

GRANDMOTHER LOVELESS

A few incidents in the life of Matilda E. Loveless wherein she remembers Joseph Smith the Prophet in the City of Nauvoo, where she lived six years. Sister Matilda Loveless says.

I am the daughter of James and Cynthia McClellan, I was born in Nashville Tennessee, December 15, 1829. My parents moved to Nauvoo in 1840, the year I was eleven years old, there, they lost their eight cows and other very valuable property. The first winter we suffered very much from want and sickness, still we did not murmur, but were thankful we had gathered with the Saints in the beautiful city of Nauvoo. My parents were very industrious and through the blessings of God we were soon in comfortable circumstances again. I can remember very distinctly the appearance of Joseph and Hyrum Smith. Joseph always used a black horse and Hyrum a white one, whenever riding on horse back.

I often saw Joseph and his wife, Emma, at meetings, out walking or riding in their carriage with Porter Rockwell as coachman on their way to Joseph's farm, passing by our house. The farm of Joseph's was superintended by a man whose name was Lott.

I always attended Sunday School in the morning and meeting in the afternoon in a grove near the Nauvoo Temple. Joseph was usually present. My happiest childhood remembrances are those spent in Sunday School and many Scriptural passages I learned at that time. I remember often seeing Emma Smith singing in the choir.

At one time while attending meeting it was raining very hard. I was holding an umbrella and it seemed that Joseph had been absent a few meetings and at this time was speaking very powerfully and everybody was so interested that they did not notice the storm.

At one time Joseph was taken to Carthage for treason and on his release Emma and many of the brethren and sisters left Nauvoo on horse-back to go and meet Joseph on his return. Joseph came in a carriage, while I, together with many other children were very much interested in the return of our prophet and great rejoicings were among the people. The feelings of the people when Joseph returned after having been arrested cannot be described for it was heavenly. Down on the flat, south from the City of Nauvoo, I have often seen the brethren drill and Joseph taking the lead. I can remember Emma being present at these military drills.

How well I can remember being very pleased when my mother would let

me take the dinner to father while he worked on the Nauvoo Temple. I seemed to understand the importance and holiness of that building and father was always so pleased to have the children come with his dinner and would tell us about the Temple of God he was assisting to build. Being a blacksmith, he had a shop near by where he worked when necessary and then all kinds of labor. I can remember my father coming home in the night (having been on guard) to make bullets in our fireplace. In those days we were always in dread of the Mobs. Father occasionally wore a red coat and we children spoke of father as belonging to the red coat company. I was present when the capstone was placed on the Nauvoo temple and I remember the rejoicing of the people, also the song that was composed for the occasion. In those days we children would work and do anything so as to have the privilege of meeting in the gathering of the Saints, our very soul was enthused over the Gospel, we delighted in understanding all that was said and done in the Church.

I was present at the dedication of the Nauvoo Temple, the day my brother William and my parents received their endowments; on their return home, how happy they were over receiving these blessings and they spoke to me about having my endowments, but I said "No", I will wait until I am married, which I did. I was present and heard Joseph speak to the Indians on the lawn by the old white house, right across the street from the Mansion House. Many Indians were seated around, others standing, many of the people of Nauvoo were present. I have many times drank water from the well at Carthage jail where Joseph lay when the man wanted to strike his head off and was prevented from doing so by the light from heaven. My father owned a farm beyond Carthage, so we would stop and get a drink from this well when going to our farm, as the water was very cool and fresh, but we never drank there after the prophets death.

The last time I saw Joseph was the day he delivered his last public address when he said "I call upon God and Angeles to witness that I have unsheathed my sword with a firm and unalterable determination that the people shall have thier loyal rights and shall be protected from mobs, violence or my blood shall be spilt upon the ground like water and my body consigned to the silent tomb." I can remember so well that day, it looked so cloudy and as though it would storm, so my mother sent me to my father with his coat. I remember so well the scene and how attentive my father was with the remarks of Joseph, so I listened and became equally so. The day that word came Joseph and Hyrum were killed I shall never forget as there was much confusion among the people. A number of we children

ran to the cornfield and prayed for the safety of our parents. I saw the murdered bodies of Joseph and Hyrum laying in state in the Mansion House. I saw the coat and other clothing Joseph and Hyrum wore when killed, also the pillow that Hyrum's head rested on and the stains from the wound on his face. Even now I can not think of that sight but with the most terrible feelings. I was present at the meeting held in the grove when Brigham stood up and spoke with the voice of Joseph and his people sustained Brigham Young as their leader. The feeling that thrilled my soul gave me a testimony of the truth of this Gospel that has never left me and has sustained me through many trials, for I learned then, and know God is leading this Church and this testimony I can bear to the whole world if needs be.

