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MOUNT PISGAH.

History of a Temporary Settlement of the "Mormons" while on Their
Westward Journey.

BY ANDREW JENSON, ASSISTANT CHURCH HISTORIAN.

When the Latter-day Saints in February, 1846, were forced by their enemies in Illinois to commence their exodus from Nauvoo, they began their famous journey westward toward the Rocky Mountains. The advance companies, after traveling 145 miles, established a temporary settlement at a place which they named Garden Grove, now in Decatur County, Iowa, where they put in considerable grain for the benefit of the companies which should follow after. Leaving some of the families at Garden Grove to continue farming operations and making other improvements, the majority of the people continued the journey westward, and on the 18th of May, 1846, Pres. Brigham Young and many others arrived on the Middle Fork of Grand River, at a place which Parley P. Pratt (who had been sent ahead of the main companies to explore) had named Mt. Pisgah. Parley P. Pratt writes:

"After assisting to fence this farm (Garden Grove) and build some log houses, I was dispatched ahead by the Presidency with a small company to try to find another location. Crossing this branch of Grand River (the East Fork) I steered through the vast and fertile prairies and groves without a track or anything but a compass to guide me, the country being entirely wild and without inhabitants. Our course was west, a little north. We crossed small streams daily, which, on account of deep beds and miry banks, as well as on account of their being swollen by the rains, we had to bridge. After journeying thus for several days, and while lying in camp on a small stream which we had bridged, I took my horse and rode ahead some three miles in search of one of the main forks of Grand River, which we had

expected to find for some time. Riding about three or four miles through beautiful prairies, I came suddenly to some round and sloping hills, grassy and crowned with beautiful groves of timber, while alternate open groves and forests seemed blended in all the beauty and harmony of an English park, while beneath and beyond, on the west, rolled a main branch of Grand River, with its rich bottoms of alternate forest and prairie. As I approached this lovely scenery several deer and wolves, being startled at the sight of me, abandoned the place and bounded away till lost from my sight amid the groves. Being pleased and excited at the beautiful scenery before me, I cried out, "This is Mt. Pisgah." I returned to my camp with the report of having found the long sought river, and we soon moved on and encamped under the shade of these beautiful groves. It was now late in May (the middle of May) and we halted here to await the arrival of the President and council. In a few days they arrived and formed a general encampment here, and finally formed a settlement and surveyed and enclosed another farm of several thousand acres. This became a town and resting place for the Saints for years, and is now (1856) known on the map of Iowa as a village and post office named Pisgah."

On the day of Pres. Brigham Young's arrival at Mt. Pisgah, (May 18, 1846), he, accompanied by Elder Heber C. Kimball, Geo. A. Smith, Albert P. Rockwood and Henry G. Sherwood went ahead from their camping place of the previous night, to look out a road, instructing the camp to wait till they returned; but as soon as the bridge was finished, the camp went on without a pilot and took a very crooked route till about noon, when Captain Albert P. Rockwood returned and stopped the camp at the creek where they built a bridge and waited till the President and his party returned and reported Parley P. Pratt's trail within a distance of two miles. Soon afterwards Bro. Lorenzo Snow arrived from Bro. Pratt's Camp and reported that said camp was located on Grand River, about five miles away. The whole camp then moved on, and from 5 to 7 o'clock p. m., arrived at the middle fork of Grand River at the place which Parley P. Pratt had already named Mt. Pisgah, having traveled that day about 13 miles.

From A. T. Andreas' Illustrated Historical Atlas of the State of Iowa, published in Chicago, in 1875, the writer of this article copied the following while on a visit to Iowa, in 1893:

"The first white settlements in Union County were made by Mormons in May, 1846. At that time the entire country was a vast wilderness of prairie, with the annual fires sweeping over it down the edge of the timber along the valleys. These adventurous wanderers had forsaken Nauvoo and were on their way to the 'Promised Land,' only stopping here for a temporary stay. Finding it too late in the season for venturing across the great

plains that intervened between them and their destination, about two thousand of the Saints pitched their tents at a place which they called Mt. Pisgah, situated some five miles north (northeast) of the present county seat. They were under the leadership of Bishop Huntington, who died and was buried at Mt. Pisgah. He was the first white person who is known to have died in the county.* Another prominent man among them was Elder Morley, formerly of Hancock County, Illinois. Being compelled during the winter to live in tents and wagons, their record shows one hundred and sixty deaths within the first six months. Their settlement, or improvement, embraced about 1,500 acres, which they broke up and cultivated in patches. Being unable to break up the prairie sod with their light teams, composed mostly of cows, they went into the timber on Grand River and girdled or deadened hundreds of acres of the best timber to be found there, and ploughed up the light bottom soil for their crops. In this way they raised a plentiful crop of corn during the season of 1847. They were obliged to remain until the spring of 1850 and some of them until the spring of 1852, in order to raise cattle to enable them to resume their journey. They were very poor. Their Prophet Joseph Smith had once told them at Nauvoo that there were three kinds of poor—God's poor, the devil's poor, and poor devils, and that most of them surely belonged to the last named class. They are represented, however, as being industrious and frugal while they sojourned on Grand River. During their stay here their only communication with the outside world was at Fort Des Moines. The Mormons built in 1847, on Grand River, what was afterwards known as Peter's Mill. It had one run of burrs, and for several years answered, during the supply of water, the convenience of the early settlers. It was the only mill in the county up to 1853, in which year Amos C. Cooper built another mill on Grand River, in Pleasant Township, near the southeast corner of the county. At the time the Mormons lived at Mt. Pisgah, many Indians of the Pottawattamie and Musquawka tribes occupied and had their hunting grounds along Grand River, and in the timber on the neighboring streams. They were under the leadership of the somewhat noted chief, John Green. Game at that time was abundant here. The relations of the Mormons and Indians were always amicable.

