

1862-1869

## Disaster

The rain that had threatened all of Christmas afternoon began to fall before the dinner was finished, so most of the guests hurried away at once. A storm always complicated evening chores and meant that there should be an extra supply of wood inside. They had learned to expect some snow and rain at this time of year; they welcomed it, in fact, for it meant water for next summer's crops. But they were not accustomed to rain that continued day after day for a week and then for another week. Lee closed his journal for the year with the statement, "Through the week the storms still raging; prospects dark and gloomy; the Earth a sea of water and thus closes 1861." The next day's entry is equally eloquent. "Jany. 1st., 1862 Begins with a storm. The face of the country is deluged with water."

Well might Lee have regretted the ten days he took during the pleasant fall weather to follow Brigham Young and his party to Washington, back to Harmony and on to Beaver. Perhaps even the time he had spent on the mill at Washington could have been put to better use here, where he knew that the fort was not in good condition. Perhaps now he lamented that he had not used more straw in the adobes in the first place, when Thomas D. Brown and others complained that he was not building to specifications. But they had no straw, or very little so far away that it did not seem worth it to slow down the work while men went for it. It was the earthquake that had done the most damage, cracking some of the walls full length.

Whatever his regrets, he was now faced with a bitter reality. Throughout the next week the rain fell steadily, and then turned to cold and snow, which continued until the fourteenth, when the rain began again. By this time much of the fort had actually been reduced to a pile of mud, and none of it was really safe. During the summer he had built the basement room for Emma's dwelling at the new location, and she had moved into it, but now the water began to seep in so fast that they could not bail it out. Working in the rain, Lee fixed up some lumber shanties in which they took temporary refuge.

On January 15, the barn fell, the side foundation having been washed away earlier. Lee moved all his family into the west side of the fort, which was better preserved than the east — and not too soon, either, for within a few hours they heard the whole side fall with a

sickening roar. Nor were they safe here, for the north wall was melting away like sugar.

On January 18, the storm slackened a little, and with the help of two neighbors, they moved three wagonloads of furniture, food, and children to the upper site. The mud was axle deep, so that it required eight yoke of cattle to each wagon to drag them at all. Everything was wet; clothing, bedding, fuel. Once the big range was set up, with the fire going, they could keep it alive with the boards and timbers of the fallen barn, for by keeping some stacked on end behind the stove to be drying out, they could manage a circle of warmth.

Surely nothing like this had ever happened before. On the morning of January 31, they had their first glimpse of the sun for twenty-eight days, but before noon it was clouded again and snowing, piling to a depth of ten inches in the next two days. By now all the family was moved out of the fort except Sarah Caroline and her children. She insisted that, since the roof was off the second story and the rain had ceased, she was safe for a while longer. She did have four walls around her and a big fireplace, where they could keep warm, also two beds with dry bedding, and she dreaded to leave it when she had no other place of shelter.

For days Lee had been dogged by the fear that he was not going to get them all out of the fort in time. The grownups and older children were all kept busy with the moving and with helping to get fuel and shelter. There were six wives living here; Terressa lived with Emma, and between them they could care for Emma's year-old son. Aggatha's youngest was six, and his older brothers and sisters helped to see that he was kept warm and dry. But Rachel had two little boys, aged one and three, while Mary Leah and Sarah Caroline each had four younger than eight. It was these two families that remained longest at the fort.

At last all were moved to higher ground except Sarah Caroline and hers. She had a web of cloth in the loom, which kept her occupied, and she maintained that she would like to finish it before they moved. It represented so many hours of work, that she wanted to take it out completed. With her at the time was Terressa, the two changing off at the loom and caring for the children. After all, the entire group of little ones had crowded into this one room the night before while the storm raged outside. One night more, and they would get out too.

The children were in bed, five-year-old Margaret Ann beside her brother George Albert, just a year older than she, at the head. The two older boys were up, and Terressa had little Sarah Ann. Suddenly the mother had an impulse to get out and hurried all through the door in her first fear, without disturbing the two sleeping children. Whether

it was already falling or whether the draft from the opening door made a difference, no one could guess, but the partition wall from the upper floor crashed, coming through the ceiling, the heavy weight killing the two children instantly. At least it seemed that they must have been instantly killed, for there were no cries except from those who had escaped and were calling for help. By the time anyone could get there with a light and remove the debris, there was no hope for the children.