We moved with the Saints to Council Bluffs, where I was married to James W. Loveless in 1847. I attended the party that was given to the Morman Batallion and danced there for the first time. I had two children before crossing the plains, arriving in Utah in 1851.

Sister Loveless was the mother of ten children, two sons and eight daughters. Her grandchildren are 66, her great grand children 56, her great great grand children are 3, her living descendants of to-day are 111. She joined the relief society in 1868 and was an efficient worker,

Compiled by Zella Farrer, Provo Utah, Oct. 20
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(Matilda E. Loveless after passing through all the hardships of pioneer life, died March 1st, 1909 in Provo Utah, faithful to her convictions.)

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BIOGRAPHY OF THE LOVELESS FAMILY

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It is my desire to give you a short genealogical sketch of the Loveless family. I will endeavor to make this as brief as possible, and will include as the main subjects the lives of my father, James W. Loveless and going back far enough to include a partial sketch of his father, John Loveless, and his wife, Mahala Anderson Loveless, who are my grand-parents, and Joseph Loveless and Dorothy Rogers Loveless, who are my great grand-parents and John Loveless and Rachel Van Rock Loveless who are my great great grand-parents.

We find that John Loveless who was my great great grand-father and the father of Joseph Loveless, came to this country from England in about the year 1770 as near as we can find out. After arriving here he married Rachel Van Rock, a native of Kentucky, she being the mother of Joseph Loveless, who is mentioned later.

Joseph Loveless my great grand-father was born March 3, 1778 in Maysville, Kentucky. He married Dorothy Rogers, who was a daughter of Joseph and Katherine Rogers, and she was born in East Tennessee on February 25, 1787. Her father Joseph Rogers was a native of Ireland. Her mother Katherine Roger's maiden name was Funk, and she was a native of Germany.

John Loveless, my grand-father was born June 24, 1807 in Ross County, Caldrean Township, State of Ohio, son of Joseph and Dorothy Loveless. Up to eighteen years of age, he lived and worked with his father on a farm. On January 25, 1826 he was married to Mahal Anderson, daughter of James and Pricilla Anderson, who were both natives of Virginia. Mahala was born in Hampshin County, Virginia, August 26, 1804. Their first child was a daughter, born July 5, 1827 in Farifield County of Perry, Ohio. Their second child, a son James W. Loveless was born December 23, 1828 in Farifield, Ohio, in all, nine children were born to John and Mahala Loveless. In 1829 they moved from Ohio to Fountain County, Indiana. On the Wabash River, near

Altica and located on a farm and continued farming as they did in Ohio. He was considered in those days as a (well to do) farmer.

On July 4, 1831, two Mormon Elders, Simeon Carter and Solomon Hancock came to their place. On July 5 he listened to them on one of their sermons and on the 7th was baptized in the church by Solomon Hancock and confirmed by Simeon Carter. The elders remained, preaching for four or five days, and built up a branch of some thirty members. John Loveless was ordained a teacher and in three weeks Thomas B. Marsh and Seley J. Griffin came and ordained him a priest. Later on he presided over several branches of the church in Indiana. After that time he went on a mission in company with other elders to Ohio in the year 1830. He returned and presided over the branch until it was moved to Jackson County, Missouri. A few days after the printing press had been torn down, and a great state of excitement prevailed with the Saints of Jackson County, Missouri. In the fall of 1838 the mob arose and they were expelled from the state of Missouri. They were compelled to sign over all of their property by force of arms. In the spring of 1844 he went on another mission to the state of Ohio. He returned from this mission to Nauvoo on the 29th of June and found the murdered bodies of the prophet and patriarch.