“Aside from the Mormons, the first white settlement was made in the county in the spring of 1850. Among those who came first were Norman Nun, Joseph Nun, James H. Starks, Wm. M. Lock, Benjamin Lamb. The above named persons, with their families, settled at Mt. Pisgah, buying out the Mormons when they renewed their journey westward. Mr. Lock is the only one who remains a permanent settler in the county, but a portion of the

*This is a mistake. Noah Rogers and perhaps others died before.

family of Norman Nun remain here. Stark went with his family to California in 1858. Henry Peters settled at the old Mormon mill on Grand River about the same time, or shortly after, and laid out a town which was called Petersville. At one time it contained a store and several small dwelling houses, and was really the business place of the county. Like Mt. Pisgah, but few traces of its ancient greatness are now visible. Except among the Mormons, Henry Peters was the first white person who died in the county, his death occurring in December, 1853. The first birth (among non-Mormon settlers) was a son of William M. Lock, Aug. 6, 1850. A post office was established at Mt. Pisgah in the winter of 1850, the mail being supplied from Chariton, contract one mile an hour, being transported on a cow.

"The first election was held in the fall of 1852, by an order of the county judge of Clarke County, Union being attached to that county for election, revenue and judicial purposes. This election was held at Mt. Pisgah, and nine votes were cast. * * * At this election Wm. M. Lock was elected justice of the peace, and Ambrose Nun constable. The entire county was a township or election precinct, and was called Pisgah."

Sister Hannah S. Lapish, of Salt Lake City, Utah, visited Mount Pisgah in 1885. Following is a statement which she made (in 1904) and deposited at the Historian's Office:

"On the 8th of September, 1885, I went from Salt Lake City to Dillon, Montana, to visit my daughter, Mrs. Stelzer. While there I, with my daughter, was invited to visit a ranch owned by a Mr. Depew, from whom my daughter purchased her dairy products. While at the ranch I was looking over the books in the library, when my attention was directed to a book with a written label on which read, 'Reminiscences of Mount Pisgah, Iowa.' I was very much impressed to take the book down and examine it, which I did. In it I saw marked on section 8 of a map of Mount Pisgah, 'Mormon burying grounds.' I knew that I had no relatives buried there, but I felt impressed with the thought that I might aid some one who had; therefore, I copied several notes of interest from the book. While doing so Mrs. Depew told me that on her father's farm at Mount Pisgah there was an old burying ground and that her father, Stephen White, would not permit her brothers to break up this land. He told the boys that he did not care if the dead were 'Mormons,' that the land should not be desecrated while he lived. After the death of her father, she said, her brothers never disturbed the burying grounds, and, further, that her parents had told her how a 'Mormon' was buried there by being encased in bark from trees by loving relatives.

"I left Dillon on the 3rd of October, 1885, and on my way home stopped at Logan to work in the Temple for a few days. One evening, while there, I called upon Sister Zina D. H. Young and her sister Prescindia Kimball. Brother John D. T. McAllister

was also present at the time and was relating several remarkable incidents of how genealogy had been found. I said I believed that I had found a few items in relation to Mount Pisgah that would interest some of our people and mentioned the incident of my visit to Dillon and the book of reminiscences. When I spoke of the brother who was buried in bark, Sister Zina rose up quickly and taking me in her arms exclaimed, 'Oh Sister Laphish, you were sent of God, to find my father; for that was our father who was buried in the bark.' I then told her that I had requested Mrs. Depew to write immediately to her relatives and tell them to correspond with President John Taylor, and that he would buy the burying grounds as Trustee-in-Trust for the Church. When I returned home I found that this correspondence had taken place and that President Taylor had requested Brother Oliver B. Huntington of Springville, Utah, to collect the names of all the dead he could possibly find at Mount Pisgah.

"Hannah S. Laphish, 273 2nd Street, Salt Lake City."

"June 1, 1904.

The following is copied from "Biographical and Historical Record of Ringgold and Union Counties, Iowa," published by the Lewis Publishing Company at Chicago, Ill., in 1887:

"MORMONS."

"Before the first permanent settlement of Union County took place, its territory was the temporary abiding place of a large body of whites, who considered themselves (with some truth) persecuted by the Christians of civilized Illinois, and were on their way to seek an undisturbed home in the far West. These were the Mormons.

"In the year 1845 the troubles between the citizens of Hancock and adjoining counties and the Mormons, who had settled at Nauvoo, Illinois, culminated in an aggressive warfare made with the avowed object of driving out every Saint in the district, and it soon became evident that no peace or personal safety could be hoped for by them as long as they remained in Illinois, and it was finally decided to seek a home in the wilderness of the far West.

"Accordingly, in September of that year (it was February, 1846), the vanguard crossed the Mississippi and commenced their journey toward their far off destination—the wilds of the snow-capped Sierras (Wasatch). * * * They were not permitted by their relentless persecutors to await the opening of spring, but were driven out of their comfortable homes in midwinter to face the pitiless storms of a bleak and dreary wilderness. Crossing the Mississippi on the ice, they commenced a journey which, under the most favorable circumstances, was fraught with toil and danger; but undertaken as this was, with but slight preparation,

and without adequate clothing or protection, must necessarily prove disastrous. The cold was intense, wood was scarce, the howling winds, drizzling rains, and drifting snows must be faced day after day—what wonder then that sickness and death should be their constant companion? The strong, hardy man; the frail, gentle woman and the prattling babe, alike became victims to the terrible exposure to which they were subjected. The only coffins obtainable were made from the bark of trees, and hundreds of graves marked the line of travel of the unfortunate emigrants. With provisions almost exhausted, roads next to impassable and disease and death making such terrible inroads upon their numbers, it was finally decided to press forward to some suitable spot where they could camp, recuperate, and raise a crop which would supply food not only to them, but also to the remnant of their number who were to follow.

