THE HISTORY OF JOHN ALLEN SUTTON

Born 1834

I was bornin the town of Leire, Leicestershire, England. November 16, either in 1832 or 1834, I believe the latter. My father's name was John Sutton, son of Thomas and Mary Sutton. My mother's maiden name was Ann Allen, daughter of Richard and Ann Allen, all residents of Leicestershire.

My childhood days were spent at school till I was eight years of age. At that age I had an affliction which came near terminating my life. It was an infection of the glands of the neck which caused a great swelling. My father and mother resorted to many devices for cure but could find none till I was taken to a physician of Irish persuasion who had come into the country. By his skill he affected what he thought a permanent cure. From this time till I was 13 years of age, I spent my time tending sheep, milking cows, and as general farm boy.

At fourteen years of age my father wished to put me out as an apprentice to learn the trade of wheel wright. The parties concerned wanted 21 pounds as bounty money for me to serve seven years to learn the trade. My father, not being willing to pay that amount, asked me if I would learn the blacksmith trade, that being my father's trade, blacksmith and farrier. I told him I would and so it was arranged.

Nothing particular accurred until the summer of 1849. That would make me fifteen years old. There came to our village two men professing to be Mormons, or Latter Day Saints, by name, Edward Stevenson and Henry Bowns. They held their meetings in the open air and many people flocked to hear them. I was very much taken up with their teachings as they were very feasible and seemed according to scripture. For several weeks these men came Sunday after Sunday. I investigated their principles but being young I was too timid to take the initiative and talk to them concerning their doctrine.

Two families embraced the gospel, Welsh and Douglas, but not until November 11, 1849, did I make up my mind to ask them to baptize me, as I was thoroughly convinced that the doctrine was true and according to scripture. I then spoke to Henry Sanders who told me if I believed I could be Baptized. I replied that I did. This was on Sunday. There was great commotion in the place for there were many enemies to this people in the village. They declared that if the elder want to baptize me they would drown him. Not being daunted we started to the stream of water and I believe there were nearly one hundred people followed us. When we got to the water's edge, they sang a hymn and offered up prayer. The elder told the people that he was going ro perforn one of the ordinances of the Gospel of Jesus Christ and if they would be quiet he would show them how it was done. He then took me into the water and baptized me and not a word was said by any person.

Thus I entered into a new life to me. After receiving confirmation on the next Sabbath day I became very fervent in the performance of all the duties they required of me.

My father and mother, brothers and sisters, thought I was very foolish and that it would not be long before I left this people, but finding that not to be the case and that many people were joining the church in the little village, persecution began to rage and my greatest enemies were those of my own household. Not that I believe my father would have ill-treated me had it not been for the prejudice of the different sects that we were surrounded with through whom my father gained his support by his trade, they threatening to take away his work unless I would cease going with this people. On account of this my father was often cruel to me to the extent that I left home and tried to gain a livelihood by any trade.

Prior to this I was ordained to the office of an elder and each Sabbath we used to go to the different villages to preach.

My father felt the great need of my help and tried to induce me to return home again. My mother came to me at the town of Leicester and through her tears and persuasions I went home again and remained there until the spring of 1854.

About this time I became acquainted with Eliza Billingham whom I afterwards married.

I had now made up my mind to leave the land of my nativity and go to America, to Salt Lake City, it being a part of our religion to gather from the world. So strong was this feeling on me to gather that nothing seemed to stay the progress. Still I was poor.

Three months prior to my starting to America I had no means, but President John Oangus told me if I wished to go that the way would be opened for me. I placed such confidence in his word that I commenced to make preparations to leave. The fare from Liverpool to Salt Lake City was ten pounds in what was known as "The Ten Pound Company." It appeared impossible for me to raise that amount but by saving all the money I could I managed to get enough to pay my fare to New Orleans. An incident occurred at this time that seemed fraught with danger to my taking my departure. In consequence of my not being of age my father said he would stop me from going.

After all preparations were made, my fare paid across the ocean, my boxes and things sent to Liverpool, and I was expecting to bid my folks goodbye, it happened my father had gone away from home and I feared he had gone to get an officer to stop me. I said farewell to my mother, brothers and sisters, and started without seeing my father and went to the house of one John Douglas in the same village and stayed for a few hours. In the meantime my father came home and made inquiries for me. They told him I had gone. He said, "Go and bring him back. I want to see him before he goes." My brother, Thomas, came down to the house where they supposed I would be and asked for me. I questioned my brother as to whether there was an officer waiting for me or not. He told me there was not but my father wished to see me before I made my departure.