This was truly a sad affair, even more so because both parents had known that they should leave the fort, and both had delayed because of the rigors of wet and cold to which the children must be exposed if they left the shelter and fire. Now the little bodies could hardly be buried properly, with the rain unceasing and the soggy graveyard in a location where it was almost impossible to dig a decent grave. The meeting hall was gone and there was no other place to hold a public funeral. During a brief lull in the storm they gathered at the graveyard. A hymn was sung, a few words of comfort offered to the weeping mother, a dedicatory prayer, and then the mud was being pushed into the hole, plumping onto the boxes with a reverberation that reminded them of the wall which had snuffed out the young lives.

These people did not know that the storm was general. In California, city streets were inundated; in northern Nevada towns had each its own private tragedy. All they knew was that in the cotton mission of southern Utah there was destruction everywhere. The little hamlets on the upper Virgin all were washed out. Philip Klingensmith lost his home at Pocketville, and his cane mill, blacksmith shop, stored food, hay and grain, furniture — everything he had at that place. The same was true of many of the other settlers.

On the upper Santa Clara at Gunlock, the families of Dudley Leavitt and William Hamblin had to abandon their houses, take shelter under makeshift tents of wagon-cover or tarpaulin, and watch their possessions go down the stream. At Santa Clara everything went before the flood — the burr flour mill, molasses mill, threshing machine, and the orchards and vineyards. The rock fort, which had sheltered missionaries and later settlers, caved off in great hunks into the stream, until, when the water subsided only one corner was left perched precariously on a ten-foot ledge.

Stories of this forty-day rain and the resulting floods have become legend in Utah's Dixie. At Santa Clara, Jacob Hamblin was standing too near the bank when a piece of land almost as big as a cabin slid into the water. He was left with his footing melting away under him like sugar and no way to scale the sandy ledge. Just as the last of the ground disappeared and he was about to slip into the muddy current, a lasso rope whirled over his head and fell around his body. His

Indian boy, Albert, had seen his predicament and had come to his rescue. The rope firmly under his arms, Hamblin clung with his hands, braced his feet against the bank, and climbed to safety.

One end of this same lariat was now tied to a post at the foot of the hill and to another at the tree near the corner of the fort. By holding firmly to it, men went back and forth through water above their knees to carry bedding and grain from the fort to the hill. A woman who had given birth to a baby after the flood began was carried out in this way.

One elderly lady sat under her dripping shelter on the hill and rocked back and forth, saying over and over, "It is the end of the world. It will never come daylight again. The end of the world. The end of the world. . . ." Beside her a Swiss sister prayed aloud in her native tongue.

Lee's former hired man, Benjamin Platte, and his wife, Mary, were living at Pocketville and all that they had was lost in the flood. After the waters subsided, some people followed down the stream bed to see what they might salvage, for a few things were bound to lodge wherever a tree was stuck in the sand. At one home Mrs. Platte saw a barrel with the corks still securely in. "That is my barrel of molasses," she announced. "See, Ben, it's that barrel that Brother Forsythe made, solid as a nut. See the oak willow hoops! That's our barrel, all right!" But the man who had found it meant to keep it unless he had more proof than that. Instantly, Mary loosened the cork and pulled it out. There around the bottom was a piece of plaid cloth. Opening it triumphantly she fitted it into the bottom of her husband's shirttail, from where the piece had been cut. The plaid matched perfectly. There could be no denying that evidence!

Lee was given to seeing the hand of God in everything that happened, either good or bad. However, he felt that in this case the death of his children was his own fault for not following his promptings in spite of what anyone else said or did. Had he done that, their lives would have been saved. He could not change things now; he could only repent deeply and resolve that in the future he would be more responsive, quicker to do what he was prompted to do. In the light of this great loss, all others he suffered were as nothing.

At Harmony, his families were homeless but the land remained unhurt, and he knew that within a short time he could rebuild homes. The fort was ready to be abandoned before the storm began and the momentary discomfort of rain, cold, and mud soon would be forgotten, as Brother Brigham told them after their move from Summer Quarters in the rain. The new settlers, three hundred families at St. George and twenty-three of the Swiss colony at Santa Clara, had been forced to wait out the storm in their wagons, without even a general shelter. Lee had lost much, but some people had lost everything in the storms.

