

DIARY OF PETER WILSON CONOVER

Biographical sketch of the life of Peter Wilson Conover, son of Dominicus and Mary Conover who were natives of New Jersey where they lived and died. He with his sons John, William Levi and Garretson, served 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 under a large walnut tree to escape the fury of the storm he was killed. A bolt of lightning struck the tree, killing him and his horses.

His youngest son Peter was twelve years old at the time of his fathers death. He lived in Middlesex Co., New Jersey; 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 Layfaette - afterwards changed to Woodford. Their first son William born July 4, 1794. Jonathan was born 1777 and Levi was born October 29, 1799. Mary Ann was born Dec. 5, 1801. Martha was born March 8, 1803. Peter Wilson was born Sept. 19, 1807. Dominicus John Garret was born Dec. 13, 1812.

I, Peter Wilson was born Sept. 19, 1807, in Woodford County, Kentucky, one mile from Versailles. No incident occurred worth mentioning until my sister Martha died; she swalled 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 Ill. and left my brother-in-law Jonathan Bergen, (my sister and 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 Gen. Whitesides. During the days we were on the march; in 10 days we came to the rapids on the Mississippi. There we struck his trail and folled him six months; in the north of Wisconsin we headed him and turned him towards the Miss. down the bad \_\_\_\_\_ and headed him in 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 we surrendered, killing one thousand five hundred. We captured him and took him to Springfield, Ill. Then sent him on to Washington. We then disbanded and went home. My eldest daughter Sarah Elizabeth was born June 1834. On Sept. 4, 1836, John was born. When he was four months old I moved from Morgan Co. to the center of the Rapids on the Miss. 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 Cambellite member, previous to this. My wife Eveline was baptized the same time.

Catherine Ann was born in Nauboo Nov. 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 volunteers 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-June 12.

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 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 a man by the name of \_\_\_\_\_ 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 Sept. 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 anointings 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 then rolled away from his horse dead enough. 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 Bro. 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 anointings. My wife Evaline and I went through about the middle of Feb. 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, 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 Capt. 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 Zina'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 camp 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 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 to 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 cts. 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 (Alec Williams was hauling at the same time and it was very cold weather) 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 door," 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 home 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 swim 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 again 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 amunition on 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--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. 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. (Jeannette Conover Whipple.)

My son, Houghton met me at Canyon Creek. He had arrived the year before. When 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. Charles was fifteen and John was eleven years old.

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 and . 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. However

Fork, and by 11 o'clock I was in Payson with 150 men ready for duty. When I got there the Indians had all left and went to the mountains. I called the brethren together and held a council. They wanted us to say there that night as they feared an outbreak. We stayed until 4 o'clock. By that time I thought we had better hurry on to Manti, as that place was an "out of the way place" 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. Got to Manti at 4 o'clock. I put out pickets to guard the place that night. My company met the Manti company under Nelson D. Higgins, and held a council to see what had better be done. I made the proposition to Higgins to take whole command of all the men or let me. But he said no, we would command our men. That night the Indians made a raid on all four sides of the town at once. The guard repulsed them and they soon left. They went up in the canyon and stole two yoke of cattle. In the morning I started 25 men to try and get the cattle and try to 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 to try and 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 carrier came from the Governor with word to come right home. We came to Willow Creek that night. The Indians followed to try to stampede our horses. They came very near getting them. They came in 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. The next day we got home. Had no more trouble with them until late in the fall.

In 1854, I received orders from the Governor to see if there were any hostile Indians around. Soon after Steve Markham came to me to know what to do with a small band of Indians out to Goshen, who were very troublesome. I asked if he wanted help. He said, "No, they had men enough but what should they do?" I ordered him to take his men and rout them, and if they would not quit stealing, use them up. They did. The fall of 1854, I was elected Brig. General. I then had command of the whole county. Had no more difficulties with the Indians until 1856. Tom Johnson, a U. S. Marshall came with a writ to take old Tintic for murder and stealing. He ordered me to raise men to help him. I jumped my horse and went to see the Governor, to know what to do. I got there at one 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 Tintin's band of men had stolen, if possible. I started right on, crossing the lake of ice. It was February. I took 80 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 thru where Eureka now stands and camped about one and one 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 they went along. We followed down to where Jerico now stands, 12 miles below Eureka. There the Indians took 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 most of it. We then followed the Indians, who had left upon seeing us, over the hill into the valley. Tintic had now divided, party going to the right after them until we overtook the cattle south of Cherry Creek at a big sand ridge. But no drivers could we find. 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 9 o'clock at night. Just after we got to the river, one of the boys shot an ox. It must have weighed 400 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 thru, ate it. No salt or pepper was needed to make it a delicious morsel. Some of the boys ate so much they did not want any more for a week or less. We broke camp the next morning at daylight. We found we were 8 or 10 miles below the mouth of the Sevier Canyon where it empties onto the desert. We concluded to move up to the mouth, so we left 10 men to guard the cattle and took the rest and went back to where we discovered a horses' trail 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 spied about 20 head of horses. We stopped, held a council and decided to go after them. I ordered By Pace to take his company and go the left side of the ridge, while I went to the right with my men. Al Hunington 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 back to camp.