I went home and my father said to me, "Then you are determined to go, are you?" I said, "Yes father, that is my intention." He

said, "I think you are very foolish, you do not know where you are going. You are going into a new country and you have no money nor friends. Now if you will stay with me one year I will give you this (throwing his purse on the table) besides paying you good wages and send you off comfortable." I told him I would not stay if he gave me all he possessed. Then he said he would not give me a farthing. I shook hands iwth him and bade him farewell. He then called me back and gave me a soveriegn which proved a great help to me at Liverpool.

I took the train and arrived at Liverpool with many others going to ctoss the ocean on the same ship. In consequence of the ship not being fitted up properly, we were detained in Liverpool two weeks from the first to the twelfth of March and the expense incurred used up all my money with the exception of four shillings.

On March 12, we went on board the ship, John M. Wood, with six or seven hundred passengers, all members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. The company was presided over by Robert Campbell. After setting sail on the Irish Channel we encountered a terrific storm. The captain ordered all the hatchways down and kept all the passengers in the lower deck. No tongues could describe the scene between these decks for 48 hours, boxes pitching, pots and everything loose flying abour and nearly all the ship's company seasick. Such and experience I never shall forget while on earth.

On the second day at noon we were driven back within sight of Liverpool. After this we set sail and got into the Atlantic Ocean. Nothing of interest occurred until we were passing the island of Cuba where a terrific storm came along which tore the sails to shreds and moved the main mast nearly six inches out of its socket. But it was all over in fifteen minutes. We soon arrived in the Gulf of Mexico where we were becalmed for about ten days, the sea beihg smooth as glass. We finally came to within twenty miles of the Bar of New Orleans. After some trouble in negotiating with a steam tug to take us over the Bar we were towed into the mouth of the Mississippe River. Next day, after seven weeks of ocean voyage, we landed in New Orleans. There were two deaths and two births on the voyage.

Preparations were made as quickly as possible to take the company from New Orleans to St. Louis. How to go I did not know as all the money I had was four shillings. Finally Pres. McDonald loaned me $2.50 which took me to St. Louis. The voyage up the river was fraught with many events. The cholera was very high and many of the passengers died. Some would be taken down and die in three hours. Fortunately my health was good and I was able to assist in taking care of the sick and in burying the dead.

When we arrived within four miles of St. Louis, the captain feared he would be fined for carrying so many passengers so he put four hundred of us off and we walked to St. Louis.

I arrived with only five cents in my pocket, not knowing any person nor where I should go. But fortune favored me. Passing through the streets I met one of our ship's company who was very pleased to see me. He took me down to a restaurant and I ate a

very hearty meal. I thought I had never had better before and never expected to again, so hungry was I.

My next trouble was to know how to get up to the frontier, a town by the name of Kamas, the ourfitting post for the emigration that year. After resting over night with my friend, I traveled around St. Louis to try and find work at my trade. All the shops seemed full and I could not get work till I came across the "Espenshied Wagon Company" where they told me to come to work in the morning. I started to go to work and got near the shops. Still something told me not to go in, for what reason I could not tell. I stood for a few minutes and then started down to the wharf. I went on board the Thursday Packet, F. X. Aubry, and inquired if they wanted any hands to work up the river. They said they did so I hired to them to go to Council Bluffs at a dollar a day and my borad. I being somewhat green as to the work on boats, Isuffered many insults and much abuse, for the mate was very cruel, especially to new hands.

While on the boat the engineer found out I was a blacksmith so he wanted me to work in the shop which pleased me very much, but the mate swore I should not work there and that I should stand my regular watch, so fearing more cruelty from the hands of the mate, the engineer locked me in the ironfrated shop. When my watch came atound the mate went to hunt me up at my berth, and with oaths swore he would kill me if I did not come out and go on watch. I made no answer. He then took a piece of timber and broke my berth down, but not finding me he went to the engineer who told him that I could not go on my watch as I was working for him. An Altercation then took place which nearly resulted in the death of one of them.

Finally the boat arrived at Kamas, which city at that time comprised one store and two houses. I informed the mate that I wished now to leave the boat and asked him for my pay. Finally after a volley of oaths they paid me my six dollars and let me go. I had now enough money to pay what I had borrowed and a nice margin to spare, the sum of three dollars. We waited at Kansas City some time, the cholera being very bad and spent our time in preparing wagons, making ox shoes, ox yokes and bows, and fitting up.

One day, going into the store I saw a coin on the floor, I looked at it and placed my foot upon it. Finally I picked it up andfound it to be a sovereign. Knowing it did not belong to me I went to camp and told John Oangus what I ahd found and asked him what I should do with it. "Well, my boy", he said, if anyone inquires for the lost money, give it to him; if not, I don't know of anyone who needs it worse than you do and I shall consider it a Godsend to you."

My next trouble was to know how to go across the plains, one thousand miles. I hadn't the money to pay my fare and my case looked rather dark as all the trains that hired men to drive teams had gone. I finally succeeded in making a contract with a man by the name of Jarvis to take me across the plains and I would fix up his wagons and milk his cows on the journey.

