got there before dark, ate our supper and decided to go on that night. Got to Deep Creek at sunrise the next morning, the 31st. In the twenty-four hours, we had ridden about seventy miles. Being tired after breakfast we laid down and slept till 10 o'clock. Our horses had eaten enough and had laid down to sleep too.

I got up and called to the boys to get the horses and we would go on. We came to Redding Springs, where we got our supper, then we rode on to Granite Rock, rode up into the rock and got water for ourselves and horses. Then came back and rode on some twenty miles before day. We had rode eighty miles without rest. We got to Mountain Springs October 1, stopped and got breakfast. We rested ourselves and horses until about noon, then came up into Skull Valley. Rode twenty-five miles to Hooper's Ranch. Camped until morning of the 2nd, then crossed the mountain over into Grantsville, and stopped at James cooleys. They were very glad to see us, as they had heard we were killed and had not heard to the contrary.

They went right to work to get our dinner; after which we went on to Black Rock to Lorenzo Young's. There our horses were fed and we got our supper there. Between sunset and dark we started on for Salt Lake City. C.B. Huntington and I got to his house about 11 o'clock at night. I was a very happy meeting, for they also had heard that we were all killed; and they had heard nothing different, until we came in. They soon got us some supper, then we laid down and rested till morning. On the 3rd, we went to the Governor's office and made our report. The Governor had twenty-five men fitted out to go and hunt for us.

On the 9th, the boys that went out after the army, came in and met me at the President's office. Four of my boys, Hout, Abe*, Charles, and John were with them. They were so ragged and dirty, I was ashamed of them.

I called them to come down to Captain Hooper's Store. I told Captain Hooper, I wanted some clothes for the boys. He began to say something about pay. I told him he ought to be ashamed to say anything about pay for the boys had been out all summer without pay, and had worn out their clothes. So he said no more and began to hand out clothes. He did not hand out fast enough to suit me, so I jumped behind the counter, and began to hand out clothes to the boys. Say Captain says I, if you want to know anything about those things, send a clerk here to take account of them. A clerk soon came and booked the things taken. When we had got what clothes we wanted, we started for home. It was the morning of the 5th. I found my family all well and glad to see me.

I staid at home four days, then had orders to go to Echo. On the 10th of October, we started for Echo. Staid a few days, then was detailed to take the prisoners into Walls Camp. We, William Hickman and myself took an express to the Governor. Then I came up home to Provo. Nothing particular happened for sometime.

While I was gone out to Carson, Snow and Blackburn took \$400.00 of my horned stock and killed it without leave or license to feed the boys out to Echo. They never gave me an account of them. The next spring, I had to turn out my last cow to Captain Hooper for the clothes I got for my boys when they came in from Echo.

In 1858 was the time of the move. All the Saints in Salt Lake City moved south. Heber C. Kimball and his wives Vilate and Christine and their children came to my house and staid two weeks. Squire Wells and his wife, Louisa and her children also staid with me, some time. When they began to move the grain, I was called on to help the Sharp Brothers to unload the grain. I worked with them as long as they worked at it.

In the fall of 1858, they all moved back to their homes and left me with orders to take care of myself. When the Peace Commissioners came into investigate the cause of the trouble, they with Seth M. Blair came to my house, as I was Brigadier General. While sitting at the table, one of them asked me what we would have done had the army come right into Salt Lake. Both turned to me and said, "What would you have done, Peter?" Ha, Ha, what would you have done? Why, we would have killed the last son of a _____ of them, if they had tried to come in, I said. The men just straightened themselves back in their chairs and laughed well, to think such a few should think of such a thing.

In 1859 I raised a good crop of wheat. In the Spring of 1860, Brigham and Heber came to Provo and wanted me to go to Provo Valley and build a good fort that could be defended by a few men. I had to sell my farm to get a team to go with, as the Echo War had ate up all my stock.

I moved up in April, rented a house at Midway; then got out logs and built me a house. I then got a surveyor to come and lay out a fort. I took up eighty acres of land around it. We then went to work, building corrals, stockyards, and stables. While I was hauling rock to build a chimney to my house, my sons upset the stove with two kettles of boiling water on it. My son Harmer was scalded nearly all over, but through the kindness of providence, his life was saved. I jumped on my horse and came to Provo to get stuff to make a salve to cure him.

When I got to Provo, Brigham and Heber were holding a meeting there, in what was called Bells Folley. When I rode up, Brigham stuck his head out of the window and said he wanted to see me right after the meeting. I dismounted and staid until the meeting was out. Brigham came out and shook hands with me and said he wanted me to go up to Bishop Miller's as he wanted to talk with me about an hour. I remonstrated. Said I, Brother Brigham, my little boy had got scalded very badly, and I have come to get salve for him and I want to go right back. Well, said he, you come with me and your boy shall be all right. I went with him. He asked what I was doing. He had forgotten that he had sent me up to Provo Valley. I told him, Said he, I want you to come back to Provo, as we cannot do without you. Said I, I have no place to come to. O well, said he, you can live where any one else can.

The next day I went home. My boy was alive but blistered all over, and a big blister in his throat. But he mended right along, and in three weeks from the time I got back, I packed up and moved back to Provo. I had to rent a house to live in. Lived there all winter and all the next summer.

In 1862, I rented ground and raised a crop. My son Charles moved away to Carson Valley. So gave me his home and I moved into it. I worked hard farming that summer, and raised a pretty good crop.

In 1863, I went to Bannock, Montana. I went again in 1864, leaving my family in Provo. I worked very hard in Bannock; prospecting and walking over mountains. My sons John and Alphons were with me. I found some very good claims, but while I was down home in the winter, two men stole my claim and got away with it. In the spring, I went back, not knowing that the men had been working all winter, and had taken out three thousand dollars and skipped before I got there. They had cleaned it out.

When I found my claim all worked out, I bought a claim in Bannock on Grasshopper Creek. I had gone up with Bob Parker and Terry Burn. Bob had a herd of cattle. We bought the mine together, the man we bought the mine of, agreed to take cattle. As soon as we got the money out, it went to pay for Bob's cattle. We had to pay 75¢ an inch, and we used ten inches a day. After the cattle were paid for we did not take out very much more.