The boys had killed another beef so we took beef clear 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 cattle and horses to come and prove them and take them away.

This, the Tintic war, was my last raid. We then put in our crops. That Spring along in June, Brigham got a telegram to the effect that Col. Harney was coming out to hang all the Mormons. Brigham sent me an order to take a company of men and go out to meet the army. After I had gotten my company organized he concluded that we had not amunition 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. I had ten men with me. We did not travel on the northern route as the Snake Indians were so bad there. In Fish Valley, I met the guide. He was O. B. Hunington. The Governor sent me orders with the guide.

We left Provo on the 17th of August, 1857. We arrived at Johnson's Fort on the 19th, on the west side of 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 Carson sink. We never saw an Indian until we arrived at Carson Valley. We traveled 40 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 Granite rock. That night we camped at the springs at the Redding Springs. We passed over the Mountain the next day (21) 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, traveled 25 miles and camped at Antelope Springs. Had good feed for our animals. Next morn (22) we went on over the hills and thru the pass to the head of Steptoe Valley. We camped at the springs at the head of the Creek, had good feed and good water. Next day (23) 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 in the south end of Ruby Valley. We traveled about 40 miles that day and camped at a spring in the south end of the valley. On the 24th, we traveled north for 4 or 5 miles, then turned to the northwest and took our course thru a big Canyon known as Railroad Canyon. Passing over between the Ruby and Humbolt Mts. 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 10 o'clock we nooned at a spring 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 e got to the top of the mountains. 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 all of the road we had come over. We looked down into what is now known as 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 on. We camped at the spring for the night and started again the next morning '26) at about 9 o'clock and traveled until we came to Sardine Springs, about 4 o'clock on the top of the divide. Between Wines Valley and the Great Western Desert, 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 canteens except one man who filled his. When we got to where we expected to find water, we found there had been quite 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 a little ways but found no water. We went on the twenty miles, got there at 11 o'clock but still there was no water. That stream had run clear across the desert, but now it was dry. I told the company I thought if we would go to the head of this wash we would find water. So we started up the ore 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 our steps back to where we struck the ore creek bed. The guide said we would find water some time that day, couldn't say just when." 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 was 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 other place, it was dry. Oh, what a sight for perishing men! This was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The guide had given up completely. He could not see, hear, or make a loud sound. He had given up to die. We had told one of the boys what to do with everything we had, also what to tell his wife and friends at home. Steve Moore and Joe Dudley said they believed the guide 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 that they had found some. They did find some, and thereby saved the lives of the company. When Bean and I saw Dudley start for the mountain, we looked in the direction they were going and I saw green willows. I told Bean there was water. So we started for the willows. As we started up the canyon, my pack animal spulled me off my horse. I told Bean to hurry on, and I would come as fast as I could. I got off my horse and pulled her along about one hundred yards, when she pulled me off again. Then I left her and hurried on to that blessed haven. Joe Dudley met me with half a gallon of water. Oh, what a draught! It seemed as though I had never in my whole life tasted anything half as good. Then I went up to the spring and rode my horse right into the water and commenced drinking and running water on myself and horse. That helped to quench our thirst. I then 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 on me and said, "If you throw water on me I will shoot you." I laughed at him. "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. Oh, the pain he was in! I called one of the boys to come and help me drag him up the hill. We each took a leg and started up the bank, him kicking and trying to get loose. We dragged him to the top of the bank then the water commenced running out of his mouth like water running out of a hole in a barrel. When he called for more water, I went and got him a quart, which he drank. I said, "You have nearly killed yourself 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 alright. 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 kindy hungry. I told the boys we would have to have some meat and to go down and butcher my pack animal, we could not get her to the water. One of them went down and shot 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 our tin cups. By this the boys began to come up with the meat and began throwing pieces on the fire and roasting it. As soon as it was cooked, we began 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 4 o'clock in the afternoon, traveled all that night and the next day the 30th. We came to the sink of Walkers River. There we found a spring of poisoned water. I cautioned the boys about drinking it as it looked too pretty and clear. One of the boys was so thirsty he thot he would try some. The man did not go any distance before it went thru him like croten oil. 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 Wheeler and rode on ahead and found a band of Indians. Wheeler had been there 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. We told him if he would take us there we would pay him in tobacco and amunition. So he agreed to pilot us to Rag Town where we could get provisions. We got there and back. Traveled fourty miles that day. When we got there they were just sitting down to dinner. The Chief invited us to eat and we thankfully accepted the invitation. While eating I told the chief what I wanted, that I had a company of men back on the road and they were starving and I wanted something for them to eat. I got fifty lbs. flour, twenty-five lbs. bacon, one dollars worth coffee and \$1.00 worth tobacco. We packed on our horse and started back to meet the company. We met them five miles back and there we camped for the night on the river bottom where there were plenty of good feed for the horses. We turned the horses out and the boys commenced cooking.