In the beginning of July the company moved out on the plains and was organized. There were about one hundred wagons and Job Smith was appointed captain. On the first part of the journey nothing of interest occurred except the running away of cattle, breaking up of wagons, getting stuck in the mud, a great deal of which was in consequence of unskilled drivers. While crossing a creek at what is called the Catholic Mission, not far from Big Blue, one man got drowned. He being sick was crossing a log, fell in, and was drowned before anyone knew it.

We arrived close to Fort Carney where we encountered a terrific storm, the waters rose very high, our cattle were stampeded, and we had to remain there two days. Finally we took up our line of march and passed along the Platte River on the south side till we got to Ash Hollow. We camped there and drove our cattle across the Platte to feed. I was one who was detailed to cross the river and herd the cattle. Being very tired I lay down and went to sleep. I was roused up suddenly by sonething rattling. I looked and there was a great big rattlesnake ready to make a jump. Having seen many of them on our travels and hearing many incidents related to them, I dared not move for fear he would bite me. Finally I made one spring and got out of his way. Fortunately for his snakeship there was nothing I could kill him with harder than a buffalo chip.

At this place we encountered Captain Richardson's company which had started one week ahead of us. He made his brags that he would beat us into Salt Lake City two weeks. We told him all right but we thought not. We then traveled on and crossed the South fork of the Platte. The river being dangerous to ford, we put as many as ten and twenty yoke of cattle on to one wagon. I crossed the Platte that day about six times, it being about one half mile wide. Rest assured that when night came I was ready for sleep.

When we came within ten miles of Fort Laramie we encountered the Sioux Nation of Indians, 6000 strong. They were a noble race of people of fine physiques. They were making chiefs. Their method was to form a circle, stick screwers through the breast, twist a rope around them and the one that could endure to walk around this circle the longest was considered the greatest chief.

The next day the Danish company came up. The Indians took two of the cows and killed them. The captain reported at the garrison of Fort Laramie what the Indians had done. A company with one cannon and an Indian interpreter were ordered to go and demand the pay for the dattle. While parleying with the Indians there was a misunderstanding between the chief and the Indian interpreter. The captain ordered one of the men to

shoot the chief which he did and in less than twenty minutes the Indians killed all the company, broke their connon and threw it into the Platte. Tjere was then great fear that the Indians would take Fort Laramie. Men were sent in every direction to all the posts around to make forced marches to get out of the way. Our company traveled all that day and that night in the Black Hills. We had been without water then for one day when we caught up with a company, James Brown of Ogden being captain. He told us we could not stop for there was not enough water for his company and ours and that he would shoot the first oxen unyoked. A man by the name of John Hill who drove the team ahead of me said, "All right, we will see." He stepped up to his wagon and got out his blunderbus, then went up to old Buck and let him out of the yoke. "Now," said he, "shoot." Captain Brown saw that it was no use to resist any longer and concluded we could stay. Arriving at Platte Bridge it was thought best to divide the company into three parts. Here and incident occurred which seemed as though I was to be left on the plains because Mr. Jarvis' provisions had given out and he told me he couldn't take me any farther. Still I found a friend in Mr. Ford, now living at Centerville, Utah. He had lost two of his sons, died of cholera. He told me he would be glad if I would come and drive his team and the change was a blessing to me for I had had to suffer many indignities from Mr. Jarvis. I drove Mr. Ford's team until we arrived at Salt Lake City which was on the 23rd day of September, and made our comp at Jordan bridge.

Now for the first time, I realized the saying of mu fathe, "You know not where you are going, you have no money, and you will have no friends and will be in a foreign land." It was true. I had only $2.50 in my pocket and I was nearly destitute of clothing, did not have respectable clothing to go into the community with. I found two friends. One was Charles Welch, a native of Leire, who took me and gave me my supper, a bed, and breakfast. That was all he was able to do for me as hw was only a laboring man. I then returned to camp and sat down on my bundle. I had no box for I had thrown that away on the camp at Kansas City. I wondered what I should do. While I was sitting meditation one Elder Louis Robbins came down to camp. He was once president of the conference where I came from. Noticing me he came up and shook my by the hand and gave me acordial greeting. "So you have got here at last, my young man," he said. He asked me if I had any place to go. Telling him I had not, he requested me to pick up my bundle and go with him as I was welcome. My heart leaped within my breast to think that someone had that much respect for me.

When I got to his home I found that his very kind and amiavle wife was a friend of mine from the same conference. They told me to stay and rest myself for two or three weeks and then I would be able to go to work. No one could tell how thankful I was. I didn't spend but two or three days before I started out ot hunt work.