“In conformity with this decision they crossed the Chariton River, some thirty miles east of where the city of Chariton now stands, and traveled through Lucas into Decatur County, where, at Garden Grove, they left a part of their number to carry out the programme decided upon, the larger portion continuing their journey until they arrived in this county June 17, 1846. (It was early in May, 1846.)

“Their camping ground was the elevated plateau (ridge) east of Grand River in Jones Township on (near) the spot where I. K. White’s residence now stands. The view from this point was magnificent, the season delightful; nature had put on her most beautiful garments and seemed to smile welcome to the weary heart-sick travelers.

“Looking far out toward the sunset, across the valley of Grand River, with its fringe of graceful trees along its banks, to the undulating prairies beyond, decked with flowers of every hue, it is not strange that they broke forth into songs of joy and gratitude that the Red Sea of the Desert was passed—their pursuers far away—and the Promised Land almost in sight. They gave their camping ground the name of Mt. Pisgah, and temporarily located there, in accordance with their previous decision, making immediate arrangements to clear land and plant such crops as would mature early and supply their necessities. About three thousand, including those who were sick and feeble, formed the colony at Pisgah, the remainder of the caravan journeying westward, locating at various points between here and their last stopping place in Iowa, which they named Kaneshville (now Council Bluffs).

“The Pisgah colony was composed largely of illiterate persons, but there were also many, who, though clad in the garb of poverty, showed by grace and manners that they had seen better days. As a rule they were disposed to be industrious, very kind to each other, and sought to alleviate the hardships and sufferings of such

of their number as were in a worse condition than others, by all the means in their power.

“During the summer of 1846, when it was not definitely settled whether they should move forward in the fall or not, no cabins were built, but the emigrants lived in their wagons as best they could, and the hardships they had undergone, having left the fruitful seed of disease among them, the present lack of proper shelter, provision and food resulted in over three hundred of their number being buried during the first six months of their stay at Pisgah.

“Word was finally given to prepare winter quarters, which was obeyed with alacrity; and hundreds of little cabins sprang up within a circuit of two or three miles, the settlements being made on sections 30 and 31 New Hope, and 5, 6, 7, 8, 16, 17, 18 and 19 and 30 in Jones Township; also on sections 12 and 13 in Union. They here continued to reside until the year 1852, when the last of their number left for Utah.

“During their stay, so far as known, they were peaceable and quiet; whatever difficulties they had were settled by reference to the Church, subject to the approval of their ruling bishop, whose judgment was final. In the early part of their sojourn, this officer, whose name was Huntington, departed this life, and was buried in their cemetery at Pisgah, being succeeded by one Coleman Boran, as president. * * *

“They built two log churches and held regular services; there being no mills they first built small horse mills for cracking corn, but soon erected a log water-mill on Grand River, the burrs being made from common boulders; such as are occasionally found in the county and known as ‘nigger-heads.’ These stones were rudely dressed, but answered a good purpose in preparing food for a large number of people; they were about 2½ feet in diameter and 2 feet thick. The cemetery of this settlement is situated on the northwest quarter of section 8 and numerous graves may yet be seen within the enclosure.

“In the spring of 1852, the remnant of the Mormons left, and Mt. Pisgah was occupied by Gentiles; their cabins stood for many years, but one by one were torn down by the settlers and put to various uses, and nothing now remains to mark the spot where once they stood. * * *

“The first settlement in this (New Hope) township was made by a portion of the Mormon emigrants who tarried in the county from the year 1846 to 1852, a few of their number having settled within the present lands of New Hope, on what is now section 31, and from a fancied resemblance to the sacred hill at Jerusalem, upon which the Temple was built, it was called Mount Moriah. These emigrants built a few temporary shanties, cleared a small piece of land, which they cultivated until 1852, when the last company left the country and followed their brethren to the

Mecca of their pilgrimage—Salt Lake.” (Bio. & Hist. Record of Ringgold and Union Counties, Iowa, published 1887, by the Lewis Publishing Co., in Chicago, 1887. Page 664.)

Mount Moriah settlement was on the hill situated immediately east of Grand River, about two and one-half miles northwest of the centre of the Mount Pisgah settlement.

The same history, under the caption “Jones Township,” says:

“It was here that the Mormons made their temporary sojourn from 1846 to 1852, and their ‘Big Field,’ as it was called, which comprised parts of sections 7, 8, 16, 17 and 18, containing about 1,400 acres of land was situated within its limits. It was inclosed on the north and east sides with a good fence of rails and poles, while the west and south portions were protected by Grand River, which was its boundary. Before the last of the Mormons left, other settlers began to put in an appearance, and as any improvements were better than none at all, these newcomers bought up the Mormon claims, and proceeded to make further preparation for permanent settlement.” (Page 372.)

In January, 1887, the following from the pen of Oliver B. Huntington, of Springville, Utah, was published in the “Deseret News:”

“Two years ago, President John Taylor received a letter from a gentleman owning the land at Pisgah, Iowa, where many of the Saints were buried in their exodus from Nauvoo to these mountains.

“The gentleman, Mr. A. C. White stated to Prest. Taylor that he had never suffered the land to be plowed or disturbed, known there as the ‘Old Mormon Burying Ground,’ and he wanted to know what the people here in Utah, who had friends buried there, wanted to do about the ground or the remains of their friends.