After witnessing and experiencing all the hardships and troubles of the saints from the time of the murdering of the prophet up to the 21st of May 1851, on which date they crossed the Missouri River and he began his long trip across the plains for Salt Lake City, which place he reached on September 15, 1851.

Soon after his arrival in Salt Lake City, he was counceled to settle in Provo City, and on the 14th day of October 1851 he unloaded all his belongings in this city. He then built him a house and again went to farming, he continued here until January 30, 1853 when he moved to Salt Lake County, on West Jordan, he again built a home and still kept farming. After residing at West Jordan for two years he moved to Payson and built a fine home

the state of Missouri and that they had left there on the 21st day of May 1851. The mob took everything the saints had, and burned everything that would burn. Their crops which they had planted in the spring had matured and had not been molested, however, and when my father returned he harvested the crop. He lived on that the following winter. His brother-in-law, W. B. Head and wife, got ready to cross the plains for Utah. They succeeded in getting two new wagons and with what they gathered up made up two more wagons and left in the spring 1852 with all their belongings and arrived in Salt Lake City, September 3, 1852. My mother and her sister each driving a yoke of cows, drawing a wagon across the plains, there being four wagons in our party, the wagons were loaded so heavy that my mother was compelled to walk the entire distance. When they reached Salt Lake City, they were counseled to go to Provo to help settle that section, the same as my grandfather John Loveless was counseled to do one year earlier. After arriving in Provo James W. Loveless and his family took up land and started farming as a means of a livelihood. As soon as they could they built them a little home and started for their first time to have peace and happiness, such as they had not enjoyed before. As the Saints and settlers began to enjoy their freedom in this section they began to have considerable trouble around their different settlements from the Indians, which gave them quite a bit of trouble almost continuous. They were forced to be on the lookout for the Indians all the time and built forts so they could protect themselves.

My father James W. Loveless took an active part in the Walker and Blackhawk Wars, he was a member of the territorial militia in which he held the rank of major. He was also, a member of the Black Hawk War Veterans Association. During the time he was assisting his people in guarding themselves against the Indians, he was also doing his part in carrying out public affairs. Although he was a successful farmer, he became a prominent man in public life. He was road supervisor for a great number of years. His assistants were Charles Miller and Abraham C. Conover. He

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occupied a seat in the City Council for a number of years. He was one of the Councilmen during the years of 1864 and 1865 under William Miller as Mayor. In the years 1866 and 1867 he was one of the aldermen under William Miller as Mayor. He was also one of the councilors during the years 1874-74-75-77-78-79-80- and 1881 under Abraham O. Smoot who was then Mayor. As soon as he reached Provo he made his home in the Second Ward and became associated with the management of the Ward in the year 1859. He was one of the councilors to the Bishop from 1859 to 1874. He was ordained as the bishop of that ward in the year 1874 which position he held until his death in the year 1888.

My father believed firmly in the doctrines and teachings of his church, especially the doctrine of polygamy, and in accordance with that belief married three women and reared a family of thirty-six children, many of whom are well and favorably known in Utah County.

Trouble again in the form of the Edmunds Tuckers Law came on the Saints, and my father was arrested on a Utah Central Railroad train, charged with unlawful cohabitation. On Thursday the 8th of July 1886, was found guilty by a jury on September 29, 1886. On October the 21st 1886 was sentenced to six months imprisonment in the State Penitentiary and a fine of three hundred dollars and costs, which amounted to nearly six hundred dollars fine. My father at that time to raise this amount had to sell his ten acre farm in the Ft. Field and a team of mules.

My father was a very proud man and to be closely confined in the State Penitentiary and to be compelled to wear the stripes and take off his own underwear and wear what they substituted seemed to worry him terribly, he fell away rapidly and when he was released on Sunday the 20th of March 1887 he was by no means the healthy looking man he was when he entered. He seemed to fail from then on and in less than a year he was stricken with a stroke and died, May 7, 1888, at the age of sixty years.

(Given by Deseret Loveless Gray. Daughter of James
W. Loveless and Matilda McClellan Loveless)