All through February and March he worked to build houses with all available help, though he had been forced to let many of his hired men go. He took Mary Leah and her four children to stay with her parents at Toquerville until he could build a place for her. Rachel and Aggatha occupied one cabin; Caroline, Emma, and Terressa another.

Lee dreaded to visit Washington, for he had learned that the mill on which he had spent so much of both time and money was washed away, the machinery buried deep in the sand. The molasses mill with the iron rollers was gone also, and one piece of land. When finally he did go, Lee found his fruit trees bursting into bloom, his mansion well-kept, and his young sons working at the garden. He took heart. He would have to lease out the field land here however, because his responsibilities at Harmony were so great.

Though he worked very hard, still it took Lee more than four years to build back to his status before the flood, so disastrous had it been. He kept up his regular pattern of life, attending always to his church duties and helping with the sick. When the Harmony ward was asked for outfits to help bring the poor saints across the plains, he donated as much as all the others put together. In spite of everything, however, his prestige kept slipping. Apostle Erastus Snow would come to his home, eat with him and consult with him on matters pertaining to the Indians, but would not give him any public recognition. On March 5, 1864, on the suggestion that he do so, Lee resigned as bishop of Harmony Ward, and James H. Imlay was appointed in his place.

By 1866 Lee had all his families in comfortable homes and the mansion which he had planned before the flood almost finished. He had also taken another wife — his last. She was Ann Gordge, eighteen, who had come with her mother and brother David from Australia in 1856. Her father had been drowned and her mother, Merabe Hancock Gordge, had married John Phillips as a plural wife. They lived at Beaver.

Aggatha had been failing for some time until by the spring of 1866 she was on her death bed with a lingering malignancy. She knew that she must die soon, and not wishing to leave any bitterness behind her, asked for all the wives to come to see her. During long hours in bed, she had thought often of the past and of her experiences when her husband had accepted the celestial law of marriage. It had been hard to see him with other women; especially young, beautiful, accomplished ones.

She had never really accepted the principle until John D. took her to call on Brigham Young. He was kind and understanding as he reminded her that, after all, she was Lee's first, the bride of his youth. No one could ever take that from her. Then Young had told her that, as the first wife, she would set the tone of the household; she even

more than her husband would be responsible for maintaining love and peace and cooperation. Plurality was not easy for the young wives, either, he said. She must help them through their times of discouragement and be kind to their children. If she did this, in the end she would reap the blessing of their love and respect. Moreover, she would help to bring her husband into the highest positions here on earth and to eternal exaltation hereafter.

Aggatha had accepted the counsel and the charge, and felt that she had in part succeeded. She reminded herself of the answer given by one other sister in the church when she was asked, "Doesn't it almost break your heart to have your husband take another wife?"

"If my heart stands between me and the Kingdom of God, it *ought* to break!" she said.

So it was that she did not interfere when she could see that Mary Ann Williams was in love with Alma rather than his father. So it was too, that she could meet Emma with such poise and cordiality — Emma, so young and fresh and full of vitality, but also impulsive and sharp of tongue. With her skill in cooking and the household arts, she had already taken Aggatha's place when it came to putting on banquets for the authorities or managing town dinners.

Now here was the last one, the buxom girl, Ann Gorge, who had helped to plant corn and wash wool, who had stayed through the night and held John's hand as they waited and watched at her bedside. Living as she did with Emma, Ann would have little chance to demonstrate any skills beyond washing dishes or scrubbing.

Dear Emma, Aggatha thought, how wonderful she was in spite of her lively tongue and quick temper. Now she was pregnant again, heavy and miserable. She had lost her first baby soon after its birth, and her little boys, Billy and Ike, were now six and three years of age. At every birth she had hoped for a daughter, and three times she had had a son. With Rachel, it had been just the opposite — she had wanted sons and then had four daughters before she got a baby boy. They had been discussing it one day.

"Well, if this one is another boy I'll give it to you, Rachel," Emma said, jokingly.

But to John D. such a remark was not a joke.

"You should never say such a thing, Emma," he said. "You should be ashamed. If it were a boy, you might be called upon to keep your word. But this time it is not a boy that you are carrying, it is twin girls. You shall name one of them Rachel Emma, the other you may be called upon to give back to the Lord in punishment for your heedless tongue."

Now that her husband had said it, Aggatha knew that Emma would bear twin daughters. If she could only live long enough to see them!