“In his letter he made mention of the name of William Huntington, my father, as having been buried there, who was a Bishop or presiding officer of the settlement.

“President Taylor sent Mr. White’s letter to me with instructions what to do in the matter.

“I have followed his instructions; and to-day, through the blessings of God, the kindness and humanity of Mr. White, the ‘Old Mormon Burying Ground’ at Pisgah belongs to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and the deed thereof is in the hands of the Trustee-in-Trust.

“The lot, of one acre, is fenced with a good wire-netting fence and next spring there will be a row of poplar trees set around the lot inside of the fence.

“It is now desired by some, in order to fully complete improvements upon the ground, that a monument of some kind, or a stone, should be placed in the centre of the lot, whereon shall be engraved the names of all persons buried there, so far as they can be obtained.

"This work will necessarily require money, which should be forwarded to me at Springville, Utah, and I will forward the same to Mr. White, who has very kindly and gratuitously attended to all business matters pertaining to the ground, which lies in the centre of his farm.

"The liberality of those interested in this matter will decide the kind and respectability of the object that will indicate the last resting place of their loved ones.

"If the money cannot be sent now, from any persons wishing to donate for this purpose, they will please state how much and when it shall be sent.

"Will every person having relatives buried there forward the names of the dead without delay, whether they can donate anything or not?

"Every one should send as much as will engrave the name of their dead, if possible, and they that are well-to-do, more; that the good work may be completed in a creditable manner.

"When fully completed, a photograph of the ground will be sent to those most liberal in donating." (Deseret News, 36:31.)

The following interesting scrap of history was written Jan. 9, 1888, and published in the "Deseret News:"

"I notice in your issue of the 7th a reference to the burial place of Pisgah, and have thought perhaps no death among those who dropped by the way side was more touching or sad than the one whose resting place is marked with the initials 'H. S.' An obituary of the martyr might be proper.

"Hyrum Spencer, the son of Daniel Spencer and Chloe Wilson, was born in West Stockbridge, Berkshire County, Mass., and was one of the three brothers who embraced the Gospel in that region.

"Daniel and Orson lived among the Saints to become well known—this brother died almost unknown—by the Saints and in circumstances where obituaries could not be printed; but he was pre-eminently known in his eastern home and wherever known at all as an honest man and an able one, of strong mental and physical power, of an affectionate disposition, unassuming, and avoiding notoriety, a man so far removed in his nature from religious superstition, from cant and clap-trap as most men. When the Gospel was presented to him by his Bro. Daniel, his cool, clear judgment decided 'I must not accept such great things as you claim, even from my beloved brother, without direct testimony.' In his earnestness of investigation he claimed of God a manifestation, and it was granted, he having an open vision in the day time in the woods to which he had repaired. He was in vision over four hours, but there is not space to recount it. The panorama of this nation was shown him to a point where the whole eastern part of the land was a scene of fratricidal strife, every man's hand against his neighbor, the horrors of blood and carnage

too terrible for description. He moved to Nauvoo, Ill., about 1841, built a city home and opened a farm. In February, 1846, he with his family, was driven out of Nauvoo, crossing the Mississippi on the ice, making a sudden exchange of the home comforts of a life time for the snow-covered grounds of the Iowa wilds and a tent life in winter. He was elected captain of a company of 50 families, co-sharers in exile, and in early spring slowly toiled through the storms and mud of that exceptionally wet season towards such civilization, safety and amenities as the great and almost unexplored wilderness of the west and its Indian proprietors might accord. Of the patience and labors of this man on that journey, labors mental and physical, I think no encomium would be extravagant. I have known him doubling teams, sometimes as many as 12 yoke of oxen to a wagon from early morn till late evening, and only gain one mile advance; but I never heard from him a rough word or a sign that patience was exhausted.

"He finally reached 'Garden Grove,' taking his company up the fenced lane that led to that settlement about 9 o'clock p. m. The mud, wherever one stepped, was from 6 to 18 inches deep. Next morning early he was off in company with the writer on express business. 'We were out to see' and among the Indians for about 12 days with a sack of 'hard tack' and very 'dried beef' for food. Not one 24 hours of the time but he was thoroughly wet. He visited Nauvoo, desirous of realizing something for the real and personal property left there.

"As an illustration of the character of the man, I will relate a little incident: He was leaning against a store counter trying to induce the proprietor (a mobocrat) to fulfil a contract he had made, when the man standing behind the opposite counter gave Mr. Spencer the lie. The later made one spring, clutched him with one hand, raised him over the counter, held him up and shook him, cast him on his back on the floor as though he had soiled his hand in the contact, set his foot on the man's breast and said, 'You are the first man that ever called me a liar (withdrawing his foot), get up, sir, and don't do it again.'

"While in Nauvoo he bargained a valuable farm for 110 head of mixed cattle; going to Alton to receive them, he left the writer to watch mob action in Nauvoo.

"A mob was expected to come in a few days and a manufactured writ was gotten out to hold Mr. Spencer or his effects until the mob came, but by the help of some friendly Gentiles, the sheriff and posse were 60 miles below Nauvoo the day that Mr. Spencer took his cattle over the Mississippi, 60 miles above Nauvoo. Then commenced a struggle to reach a Mormon camp before the sheriff overtook him. He had but one assistant. It was in the heat of early August, the field time for flies and mosquitoes; it was rush for all the cattle could stand by day and al-

most constant guard by night, I think it was the 7th day out I saw him reeling in his saddle. I rode up and asked him, 'What is the matter?' The reply came (with a most beautiful smile): 'Nothing is the matter, only I have done my all; help me down and I will die here.' I assisted him a short distance from the trail. This was about 4:30 p. m.; at 11:30 that night his earthly labors were hushed in peace. From the time he laid down until his strength failed, his conversation was as pleasant as ever in life; not a struggle. Just as the last ebbings of life were passing he said: 'My nephew, I give you my daughter to wife; tell her so, when you meet.' His last act was to show me confidence and cast some comfort into the floods of sorrow and trial that were submerging my soul.