While we were working one day, a cave off came down and buried a man that was working for us, and caught me above my knees. The rest of the men soon dug me out, but we worked three days before we got the man's body out. It was mashed to a jelly, we worked away on the claim all summer.

I came home in November on the coach. I got pay for guarding the passengers as the stage robbers were very bad on the road. My son Hout, drove the stage. He had six passengers and they had about sixty thousand with them. They hired me to guard them down. I rode on the boot with my son, with my gun in my hand all the way down. The third day out, we looked ahead and saw four men come out of the brush with guns in hand. I told the passengers there come the Road Agents, and that we would have a little fun now. They saw we were prepared for them, so they made some evasive answer and passed on. We saw no more of them.

While working at Bannock, I sent \$50.00 to my wife by a man by the name of Bannock, which she never received. I then sent \$50.00 by my son Hout, which she did receive. I brought about \$300.00 home with me in November. I then went to work fixing up for winter.

The next summer I stayed at home and farmed. This was 1865. That fall Stephen Markham came over and offered me \$1.50 a day if I would move to Spanish Fork. He agreed to see that I wanted for nothing, if I would move there. Having lost all my own land, I at last took him at his word and moved my family to Spanish Fork. I moved there the 1st of April 1866. I took four cows and five calves with me. Having no shade and there coming a big snowstorm, I got up one morning and found four of my calves dead. In a day or two more, the other one died.

As soon as I got my family fixed, I went to work for Markham, \$2.00 a day. Walked one mile every morning and back at night. I worked steady for seven months, and never lost a day. When his crops were all in and his work all done, he told me I had better hunt another job somewhere else, as he could not build yet. He had told me he would furnish me work all the time, if I would move over there. But that is the way of the world, every one for himself and the Devil for us all. I now had to hunt another house to live in. I then swapped my house in Provo for one in Spanish Fork. The worst trade I ever made.

Before leaving Marhsm's house, I got a job, putting up a house for Dr. Dennis. I laid the foundation and got it up to the windows; then took down with Typhoid Fever. I went into the Drug Store, took down a bottle of Calomel; poured out fifty grains, filled the teacup half full of rhubarb, then filled it up with molasses and sat down and drank it. The Doctor thought it would kill me sure, but I knew what I was doing. I then took down a bottle of Castor Oil and drank half of it, and went home. I carried the calomel about half an hour, then it left me in a hurry. The Doctor came down to see if I was dead, and brought the balance of the oil. I drank the rest of the bottle, but did not get to work for a week. Then I went to work on the house again. We got the walls up, then went to work and put the roof on. Then went to work finishing up the inside. Fixed up one room for a store room. Kept at work until it was all done. He paid me \$2.50 per day.

After I had moved into the house I had bargained for, Ben Isaacs and John A. Lewis took a contract to lay the foundation for the first Co-op Store in Provo. They wanted me to go with them. I went and worked on it. While working there Brigham came up there. He had taken a contract on the U. P. Road, and came to get hands to work. He preached the Co-op business, to take account and pay each man according to his work. But they failed to do so.

They told how to raise the company. Bishops Johns and Smoot took the first company with the agreement to pay by the yard. I went out to work under Louis and Fleming. They had a contract of half a mile. We worked on it as fast as we could, expecting to get our pay as soon as the work was done. We worked just one month. When finished it came to \$6,030.00 to be divided among thirty men. Louis went down and drew money to pay for grub. As there was a lot of food left, it was put up at auction and the hands bid it off. I had one of my boys with me on the grade all the time. I bid of ten gallons of molasses. It cost me ten dollars. When the sale was over, we had a settlement and came home. Louis was sent to draw the money. He stated he never got enough to pay for our food. All I ever got was a few clothes for my son Peter and our grub.

The next spring, E.T. Benson took a contract for the church out on the Promontory, to make a cut through the Saleratus flat, the other side of Bear River. Had to haul the water from Bear River, some ten miles. When that contract was done, I went into the hills to cut wood on a wood contract. While there my son Peter came to me. My son Hammer started up to where I was, but got lost and was lost for a week or ten days. I heard he had started to come to me, so I left my work and started out to find him. I hunted two days before I found him, hungry and cold. I took him back to camp with me, and kept on at work. We cut seventy cords of wood. When we got the wood hauled by Hout and my son-in-law, Gibson Weaver, an engine came along and set it on fire. Soon it was all in a blaze. My seventy five cows, which I was to have eight dollars a cord for was lost, and we got nothing for it except what we had eaten while working. We have got the promise from one of the agents of the road, that we should have the pay for our work, but we never got a cent for it.

I went over with my son-in-law to see my daughter Sarah, and her children. I staid there a few days, then came down to Ogden to see my daughter Eveline Brown. Then came on home.

Lived in Spanish Fork until the Spring of 1870. The Tintic mines broke out and I went there to work. I worked there sometime, then some men owed me some money which I could get, so I had to take a house for pay. In the fall of 1875, I moved my family to Eureka, where we lived that winter and the next summer. The next winter my son Robert Francis Marion was born on Christmas Eve.

The next spring, 1876, I moved to Provo Valley. At Midway, rented me a house. Staid there the next winter and summer. Rented a farm and sowed it to wheat and oats. Had ten acra of wheat and two of oats. Just before the wheat got into blossom a frost came and killed the wheat as dead as a mackerel. That disgusted me so I went right back to Provo. Rented houses in one place and another until I took up forty acres of land in the bottoms; then sold it for a house in the third ward.

In the fall of 1882, I was tending mason on Bill Robert's house when I sprained my knee. I sprained it on the 15th of October 1882, but was getting better so I could walk on it a little. Dr. Christianson came in one day and wanted to look at it. He felt of it and said it was out of place. I told him it was not, for if it was, I could not walk on it. He took it in his hands and before I knew what he was doing, he bent it back and bursted the knee cap loose. It made me deathly sick. I said, "Dr. you have ruined me." I had to go right to bed and lay flat on my back for three months, just for mal-practice. Everyone thot I would die sure. I thot myself sometimes that my time had come. But thru a kind Providence and kind friends nursing, my life was spared for some wise purpose.

My family are nearly all married, all except two children. My little granddaughter Nettie lives with us, her mother being in Silver Reef. I am not very strong, but am able to work a little and help my family get along. Some of my children I have not seen for many years, but if kind Providence will spare my life a few years longer, I hope to see a good many of them in this mortal life. Yet those that I do notice, as well as those that I do not see, I pray may live so that we may meet in the world to come, where I hope to meet my dear wife, children and friends that have gone before.