My first experience at my trade was at the Tithing Blacksmith shop, the president of which was named Tanner, a very

uncouth man to strangers. Being unaccustomed to their mode of work, after five days of truing my best to please, I left the shop in disgust. After traveling around for a day or two in Salt Lake City, I came across one by the name of James Hennifer and inquired if he did not want to hire a hand. He asked me what I could do and I told him I could od most anything in the blacksmith line. He asked me if I would like to come in as partner with him. I told him I would if we could make suitable arrangements. We struck and agreement and I became a full-fledged partner in the blacksmith business in Salt Lake City.

The first span of horses I shod came to $6.00 and I spent that to but me a pair of breeches. I began to think that I would soon be respectable again.

In the spring of 1855 I became very anxious to get out my wife and and her relatives. I laid the matter before Squire Wells who was emigration agent at that time. He told me he would be able to send for them and I could pay it in blacksmith work. It was too late for them to come that year so it was arranged that they should come in 1856.

In the spring of 1855 I left my friend Brother Robbins and went to board with Charles Smith's wife whose husband was on a mission in England. I thought I could assist them as they had a small family of children. My business was pretty good until the fall of 1855 when Bro. Charles Smith came home from his mission. He brought with him a young lady whom he afterwards made his second wife. needing the room in his house he said he would be glad if I could get another place to board although I had paid him my board for the winter. Not wishing to intrude, I settled up with him, he paying me a silver watch and several other articles as a balance due me. I then went to live with Phillip Margetts, the noted tragedian.

In the spring of 1856 there was a great outbreak among the Indians on the Humboldt. The governor ordered out a posse of armed men to go with the Marshall to arrest one Carl Murray who was supposed to be on the Humboldt, he having committed the crime of murder which had excited the Indians to commit the depredations. This threw a great deal of blacksmithing in the hands of Mr. Margetts in shoeing horses and fitting out the company. While I was shoeing I got hurt with one of the horses which caused me a great deal of pain and suffering, affecting my lungs very badly and again I felt the want of a mother. While brother and isiter Margetts were very kind to me, it was not like home.

I lived in anticipation of my wife's coming from England and that buoyed up my spirits. As I had just received word of their starting on August 13th, myself and Washington Perkins started back upon the plains to meet the hand cart company, taking with us a load of flour, and that was all we had to live on with the exception of two dried suckers. We didn't expect to return under six weeks. The reason of such scarcity to food was the famine in the land as the grasshoppers had eaten off all

the crops. Had it not been for the kindness that existed among the people, there would bave been great suffering, but with few exceptions, they would divide the last loaf with each other. My trip upon the plains was a very eventful one.

We arrived at Fort Bridger after five day's travel. There we found the Old Snake Nation with the U. S. Agent giving them presents. Being suspicious that the Indians would steal our horses in the night Icalled upon one Louis Robison who lived at Fort Bridger at that time. He told me my best plan would be to put my horses in the hands of the Indians as they would take care of them and deliver them to me next day for a few pounds of flour. I did so, but when morning came the Indians could not find the horses. I went out myself to find them but could not. Mr. Robison told me they must be stolen. He told me to ask one Mr Fergason if he would not of and find them for me. I asked him if he would find them for me and offered him $2.50 and twenty pounds of flour. I always believed that Mr. Fergason secured them for the sake of getting the reward. I will state here that this man a few years after committed the crime of murder in Salt Lake City for which he suffered the penalty of the law and he was hung by the neck.

We traveled till we got to the three crossings of the Sweetwater which is some 370 miles east of Salt Lake City and there we made our camp. No tidings yet of any emigration but in a few days we got word from Deer Creek still 200 miles farther east for us not to come any farther as they had plenty of provisions. We had been there about two weeks when several trains past us going to Salt Lake City which supplied us with some food to eat other than flour. Several men, one Thomas Margetts, brother of Phillip Margetts, and a family by the name of Cowdy came along. They were particular friends of mine. They afterwards got murdered by Indians about half a day's travel from Fort Carney, with the exception of the wife of Thomas Margetts, who was taken captive by the Indians as was supposed because nothing of her remains could be found at the camp.

One beautiful day about noon along came the company of emigrants whose captain was one John Banks. This company was destitute of flour having only about three days rations on hand. We concluded to let them have our flour and took as pledges for the same silk dresses, guns, pistols, tools, and anything they had. They were to redeem them when they got to Salt Lake City. Whether they did or not I am unable to tell. This man Banks was afterwards one of the leading men of the Morrisites whose death occurred by being shot with one Morris and several others who refused to surrender them selves to the action of the law.

While we encamped at this place on September 23, we encountered a fearful storm and the snow fell to the depth of about 18 inches which made things look very gloomy for those poor emigrants that were still hundreds of miles back on the road dragging their handcarts along.