"My readers, our love for each other surpassed that of many fathers and sons I had associated with him from childhood. He lying there in death, I standing dumb with grief, in that broad prairie wilderness with midnight stars for death watchers—was only one among so many touching episodes that thickly marked the weary exodus of the Saints from Nauvoo. Next morning the help of two or three was obtained from a company's camp. Some wagon boards served to form a box; the body was carried on to Pisgah; some oak timber was obtained, some posts chopped out, some railings split, some pickets taken off, a grave dug, two 'nigger head' rocks found and with a rough instrument marked 'H. S.', and the body was lowered to its last rest. The fence and the stones set up marked the resting place of Hyrum Spencer, one of the earth's martyred noblemen. The grave was dedicated, and a prophecy was uttered over it, that though lying in the wilderness in the midst of roaming and hunting ground of savages, it should be protected. Bro. Huntington's letter testifies how well that prophecy has been fulfilled.

"Affectionately communicated by a relative." (Deseret News 37:10.)

[By inquiry of the Spencer family it is learned that the writer of the above is the late Claudius V. Spencer.]

Elder Andrew Jenson, the writer, who visited some of the "waste places of Zion," in the fall of 1893, wrote to the "Deseret News" as follows:

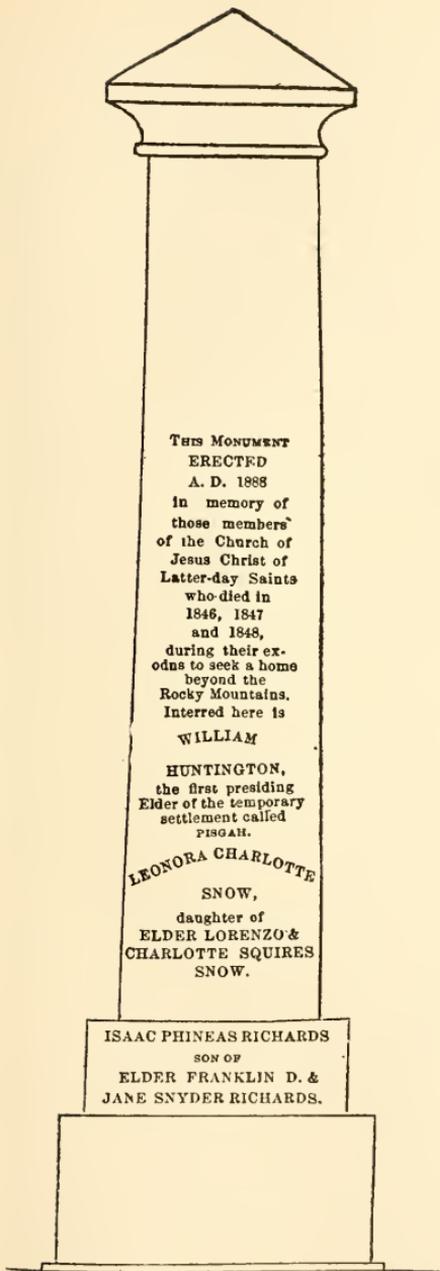
"MOUNT PISGAH,
"Union county, Iowa,
"Sept. 30, 1893.

"In visiting the waste places of Zion I find that each particular locality possesses its own peculiar merits, both historically and otherwise. Thus the elevation of ground on which I am standing at the present time is entitled to special mention as a sacred spot which conceals the earthly remains of about three hundred weary travelers—martyrs—yes, for such they were indeed. They were composed of men, women and children, who during that memor-

able year, 1846, (when one of the most flourishing cities of the state of Illinois was reduced to a mere village) were driven by a bloodthirsty mob from their comfortable homes out into the wilderness. There, exposed to snow, sleet, rains and storms, they perished by the wayside, while journeying toward the 'land of the setting sun' in search of a new home, where they hoped to worship God in peace according to the dictates of their own consciences. Had the Saints, who were thus driven from Nauvoo, been permitted to remain in possession of their homes till the morning rays of the spring sun had forced away the chilly blasts of a severe winter, the death rate among the weary pilgrims would not have been so great; but bearing in mind that they were forced to leave in the beginning of the month of February, when the frost was severe enough to make a natural bridge of ice across the Father of Waters—the great Mississippi—who can wonder that so many perished? Had it not been for a kind Providence, and wise leaders who conducted the affairs of the 'Camps of Israel' in that memorable year, perhaps the great majority of the exiles would have closed their eyes in death before the then almost trackless and uninhabited prairies of Iowa could have been crossed and the banks of the Missouri reached. And this, in fact, was expected by many of those who drove out the people of God; and it was further anticipated by many that those of the exiles who did not succumb to the hardships and exposures of the journey would be used up, on reaching the Missouri, by the poisoned arrow and the sharp or blunt tomahawk in the hands of the Pottawattamie and Omaha Indians. But the Lord ruled it otherwise. It was Him who gave His wandering sons and daughters who were fleeing from a ferocious religious persecution, strength and endurance, both mentally and physically, in the midst of storms, snows and mud, to still cling to life, until a better day dawned upon them; and it was Him who softened the heart of the red man of the forest toward the weary Mormon brother, so that instead of murdering or harming the Saints the uncivilized Lamanites received them with such kindness and hospitality as their uncultured natures were capable of bestowing. And thus the 'Camps of Israel,' and the majority of those who were driven away from their homes in Nauvoo, Ill., lived to see the Latter-day Saints permanently located in the valleys of the Rocky mountains.