I married my second wife in the fall of 1850. Her name was Mary Jane McCarrol, daughter of Jesse and Mary McCarrol. She was born March 2, 1829 in Louisiana.

Peter Conover, son of Dominicus and Mary Opdike Conover was born February 9, in either 1765-6. I believe it was 1765 as he was twelve years old at that time of his father's death in 1777, April 12, it must have been 1765. Grandpa claimed his father was twelve at the time his father died. Peter married Hannah Combs who was born June 5, 1770. They were married January 9, 1787. She was a daughter of Jonathan and Hannah Combs. Peter Wilson Conover's children with his first wife Eveline who was born 25th of May 1808 (Don's boy says 1809). were:

Aaron Houghton Conover born 26 September 1828 and married Lucinda J. Wilson
 Abram Golden Conover born 18 May 1830 and married Ann Owens*
 Charles Conover born 1 May 1832 and married Mary McCarroll
 Sara Elizabeth Conover born 30 June 1834 and married Gilbert Weaver
 John Conover born 4 Sept. 1836 and married Emma Lynette Richardson
 Jeannette Conover born 6 Mar 1838 and died 17 September 1903 husband unknown
 Catherine Ann Conover born 19 Dec 1840 and married _____ died 6 Jan 1906
 Alpheus Alonzo Conover born 12 June 1842 and married Emma Smith
 Zerelda Louisa Conover born 20 Mar 1844 and married Benjamin Armstrong
 Eveline Conover born 6 May 1846 and married Moroni Brown

Children of Peter Wilson Conover and Mary Jan McCarrol were:

Mary Conover born 14 Nov 1851 and married Alburn Babcock
 Louisa Conover born 25 December 1852 and married Robert Henderson
 Peter Wilson Conover born 24 March 1854 and married Myrtle Mason
 Hanmer Jesse Conover born 9 June 1855 and married Polly Burdick
 William Combs Conover born 22 April 1857 and married Della Burdick
 Martha Conover born 19 Sept 1859 and married James Gillespie and her twin brother
 Joseph born " " " and died 19 Sept 1859 as infant.
 Alsetta and Alveretta twins born 4 May 1862. Alsetta married Wm. Edwin Smith
 Alveretta married Henry Van Wagoner
 Ida Viola Conover born 30 October 1865 and married William Kenner
 Ella Mae Conover born 29 January 1869 and died as infant in Spanish Fork
 Ada Francella Conover born 11 July 1872 and married Titus Snow
 Robert Francis Marion Conover born December 24 1873 and married Anne Richmond

At this point I will insert the last will and testament of Peter Wilson Conover's father Peter Conover.

I, Peter Cownover of Morgan County and State of Illinois being of sound mind and memory and viewing the certainty of death and also the difficulty of settling to satisfaction estates where there are a number of legatees, have thought best to make the following arrangement of the property I possess.

Therefore I ordain this to be my last will and testament

Item I, It is my wish and desire that without any unnecessary parade or expense my body may be decently buried and that after all the funeral charges are paid that my other debts be justly paid to my creditors that I am owing at my decease - out of my personal property - to be disposed of by my executors for that purpose, either by

vendue or as they may think best for the heirs.

Item II - It is my wish and desire that my outstanding debts be collected and that the lots I own in Jacksonville be sold, whose numbers may be seen by reference to the plot of said town in possession of the clerk of Court - to add if necessary to the personal property with the land which Benjamin Hardin is to investigate for one-fourth of its worth and the compromises made by the said Hardin with the occupant claimants, said land lying and being in Nelson County, Kentucky, the whole proceeds of said land according to contract between said Hardin and myself, be collected- also to discharge the debts I may be owing at my decease.

Item III - Where as my youngest son Dominicus John Gerrett Cownover has now arrived at the age of twenty one years it is my wish and desire that he should occupy the farm I now live on and I hereby bequeathe it to him with the following conditions - (that is to say) during the widow hood of his mother he is to furnish her with the best room in the house and two milch cows, and also what one third of the plantation may rent for annually and she retain such of the bedding and furniture as will be sufficient for her comfort and convenience and one good horse, during her widow hood - but if she chooses to marry again, in that case her claim on one third of the farm ceases and should she be unfortunate in the marriage and her husband prove unking to her (as many such marriages terminate) I therefore wish and desire that she should, on my son, Dominicua John Garrett, claim twenty five dollars annually and be furnished it - from the proceeds of the farm to be for her own use and benefit - and in no case to come under the contraol of the husband and this to be paid to her by my executors - Annually - during her natural life, all other claims on my estate to cease at the expiration of her widowhood as also her executorship.

Item IV Where as I executed a deed of conveyance to Benjamin Striblin to the part of the south west quarter of land containing seventy two acres for the special benefit of my daughter Catherine V. Riding, which land they sold to said Striblin that with other donation noticed in a memorandum to which reference may be had, I will make her equal to the other legatees, but as they have been unfortunate in the sale they have made of their farm - it is my wish and desire that she will have the use and benefit of ten acres of land which they now in part have under fence - during her natural life and then be sold and the money divided among her children equally (The sale of which land is - the sons to have two shares and daughters one share)

Item V Where as my second daughter Elizabeth C. Cownover, deceased, received a complete out set at her marriage and where as she left several children, I gave a deed of trust to their father, Peter T. Cownover for fifty-six acres of land laying adjoining their fathers, he being their proper guardian - which makes them equal to the other legatees (as per share above in item four)

Item VI Where as my son William was unfortunate in the title of the land I gave him

in Kentucky in Gallatin County, which land being involved by a mortgage unbeknowing to me and where as William had all the proceeds of that the whole survey sold for, with other accounts put unto his hands to collect for me in said county and whereas I paid Alexander Dunlap of Woodford County, Kentucky upwards of two hundred dollars as long in my possession for him, now therefore in order to make him remuneration for his disappointment and loss, I gave up twenty-five acres of land to raise a sum of two hundred dollars to discharge a debt he owed to the school commissioners of Morgan Co, which land I have in part gave as obligation to convey to Jacob T. Bergen and hold the balance farm to pay the balance of the debt. This with other donations makes him his full share as a legatee in my estate.