Two days after this or nearly so the two first companies came along. One of the captains was Daniel McCarthy, and the other was Ellsworth. It was a curious sight to see six or seven hundred people with about for to a handcart. These two companies arrived in Salt Lake City without any accident and with very few deaths. All seemed hearty and robust, but my people were not in these companies.

I then had to return to Salt Lake City, three hundred miles, and after resting for a few days council was given by President Young for men and teams to go back upon the plains again to meet those two remaining companies, one of whose captains was Wilsey and the other was Edward Martin of the last handcart company. There was still one wagon company back whose captain was John A Hunt. I don't wish to recall the sufferings of those people for it is horrible to do so. I and others were eye witnesses to their sufferings. Those who did not perish by the way arrived in Salt Lake City on November 30, 1856, on Sunday.

I will here mention that while traveling up main street of Salt Lake City word was brought to us that Jedidiah M. Grant was dead. He having been in a trance for some time and revived again, told the things that he saw in the spirit world and after this conversation he gave up the ghost.

A more pitiful sight I never saw nor do I wish to see than those poor creatures that had just arrived in Salt Lake City, but thanks to providence they were in the midst of friends who took them in, fed and clothed them, and gave them shelter. I will state that I met the company that I thought my people were in near Canyon Creek. I went into their camp one cold November night and went atound their fires to see if I could find my folks or someone that I knew. Finally I came to one campfire and there saw the mother of her whom I loved. I saw also my father-in-law. I sat around the fire some time without making myself known to Mrs. Douglas, the mother of my wife. She burst into tears when I finally made myself known. I asked her where Lizzie was and she could not speak for some time. Finally she told me she was dead. I asked her where was Willie, her brother. He was dead also. You can inagine my feelings better than I can describe them. I felt as though my hopes were all blasted.

I hired a house in Salt Lake City for her father and mother to live in during the winter and one Wm. Severns and wife who now reside in Montpelier.

The winter passed off without anything of interest. There was a great depth of snow that winter. My friend, Douglas, and myself started on a trip to Ogden to see a friend by the name of Charles Welch, a native of our place. We undertook to travel it on foot, forty miles. The snow being too deep that we could not make it in one day, we stopped at the Bishop's in Kaysville Ward whose name was Smith. We asked him if he would not give us shelter for the night. Although he had a large house and appeared to have plenty of rooms still he would not entertain

us and what to do we did not know. We tried to start again but could not get along. Finally a friend took us in for the night but didn't ask us to have anything to eat so we retired hungry, sore-footed, and worn out. We waited for our breakfast in the morning till about 9:00 a.m. and then had a splendid good meal. We continued our journey and arrived in Ogden safe and very tired indeed. We had a very pleasant visit with our friend.

Returning to Salt Lake there came up a great storm while crossing the sand ridge and we got lost; still we thought we were on the road all the time and kept traveling along and when the storm cleared off we were miles towards the foot of the mountains out of the way. Still we arrived that evening at Farmington but the people were not very hospitable. We tried several houses to get a place to sleep but failed until after dark in the evening.

Finally we called upon one Mr. Ware, a tanner. We asked him if he would give us a night's lodging as we were weary, had no money, and had no place to stop. "Yes," he haid, "My name is Ware and you can stop here."

We arrived in Salt Lake City again all safe and sound.

I still continued to work with Mr. Margetts. At the April conference Mr. Margetts was called on a mission to Great Britian with many others. They were to cross the plains with handcarts like the emigrants had done the fall before. Mr. Margetts, Seymore B. Young, and David Wilkins make one team and a jolly crowd they were. They made the trip from Salt Lake to the Missouri River in less than five weeks without the loss of a man.

On July 24, 1857, President Young invited the people as many as felt desirous to take a trip to the head waters of Big Cottonwood to celebrate the entrance of the pioneers to Salt Lake Valley. Prior ro rhis I had made the acquaintance of Margaret Shepherd so I invited her to accompany me. We started on July 23, and made our camp in the canyon. On July24, ere nightfall, we arrived at the head waters. When we were in our height of glee and amusement along came one Judson Stoddard, the U. S. mail carrier, and brought to us the sad news that the U. S. had stopped our mail to Utah Territory.

Pres. Young then called the people together in the Bowery that was built for the purpose of amusement to inform them of the feeling that existed between the U. S. officers and our people. The real cause of this trouble was through the misrepresentation of one Judge Cradelbaugh and Judge Brochers declaring to the President of the United States that the people of Utah had destroyed the public records and defied the power and authority of the U. S. After some patriotic speeches by the prominent men of Utah, the people with one voice declared that they would at this time maintain their rights as the Pilgrim

Fathers had done against the tyranny of King George. After this we proposed to enjoy ourselves on the occasion for which we had come to celebrate. We returned after three days enjoyment to Salt Lake City.