"I arrived at this place this morning and was kindly received by Mr. Albert C. White and family, who owns a large farm of 308 acres that embraces the site of the old Mormon settlement called Mt. Pisgah. Mr. White is the man who superintended the erection of the Pisgah monument, which was raised here on the old Mormon graveyard five years ago from means contributed by people in Utah.

"Mount Pisgah now called Pisgah Grove is situated in section 8, Jones township, Union county, Iowa, about six miles by road



THIS MONUMENT
ERECTED
A. D. 1888

In memory of
those members
of the Church of
Jesus Christ of
Latter-day Saints
who died in
1846, 1847
and 1848,
during their ex-
odus to seek a home
beyond the
Rocky Mountains.
Interred here is

WILLIAM

HUNTINGTON,
the first presiding
Elder of the temporary
settlement called
PISGAH.

LEONORA CHARLOTTE
SNOW,
daughter of
ELDER LORENZO &
CHARLOTTE SQUIRES
SNOW.

ISAAC PHINEAS RICHARDS
SON OF
ELDER FRANKLIN D. &
JANE SNYDER RICHARDS.

The names on the north side of the monument are as follows:

Hyrum Spencer
Alva Hancock
Gardner Edmison
Philinda Calvin Jordin
Joseph Smith Billingsley
Elkana Kelly
Mrs. Baldwin and baby
Mr. Hess (Buried on west
Mr. Hays (side of river)
(Buried on west side of river)
Joseph Merryfield
Mr. Cook
Wife of Mr. Brown
Mr. Thompson Bishop
Joseph Franklin Bishop
Angelia Carter
Stranger not in the Church
Henry Judson
Alexander Gay
Benjamin Gay
Emma Jane Johnson
Martha A. Dana

WEST SIDE

Ezra T. B. Adair
Nancy Workman
Samuel Workman
Samuel Steel
Simon Thayer
Clough Thayer
Jessy Hitchcock and wife
Clark Hallet
Phebe Hallet
Ann Gould Hallet
Louise Hallet and 2 other children
Sarah Hulet
Sarah Ann Hulet
Noah Rogers
Amos Philemon Rogers
Mary Briant Ensign
Margaret Josephine Billingsley

SOUTH SIDE

Betsey Garley Shipley
Nephi Shipley
David McKee
Polly Sweat
Louisa Cox
Eliza Cox
Henry Davis
Joel Campbell
Emily Whiting
Elisha Whiting
Sally Whiting
Widow Head Whiting
Elizabeth Daniels
Rebecca Adair
William P. Mangum
Lane Ann Mangum
Jemima Mangum Adair
William Jefferson Adair

MOUNT PISGAH MONUMENT AND INSCRIPTIONS.

northeast of Afton, the former county seat, on the east bank of Grand river, about 92 miles due east of the Missouri river at a point opposite Plattsmouth and about 160 miles (172 miles the way the exiled Saints traveled in 1846) west of the Mississippi river. It is also about 30 miles in an airline northwest of Garden Grove, but the way the roads now run it is much farther.

"Between the Pisgah hill and Grand river on the west is a fine strip of bottom land well cultivated and very productive. This is where the 'Mormon' pilgrims had their so-called big field. There is considerable timber along the river at this point and the Pisgah hill is covered with groves of young oak and hickory trees. From the summit of the hill which is perhaps 200 feet above Grand river, the view is most excellent, especially in looking to the west, where beautiful farms, interspersed with groves of timber, greet the eye as far as it can reach.

"As there are no traces left of the old 'Mormon' settlement, except a few small mounds of earth,—'remains' of primitive chimneys, such as were built as necessary appendixes to the old pioneer cabins—the attention of the visitor is at once directed to the old 'Mormon' graveyard which occupies a conspicuous place on the west slope of the Pisgah hill or ridge. Near the center of the graveyard, which contains just one acre of ground, stands the monument already referred to on the slope about 150 yards west of the top of the ridge. This monument rests upon a solidly built rock foundation four feet square and four feet deep, all in the ground. On top of this and level with the top of the ground is placed the base of the monument proper, which consists of a limestone two feet thick; next comes a square block of Italian marble, upon the top of which is placed the main shaft, nearly ten feet high and seventeen inches square at the base. The shaft consists of light-colored Indiana marble and weighs 4,200 pounds; it required the combined physical strength and ingenuity of seven or eight able-bodied men to place it in position. The cap-stone is of the same material as the main shaft. The whole labor of making and raising the monument was superintended by Mr. White who acted as agent throughout for those in Utah who had the monument erected. The accompanying cut shows the east side of the monument, which is about fifteen feet high, exclusive of the four-feet foundation hid in the ground. The lettering is cut deep into the rock and is not colored.

"The monument stands about 40 rods southwest of Mr. White's residence and about the same distance west of the Chicago Great Western railway track; the hill at this point, which is of about the same height as the top of the monument, prevents a view of the same from the east, but from the railway track about a quarter of a mile south the cemetery is in plain view. In fact the monument can be seen for miles around from the west, north and south, even from the main Burlington railway line, which crosses

Grand river about two miles south of Pisgah. Our friends in Utah who contributed means to erect the present monument and fence the land paid Mr. White \$40 for the ground which is enclosed with a respectable wire-netting fence. A row of Lombardy poplars were planted in 1888 all around the lot just inside the fence for the purpose of ornamentation and shade; but the unusually severe frosts during the winter of 1888-89 killed nearly all of them, so that only a very few are growing at the present time. There are, however, a number of native trees and smaller plants on the grounds.