August 31--We started and got to Conger's house about 9 o'clock. There we met a man from Washee Valley 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 called the company together and told them what I had heard and told them that 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 twenty miles away. We got feed again at Congers, about fifty lbs. more flour and some coffee and other stuff. We traveled until about 11 o'clock then stopped for dinner. After dinner I called 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 mountains, thru sagebrush etc., following an Indian trail. We traveled till midnight then lost

the trail. We then dismounted and lay down until day break September 1. I got up and found the trail then woke the others up. We saddled up as quickly as possible and started on over the mountain. We traveled about a mile and reached the top. From there we could see Washee settlement. As soon as we got to the top of the mountain my horse squealed 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 to the door. We rode up and inquired how far it was to Washee. 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 the President's house just as he was sitting down to breakfast. We called him out and he motioned us in at the gate. 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 us \$5,000.00 that he had received for tithing and which he was going to take to Salt Lake with him. After breakfast we walked out into the town.

The President sent out four or five boys to tell the people to come to a meeting at 9 o'clock. At the appointed time we met the people at the school house, read the message to them, told them what was wanted to rally back to Salt Lake. The express told them there was difficulty between the Government and the Mormons, and that they were all requested to break camp and hurry back to Salt Lake as quickly as possible. After meeting was dismissed the President unloaded his buggy, took our horses and turned them into his wheat stubble. We then hitched his mules to the wagon and we started for Eagle Valley twenty-five miles from Washee.

When we got to Eagle Valley we called the people together and held a meeting at 2 o'clock. We read the express to them, told the message of returning to Salt Lake, to furnish all the guns and ammunition they could and if they could buy any powder, to do so. This was not a very large branch. They furnished \$20.00 to buy ammunition. We were treated very kindly and after meeting ate dinner with them. The brethren were very thankful to have the chance to return. We then hitched up our teams and started for \_\_\_\_\_ City in Carson Valley, twenty-five miles farther on. We arrived there after dark. We called a meeting and kept up till 10 o'clock. That night we raised five dollars more. The next morning at ten o'clock we called the people to meeting again and made arrangements to send after the ammunition. Rob Walker started for San Francisco with \$12.60 in gold, with orders to buy ammunition and 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 decide what to do. Bob Walker was a clerk of Wm. Nickerson, a merchant of Genoa, and was going to San Francisco to pay for some goods he had bought and to get some more. That was the reason I sent the money with him to buy the ammunition as he was well known there. At the council I decided to go with O. B. Huntington after the ammunition if the people would furnish horses, saddles, blankets etc., and they agreed to. The next morning we got the horses and started on over the mountains. It was the 6th of September. Two young men volunteered to go with us as there were bad reports about robbers on the road. We rode all day and that night we stopped on the Sierra Nevada Mountains and built fire to get warm. We stopped there to rest until daylight. When daylight came we saddled our horses and rode until about 9 o'clock. When we came to a house and got breakfast and fed our horses. We paid \$2.00 for a bushel of oats also \$2.00 for our breakfast. We then mounted our horses and went on. About 2 o'clock we came to the big trees where we fed our horses and got breakfast. Then mounted and rode eighteen miles to a place called Angels Camp. Supper was very near ready when we fed our horses and called for supper. I gave the tavern keeper a letter of introduction from William Nickerson. He received us very kindly and treated us very nicely that night. Next morning I got up very early and made a good many inquiries about Walker. I told the tavern keeper I was very anxious to know about Walker and would give almost anything to hear from him. He told me he would tell me for two-fifty. We went right in and telegraphed to Walker to know if he had received what we went for. The answer came back in about ten minutes, that he had received all he went for and had it all ready to be shipped on the steamboat.