Her suffering grew in intensity, and with it her desire to see her children and all the family. Perhaps if this wish could be granted, she could relax and die in peace. A horseman was sent to notify them all and call them home — not Sarah Jane who lived now at Beaver, not Polly and Lavina who were at Washington, since they were all so far away.

She had lain in a state of semiconsciousness for several hours, but when word came that the children had arrived, she aroused and seemed to revive.

Joseph, now twenty-two, came in with a bucket of snow which he had climbed to the top of the mountain to find. How could she put into words her tenderness for this boy who had been her baby in Nauvoo during those most difficult years, who had always been most considerate of her.

"Thank you, Joseph," she said. "You are always so good to me. This snow is so cooling. Let me eat some more and then I can talk to you all."

"Alma," she cried, "I'm so glad you could come. And Mary Ann and the babies. Alma, you are a married man with a family of your own. Pray with your children and bring them up in the fear of the Lord. Be humble and prayerful and live the life of a Latter-day Saint."

To each she gave a private word, commending the two little boys, Samuel and Ezra, into the care of her sister Rachel and their older brothers and sisters. Then to them all she gave the same advice.

"Honor your father and listen to his counsel. He is a man of God, and he will never lead you astray. Turn to him in your sickness and trouble, and stand by him in whatever he may be called to endure."

The wives came in a group — Rachel, her beloved sister, Caroline, Mary Leah, Emma, now heavy and misshapen, Terressa, and the girl-bride, Ann.

"I love you all," she said. "If I have ever hurt your feelings in any way, I ask your pardon. I hold no ill will against any of you. Learn to bear and forbear and to be charitable with one another. Let your love for our husband bind you together and not tear you apart. I shall hope to meet you in a better place, where I am free from pain."

There was weeping and broken words of goodbye as each wife passed the bed.

"Let them all go," she said to her husband, "all but you and the older boys. I want you to dedicate me to the Lord."

This ordinance was used only in rare cases, and usually only upon the request of the sufferer. The teaching was that each should bear his lot with fortitude and await God's own time for his release. However, when it was evident that death was inevitable, the prayer would include a request that, in mercy, the time should be cut short and the patient released from his pain.

Three days more Aggatha lingered, though she did not speak again. At last she relaxed, her muscles losing the rigidity of suffering, and a faint smile settling on her face with the last exhalations of her breath. To the watching family standing in silence around the bed, it was as though they had witnessed a miracle as her spirit took its flight. It was just at midnight.

The funeral service must be held the next afternoon, for it was June and mortification had set in even before the breathing stopped. Some of the wives hardly got to bed at all, for the body must be washed and dressed; the burial clothes could be put on more easily now than later. For days the coffin boards had been ready, fitted, planed and measured. By daybreak they were put together, and others of the women were busy with the lining and decorating of the casket.

The meeting was held in the living room of the home in which she died. Neighbors and friends all came to speak of the virtues of this sister who had been as a mother to them all, and whose children could in reality "rise up and call her blessed." She was buried in the cemetery beside little George and Margaret, where even today the cut stones mark their places.

The year, 1866 was one of general unrest among the Indians of the south, so that people on the ranches and smaller settlements were counseled to gather in larger units for safety. When Apostle Erastus Snow came with this counsel, Lee protested, saying that he had no fear of the Indians because they were his friends. His homes were placed so that with a minimum of labor he could enclose the spaces between with a high picket fence that would provide a large central space. This he was permitted to do.

His sons now constituted a good working crew. Every day he recorded the activities of each, always listing among them Charley Chamberlain "nee Wilson," the son of Terressa, James H. Thompson, son of Caroline, and William Orson Lee, son of Martha Berry, who until his own marriage worked with his father.

His records show something of the family management and economy. That season there were four hundred and fifty pounds of wool to be divided among the wives in proportion to the number of their children. On one trip north, he took two hundred pounds of butter and cheese to exchange for cotton yarn, tea, coffee, groceries, and tinware. On some of his trips to Parowan for wheat, he took whiskey to exchange.

On one of these trips Bishop Lunt at Cedar City asked him to sit with a group in judgment upon George Wood, who was brought up before the bishop's court for disturbing meetings, precipitating fights, and threatening the brethren. The question was: Should he be cut off from the Church and cast out? Lee pled for leniency, asking that they

give George a chance to make a confession and to be rebaptized as a pledge that he would try to do better. Though some of the council protested at first, Lee's judgment was finally accepted.