Item VII Where as I gave my son Jonathan C. Cownover fifty acres of land and built a sawmill and grist mill for him, which is a much larger share than I gave my younger children, therefore it is my wish and desire that he will pay his sister Mary Ann Bergen the bond I hold on him at my decease which will help to equalize the shares.

Item VIII Whereas my son Levi Cownover has sold the land I gave him - east and adjoining my plantation and for his benefit - I executed a deed to the man he sold to at Levi's request - therefore this with the trade he obtained and the money I paid for him while learning the trade - makes him his full share of my estate.

Item IX Where as my son Peter W. Cownover* is making a farm on the fraction I purchased from Charles Beggs - I therefore bequeath unto him that part of said fraction. he now has under fence and that he also have sixty acres of timber - west and adjoining my farm, ten acres of which land at his request I have agreed to convey to Jacob T. Bergen and also that he have forty acres on the south side of the fraction I purchased from John T. Bergen after his sister Catherine V. Riding gets the ten acres off of the south west corner. The residue of said fraction I bequeath to my youngest son Dominicia John Garrett with the same more or less with all and singular the premises on which I live with improvements and advantages there unto belonging according and with the conditions contained in item three with this condition also - that he pay his sister Mary Ann Bergen one hundred dollars

Item X This with eighty acres of land I deeded to Jonathan C. Bergen the east half of the southwest quarter of section two in township 16 north and range 10 west - with other donations all ready received with will make her a daughter's share which is as near as I could under present circumstances arrange, I also wish as long as they reside in Princeton that they have liberty to get fire wood from this farm provided they cut no green timber and will take the dead timber unfit for rails or building.

And now for the faithful performance and execution of this my last will and testament - I appoint my beloved wife Hannah Cownover and my beloved son Dominicia John Garrett Cownover and my ever respected and trusty friend Charles Beggs - my executors to this my last will

and Testament, all of Morgan County and state of Illinois - given under my hand and seal this twenty first day of January eighteen hundred and thirty four.

Attest Peter C. Reding

Peter Cownover

Alfred G. Houghton

D.C. Bergen

George I. Bergen

Copy of Last will and testament of Peter Cownover Admitted to Probate June 13, 1835

Estate settled June 3, 1839 Recorded in Library A Book of Wills - Pages 211-212-213 in Morgan County Illinois

Peter Wilson Conover his son is listed in Pioneers and Prominent Men of Utah It states:

One of Joseph Smith's body guards. Settled at Provo. It was reputed that his was the second wagon driven by a white man across the Provo river, and that he raised the first wheat produced in this part of the territory. In the 50's he commanded the militia in Utah county, one of the prominent military characters in territorial history. In 1854 he accompanied expedition of Colonel Steptoe to Carson Valley, Nev. Colonel in Black Hawk Indian War. Died September 20, 1892, Richfield, Utah.

Mr. Don Conover his grandson had these copies of papers which Peter W. had in his possession:

AFFIDAVIT The Territory of Utah County of Utah, SS.

Captain P.W. Cownover Commanding Company of Utah Militia in 1849 and 1850; and Joseph Clark, Lieut, and A.G. Conover*, Nationiel Williams, Albert Haws, A.W. Haws - all members of said Company in the War against the Timpanagos Ute Indians in Utah Terr. in 1849 and 1850 - being duly sworn according to law, says that they were the comrades of George W. Bean os said Company, in said War that the said Company was organized in the Month of July 1849 to protect the settlers from the forayes and depredations of the Indians, who were at that driving off the stock and firing on the settlers; that the said Militia Co., built a bastion on an elevated place within the Fort Provo - Mounted it with a 6 pound Cannon, and in co-operation with the officers and troops of the U.S. Army then stationed, and under the direction and guidance of Capt. Stansbury and Lieut J.W. Gunnison, U.S. Army, fought several battles with said Indians and engaged in a campaign against them which lasted from about August 1849 until May 1850, that during this campaign one of the whites was killed and several wounded, and that about 40 warriors of the Utes, including their war-chief, Elk, were killed. Your petitioners represent that in this campaign the said George W. Bean lost his arm, and otherwise injured; under the following circumstances - On or about the 1st of September 1849, while the said troops were occupying the bastion at Fort Provo, The Indians fired upon some of the men and drove off livestock from the settlement and gave every evidence of an intended hostile attack and that Comrade George W. Bean was detailed to man the piece of artillery at the bastion and at a second discharge, it exploded; wounding him dangerously in the arms, thigh and other places; and rendering the amputation of his left arm necessary, just below the elbow, which amputation was performed by Dr. Blake U.S. Army Surgeon with Capt. Stansburys Command.

Your petitioners say that our said Comrade, George W. Bean, with but one arm and other wounds upon his body, received in said campaign, had continued from time to time to serve the Gov't of the U.S.

This statement sworn in 1883 and certified.

In the Settlement of Provo page 39 we read:

The harvesting of wheat began in July, and was an important event as most of the colonists had had no bread to eat for about four months. Captain Peter W. Cownover has credit for being the first to begin, the date being July 16. He used a cradle that he had brought from Winter Quarters. The next day the grain was bound by hand; and on July 20th, Captain Cownover's son, Abram G. threshed several bushels with a flail, the wind serving as a fan to clean it. The following day he took as much as could be carried on horseback to Neff's Mill at Mill Creek, Salt Lake City, a distance of about forty-five miles and had it ground into flour. He was two days making the trip and on his return, we may be assured it was not long before bread was baked.

There was a remarkable feature in connection with Captain Cownover's first harvest of grain. About an hour after it had been cut, a heavy rainfall occured, lasting about two hours. Then it suddenly cleared up, and the sun came out bright and clear. The rain and the sunshine caused the grain to sprout again and a second crop was raised that year, an event that has probably not recurred in the county since that time.

In the book Provo, Pioneer Mormon City there are numerous references to what

Peter W. Conover wrote in his journal.