On the fourth I got up very early in the morning and went over to the tavern. The news boy came and threw the daily paper on the stand. I picked it up and started to read. The first thing that I saw was that Harney had started with fifteen thousand men to hang all the Mormons. That on the 22nd of July the Mormons and Harney had a fight. The paper said 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 they must be stopped at some 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 arrived there yet. Just then Travers, the tavern keeper said, "What's up now?" I told him I was laughing at this damned lie in the paper. He said, "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." Just then 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 again what was up. He sat down on a sofa and I told him the whole truth, what we had come for and all about it. He said, "It is a shame that you should have had such a dreadful time and as you have paid for it, you shall have it if I have any influence." The idea after you have bought it of the Government, and paid for it, that the Government should try to take it away from you." I had my team already hired and in the yard ready to leas as soon as the ammunition should arrive. Walker had brought twelve thousand lbs. of other goods and brought with the ammunition. Next morning Travers handed me the key to his warehouse where the goods were consigned to. Our horses were stabled near this warehouse and we had a tent and slept in it to guard them. When we went into 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 lying at the warehouse waiting 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 ran it into the warehouse and locked it up. Then came out and took the hind end gate out of the big wagon. About fifty men began to pour in with a big Missourian at the head. I said, "Gentlemen, I am very glad you have come, for I want help to unload so I can get away as quickly as possible. The Captain said that was what they had come for was that ammunition, and 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 lift it and set it on the scales to weigh it. When it was weighed, we set it on the platform. I took a big augur down from overhead and bored a hole. I then drew off a bucketful and called on all hands to come and have a drink. They came to a man. The Captain and I got into the wagon and began handing out the goods. Walker weighing and leading into the other wagons with others to help him. The Captain did not know anything about carrying powder in boxes so we handed out the cases of cannister along with the other boxes 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 disappointed about not finding a single keg of powder in the wagons and got very mad about it. He swore that if he had the man that printed that newspaper that he would hang him in a minute, for there was not a lb. of powder in the wagons, nor a gun or a pistol. They began to go by two's and three's until there was not one of them left there with us. After they had left, we sat down and rested, as we were tired and warm, it being 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 it into these wagons. Then as the moon had just risen, the boys hitched up their teams and started right out. Walker, O. B. Hunington and myself stayed until the morning of the 16th 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 brought was mine and it was none of his business what I did with it. "Well," he said, "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, but I never saw the Captain again, though some of the miners did follow us but they caused 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, found some grass and stopped. We placed a guard about the horses and one in camp. O. B. Hunington and myself went back about fifty yards and slept beside the road under a big tree. Got up the next morning, 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 them up. Traveled about four miles farther and camped near the same house we camped by when we went over. The next night the 19th, we camped at a lake about eighteen miles from Genoa. The 20th we got to Genoa about three 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 and asked "about getting wagons to haul the ammunition in the rest of the way. He said they had not a 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 yes, willingly, but how can I get home. "Oh", said I, make a bargain there with Hart to take you home. "Alright," said he, and that was settled. There was a company of about twenty families came on with us. They had paid no tithing, but were well able to pay theirs. So I went to Zack Cheney. 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 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 Genoa and bought a new wagon of Warren Smith, paid \$200 for it. I took the mules I had bought and went right up and bought the wagon. Then my load was most too heavy for my mules, so I called for more team. Joseph Murdock furnished a mule and a horse. The 21st day, we started home. Evert Orsier drove the team into Salt Lake.