On July 22, Lee wrote that "Emma B. . . was confined & according to previous promises that I made to her, brought fourth a pair of twin Girls, one of which was Named before its birth, that is, the first Born was called Rachel Emma & the other was called Ana Eliza. . . ." for Ann Gordge, Emma's companion wife in her home, and the girl friend with whom she had crossed the plains. The first weighed 8½ pounds, the second 8¾, making a total of 17½ pounds. Of the incident Lee recorded, "I further said to Emma, the mother of the twins; you have obtained the promise, a Daughter to bear your Name and an other to comfort you. . . I now promise you that if you will be on your guard, live humble & Faithful, the atonement will be made without the loss of your Litle Girls. I pray the Father in the Name of the son to give you Faith, firmness, and Fidelity, that Satan may not move you from the pathway of your duty. . ."

For many years, Lee had felt that he had a definite prophetic power in so far as his own family was concerned. It was the right of every good man to have the inspiration of God in his private affairs, he believed, and such incidents as this strengthened his own faith at the same time that it impressed his wives.

Among the people at Harmony, on the other hand, he was in general disrepute. Whisperings about the massacre continued; the stories became more numerous and highly colored. In many ways his neighbors showed their disapproval — by turning their cattle into his grain fields, interfering with his water ditches, and making snide remarks to his wives or children. He always attended church, he was first to fill the assignment made by Brigham Young to get out poles for the new telegraph line, he was prompt in paying his tithes. At Parowan and Cedar City, he was often called upon to speak at church, and at Kanarra he was held in high esteem. Perhaps his very industry, his driving use of his family and hired help, his shrewd trading, his ability to amass property and to live well made his neighbors all the more critical of him.

Certainly he carried on a brisk trading program. Late in 1866 he recorded that he had purchased for trade thirty-two guns; he was always exchanging produce or cattle for the things that he needed. On Christmas Day he entertained all his children and grandchildren as well as several of the families of Lemuel H. Redd and Sam Worthen. The dinner was prepared by Emma at her home "& had the applause of all who Participated in it." On the morning of New Year's Day he wrote that "We hale the New Year with a firm determination to live nearer to the Lord this year than I did the past year."

During spring the company of Simms, Matheny, & Felshaw came into the town with a load of goods to trade for cattle. They stayed at the Lee home, boarded and fed their stock, and he traded with them and also took goods for their expense. He set up a private school at his home and hired Charles St. Clair to teach it.

Later in the spring, his two sons, Willard and Joseph, were called on missions, so Lee rounded up some cattle to drive in to Salt Lake City to meet the expenses of their transportation and clothes. He carried with him a letter from Bishop Henry Lunt of Cedar City to the effect that "Bro. J. D. Lee is a staunch, firm Latterday Saint, seeks to build up the Kingdom of God & live by its Principles & is in full Faith & Fellowship." This would be an important document for him to present wherever he stopped to do business.

En route to Salt Lake City he met President Young and his company coming south.

"I had hoped to meet you at Harmony before you left," Brother Brigham told him.

"I am on my way to the City with my sons who are called on missions, with beef cattle to pay their expenses. But if you wish, I can go back with you."

"No," said Brother Brigham. "If you are driving stock, you will just have time to get there before the company leaves. By the way, we are sending a group to the Southern States and had considered sending your boys with them. What would you think of that?"

"Since you ask me, I will tell you," Lee answered. "Young, inexperienced boys like these can do little in the Southern States. Men of experience are needed there."

"We will send them to England then. God bless you, Brother John. I will see you in the city before you leave."

As they passed through the various settlements, they traded molasses for butter, six pounds to the gallon, a horse for a cow and a year-old calf, and got an order for a stove on a past debt.

Emma was along, going up to meet her sister, Fanny Gilbert, a widow who was supporting her family by taking in washings. The two women had years of visiting to catch up on, and the children at once fell in love with their new Uncle John.

Lee was much impressed by the reception which President Young received upon his return to Salt Lake City. A parade consisting of the military in uniform, the brass and martial bands drawn by matched horses from four to eight to the vehicle, marching children attended by their teachers, each group carrying banners and mottoes — a total of twenty-five thousand passed before the home of President Young, where he stood for more than an hour and a half bowing and waving to them as they marched by. "These marks of kindness he has won

through Faithfulness and Fidelity to his calling as a man of God," Lee wrote.