His son Abram G. Conover Sr. my great grandfather married Ann Owens and has numerous references written about him which follow. This reference was in the possession of Don W. Conover 156 N. 5th East Provo, a brother to our grandfather Abram. Elgin Oliphant made a copy of it which is in the Geneological Library in Salt Lake City along with Peter Wilson's Journal,

Following is a copy of A.G. Conover's Appointment, to the Militia

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA TERRITORY OF UTAH

To all who shall see these presents, greetings:

Know ye, That whereas, A.G. Conover was on the 21st day of December A.D. 1866 elected Captain, Company (A) Cavalry, 1st Battalion, 1st Regiment, 1st Brigade, 2nd Division, Nauvoo Legion, (The Militia of said Territory) in Utah Military District U.S.

Therefore, I Charles Durkee, Governor of said Territory, do hereby Commission him Captain of Said Company and authorise and empower him to discharge the duties of said office according to law, and to enjoy the rights and amoluments thereunto legally appertaining, for the term prescribed by law and until his successor shall be elected and qualified to office.

In Testimony Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Great Seal of said Territory to be affixed.

Done at Salt Lake City, this 27th day of March A.D. 1866 and of the Independance of the United States the Ninty Second.

(Seal of Utah Territory)

Charles Durkee, Governor.

By the Governor.

Edwin Higgins,

Secretary of Utah Territory.

Head Quarters, Provo Mil. Dist.

Adjutants Office, April 29, 1866

Orders:

(Extracts from the life of Abram G. Conover, written by his son Don W.)

He (Abram G. Conover) was not destined to remain inactive long. In April 25th, 1857, the Utah County Militia was reorganized, under the supervision of my Grandfather, Colonel Peter W. Conover. This reorganization proved to be timely effected, as soon after news was brought of the approach of an army, to invade the State Territory. In History, this division of the U.S. Army, was known as the Johnston's Army. The news reached the prople while they were holding the celebration of the 24th of July, in Big Cottonwood Canyon, and the alarm of war spread. The territory was immediately placed under Military law, by Governor Young, and orders were issued by the Lieutenant Governor General, Calling out the Militia for the defence. August 13, 1857, orders were issued for the movement of the forces under the direction of Robert T. Burton, of Salt Lake County, who started from Salt Lake with 75 men August 15th, but a company of Cavalry from Provo was sent to join him. This company started from Provo August 15, 1857; with Joseph Clark Captain, and Abram G. Conover Adjutant; and consisted of seventy-five men, mounted. Three of his brothers, Houghton, Charles and John being in the Company. They proceded to Echo Canyon, where headquarters were established. There were about 1,250 men in the Companies sent from other districts of the Territory, My father relates an incident that took place, when they were near the U.S. Army Headquarters:

On a moonlight night all the calvalry were mounted and rode two abreast, crossing a small stream which was only a short distance from the advanced pickets of Johnston's Army; as each pair entered the stream, they allowed their horses to take a few swallows of water, then continued on a circle formation being made, the cavalry keeping this up

during the entire night, so that the report was carried to Johnston's Army Headquarters next morning that ten's of thousands of Mormons on horseback had surrounded their camp and that they would be wiped out of existence. In reality less than 300 men took part in this manuver, but they had the effect of completely cowing Johnston's Army of ten thousand. This expediation returned to their homes December 4, 1857, not having been a shot fired on either side.

On December 21st, 1866, he was elected Captain of Company A, Cavalry; 1st Batt., 1st Regiment, 1st Brigade, 2nd Division, the Militia of the Territory of Utah, of the United States of America., and received his commission as Captain of said Company from Charles Durkee, Governor of the Said Territory; the Commission being signed and sealed by the Governor of the 27th day of March 1867.

During the month of May 1866, he having been chosen Captain of Cavalry, of the Black Hawk Indian War Veterans, his Company was mustered into service, and under the orders received from Lieutenant General Daniel H. Wells, were sent to Sanpete county, arriving at Manti, on May 4th 1866. Being later assigned to duty in the Sevier Valley then on to Circleville, where they remained 30 days. They then returned to Fort Gunnison, then back to the Sevier, where on the 10th day of June a severe battle with the indians was fought, known in History of the State as the battle of Gravelly Ridge Ford. He continued in active service until the Indians troubles were definitely settled.

I might mention in passing, that all the men who were under his command, or their widows who are living, are now drawing pensions from the Government; although my father, though he spent two years as a commissioned officer, never received one cent of pay from the Government, for his services, not even his expenses being paid.

For a number of years he was an Indian Interpreter, and acted in that capacity when peace between the whites and Indians was definately settled in the big pow-wow held at Spanish Fork in 1868. It was no uncommon sight to see small bands of Indians camped at our home, where they would gather for information, relative to their agreement with the whites, my father being compelled to feed them and their ponies. We considered this being the best method of continuing peace with the Ute's.

In looking over the early history of Provo, I find that he was active in public and civic affairs, serving as a City Alderman during 1859-1860-61 and 1862, also from 1882 to 1884. He served as a police officer during 1872 and for a number of years thereafter, being in the service, under Chief Albert Bowen, who was shot by Harrison Carter, October 15, 1873. Bowen died October 19, just four days after being shot. He also served in the same capacity, under Chief of Police, John W. Turner. He was instrumental in opening and building roads into Provo Canyon and its various forks, where he assisted in the operation of the first sawmills that furnished lumber for the settlers. It is said that he conducted the largest tie drive ever brought down the Provo River. The tie being used in the construction of the D & R G RR, for which he had a large contract. (Mr. Don Conover had in his possession, the original of this contract.) His principle occupation was farming, when not in public service.

(Mr. Conover tells of his death, the birth of his children etc and is not included in this report by Eliphant)

Territory of Utah

Utah County Provo, City

To all to whom these presents shall come, Greetings: Know ye that on the 23rd day of December, A.D. 1872, Abram G. Cownover has duly appointed been by the City Council of Provo City afore said a regular Policeman in and for said Provo City, pursuant to an Ordinance entitle "An Ordinance established a Police Dept. and defining the duties of Policemen, passed and approved November 4th, 1872. And he having duly qualified as such officer is hereby auth. to discharge the duty of said office.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Cooperate Seal to be hereunto affixed this 24th day of December A.D. 1872.