In the meantime all efforts were made to gain information as to the correctness of the statements made by the mail carrier. Finding that no information could be gained, President Young consulted with the officers of the territory as to the advisability of calling a portion of the militia of the Territory and sending them out on the plains to see if the information we had received was correct and whether the U. S. Government had actually a portion of their army coming to Utah to take away the rights of the citizens of the territory. They arrived at the conclusion that Colonel Burton should take a company of minute men of which I was a member to start out east to see what information we could gain.

Accordingly on August 13, we met in Canyon Creek Canyon, east of the Big Mountain and organized. We started east and arrived at Fort Bridger 112 miles east of Salt Lake City, kept by one Lewis Robison, formerly occupied by Mr. Bridger, a pioneer of '46.

We killed some beef there, dried some meat, and took our journey eastward and traveled to what is known as the Devil's Gate, 315 miles from Salt Lake City. Gaining no tidings nor information of the object of which we were in pursuit, Colonel Burton detailed three men, Jesse Earl, Frank Knowlton, and Twegley, to go eastward and reconnoiter and if they found troops to return immediately, These individuals went in the disguise of Californians. One could speak the Spanish language and had been to California.

After two days travel east on the Platte River they came in contact with the U. S. Troops, some two thousand in number. They went into their camp seeking protection from them and a fresh sypply of food to carry with them. They found out all that was to be known and in the morning saddled up their animals, placed their provisions on their pack animals and made a detour through the mountains passing the troops and arriving 12 hours before them ay Devil's Gate. This was the first news we had received of the troops.

We then went to work and cached all the provisions that we had no immediate use for, also goods that begonged to the emigration of '56 such as pianos, organs, clothes boxes and all manner of implements and then dispatched news to Salt Lake City of the information we had received. We then started west and made our encampment at the headwaters of the Sweetwater at the foot of the Windriver Mountains and conducted a reconnoiter to watch the movements of the troops on their arrival at Pacific Springs and Colonel Burton with a battalion of 100 men thought best to try and cripple the troops as much as possible.

One night we made ready to stampede their animals and organized ourselves in such a manner as to see that no man would fall into their hands if possible. Accordingly we moved

to their camp and ten men were detailed with dry bearskins, dumbells, etc., for the purpose of stampeding their animals. We succeeded in stampeding over three hundred head and we all escaped safe. It caused great tumult in the camp of the soldiers. It tock them from fifteen to thirty minutes before they began to rally.

We then made a forced march of seventy five miles without food and and made our encampment on the Big Sandy. Colonel Burton seeing his little bank tired, weary, and hungry, ordered them to dismount, hobble their horses and go to sleep and he would stand guard himself. After three hours sleep the bugle was blown and the men were in their saddles again. We then made a forced march to Fort Bridger. Arriving there many of the company were sick through exposure and were scarcely able to perform their duty.

By this time many troops had arrived from Salt Lake To assist in protecting the lives of the citizens of the territory from what we considered our enemies. But to cut this narrative short, the people gained their purpose and kept the troops at bay. They encamped at Fort Bridger and stayed there all winter.

In the meantime our old friend Colonel Cane with General McCullough and offered their services to the President of the U. S. to come to Utah and inquire into the facts of the case to see who was at fault and whether the people were in open rebellion or whether they had been misrepresented by those judges.

Governor Young made a general call upon all the able-bodied men in the territory to come to the standard and if necessary fight for their rights, their homes, their wives and children. The call was not in vain, for all who were able to bear arms came to the standard, Many of them without shoes upon their feet and many with a rag tied upon their head for a hat and many without a coat to their back, traveled to Echo Canyon, at that time the only in-road to Salt Lake City. It would be hard to detail the trying scenes we passed through in the short period of one night, but suffice it to say that not one shot was fired upon these men that had come with the intention of destroying our people. No accident befell our people with but one exception--one man was accidentally shot.

Colonel Cane and General McCullough came by was of California and were kindly received by the people as peace commissioners. A council was held with Governor Young and other Utah officials in the council house of the City. The results of this council were that the people had been misrepresented and the U. S. troops were allowed to pass through Salt Lake to their place of destination, Camp Floyd, provided they would not destroy any property belonging to the people until such time as a conference could be had with those in command.

In the meantime President Young counseled with the people who said they had been driven from their homes in the east, their property destroyed, they had to pass through wilderness and seek shelter on then a foreign soil, but still being loyal

to their country had raised the flag of the nation on the barren wastes of Deseret, 1000 miles from civilization. President Young did not propose to allow mobs of any party to receive the benefit of their hard earnings and toil, rather than do this he proposed to the people that we should all travel south, barricade our homes and possessions and place them in such a position that the torch could be applied at a moment's notice. To this proposition the people agreed.