Joseph and Willard left for their mission to England with \$110 each and a full outfit of new clothes. During their stay in the city they had shopped, had their pictures taken, attended the endowment house during the day and the theater at night. Now they were to have their first travel experience, crossing the plains to the Mississippi River on freight wagons. From there on they would be able to go by rail and boat.

Lee and Emma took three of Fanny Gilbert's children home with them, Henry, Joseph and Elizabeth, with the promise that he would bring them back in the fall when he came up again, this time to bring President Young's herd of goats.

At Fillmore, a young woman, Jane Woolsey, proposed marriage to John D., saying that she loved him more than any other man and that she wished to become a member of his family. He reminded her that he was an old man while she was still a very young girl who might have many chances for marriage. When she insisted that she had never loved anyone else, he promised that if she still felt the same when he came up in the fall, he would take her in to Salt Lake City and have her sealed to him.

He arrived home in mid-June to find his farm in excellent condition and his crops doing well. During the summer there were the traditional celebrations, with the daily business of work between. Young Henry Gilbert, who had come down with him, had spells of insanity wherein he ran over the hills, sometimes foamed and roared or brayed like an ass, until they were hard put to know what to do with him.

In mid-October Lee started to Salt Lake City, driving Brother Brigham's goats, with a new wagon well fitted up. This time he took his wife Rachel to accompany him, the three Gilbert children to return home, and little Tom Woolsey to help with the goats. They spent eighteen days en route, in order that the animals might feed along the way. From Kanarraville, he took Julia Huntsman, who asked to go to Provo to see her mother; at Fillmore he picked up Jane Woolsey. But the girls were so giddy and giggling, so irresponsible and silly, that by the time they reached the city he was so thoroughly disgusted with them both that he would not marry either.

He delivered the President's goat herd without the loss of a single animal and received for all his labor a hearty thanks, the feed for his team and horses, a suit of fine cloth worth forty-four dollars, and a long visit with his adopted father.

When he arrived home early in December, 1867, he was disturbed by the bad management of the farm during his absence. With Aggatha gone and the two older boys away on missions, there had not been

the same industry in preparing for the winter or the same care in storing the feed for the cattle that they usually had. By the next April he was constrained to write that:

A darker time I have not seen for many a year to sustain a large family with Bread. About 50 Mouthes to fill daily — yet my trust is in god. I have all my Bread, Meat, & vegitables to bye till after harvest & but few cows to give us Milk as yet. My Promise is by the Prophets of the Lord . . . that I shall never lack, nor my Own beg Bread & in the times of Famine I shall be fed & that Means Shall flow to me from unexpected quarters. This saying has been verified in Many instances. I have always found room when I had made one step to Make an other. So when one 100 lbs. of Flour was about gone, there would be another one come — so that we always have Bread & have the Name of setting the best Table in the Place & as a general thing our store House is well supplied & in this time of Scarcity I acknowledge the hand of the Lord in it that we may be more Frugal in taking care of what the Lord has blessed us with. . . .

Now he rented out his farm land at New Harmony for one-half the crop divided in the field, keeping only his garden lots and orchards for himself. Since their cabin leaked badly he had need to build now another house for Emma and Ann.

About this time the first open trouble developed with his neighbors. While he was away at Washington, his wife Emma received a "fictitious" letter from the post office, purporting to have been written by an officer at Camp Douglas, in which Lee was warned that he had ten days in which to escape or he would be hung up on Old Fort Harmony for his participation in the Mountain Meadows massacre. Emma at once decided that the message was of local origin, for it was the third such letter that had been delivered through the mail, though without the proper postmarks.

Emma accused George Hicks and John Lawson of writing the messages in the hope that they would frighten her husband into going into hiding again. Always before, he had been warned by special messengers whose loyalty could not be questioned, and who came direct from Brigham Young or others who understood the secret code. On the face of it, the letter was false, and since both Lawson and Hicks had had differences with the family over the ditch or the fence line, she suspected that one of them had written it.

"You are nothing but a poor, sneaking, pusillanimous pup, always meddling in other men's business. You had better sing low and keep

out of my way or I'll put a load of salt in your backside," she told Hicks.