A.O. Smoot Mayor of Provo City

Copy of the Muster of the Company under Captain A.G. Conover

W.H. Gray	Henson Walker	Elijah Curtis
Daniel Cincent	Robert Tober	Horatic Calkins
L.S. Glasier	Henry Moyle	W.H. Wright Sgt
John Greaves	A. Marsh	Mathew Daily
W. Cannon	Henry Miller	Wm. Twelves
Jos Rogers	Nils Christian	John H. Moore
Wm. Strong	Thomas Fowler	James T. Searles
A. Howe	John Kerrin	Henry Elmer
Samuel Cluff	Nath. Peterson	Elija Hancock
George Thatcher	Robert Fox	John Tanner
Lieut. W. Farnsworth	Lieut. J.W. Noakes	John Keel
Evander White	T.A. Medina, Sgt.	O.M. Manwell
Rob't Cobley	Henry Curtis	James Green
John Rockspill	David Dibble	Lester Taylor
S.M. Hicks Sgt.	Ewell Stewart	John Naton
	William Hall	A. R. Beck

Also a copy of a letter written May 31, 1866 to A.G. Cownover from L. John Nuttall is included in the typewritten biography on file.

Abram Golden Conover Sr. was born April or May 18, 1830 at Goldens Point, Hancock County, Illinois. He married Ann daughter of Seeley Owen and Lydia Ann Owen. Their children were Abram Golden Conover Jr born 24 July 1858 and m. Eliz. Juliette Loveles Lydia Ann Conover born 20 November 1859 and married James C. Leetham
 Alta Eveline Conover born 16 January 1862 and married John Nelson Strong
 Seeley Francis Conover born 23 October 1865 and married Ida Smith
 Wilbur Wallace Conover born 31 October 1867 and married Frances Harrison
 Don Wilson Conover born 30 October 1872 and married Hattie Ann Harrison
 Lois Orenia Conover born 23 March 1874 and married James Sorenson
 Alpheus Conover born 13 October 1876 and died Dec. 11, 1888
 Hugh Conover born 26 February 1879 and died 6 March 1902

The History of Abram Conover by Alta Leetham Cowan excerpts from her history follow: He was ten years old when his parents joined the church. He drove a wagon with one yoke of oxen all the way across the plains. He was then about 16 years of age. The next spring after arriving in Utah they were called to settle Provo. Here the Ute Indians were camped. Almost thirty families came consisting of about 150 souls. It took three days to make the trip to Provo - 48 miles. Their stock was oxen and cows, with a few horses.

This company of saints gave much excitement to the Ute Indians, but through an interpreter a treaty was made in behalf of the Colony, raising his right hand (Dimick B. Huntington) and swearing by the sun that they would not drive the Indians from their lands, or take away their rights.

In the early fifties, on account of the impoverished condition of the people, and lured with the excitement of the gold strike in California, he, with a number of others, went to seek their fortunes in the gold field, where he remained two or three years, being fairly successful. Having accumulated what to him seemed a small fortune, he decided to return to his native state, Illinois, to claim the sweetheart of his boyhood days, Alta Lockwood. Upon arriving he found she had died of Typhoid Fever. Being somewhat disheartened, he decided to take a trip around the world. But, after a year's travel, ending in Peru, Central American, the Isthmus of Panama, he found there was no real satisfaction in that kind of a life. The call of his religion brought him back to the valley of the Mountains. Coming to Provo he purchased a house and provided a home for four of his sisters.

Later he met and married Ann Owen, a daughter of Lydia Owen and Seeley Owen. (Seeley Owen was one of the original 147 pioneers of 1847.) They were married February 26, 1857. Ann Owen was born January 7, 1838, at Skyler County, Illinois. She was an only child. Her mother had died at Winter Quarters (as Abram Golden's mother had died at winter Quarters) She, therefore, lived with an aunt, Lois O. Earl, until her father remarried. She came across the plains with these kind people, and lived with them for some time. She was probably about nine years old when she came across the plains.

(She then tells of the event at Echo Canyon)

He was active in public and civic affairs as well as in the Church, serving as a city alderman for 3 two-year terms. His principal occupation was farming. He was a consistent Latter-day Saint, and was often spoken of as "Honest Abe Conover", his word being above reproach, he being a man of honor.

He died in Provo, September 27, 1890. His wife died November 26, 1895. They were the parents of nine children before mentioned.

"Indian Depredations in Utah" by Gottfredson 979.2G685 at Whitmore Library SLC, Ut. sates the following:

Kimball's and Conover's Companies arrived at Manti, May 6th, 1866 and about the 10th a company of cavalry (A.G. Conover, Captain) reached the scene of hostilities (from Utah county) and were ordered to occupy a picket post on the Sevier river near the abandoned town of Salina, under command of Brig. Gen. Wm. B. Pace.

His son Abram Golden Conover Jr. my grandfather was one of the first settlers of Emery County. In History of Emery County on page 636 we find the following: PROMINENT CITIZENS OF FERRON. Conover, Abraham G., farmer, son of Abraham G. and Ann, was born in Provo July 24, 1858. He was raised in Provo and came to Ferron in 1881, where he has since resided. He has a farm of fifty acres under cultivation and is engaged in farming and stock-raising. Is road supervisor and has served as Constable. Was president of the Ferron Irrigation company for six years. He was married in Salt Lake City December 4, 1879, to Elizabeth, daughter of James and Matilda Loveless, born March 7, 1861. They have seven children at present: Annie, Alta, Seel, Clyde, Wilburn, Jess and Chalmer.

A Golden Wedding clipping from the paper states:

Abraham G. Conover and his wife celebrated their golden wedding anniversary Wednesday

at a banquet and dance held in their honor at Ferron, Utah. The couple were married December 4, 1879 in the Endowment House at Salt Lake by Elder Daniel H. Wells.

Following their marriage the two left Salt Lake with the late Ephraim Medner, and his wife for Emery County, where they settled. Here they went through the struggles and frustrations usual in pioneer life. Mr. and Mrs. Conover remained in Emery County, while Mr. and Mrs. Medner left several years later. Mrs. Medner attended the Wedding Anniversary celebration. Mr. and Mrs. Conover have 9 children, 31 grandchildren and 21 great grandchildren. Family and friends of the family were served at the banquet held in the Presbyterian church in Ferron. This was attended by state, ward, town and county officials who referred to the trials and hardships, through which the couple had come to help the building up of Emery County.

Another clipping shows a celebration held at Liberty Park this afternoon for the old folks and at which my grandmother sang. The clipping can't be read but I will try to get a translation of it. Grandmother often sang and played the accordian.