The exodus was started in May, 1858, and all the people north of what is known as the point of the mountain of Salt Lake Valley left their homes and started south, camping in the different settlements south of the point of the mountain. The scene of these travels would make the heart sick for many of the people were in abject poverty. I know families where there were five daughters who had only one dress between them.

I will here state that on April 26, 1858 I married Margaret Shepherd, and from this union was born ten fine sons and one daughter.

We moved south to Prove and built what is known as a wicky-up in one of the streets. I left my wife there to spend her honeymoon while I returned to Salt Lake City to join my company on guard. There were many incidents to relate if I had time which would be amusing to those who read this sketch byt I will forbear and say that the troops arrived in Salt Lake City, passed quietly according to previous arrangements, through the city and camped on the other side of the Jordan River. I will mention the first news I heard of their being in the city. My friend, Harry Margetts, at whose house we were camped, came in and said, "Come and see those French beggars with slit pot hats on." Everything passed off very peaceably and we returned to Prove, the headquarters of the Territorial officers.

In a few days arrangements were made for the people to return again to their homes. I went to Prove where my wife was, packed up our things and returned to Salt Lake City. I had no home of my own at that time but was renting a house. Our furniture consisted of three chairs, a clothes box for a table, and small steep-stove, one teacup and saucer, one plate, a tincup and tin plate. That was our stock in trade at that time.

I went to work at my trade, blacksmithing, with R. B. Margetts. We took a contract to make a lot of stone hammers for the army, a fortunate thing for us at that time. By this means I was soon able to buy myself a home which I did in the fall of 1858.

In January, 1859, mu first son was born, John, by name. This gave us a great deal of consolation and paid us for the trials we had had in moving.

There was nothing of interest from this time until the year 1861. On January 6, 1861, we had another son born, by name, Richard.

In 1862 I thought best to move into the country so I went to Weber County and purchased what I supposed to be a farm--this was in the winter. I paid $450.00 for it and moved my

family to this place, six miles west of Ogden, Utah. The house was a two-roomed log.

On February 23,1863, our third son, Mark Henry, was born. It had been a very severe winter, snow fell to a great depth, agreat many stock died, and when the snow disappeared from my farm in the spring, I found a great big hollow and it was full of water and a small willow patch. Mr. John I. Hart, the man of whom I bought the place was supposed at that time to be a good man but I failed to believe it as he surley swindled me, and since that time he has been proved to be anything but an honest man.

I started to work at my trade, but it was very difficult for me to get material to work with and I had to go on the sand ridg e and dig up stumps to make charcoal. I didn't seem to prosper in this place and I met with a very severe loss. While attending meeting at Ogden, my shop caught fire and burned sown with all my tools in it. Also my wife's sister, Mary, paid us a visit from Salt Lake City with two of her children. Her eldest child, Anna, was taken sick and within a week.

Not seeming to prosper in this place I went to Salt Lake to see if I could buy my place back again. I succeeded in doing so after considerable more expense, and in the spring of 1864 I moved my family back again. I then went into partnership with Phillip Margetts and worked with him until Christmas of that year when the building was pulled down to give place for other buildings. For two years and a half I had a very good business, then I took as a partner a man by the name of Peter Reinseimer.

In July, 1869, I was called with one hundred other men on a mission to Bear Lake Valley. This was a condiderable trial to break up home again, still I felt willing to respond to the call. Mr. Margetts and I came in advance of our families and procured a lot in Paris and commenced to build a house. In October of the same year we moved our families up and finished our homes so that we were able to live on them that winter. Mr. Margetts and myself formed a partnership in the blacksmith trade. That winter was a very severe one.

Bear Lake Valley at that time was a desolate place infested with grasshoppers and crickets. We could not raise any crops and we had to go to Cache Valley, distant about 70mmiles to buy our breadstuff. I was returning from Logan with my flour and valuables for my family and in climbing up the Big Mountain my teamebaulked, backed down the hill, tipped over the wagon, spilled the flour and everything else. It took us from four in the morning till nime at night to get our things up to the top of the mountain. I made the remark then that if I had to go to Cache Valley again for my bread I would go there and live for I would never bring it up that mountain again.

While going up the mountain a man ov er took us and took three of our sacks of flour on his wagon. He came to Paris ahead of us and reported to Charles Rich Concerning the accident

we had met with , and he foolishly went down to my family and told them my wagon had tipped over and I had been killed. This news caused a great deal of trouble and distress in my family and teams were getting ready to start out after us but fortunately it was a false report and none of us were hurt.

Finding our partnership business unprofitable I sold out to Mr. Margetts and went into business for myself. I bought some land and commenced to raise my own grain. I found this to be the most profitable as my family was increasing and I then had something for my boys to do.

At this time I decided that I would build me a house. I built a brick house with three rooms and a hall.