One word led to another until at last he preferred a charge against her for un-Christian-like conduct, and had her brought before the bishop's court. Here the whole situation was reviewed. She maintained that he had provoked her to say what she did by a long train of outrages, while he insisted that she took advantage of the fact that she was a woman to abuse and slander him. In the end, the bishop and his counsellors decided that both were in the wrong, that they should make amends to each other and that both should be rebaptized as an evidence that they had repented and would try to do better.

Lee advised Emma to submit, for even though he felt that she had given Hicks no more than he deserved, still the bishop represented the authority of the town and had made the best decision that he knew how to make. Besides that, he was a very young man and would probably gain wisdom with the years.

Emma hesitated a while before she could bring herself to accept the terms, then rising she said in a clear voice, "Very well, Bishop, I accept your decision upon one condition — that I may select the man who is to baptize me."

Glad to see that the matter might thus be settled, the bishop consented.

"Very well, then. I am much obliged to you," she said with a fine sarcasm. "I demand baptism at your hands, since you are so inconsiderate as to require a woman to be immersed when the water is full of snow and ice — and that only for defending the good name of her husband. Maybe if your own backside gets wet in ice water, you'll be more careful how you decide next time."

At this the spectators burst into gales of laughter.

"Good for you, Emma!" one called out.

"Stick him to it! He deserves it!" cried another, and in general everyone seemed to think it was all a good joke.

But Hicks would accept no such decision. He had done nothing for which he should be rebaptized. Nor would he shake hands with Lee or with Emma or make pretense that he considered the matter settled. The bishop postponed action, since he had an appointment at Kanab, he said, and the whole affair was dropped.

This was but one of many irritations. The Lee children, especially, when they were humiliated, would retaliate by fighting. One of his daughters was abandoned in the center of the dance hall floor when her partner learned who she was. He would not dance with a girl whose father was a murderer, he said, whereat one of her brothers slapped his face and told him he could at least have been gentleman

enough to show the lady to a seat. This incident called forth another session with the bishop's court.

Perhaps the most spectacular bit of trouble with his neighbors came that fall when John Lawson brought his son-in-law, George Dodds, and began cutting down the young trees and willows that grew along the creek where it ran through Lee's property, just behind the house occupied by Emma and Ann, the two youngest wives. They both went out and protested, saying they needed the shade for their ducks and chickens, and they did not want him in their yard. Lawson disregarded them entirely so they sent for their husband. He and his son Willard came at once and ordered Lawson off the place. Tempers flared and there were threats of shooting, but Willard remained calm, suggested that they just take Lawson's ax away and send him packing. This they did, each man swearing that he would issue a complaint against the other.

The next morning early, Lawson returned with four others and began again at chopping along the stream where it ran through the Lee yard. Now the young wives had no time to send for help or to wait for it to come. Ann filled a pan with boiling water and, when Lawson paid no attention to what she said, threw it at him. It had little effect, since she was too far away, so he laughed as he went on with his work.

Angered, she hurried back to the house and returned with Emma and a pan of hot water each. Now Lawson stopped, held up his ax, and told them to stand back. Emma threw her dose and, when his attention was diverted, Ann threw hers and sprang at him, catching the arm that held the ax. In the scuffle they both fell, Ann on top. "When I with several others reached the scene of action, found them both on the ground & Ann with one hand in his hair & with the other pounding him in the face. In the mean time Emma returned with a New Supply of hot watter & then pitched into him with Ann & they bothe handled him rather Ruff. His face was a gore of Blood. My son Willard finally took them off of him. . . ."

Lawson went at once to Kanarra and swore out a complaint against the girls for assault and battery with intent to kill. The sheriff served the papers and the court was handled according to the law, with Bishop Lorenzo W. Roundy acting as judge. The decision was that Lawson pay the costs of the court and twenty-five dollar fine for trespass and for deliberately stirring up trouble. The spectators were called upon for their reaction to the verdict, at which they were unanimous in sustaining the judgment.

"Thus showing a difference of oppinions in 2 setlements, Harmony & Kannarah. Harmony would have Justified an apostate in spreading desolation to a man's door & deprecate the Idea of defending even a Person's private Rights," Lee wrote.

In the spring of 1869, Brigham Young and company, traveling in eight wagons or carriages, set out on another regular visit to the southern settlements. At Fillmore they encountered a heavy snow storm, quite out of season for April, which held them road-bound and threw them off schedule. Understanding that they did not intend to visit Harmony, Lee rode to Cedar City and then on to Parowan to meet them, in the hope that he might have a chance to visit with President Young.