Faun E. Fisher Sly has written a poem about her rememberances of our grandparents:

It must have been that on the first morning of my life, the busy clucking of the chickens roused me from my newborn slumber.

And as a small girl anxiously returning to visit my grandparents' farm, I would always waken at the first light and quietly listen to the chickens and other sounds I loved.

The creaking of the gate As the hanging weights clanked together,
Then banged shut behind my grandpa briskly on his way to early morning chores.

The aroma of the damp cedar chips which were my "chore" to gather -
Then the smell of burning wood and coal as I felt the warmth of the big black range.

Later, the sound of the separator, low and slow when Grandma turned the handle -
The whirring and plinking bell becoming higher and more shrill as it gained momentum.

Then, in the cool damp cellar - in high pitched song, it spewed cream from one spout
and milk from the other into shining pans. While at the white washed door I
stood and marveled.

The smell of oats and wheat in the grainery where a flight of grooved steps lead to
a loft where my mothers' brothers had slept, and the odor of Watkins Linament,
cure-all for man or beast.

The weathered wooden wash house with it's acrid aroma of homemade lye soap -
An oval copper boiler sitting on a black stove, and a washboard standing near
a worn place on the wood floor.

Evening brought the gentle lowing of the cows gathered by the gate of the pasture
across the road ' waiting to be "fetched" to the barn, to be given hay and gently
milked.

An old yellow cat meowed as she sat patiently, close to the cow - waiting for a stream
of milk to be aimed at her mouth - and I straddled the top log of the corral fence
to watch.

Now the sun is going down - silhouetting the flat-topped grey mountains. Shadows
creep across the valley and all too soon it is dark

Now the crickets and bullfrogs in shrill and deep song surround me, and I was always
afraid of the night, afraid of it's sounds - to be alone - to go to bed.

"Now I lay me down to sleep" - squeezed tightly into the crack of the sofa. Often
too fearful for sleep I would crawl into bed to find comfort beside my Grandma.

Her first year in "Castle Valley" was spent in a dug-out, with two small children
sometimes sitting on a table to escape the water from winter snow and spring rain.

She bore twelve children, no Doctor or drugs to ease her pain - though surely not so
sharp as her grief at burying three tiny girls in but their second year of life.

Grandpa chose to create his legacy from this alkali frosted earth. He built the first
brick home in Ferron - humble by today's standards, but always a loving refuge to
me with it's shaded porch and rocking chairs to share with dear ones.

The year was dignified by two pointed spruce and large perfectly round rocks gleaned
from the mountains nearby, with a tall wood fence all around to keep it safe.

He supervised the building of a wagon road up a long dugway, 27 arduous miles to the reservoir. And later on, from there he dug and filled his wagon bed with young pines which he replanted to dignify the Town Cemetary.

Today the pines are tall, but here and there a space where one or two have died, showing the fallibility of even one so noble as he - Now one with that earth in peaceful, eternal rest.

Still, I long to return to the place of my birth where the dry winds sigh through the pines standing in that dusty Cemetary from whence I have sprung.

Children of my grandfather, (my father, aunts and uncles) and my grandmother are listed.

Ann Matilda Conover born 30 August 1880 at Provo, Utah, Utah. Married John Funk in 1901. He died 25 February 1943 and and she died at age 96, 17 February 1977.

Alta Jenette Conover born 15 May 1882 at Ferron, Emery, Utah. Married Mark Tuttle who died in 194-. She died 27 July 1946.

Abram Seel Conover born 6 August 1883 at Ferron, Emery, Utah. Married Ethel Jensen on 13 May 1902. She died 6 June 1939 and he died 26 July 1959.

Clyda Vilate Conover born 21 February 1885 at Ferron, Emery, Utah. Married Bruce Easley in 1905. He died 10 August 1955 and she died 24 February 1972.

Ethel Maud Conover born 2 February 1887 at Ferron, Emery, Utah. She died 27 April 1887.

Wilburn James Conover born 20 August 1888 at Ferron, Emery, Utah. He died 7 February 1920 and she, his wife Blanche Stoker died in 1974.

Edna Elizabeth Conover born 3 August 1890 at Ferron, Emery, Utah. Died 29 December 1892.

Jesse Maurice Conover born 30 October 1892 at Ferron, Emery, Utah. Married Ione Stevens on 30 October 1912. She died 2 July 1952 and he died February 23, 1978.

Erma Conover born 26 May 1895 at Ferron, Emery, Utah. Died 16 May 1897.

Chalmer Glen Conover born 25 May 1898 at Ferron, Emery, Utah. Married Esther Carlson on 5 March 1919. He died on 30 September 1955.

Rita Faun Conover born 15 July 1900 at Ferron, Emery, Utah. Married Joseph S. Fisher on 26 February 1921. He died 4 July 1940.

Reid Golden Conover born 26 July 1903 at Ferron, Emery, Utah. Married Louise Petty on 23 July 1924.

A copy of the Conover History as compiled by Carole J. Conover Brundage daughter of Chalmer Glen Conover and Esther Carlson contained in these 29 pages will be given to each of the above family representatives if they so desire.

Personal histories of the above are being written by many family members and can be added to this history.

* * * * *

VAN COUWENHOVEN IN HOLLAND
CON.

wereldlijke
geschiedenis
van Utrecht,
III., p. 240,
243.

another Jan, married in Brabant, Maria van Amerongen, daughter of Jacob van Amerongen of Utrecht who was a Councillor at Mechelen (Malines) in Brabant. Through the vicissitudes of war Jan found himself at Schoonhoven just outside the Bishopric of Utrecht and with which the Bishops were often in trouble. When the city was finally subdued by the Princes of the House of Burgund, a new Government was established there.

Among the early magistrates we find the names of WILLEM VAN COUWENHOVEN and Jan van Couwenhoven, brothers. As there were no other van Couwenhovens in Utrecht at that time, they are believed to have been the sons of JAN VAN COUWENHOVEN (no.1).

2. WILLEM VAN COUWENHOVEN was a Schepen in Schoonhoven in 1504, 1507, 1513, 1515, 1517, and Burgomaster in 1511.
3. JAN WILLEMSSEN VAN COUWENHOVEN was a schepen in Schoonhoven in 1522 and again in 1525.
4. GERRIT JANZE VAN COUWENHOVEN was Schepen in 1541, 1543, 1545, 1548, 1550, 1552, 1557, 1558, 1559, 1561. He was elected Burgomaster or Mayor of the City on St. Martin's Eve in the year 1553, when he was 38 years old, and reelected subsequently in 1563, 1565, 1567, 1568, 1569, 1571, 1572.