"As Mr. White and myself made close survey of the grounds today we discovered among the bushweed two or three small headstones; one standing near the corner of the present enclosure with the initials H. S. on it; a number of old graves are easily traced, from the fact that there are depressions in the ground, where there were mounds formerly. This, of course, is easily accounted for on natural principles. At Mr. White's farm house there are preserved two headstones with inscriptions on them, which were carried off from the old cemetery and used as door-steps by tenants who occupied the premises some years ago. When Mr. White returned to his farm he was unable to place these stones where they stood originally; hence he has kept them at the house in order to preserve them.

"About a quarter of a mile northeast of the monument on top of the hill is a beautiful grove, in the outer edge of which Mr. White pointed out the identical spot where the old 'Mormon' meeting house once stood. It appears that at the time the Saints lived here they cut down most of the timber to make farms, but that they left this cluster of trees standing to give shade and protection to the spot where they met together to worship the Lord. In the summer season the meetings were sometimes held in the shade of the trees instead of inside the meeting house. The fact that the place now is called Pisgah Grove, instead of Mount Pisgah, is due to the presence of said grove.

"Mr. White's farm embraces most of the ground where the main 'Mormon' settlement was situated in 1846-52. The monument stands near the south end of the farm. The old settlement consisted of one or more rows of houses erected on the top of the ridge which extends from Grand river on the southwest in a northeasterly direction. The houses were built with short sections of fencing between them so as to form the east line of the fence inclosing the 'big field,' which lay between the ridge and Grand river, that stream serving as a fence on the west side, especially in times of high water. About a quarter of a mile east of the point where the monument stands, is a fine spring of pure water; it is called Pisgah springs and is the source (except in high water) of the little creek known as Pisgah branch which puts into Grand river about a mile below. The high elevation

rising up between this little brook and Grand river is what is known as Pisgah Hill. It is supposed that this beautiful spring, which is said to contain as good water as can be found in the state of Iowa, was one of the main attractions for the 'Mormon' pioneers who on account of its presence located their temporary settlement on the ridge beyond, so near that they could easily obtain their drinking water from the spring; which they did.

"It is worthy of note that nearly all the streams in this neighborhood which were named by the 'Mormons' still retain the original names. Thus a stream which was crossed by the old 'Mormon' trail four miles east of Pisgah is still known by the unpoetical name of Four Mile creek; another three miles further east is still called Seven Mile creek, thus named by the Saints because it was seven miles east of Mount Pisgah. West of Pisgah there are Three Mile creek and Twelve Mile creek, which denoted these respective distances west of the temporary settlement.

"The old 'Mormon' trail crosses Grand river almost due west from where the monument stands, about half a mile distant; Mr. White says that when he and his folks first came into the country the old 'Mormon' trail was a very good road; it had been laid out with good judgment and followed the slopes, ridges and best grades in such a manner that heavy loads could be hauled through the country which would be impossible over the present roads, which, as a rule, follow the section and quarter section lines, and consequently cross the steep ridges and ravines wherever they intercept the highways. These ridges are very numerous in the vicinity of Grand river. The old 'Mormon' trail was located before the land came into market.

"About the time the last Saints left Mount Pisgah in 1852, arrangements were made to have the grave yard (where so many of the faithful were buried) inclosed with an eight-rail fence. It appears, however, that only a small portion of the burying ground was fenced, William H. Lock, who was one of the early settlers of Union county (having resided in and around Mt. Pisgah since 1850), told me that he furnished nearly one hundred rails himself to help fence the ground; but that some time afterwards a man by the name of D. T. Guthridge entered the land on which the graveyard stood, and being a person who apparently possessed but little respect for the dead, he tore down the fence around the cemetery and used the material for enclosing his farm at large. This happened about 1855, from which time until 1888, when the present fence was put up by Mr. White, the ground was left exposed to the tramping of cattle, hogs and other animals, which broke off the few plain monuments, head boards, etc., which loving friends had placed there. Subsequently the pieces were carried off by people who resided in the neighborhood. Albert C. White, who located at Mt. Pisgah in 1856 with his parents, still

remembers that at that time there were a number of head stones standing, upon some of which were plain and full descriptions. He recollects distinctly that there was quite a handsome sandstone with the name of William Huntington on it; but that it was knocked down by the cattle which were allowed to roam over the ground at pleasure, and finally it was broken to pieces and the fragments carried off by the youngsters from the neighboring farms for whetstones.

"Although so many in Utah have friends and relatives buried in the Pisgah grave-yard, I was informed that I was the first person from Utah to visit the place since the monument was erected in 1888. Mr. White and family, who are fine, respectable people and friends to the people of Utah, invites others to call and see the monument and surrounding country. Any one going east or west over the Burlington route should step off at Afton, where Mr. White, if they request him beforehand, will meet them with team to convey them to Pisgah.

"ANDREW JENSON."

Elder Joseph F. Thomas, one of the "Mormon" missionaries who labored in the Iowa Conference, wrote from Des Moines, Iowa, April 16, 1898, the following to the "Deseret News:"

"In the latter part of February, 1898, in company with Elder Samuel E. McClellan of Colonia Juarez, Chihuahua, Mexico, I visited Union County. We called at the pleasant home of Mr. Albert C. White, who owns the land once occupied by the wandering outcasts of modern Israel as a temporary resting place, and known by them as 'Mount Pisgah' in 1846-1852.