They all greeted him warmly. Brother Brigham even addressed him publicly in meeting. "John D., did you ever know me to Preach what I did not Practice? I answered in the negative, No, nor neither did anybody else Ever know me to Preach what I did not Practice," Lee recorded. It was a little thing, true, but it was a recognition and it lifted Lee and set him apart as someone special.

As they left town the next morning, President Young called Lee to the carriage and asked him to tuck the foxskin down firmly as an excuse to tell him in private that they planned to be in Washington on Friday. Would he go ahead and make the necessary preparations? Lee would and did; with dispatch.

On Thursday afternoon, word came over the telegraph wire that the president would spend the night at Harrisburg or Washington. A day early! Lee passed the word to Captain W. Freeman, and together they secured an escort of twenty mounted men, rode out a mile beyond Washington, and waited an hour on an eminence, watching the road for any sign of dust. By dusk they had convinced themselves the President had stopped at Harrisburg. The roads were bad, the trip strenuous, and he did not like to travel at night. The other members of the posse overruled Lee's suggestion that they ride ahead another mile or two.

About half an hour after they had disbanded, the company arrived. Lee hurried immediately to the home of Bishop Covington to make his apologies.

"Where is your escort?" President Young asked sharply. Then without waiting for any explanation, he went on, "You know that I need an escort especially when I am traveling at night and in Indian country."

But the president was so worn out with the trip that he wanted to dispense with formalities and get to bed. He agreed to eat his supper — he ordered only a bowl of mush and milk — with Bishop Covington, but said that he would sleep at the home of John D. Lee and take breakfast with him. Since Lee had a sumptuous meal all prepared, the other members of the company came to his home and enjoyed it, some of them joking good-naturedly about the fact that Brother Brigham was so put out at having to enter the town without an escort that he would deny himself such a meal as this. When he finally came over,



he went immediately to bed, saying that he would do his visiting on the morrow.

Before sunrise he was serenaded by the local band, while many of the townspeople gathered. The school children came marching in double file, grade by grade, each bearing a banner honoring their beloved President, the leading one being: "WELCOME BRIGHAM, THE FRIEND OF MANKIND." Everyone was eager to see and hear the famous man, the representative of God upon the earth.

After the meeting, the armed escort of the night before rode ahead with the flag to the outskirts of St. George, where they were met by the brass bands from St. George and Santa Clara and the military group in full uniform. As they entered the main part of town, they found the streets lined with people; little girls in white dresses scattered green branches and flowers before them or tossed them at the carriage as he passed.

One young mother, heavily pregnant and holding a restless eighteen-months-old child, had waited so long for the procession that she was almost ready to drop. As the carriage passed, the horses stiffly reined in and prancing, Brother Brigham removed his hat and bowed to one side and the other smiling.

"Well, is that all there is to it?" she asked a little petulantly.

She was very quickly and sharply rebuked by an elderly lady who had overheard her remark.

"Young woman, you have had the privilege of looking upon the Prophet of the Living God," she said. "That should be reward enough if you had to stand here all day."

Most of the people shared this feeling.

As for John D. Lee, he was not a part of the procession. When they met the group from St. George, Brother Brigham motioned him close to the carriage.

"You are going back now?" he asked, but it was as much a statement as a question. It was a dismissal of him and his, a way to tell them that their services were no longer needed. They returned to Washington to get their teams and wagons loaded with wives, children, and neighbors so that all could hear Brother Brigham speak in the basement of the Tabernacle, now under construction at St. George.

This might have seemed a small thing, the expected thing, really, to the other horsemen. To Lee, it was a distinct let down. It was the first time he had not been invited to be one of the official entourage, to travel as an equal to those of the retinue next in rank to the president himself. It was the beginning of the end, Lee felt vaguely. Since the cotton mission had been established seven years before, since the flood had destroyed his mill and the fruits of all his labors, things had

been different. Erastus Snow, the man in charge here, had never seemed to appreciate Lee. He had not been given any important stake assignments. Lee expected coolness in St. George, but he did not expect this pointed slight from his adopted father.

Still he forgave it, attended every meeting of the two-day conference, and took extensive notes on the sermons of Brother Brigham, which he transferred with great care into his diary.