THE HISTORY OF ABRAM GOLDEN CONOVER by Alta Leetham Cowan
My Grandfather Abram Golden Conover, son of Peter W. Conover and Eveline Golden, was born May 8, 1830, at Goldens Point, Hancock County, Illinois. He was ten years old when his parents joined the Church. He drove a wagon with one yoke of oxen all the way across the plains. He was then about sixteen years of age. The next spring after arriving in Utah they were called to settle Provo. Here the Ute Indians were camped. Almost thirty families came - consisting of about 150 souls. It took three days to make the trip to Provo - 48 miles. Their stock was oxen and cows, with a few horses.

This company of saints gave much excitement to the Ute Indians, but through an interpreter a treaty was made, in behalf of the Colony, raising his right hand (Dimick B. Huntington) and swearing by the sun that they would not drive the Indians from their lands, or take away their rights.

They settled on the south side of the river where they built a fort and erected cabins for their families, arriving March 12, 1849. Abram with his father, Peter W. and brothers broke up land, planting their supply consisting of 2½ bushels of wheat which yielded them 147 bushels of grain. This was the first wheat known to have been raised in this valley. It was cut with a cradle July 16. In an hour after it was felled, there came a heavy rain fall which lasted for two hours, when it suddenly cleared. The next day it was bound by hand. Abram threshed several bushels with a flale and cleaned it with the wind. Next day he went to Neffs Mill at Mill Creek, Salt Lake County, to have it ground into flour. This was the first bread any of the colony had had for nearly four months.

A remarkable feature of this first crop of wheat, raised in the valley, was that the heavy rain that fell just as it was cut, caused it to sprout again, and a second crop was raised that year, something that has never happened in this country since. This event is in Provo's history.

In the early fifties, on account of the impoverished condition of the people, and lured with the excitement of the gold strike in California, he, with a number of others, went to seek their fortunes in the gold fields, where he remained two or three years, being fairly successful. Having accumulated what to him seemed a small fortune, he decided to return to his native state, Illinois, to claim the sweetheart of his boyhood days, Alta Lockwood. Upon arriving he found she had died of Typhoid Fever. Being somewhat disheartened, he decided to take a trip around the world. But, after a year's travel, ending in Peru, Central America, the Isthmus of Panama, he found there was no real satisfaction in that kind of a life. The call of his religion brought him back to the valley of the Mountains. Coming to Provo he purchased a house and provided a home for four of his sisters.

Later he met and married Ann Owen, a daughter of Lydia Owen and Seeley Owen. (Seeley Owen was one of the original 147 pioneers of 1847.) They were married February 26, 1857. Ann Owen was born January 7, 1838, at Skiler County, Illinois. She was an only child. Her mother had died at Winter Quarters. She, therefore, lived with an aunt, Lois O. Earl, until her father remarried. She came across the plains with these kind people, and lived with them for some time. She was probably about nine years old when she came across the plains.

The name Van Couwenhoven is probably derived from the village or hamlet of Couwenhoven, located a little north west of Eimersfont, Holland, "Bergen Family", vol. II, p. 327. (No)

Three different coats of arms of the Couwenhoven Family are of Holland origin. The first bears the name of Hendrick van Couwenhoven on the outer circle. The second with "Couwenhoven" underneath is from Amsterdam and is certified by Charles Mueller, U.S. Consul at that place in 1874, to be "a true copy of the original as contained in Nedstrap's Amorial General of the Netherlands". The third was sent to Rev. Garret C. Schenck, Holmdel, N.J., from the Netherlands by Col. Van der Dussen.

"Possibly Wolfert Garretsen was of noble birth, but if so, he had little of this world's goods because ^{he} took the position of superintendent of the patroon's farms at Rensselaerwyck, Bergen.

On the other hand, if Wolfert was a "younger son" he might not have very much in the way of worldly possessions and yet be of noble birth.

The creation of the patroonship in America is one of those interesting features of colonial life almost forgotten. Claiming manorial rights, with power to hold courts, the "patroon" was granted a tract of land, if on a river, 16 miles upon one bank or 8 upon both banks, extending into the back country as far as the situation of the occupiers will permit.

In consideration, such a grant of land of which the patroon was judge as well as

Grandfather was active in the Indian wars, being a Captain. He became an Indian interpreter. He tells this interesting event:

"When news reached the Latter-day Saints' Twenty-Fourth of July Celebration (1857) at Big Cottonwood Canyon, that Johnson's Army was approaching, the Territory of Utah was placed under military law by Governor Brigham Young.

"Colonel Peter W. Conover, directing a company of 75 cavalry from Provo, was sent to join other companies at Echo Canyon, where headquarters were established. Joseph Clark was Captain, with Abram C. Conover, Adjutant.

"On a moonlight night the cavalry were mounted and rode two abreast, crossing a small stream near the advanced pickets of Johnson's Army. Trees and bushes helped make possible the following camouflage:

"As each pair entered the stream, they allowed their horses to take only a few swallows of water, then continued on in a circle formation, repeating the same procedure most of the night.

"The report was carried to Johnson's headquarters that many thousands of 'Mormons' on horseback had surrounded their camp and that they would be wiped out of existence.

"In reality, less than 300 men took part in this maneuver, but they had the effect of completely cowing Johnson's Army.

"This expedition returned to their homes December 4, 1857, not a shot having been fired by either side."

He was active in public and civic affairs as well as in Church, serving as a City Alderman for 3 two-year terms. He was instrumental in opening and building roads into Provo Canyon. He assisted in the operation of the first Saw Mills that furnished lumber.

His principal occupation was farming. He was a consistent Latter-day Saint, and was often spoken of as "Honest Abe Conover", his word being above reproach, he being a man of honor.

He died in Provo, September 27, 1890. His wife died November 26, 1895. They were the parents of nine children: Abram Golden, Lydia Ann (my mother) Alta Eveline, Seeley Francis, Wilbur Wallace, Don Wilson, Lois Orenia, Alpheus, and Hugh.