We formed our company in companies of fifties. 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 31 miles and camped on the river bottoms. The 23 we reached Rag Town where we left the Carson River to cross the desert. Each one had to take all the water they 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 who 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 holler every half hour or hour. This they did lustily. They could have been heard half the world over 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 of the horses. (And 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 till morning. Then I went to Nickerson and told him that I wanted some liquor to treat the men to. I got a quart and called the six men to come up and we would settle the scrap about the horses. They left their horses and came up to get their bitters. I handed the bottle to their Captain and told them to drink hearty as we had plenty. The six men emptied the bottle then asked me if I would sell them some. I said, "Yes, I will sell you all you can find dishes for." The Captain sent for all the canteens and flasks they had. They each had a canteen and there were five flasks between them. The first thing they handed me was a pint flask. I filled it and they emptied it. I kept on until I filled all they had. I then asked if they would sell us some of their guns as they were going back. They had told us that they would never follow a Mormon again. They said yes, they would sell them. We bought all but one pair of revolvers which a young man said were his father's. They acknowledged that they had orders from the Missouri Captain to stampede our horses and run them back, but they were sick of their job. They took their horses and left, and we thought that we had got rid of them. That day we traveled up the Humboldt River until we came to good water. That night we camped on the Humboldt. We kept the stock in a bend of the river and had a good guard over them. On the 25th we started early, camped on the Humboldt River again. The 26th traveled up the river, 27th, still on the river. On the 28th, I had a talk with the Captain of the company. Chester I. \_\_\_\_\_ . We then went to the President and I told him I thought we 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 I would come in and kill my grub on the way. He ordered the company to go on. Five of us stayed back and fixed our packs and got read 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 good feed for our horses. The 29th we started in a southwest direction and continued until we got to Antelope Springs. Traveled forty miles that day. The 30th came to the head of Steptoe. Arrived after dark. Got our supper and decided to go on that night. Reached 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 lay down and slept till 10 o'clock, then we got up. Our horses had eaten enough and had laid down 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 rode on to Granite Rock. We went 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 eight miles without rest. We got to Mountain Springs October 1, stopped and got breakfast. We rested ourselves and horses till about noon, then came on into Salt Valley. Rode twenty five miles to Hooper's Ranch. Camped till the morning of the 2nd. Then crossed the mountains over to Grantsville and stopped at James Cooleys. They were very glad to see us as they had heard we were all killed, and had heard nothing different until we came in. They soon got us some dinner. After which we went on to Black Rock to Lorenzo Young's. There our horses were fed and we got supper. Between sunset and dark we started on for Salt Lake City. O. B. Huntington got to his house about 11 o'clock at night. It was a happy meeting for they also had heard that we were killed and they had heard nothing to the contrary until we came in. They soon got us some supper then we lay down and rested until 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 us. On the 9th the boys that went out after the army came in and me at the President's office. Four of my boys, Hought, Abe, Charles and John were with them. They were so ragged and dirty I was ashamed of them. I called them down to Captain Hooper's store. I told Captain Hooper that I wanted some clothes for the boys. He began to say something about pay. I told him he ought to be ashamed to say pay for the boys had been out all summer without any pay and had worn out their clothes. So he said no more but 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 down clothes to the boys. "Say, Cap," says I, "if you want to know anything about these things, send a clerk to take account of them." A clerk soon came and gooked 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 stayed at home four days then had orders to go to Echo. On the 10th of October we started for Echo. Stayed a few days, then was detailed to take two prisoners into Wall's camp. William Hickman and myself took an express to the Governor then I came home to Provo. Nothing particular happened then for some time. While I was gone out to Carson, Snow and Blackburn took \$400.00 worth of my horned stock and killed it without leave or license to do so, to feed the boys out to Echo. They never gave an account of them. The next spring I had to turn out my last cow to Captain Hooper for the clothes I got 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 stayed two weeks. Squire Wells and his wife, Louisa, and her children also stayed with me some time. When they began to move the grain I was called to help the Sharp brothers to unload the grain. I worked with them as long as they worked at it. In the fall of 58, they all moved back to their homes and left me with orders to take care of myself. When the Peace Commissioners came in to investigate the cause of the trouble, they with Seth M. Blair came to my house, as I was the 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. Seth turned to me and said, "What would you have done, Peter, 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, to think such a few would think of such a thing. In 59 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 pick out a place 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 eaten 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, one of my sons upset the stove with two kettles of boiling water on it. My son Hamner was scalded nearly all over, but thru the kindness of Providence, his life was spared. I jumped my horse and came right to Provo to get stuff to make a salve to cure him. When I got to Provo, Brigham and Heber were holding meeting there in what was called Bell's Alley. When I rode up, Brigham was sitting by a window and saw me. Heber was preaching. Brigham stuck his head 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 for about an hour. I remonstrated, Said I, "Brother Brigham, my little boy has got very badly scalded, 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 alright." I went with him and he asked me what I was doing (he had forgotten that he had sent me up Provo Valley) 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 anyone 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 day I got home, I packed up and moved back to Provo. I had to rent a house to live in. I rented a little adobe house that stands close by the factory, then rented the house the Collins boys lived in. Lived there all winter, and all the next summer. In 62 I rented ground and raised a crop. My son Charles moved away to Carson Valley. He gave me his house and I moved into it. I worked hard farming that Summer and raised a pretty good crop.