On June 27,1878, a very sorrowful accident occurred in our family. My oldest son, John, went to the canyon with his little ten year old brother, Thomas, and while the boy was drawing a drag of wood from the mountainside he struck a small pole which fell, striking him on the head, and he died one hour afterwards. George Pugmire was at my shop at that time getting his horses shod. When news of the accident reached me he hitched up his team and we went to the canyon and brought the boy down. It was a very sorrowful scene never to be forgotten.

The next thing of interest occurred in the spring of 1882 when I was called on a mission to Great Britian. I was telegraphed for by President Joseph F, Smith. I had one day and a half's notice to close up my business and start for Salt Lake City. My friends, prior to my departure, gave me a surprise party and we had a very good time together. Many were the Congratulations and good wishes for my success and a safe r eturn.

On the morning of April 3,1882, I parted with my family and traveled by stage to Evanston. An accident occurred to the mail coach on the divide between Woodruff and Bear River which necessitated leaving part of the wagon. There were four of us and we rigged up the front wheels. I sat straddle of the tongue and two of the others on the bolster and a pitiful plight we were in when we got to Evanston, coverdd with mud and frozen stiff as a poker. An accident had occurred of the U.P.R.R. at that critical time and the hotels at Evanston were crowded with passengers. A cattle dealer kindly gave me a part of his bed. Next day we proceeded to Salt Lake City and arrived safe and sound. Many were the congratulations of my friends in Salt Lake City.

After being set apart with the rest of the brethren going on missions, I bid goodbye to my fr iends, many of whom left a coin in my hand to help me on my journey.

I traveled on the U. P. R. R. to Omaha, T. W. Horsley being my companion. We were delayed three days in New York City and took passage on the steamship Wisconsin, Elder Edwin Spencer of Randolph being my berth companion. We were not many hours out of New York before we were sick and remained so for two or three days. We then began to feel better and regained our appetites.

We arrived in Liverpool, England, after ten day's voyage. Upon landing we were met by some of the brethren from the

Liverpool office and were taken to the office of the Latter Day Saints and were assigned to the Nottingham Conference.

Before entering upon my duties I went to my native place to visit my father, brothers and sisters and arrived that same evening at the place of my birth. My folks were very pleased to see me. They had not known of my coming so I took them by surprise. I spent three or four days with them and visited my friends and the old haunts of my childhood. While the appeared very natural to me, still I had no desire to stay long with them so I repaired to my field of labor and was assigned to the Leicester District of the Nottingham Conference. I had great joy and satisfaction in my labors and succedded in baptizing some of my relatives.

In the spring of 1883 I was removed to the Hucknal District and labored with Brother Edwin Spencer. I baptized while in England 49 people. My health while there was very poor, in fact, I scarcely saw a well day. I was permitted to return home at any period of time on account of my ill health, by Pres. John Henry Smith who succeeded Albert Carrington.

In July a company of Icelanders arrived at Liverpool. The office in Liverpool had not been notified of their coming so I was called to bring them home to Salt Lake City. I had one and a half day's notice to get ready to return to Salt Lake City. I visited my relatives and friends and repaired to Liverpool, bought a few things for my family and went on board the steamship Wisconsin and took charge of this company of Icelanders who could not speak a word of English.

I being the only returning missionary, it was a very lonesome trip for me, still I was kept very busy attending to the wants of the company. After 10 days passage we arrived in New Youk on July 24, 1883. After one days delay in New York we started for Salt Lake City and arrived there on July 29, 1883, all in good health.

After reporting my mission to President Taylor and seeing that the emigrants were cared for I started for my home in Bear Lake Valley hoping to find my family all well. While at Granger I received some bad news brought to me by Ferrimore Little to the effect that my son, Richard, had received a very severe accident on July 24, by the bursting of a can of powder. He told me that one eye was blown out and they did not know whether he would ever have the sight of the other one and that he was burned badly. From that time until I arrived at Montpelier, I was in a state of excitement. Before jumping from the train in Montpelier I saw my son, Richard,,who had met with the accident. He had a veil over his face. I lifted the veil to see if the news I had received was true. It was not so bad as represented. He had his eyesight but was badly burned. I repaired to my home in Paris, Idaho, very thankful to be with my family again.

I then resumed my trade as community blacksmith and kept in good health.

In September I was appointed home missionary and senior president of the eleventh quorum of Seventy which position I

held for many years. Later I was ordained a high priest.

On July 2, 1887, I married Sarah Wooley. From this union was born one daughter, Wealthy Ann, and one son, Heber.

In May, 1905, at the age of 70 years I retired from the blacksmith trade and turned my shop over to my son, Harry Edward. From then on I spent my time enjoying myself, visiting my relatives and my married children.

John Allen Sutton died May 11, 1913, in Paris, Idaho.