"This kind gentleman and his equally kind family gave us a warm welcome, and made us feel thoroughly at home. He showed us around over the lands, pointing out various objects and places of interest. I saw the 'old Mormon trail' which the rains of fifty years have deepened in places as if to make it more indelible. The old spring at the foot of the hill, a short distance east of 'Pisgah,' for which water for domestic purposes and for stock was obtained, was pointed out to me.

"I saw the foundations of their houses, their old cellars and 'dugouts' and plucked wild grapes from a vine clinging to a tree near the spring, while snow lay on the ground. I saw the grove where they used to listen to the proclamation of the Gospel by authorized servants of God. I ate honey, made by bees whose ancestors rode in wagons from Nauvoo and made honey for the barefooted children who walked that trail in tracks of blood, in hunger and exposure. I saw the diminutive home-made mill stones that ground their corn into meal, that their lives might be preserved in the trackless wilderness, into which the 'Christians' of this boasted land of the free had driven them, while they themselves moved into the homes from which the lawful owners and occupants had been expelled. Ah, if these stones could speak!

"I was informed that, as their teams were too weak to break prairie sod, they removed the underbrush by grubbing, girdled the larger trees and plowed and planted their corn amid the timber, and that, until recent years, the old stalks could be seen standing among the young timber which now covers the former fields. For three years or a little more, some of the poor Saints dwelt there, and, all told, there must have been many of them.

"In a little plot of ground, a short distance south of Mr. White's house, lie buried some three hundred of those who once dwelt here. Whole families, parents and children, died from disease brought on by hunger, exposure and hardships consequent upon their expulsion from their homes in Nauvoo. This cemetery—for such it is—is fenced and is grown up in young timber, chiefly oak. A monument shaft of white stone, eighteen inches square, and eight feet high, mounted on a pedestal about thirty inches square, two feet high, marks their resting place. The names of those who rest here, are, so far as known, graven on the shaft. The monument was erected by Mr. White, from funds provided by those whose friends, or relatives, are buried here, one of the prime movers in the work being Elder Oliver B. Huntington of Springville.

"The prominent hills, and the streams near the place still bear the names given them by the 'Mormons' who paused here in their memorable flight from their former homes to Utah. "Four Mile Creek,' 'Twelve Mile Creek,' 'Mount Moriah,' etc., are characteristic names.

"Little remains of the 'old Mormon mill,' except the stones referred to. Many of the trees of the groves where meetings were held, are dead, the houses are gone, the hum and clatter of their industry hushed, and looking at the old trail, the spring, the cellars and old foundations, the cemetery, and the remaining trees, standing like sentinels about the former place of worship, one murmurs with the poet,

"So fleet the things of men, back to the earth again,
Ancient and holy things fade like a dream.'

"Yet, looking into the far-off valleys of the mountains, one sees the remnants of a score of Pisgahs, with all their sorrows and experiences, woven into one—gathered in one—growing unobserved into a kingdom, which the angel said 'shall never be thrown down or given to the hands of another people, but it shall stand forever,' moving steadily on, promulgating the Gospel of peace, gathering the honest in heart, building the 'house of the God of Jacob,' learning of His ways walking in His paths, feeding on 'knowledge' and 'understanding,' redeeming their dead from the grasp of Satan, and being sealed by the power of the Holy Priesthood, which binds on earth and it shall be bound in heaven. And when Jesus Christ, its King, shall come in power and the dead in Christ shall rise first, Pisgah will be heard from;

and, scrutinized by the All-seeing Eye, its sorrows, thenceforth only known in memory, will make the joy of its blessed dead complete through Him who brought life and immortality to light, to whom be all glory and honor, while to their murderers a day of reckoning will come when death and hell shall deliver up their dead.”—(Deseret News, 56:677.)

HOW ENGLISHMEN CAME BY THEIR NAMES.

What is your name? Nine people out of ten are entirely ignorant of the origin of their names, and they will find much interesting and curious information in Mr. S. Baring-Gould's "Family Names and Their Story." The English being a people descended from many races, it is inevitable that our names should have had many and varied origins. Mr. Baring-Gould writes:

"We cannot deduce our English surnames from the nomenclature of any single people, for the English of today are an amalgam of many races that have been fused into one. We have among us British names as Wynne (white); Hoel, that has become Howell; Caradog, now Craddock; Morgan, Madoc, now Madox; Gruffydd, that has become Griffith; and perhaps Coel, that is now Cole.

"There are Saxon names as well: Algar; Joll; Eadmund, become Edmunds; Godwin, now Goodwin; Gordric, now Goodridge. * * *

"There [in the north] the descendants of the old Danish and Norse settlers clung to their ancient nomenclature later than elsewhere—indeed, until the fashion of adopting surnames prevailed. We have such names. Bard has become Barth, unless it be a contradiction as is probable, of Bartholomew; Jokull yields Jekyll, Halfdan is now Haldane, Sweyn is Swayne, Olaf yields Oliver—but this comes to us through Normandy. Ragnar is now Rayner, and this, again, comes in a roundabout fashion through the Regnier of the Conqueror. Havard is Howard, Hjorvard is Harvey, Steinarr we recognize in Stoner, Ketill is Kettle, Grimm is Grymes, Hamund is Hammond, Fridestan is Featherstone, Thorfin is Turpin. * * *

"Then, again, we have Flemish names, not only the surnames Fleming or Flamank, but also such as Catt; Phayre, which is still common in Belgium; Bowdler and Buller, both derived from Boulers or Bollers, one of the principal fiefs in Flanders.

"After the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685, a stream of fugitive Huguenots flowed into England. Something like 70,000 are said to have settled in the United Kingdom. * * * In London they settled about Soho and St. Giles; 2,576 went over