In 63 I went to Bannock, Montana. We went again in 64, leaving my family in Provo. I worked very hard in Bannock, prospecting and walking over the mountains. My sons, John and Alpheus were with me. I found some very good claims, but when 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. They had taken out three thousand dollars and shipped it before I got there. They had cleaned it out. When I found it 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 claim of agreed to take as fast as we got the money out. It went to pay for Bob's cattle. We had to pay seventy five cents an inch, and we used ten inches a day. After the cattle were paid for, we did not take out much more. While we were working, one day a cave'off came down and buried a man that was working for us. It caught me up 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. He 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 Hought drove the stage. He had six passengers and they had about \$60,000 with them. They hired me to guard them 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 now we will have a little fun." When we met them, I said, "Gentlemen, what can we do for you??" 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 Butcher, which she never received. I then sent \$50.00 home with my son Hought which she got. I brought about \$300.00 home with me when I came 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. We 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 to Spanish Fork. I moved there the 1st of April 1865. I took four cows and five calves with me. Having no shed and there was coming a big snow storm, so 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, for two dollars 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 only 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 had swapped my house in Provo for one in Spanish Fork. The worst trade I ever made. Before leaving Markham's house, I got a job for 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 Drugstore took down a bottle of calomel, poured out fifty grains, filled the teacup half full of rhubarb then filled it up with molasses, then sat down and drank it. The Dr. thot it would kill me. But I knew what I wad doing. I then took a bottle of Castor Oil, drank half of it and went home. I carried the calomel about half an hour then it left me in a hurry. The Dr. 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 go to work for a week. Then I went to work on the house again. We got the walls up then went to work to get the roof on. Then we commenced to finish up the inside. We 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 Isaac and John A. Lewis took the contract to lay the foundation of 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 that the Co-op business take account and pay each man according to his work, but they failed to do so. They told how to raise the company. Bishop 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 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 enough to pay for grub. As there was a lot of feed 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 off a ten gallon keg 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 that he never got enough to pay for our feed. 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 thru the Salaratus flat the other side of Bear River. We had to haul the water from Bear River some ten miles. Took one team all the time. 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 Hamner 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. Kept on to work. We cut seventy cords of wood. When we got the wood hauled (by Houghton and my son-in-law Gilbert Weaver) an Injun came along and set it on fire. Soon it was all in a blaze. My seventy five cords was burned up and I got nothing for it, only what we had eaten while were cutting it. I went over with my son-in-law to see my daughter Sarah and her children. I stayed 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 moved there to work. I worked there some time. Some men owed me some money which I could not get, so I had to take a house for pay. In the Fall of 1873, I moved my family to Eureka where we lived that winter and the next summer. The next winter Robert Francis Marian was born. On Christmas Eve 1874. The next Spring I moved to Provo Valley 1875. At Midway rented me a house. Stayed there the next winter and summer. Planted a farm and sowed it to wheat and oats. We had ten acres of wheat and two of oats. Just before the wheat got into blossom a frost come and killed the wheat as dead as a macherel. That disgusted me, so I went right back to Provo, rented house 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 a 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 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 1765-9. I believe it was 1765 as if 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 Johnathan and Martha Combs. Peter was born in Marlboro, New Jersey.

Their children were:

Catherine Van Law	Born Jan. 1, 1790	Mary Ann	Born December 5, 1801
Elizabeth Combs	April 1, 1792	Martha	November 8, 1803
William	July 4, 1794	Peter Wilson	September 19, 1807
Johnathan Combs	April 19, 1797	Dominicus John Garrett	December 13, 1812
Levi	Oct. 27, 1799		

Eveline Golden, wife of Peter Wilson Conover was born 25th of May 1808. Grandpa said 1808, Don's boy says 1809. Died Nov. 2, 1848.  
Children of Peter Wilson and Mary Jane (McCarrol) Conover:

Mary	Born 14 Nov. 1851, in Provo	
Louisa	25 Dec. 1852	"
Peter Wilson	24 Mar. 1854	"
Hanmer Jesse	9 June 1855	"
William Combs	22 April 1857	"
Martha and Joseph	19 Sept. 1859	"
Harriet Alversetta	4 May 1862	"
Margaret Alveretta	4 May 1859(?)	"
Ida Viola	30 Oct. 1865	"
Ella Mae	29 Jan. 1869	died in Spanish Fork
Ada Francella	11 July 1872	died in Spanish Fork
Robert Francis Marion	24-5 July 1874	died in Eureka